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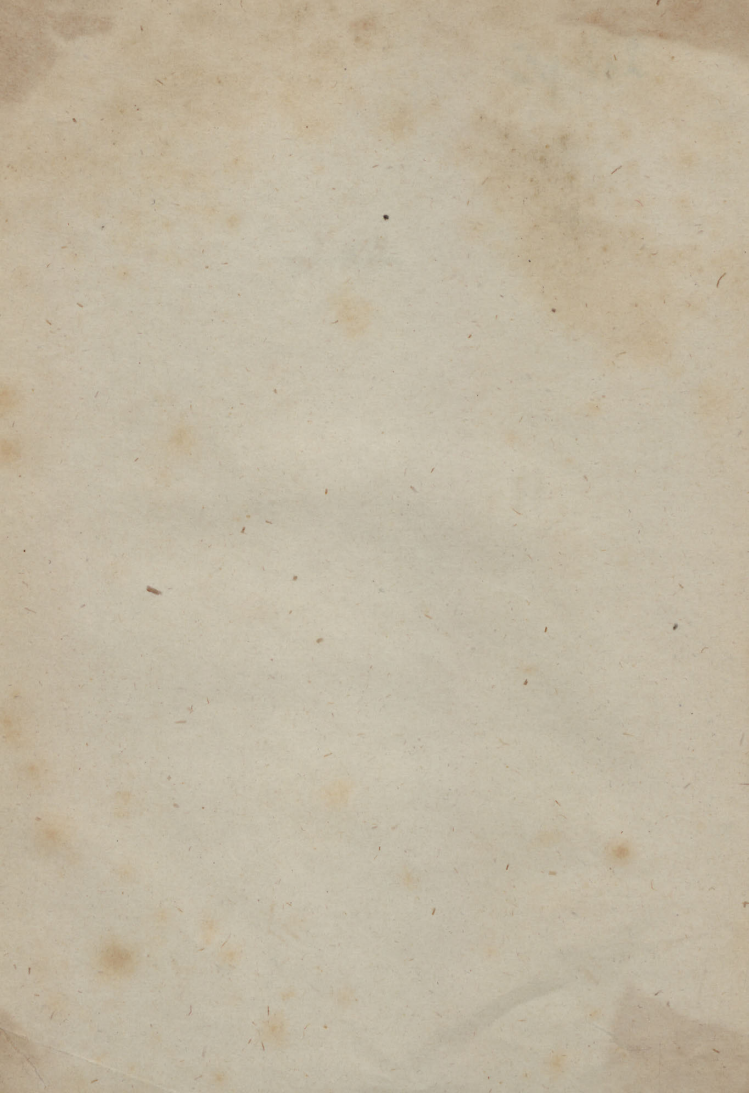
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THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS MOORE

IN FIVE VOLUMES

VOL. IV.





COLLECTION  
OF  
BRITISH AUTHORS.  
VOL. XXIX.

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THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS MOORE.

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VOL. IV.



COLLECTION

OF

BRITISH AUTHORS

VOL. XLIX

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THE POLITICAL WORKS OF THOMAS MOORE

IN FIVE VOLUMES

VOL. IV

THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
THOMAS MOORE,

COLLECTED BY HIMSELF.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

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VOL. IV.



LEIPZIG  
BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ  
1842.

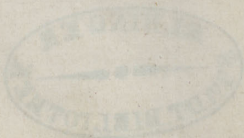


THE  
POETICAL WORKS

THE MOORE



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LEIPZIG  
BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1848

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**MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.**

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**V O L. VII.**

**OF THE LONDON EDITION.**

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# PREFACE

## TO THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

---

THE station assigned to "The Fudge Family," in the following pages, immediately after *Lalla Rookh*, agrees but too closely with the actual order in which these two works were originally written and published. The success, far exceeding my hopes and deserts, with which *Lalla Rookh* was immediately crowned, relieved me at once from the anxious feeling of responsibility under which, as my readers have seen, that enterprise had been commenced, and which continued for some time to haunt me amidst all the enchantments of my task. I was therefore in the true holiday mood, when a dear friend, with whose name is associated some of the brightest and pleasantest hours of my past life, \* kindly offered me a seat in his carriage for a short visit to Paris. This proposal I, of course, most gladly accepted; and, in the autumn of the year 1817, found myself, for the first time, in that gay capital.

As the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty was still of too recent a date for any amalgamation to have yet taken place between the new and ancient order of things, all the most prominent features of both *régimes* were just then brought, in their fullest relief, into juxtaposition; and, accordingly, the result was such as to suggest to an unconcerned spectator quite as abundant matter for ridicule as for grave political consideration. It would be difficult, indeed, to convey to those who had not themselves seen the Paris of that period, any clear notion of the anomalous aspect, both social and political, which it then presented. It was as if, in the days succeeding the Deluge, a small coterie of antediluvians

\* Mr. Rogers.

had been suddenly evoked from out of the deep to take the command of a new and freshly starting world.

To me, the abundant amusement and interest which such a scene could not but afford was a good deal heightened by my having, in my youthful days, been made acquainted with some of those personages who were now most interested in the future success of the Legitimate cause. The Comte D'Artois, or Monsieur, I had met in the year 1802—3, at Donington Park, the seat of the Earl of Moira, under whose princely roof I used often and long, in those days, to find a most hospitable home. A small party of distinguished French emigrants were already staying on a visit in the house when Monsieur and his suite arrived; and among those were the present King of France and his two brothers, the Duc de Montpensier, and the Comte de Beaujolais.

Some doubt and uneasiness had, I remember, been felt by the two latter brothers, as to the reception they were likely to encounter from the new guest; and as, in those times, a cropped and unpowdered head was regarded generally as a symbol of Jacobinism, the Comte Beaujolais, who, like many other young men, wore his hair in this fashion, thought it, on the present occasion, most prudent, in order to avoid all risk of offence, not only to put powder in his hair, but also to provide himself with an artificial queue. This measure of precaution, however, led to a slight incident after dinner, which, though not very royal or dignified, was at least creditable to the social good-humour of the future Charles X. On the departure of the ladies from the dining-room, we had hardly seated ourselves in the old-fashioned style, round the fire, when Monsieur, who had happened to place himself next to Beaujolais, caught a glimpse of the ascitic tail, — which, having been rather carelessly put on, had a good deal straggled out of its place. With a sort of scream of jocular pleasure, as if delighted at the discovery, Monsieur seized the stray appendage, and, bringing it round into full view, to the great amusement of the whole company, popped it into poor grinning Beaujolais' mouth.

On one of the evenings of this short visit of Monsieur, I remember Curran arriving unexpectedly, on his way to London;



and, having come too late for dinner, he joined our party in the evening. As the foreign portion of the company was then quite new to him, I was able to be useful, by informing him of the names, rank, and other particulars of the party he found assembled, from Monsieur himself down to the old Duc de Lorge and the Baron de Rolle. When I had gone through the whole list, "Ah, poor fellows!" he exclaimed, with a mixture of fun and pathos in his look, truly Irish, "Poor fellows, *all* dismounted cavalry!"

On the last evening of Monsieur's stay, I was made to sing for him, among other songs, "Farewell, Bessy!" one of my earliest attempts at musical composition. As soon as I had finished, he paid me the compliment of reading aloud the words as written under the music; and most royal havoc did he make, as to this day I remember, of whatever little sense or metre they could boast.

Among my earlier poetic writings, more than one grateful memorial may be found of the happy days I passed in this hospitable mansion, \*—

Of all my sunny morns and moonlight nights  
On Donington's green lawns and breezy heights.

But neither verse nor prose could do any justice to the sort of impression I still retain of those long-vanished days. The library at Donington was\*\* extensive and valuable; and through the privilege kindly granted to me of retiring thither for study, even when the family were absent, I frequently passed whole weeks alone in that fine library, indulging in all the first airy castle-building of authorship. The various projects, indeed, of future works that used then to pass in fruitless succession through my mind, can be compared only to the waves as described by the poet, —

"And one no sooner touch'd the shore, and died,  
Than a new follower rose."

With that library is also connected another of my earlier poems,—

\* See Vol. I. p. 381.

\*\* In employing the past tense here, I do the present lord injustice, whose filial wish I know it is to keep all at Donington exactly as his noble father left it.



the verses addressed to the Duke of Montpensier on his portrait of the Lady Adelaide Forbes; \* for it was there that this truly noble lady, then in the first dawn of her beauty, used to sit for that picture; while, in another part of the library, the Duke of Orleans, — engaged generally at that time with a volume of Clarendon, — was by such studies unconsciously preparing himself for the high and arduous destiny, which not only the Good Genius of France, but his own sagacious and intrepid spirit, had marked out for him.

I need hardly say how totally different were all the circumstances under which Monsieur himself and some of his followers were again seen by me in the year 1817; — the same actors, indeed, but with an entirely new change of scenery and decorations. Among the variety of aspects presented by this change, the ridiculous certainly predominated; nor could a satirist who, like Philoctetes, was smitten with a fancy for shooting at geese, \*\* ask any better supply of such game than the high places, in France, at that period, both lay and ecclesiastical, afforded. As I was not versed, however, sufficiently in French politics to venture to meddle with them, even in sport, I found a more ready conductor of laughter — for which I was then much in the mood — in those groups of ridiculous English who were at that time swarming in all directions throughout Paris, and of all whose various forms of cockneyism and nonsense I endeavoured, in the personages of the Fudge Family, to collect the concentrated essence. The result, as usual, fell very far short of what I had myself preconceived and intended. But, making its appearance at such a crisis, the work brought with it that best seasoning of all such *jeux-d'esprit*, the *à-propos* of the moment; and, accordingly, in the race of successive editions, Lalla Rookh was, for some time, kept pace with by Miss Biddy Fudge.

The series of trifles contained in this volume, entitled “Rhymes on the Road,” were written partly as their title implies, and partly at a subsequent period from memorandums made on the

\* See Vol. I. p. 282.

\*\* “Pinnigero, non armigero in corpore tela exerceantur:” — the words put by Accius in the mouth of Philoctetes.

spot. This will account for so many of those pieces being little better, I fear, than "prose fringed with rhyme." The journey to a part of which those Rhymes owed their existence was commenced in company with Lord John Russell in the autumn of the year 1819. After a week or two passed at Paris, to enable Lord John to refer to Barillon's Letters for a new edition of his Life of Lord Russell then preparing, we set out together for the Simplon. At Milan, the agreeable society of the late Lord Kinnaird detained us for a few days; and then my companion took the route to Genoa, while I proceeded on a visit to Lord Byron, at Venice.

It was during the journey thus briefly described, I addressed the well-known Remonstrance to my noble friend,\* which has of late been frequently coupled with my prophetic verses on the Duke of Wellington,\*\* from the prescient spirit with which it so confidently looked forward to all that Lord John has since become in the eyes of the world.

Of my visit to Lord Byron, — an event, to me so memorable, — I have already detailed all the most interesting particulars in my published Life of the poet; and shall here only cite, from that work, one passage, as having some reference to a picture mentioned in the following pages. "As we were conversing after dinner about the various collections of paintings I had seen that morning, on my saying that, fearful as I was of ever praising any picture, lest I should draw on myself the connoisseur's sneer, for my pains, I would yet, to him, venture to own that I had seen a picture at Milan, which — 'The Hagar!' \*\*\* he exclaimed, eagerly interrupting me; and it was, in fact, that very picture I was about to mention to him as having awakened in me, by the truth of its expression, more real emotion than any I had yet seen among the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Venice."

In the society I chiefly lived with, while at Rome, I considered myself singularly fortunate; though but a blind worshipper of those powers of Art of which my companions were all high-priests. Canova himself, Chantrey, Lawrence, Jackson, Turner, East-

\* See p. 205. of this Volume.

\*\* See Vol. II. p. 166.

\*\*\* Abraham dismissing Hagar, by Guercino.

lake, — such were the men of whose presence and guidance I enjoyed the advantage in visiting all that unrivalled Rome can boast of beautiful and grand. That I derived from this course of initiation any thing more than a very humbling consciousness of my own ignorance and want of taste, in matters of art, I will not be so dishonest as to pretend. But, to the stranger in Rome every step forms an epoch; and, in addition to all its own countless appeals to memory and imagination, the agreeable auspices under which I first visited all its memorable places could not but render every impression I received more vivid and permanent. Thus, with my recollection of the Sepulchre of St. Peter, and its ever burning lamps, for which splendid spot Canova was then meditating a statue,\* there is always connected in my mind the exclamation which I heard break from Chantrey after gazing, for a few moments, in silence, upon that glorious site, — “What a place to work for!”

In one of the poems contained in this volume\*\* allusion is made to an evening not easily forgotten, when Chantrey and myself were taken by Canova to the Borghese Palace, for the purpose of showing us, by the light of a taper — his favourite mode of exhibiting that work — his beautiful statue of the Princess Borghese, called the *Venere Vincitrice*. In Chantrey's eagerness to point out some grace or effect that peculiarly struck him, he snatched the light out of Canova's hand; and to this circumstance the following passage of the poem referred to was meant to allude: —

When he, thy peer in art and fame,  
Hung o'er the marble with delight;\*\*\*  
And, while his ling'ring hand would steal  
O'er every grace the taper's rays,  
Gave thee, with all the gen'rous zeal  
Such master-spirits only feel,  
That best of fame — a rival's praise.

One of the days that still linger most pleasantly in my memory, and which, I trust, neither Lady Calcott nor Mr. Eastlake have

\* A statue, I believe, of Pius VI.

\*\* See page 195.

\*\*\* A slight alteration here has rendered these verses more true to the actual fact than they were in their original form.



quite forgotten, was that of our visit together to the Palatine Mount, when, as we sauntered about that picturesque spot, enjoying the varied views of Rome which it commands, they made me, for the first time, acquainted with Guidi's spirited Ode on the Arcadians, in which there is poetry enough to make amends for all the nonsense of his rhyming brethren. Truly and grandly does he exclaim, —

“Indomita e superba ancor è Roma  
 Benchè si veggìa col gran busto a terra;  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Son piene di splendor le sue ruine,  
 E il gran cenere suo si mostra eterno.”

With Canova, while sitting to Jackson for a portrait ordered by Chantrey, I had more than once some interesting conversation, — or, rather, listened while he spoke, — respecting the political state of Europe at that period, and those “bricconi,” as he styled them, the sovereigns of the Holy Alliance; and, before I left Rome, he kindly presented to me a set of engravings from some of his finest statues, together with a copy of the beautifully printed collection of Poems, which a Roman poet named Missirini had written in praise of his different “Marmi.”

When Lord John Russell and myself parted, at Milan, it was agreed between us, that after a short visit to Rome, and (if practicable within the allowed time) to Naples, I was to rejoin him at Genoa, and from thence accompany him to England. But the early period for which Parliament was summoned, that year, owing to the violent proceedings at Manchester, rendered it necessary for Lord John to hasten his return to England. I was, therefore, most fortunate, under such circumstances, in being permitted by my friends Chantrey and Jackson to join in their journey homeward; through which lucky arrangement, the same precious privilege I had enjoyed, at Rome, of hearing the opinions of such practised judges, on all the great works of art I saw in their company, was afterwards continued to me through the various collections we visited together, at Florence, Bologna, Modena, Parma, Milan, and Turin.



To some of those pictures and statues that most took my fancy, during my tour, allusions will be found in a few of the poems contained in this volume. But the great pleasure I derived from these and many other such works arose far more from the poetical nature of their subjects than from any judgment I had learned to form of their real merit as works of art, — a line of lore in which, notwithstanding my course of schooling, I remained, I fear, unenlightened to the last. For all that was lost upon me, however, in the halls of Art, I was more than consoled in the cheap picture-gallery of Nature; and a glorious sunset I witnessed in ascending the Simplon is still remembered by me with a depth and freshness of feeling which no one work of art I saw in the galleries of Italy has left behind.

I have now a few words to devote to a somewhat kindred subject with which a poem or two contained in the following pages are closely connected.\* In my Preface to the First Volume of this collection, I briefly noticed the taste for Private Theatrical Performances which prevailed during the latter half of the last century among the higher ranks in Ireland. This taste continued for nearly twenty years to survive the epoch of the Union, and in the performances of the Private Theatre of Kilkenny gave forth its last, as well as, perhaps, brightest flashes. The life and soul of this institution was our manager, the late Mr. Richard Power, a gentleman who could boast a larger circle of attached friends, and through a life more free from shadow or alloy, than any individual it has ever been my lot to know. No livelier proof, indeed, could be required of the sort of feeling entertained towards him than was once shown in the reception given to the two following homely lines which occurred in a Prologue I wrote to be spoken by Mr. Corry in the character of Vapid.

'T is said our worthy manager intends  
To help my night, and *he*, you know, has friends.\*\*

These few simple words I wrote with the assured conviction that they would produce more effect from the homefelt truism they con-

\* See pages 200, 201.

\*\* See page 200.

tained than could be effected by the most laboured burst of eloquence; and the result was just what I had anticipated, for the house rung, for a considerable time, with the heartiest plaudits.

The chief comic, or rather farcical, force of the company lay in my friend Mr. Corry, and "longo intervallo," myself; and though, as usual, with low comedians, we were much looked down upon by the lofty lords of the buskin, many was the sly joke we used to indulge together, at the expense of our heroic brethren. Some waggish critic, indeed, is said to have declared that of all the personages of our theatre he most admired the prompter, — "because he was least seen and best heard." But this joke was, of course, a mere good-humoured slander. There were two, at least, of our dramatic corps, Sir Wrixon Becher and Mr. Rothe, whose powers, as tragic actors, few amateurs have ever equalled; and Mr. Corry — perhaps alone of all our company — would have been sure of winning laurels on the public stage.

As to my own share in these representations, the following list of my most successful characters will show how remote from the line of the Heroic was the small orbit through which I ranged; my chief parts having been Sam, in "Raising the Wind," Robin Roughhead, Mungo, Sadi, in the "Mountaineers," Spado, and Peeping Tom. In the part of Spado there occur several allusions to that gay rogue's shortness of stature which never failed to be welcomed by my auditors with laughter and cheers; and the words "Even Sanguino allows I am a clever little fellow" was always a signal for this sort of friendly explosion. One of the songs, indeed, written by O'Keefe for the character of Spado so much abounds with points thus personally applicable, that many supposed, with no great compliment either to my poetry or my modesty, that the song had been written, expressly for the occasion, by myself. The following is the verse to which I allude, and for the poetry of which I was thus made responsible: —

"Though born to be little 's my fate,  
 Yet so was the great Alexander;  
 And, when I walk under a gate,  
 I've no need to stoop like a gander.

I'm no lanky, long hoddy-doddy,  
Whose paper-kite sails in the sky;  
Though wanting two feet, in my body,  
In soul, I am thirty feet high."

Some further account of the Kilkenny Theatre, as well as of the history of Private Theatricals in general, will be found in an article I wrote on the subject for the *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xlv. No. 92. p. 368.

---



## LALLA ROOKH.

(CONTINUED.)

THE singular placidity with which FADLADEEN had listened, during the latter part of this obnoxious story, surprised the Princess and FERAMORZ exceedingly; and even inclined towards him the hearts of these unsuspecting young persons, who little knew the source of a complacency so marvellous. The truth was, he had been organizing, for the last few days, a most notable plan of persecution against the poet, in consequence of some passages that had fallen from him on the second evening of recital, — which appeared to this worthy Chamberlain to contain language and principles, for which nothing short of the summary criticism of the Chabuk\* would be advisable. It was his intention, therefore, immediately on their arrival at Cashmere, to give information to the King of Bucharia of the very dangerous sentiments of his minstrel; and if, unfortunately, that monarch did not act with suitable vigour on the occasion, (that is, if he did not give the Chabuk to FERAMORZ, and a place to FADLADEEN,) there would be an end, he feared, of all legitimate government in Bucharia. He could not help, however, auguring better both for himself and the cause of potentates in general; and it was the pleasure arising from these mingled anticipations that diffused such unusual satisfaction through his features, and made his eyes shine out, like poppies of the desert, over the wide and lifeless wilderness of that countenance.

Having decided upon the Poet's chastisement in this manner, he thought it but humanity to spare him the minor tortures of criticism. Accordingly, when they assembled the following evening

\* "The application of whips or rods." — *Dubois*.



in the pavilion, and LALLA ROOKH was expecting to see all the beauties of her bard melt away, one by one, in the acidity of criticism, like pearls in the cup of the Egyptian queen, — he agreeably disappointed her, by merely saying, with an ironical smile, that the merits of such a poem deserved to be tried at a much higher tribunal; and then suddenly passed off into a panegyric upon all Mussulman sovereigns, more particularly his august and Imperial master, Aurungzebe, — the wisest and best of the descendants of Timur, — who, among other great things he had done for mankind, had given to him, FADLADEEN, the very profitable posts of Betel-carrier, and Taster of Sherbets to the Emperor, Chief Holder of the Girdle of Beautiful Forms,\* and Grand Nazir, or Chamberlain of the Haram.

They were now not far from that Forbidden River,\*\* beyond which no pure Hindoo can pass; and were reposing for a time in the rich valley of Hussun Abdaul, which had always been a favourite resting-place of the Emperors in their annual migrations to Cashmere. Here often had the Light of the Faith, Jehanguire, been known to wander with his beloved and beautiful Nourmahal; and here would LALLA ROOKH have been happy to remain for ever, giving up the throne of Bucharia and the world, for FERAMORZ and love in this sweet, lonely valley. But the time was now fast approaching when she must see him no longer, — or, what was still worse, behold him with eyes whose every look belonged to another; and there was a melancholy preciousness in these last moments, which made her heart cling to them as it would to life. During the latter part of the journey, indeed, she

\* Kempfer mentions such an officer among the attendants of the King of Persia, and calls him “formæ corporis estimator.” His business was, at stated periods, to measure the ladies of the Haram by a sort of regulation-girdle, whose limits it was not thought graceful to exceed. If any of them outgrew this standard of shape, they were reduced by abstinence till they came within proper bounds.

\*\* The Attock.

“Akbar on his way ordered a fort to be built upon the Nilab, which he called Attock, which means in the Indian language Forbidden; for, by the superstition of the Hindoos, it was held unlawful to cross that river.” — *Dow's Hindostan.*

had sunk into a deep sadness, from which nothing but the presence of the young minstrel could awake her. Like those lamps in tombs, which only light up when the air is admitted, it was only at his approach that her eyes became smiling and animated. But here, in this dear valley, every moment appeared an age of pleasure; she saw him all day, and was, therefore, all day happy, — resembling, she often thought, that people of Zinge,\* who attribute the unfading cheerfulness they enjoy to one genial star that rises nightly over their heads.\*\*

The whole party, indeed, seemed in their liveliest mood during the few days they passed in this delightful solitude. The young attendants of the Princess, who were here allowed a much freer range than they could safely be indulged with in a less sequestered place, ran wild among the gardens and bounded through the meadows, lightly as young roes over the aromatic plains of Tibet. While FADLADEEN, in addition to the spiritual comfort derived by him from a pilgrimage to the tomb of the Saint from whom the valley is named, had also opportunities of indulging, in a small way, his taste for victims, by putting to death some hundreds of those unfortunate little lizards,\*\*\* which all pious Mussulmans make it a point to kill; — taking for granted, that the manner in which the creature hangs its head is meant as a mimicry of the attitude in which the Faithful say their prayers.

\* “The inhabitants of this country (Zinge) are never afflicted with sadness or melancholy; on this subject the Sheikh *Abu-al-Kheir-Azhari* has the following distich: —

“Who is the man without care or sorrow, (tell) that I may rub my hand to him.

“(Behold) the Zingians, without care or sorrow, frolicksome with tipsiness and mirth.’

“The philosophers have discovered that the cause of this cheerfulness proceeds from the influence of the star Soheil or Canopus, which rises over them every night.” — *Extract from a Geographical Persian Manuscript called Heft Aklim, or the Seven Climates, translated by W. Ouseley, Esq.*

\*\* The star Soheil, or Canopus.

\*\*\* “The lizard Stellio. The Arabs call it Hardun. The Turks kill it, for they imagine that by declining the head it mimics them when they say their prayers.” — *Hasselquist.*

About two miles from Hussun Abdaul were those Royal Gardens,\* which had grown beautiful under the care of so many lovely eyes, and were beautiful still, though those eyes could see them no longer. This place, with its flowers and its holy silence, interrupted only by the dipping of the wings of birds in its marble basings filled with the pure water of those hills, was to LALLA ROOKH all that her heart could fancy of fragrance, coolness, and almost heavenly tranquillity. As the Prophet said of Damascus, "it was too delicious;"\*\* — and here, in listening to the sweet voice of FERAMORZ, or reading in his eyes what yet he never dared to tell her, the most exquisite moments of her whole life were passed. One evening, when they had been talking of the Sultana Nourmahal, the Light of the Haram,\*\*\* who had so often wandered among these flowers, and fed with her own hands, in those marble basins, the small shining fishes of which she was so fond, † — the youth, in order to delay the moment of separation, proposed to recite a short story, or rather rhapsody of which this adored Sultana was the heroine. It related, he said, to the reconciliation of a sort of lovers' quarrel which took place between her and the Emperor during a Feast of Roses at Cashmere; and would remind the Princess of that difference between Haroun-al-Raschid and his fair mistress Marida, †† which was so happily

\* For these particulars respecting Hussun Abdaul I am indebted to the very interesting Introduction of Mr. Elphinstone's work upon Caubul.

\*\* "As you enter at that Bazar, without the gate of Damascus, you see the Green Mosque, so called because it hath a steeple faced with green glazed bricks, which render it very resplendent; it is covered at top with a pavilion of the same stuff. The Turks say this mosque was made in that place, because Mahomet being come so far, would not enter the town, saying it was too delicious." — *Thevenot*. This reminds one of the following pretty passage in Isaac Walton: — "When I sat last on this primrose bank, and looked down these meadows, I thought of them as Charles the Emperor did of the city of Florence, 'that they were too pleasant to be looked on, but only on holidays.'"

\*\*\* Nourmahal signifies Light of the Haram. She was afterwards called Nourjehan, or the Light of the World.

† See note, Vol. VI. p. 263.

†† "Haroun Al Raschid, cinquième Khalife des Abassides, s'étant un jour brouillé avec une de ses maîtresses nommée Maridah, qu'il



made up by the soft strains of the musician, Moussali. As the story was chiefly to be told in song, and FERAMORZ had unluckily forgotten his own lute in the valley, he borrowed the vina of LALLA ROOKH's little Persian slave, and thus began: —

Who has not heard of the Vale of CASHMERE,  
 With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,\*  
 Its temples, and grottos, and fountains as clear  
 As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave?

Oh! to see it at sunset, — when warm o'er the Lake  
 Its splendour at parting a summer eve throws,  
 Like a bride, full of blushes, when ling'ring to take  
 A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes! —  
 When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming half shown,  
 And each hallows the hour by some rites of its own.  
 Here the music of pray'r from a minaret swells,

Here the Magian his urn, full of perfume, is swinging,  
 And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells

Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is ringing.\*\*  
 Or to see it by moonlight, — when mellowly shines  
 The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines;  
 When the water-falls gleam, like a quick fall of stars,  
 And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Chenars  
 Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet  
 From the cool, shining walks where the young people meet. —

aimoit cependant jusqu'à l'exès, et cette mesintelligence ayant déjà duré quelque tems commença à s'ennuyer. Giafar Barmaki, son favori, qui s'en appercût, commanda à Abbas ben Ahnaf, excellent poëte de ce tems là, de composer quelques vers sur le sujet de cette brouillerie. Ce poëte exécuta l'ordre de Giafar, qui fit chanter ces vers par Moussali en présence du Khalife, et ce prince fut tellement touché de la tendresse des vers du poëte et de la douceur de la voix du musicien qu'il alla aussi-tôt trouver Maridah, et fit sa paix avec elle." — *D'Herbelot.*

\* "The rose of Kashmire for its brilliancy and delicacy of odour has long been proverbial in the East." — *Forster.*

\*\* "Tied round her waist the zone of bells, that sounded with ravishing melody." — *Song of Jayadeva.*

Thomas Moore. IV.

Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes  
 A new wonder each minute, as slowly it breaks,  
 Hills, cupolas, fountains, call'd forth every one  
 Out of darkness, as if but just born of the Sun.  
 When the Spirit of Fragrance is up with the day,  
 From his Haram of night-flowers stealing away;  
 And the wind, full of wantonness, woos like a lover  
 The young aspen-trees,\* till they tremble all over.  
 When the East is as warm as the light of first hopes,  
 And Day, with his banner of radiance unfurl'd,  
 Shines in through the mountainous portal\*\* that opes,  
 Sublime, from that Valley of bliss to the world!

But never yet, by night or day,  
 In dew of spring or summer's ray,  
 Did the sweet Valley shine so gay  
 As now it shines — all love and light,  
 Visions by day and feasts by night!  
 A happier smile illumines each brow,  
 With quicker spread each heart uncloses,  
 And all is ecstasy, — for now

The Valley holds its Feast of Roses;\*\*\*  
 The joyous Time, when pleasures pour  
 Profusely round and, in their shower,  
 Hearts open, like the Season's Rose, —  
 The Flow'ret of a hundred leaves, †  
 Expanding while the dew-fall flows,  
 And every leaf its balm receives.

'T was when the hour of evening came  
 Upon the Lake, serene and cool,

\* "The little isles in the Lake of Cachemire are set with arbours and large-leaved aspen-trees, slender and tall." — *Bernier*.

\*\* "The Tuckt Suliman, the name bestowed by the Mahometans on this hill, forms one side of a grand portal to the Lake." — *Forster*.

\*\*\* "The Feast of Roses continues the whole time of their remaining in bloom." — See *Pietro de la Valle*.

† "Gul sad berk, the Rose of a hundred leaves. I believe a particular species." — *Ouseley*

When Day had hid his sultry flame  
 Behind the pails of BARAMOULE,\*  
 When maids began to lift their heads,  
 Refresh'd from their embroider'd beds,  
 Where they had slept the sun away,  
 And wak'd to moonlight and to play.  
 All were abroad — the busiest hive  
 On BELA'S\*\* hills is less alive,  
 When saffron-beds are full in flower,  
 Than look'd the Valley in that hour.  
 A thousand restless torches play'd  
 Through every grove and island shade;  
 A thousand sparkling lamps were set  
 On every dome and minaret;  
 And fields and pathways, far and near,  
 Were lighted by a blaze so clear,  
 That you could see, in wandering round,  
 The smallest rose-leaf on the ground.  
 Yet did the maids and matrons leave  
 Their veils at home, that brilliant eve;  
 And there were glancing eyes about,  
 And cheeks, that would not dare shine out  
 In open day, but thought they might  
 Look lovely then, because 't was night.

And all were free, and wandering,  
 And all exclaim'd to all they met,  
 That never did the summer bring  
 So gay a Feast of Roses yet; —  
 The moon had never shed a light  
 So clear as that which bless'd them there;  
 The roses ne'er shone half so bright,  
 Nor they themselves look'd half so fair.

\* *Bernier.*

\*\* A place mentioned in the *Toozek Jehangeery*, or *Memoirs of Jehanguire*, where there is an account of the beds of saffron-flowers about *Cashmere*.



And what a wilderness of flowers!  
 It seem'd as though from all the bowers  
 And fairest fields of all the year,  
 The mingled spoil were scatter'd here.  
 The Lake, too, like a garden breathes,  
 With the rich buds that o'er it lie, —  
 As if a shower of fairy wreaths  
 Had fall'n upon it from the sky!  
 And then the sounds of joy, — the beat  
 Of tabors and of dancing feet; —  
 The minaret-crier's chaunt of glee  
 Sung from his lighted gallery,\*  
 And answer'd by a ziraleet  
 From neighbouring Haram, wild and sweet; —  
 The merry laughter, echoing  
 From gardens, where the silken swing\*\*  
 Wafts some delighted girl above  
 The top leaves of the orange-grove;  
 Or, from those infant groups at play  
 Among the tents\*\*\* that line the way,  
 Flinging, unaw'd by slave or mother,  
 Handfuls of roses at each other. —  
 Then, the sounds from the Lake, — the low whispering in boats,  
 As they shoot through the moonlight; — the dipping of oars,  
 And the wild, airy warbling that every where floats,  
 Through the groves, round the islands, as if all the shores,

\* "It is the custom among the women to employ the Maazeen to chaunt from the gallery of the nearest minaret, which on that occasion is illuminated, and the women assembled at the house respond at intervals with a ziraleet or joyous chorus." — *Russell*.

\*\* The swing is a favourite pastime in the East, as promoting a circulation of air, extremely refreshing in those sultry climates." — *Richardson*.

"The swings are adorned with festoons. This pastime is accompanied with music of voices and of instruments, hired by the masters of the swings." — *Thevenot*.

\*\*\* "At the keeping of the Feast of Roses we beheld an infinite number of tents pitched, with such a crowd of men, women, boys, and girls, with music, dances," &c. &c. — *Herbert*.

Like those of KATHAY, utter'd music, and gave  
 An answer in song to the kiss of each wave.\*  
 But the gentlest of all are those sounds, full of feeling,  
 That soft from the lute of some lover are stealing, —  
 Some lover, who knows all the heart-touching power  
 Of a lute and a sigh in this magical hour.  
 Oh! best of delights as it every where is  
 To be near the lov'd *One*, — what a rapture is his  
 Who in moonlight and music thus sweetly may glide  
 O'er the Lake of CASHMERE, with that *One* by his side!  
 If woman can make the worst wilderness dear,  
 Think, think what a Heav'n she must make of CASHMERE.

So felt the magnificent Son of ACBAR,\*\*  
 When from power and pomp and the trophies of war  
 He flew to that Valley, forgetting them all  
 With the Light of the HARAM, his young NOURMAHAL.  
 When free and uncrown'd as the Conqueror rov'd  
 By the banks of that Lake, with his only belov'd,  
 He saw, in the wreaths she would playfully snatch  
 From the hedges, a glory his crown could not match,  
 And preferr'd in his heart the least ringlet that curl'd  
 Down her exquisite neck to the throne of the world.

There 's a beauty, for ever unchangingly bright,  
 Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer-day's light,  
 Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,  
 Till Love falls asleep in its sameness of splendour.  
 This *was* not the beauty — oh, nothing like this,  
 That to young NOURMAHAL gave such magic of bliss!

\* "An old commentator of the Chou-King says, the ancients having remarked that a current of water made some of the stones near its banks send forth a sound, they detached some of them, and being charmed with the delightful sound they emitted, constructed King or musical instruments of them." — *Grosier*.

This miraculous quality has been attributed also to the shore of Attica. "Hujus littus, ait Capella, concentum musicum illis terræ undis reddere, quod propter tantam eruditionis vim puto dictum." — *Ludov. Vives in Augustin de Civitat. Dei*, lib. xviii. c. 8.

\*\* Jehanguire was the son of the Great Acbar.

But that loveliness, ever in motion, which plays  
 Like the light upon autumn's soft shadowy days,  
 Now here and now there, giving warmth as it flies  
 From the lip to the cheek, from the cheek to the eyes;  
 Now melting in mist and now breaking in gleams,  
 Like the glimpses a saint hath of Heav'n in his dreams.  
 When pensive, it seem'd as if that very grace,  
 That charm of all others, was born with her face!  
 And when angry, — for ev'n in the tranquildest climes  
 Light breezes will ruffle the blossoms sometimes —  
 The short, passing anger but seem'd to awaken  
 New beauty, like flowers that are sweetest when shaken.  
 If tenderness touch'd her, the dark of her eye  
 At once took a darker, a heavenlier dye,  
 From the depth of whose shadow, like holy revealings  
 From innermost shrines, came the light of her feelings.  
 Then her mirth — oh! 't was sportive as ever took wing  
 From the heart with a burst, like the wild-bird in spring;  
 Illum'd by a wit that would fascinate sages,  
 Yet playful as Peris just loos'd from their cages.\*  
 While her laugh, full of life, without any control  
 But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her soul;  
 And where it most sparkled no glance could discover,  
 In lip, cheek, or eyes, for she brighten'd all over, —  
 Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,  
 When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun.  
 Such, such were the peerless enchantments, that gave  
 NOURMAHAL the proud Lord of the East for her slave:  
 And though bright was his Haram, — a living parterre  
 Of the flow'rs\*\* of this planet — though treasures were there,  
 For which SOLIMAN's self might have giv'n all the store  
 That the navy from OPHIR e'er wing'd to his shore,

\* In the wars of the Dives with the Peris, whenever the former took the latter prisoners, "they shut them up in iron cages, and hung them on the highest trees. Here they were visited by their companions, who brought them the choicest odours." — *Richardson*.

\*\* In the Malay language the same word signifies women and flowers.



Yet dim before *her* were the smiles of them all,  
And the Light of his Haram was young NOURMAHAL!

But where is she now, this night of joy,  
When bliss is every heart's employ? —  
When all around her is so bright,  
So like the visions of a trance,  
That one might think, who came by chance  
Into the vale this happy night,  
He saw that City of Delight\*  
In Fairy-land, whose streets and towers  
Are made of gems and light and flowers!  
Where is the lov'd Sultana? where,  
When mirth brings out the young and fair,  
Does she, the fairest, hide her brow,  
In melancholy stillness now?

Alas! — how light a cause may move  
Dissension between hearts that love!  
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,  
And sorrow but more closely tied;  
That stood the storm, when waves were rough,  
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,  
Like ships that have gone down at sea,  
When heaven was all tranquillity!  
A something, light as air — a look,  
A word unkind or wrongly taken —  
Oh! love, that tempests never shook,  
A breath, a touch like this hath shaken.  
And ruder words will soon rush in  
To spread the breach that words begin;  
And eyes forget the gentle ray  
They wore in courtship's smiling day;  
And voices lose the tone that shed  
A tenderness round all they said;

\* The capital of Shadukiam. See note, Vol. III. p. 273.

Till fast declining, one by one,  
 The sweetnesses of love are gone,  
 And hearts, so lately mingled, seem  
 Like broken clouds, — or like the stream,  
 That smiling left the mountain's brow  
 As though its waters ne'er could sever,  
 Yet, ere it reach the plain below,  
 Breaks into floods, that part for ever.

Oh, you, that have the charge of Love,  
 Keep him in rosy bondage bound,  
 As in the Fields of Bliss above  
 He sits, with flow'rets fetter'd round;\* —  
 Loose not a tie that round him clings,  
 Nor ever let him use his wings;  
 For ev'n an hour, a minute's flight  
 Will rob the plumes of half their light.  
 Like that celestial bird, — whose nest  
 Is found beneath far Eastern skies, —  
 Whose wings, though radiant when at rest,  
 Lose all their glory when he flies!\*\*

Some difference, of this dangerous kind, —  
 By which, though light, the links that bind  
 The fondest hearts may soon be riven;  
 Some shadow in Love's summer heaven,  
 Which, though a fleecy speck at first,  
 May yet in awful thunder burst; —  
 Such cloud it is, that now hangs over  
 The heart of the Imperial Lover,  
 And far hath banish'd from his sight  
 His NOURMAHAL, his Haram's Light!

\* See the representation of the Eastern Cupid, pinioned closely round with wreaths of flowers, in *Picart's Cérémonies Religieuses*.

\*\* "Among the birds of Tonquin is a species of goldfinch, which sings so melodiously that it is called the Celestial Bird. Its wings, when it is perched, appear variegated with beautiful colours, but when it flies they lose all their splendour." — *Grosier*.

Hence is it, on this happy night,  
 When Pleasure through the fields and groves  
 Has let loose all her world of loves,  
 And every heart has found its own,  
 He wanders, joyless and alone,  
 And weary as that bird of Thrace,  
 Whose pinion knows no resting-place.\*

In vain the loveliest cheeks and eyes  
 This Eden of the Earth supplies

    Come crowding round — the cheeks are pale,  
 The eyes are dim: — though rich the spot  
 With every flow'r this earth has got,

    What is it to the nightingale,  
 If there his darling rose is not? \*\*  
 In vain the Valley's smiling throng  
 Worship him, as he moves along;  
 He heeds them not — one smile of hers  
 Is worth a world of worshippers.  
 They but the Star's adorers are,  
 She is the Heav'n that lights the Star!

Hence is it, too, that NOURMAHAL,  
 Amid the luxuries of this hour,  
 Far from the joyous festival,

    Sits in her own sequester'd bower,  
 With no one near, to soothe or aid,  
 But that inspir'd and wond'rous maid,  
 NAMOUNA, the Enchantress; — one,  
 O'er whom his race the golden sun  
 For unremember'd years has run,  
 Yet never saw her blooming brow  
 Younger or fairer than 't is now.

\* "As these birds on the Bosphorus are never known to rest, they are called by the French 'les âmes damnées.'" — *Dalloway*.

\*\* "You may place a hundred handfuls of fragrant herbs and flowers before the nightingale, yet he wishes not, in his constant heart, for more than the sweet breath of his beloved rose." — *Jami*.



Nay, rather, — as the west wind's sigh  
 Freshens the flower it passes by, —  
 Time's wing but seem'd, in stealing o'er,  
 To leave her lovelier than before.  
 Yet on her smiles a sadness hung,  
 And when, as oft, she spoke or sung  
 Of other worlds, there came a light  
 From her dark eyes so strangely bright,  
 That all believ'd nor man nor earth  
 Were conscious of NAMOUNA's birth!  
 All spells and talismans she knew,  
     From the great Mantra,\* which around  
 The Air's sublimer Spirits drew,  
     To the gold gems\*\* of AFRIC, bound  
 Upon the wandering Arab's arm,  
 To keep him from the Siltim's\*\*\* harm.  
 And she had pledg'd her powerful art, —  
 Pledg'd it with all the zeal and heart  
 Of one who knew, though high her sphere,  
 What 't was to lose a love so dear, —  
 To find some spell that should recall  
 Her Selim's † smile to NOURMAHAL!  
     'T was midnight — through the lattice, wreath'd  
 With woodbine, many a perfume breath'd  
 From plants that wake when others sleep,  
 From timid jasmine buds, that keep  
 Their odour to themselves all day,  
 But, when the sun-light dies away,  
 Let the delicious secret out  
 To every breeze that roams about; —

"He is said to have found the great *Mantra*, spell or talisman, through which he ruled over the elements and spirits of all denominations." — *Wilford*.

\*\* "The gold jewels of Jinnie, which are called by the Arabs El Herrez, from the supposed charm they contain." — *Jackson*.

\*\*\* "A demon, supposed to haunt woods, &c. in a human shape." — *Richardson*.

† The name of Jehanguire before his accession to the throne.

When thus NAMOUNA: — “T is the hour  
 “That scatters spells on herb and flower,  
 “And garlands might be gather’d now,  
 “That, twin’d around the sleeper’s brow,  
 “Would make him dream of such delights,  
 “Such miracles and dazzling sights,  
 “As Genii of the Sun behold,  
 “At evening, from their tents of gold  
 “Upon th’ horizon — where they play  
 “Till twilight comes, and, ray by ray,  
 “Their sunny mansions melt away.  
 “Now, too, a chaplet might be wreath’d  
 “Of buds o’er which the moon has breath’d,  
 “Which worn by her, whose love has stray’d,  
 “Might bring some Peri from the skies,  
 “Some sprite, whose very soul is made  
 “Of flow’rets’ breaths and lovers’ sighs,  
 “And who might tell —”

“For me, for me,”

Cried NOURMAHAL impatiently, —  
 “Oh! twine that wreath for me to night.  
 Then, rapidly, with foot as light  
 As the young musk-roe’s, out she flew,  
 To cull each shining leaf that grew  
 Beneath the moonlight’s hallowing beams,  
 For this enchanted Wreath of Dreams.  
 Anemones and Seas of Gold,\*

And new-blown lilies of the river,  
 And those sweet flow’rets, that unfold  
 Their buds on CAMADEVA’S quiver; \*\* —  
 The tube-rose, with her silvery light,  
 That in the Gardens of Malay

\* “Hemasagara, or the Sea of Gold, with flowers of the brightest gold colour.” — *Sir W. Jones.*

\*\* “This tree (the Negacesara) is one of the most delightful on earth, and the delicious odour of its blossoms justly gives them a place in the quiver of Camadeva, or the God of Love.” — *Id.*

Is call'd the Mistress of the Night,\*  
 So like a bride, scented and bright,  
     She comes out when the sun's away; —  
 Amaranths, such as crown the maids  
 That wander through ZAMARA'S shades;\*\* —  
 And the white moon-flower, as it shows,  
 On SERENDIB'S high crags, to those  
 Who near the isle at evening sail,  
 Scenting her clove-trees in the gale;  
 In short, all flow'rets and all plants,  
     From the divine Amrita tree,\*\*\*  
 That blesses heaven's inhabitants  
     With fruits of immortality,  
 Down to the basil tuft,† that waves,  
 Its fragrant blossom over graves,  
     And to the humble rosemary,  
 Whose sweets so thanklessly are shed  
 To scent the desert †† and the dead: —  
 All in that garden bloom, and all  
 Are gather'd by young NOURMAHAL,  
 Who heaps her baskets with the flowers  
     And leaves, till they can hold no more;

\* "The Malayans style the tube-rose (*Polianthes tuberosa*) Sandal Malam, or the Mistress of the Night." — *Pennant*.

\*\* The people of the Batta country in Sumatra (of which Zamara is one of the ancient names), "when not engaged in war, lead an idle, inactive life, passing the day in playing on a kind of flute, crowned with garlands of flowers, among which the globe-amaranthus, a native of the country, mostly prevails." — *Marsden*.

\*\*\* "The largest and richest sort (of the Jambu or rose-apple) is called Amrita, or immortal, and the mythologists of Tibet apply the same word to a celestial tree, bearing ambrosial fruit." — *Sir W. Jones*.

† Sweet basil, called Rayhan in Persia, and generally found in churchyards.

"The women in Egypt go, at least two days in the week, to pray and weep at the sepulchres of the dead; and the custom then is to throw upon the tombs a sort of herb, which the Arabs call *rihan*, and which is our sweet basil. — *Maillet*, Lett. 10.

†† "In the Great Desert are found many stalks of lavender and rosemary." — *Asiat. Res.*



Then to NAMOUNA flies, and showers  
 Upon her lap the shining store.  
 With what delight th' Enchantress views  
 So many buds, bath'd with the dews  
 And beams of that bless'd hour! — her glance  
 Spoke something, past all mortal pleasures,  
 As, in a kind of holy trance,  
 She hung above those fragrant treasures,  
 Bending to drink their balmy airs,  
 As if she mix'd her soul with theirs.  
 And 't was, indeed, the perfume shed  
 From flow'rs and scented flame, that fed  
 Her charmed life — for none had e'er  
 Beheld her taste of mortal fare,  
 Nor ever in aught earthly dip,  
 But the morn's dew, her roseate lip.  
 Fill'd with the cool, inspiring smell,  
 Th' Enchantress now begins her spell,  
 Thus singing as she winds and weaves  
 In mystic form the glittering leaves: —

---

I know where the winged visions dwell  
 That around the night-bed play;  
 I know each herb and flow'ret's bell,  
 Where they hide their wings by day.  
 Then hasten we, maid,  
 To twine our braid,  
 To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The image of love, that nightly flies  
 To visit the bashful maid,  
 Steals from the jasmine flower, that sighs  
 Its soul, like her, in the shade.  
 The dream of a future, happier hour,  
 That alights on misery's brow,

Springs out of the silvery almond-flower,  
 That blooms on a leafless bough.\*  
 Then hasten we, maid,  
 To twine our braid,  
 To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The visions, that oft to worldly eyes  
 The glitter of mines unfold,  
 Inhabit the mountain-herb,\*\* that dyes  
 The tooth of the fawn like gold.

The phantom shapes — oh touch not them  
 That appal the murderer's sight,  
 Lurk in the fleshly mandrake's stem,  
 That shrieks, when pluck'd at night!  
 Then hasten we, maid,  
 To twine our braid,  
 To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The dream of the injur'd, patient mind,  
 That smiles at the wrongs of men,  
 Is found in the bruis'd and wounded rind  
 Of the cinnamon, sweetest then.

\* "The almond-tree, with white flowers, blossoms on the bare branches." — *Hasselquist*.

\*\* An herb on Mount Libanus, which is said to communicate a yellow golden hue to the teeth of the goats and other animals that graze upon it.

*Niebuhr* thinks this may be the herb which the Eastern alchemists look to as a means of making gold. "Most of those alchymical enthusiasts think themselves sure of success, if they could but find out the herb, which gilds the teeth and gives a yellow colour to the flesh of the sheep that eat it. Even the oil of this plant must be of a golden colour. It is called *Haschischat ed dab*."

Father Jerom Dandini, however, asserts that the teeth of the goats at Mount Libanus are of a *silver* colour; and adds, "this confirms me that which I observed in Candia: to wit, that the animals that live on Mount Ida eat a certain herb, which renders their teeth of a golden colour; which, according to my judgment, cannot otherwise proceed than from the mines which are under ground." — *Dandini*, Voyage to Mount Libanus.

Then hasten we, maid,  
 To twine our braid,  
 To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

---

No sooner was the flowery crown  
 Placed on her head, than sleep came down,  
 Gently as nights of summer fall,  
 Upon the lids of NOURMAHAL; —  
 And, suddenly, a tuneful breeze,  
 As full of small, rich harmonies  
 As ever wind, that o'er the tents  
 Of AZAB \* blew, was full of scents,  
 Steals on her ear, and floats and swells,  
 Like the first air of morning creeping  
 Into those wreathy, Red-Sea shells,  
 Where Love himself, of old, lay sleeping; \*\*  
 And now a Spirit form'd, 't would seem,  
 Of music and of light, — so fair,  
 So brilliantly his features beam,  
 And such a sound is in the air  
 Of sweetness when he waves his wings, —  
 Hovers around her, and thus sings:

---

From CHINDARA'S \*\*\* warbling fount I come,  
 Call'd by that moonlight garland's spell;  
 From CHINDARA'S fount, my fairy home,  
 Where in music, morn and night, I dwell.  
 Where lutes in the air are heard about,  
 And voices are singing the whole day long,

\* The myrrh country.

\*\* "This idea (of deities living in shells) was not unknown to the Greeks, who represent the young Nerites, one of the Cupids, as living in shells on the shores of the Red Sea." — *Wilford*.

\*\*\* "A fabulous fountain, where instruments are said to be constantly playing." — *Richardson*.



And every sigh the heart breathes out  
 Is turn'd, as it leaves the lips, to song!  
 Hither I come  
 From my fairy home,  
 And if there 's a magic in Music's strain,  
 I swear by the breath  
 Of that moonlight wreath,  
 Thy Lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,  
 And mine are the murmuring, dying notes,  
 That fall as soft as snow on the sea,  
 And melt in the heart as instantly: —  
 And the passionate strain that, deeply going,  
 Refines the bosom it trembles through,  
 As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,  
 Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too.

Mine is the charm, whose mystic sway  
 The Spirits of past Delight obey; —  
 Let but the tuneful talisman sound,  
 And they come, like Genii, hovering round.  
 And mine is the gentle song that bears  
 From soul to soul, the wishes of love,  
 As a bird, that wafts through genial airs  
 The cinnamon-seed from grove to grove.\*

'T is I that mingle in one sweet measure  
 The past, the present, and future of pleasure;\*\*

\* "The Pompadour pigeon is the species, which, by carrying the fruit of the cinnamon to different places, is a great disseminator of this valuable tree." — See *Brown's* Illustr. Tab. 19.

\*\* "Whenever our pleasure arises from a succession of sounds, it is a perception of a complicated nature, made up of a *sensation* of the present sound or note, and an *idea* or remembrance of the foregoing, while their mixture and concurrence produce such a mysterious delight, as neither could have produced alone. And it is often heightened by an anticipation of the succeeding notes. Thus Sense, Memory, and Imagination, are conjunctively employed." — *Gerrard on Taste*.

This is exactly the Epicurean theory of Pleasure, as explained by Cicero: — "Quocirca corpus gaudere tamdiu, dum præsentem sentiret

When Memory links the tone that is gone  
 With the blissful tone that 's still in the ear;  
 And Hope from a heavenly note flies on  
 To a note more heavenly still that is near.

The warrior's heart, when touch'd by me,  
 Can as downy soft and as yielding be  
 As his own white plume, that high amid death  
 Through the field has shone — yet moves with a breath!  
 And, oh, how the eyes of Beauty glisten,  
 When Music has reach'd her inward soul,  
 Like the silent stars, that wink and listen  
 While Heaven's eternal melodies roll.  
     So, hither I come  
     From my fairy home,  
 And if there 's a magic in Music's strain,  
 I swear by the breath  
     Of that moonlight wreath,  
 Thy Lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

---

'T is dawn — at least that earlier dawn,  
 Whose glimpses are again withdrawn,\*  
 As if the morn had wak'd, and then  
 Shut close her lids of light again.

voluptatem: animum et præsentem percipere pariter cum corpore et prospicere venientem, nec præteritam præterfluere sinere."

Madame de Staël accounts upon the same principle for the gratification we derive from *rhyme*: — "Elle est l'image de l'espérance et du souvenir. Un son nous fait désirer celui qui doit lui répondre, et quand le second retentit il nous rappelle celui qui vient de nous échapper."

\* "The Persians have two mornings, the Soobhi Kazim and the Soobhi Sadig, the false and the real day-break. They account for this phenomenon in a most whimsical manner. They say that as the sun rises from behind the Kobi Qaf (Mount Caucasus), it passes a hole perforated through that mountain, and that darting its rays through it, it is the cause of the Soobhi Kazim, or this temporary appearance of day-break. As it ascends, the earth is again veiled in darkness, until the sun rises above the mountain, and brings with it the Soobhi Sadig, or

And NOURMAHAL is up, and trying  
 The wonders of her lute, whose strings —  
 Oh, bliss! — now murmur like the sighing  
 From that ambrosial Spirit's wings.  
 And then, her voice — 't is more than human —  
 Never, till now, had it been given  
 To lips of any mortal woman  
 To utter notes so fresh from heaven;  
 Sweet as the breath of angel sighs,  
 When angel sighs are most divine. —  
 "Oh! let it last till night," she cries,  
 "And he is more than ever mine."

And hourly she renews the lay,  
 So fearful lest its heavenly sweetness  
 Should, ere the evening, fade away, —  
 For things so heavenly have such fleetness!  
 But, far from fading, it but grows  
 Richer, diviner as it flows;  
 Till rapt she dwells on every string,  
 And pours again each sound along,  
 Like echo, lost and languishing,  
 In love with her own wondrous song.  
 That evening, (trusting that his soul  
 Might be from haunting love releas'd  
 By mirth, by music, and the bowl,)  
 Th' Imperial SELIM held a feast  
 In his magnificent Shalimar: \* —  
 In whose Saloons, when the first star

real morning." — *Scott Waring*. He thinks Milton may allude to this, when he says, —

"Ere the blabbing Eastern scout,  
 The nice morn on the Indian steep  
 From her cabin'd loop-hole peep."

\* "In the centre of the plain, as it approaches the Lake, one of the Delhi Emperors, I believe Shah Jehan, constructed a spacious garden called the Shalimar, which is abundantly stored with fruit-trees and flowering shrubs. Some of the rivulets which intersect the plain are



Of evening o'er the waters trembled,  
 The Valley's loveliest all assembled;  
 All the bright creatures that, like dreams,  
 Glide through its foliage, and drink beams  
 Of beauty from its founts and streams;\*  
 And all those wandering minstrel-maids,  
 Who leave — how *can* they leave? — the shades  
 Of that dear Valley, and are found  
     Singing in gardens of the South\*\*  
 Those songs, that ne'er so sweetly sound  
     As from a young Cashmerian's mouth.

There, too, the Haram's inmates smile; —  
     Maids from the West, with sun-bright hair,  
 And from the Garden of the NILE,  
     Delicate as the roses there;\*\*\* —

led into a canal at the back of the garden, and flowing through its centre, or occasionally thrown into a variety of water-works, compose the chief beauty of the Shalimar. To decorate this spot the Mogul Princes of India have displayed an equal magnificence and taste; especially Jehan Gheer, who, with the enchanting Noor Mahl, made Kashmire his usual residence during the summer months. On arches thrown over the canal are erected, at equal distances, four or five suites of apartments, each consisting of a saloon, with four rooms at the angles, where the followers of the court attend, and the servants prepare sherbets, coffee, and the hookah. The frame of the doors of the principal saloon is composed of pieces of a stone of a black colour, streaked with yellow lines, and of a closer grain and higher polish than porphyry. They were taken, it is said, from a Hindoo temple, by one of the Mogul princes, and are esteemed of great value." — *Forster*.

\* "The waters of Cachemir are the more renowned from its being supposed that the Cachomirians are indebted for their beauty to them." — *Ali Yezdi*.

\*\* "From him I received the following little Gazzel, or Love Song, the notes of which he committed to paper from the voice of one of those singing girls of Cashmere, who wander from that delightful valley over the various parts of India." — *Persian Miscellanies*.

\*\*\* "The roses of the Jinan Nile, or Garden of the Nile (attached to the Emperor of Marocco's palace), are unequalled, and mattresses are made of their leaves for the men of rank to recline upon." — *Jackson*.

Daughters of Love from CYPRUS' rocks,  
 With Paphian diamonds in their locks; \* —  
 Light PERI forms, such as there are  
 On the gold meads of CANDAHAR; \*\*  
 And they, before whose sleepy eyes,  
     In their own bright Kathaian bowers,  
 Sparkle such rainbow butterflies,  
     That they might fancy the rich flowers,  
 That round them in the sun lay sighing,  
 Had been by magic all set flying. \*\*\*

Every thing young, every thing fair  
 From East and West is blushing there,  
 Except — except — oh, NOURMAHAL!  
 Thou loveliest, dearest of them all,  
 The one, whose smile shone out alone,  
 Amidst a world the only one;  
 Whose light, among so many lights,  
 Was like that star on starry nights,  
 The seaman singles from the sky,  
 To steer his bark for ever by!  
 Thou wert not there — so SELIM thought,  
     And every thing seem'd drear without thee;  
 But, ah! thou wert, thou wert, — and brought  
     Thy charm of song all fresh about thee.  
 Mingling unnotic'd with a band  
 Of lutanists from many a land,

\* "On the side of a mountain near Paphos there is a cavern which produces the most beautiful rock-crystal. On account of its brilliancy it has been called the Paphian diamond." — *Mariti*.

\*\* "There is a part of Candahar, called Peria, or Fairy Land." — *Thevenot*. In some of those countries to the north of India vegetable gold is supposed to be produced.

\*\*\* "These are the butterflies which are called in the Chinese language Flying Leaves. Some of them have such shining colours, and are so variegated, that they may be called flying flowers; and indeed they are always produced in the finest flower-gardens." — *Dunn*.

And veil'd by such a mask as shades  
 The features of young Arab maids, \* —  
 A mask that leaves but one eye free,  
 To do its best in witchery, —  
 She rov'd, with beating heart, around,  
 And waited, trembling, for the minute,  
 When she might try if still the sound  
 Of her lov'd lute had magic in it.

The board was spread with fruits and wine;  
 With grapes of gold, like those that shine  
 On CASBIN's hills; \*\* — pomegranates full  
 Of melting sweetness, and the pears,  
 And sunniest apples \*\*\* that CAUBUL  
 In all its thousand gardens † bears; —  
 Plantains, the golden and the green,  
 MALAYA's nectar'd mangusteen; ††  
 Prunes of BOKARA, and sweet nuts  
 From the fai groves of SAMARCAND,  
 And BASRA dates, and apricots,  
 Seed of the Sun, ††† from IRAN's land; —  
 With rich conserve of Visna cherries, §  
 Of orange flowers, and of those berries

\* "The Arabian women wear black masks with little clasps prettily ordered." — *Carreri*. Niebuhr mentions their showing but one eye in conversation.

\*\* "The golden grapes of Casbin." — *Description of Persia*.

\*\*\* "The fruits exported from Caubul are apples, pears, pomegranates" &c. — *Elphinstone*.

† "We sat down under a tree, listened to the birds, and talked with the son of our Mehmaundar about our country and Caubul, of which he gave an enchanting account: that city and its 100,000 gardens," &c. — *Id.*

†† "The mangusteen, the most delicate fruit in the world; the pride of the Malay islands." — *Marsden*.

††† "A delicious kind of apricot, called by the Persians tokmekshems, signifying sun's seed." — *Description of Persia*.

§ "Sweetmeats, in a crystal cup, consisting of rose-leaves in conserve, with lemon of Visna cherry, orange flowers," &c. — *Russell*.



That, wild and fresh, the young gazelles  
 Feed on in ERAC'S rocky dells. \*  
 All these in richest vases smile,  
     In baskets of pure santal-wood,  
 And urns of porcelain from that isle \*\*  
     Sunk underneath the Indian flood,  
 Whence oft the lucky diver brings  
 Vases to grace the halls of kings.  
 Wines, too, of every clime and hue,  
 Around their liquid lustre threw;  
 Amber Rosolli, \*\*\* — the bright dew  
 From vineyards of the Green-Sea gushing; †  
 And SHIRAZ wine, that richly ran  
     As if that jewel, large and rare,  
 The ruby for which KUBLAI-KHAN  
 Offer'd a city's wealth, †† was blushing  
     Melted within the goblets there!

And amply SELIM quaffs of each,  
 And seems resolv'd the flood shall reach  
 His inward heart, — shedding around  
     A genial deluge, as they run,  
 That soon shall leave no spot undrown'd,  
     For Love to rest his wings upon.  
 He little knew how well the boy  
     Can float upon a goblet's streams,

\* "Antelopes cropping the fresh berries of Erac." — The *Moallakat*, Poem of Tarafa.

\*\* "Mauri-ga-Sima, an island near Formosa, supposed to have been sunk in the sea for the crimes of its inhabitants. The vessel which the fishermen and divers bring up from it are sold at an immense price in China and Japan. See *Kempfer*.

\*\*\* Persian Tales.

† The white wine of Kishma.

†† "The King of Zeilan is said to have the very finest ruby that was ever seen. Kublai-Khan sent and offered the value of a city for it, but the King answered he would not give it for the treasure of the world." — *Marco Polo*.

Lighting them with his smile of joy; —  
 As bards have seen him in their dreams,  
 Down the blue GANGES laughing glide  
 Upon a rosy lotus wreath, \*  
 Catching new lustre from the tide  
 That with his image shone beneath.

But what are cups, without the aid  
 Of song to speed them as they flow?  
 And see — a lovely Georgian maid,  
 With all the bloom, the freshen'd glow  
 Of her own country maidens' looks,  
 When warm they rise from TEF LIS' brooks; \*\*  
 And with an eye, whose restless ray,  
 Full, floating, dark — oh, he, who knows  
 His heart is weak, of Heav'n should pray  
 To guard him from such eyes as those! —  
 With a voluptuous wildness flings  
 Her snowy hand across the strings  
 Of a syrinda, \*\*\* and thus sings: —

---

Come hither, come hither — by night and by day,  
 We linger in pleasures that never are gone;  
 Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away,  
 Another as sweet and as shining comes on.  
 And the love that is o'er, in expiring, gives birth  
 To a new one as warm, as unequal'd in bliss;  
 And, oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,  
 It is this, it is this. †

\* The Indians feign that Cupid was first seen floating down the Ganges on the Nymphæa Nelumbo. — See *Pennant*.

\*\* Teflis is celebrated for its natural warm baths. — See *Ebn Haukal*.

\*\*\* "The Indian Syrinda, or guitar." — *Symez*.

† "Around the exterior of the Dewan Khafs (a building of Shah Alum's) in the cornice are the following lines in letters of gold upon a ground of white marble — 'If there be a paradise upon earth, it is this, it is this.'" — *Franklin*.

Here maidens are sighing, and fragrant their sigh  
 As the flower of the Amra just op'd by a bee; \*  
 And precious their tears as that rain from the sky, \*\*  
 Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea.  
 Oh! think what the kiss and the smile must be worth  
 When the sigh and the tear are so perfect in bliss,  
 And own if there be an Elysium on earth,  
 It is this, it is this.

Here sparkles the nectar, that, hallow'd by love,  
 Could draw down those angels of old from their sphere,  
 Who for wine of this earth \*\*\* left the fountains above,  
 And forgot heaven's stars for the eyes we have here.  
 And, bless'd with the odour our goblet gives forth,  
 What Spirit the sweets of his Eden would miss?  
 For, oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,  
 It is this, it is this.

---

The Georgian's song was scarcely mute,  
 When the same measure, sound for sound,  
 Was caught up by another lute,  
 And so divinely breathed around,  
 That all stood hush'd and wondering,  
 And turn'd and look'd into the air,  
 As if they thought to see the wing  
 Of ISRAFIL, † the Angel, there; —  
 So powerfully on every soul  
 That new, enchanted measure stole.  
 While now a voice, sweet as the note  
 Of the charm'd lute, was heard to float

\* "Delightful are the flowers of the Amra trees on the mountain-tops, while the murmuring bees pursue their voluptuous toil." — *Song of Jayadeva.*

\*\* "The Nisan or drops of spring rain, which they believe to produce pearls if they fall into shells." — *Richardson.*

\*\*\* For an account of the share which wine had in the fall of the angels, see *Mariti.*

† The Angel of Music. See note, Vol. III. p. 342.



Along its chords, and so entwine  
 Its sounds with theirs, 'that none knew whether  
 The voice or lute was most divine,  
 So wondrously they went together: —

---

There 's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,  
 When two, that are link'd in one heavenly tie,  
 With heart never changing, and brow never cold,  
 Love on through all ills, and love on till they die!  
 One hour of a passion so sacred is worth  
 Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;  
 And, oh! if there *be* an Elysium on earth,  
 It is this, it is this.

---

'T was not the air, 't was not the words,  
 But that deep magic in the chords  
 And in the lips, that gave such power  
 As Music knew not till that hour.  
 At once a hundred voices said,  
 "It is the mask'd Arabian maid!"  
 While SELIM, who had felt the strain  
 Deepest of any, and had lain  
 Some minutes rapt, as in a trance,  
 After the fairy sounds were o'er,  
 Too inly touch'd for utterance,  
 Now motion'd with his hand for more: —

---

Fly to the desert, fly with me,  
 Our Arab tents are rude for thee;  
 But, oh! the choice what heart can doubt,  
 Of tents with love, or thrones without?  
 Our rocks are rough, but smiling there  
 Th' acacia waves her yellow hair,  
 Lonely and sweet, nor lov'd the less  
 For flowering in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare , but down their slope  
 The silvery-footed antelope  
 As gracefully and gaily springs  
 As o'er the marble courts of kings.

Then come — thy Arab maid will be  
 The lov'd and lone acacia-tree,  
 The antelope, whose feet shall bless  
 With their light sound thy loneliness.

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart  
 An instant sunshine through the heart, —  
 As if the soul that minute caught  
 Some treasure it through life had sought;

As if the very lips and eyes,  
 Predestin'd to have all our sighs,  
 And never be forgot again,  
 Sparkled and spoke before us then!

So came thy every glance and tone,  
 When first on me they breath'd and shone;  
 New, as if brought from other spheres,  
 Yet welcome as if lov'd for years.

Then fly with me, — if thou hast known  
 No other flame, nor falsely thrown  
 A gem away, that thou hadst sworn  
 Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come, if the love thou hast for me  
 Is pure and fresh as mine for thee, —  
 Fresh as the fountain under ground,  
 When first 't is by the lapwing found.\*

But if for me thou dost forsake  
 Some other maid, and rudely break

\* The Hudhud, or Lapwing, is supposed to have the power of discovering water under ground.

Her worshipp'd image from its base,  
To give to me the ruin'd place; —

Then, fare thee well — I'd rather make  
My bower upon some icy lake  
When thawing suns begin to shine,  
Than trust to love so false as thine!

---

There was a pathos in this lay,  
That, ev'n without enchantment's art,  
Would instantly have found its way  
Deep into SELIM's burning heart;  
But, breathing, as it did, a tone  
To earthly lutes and lips unknown;  
With every chord fresh from the touch  
Of Music's Spirit, — 't was too much!  
Starting, he dash'd away the cup, —  
Which, all the time of this sweet air,  
His hand had held, untasted, up,  
As if 't were fix'd by magic there, —  
And naming her, so long unnam'd,  
So long unseen, wildly exclaim'd,  
“Oh NOURMAHAL! oh NOURMAHAL!  
“Hadst thou but sung this witching strain,  
“I could forget — forgive thee all,  
“And never leave those eyes again.”

The mask is off — the charm is wrought —  
And SELIM to his heart has caught,  
In blushes, more than ever bright,  
His NOURMAHAL, his Haram's Light!  
And well do vanish'd frowns enhance  
The charm of every brighten'd glance;  
And dearer seems each dawning smile  
For having lost its light awhile:



And, happier now for all her sighs,  
 As on his arm her head reposes,  
 She whispers him, with laughing eyes,  
 "Remember, love, the Feast of Roses!"

FADLADEEN, at the conclusion of this light rhapsody, took occasion to sum up his opinion of the young Cashmerian's poetry, — of which, he trusted, they had that evening heard the last. Having recapitulated the epithets, "frivolous" — "inharmonious" — "nonsensical," he proceeded to say that, viewing it in the most favourable light, it resembled one of those Maldivian boats, to which the Princess had alluded in the relation of her dream,\* — a slight, gilded thing, sent adrift without rudder or ballast, and with nothing but vapid sweets and faded flowers on board. The profusion, indeed, of flowers and birds, which this poet had ready on all occasions, — not to mention dews, gems, &c. — was a most oppressive kind of opulence to his hearers; and had the unlucky effect of giving to his style all the glitter of the flower-garden without its method, and all the flutter of the aviary without its song. In addition to this, he chose his subjects badly, and was always most inspired by the worst parts of them. The charms of paganism, the merits of rebellion, — these were the themes honoured with his particular enthusiasm; and, in the poem just recited, one of his most palatable passages was in praise of that beverage of the Unfaithful, wine; — "being, perhaps," said he, relaxing into a smile, as conscious of his own character in the Haram on this point, "one of those bards, whose fancy owes all its illumination to the grape, like that painted porcelain,\*\* so curious and so rare, whose

\* See Vol. III. p. 315.

\*\* "The Chinese had formerly the art of painting on the sides of porcelain vessels fish and other animals, which were only perceptible when the vessel was full of some liquor. They call this species Kia-tsin, that is, *azure is put in press*, on account of the manner in which the azure is laid on." — "They are every now and then trying to recover the art of this magical painting, but to no purpose." — *Dunn*.

images are only visible when liquor is poured into it." Upon the whole, it was his opinion, from the specimens which they had heard, and which, he begged to say, were the most tiresome part of the journey, that — whatever other merits this well-dressed young gentleman might possess — poetry was by no means his proper avocation: "and indeed," concluded the critic, "from his fondness for flowers and for birds, I would venture to suggest that a florist or a bird-catcher is a much more suitable calling for him than a poet."

They had now begun to ascend those barren mountains, which separate Cashmere from the rest of India; and, as the heats were intolerable, and the time of their encampments limited to the few hours necessary for refreshment and repose, there was an end to all their delightful evenings, and LALLA ROOKH saw no more of FERAMORZ. She now felt that her short dream of happiness was over, and that she had nothing but the recollection of its few blissful hours, like the one draught of sweet water that serves the camel across the wilderness, to be her heart's refreshment during the dreary waste of life that was before her. The blight that had fallen upon her spirits soon found its way to her cheek, and her ladies saw with regret — though not without some suspicion of the cause — that the beauty of their mistress, of which they were almost as proud as of their own, was fast vanishing away at the very moment of all when she had most need of it. What must the King of Bucharia feel, when, instead of the lively and beautiful LALLA ROOKH, whom the poets of Delhi had described as more perfect than the divinest images in the house of Azor, \* he should receive a pale and inanimate victim, upon whose cheek neither health nor pleasure bloomed, and from whose eyes Love had fled, — to hide himself in her heart?

If any thing could have charmed away the melancholy of her spirits, it would have been the fresh airs and enchanting scenery of that Valley, which the Persians so justly called the Unequaled.\*\*

\* An eminent carver of idols, said in the Koran to be father to Abraham. "I have such a lovely idol as is not to be met with in the house of Azor." — *Hafiz*.

\*\* Kachmire be Nazeer. — *Forster*.

But neither the coolness of its atmosphere, so luxurious after toiling up those bare and burning mountains, — neither the splendour of the minarets and pagodas, that shone out from the depth of its woods, nor the grottos, hermitages, and miraculous fountains, \* which make every spot of that region holy ground, — neither the countless waterfalls, that rush into the Valley from all those high and romantic mountains that encircle it, nor the fair city on the Lake, whose houses, roofed with flowers, \*\* appeared at a distance like one vast and variegated parterre; — not all these wonders and glories of the most lovely country under the sun could steal her heart for a minute from those sad thoughts, which but darkened, and grew bitterer every step she advanced.

The gay pomps and processions that met her upon her entrance into the Valley, and the magnificence with which the roads all along were decorated, did honour to the taste and gallantry of the young King. It was night when they approached the city, and, for the last two miles, they had passed under arches, thrown from hedge to hedge, festooned with only those rarest roses from which the Attar Gul, more precious than gold, is distilled, and illumi-

\* “The pardonable superstition of the sequestered inhabitants has multiplied the places of worship of Mahadeo, of Beschán, and of Brama. All Cashmere is holy land, and miraculous fountains abound.” — *Major Rennel's Memoirs of a Map of Hindostan.*

Jehanguire mentions “a fountain in Cashmere called Tirnagh, which signifies a snake; probably because some large snake had formerly been seen there.” — “During the lifetime of my father, I went twice to this fountain, which is about twenty coss from the city of Cashmere. The vestiges of places of worship and sanctity are to be traced without number amongst the ruins and the caves, which are interspersed in its neighbourhood.” — *Toozek Jehangeery.* — v. *Asiat. Misc.* vol. ii.

There is another account of Cashmere by Abul-Fazil, the author of the *Ayin-Achbaree*, “who,” says *Major Rennel*, “appears to have caught some of the enthusiasm of the valley, by his description of the holy places in it.”

\*\* “On a standing roof of wood is laid a covering of fine earth, which shelters the building from the great quantity of snow that falls in the winter season. This fence communicates an equal warmth in winter, as a refreshing coolness in the summer season, when the tops of the houses, which are planted with a variety of flowers, exhibit at a distance the spacious view of a beautifully checquered parterre.” — *Forster.*



nated in rich and fanciful forms with lanterns of the triple-coloured tortoise-shell of Pegu. \* Sometimes, from a dark wood by the side of the road, a display of fire-works would break out, so sudden and so brilliant, that a Brahmin might fancy he beheld that grove, in whose purple shade the God of Battles was born, bursting into a flame at the moment of his birth; — while, at other times, a quick and playful irradiation continued to brighten all the fields and gardens by which they passed, forming a line of dancing lights along the horizon; like the meteors of the north as they are seen by those hunters, \*\* who pursue the white and blue foxes on the confines of the Icy Sea.

These arches and fire-works delighted the Ladies of the Princess exceedingly; and, with their usual good logic, they deduced from his taste for illuminations, that the King of Bucharria would make the most exemplary husband imaginable. Nor, indeed, could LALLA ROOKH herself help feeling the kindness and splendour with which the young bridegroom welcomed her; — but she also felt how painful is the gratitude, which kindness from those we cannot love excites; and that their best blandishments come over the heart with all that chilling and deadly sweetness, which we can fancy in the cold, odoriferous wind \*\*\* that is to blow over this earth in the last days.

The marriage was fixed for the morning after her arrival, when she was, for the first time, to be presented to the monarch in that Imperial Palace beyond the lake, called the Shalimar. Though never before had a night of more wakeful and anxious thought been passed in the Happy Valley, yet, when she rose in the morning,

\* “Two hundred slaves there are, who have no other office than to hunt the woods and marshes for triple-coloured tortoises for the King’s Vivary. Of the shells of these also lanterns are made.” — *Vincent le Blanc’s Travels.*

\*\* For a description of the Aurora Borealis as it appears to these hunters, v. *Encyclopaedia.*

\*\*\* This wind, which is to blow from Syria Damascena, is, according to the Mahometans, one of the signs of the Last Day’s approach.

Another of the signs is, “Great distress in the world, so that a man when he passes by another’s grave shall say, Would to God I were in his place!” — *Sale’s Preliminary Discourse.*

and her Ladies came around her, to assist in the adjustment of the bridal ornaments, they thought they had never seen her look half so beautiful. What she had lost of the bloom and radiancy of her charms was more than made up by that intellectual expression, that soul beaming forth from the eyes, which is worth all the rest of loveliness. When they had tinged her fingers with the Henna leaf, and placed upon her brow a small coronet of jewels, of the shape worn by the ancient Queens of Bucharia, they flung over her head the rose-coloured bridal veil, and she proceeded to the barge that was to convey her across the lake; — first kissing, with a mournful look, the little amulet of cornelian, which her father at parting had hung about her neck.

The morning was as fresh and fair as the maid on whose nuptials it rose, and the shining lake, all covered with boats, the minstrels playing upon the shores of the islands, and the crowded summer-houses on the green hills around, with shawls and banners waving from their roofs, presented such a picture of animated rejoicing, as only she, who was the object of it all, did not feel with transport. To LALLA ROOKH alone it was a melancholy pageant; nor could she have even borne to look upon the scene, were it not for a hope that, among the crowds around, she might once more perhaps catch a glimpse of FERAMORZ. So much was her imagination haunted by this thought, that there was scarcely an islet or boat she passed on the way, at which her heart did not flutter with the momentary fancy that he was there. Happy, in her eyes, the humblest slave upon whom the light of his dear looks fell! — In the barge immediately after the Princess sat FADLA-DEEN, with his silken curtains thrown widely apart, that all might have the benefit of his august presence, and with his head full of the speech he was to deliver to the King, “concerning FERAMORZ, and literature, and the Chabuk, as connected therewith.”

They now had entered the canal which leads from the Lake to the splendid domes and saloons of the Shalimar, and went gliding on through the gardens that ascended from each bank, full of flowering shrubs that made the air all perfume; while from the middle of the canal rose jets of water, smooth and unbroken, to such a dazzling height, that they stood like tall pillars of diamond

in the sunshine. After sailing under the arches of various saloons, they at length arrived at the last and most magnificent, where the monarch awaited the coming of his bride; and such was the agitation of her heart and frame, that it was with difficulty she could walk up the marble steps, which were covered with cloth of gold for her ascent from the barge. At the end of the hall stood two thrones, as precious as the Cerulean Throne of Coolburga,\* on one of which sat ALIRIS, the youthful King of Bucharia, and on the other was, in a few minutes, to be placed the most beautiful Princess in the world. Immediately upon the entrance of LALLA ROOKH into the saloon, the monarch descended from his throne to meet her; but scarcely had he time to take her hand in his, when she screamed with surprise, and fainted at his feet. It was FERAMORZ himself that stood before her! — FERAMORZ was, himself, the Sovereign of Bucharia, who in this disguise had accompanied his young bride from Delhi, and, having won her love as an humble minstrel, now amply deserved to enjoy it as a King.

The consternation of FADLADEEN at this discovery was, for the moment, almost pitiable. But change of opinion is a resource too convenient in courts for this experienced courtier not to have learned to avail himself of it. His criticisms were all, of course, recanted instantly: he was seized with an admiration of the King's verses, as unbounded as, he begged him to believe, it was disinterested; and the following week saw him in possession of an additional place, swearing by all the Saints of Islam that never had

\* "On Mahommed Shaw's return to Koolburga (the capital of Dekkan), he made a great festival, and mounted this throne with much pomp and magnificence, calling it Firozeh or Cerulean. I have heard some old persons, who saw the throne Firozeh in the reign of Sultan Mamood Bhamenee, describe it. They say that it was in length nine feet, and three in breadth; made of ebony, covered with plates of pure gold, and set with precious stones of immense value. Every prince of the house of Bhamenee, who possessed this throne, made a point of adding to it some rich stones; so that when in the reign of Sultan Mamood it was taken to pieces, to remove some of the jewels to be set in vases and cups, the jewellers valued it at one corore of oons (nearly four millions sterling). I learned also that it was called Firozeh from being partly enamelled of a sky-blue colour, which was in time totally concealed by the number of jewels." — *Ferishta*.



there existed so great a poet as the Monarch ALIRIS, and, moreover, ready to prescribe his favourite regimen of the Chabuk for every man, woman, and child that dared to think otherwise.

Of the happiness of the King and Queen of Bucharia, after such a beginning, there can be but little doubt; and, among the lesser symptoms, it is recorded of LALLA ROOKH, that, to the day of her death, in memory of their delightful journey, she never called the King by any other name than FERAMORZ.

## POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL POEMS.

## LINES ON THE DEATH OF MR. P—RC—V—L.

IN the dirge we sung o'er him no censure was heard,  
 Unembitter'd and free did the tear-drop descend;  
 We forgot, in that hour, how the statesman had err'd,  
 And wept for the husband, the father, and friend.  
 Oh, proud was the meed his integrity won,  
 And gen'rous indeed were the tears that we shed,  
 When, in grief, we forgot all the ill he had done,  
 And, though wrong'd by him, living, bewail'd him, when dead.  
 Even now, if one harsher emotion intrude,  
 'T is to wish he had chosen some lowlier state,  
 Had known what he was — and, content to be *good*,  
 Had ne'er, for our ruin, aspired to be *great*.  
 So, left through their own little orbit to move,  
 His years might have roll'd inoffensive away;  
 His children might still have been bless'd with his love,  
 And England would ne'er have been cursed with his sway.

*To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.*

Sir,

IN order to explain the following Fragment, it is necessary to refer your readers to a late florid description of the Pavilion at Brighton, in the apartments of which, we are told, "*FUM, The Chinese Bird of Royalty*," is a principal ornament.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

MUM.

## FUM AND HUM, THE TWO BIRDS OF ROYALTY.

ONE day the Chinese Bird of Royalty, FUM,  
 Thus accosted our own Bird of Royalty, HUM,  
 In that Palace or China-shop (Brighton, which is it?)  
 Where FUM had just come to pay HUM a short visit. —  
 Near akin are these Birds, though they differ in nation  
 (The breed of the HUMS is as old as creation);  
 Both, full-craw'd Legitimates — both, birds of prey,  
 Both, cackling and ravenous creatures, half way  
 'Twixt the goose and the vulture, like Lord C—STL—GH.  
 While FUM deals in Mandarins, Bonzes, Bohea,  
 Peers, Bishops, and Punch, HUM, are sacred to thee!  
 So congenial their tastes, that, when FUM first did light on  
 The floor of that grand China-warehouse at Brighton,  
 The lanterns, and dragons, and things round the dome  
 Were so like what he left, "Gad," says FUM, "I'm at home." —  
 And when, turning, he saw Bishop L—EE, "Zooks, it is,"  
 Quoth the Bird, "Yes — I know him — a Bonze, by his phyz —  
 "And that jolly old idol he kneels to so low  
 "Can be none but our round-about godhead, fat Fo!"  
 It chanced at this moment, th' Episcopal Prig  
 Was imploring the P—E to dispense with his wig,\*  
 Which the Bird, overhearing, flew high o'er his head,  
 And some TOBIT-like marks of his patronage shed,  
 Which so dimm'd the poor Dandy's idolatrous eye,  
 That, while FUM cried "Oh Fo!" all the court cried "Oh fie!"  
 But, a truce to digression; — these Birds of a feather  
 Thus talk'd, t'other night, on State matters together;  
 (The P—E just in bed, or about to depart for't,  
 His legs full of gout, and his arms full of H—RTF—D,)  
 "I say, HUM," says FUM — FUM, of course, spoke Chinese,  
 But, bless you, that's nothing — at Brighton one sees  
 Foreign lingoës and Bishops *translated* with ease —

\* In consequence of an old promise, that he should be allowed to wear his own hair, whenever he might be elevated to a Bishopric by his R—l H—ss.



“I say, HUM, how fares it with Royalty now?

“Is it *up*? is it *prime*? is it *spooney* — or how?”

(The Bird had just taken a flash-man’s degree  
Under B—RR—M—RE, Y—TH, and young Master L—E)

“As for us in Pekin” — here, a dev’l of a din

From the bed-chamber came, where that long Mandarin,

C—stl—gh (whom FUM calls the *Confusius* of Prose),

Was rehearsing a speech upon Europe’s repose

To the deep, double bass of the fat Idol’s nose.

(*Nota bene* — his Lordship and L—V—RP—L come,

In collateral lines, from the old Mother HUM,

C—STL—GH a HUM-bug — L—V—RP—L a HUM-drum.)

The Speech being finish’d, out rush’d C—STL—GH,

Saddled HUM in a hurry, and, whip, spur, away,

Through the regions of air, like a Snip on his hobby,

Ne’er paused, till he lighted in St. Stephen’s lobby.

\* \* \* \* \*

### LINES ON THE DEATH OF SH—R—D—N

Principibus placuisse viris! — HORAT.

YES, grief will have way — but the fast falling tear

Shall be mingled with deep execrations on those,

Who could bask in that Spirit’s meridian career,

And yet leave it thus lonely and dark at its close: —

Whose vanity flew round him, only while fed

By the odour his fame in its summer-time gave; —

Whose vanity now, with quick scent for the dead,

Like the Ghole of the East, comes to feed at his grave.

Oh! it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow,

And spirits so mean in the great and high-born;

To think what a long line of titles may follow

The relics of him who died — friendless and lorn!

How proud they can press to the fun’ral array

Of one, whom they shunn’d in his sickness and sorrow: —

How bailiffs may seize his last blanket, to-day,  
 Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow!

And Thou, too, whose life, a sick epicure's dream,  
 Incoherent and gross, even grosser had pass'd,  
 Were it not for that cordial and soul-giving beam,  
 Which his friendship and wit o'er thy nothingness cast: —

No, not for the wealth of the land, that supplies thee  
 With millions to heap upon Foppery's shrine; —  
 No, not for the riches of all who despise thee,  
 Tho' this would make Europe's whole opulence mine; —

Would I suffer what — ev'n in the heart that thou hast —  
 All mean as it is — must have consciously burn'd,  
 When the pittance, which shame had wrung from thee at last,  
 And which found all his wants at an end, was return'd!\*

“Was *this* then the fate,” — future ages will say,  
 When *some* names shall live but in history's curse;  
 When Truth will be heard, and these Lords of a day  
 Be forgotten as fools, or remember'd as worse; —

“Was this then the fate of that high-gifted man,  
 “The pride of the palace, the bower and the hall,  
 “The orator, — dramatist, — minstrel, — who ran  
 “Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all; —

“Whose mind was an essence, compounded with art  
 “From the finest and best of all other men's powers; —

“Who ruled, like a wizard, the world of the heart,  
 “And could call up its sunshine, or bring down its showers; —

“Whose humour, as gay as the fire-fly's light,  
 “Play'd round every subject, and shone as it play'd; —

“Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright,  
 “Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade; —

\* The sum was two hundred pounds — offered when Sh—r—d—n could no longer take any sustenance, and declined, for him, by his friends.

“Whose eloquence — bright’ning whatever it tried,  
 “Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave, —  
 “Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide,  
 “As ever bore Freedom aloft on its wave!”

Yes — such was the man, and so wretched his fate; —  
 And thus, sooner or later, shall all have to grieve,  
 Who waste their morn’s dew in the beams of the Great,  
 And expect ’t will return to refresh them at eve.

In the woods of the North there are insects that prey  
 On the brain of the elk till his very last sigh;\*  
 Oh, Genius! thy patrons, more cruel than they,  
 First feed on thy brains, and then leave thee to die!

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## EPISTLE

FROM

TOM CRIB TO BIG BEN \*\*

CONCERNING SOME FOUL PLAY IN A LATE TRANSACTION.\*\*\*

“Ahi, mio BEN!” — METASTASIO. †

WHAT! BEN, my old hero, is this your renown?  
 Is *this* the new *go*? — kick a man when he ’s down!  
 When the foe has knock’d under, to tread on him then —  
 By the fist of my father, I blush for thee, BEN!  
 “Foul! foul!” all the lads of the Fancy exclaim —  
 CHARLEY SHOCK is electrified — BELCHER spits flame —  
 And MOLYNEUX — ay, even BLACKY †† cries “shame!”

Time was, when JOHN BULL little difference spied  
 ’Twixt the foe at his feet, and the friend at his side:

\* Naturalists have observed that, upon dissecting an elk, there was found in its head some *large* flies, with its brain almost eaten away by them. — *History of Poland*.

\*\* A nickname given, at this time, to the Pr—ce R—g—t.

\*\*\* Written soon after Bonaparte’s transportation to St. Helena.

† Tom, I suppose, was “assisted” to this Motto by Mr. Jackson, who, it is well known, keeps the most learned company going.

†† Names and nicknames of celebrated pugilists at that time.



When he found (such his humour in fighting and eating)  
 His foe, like his beef-steak, the sweeter for beating.  
 But this comes, Master BEN, of your curst foreign notions,  
 Your trinkets, wigs, thingumbobs, gold lace and lotions;  
 Your Noyaus, Curaçoas, and the Devil knows what —  
 (One swig of *Blue Ruin*\* is worth the whole lot!)  
 Your great and small *crosses* — (my eyes, what a brood!  
 A *cross*-buttock from *me* would do some of them good!)  
 Which have spoilt you, till hardly a drop, my old porpoise,  
 Of pure English *claret* is left in your *corpus*;  
 And (as JIM says) the only one trick, good or bad,  
 Of the Fancy you're up to, is *fibbing*, my lad.  
 Hence it comes, — BOXIANA, disgrace to thy page! —  
 Having floor'd, by good luck, the first *swell* of the age,  
 Having conquer'd the *prime one*, that *mill'd* us all round,  
 You kick'd him, old BEN, as he gasp'd on the ground!  
 Ay — just at the time to show spunk, if you'd got any —  
 Kick'd him, and jaw'd him, and *lag'd*\*\* him to Botany!  
 Oh, shade of the *Cheesemonger*!\*\*\* you, who, alas,  
*Doubled up*, by the dozen, those Mounseers in brass,  
 On that great day of *milling*, when blood lay in lakes,  
 When Kings held the bottle, and Europe the stakes,  
 Look down upon BEN — see him, *dunghill* all o'er,  
 Insult the fall'n foe, that can harm him no more!  
 Out, cowardly *spooney*! — again and again,  
 By the fist of my father, I blush for thee, BEN.  
 To *show the white feather* is many men's doom,  
 But, what of *one feather*? — BEN shows a *whole Plume*.

\* Gin.

\*\* Transported.

\*\*\* A Life Guardsman, one of the *Fancy*, who distinguished himself, and was killed in the memorable *set-to* at Waterloo.

THE  
FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS.

Le Leggi della Maschera richiedono che una persona mascherata non sia salutata per nome da uno che la conosce malgrado il suo travestimento.

CASTIGLIONE.

P R E F A C E.

IN what manner the following Epistles came into my hands, it is not necessary for the public to know. It will be seen by Mr. FUDGE'S Second Letter, that he is one of those gentlemen whose *Secret Services* in Ireland, under the mild ministry of my Lord C—GH, have been so amply and gratefully remunerated. Like his friend and associate, THOMAS REYNOLDS, Esq., he had retired upon the reward of his honest industry; but has lately been induced to appear again in active life, and superintend the training of that *Delatorian Cohort*, which Lord S—DM—TH, in his wisdom and benevolence, has organized.

Whether Mr. FUDGE, himself, has yet made any discoveries, does not appear from the following pages. But much may be expected from a person of his zeal and sagacity, and, indeed, to *him*, Lord S—DM—TH, and the Greenland-bound ships, the eyes of all lovers of *discoveries* are now most anxiously directed.

I regret much that I have been obliged to omit Mr. BOB FUDGE'S Third Letter, concluding the adventures of his Day with the Dinner, Opera, &c. &c.; — but, in consequence of some remarks upon *Marinette's* thin drapery, which, it was thought, might give offence to certain well-meaning persons, the manuscript was sent back to Paris for his revision, and had not returned when the last sheet was put to press.

It will not, I hope, be thought presumptuous, if I take this opportunity of complaining of a very serious injustice I have suffered from the public. Dr. KING wrote a treatise to prove that BENTLEY "was not the author of his own book," and a similar absurdity has been asserted of *me*, in almost all the best-informed literary circles. With the name of the real author staring them in the face, they have yet persisted in attributing my works to other people; and the fame of the Twopenny Post-Bag — such as it is — having hovered doubtfully over various persons, has at last settled upon the head of a certain little gentleman, who wears it, I understand, as complacently as if it actually belonged to him; without even the honesty of avowing, with his own favourite author, (he will excuse the pun)

Εγω δ' Ὁ ΜΩΡΟΣ ἀραα

Εδησαμην μετωπω.

I can only add, that if any lady or gentleman, curious in such matters, will take the trouble of calling at my lodgings, 245. Piccadilly. I shall have the honour of assuring them, *in propria persona*, that I am — his, or her,

Very obedient

And very humble Servant,

THOMAS BROWN, THE YOUNGER.

April 17. 1818

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### LETTER I.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY—, OF CLONKILTY,  
IN IRELAND.

Amiens.

DEAR DOLL, while the tails of our horses are plaiting,

The trunks tying on, and Papa, at the door,

Into very bad French is, as usual, translating

His English resolve not to give a *son* more,

I sit down to write you a line — only think! —

A letter from France, with French pens and French ink,

How delightful! though, would you believe it, my dear?

I have seen nothing yet *very* wonderful here;



No adventure, no sentiment, far as we've come,  
 But the corn-fields and trees quite as dull as at home;  
 And *but* for the post-boy, his boots and his queue,  
 I might *just* as well be at Clonkilty with you!  
 In vain, at DESSEIN'S, did I take from my trunk  
 That divine fellow, STERNE, and fall reading "The Monk;"  
 In vain did I think of his charming Dead Ass,  
 And remember the crust and the wallet — alas!  
 No monks can be had now for love or for money,  
 (All owing, Pa says, to that infidel BONEY;)  
 And, though *one* little Neddy we saw in our drive  
 Out of classical Nampont, the beast was alive!

By the by, though, at Calais, Papa *had* a touch  
 Of romance on the pier, which affected me much.  
 At the sight of that spot, where our darling DIXHUIT  
 Set the first of his own dear legitimate feet,\*  
 (Modell'd out so exactly, and — God bless the mark!  
 'T is a foot, Dolly, worthy so *Grand a Monarque*),  
 He exclaim'd, "Oh, mon Roi!" and, with tear-dropping eye,  
 Stood to gaze on the spot — while some Jacobin, nigh,  
 Mutter'd out with a shrug (what an insolent thing!)  
 "Ma foi, he be right — 't is de Englishman's King;  
 And dat *gros pied de cochon* — begar, me vil say  
 Dat de foot look mosh better, if turn'd toder way."  
 There's the pillar, too — Lord! I had nearly forgot —  
 What a charming idea! — rais'd close to the spot;  
 The mode being now, (as you've heard, I suppose,)  
 To build tombs over legs,\*\* and raise pillars to toes.

This is all that's occur'd sentimental as yet;  
 Except, indeed, some little flow'r-nymphs we've met,  
 Who disturb one's romance with pecuniary views,  
 Flinging flow'rs in your path, and then — bawling for *sous*!

\* To commemorate the landing of Louis le Desiré from England, the impression of his foot is marked out on the pier at Calais, and a pillar with an inscription raised opposite to the spot.

\*\* Ci-gît la jambe de, &c. &c.

And some picturesque beggars, whose multitudes seem  
 To recall the good days of the *ancien régime*,  
 All as ragged and brisk, you 'll be happy to learn,  
 And as thin as they were in the time of dear STERNE.

Our party consists (in a neat Calais job)  
 Of Papa and myself, Mr. CONNOR and BOB.  
 You remember how sheepish BOB look'd at Kilrandy,  
 But, Lord! he's quite alter'd — they've made him a Dandy;  
 A thing, you know, whisker'd, great-coated, and laced,  
 Like an hour-glass, exceedingly small in the waist:  
 Quite a new sort of creatures, unknown yet to scholars,  
 With heads, so immovably stuck in shirt-collars,  
 That seats, like our music-stools, soon must be found them,  
 To twirl, when the creatures may wish to look round them.  
 In short, dear, "a Dandy" describes what I mean,  
 And BOB's far the best of the *genus* I've seen:  
 An improving young man, fond of learning, ambitious,  
 And goes now to Paris to study French dishes,  
 Whose names — think, how quick! he already knows pat,  
*À la braise*, *petits pâtés*, and — what d'ye call that  
 They inflict on potatoes? — oh! *maître d'hôtel* —  
 I assure you, dear DOLLY, he knows them as well  
 As if nothing else all his life he had eat,  
 Though a bit of them BOBBY has never touch'd yet;  
 But just knows the names of French dishes and cooks,  
 As dear Pa knows the titles of authors and books.

As to Pa, what d'ye think? — mind, it's all *entre nous*,  
 But you know, love, I never keep secrets from you —  
 Why, he's writing a book — what! a tale? a romance?  
 No, ye Gods, would it were! — but his Travels in France;  
 At the special desire (he let out t'other day)  
 Of his great friend and patron, my Lord C-STL-R-GH,  
 Who said, "My dear FUDGE" — I forget th' exact words,  
 And, it's strange, no one ever remembers my Lord's;  
 But 't was something to say that, as all must allow  
 A good orthodox work is much wanting just now,

To expound to the world the new — thingummie — science,  
 Found out by the — what 's-its-name — Holy Alliance,  
 And prove to mankind that their rights are but folly,  
 Their freedom a joke (which it *is*, you know, DOLLY),  
 “There’s none,” said his Lordship, “if I may be judge,  
 Half so fit for this great undertaking as FUDGE!”

The matter’s soon settled — Pa flies to *the Row*  
 (The *first* stage your tourists now usually go),  
 Settles all for his quarto — advertisements, praises —  
 Starts post from the door, with his tablets — French phrases —  
 “SCOTT’S Visit,” of course — in short, ev’ry thing *he* has  
 An author can want, except words and ideas: —  
 And, lo! the first thing, in the spring of the year,  
 Is PHIL. FUDGE at the front of a Quarto, my dear!

But, bless me, my paper’s near out, so I’d better  
 Draw fast to a close: — this exceeding long letter  
 You owe to a *déjeuner à la fourchette*,  
 Which BOBBY *would* have, and is hard at it yet. —  
 What’s next? oh, the tutor, the last of the party,  
 Young CONNOR: — they say he’s so like BONAPARTE,  
 His nose and his chin — which Papa rather dreads,  
 As the Bourbons, you know, are suppressing all heads  
 That resemble old NAP’S, and who knows but their honours  
 May think, in their fright, of suppressing poor CONNOR’S?  
*Au reste* (as we say), the young lad’s well enough,  
 Only talks much of Athens, Rome, virtue, and stuff;  
 A third cousin of ours, by the way — poor as Job  
 (Though of royal descent by the side of Mamma),  
 And for charity made private tutor to BOB; —  
*Entre nous*, too, a Papist — how lib’ral of Pa!

This is all, dear, — forgive me for breaking off thus  
 But BOB’S *déjeuner*’s done, and Papa’s in a fuss.

B. F.

P. S.

How provoking of Pa! he will not let me stop  
 Just to run in and rummage some milliner’s shop;



And my *début* in Paris, I blush to think on it,  
 Must now, DOLL, be made in a hideous low bonnet.  
 But Paris, dear Paris! — oh, *there* will be joy,  
 And romance, and high bonnets, and Madame Le Roi! \*

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LETTER II.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ. TO THE LORD VISCOUNT C—ST—R—GH.

Paris.

At length, my Lord, I have the bliss  
 To date to you a line from this  
 “Demoraliz’d” metropolis;  
 Where, by plebeians low and scurvy,  
 The throne was turn’d quity topsy turvy,  
 And Kingship, tumbled from its seat,  
 “Stood prostrate” at the people’s feet;  
 Where (still to use your Lordship’s tropes)  
 The *level* of obedience *slopes*  
 Upward and downward, as the *stream*  
 Of *hydra* faction *kicks the beam!* \*\*  
 Where the poor Palace changes masters  
 Quicker than a snake its skin,  
 And LOUIS is roll’d out on castors,  
 While BONEY’s borne on shoulders in: —  
 But where, in every change, no doubt,  
 One special good your Lordship traces, —  
 That ’t is the *Kings* alone turn out,  
 The *Ministers* still keep their places.  
 How oft, dear Viscount C — GH,  
 I’ve thought of thee upon the way,

\* A celebrated mantua-maker in Paris.

\*\* This excellent imitation of the noble Lord’s style shows how deeply Mr. Fudge must have studied his great original. Irish oratory, indeed, abounds with such startling peculiarities. Thus the eloquent Counsellor B—, in describing some hypocritical pretender to charity, said, “He put his hand in his breeches-pocket, like a crocodile, and,” &c. &c.

As in my *job* (what place could be  
 More apt to wake a thought of thee?) —  
 Or, oftener far, when gravely sitting  
 Upon my dicky, (as is fitting  
 For him who writes a Tour, that he  
 May more of men and manners see,)  
 I've thought of thee and of thy glories,  
 Thou guest of Kings, and King of Tories!  
 Reflecting how thy fame has grown  
 And spread, beyond man's usual share,  
 At home, abroad, till thou art known,  
 Like Major SEMPLE, every where!

And marv'ling with what pow'rs of breath  
 Your Lordship, having speech'd to death  
 Some hundreds of your fellow-men,  
 Next speech'd to Sovereigns' ears, — and when  
 All Sovereigns else were doz'd, at last  
 Speech'd down the Sovereign \* of Belfast.  
 Oh! 'mid the praises and the trophies  
 Thou gain'st from Morosophs and Sophis;  
 'Mid all the tributes to thy fame,

There's *one* thou should'st be chiefly pleas'd at —  
 That Ireland gives her snuff thy name,  
 And C — GH's the thing now sneez'd at!

But hold, my pen! — a truce to praising —  
 Though ev'n your Lordship will allow  
 The theme's temptations are amazing;  
 But time and ink run short, and now,  
 (As *thou* wouldst say, my guide and teacher  
 In these gay metaphoric fringes,

\* The title of the chief magistrate of Belfast, before whom his Lordship (with the "studium immane loquendi" attributed by Ovid to that chattering and rapacious class of birds, the pies) delivered sundry long and self-gratulatory orations, on his return from the Continent. It was at one of these Irish dinners that his gallant brother, Lord S., proposed the health of "The best calvalry officer in Europe — the Regent!"

I must *embark* into the *feature*  
 On which this letter chiefly *hinges*; \* —  
 My Book, the Book that is to prove —  
 And *will*, (so help ye Sprites above,  
 That sit on clouds, as grave as judges,  
 Watching the labours of the FUDGES!)  
*Will* prove that all the world, at present,  
 Is in a state extremely pleasant;  
 That Europe — thanks to royal swords  
 And bay'nets, and the Duke commanding —  
 Enjoys a peace which, like the Lord's,  
 Passeth all human understanding:  
 That France prefers her go-cart King  
 To such a coward scamp as BONEY;  
 Though round, with each a leading-string,  
 There standeth many a Royal crony,  
 For fear the chubby, tottering thing  
 Should fall, if left there *loney-poney*; —  
 That England, too, the more her debts,  
 The more she spends, the richer gets;  
 And that the Irish, grateful nation!  
 Remember when by *thee* reign'd over,  
 And bless thee for their flagellation,  
 As HELOISA did her lover! \*\* —  
 That Poland, left for Russia's lunch  
 Upon the side-board, snug reposes:  
 While Saxony's as pleased as Punch,  
 And Norway "on a bed of roses!"  
 That, as for some few million souls,  
 Transferr'd by contract, bless the clods!  
 If half were strangled — Spaniards, Poles,  
 And Frenchmen, — 't wouldn't make much odds,

\* Verbatim from one of the noble Viscount's Speeches — "And now, Sir, I must embark into the feature on which this question chiefly hinges."

\*\* See her Letters.



So Europe's goodly Royal ones  
 Sit easy on their sacred thrones;  
 So FERDINAND embroiders gaily,\*  
 And LOUIS eats his *salmi*,\*\* daily;  
 So time is left to Emperor SANDY  
 To be *half* Cæsar and *half* Dandy;  
 And G—GE the R—G—T (who 'd forget  
 That doughtiest chieftain of the set?)  
 Hath wherewithal for trinkets new,  
 For dragons, after Chinese models,  
 And chambers where Duke Ho and Soo  
 Might come and nine times knock their noddles! —  
 All this my Quarto 'll prove — much more  
 Than Quarto ever proved before: —  
 In reas'ning with the *Post* I'll vie,  
 My facts the *Courier* shall supply,  
 My jokes V—NS—T, P—LE my sense,  
 And thou, sweet Lord, my eloquence!

My Journal, penn'd by fits and starts,  
 On BIDDY'S back or BOBBY'S shoulder,  
 (My son, my Lord, a youth of parts,  
 Who longs to be a small place-holder,)  
 Is — though *I* say't, that shouldn't say —  
 Extremely good; and, by the way,  
 One extract from it — *only* one —  
 To show its spirit, and I've done.  
 “*Jul. thirty-first.* — Went, after snack,  
 “To the Cathedral of St. Denny;  
 “Sigh'd o'er the Kings of ages back,  
 “And — gave the old Concierge a penny.

\* It would be an edifying thing to write a history of the private amusements of sovereigns, tracing them down from the fly-sticking of Domitian, the mole-catching of Artabanus, the hog-mimicking of Parmenides, the horse-currying of Aretas, to the petticoat-embroidering of Ferdinand, and the patience-playing of the P—e R—t!

\*\* *Ὀψα τε, οἷα ἐδοῦσι διοτρεφεῖς βασιλῆες.*

HOMER, *Odys.* 3.

“(Mem. — Must see *Rheims*, much fam’d, ’t is said,  
 “For making Kings and gingerbread.)  
 “Was shown the tomb where lay, so stately,  
 “A little Bourbon, buried lately,  
 “Thrice high and puissant, we were told,  
 “Though only twenty-four hours old! \*  
 “Hear this, thought I, ye Jacobins:  
 “Ye Burdetts, tremble in your skins!  
 “If Royalty, but aged a day,  
 “Can boast such high and puissant sway,  
 “What impious hand its pow’r would fix,  
 “Full fledg’d and wigg’d \*\* at fifty-six!”

The argument ’s quite new, you see,  
 And proves exactly Q. E. D.  
 So now, with duty to the R—G—T,  
 I am, dear Lord,

Your most obedient,  
 P. F.

*Hôtel Breteuil, Rue Rivoli.*

Neat lodgings — rather dear for me;  
 But BIDDY said she thought ’t would look  
 Genteeler thus to date my Book;  
 And BIDDY ’s right — besides, it curries  
 Some favour with our friends at MURRAY’S,  
 Who scorn what any man can say,  
 That dates from Rue St. Honoré! \*\*\*

\* So described on the coffin: “très-haute et puissante Princesse, agée d’un jour.”

\*\* There is a fulness and breadth in this portrait of Royalty, which reminds us of what Pliny says, in speaking of Trajan’s great qualities:—  
 “nonne longè lateque Principem ostentant?”

\*\*\* See the Quarterly Review for May, 1816, where Mr. Hobhouse is accused of having written his book “in a back street of the French capital.”

## LETTER III.

FROM MR. BOB FUDGE TO RICHARD —, ESQ.

OH Dick! you may talk of your writing and reading,  
 Your Logic and Greek, but there's nothing like feeding;  
 And *this* is the place for it, DICKY, you dog,  
 Of all places on earth — the head-quarters of Prog!  
 Talk of England — her famed Magna Charta, I swear, is  
 A humbug, a flam, to the Carte\* at old VÉRY'S;  
 And as for your Juries — *who* would not set o'er 'em  
 A Jury of Tasters, \*\* with woodcocks before 'em?  
 Give CARTWRIGHT his Parliaments, fresh every year;  
 But those friends of *short Commons* would never do here;  
 And, let ROMILLY speak as he will on the question,  
 No Digest of Law's like the laws of digestion!

By the by, DICK, I fatten — but *n'importe* for that,  
 'T is the mode — your Legitimates always get fat.  
 There's the R — G — T, there's LOUIS — and BONEY tried too,  
 But, tho' somewhat imperial in paunch, 't wouldn't do: —  
 He improv'd, indeed, much in this point, when he wed,  
 But he ne'er grew right royally fat *in the head*.

DICK, DICK, what a place is this Paris! — but stay —  
 As my raptures may bore you, I'll just sketch a Day,  
 As we pass it, myself and some comrades I've got,  
 All thorough-bred *Gnostics*, who know what is what.

After dreaming some hours of the land of Coccagne, \*\*\*  
 That Elysium of all that is *friand* and nice,  
 Where for hail they have *bon-bons*, and claret for rain,  
 And the skaiters in winter show off on *cream-ice*;

\* The Bill of Fare. — Véry, a well-known Restaurateur.

\*\* Mr. Bob alludes particularly, I presume, to the famous Jury Dégustateur, which used to assemble at the Hotel of M. Grimod de la Reynière, and of which this modern Archestratus has given an account in his *Almanach des Gourmands*, cinquième année, p. 78.

\*\*\* The fairy-land of cookery and *gourmandise*; "Pais, où le ciel offre les viandes toutes cuites, et où, comme on parle, les alouettes tomdent toutes roties. Du Latin, coquère." — *Duchat*.



Where so ready all nature its cookery yields,  
*Mucaroni au parmesan* grows in the fields;  
 Little birds fly about with the true pheasant taint,  
 And the geese are all born with a liver complaint! \*  
 I rise — put on neck-cloth — stiff, tight, as can be —  
 For a lad who *goes into the world*, DICK, like me,  
 Should have his neck tied up, you know—there's no doubt of it—  
 Almost as tight as *some lads who go out of it*.  
 With whiskers well oil'd, and with boots that "hold up  
 "The mirror to nature" — so bright you could sup  
 Off the leather like china; with coat, too, that draws  
 On the tailor, who suffers, a martyr's applause! —  
 With head bridled up, like a four-in-hand leader,  
 And stays — devil's in them — too tight for a feeder,  
 I strut to the old *Café Hardy*, which yet  
 Beats the field at a *déjeuner à la fourchette*.  
 There, DICK, what a breakfast! — oh, not like your ghost  
 Of a breakfast in England, your curst tea and toast; \*\*

\* The process by which the liver of the unfortunate goose is enlarged, in order to produce that richest of all dainties, the *foie gras*, of which such renowned *patés* are made at Strasbourg and Toulouse, is thus described in the *Cours Gastronomique*: — "On déplume l'estomac des oies; on attache ensuite ces animaux aux chenets d'une cheminée, et on les nourrit devant le feu. La captivité et la chaleur donnent à ces volatiles, une maladie hépatique, qui fait gonfler leur foie," &c. p. 206.

\*\* Is Mr. Bob aware that his contempt for *tea* renders him liable to a charge of *atheism*? Such, at least, is the opinion cited in *Christian. Falster. Amœnitat. Philolog.* — "Atheum interpretabatur hominem ad herbâ The aversum." He would not, I think, have been so irreverent to this beverage of scholars, if he had read *Peter Petit's* Poem in praise of Tea, addressed to the learned *Huet* — or the *Epigraphe* which *Pechlinus* wrote for an altar he meant to dedicate to this herb — or the *Anacreontics* of *Peter Francius*, in which he calls Tea

Θεαν, Θεην, Θεαναν.

The following passage from one of these *Anacreontics* will, I have no doubt, be gratifying to all true Theists.

Θεοις, Θεων τε πατρι,

Εν χρυσειοις σκυφοισι

Αιδου το νεκταρ' Ηβη.

Σε μοι διακονοιτω

But a side-board, you dog, where one's eye roves about,  
 Like a Turk's in the Haram, and thence singles out  
 One's *paté* of larks, just to tune up the throat,  
 One's small limbs of chickens, done *en papillote*,  
 One's erudite cutlets, drest all ways but plain,  
 Or one's kidneys — imagine, DICK — done with champagne!  
 Then, some glasses of *Beaune*, to dilute — or, mayhap,  
*Chambertin*,\* which you know 's the pet tippie of NAR,  
 And which Dad, by the by, that legitimate stickler,  
 Much scruples to taste, but I'm not so partic'lar. —  
 Your coffee comes next, by prescription: and then, DICK, 's  
 The coffee's ne'er-failing and glorious appendix,  
 (If books had but such, my old Grecian, depend on't,  
 I'd swallow ev'n W—TK—NS', for sake of the end on't,)  
 A neat glass of *parfait-amour*, which one sips  
 Just as if bottled velvet\*\* tipp'd over one's lips.  
 This repast being ended, and *paid for* — (how odd!

Till a man's us'd to paying, there's something so queer in't!)—  
 The sun now well out, and the girls all abroad,

And the world enough air'd for us, Nobs, to appear in't,  
 We lounge up the Boulevards, where — oh, DICK, the phyzzes,  
 The turn-outs, we meet — what a nation of quizzes!  
 Here toddles along some old figure of fun,  
 With a coat you might date Anno Domini 1.;

Συγχοις εν μυρρινοισι,  
 Τη καλλιῆ προεπουσαι  
 Καλαις χειροσσι κουραι.

Which may be thus translated: —

Yes, let Hebe, ever young,  
 High in heav'n her nectar hold,  
 And to Jove's immortal throng  
 Pour the tide in cups of gold —  
 I'll not envy heaven's Princes,  
 While, with snowy hands, for me,  
 ΚΑΤΕ the china tea-cup rinses,  
 And pours out her best Bohea!

\* The favourite wine of Napoleon.

\*\* *Felours en bouteille*.

A lac'd hat, worsted stockings, and — noble old soul!  
 A fine ribbon and cross in his best button-hole;  
 Just such as our PR—CE, who nor reason nor fun dreads,  
 Inflicts, without ev'n a court-martial, on hundreds.\*  
 Here trips a *grisette*, with a fond, roguish eye,  
 (Rather eatable things these *grisettes* by the by);  
 And there an old *demoiselle*, almost as fond,  
 In a silk that has stood since the time of the Fronde.  
 There goes a French Dandy — ah, DICK! unlike some ones  
 We've seen about WHITE'S — the Mounseers are but rum ones;  
 Such hats! — fit for monkies — I'd back Mrs. DRAPER  
 To cut neater weather-boards out of brown paper:  
 And coats — how I wish, if it wouldn't distress 'em,  
 They'd club for old BR—MM—L, from Calais, to dress 'em!  
 The collar sticks out from the neck such a space,  
 That you'd swear 't was the plan of this head-lobbing nation,  
 To leave there behind them a snug little place  
 For the head to drop into, on decapitation.  
 In short, what with mountebanks, counts, and friseurs,  
 Some mummers by trade, and the rest amateurs —  
 What with captains in new jockey-boots and silk breeches,  
 Old dustmen with swinging great opera-hats,  
 And shoeblacks reclining by statues in niches,  
 There never was seen such a race of Jack Sprats!  
 From the Boulevards — but hearken! — yes — as I'm a sinner,  
 The clock is just striking the half-hour to dinner:  
 So no more at present — short time for adorning —  
 My Day must be finish'd some other fine morning.  
 Now, hey for old BEAUVILLIERS'\*\* larder, my boy!  
 And, once *there*, if the Goddess of Beauty and Joy  
 Were to write "Come and kiss me, dear BOB!" I'd not budge —  
 Not a step, DICK, as sure as my name is

R. FUDGE.

\* It was said by Wicquefort, more than a hundred years ago, "Le Roi d'Angleterre fait seul plus de chevaliers que tous les autres Rois de la Chrétienté ensemble." — What would he say now?

\*\* A celebrated restaurateur.



## LETTER IV.

FROM PHELM CONNOR TO —.

“RETURN!” — NO, never, while the withering hand  
 Of bigot power is on that hapless land ;  
 While, for the faith my fathers held to God,  
 Ev’n in the fields where free those fathers trod,  
 I am proscrib’d, and — like the spot left bare  
 In Israel’s halls, to tell the proud and fair  
 Amidst their mirth, that Slavery had been there —\*  
 On all I love, home, parents, friends, I trace  
 The mournful mark of bondage and disgrace !  
 No! — let *them* stay, who in their country’s pangs  
 See nought but food for factions and harangues ;  
 Who yearly kneel before their masters’ doors,  
 And hawk their wrongs, as beggars do their sores :  
 \*\* Still let your \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Still hope and suffer, all who can! — but I,  
 Who durst not hope, and cannot bear, must fly.

But whither? — every-where the scourge pursues —  
 Turn where he will, the wretched wanderer views,  
 In the bright, broken hopes of all his race,  
 Countless reflections of th’ Oppressor’s face.  
 Every where gallant hearts, and spirits true,  
 Are serv’d up victims to the vile and few ;  
 While E—gl—d, every-where — the general foe  
 Of Truth and Freedom, wheresoe’er they glow —  
 Is first, when tyrants strike, to aid the blow.

\* “They used to leave a yard square of the wall of the house unplastered, on which they write, in large letters, either the fore-mentioned verse of the Psalmist (‘If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,’ &c.) or the words — ‘The memory of the desolation.’” — *Leo of Modena*.

\*\* I have thought it prudent to omit some parts of Mr. Phelim Connor’s letter. He is evidently an intemperate young man, and has associated with his cousins, the Fudges, to very little purpose.

Oh, E—gl—d! could such poor revenge alone  
 For wrongs, that well might claim the deadliest one;  
 Were it a vengeance, sweet enough to sate,  
 The wretch who flies from thy intolerant hate,  
 To hear his curses on such barbarous sway  
 Echoed, where'er he bends his cheerless way; —  
 Could *this* content him, every lip he meets  
 Teems for his vengeance with such poisonous sweets;  
 Were *this* his luxury, never is thy name  
 Pronounc'd, but he doth banquet on thy shame;  
 Hears maledictions ring from every side  
 Upon that grasping power, that selfish pride,  
 Which vaunts its own, and scorns all rights beside;  
 That low and desperate envy, which to blast  
 A neighbour's blessings, risks the few thou hast; —  
 That monster, Self, too gross to be conceal'd,  
 Which ever lurks behind thy proffer'd shield; —  
 That faithless craft, which, in thy hour of need,  
 Can court the slave, can swear he shall be freed,  
 Yet basely spurns him, when thy point is gain'd,  
 Back to his masters, ready gagg'd and chain'd!  
 Worthy associate of that band of Kings,  
 That royal, rav'ning flock, whose vampire wings  
 O'er sleeping Europe treacherously brood,  
 And fan her into dreams of promis'd good,  
 Of hope, of freedom — but to drain her blood!  
 If *thus* to hear thee branded be a bliss  
 That Vengeance loves, there 's yet more sweet than this,  
 That 't was an Irish head, an Irish heart,  
 Made thee the fall'n and tarnish'd thing thou art;  
 That, as the centaur\* gave th' infected vest  
 In which he died, to rack his conqueror's breast,  
 We sent thee C—GH: — as heaps of dead

\* Membra et Herculeos toros

Urit lues Nessea. . . . .

Ille, ille victor vincitur.

SENEC. *Hercul. Oct.*

Have slain their slayers by the pest they spread,  
 So hath our land breath'd out, thy fame to dim,  
 Thy strength to waste, and rot thee, soul and limb,  
 Her worst infections all condens'd in him!

\* \* \* \* \*

When will the world shake off such yokes? oh, when  
 Will that redeeming day shine out on men,  
 That shall behold them rise, erect and free  
 As Heav'n and Nature meant mankind should be!  
 When Reason shall no longer blindly bow  
 To the vile pagod things, that o'er her brow,  
 Like him of Jaghernaut, drive trampling now;  
 Nor Conquest dare to desolate God's earth;  
 Nor drunken Victory, with a NERO's mirth,  
 Strike her lewd harp amidst a people's groans; —  
 But, built on love, the world's exalted thrones  
 Shall to the virtuous and the wise be given —  
 Those bright, those sole Legitimates of Heaven!

*When* will this be? — or, oh! is it, in truth,  
 But one of those sweet, day-break dreams of youth,  
 In which the Soul, as round her morning springs,  
 'Twixt sleep and waking, sees such dazzling things!  
 And must the hope, as vain as it is bright,  
 Be all resigned? — and are *they* only right,  
 Who say this world of thinking souls was made  
 To be by Kings partition'd, truck'd, and weigh'd  
 In scales that, ever since the world begun,  
 Have counted millions but as dust to one?  
 Are *they* the only wise, who laugh to scorn  
 The rights, the freedom to which man was born?

Who \* \* \* \* \*

Who, proud to kiss each separate rod of power,  
 Bless, while he reigns, the minion of the hour;  
 Worship each would-be God, that o'er them moves,  
 And take the thundering of his brass for Jove's!



If *this* be wisdom, then farewell, my books,  
 Farewell, ye shrines of old, ye classic brooks,  
 Which fed my soul with currents, pure and fair,  
 Of living Truth, that now must stagnate there! —  
 Instead of themes that touch the lyre with light,  
 Instead of Greece, and her immortal fight  
 For Liberty, which once awak'd my strings,  
 Welcome the Grand Conspiracy of Kings,  
 The High Legitimates, the Holy Band,  
 Who, bolder ev'n than He of Sparta's land,  
 Against whole millions, panting to be free,  
 Would guard the pass of right-line tyranny.  
 Instead of him, th' Athenian bard, whose blade  
 Had stood the onset which his pen pourtray'd,  
 Welcome \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

And, 'stead of ARISTIDES — woe the day  
 Such names should mingle! — welcome C—gh!

Here break we off, at this unhallow'd name,\*  
 Like priests of old, when words ill-omen'd came.  
 My next shall tell thee, bitterly shall tell,  
 Thoughts that \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

Thoughts that — could patience hold — 't were wiser far  
 To leave still hid and burning where they are.

\* The late Lord C. of Ireland had a curious theory about names; — he held that every man with *three* names was a jacobin. His instances in Ireland were numerous: — viz. Archibald Hamilton Rowan, Theobald Wolfe Tone, James Napper Tandy, John Philpot Curran, &c. &c. and, in England, he produced as examples Charles James Fox, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, John Horne Tooke, Francis Burdett Jones, &c. &c.

The Romans called a thief "homo trium literarum."

Tun' trium literarum homo

Me vituperas? Fur. †

PLAUTUS, *Aulular.* Act ii. Scene 4.

† *Dissaldeus* supposes this word to be a *glossema*: — that is, he thinks "Fur" has made his escape from the margin into the text.

## LETTER V.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY —.

WHAT a time since I wrote! — I 'm a sad, naughty girl —  
 For, though, like a tee-totum, I 'm all in a twirl; —  
 Yet ev'n (as you wittily say) a tee-totum  
 Between all its twirls gives a *letter* to note 'em.  
 But, Lord, such a place! and then, DOLLY, my dresses,  
 My gowns, so divine! — there 's no language expresses,  
 Except just the *two* words “superbe,” “magnifique,”  
 The trimmings of that which I had home last week!  
 It is call'd — I forget — *à la* — something which sounded  
 Like *alicampane* — but, in truth, I 'm confounded  
 And bother'd, my dear, 'twixt that troublesome boy's  
 (BOB'S) cookery language, and Madame LE ROI'S:  
 What with fillets of roses, and fillets of veal,  
 Things *garni* with lace, and things *garni* with eel,  
 One's hair and one's cutlets both *en papillote*,  
 And a thousand more things I shall ne'er have by rote,  
 I can scarce tell the difference, at least as to phrase,  
 Between beef *à la Psyche* and curls *à la braise*. —  
 But, in short, dear, I 'm trick'd out quite *à la Française*,  
 With my bonnet — so beautiful! — high up and poking,  
 Like things that are put to keep chimnies from smoking.

Where *shall* I begin with the endless delights  
 Of this Eden of milliners, monkies, and sights —  
 This dear busy place, where there 's nothing transacting  
 But dressing and dinnering, dancing and acting?  
 Imprimis, the Opera — mercy, my ears!

Brother BOBBY'S remark, t'other night, was a true one; —  
 “This *must* be the music,” said he, “of the *spears*,  
 “For I 'm curst if each note of it doesn't run through one!”  
 Pa says (and you know, love, his Book 's to make out  
 'T was the Jacobins brought every mischief about)  
 That this passion for roaring has come in of late,  
 Since the rabble all tried for a *voice* in the State. —

What a frightful idea, one's mind to o'erwhelm!

What a chorus, dear DOLLY, would soon be let loose of it,  
If, when of age, every man in the realm

Had a voice like old LAÏS,\* and chose to make use of it!  
No — never was known in this riotous sphere

Such a breach of the peace as their singing, my dear.

So bad too, you 'd swear that the God of both arts,

Of Music and Physic, had taken a frolic

For setting a loud fit of asthma in parts,

And composing a fine rumbling base to a cholick!

But, the dancing — *ah parlez-moi*, DOLLY, *de ça* —

There, *indeed*, is a treat that charms all but Papa.

Such beauty — such grace — oh ye sylphs of romance!

Fly, fly to TITANIA, and ask her if *she* has

One light-footed nymph in her train, that can dance

Like divine BIGOTTINI and sweet FANNY BIAS!

FANNY BIAS in FLORA — dear creature! — you 'd swear,

When her delicate feet in the dance twinkle round,

That her steps are of light, that her home is the air,

And she only *par complaisance* touches the ground.

And when BIGOTTINI in PSYCHE dishevels

Her black flowing hair, and by dæmons is driven,

Oh! who does not envy those rude little devils,

That hold her and hug her, and keep her from heaven?

Then, the music — so softly its cadences die,

So divinely — oh, DOLLY! between you and I,

It's as well for my peace that there's nobody nigh

To make love to me then — *you've* a soul, and can judge

What a crisis 't would be for your friend BIDDY FUDGE!

The next place (which BOBBY has near lost his heart in)

They call it the Play-house — I think — of St. Martin;\*\*

\* The oldest, most celebrated, and most noisy of the singers at the French Opera.

\*\* The Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin, which was built when the Opera House in the Palais Royal was burned down, in 1781. — A few days after this dreadful fire, which lasted more than a week, and in which several persons perished, the Parisian *élégantes* displayed flame-



Quite charming — and *very* religious — what folly  
 To say that the French are not pious, dear DOLLY,  
 When here one beholds, so correctly and rightly,  
 The Testament turn'd into melo-drames nightly;\*  
 And, doubtless, so fond they 're of scriptural facts,  
 They will soon get the Pentateuch up in five acts.  
 Here DANIEL, in pantomime,\*\* bids bold defiance  
 To NEBUHADNEZZAR and all his stuff'd lions,  
 While pretty young Israelites dance round the Prophet,  
 In very thin clothing, and *but* little of it; —  
 Here BÉGRAND,\*\*\* who shines in this scriptural path,  
 As the lovely SUSANNA, without ev'n a relic  
 Of drapery round her, comes out of the bath  
 In a manner that, BOB says, is quite *Eve-angelic!*  
 But in short, dear, 't would take me a month to recite  
 All the exquisite places we 're at, day and night;  
 And, besides, ere I finish, I think you 'll be glad  
 Just to hear one delightful adventure I 've had.

Last night, at the Beaujou,† a place where — I doubt  
 If its charms I can paint — there are cars, that set out

coloured dresses, “*couleur de feu d'Opéra!*” — *Dulaure, Curiosités de Paris.*

\* “The Old Testament,” says the theatrical Critic in the Gazette de France, “is a mine of gold for the managers of our small play-houses. A multitude crowd round the Théâtre de la Gaieté every evening to see the Passage of the Red Sea.”

In the play-bill of one of these sacred melo-drames at Vienna, we find “The Voice of G—d, by M. Schwartz.”

\*\* A piece very popular last year, called “Daniel, ou La Fosse aux Lions.” The following scene will give an idea of the daring sublimity of these scriptural pantomimes. “*Scene 20. — La fournaise devient un berceau de nuages azurés, au fond duquel est un groupe de nuages plus lumineux, et au milieu 'Jehovah' au centre d'un cercle de rayons brillans, qui annonce la présence de l'Éternel.*”

\*\*\* Madame Bégrand, a finely formed woman, who acts in “Susanna and the Elders,” — “L'Amour et la Folie,” &c. &c.

† The Promenades Aëriennes, or French Mountains. — See a description of this singular and fantastic place of amusement in a pamphlet,

From a lighted pavilion, high up in the air,  
And rattle you down DOLL — you hardly know where.

These vehicles, mind me, in which you go through

This delightfully dangerous journey, hold *two*.

Some cavalier asks, with humility, whether

You 'll venture down *with* him — you smile — 't is a match;  
In an instant you 're seated, and down both together

Go thund'ring, as if you went post to old scratch!\*

Well, it was but last night, as I stood and remark'd

On the looks and odd ways of the girls who embark'd,

The impatience of some for the perilous flight,

The fore'd giggle of others, 'twixt pleasure and fright, —

That there came up — imagine, dear DOLL, if you can —

A fine sallow, sublime, sort of Werther-fac'd man,

With mustachios that gave (what we read of so oft)

The dear Corsair expression, half savage, half soft,

As Hyenas in love may be fancied to look, or

A something between ABELARD and old BLUCHER!

Up he came, DOLL, to me, and, uncovering his head,

(Rather bald, but so warlike!) in bad English said,

“Ah! my dear — if Ma'mselle vil be so very good —

Just for von littel course” — though I scarce understood

What he wish'd me to do, I said, thank him, I would.

Off we set — and, though 'faith, dear, I hardly knew whether

My head or my heels were the uppermost then,

For 't was like heav'n and earth, DOLLY, coming together, —

Yet, spite of the danger, we dar'd it again.

And oh! as I gaz'd on the features and air

Of the man, who for me all this peril defied,

I could fancy almost he and I were a pair

Of unhappy young lovers, who thus, side by side,

Were taking, instead of rope, pistol, or dagger, a

Desperate dash down the falls of Niagara!

truly worthy of it, by “F. F. Cotterel. Médecin, Docteur de la Faculté de Paris.” &c. &c.

\* According to Dr. Cotterel the cars go at the rate of forty-eight miles an hour.

This achiev'd, through the gardens\* we saunter'd about,  
 Saw the fire-works, exclaim'd "magnifique!" at each cracker,  
 And, when 't was all o'er, the dear man saw us out  
 With the air I *will* say, of a Prince, to our *fiacre*.

Now, hear me — this Stranger — it may be mere folly —  
 But *who* do you think we all think it is, Dolly?  
 Why, bless you, no less than the great King of Prussia,  
 Who 's here now incog.\*\* — he, who made such a fuss, you  
 Remember, in London, with BLUCHER and PLATOFF,  
 When SAL was near kissing old BLUCHER'S cravat off!  
 Pa says he 's come here to look after his money,  
 (Not taking things now as he us'd under BONEY,) —  
 Which suits with our friend, for BOB saw him, he swore,  
 Looking sharp to the silver receiv'd at the door.  
 Besides, too, they say that his grief for his Queen  
 (Which was plain in this sweet fellow's face to be seen)  
 Requires such a stimulant dose as this car is,  
 Us'd three times a day with young ladies in Paris.  
 Some Doctor, indeed, has declar'd that such grief  
 Should — unless 't would to utter despairing its folly push —  
 Fly to the Beaujon, and there seek relief  
 By rattling, as BOB says, "like shot through a holly-bush."

I must now bid adieu; — only think, DOLLY, think  
 If this *should* be the King — I have scarce slept a wink  
 With imagining how it will sound in the papers,  
 And how all the Misses my good luck will grudge,  
 When they read that Count RUPPIN, to drive away vapours,  
 Has gone down the Beaujon with Miss BIDDY FUDGE.

\* In the Café attached to these gardens there are to be (as Doctor Cotterel informs us) "douze nègres, très-alertes, qui contrasteront par l'ébène de leur peau avec le teint de lis et de roses de nos belles. Les glaces et les sorbets, servis par une main bien noire, fera davantage ressortir l'albâtre des bras arrondis de celles-ci." — P. 22.

\*\* His Majesty, who was at Paris under the travelling name of Count Ruppín, is known to have gone down the Beaujon very frequently.



*Nota Bene.* — Papa's almost certain 't is he —  
 For he knows the Legitimate cut, and could see,  
 In the way he went poisoning and manag'd to tower  
 So erect in the car, the true *Balance of Power*.

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LETTER VI.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ. TO HIS BROTHER TIM FUDGE, ESQ.  
 BARRISTER AT LAW.

YOURS of the 12th receiv'd just now —  
 Thanks for the hint, my trusty brother!  
 'T is truly pleasing to see how  
 We, FUDGES, stand by one another.  
 But never fear — I know my chap,  
 And he knows *me* too — *verbum sap.*  
 My Lord and I are kindred spirits,  
 Like in our ways as two young ferrets;  
 Both fashion'd, as that supple race is,  
 To twist into all sorts of places; —  
 Creatures lengthy, lean, and hungering,  
 Fond of blood and *burrow*-mongering.

As to my Book in 91,

Call'd "Down with Kings, or, Who 'd have thought it?"  
 Bless you, the Book's long dead and gone, —

Not ev'n th' Attorney-General bought it.  
 And, though some few seditious tricks  
 I play'd in 95 and 6,

As you remind me in your letter,  
 His Lordship likes me all the better; —  
 We proselytes, that come with news full,  
 Are, as he says, so vastly useful!

REYNOLDS and I — (you know TOM BEYNOLDS —

Drinks his claret, keeps his chaise —  
 Lucky the dog that first unkennels  
 Traitors and Luddites now-a-days;

Or who can help to *bag* a few,  
 When S—D—TH wants a death or two;) *REYNOLDS* and I, and some few more,  
 All men, like us, of *information*,  
 Friends, whom his Lordship keeps in store,  
 As *under-saviours* of the nation — \*  
 Have form'd a Club this season, where  
 His Lordship sometimes takes the chair,  
 And gives us many a bright oration  
 In praise of our sublime vocation;  
 Tracing it up to great King *MIDAS*,  
 Who, though in fable typified as  
 A royal Ass, by grace divine  
 And right of ears, most asinine,  
 Was yet no more, in fact historical,  
 Than an exceeding well-bred tyrant;  
 And these, his *ears*, but allegorical,  
 Meaning Informers, kept at high rent \*\* —  
 Gem'men, who touch'd the Treasury glisteners,  
 Like us, for being trusty listeners;  
 And picking up each tale and fragment,  
 For royal *MIDAS*'s Green Bag meant.  
 "And wherefore," said this best of Peers,  
 "Should not the R—G—T too have ears, \*\*\*  
 "To reach as far, as long and wide as  
 "Those of his model, good King *MIDAS*?"

\* Lord C.'s tribute to the character of his friend, Mr. Reynolds, will long be remembered with equal credit to both.

\*\* This interpretation of the fable of Midas's ears seems the most probable of any, and is thus stated in Hoffmann; — "*Hæc allegoriâ significatum, Midam, utpote tyrannum, subauscultatores dimittere solitum, per quos, quæcunque per omnem regionem vel fierent, vel dicerentur, cognosceret, nihil illis utens aurium vice.*"

\*\*\* *Brossette*, in a note on this line of *Boileau*,

"*Midas, le Roi Midas, a des oreilles d'Ane,*"

tells us, that "*M. Perrault le Médecin voulut faire à notre auteur un crâne d'état de ce vers, comme d'une maligne allusion au Roi.*" I trust, however, that no one will suspect the line in the text of any such indecorous allusion.

This speech was thought extremely good,  
 And (rare for him) was understood —  
 Instant we drank “The R—G—T’s Ears,”  
 With three times three illustrious cheers,  
     Which made the room resound like thunder —  
 “The R—G—T’s Ears, and may he ne’er  
 “From foolish shame, like MIDAS, wear  
     “Old paltry *wigs* to keep them under!”\*  
 This touch at our old friends, the Whigs,  
 Made us as merry all as grigs.  
 In short (I’ll thank you not to mention  
     These things again), we get on gaily;  
 And, thanks to pension and Suspension,  
     Our little Club increases daily.  
 CASTLES, and OLIVER, and such,  
 Who don’t as yet full salary touch,  
 Nor keep their chaise and pair, nor buy  
 Houses and lands, like TOM and I,  
 Of course don’t rank with us, *salvators*,\*\*  
 But merely serve the Club as waiters.  
 Like Knights, too, we’ve our *collar* days,  
 (For *us*, I own, an awkward phrase,)  
 When, in our new costume adorn’d, —  
 The R—G—T’s buff-and-blue coats *turn’d* —  
 We have the honour to give dinners  
     To the chief Rats in upper stations;\*\*\*

\* It was not under wigs, but tiaras, that King Midas endeavoured to conceal these appendages:

Tempora purpureis tentat velare tiaris.

OID.

The Noble Giver of the toast, however, had evidently, with his usual clearness, confounded King Midas, Mr. Liston, and the P—e R—g—t together.

\*\* Mr. Fudge and his friends ought to go by this name — as the man who, some years since, saved the late Right Hon. George Rose from drowning, was ever after called *Salvator Rosa*.

\*\*\* This intimacy between the Rats and Informers is just as it should be — “*verè dulce sodalitiūm*.”



Your W—YS, V—NS, — half-fledg'd sinners,

Who shame us by their imitations;

Who turn, 't is true — but what of that?

Give me the useful *peaching* Rat;

*Not* things as mute as Punch, when bought,

Whose wooden heads are all they 've brought;

Who, false enough to shirk their friends,

But too faint-hearted to betray,

Are, after all their twists and bends,

But souls in Limbo, damn'd half way.

No, no, we nobler vermin are

A *genus* useful as we 're rare;

'Midst all the things miraculous

Of which your natural histories brag,

The rarest must be Rats like us,

Who *let the cat out of the bag*.

Yet still these Tyros in the cause

Deserve, I own, no small applause;

And they 're by us receiv'd and treated

With all due honours — only seated

In th' inverse scale of their reward,

The merely *promis'd* next my Lord;

Small pensions then, and so on, down,

Rat after rat, they graduate

Through job, red ribbon, and silk gown,

To Chanc'llorship and Marquisate.

This serves to nurse the ratting spirit;

The less the bribe the more the merit.

Our music 's good, you may be sure;

My Lord, you know, 's an amateur — \*

Takes every part with perfect ease,

Though to the Base by nature suited;

And, form'd for all, as best may please,

\* His Lordship, during one of the busiest periods of his Ministerial career, took lessons three times a week from a celebrated music-master, in glee-singing.

For whips and bolts, or chords and keys,  
 Turns from his victims to his glees,  
 And has them both well *executed*. \*  
 H—T—D, who, tho' no Rat himself,  
 Delights in all such liberal arts,  
 Drinks largely to the House of Guelph,  
 And superintends the *Corni* parts.  
 While C—NN—G, \*\* who'd be *first* by choice,  
 Consents to take an *under* voice;  
 And GR—V—S, \*\*\* who well that signal knows,  
 Watches the *Volti Subitos*. †

In short, as I've already hinted,  
 We take, of late, prodigiously;  
 But as our Club is somewhat stinted  
 For *Gentlemen*, like TOM and me,  
 We'll take it kind if you'll provide  
 A few *Squireens* †† from 't other side; —  
 Some of those loyal, cunning elves  
 (We often tell the tale with laughter),  
 Who us'd to hide the pikes themselves,  
 Then hang the fools who found them after.  
 I doubt not you could find us, too,  
 Some Orange Parsons that might do;

\* How amply these two propensities of the Noble Lord would have been gratified among that ancient people of Etruria, who, as Aristotle tells us, used to whip their slaves once a year to the sound of flutes!

\*\* This Right Hon. Gentleman ought to give up his present alliance with Lord C., if upon no other principle than that which is inculcated in the following arrangement between two Ladies of Fashion: —

Says Clarinda, "though tears it may cost,  
 It is time we should part, my dear Sue;  
 For *your* character's totally lost,  
 And *I* have not sufficient for *two*!"

\*\*\* The rapidity of this Noble Lord's transformation, at the same instant, into a Lord of the Bed-chamber and an opponent of the Catholic Claims, was truly miraculous.

† *Turn instantly* — a frequent direction in music-books.

†† The Irish diminutive of *Squire*.

Among the rest, we 've heard of one,  
 The Reverend — something — HAMILTON,  
 Who stuff'd a figure of himself  
 (Delicious thought!) and had it shot at,  
 To bring some Papists to the shelf,  
 That couldn't otherwise be got at —  
 If *he* 'll but join the Association,  
 We 'll vote him in by acclamation.

And now, my brother, guide, and friend,  
 This somewhat tedious crawl must end.  
 I've gone into this long detail,

Because I saw your nerves were shaken  
 With anxious fears lest I should fail

In this new, *loyal*, course I've taken.  
 But, bless your heart! you need not doubt —  
 We, FUDGES, know what we're about.  
 Look round, and say if you can see  
 A much more thriving family.

There's JACK, the Doctor — night and day  
 Hundreds of patients so besiege him,  
 You'd swear that all the rich and gay  
 Fell sick on purpose to oblige him.

And while they think, the precious ninnies,  
 He's counting o'er their pulse so steady,  
 The rogue but counts how many guineas  
 He's fobb'd, for that day's work already.

I'll ne'er forget th' old maid's alarm,  
 When, feeling thus Miss Sukey Flirt, he  
 Said, as he dropp'd her shrivell'd arm,  
 "Damn'd bad this morning — only thirty!"

Your dowagers, too, every one,  
 So gen'rous are, when they call *him* in,  
 That he might now retire upon  
 The rheumatisms of three old women.

Then, whatsoe'er your ailments are,  
 He can so learnedly explain ye 'em —



Your cold, of course, is a *catarrh*,  
 Your headach is a *hemi-cranium*: —  
 His skill, too, in young ladies' lungs,  
 The grace with which, most mild of men,  
 He begs them to put out their tongues,  
 Then bids them — put them in again:  
 In short, there 's nothing now like JACK! —  
 Take all your doctors great and small,  
 Of present times and ages back,  
 Dear Doctor FUDGE is worth them all.

So much for physic — then, in law too,  
 Counsellor TIM, to thee we bow;  
 Not one of us gives more eclat to  
 Th' immortal name of FUDGE than thou.  
 Not to expatiate on the art  
 With which you play'd the patriot's part,  
 Till something good and snug should offer; —  
 Like one, who, by the way he acts  
 Th' *enlight'ning* part of candle-snuffer,  
 The manager's keen eye attracts,  
 And is promoted thence by him  
 To strut in robes, like thee, my TIM! —  
*Who* shall describe thy pow'rs of face,  
 Thy well-fee'd zeal in every case,  
 Or wrong or right — but ten times warmer  
 (As suits thy calling) in the former —  
 Thy glorious, lawyer-like delight  
 In puzzling all that 's clear and right,  
 Which, though conspicuous in thy youth,  
 Improves so with a wig and band on,  
 That all thy pride 's to waylay Truth,  
 And leave her not a leg to stand on.  
 Thy patent, prime, morality, —  
 Thy cases, cited from the Bible —  
 Thy candour, when it falls to thee  
 To help in trouncing for a libel; —

"God knows, I, from my soul, profess  
 "To hate all bigots and benighters!  
 God knows, I love, to ev'n excess,  
 "The sacred Freedom of the Press,  
 "My only aim 's to — crush the writers."  
 These are the virtues, TIM, that draw  
 The briefs into thy bag so fast;  
 And these, oh TIM — if Law be Law —  
 Will raise thee to the Bench at last.

I blush to see this letter's length —  
 But 't was my wish to prove to thee  
 How full of hope, and wealth, and strength,  
 Are all our precious family.  
 And, should affairs go on as pleasant  
 As, thank the Fates, they do at present —  
 Should we but still enjoy the sway  
 Of S—DM—H and of C—GH,  
 I hope, ere long, to see the day  
 When England's wisest statesmen, judges,  
 Lawyers, peers, will all be — FUDGES!  
 Good-bye — my paper 's out so nearly,  
 I've only room for Yours sincerely.

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### LETTER VII.

FROM PHELIM CONNOR TO—.

BEFORE we sketch the Present — let us cast  
 A few, short, rapid glances to the Past.

When he, who had defied all Europe's strength,  
 Beneath his own weak rashness sunk at length; —  
 When, loos'd, as if by magic, from a chain  
 That seem'd like Fate's, the world was free again,  
 And Europe saw, rejoicing in the sight,  
 The cause of Kings, *for once*, the cause of Right; —

Then was, indeed, an hour of joy to those  
 Who sigh'd for justice — liberty — repose,  
 And hop'd the fall of *one* great vulture's nest  
 Would ring its warning round, and scare the rest.  
 All then was bright with promise; — Kings began  
 To own a sympathy with suffering Man,  
 And Man was grateful; Patriots of the South  
 Caught wisdom from a Cossack Emperor's mouth,  
 And heard, like accents thaw'd in Northern air,  
 Unwonted words of freedom burst forth there!

Who did not hope, in that triumphant time,  
 When monarchs, after years of spoil and crime,  
 Met round the shrine of Peace, and Heav'n look'd on, —  
*Who* did not hope the lust of spoil was gone;  
 That that rapacious spirit, which had play'd  
 The game of Pilnitz o'er so oft, was laid;  
 And Europe's Rulers, conscious of the past,  
 Would blush, and deviate into right at last?  
 But no — the hearts, that nurs'd a hope so fair,  
 Had yet to learn what men on thrones can dare;  
 Had yet to know, of all earth's ravening things,  
 The only *quite* untameable are Kings!  
 Scarce had they met when, to its nature true,  
 The instinct of their race broke out anew;  
 Promises, treaties, charters, all were vain,  
 And "Rapine! rapine!" was the cry again.  
 How quick they carv'd their victims, and how well,  
 Let Saxony, let injur'd Genoa tell; —  
 Let all the human stock that, day by day,  
 Was, at that Royal slave-mart, truck'd away, —  
 The million souls that, in the face of heaven,  
 Were split to fractions,\* barter'd, sold, or given

\* "Whilst the Congress was re-constructing Europe — not according to rights, natural affiances, language, hal its, or laws; but by tables of finance, which divided and subdivided her population into *souls*, *demi-souls*, and even *fractions*, according to a scale of the



To swell some despot Power, too huge before,  
 And weigh down Europe with one Mammoth more.  
 How safe the faith of Kings let France decide; —  
 Her charter broken, ere its ink had dried; —  
 Her Press enthral'd — her Reason mock'd again  
 With all the monkery it had spurn'd in vain;  
 Her crown disgrac'd by one, who dar'd to own  
 He thank'd not France but England for his throne;  
 Her triumphs cast into the shade by those,  
 Who had grown old among her bitterest foes,  
 And now return'd, beneath her conquerors' shields,  
 Unblushing slaves! to claim her heroes' fields;  
 To tread down every trophy of her fame,  
 And curse that glory which to them was shame! —  
 Let these — let all the damning deeds, that then  
 Were dar'd through Europe, cry aloud to men,  
 With voice like that of crashing ice that rings  
 Round Alpine huts, the perfidy of Kings;  
 And tell the world, when hawks shall harmless bear  
 The shrinking dove, when wolves shall learn to spare  
 The helpless victim for whose blood they lusted,  
 Then, and then only, monarchs may be trusted.

It could not last — these horrors *could* not last —  
 France would herself have ris'n, in might, to cast  
 Th' insulters off — and oh! that then, as now,  
 Chain'd to some distant islet's rocky brow,  
 NAPOLEON ne'er had come to force, to blight,  
 Ere half matur'd, a cause so proudly bright; —  
 To palsy patriot arts with doubt and shame,  
 And write on Freedom's flag a despot's name; —  
 To rush into the lists, unask'd, alone,  
 And make the stake of *all* the game of *one*!

direct duties or taxes, which could be levied by the acquiring state," &c. — *Sketch of the Military and Political Power of Russia*. The words on the protocol are *ames*, *demi-ames*, &c.

Then would the world have seen again what power  
 A people can put forth in Freedom's hour;  
 Then would the fire of France once more have blaz'd; —  
 For every single sword, reluctant rais'd  
 In the stale cause of an oppressive throne,  
 Millions would then have leap'd forth in her own;  
 And never, never had th' unholy stain  
 Of Bourbon feet disgrac'd her shores again.

But fate decreed not so — th' Imperial Bird,  
 That, in his neighbouring cage, unfear'd, unstirr'd,  
 Had seem'd to sleep with head beneath his wing,  
 Yet watch'd the moment for a daring spring; —  
 Well might he watch, when deeds were done, that made  
 His own transgressions whiten in their shade;  
 Well might he hope a world, thus trampled o'er  
 By clumsy tyrants, would be his once more: —  
 Forth from his cage the eagle burst to light,  
 From steeple on to steeple\* wing'd his flight,  
 With calm and easy grandeur, to that throne  
 From which a Royal craven just had flown;  
 And resting there, as in his ærie, furl'd  
 Those wings, whose very rustling shook the world!

What was your fury then, ye crown'd array,  
 Whose feast of spoil, whose plundering holiday  
 Was thus broke up, in all its greedy mirth,  
 By one bold chieftain's stamp on Gallic earth!  
 Fierce was the cry, and fulminant the ban, —  
 "Assassinate, who will — enchain, who can,  
 "The vile, the faithless, outlaw'd, low-born man!"  
 "Faithless!" — and this from *you* — from *you*, forsooth,  
 Ye pious Kings, pure paragons of truth,  
 Whose honesty all knew, for all had tried;  
 Whose true Swiss zeal had serv'd on every side;

\* "L'aigle volera de clocher en clocher, jusqu'aux tours de Notre-Dame." — Napoleon's Proclamation on landing from Elba.

Whose fame for breaking faith so long was known,  
 Well might ye claim the craft as all your own,  
 And lash your lordly tails, and fume to see  
 Such low-born apes of Royal perfidy!  
 Yes — yes — to you alone did it belong  
 To sin for ever, and yet ne'er do wrong. —  
 The frauds, the lies of Lords legitimate  
 Are but fine policy, deep strokes of state;  
 But let some upstart dare to soar so high  
 In Kingly craft, and “outlaw” is the cry!  
 What, though long years of mutual treachery  
 Had peopled full your diplomatic shelves  
 With ghosts of treaties, murder'd 'mong yourselves;  
 Though each by turns was knave and dupe — what then?  
 A Holy League would set all straight again;  
 Like JUNO's virtue, which a dip or two  
 In some bless'd fountain made as good as new! \*  
 Most faithful Russia — faithful to whoe'er  
 Could plunder best, and give him amplest share;  
 Who, ev'n when vanquish'd, sure to gain his ends,  
 For want of *foes* to rob, made free with *friends*, \*\*  
 And, deepening still by amiable gradations,  
 When foes were stript of all, then fleec'd relations! \*\*\*  
 Most mild and saintly Prussia — steep'd to th' ears  
 In persecuted Poland's blood and tears,  
 And now, with all her harpy wings outspread  
 O'er sever'd Saxony's devoted head!  
 Pure Austria too — whose hist'ry nought repeats  
 But broken leagues and subsidiz'd defeats;  
 Whose faith, as Prince, extinguish'd Venice shows,  
 Whose faith, as man, a widow'd daughter knows!

\* Singulis annis in quodam Atticæ fonte lota virginitatem recuperasse fingitur.

\*\* At the Peace of Tilsit, where he abandoned his ally, Prussia, to France, and received a portion of her territory.

\*\*\* The seizure of Finland from his relative of Sweden.



And thou, oh England — who, though once as shy  
 As cloister'd maids, of shame or perfidy,  
 Art now *broke in*, and, thanks to C—GH,  
 In all that 's worst and falsest lead'st the way!

Such was the pure divan, whose pens and wits  
 Th' escape from Elba frighten'd into fits; —  
 Such were the saints, who doom'd NAPOLEON'S life,  
 In virtuous frenzy, to th' assassin's knife.  
 Disgusting crew! — *who* would not gladly fly  
 To open, downright, bold-fac'd tyranny,  
 To honest guilt, that dares do all but lie,  
 From the false, juggling craft of men like these,  
 Their canting crimes and varnish'd villanies; —  
 These Holy Leaguers, who then loudest boast  
 Of faith and honour, when they 've stain'd them most;  
 From whose affection men should shrink as loath  
 As from their hate, for they 'll be fleec'd by both;  
 Who, ev'n while plund'ring, forge Religion's name  
 To frank their spoil, and, without fear or shame,  
 Call down the Holy Trinity\* to bless  
 Partition leagues, and deeds of devilishness!  
 But hold — enough — soon would this swell of rage  
 O'erflow the boundaries of my scanty page; —  
 So, here I pause — farewell — another day,  
 Return we to those Lords of pray'r and prey,  
 Whose loathsome cant, whose frauds by right divine  
 Deserve a lash — oh! weightier far than mine!

\* The usual preamble of these flagitious compacts. In the same spirit, Catherine, after the dreadful massacre of Warsaw, ordered a solemn "thanksgiving to God in all the churches, for the blessings conferred upon the Poles;" and commanded that each of them should "swear fidelity and loyalty to her, and to shed in her defence the last drop of their blood, as they should answer for it to God, and his terrible judgment, kissing the holy word and cross of their Saviour!"

## LETTER VIII.

FROM MR. BOB FUDGE TO RICHARD —, ESQ.

DEAR DICK, while old DONALDSON 's\* mending my stays, —  
 Which I *knew* would go smash with me one of these days,  
 And, at yesterday's dinner, when, full to the throttle,  
 We lads had begun our dessert with a bottle  
 Of neat old Constantia, on *my* leaning back  
 Just to order another, by Jove I went crack! —  
 Or, as honest TOM said, in his nautical phrase,  
 "D—n my eyes, BOB, in *doubling* the *Cape* you've *miss'd*  
*stays.*"\*\*

So, of course, as no gentleman 's seen out without them,  
 They 're now at the Schneider's\*\*\* — and, while he 's about them,  
 Here goes for a letter, post-haste, neck and crop.  
 Let us see — in my last I was — where did I stop?  
 Oh, I know — at the Boulevards, as motley a road as  
 Man ever would wish a day's lounging upon;  
 With its cafés and gardens, hotels and pagodas,  
 Its founts, and old Counts sipping beer in the sun:  
 With its houses of all architectures you please,  
 From the Grecian and Gothic, DICK, down by degrees  
 To the pure Hottentot, or the Brighton Chinese;  
 Where in temples antique you may breakfast or dinner it,  
 Lunch at a mosque, and see Punch from a minaret.  
 Then, DICK, the mixture of bonnets and bowers,  
 Of foliage and frippery, *fiacres* and flowers,  
 Green-grocers, green gardens — one hardly knows whether  
 'T is country or town, they 're so mess'd up together!  
 And there, if one loves the romantic, one sees  
 Jew clothes-men, like shepherds, reclin'd under trees;

\* An English tailor at Paris.

\*\* A ship is said to miss stays, when she does not obey the helm in tacking.

\*\*\* The dandy term for a tailor.

Or Quidnuncs, on Sunday, just fresh from the barber's,  
 Enjoying their news and *groseille*\* in those arbours;  
 While gaily their wigs, like the tendrils, are curling,  
 And founts of red currant-juice\*\* round them are purling.

Here, DICK, arm in arm as we chattering stray,  
 And receive a few civil "God-dems" by the way, —  
 For, 't is odd, these mounseers, — though we've wasted our  
 wealth

And our strength, till we've thrown ourselves into a phthisic,  
 To cram down their throats an old King for their health,

As we whip little children to make them take physic; —  
 Yet, spite of our good-natur'd money and slaughter,  
 They hate us, as Beelzebub hates holy-water!  
 But who the deuce cares, DICK, as long as they nourish us  
 Neatly as now, and good cookery flourishes —  
 Long as, by bay'nets protected, we, Natties,  
 May have our full fling at their *salmis* and *pâtés*?  
 And, truly, I always declar'd 't would be pity  
 To burn to the ground such a choice-feeding city.  
 Had *Dad* but his way, he'd have long ago blown  
 The whole batch to old Nick — and the *people*, I own,  
 If for no other cause than their curst monkey looks,  
 Well deserve a blow-up — but then, damn it, their Cooks!  
 As to Marshals, and Statesmen, and all their whole lineage,  
 For aught that *I* care, you may knock them to spinage;  
 But think, DICK, their Cooks — what a loss to mankind!  
 What a void in the world would their art leave behind!  
 Their chronometer spits — their intense salamanders —  
 Their ovens — their pots, that can soften old ganders,

\* "*Lemonade* and *eau-de-groseille* are measured out at every corner of every street, from fantastic vessels, jingling with bells, to thirsty tradesmen or wearied messengers." — See Lady Morgan's lively description of the streets of Paris, in her very amusing work upon France, book vi.

\*\* These gay, portable fountains, from which the *groseille* water is administered, are among the most characteristic ornaments of the streets of Paris.



All vanish'd for ever — their miracles o'er,  
 And the *Marmite Perpétuelle* \* bubbling no more !  
 Forbid it, forbid it, ye Holy Allies !

Take whatever ye fancy — take statues, take money —  
 But leave them, oh leave them, their Perigueux pies,  
 Their glorious goose-livers, and high pickled tunny ! \*\*  
 Though many, I own, are the evils they've brought us,  
 Though Royalty's here on her very last legs,  
 Yet, who can help loving the land that has taught us  
 Six hundred and eighty-five ways to dress eggs? \*\*\*

You see, DICK, in spite of their cries of "God-dam,"  
 "Coquin Anglais," et cæ't'ra — how generous I am !  
 And now (to return, once again, to my "Day,"  
 Which will take us all night to get through in this way,)  
 From the Boulevards we saunter through many a street,  
 Crack jokes on the natives — mine, all very neat —  
 Leave the Signs of the Times to political fops,  
 And find *twice* as much fun in the Signs of the Shops ; —  
*Here*, a Louis Dix-huit — *there*, a Martinmas goose,  
 (Much in vogue since your eagles are gone out of use) —  
 Henri Quatres in shoals, and of Gods a great many,  
 But Saints are the most on hard duty of any : —  
 St. TONY, who used all temptations to spurn,  
*Here* hangs o'er a beer-shop, and tempts in his turn ;  
 While *there* St. VENECIA † sits hemming and frilling her  
 Holy *mouchoir* o'er the door of some milliner ; —

\* "Cette merveilleuse Marmite Perpétuelle, sur le feu depuis près d'un siècle ; qui a donné le jour à plus de 300,000 chapons." — *Alman. de Gourmands*, Quatrième Année, p. 152.

\*\* Le thon mariné, one of the most favourite and indigestible *hors-d'œuvres*. This fish is taken chiefly in the Golfe de Lyon. "La tête et le dessous du ventre sont les parties les plus recherchées des gourmets." — *Cours Gastronomique*, p. 252.

\*\*\* The exact number mentioned by M. de la Reynière — "On connoit en France 685 manières différentes d'accommoder les œufs ; sans compter celles que nos savans imaginent chaque jour."

† Veronica, the Saint of the Holy Handkerchief, is also, under the name of Venisse or Venecia, the tutelary saint of milliners.

Saint AUSTIN 's the "outward and visible sign  
 "Of an inward" cheap dinner, and pint of small wine;  
 While St. DENYS hangs out o'er some hatter of *ton*,  
 And possessing, good bishop, no head of his own,\*  
 Takes an int'rest in Dandies, who 've got — next to none!  
 Then we stare into shops — read the evening's *affiches* —  
 Or, if some, who 're Lotharios in feeding, should wish  
 Just to flirt with a luncheon, (a devilish bad trick,  
 As it takes off the bloom of one's appetite, DICK,)  
 To the *Passage des* — what d'ye call't — *des Panoramas*\*\*  
 We quicken our pace, and there heartily cram as  
 Seducing young *pâtés*, as ever could cozen  
 One out of one's appetite, down by the dozen.  
 We vary, of course — *petits pâtés* do *one* day,  
 The *next* we 've our lunch with the Gauffrier Hollandais,\*\*  
 That popular artist, who brings out, like SC—TT,  
 His delightful productions so quick, hot and hot;  
 Not the worse for the exquisite comment that follows, —  
 Divine *maresquino*, which — Lord, how one swallows!

Once more, then, we saunter forth after our snack, or  
 Subscribe a few francs for the price of a *fiacre*,  
 And drive far away to the old Montagnes Russes,  
 Where we find a few twirls in the car of much use  
 To regen'rate the hunger and thirst of us sinners,  
 Who 've laps'd into snacks — the perdition of dinners.  
 And here, DICK — in answer to one of your queries,

About which we, Gourmands, have had much discussion —  
 I've tried all these mountains, Swiss, French, and Ruggieri's,  
 And think, for *digestion*, † there 's none like the Russian;

\* St. Denis walked three miles after his head was cut off. The *mot* of a woman of wit upon this legend is well known: — "Je le crois bien; en pareil cas, il n'y a que le premier pas qui coute."

\*\* Off the Boulevards Italiens.

\*\*\* In the Palais Royal; successor, I believe, to the Flamand, so long celebrated for the *moëlleux* of his Gaufres.

† Doctor Cotterel recommends, for this purpose, the Beaujon or French Mountains, and calls them "une médecine aérienne, couleur

So equal the motion — so gentle, though fleet —

It, in short, such a light and salubrious scamper is,  
That take whom you please — take old L—s D—x—h—t,

And stuff him — ay, up to the neck — with stew'd lampreys, \*

So wholesome these Mounts, such a *solvent* I've found them,

That, let me but rattle the Monarch well down them,

The fiend, Indigestion, would fly far away,

And the regicide lampreys\*\* be foiled of their prey!

Such, DICK, are the classical sports that content us,

Till five o'clock brings on that hour so momentous, \*\*\*

de rose;" but I own I prefer the authority of Mr. Bob, who seems, from the following note found in his own hand-writing, to have studied all these mountains very carefully: —

*Memoranda* — The Swiss little notice deserves,  
While the fall at Ruggieri's is death to weak nerves;  
And (whate'er Doctor Cott'rel may write on the question)  
The turn at the Beaujon's too sharp for digestion.

I doubt whether Mr. Bob is quite correct in accenting the second syllable of Ruggieri.

\* A dish so indigestible, that a late novelist, at the end of his book, could imagine no more summary mode of getting rid of all his heroes and heroines than by a hearty supper of stewed lampreys.

\*\* They killed Henry I. of England: — "a food (says Hume, gravely,) which always agreed better with his palate than his constitution."

Lampreys, indeed, seem to have been always a favourite dish with kings — whether from some congeniality between them and that fish, I know not; but *Dio Cassius* tells us that Pollio fattened his lampreys with human blood. St. Louis of France was particularly fond of them.— See the anecdote of Thomas Aquinas eating up his majesty's lamprey, in a note upon *Rabelais*, liv. iii. chap. 2.

\*\*\* Had Mr. Bob's *Dinner Epistle* been inserted, I was prepared with an abundance of learned matter to illustrate it, for which, as, indeed, for all my "scientia popinæ," † I am indebted to a friend in the Dublin University, — whose reading formerly lay in the *magic line*; but, in consequence of the Provost's enlightened alarm at such studies, he has taken to the authors, "*de re cibariâ*" instead; and has left *Bodin*, *Remigius*, *Agrippa* and his little dog *Filiolus*, for *Apicius*, *Nonius*, and that most learned and savoury jesuit, *Bulengerus*.

† Seneca.



That epoch — but woa! my lad — here comes the Schneider,  
 And, curse him, has made the stays three inches wider —  
 Too wide by an inch and a half — what a Guy!  
 But, no matter — 't will all be set right by-and-by.  
 As we 've MASSINOT'S \* eloquent *carte* to eat still up,  
 An inch and a half 's but a trifle to fill up.  
 So — not to lose time, DICK — here goes for the task;  
*Au revoir*, my old boy — of the Gods I but ask,  
 That my life, like “the Leap of the German,” \*\* may be,  
 “Du lit à la table, d'la table au lit!”

R. F.

## LETTER IX.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ. TO THE LORD VISCOUNT C—ST—GH.

MY Lord, th' Instructions, brought to-day,  
 “I shall in all my best obey.”  
 Your Lordship talks and writes so sensibly!  
 And — whatsoe'er some wags may say —  
 Oh! not at *all* incomprehensibly.

I feel th' inquiries in your letter

About my health and French most flattering;  
 Thank ye, my French, though somewhat better,  
 Is, on the whole, but weak and smattering: —  
 Nothing, of course, that can compare  
 With his who made the Congress stare  
 (A certain Lord we need not name),  
 Who ev'n in French, would have his trope,  
 And talk of “*batir un système*  
 “*Sur l'équilibre de l'Europe!*”  
 Sweet metaphor! — and then th' Epistle,  
 Which bid the Saxon King go whistle, —

\* A famous Restaurateur — now Dupont.

\*\* An old French saying; — “Faire le saut de l'Allemand, du lit à la table et de la table au lit.”

That tender letter to "Mon Prince," \*  
 Which show'd alike thy French and sense; —  
 Oh no, my Lord — there's none can do  
 Or say *un-English* things like you;  
 And, if the schemes that fill thy breast  
     Could but a vent congenial seek,  
 And use the tongue that suits them best,  
     What charming Turkish would'st thou speak!  
 But as for *me*, a Frenchless grub,  
     At Congress never born to stammer,  
 Nor learn like thee, my Lord, to snub  
     Fall'n Monarchs, out of CHAMBAUD's grammar —  
 Bless you, you do not, *cannot* know  
 How far a little French will go;  
 For all one's stock, one need but draw  
     On some half-dozen words like these —  
*Comme ça — par-là — là-bas — ah ha!*  
 They'll take you all through France with ease.

Your Lordship's praises of the scraps  
 I sent you from my Journal lately,  
 (Enveloping a few lac'd caps  
     For Lady C.), delight me greatly.  
 Her flattering speech — "What pretty things  
     "One finds in Mr. FUDGE's pages!"  
 Is praise which (as some poet sings)  
     Would pay one for the toils of ages.

Thus flatter'd, I presume to send  
 A few more extracts by a friend;  
 And I should hope they'll be no less  
 Approv'd of than my last MS. —

\* The celebrated letter to Prince Hardenberg (written, however, I believe, originally in English,) in which his Lordship, professing to see "no moral or political objection" to the dismemberment of Saxony, denounced the unfortunate King as "not only the most devoted, but the most favoured of Bonaparte's vassals."

The former ones, I fear, were creas'd,  
 As BIDDY round the caps *would* pin them;  
 But these will come to hand, at least  
 Unrumpled, for there's — nothing in them.

*Extracts from Mr. Fudge's Journal, addressed to Lord C.*

Aug. 10.

Went to the Mad-house — saw the man, \*  
 Who thinks, poor wretch, that, while the Fiend  
 Of Discord here full riot ran,  
 He, like the rest, was guillotined; —  
 But that when, under BONEY's reign,  
 (A more discreet, though quite as strong one,)  
 The heads were all restor'd again,  
 He, in the scramble, got a *wrong one*.  
 Accordingly, he still cries out  
 This strange head fits him most unpleasantly;  
 And always runs, poor dev'l, about,  
 Inquiring for his own incessantly!  
 While to his case a tear I dropt,  
 And saunter'd home, thought I — ye Gods!  
 How many heads might thus be swopp'd,  
 And, after all, not make much odds!  
 For instance, there's V—s—r—t's head —  
 (“*Tam carum*” \*\* it may well be said)  
 If by some curious chance it came  
 To settle on BILL SOAMES'S \*\*\* shoulders,  
 Th' effect would turn out much the same  
 On all respectable cash-holders:

\* This extraordinary madman is, I believe, in the Bicêtre. He imagines, exactly as Mr. Fudge states it, that, when the heads of those who had been guillotined were restored, he by mistake got some other person's instead of his own.

\*\* *Tam cari capitis*. — HORAT.

\*\*\* A celebrated pickpocket.



Except that while, in its *new* socket,  
 The head was planning schemes to win  
 A *zig-zag* way into one's pocket,  
 The hands would plunge *directly* in.

Good Viscount S — DM — H, too, instead  
 Of his own grave, respected head,  
 Might wear (for aught I see that bars)

Old Lady WILHELMINA FRUMP'S —  
 So while the hand sign'd *Circulars*,

The head might lisp out "What is trumps?" —

The R — G — T's brains could we transfer  
 To some robust man-milliner,  
 The shop, the shears, the lace, and ribbon  
 Would go, I doubt not, quite as glib on;  
 And, *vice versa*, take the pains  
 To give the P — CE the shopman's brains,  
 One only change from thence would flow,  
*Ribbons* would not be wasted so.

'T was thus I ponder'd on, my Lord;

And, ev'n at night, when laid in bed,  
 I found myself, before I snor'd,

Thus chopping, swopping head for head.

At length I thought, fantastic elf!

How such a change would suit *myself*.

'Twixt sleep and waking, one by one,

With various pericraniums saddled,

At last I tried your Lordship's on,

And then I grew completely addled —

Forgot all other heads, or rot 'em!

And slept, and dreamt that I was — BOTTOM.

Aug. 21.

Walk'd out with daughter BID — was shown

The House of Commons, and the Throne,

Whose velvet cushion 's just the same \*

NAPOLEON sat on — what a shame!

\* The only change, if I recollect right, is the substitution of lilies

Oh, can we wonder, best of speechers,  
 When LOUIS seated thus we see,  
 That France's "fundamental features"  
 Are much the same they us'd to be?  
 However, — God preserve the Throne,  
 And *cushion* too — and keep them free  
 From accidents, which *have* been known  
 To happen ev'n to Royalty! \*

Aug. 28.

Read, at a stall (for oft one pops  
 On something at these stalls and shops,  
 That does to *quote*, and gives one's Book  
 A classical and knowing look. —  
 Indeed I've found, in Latin, lately,  
 A course of stalls improves me greatly) —  
 'T was thus I read, that, in the East,  
 A monarch's *fat*'s a serious matter;  
 And once in every year, at least,  
 He's weigh'd — to see if he gets fatter: \*\*  
 Then, if a pound or two he be  
 Increas'd, there's quite a jubilee! \*\*\*  
 Suppose, my Lord — and far from me  
 To treat such things with levity —

for bees. This war upon the bees is, of course, universal; "exitium misère apibus," like the angry nymphs in Virgil: — but may not *new swarms* arise out of the *victims* of Legitimacy yet?

\* I am afraid that Mr. Fudge alludes here to a very awkward accident, which is well known to have happened to poor L—s le D—s—é, some years since, at one of the R—g—t's Fêtes. He was sitting next our gracious Queen at the time.

\*\* "The third day of the Feast the King causeth himself to be weighed with great care." — *F. Bernier's Voyage to Surat, &c.*

\*\*\* "I remember," says Bernier, "that all the Omrahs expressed great joy that the King weighed two pounds more now than the year preceding." — Another author tells us that "Fatness, as well as a very large head, is considered, throughout India, as one of the most precious gifts of heaven. An enormous skull is absolutely revered, and the happy owner is looked up to as a superior being. To a *Prince* a joulter head is invaluable." — *Oriental Field Sports.*

But just suppose the R—G—T's weight  
 Were made thus an affair of state;  
 And, ev'ry sessions, at the close, —  
 'Stead of a speech, which, all can see, is  
 Heavy and dull enough, God knows —  
 We were to try how heavy *he* is.  
 Much would it glad all hearts to hear  
 That, while the Nation's Revenue  
 Loses so many pounds a-year,  
 The P—E, God bless him! *gains* a few.

With bales of muslin, chintzes, spices,  
 I see the Easterns weigh their Kings; —  
 But, for the R—G—T, my advice is,  
 We should throw in much *heavier* things.  
 For instance — 's quarto volumes,  
 Which, though not spices, serve to wrap them;  
*Dominie* ST—DD—T's Daily columns,  
 "Prodigious!" — in, of course, we 'd clap them —  
 Letters, that C—RTW—T's \* pen indites,  
 In which, with logical confusion,  
 The *Major* like a *Minor* writes,  
 And never comes to a *Conclusion*: —  
 Lord S—M—RS' pamphlet — or his head —  
 (Ah, *that* were worth its weight in lead!)  
 Along with which we *in* may whip, sly,  
 The Speeches of Sir JOHN C—X H—PP—SLY;  
 That Baronet of many words,  
 Who loves so, in the House of Lords,  
 To whisper Bishops — and so nigh  
 Unto their wigs in whisp'ring goes,  
 That you may always know him by  
 A patch of powder on his nose! —  
 If this wo'n't do, we in must cram  
 The "Reasons" of Lord B—CK—GH—M;

\* Major Cartwright.



(A Book his Lordship means to write,  
 Entitled "Reasons for my Ratting:")  
 Or, should these prove too small and light,  
 His r — p's a host — we'll bundle *that* in!  
 And, *still* should all these masses fail  
 To stir the R—G—T's ponderous scale,  
 Why then, my Lord, in heaven's name,  
 Pitch in, without reserve or stint,  
 The whole of R—GL—Y's beauteous Dame —  
 If *that* wo'n't raise him, devil's in it!

Aug. 31.

Consulted MURPHY'S TACITUS

About those famous spies at Rome,\*  
 Whom certain Whigs — to make a fuss —  
 Describe as much resembling us,\*\*

Informing gentlemen, at home.

But, bless the fools, they *can't* be serious,  
 To say Lord S—DM—TH'S like TIBERIUS!  
 What! *he*, the Peer, that injures no man,  
 Like that severe, blood-thirsty Roman! —

'T is true, the Tyrant lent an ear to

All sorts of spies — so doth the Peer, too.

'T is true my Lord's Elect tell fibs,

And deal in perj'ry — *ditto* TIB'S.

'T is true, the Tyrant screen'd and hid

His rogues from justice\*\*\* — *ditto* SID.

\* The name of the first worthy who set up the trade of informer at Rome (to whom our Olivers and Castles ought to erect a statue) was Romanus Hispo; — "qui formam vitæ iniit, quam postea celebrem miseriæ temporum et audaciæ hominum fecerunt." — TACIT. *Annal.* i. 74.

\*\* They certainly possessed the same art of *instigating* their victims, which the Report of the Secret Committee attributes to Lord Sidmouth's agents: — "*socius* (says Tacitus of one of them) *libidinum et necessitatum, quo pluribus indicii inligaret.*"

\*\*\* "Neque tamen id Sereno noxæ fuit, quem odium publicum tutiorem faciebat. Nam ut quis districtior accusator *velut sacrosanctus erat.*" — *Annal.* lib. iv. 36. — Or, as it is translated by Mr. Fudge's friend, Murphy: — "This daring accuser had the *curses* of the people, and the *protection* of the Emperor. *Informers*, in proportion as they rose in guilt, *became sacred characters.*"

'T is true the Peer is grave and glib

At moral speeches — *ditto* TIB. \*

'T is true, the feats the Tyrant did

Were in his dotage — *ditto* SID.

So far, I own, the parallel

'Twixt TIB and SID goes vastly well ;

But there are points in TIB that strike

My humble mind as much more like

*Yourself*, my dearest Lord, or him,

Of th' India Board — that soul of whim !

Like him, TIBERIUS lov'd his joke, \*\*

On matters, too, where few can bear one ;

*E. g.* a man, cut up, or broke

Upon the wheel — a devilish fair one !

Your common fractures, wounds, and fits,

Are nothing to such wholesale wits ;

But, let the sufferer gasp for life,

The joke is then worth any money ;

And, if he writhe beneath a knife, —

Oh dear, that's something *quite* too funny.

In this respect, my Lord, you see

The Roman wag and ours agree :

Now as to *your* resemblance — mum —

This parallel we need not follow ; \*\*\*

Though 't is, in Ireland, said by some

Your Lordship beats TIBERIUS hollow ;

Whips, chains — but these are things too serious

For me to mention or discuss ;

Whene'er your Lordship acts TIBERIUS,

PHIL. FUDGE's part is *Tacitus* !

\* Murphy even confers upon one of his speeches the epithet "constitutional." Mr. Fudge might have added to his parallel, that Tiberius was a good *private* character: — "egregium vitâ famâque quoad *privatus*."

\*\* "*Ludibria seriis permiscere solitus*."

\*\*\* There is one point of resemblance between Tiberius and Lord C. which Mr. Fudge *might* have mentioned — "*suspensa semper et obscura verba*."

Sept. 2.

Was thinking, had Lord S—DM—TH got  
 Any good decent sort of Plot  
 Against the winter-time — if not,  
 Alas, alas, our ruin 's fated;  
 All done up, and *spiflicated!*  
 Ministers and all their vassals,  
 Down from C—TL—GH to CASTLES, —  
 Unless we can kick up a riot,  
 Ne'er can hope for peace or quiet!  
 What 's to be done? — Spa-Fields was clever;  
     But even *that* brought gibes and mockings  
 Upon our heads — so, *mem.* — must never  
     Keep ammunition in old stockings;  
 For fear some wag should in his curst head  
 Take it to say our force was *worsted.*  
*Mem.* too — when SID an army raises,  
 It must not be “incog.” like *Bayes's*:  
 Nor must the General be a hobbling  
 Professor of the art of cobbling;  
 Lest men, who perpetrate such puns,  
     Should say, with Jacobinic grin,  
 He felt, from *soleing Wellingtons*,\*  
     A *Wellington's* great soul within!  
 Nor must an old Apothecary  
     Go take the Tower, for lack of pence,  
 With (what these wags would call, so merry,)  
     *Physical* force and *phial*-ence!  
 No — no — our Plot, my Lord, must be  
 Next time contriv'd more skilfully.  
 John Bull, I grieve to say, is growing  
 So troublesomely sharp and knowing,  
 So wise — in short, so Jacobin —  
 'T is monstrous hard to *take him in.*

\* Short boots, so called.



Sept. 6.

Heard of the fate of our Ambassador  
 In China, and was sorely nettled;  
 But think, my Lord, we should not pass it o'er  
 Till all this matter 's fairly settled;  
 And here 's the mode occurs to *me*: —  
 As none of our Nobility,  
 Though for their *own* most gracious King  
 (They would kiss hands, or — any thing),  
 Can be persuaded to go through  
 This farce-like trick of the *Ko-tou*;  
 And as these Mandarins *wo'n't* bend,  
 Without some mumming exhibition,  
 Suppose, my Lord, you were to send  
 GRIMALDI to them on a mission:  
 As Legate, JOE could play his part,  
 And if, in diplomatic art,  
 The "volto sciolto" \* 's meritorious,  
 Let JOE but grin, he has it, glorious!  
 A *title* for him 's easily made;  
 And, by-the-by, one Christmas time,  
 If I remember right, he play'd  
 Lord MORLEY in some pantomime; \*\* —  
 As Earl of M—RL—Y then gazette him,  
 If *t'other* Earl of M—RL—Y 'll let him.  
 (And why should not the world be blest  
 With *two* such stars, for East and West?)  
 Then, when before the Yellow Screen  
 He 's brought — and, sure, the very essence  
 Of etiquette would be that scene  
 Of JOE in the Celestial Presence! —

\* The *open countenance*, recommended by Lord Chesterfield.

\*\* Mr. Fudge is a little mistaken here. It was *not* Grimaldi, but some very inferior performer, who played this part of "Lord Morley" in the pantomime, — so much to the horror of the distinguished Earl of that name. The expostulatory letters of the Noble Earl to Mr. H—rr—s, upon this vulgar profanation of his spick-and-span new title, will, I trust, some time or other, be given to the world.

He thus should say : — “ Duke Ho and Soo ,  
 “ I ’ll play what tricks you please for you ,  
 “ If you ’ll , in turn , but do for me  
 “ A few small tricks you now shall see .  
 “ If I consult *your* Emperor’s liking ,  
 “ At least you ’ll do the same for *my* King .”  
 He then should give them nine such grins ,  
 As would astound ev’n Mandarins ;  
 And throw such somersets before  
 The picture of King GEORGE ( God bless him ! )  
 As , should Duke Ho but try them o’er ,  
 Would , by CONFUCIUS , *much* distress him !

I start this merely as a hint ,  
 But think you ’ll find some wisdom in’t ;  
 And , should you follow up the job ,  
 My son , my Lord ( you *know* poor BOB ) ,  
 Would in the suite be glad to go  
 And help his Excellency , JOE ; —  
 At least , like noble AMH—RST’s son ,  
 The lad will do to *practise* on . \*

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### LETTER X.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY —.

WELL , it *isn’t* the King , after all , my dear creature !  
 But *don’t* you go laugh , now — there ’s nothing to quiz in’t —  
 For grandeur of air and for grimness of feature ,  
 He *might* be a King , DOLL , though , hang him , he isn’t .  
 At first , I felt hurt , for I wish’d it , I own ,  
 If for no other cause but to vex Miss MALONE , —  
 ( The great heiress , you know , of Shandangan , who ’s here  
 Showing off with *such* airs , and a real Cashmere , \*\*  
 While mine ’s but a paltry , old rabbit-skin , dear ! )  
 But Pa says , on deeply consid’ring the thing ,  
 “ I am just as well pleas’d it should *not* be the King ;

\* See Mr. Ellis’s account of the Embassy.

\*\* See Lady Morgan’s “ France ” for the anecdote , told her by

"As I think for my BIDDY, so *gentille* and *jolie*,  
 "Whose charms may their price in an *honest* way fetch,  
 "That a Brandenburg" — (what *is* a Brandenburg, DOLLY?) —  
 "Would be, after all, no such very great catch.  
 "If the R—G—T indeed—" added he, looking sly —  
 (You remember that comical squint of his eye)  
 But I stopp'd him with "La, Pa, how *can* you say so,  
 "When the R—G—T loves none but old women, you know!"  
 Which is fact, my dear DOLLY — we, girls of eighteen,  
 And so slim — Lord, he 'd think us not fit to be seen;  
 And would like us much better as old — ay, as old  
 As that Countess of DESMOND, of whom I've been told  
 That she liv'd to much more than a hundred and ten,  
 And was kill'd by a fall from a cherry-tree then!  
 What a frisky old girl! but — to come to my lover,  
 Who, though not a King, is a *hero* I'll swear, —  
 You shall hear all that's happen'd, just briefly run over,  
 Since that happy night, when we whisk'd through the air!

Let me see — 't was on Saturday — yes, DOLLY, yes —  
 From that evening I date the first dawn of my bliss;  
 When we both rattled off in that dear little carriage,  
 Whose journey, BOB says, is so like Love and Marriage,  
 "Begining gay, desperate, dashing, down-hilly,  
 "And ending as dull as a six-inside Dilly!" \*  
 Well, scarcely a wink did I sleep the night through;  
 And, next day, having scribbled my letter to you,  
 With a heart full of hope this sweet fellow to meet,  
 I set out with Papa, to see LOUIS DIX-HUIT  
 Make his bow to some half-dozen women and boys,  
 Who get up a small concert of shrill *Vive le Roi* —  
 And how vastly genteeler, my dear, even this is,  
 Than vulgar Pall-Mall's oratorio of hisses!

Madame de Genlis, of the young gentleman whose love was cured by finding that his mistress wore a *shawl* "peau de lapin."

\* The cars, on the return, are dragged up slowly by a chain.



The gardens seem'd full — so, of course, we walk'd o'er 'em,  
 'Mong orange-trees, clipp'd into town-bred decorum,  
 And daphnes, and vases, and many a statue

There staring, with not ev'n a stitch on them, at you!  
 The ponds, too, we view'd — stood awhile on the brink

To contemplate the play of those pretty gold fishes —  
 “*Live bullion*,” says merciless BOB, “which, I think,  
 “Would, if *coin'd*, with a little *mint* sauce, be delicious!”\*

But *what*, DOLLY, what, is the gay orange-grove,  
 Or gold fishes, to her that 's in search of her love?

In vain did I wildly explore every chair

Where a thing *like* a man was — no lover sate there!

In vain my fond eyes did I eagerly cast

At the whiskers, mustachios, and wigs that went past,

To obtain, if I could, but a glance at that curl, —

A glimpse of those whiskers, as sacred, my girl,

As the lock that, Pa says, \*\* is to Mussulmen giv'n,

For the angel to hold by that “lugs them to heaven!”

\* Mr. Bob need not be ashamed of his cookery jokes, when he is kept in countenance by such men as *Cicero*, *St. Augustine*, and that jovial bishop, *Venantius Fortunatus*. The pun of the great orator upon the “*jus Verrinum*,” which he calls bad *hog-broth*, from a play upon both the words, is well known; and the Saint's puns upon the conversion of Lot's wife into salt are equally ingenious: — “*In salem conversa hominibus fidelibus quoddam præstitit condimentum, quo sapient aliquid, unde illud caveatur exemplum.*” — *De Civitat. Dei*, lib. xvi. cap. 30. — The jokes of the pious favourite of Queen Radagunda, the convivial Bishop *Venantius*, may be found among his poems, in some lines against a cook who had robbed him. The following is similar to *Cicero's* pun: —

*Plus juscella Coci quam mea jura valent.*

See his poems, *Corpus Poetar. Latin.* tom. ii. p. 1732. — Of the same kind was *Montmaur's* joke, when a dish was spilt over him — “*summum jus, summa injuria*;” and the same celebrated parasite, in ordering a sole to be placed before him, said, —

*Eligi cui dicas, tu mihi sola places.*

The reader may likewise see, among a good deal of *kitchen erudition*, the learned *Lipsius's* jokes on cutting up a capon in his *Saturnal. Sermon.* lib. ii. cap. 2.

\*\* For this scrap of knowledge “Pa” was, I suspect, indebted to a note upon Volney's Ruins; a book which usually forms part of a Jacobin's

Alas, there went by me full many a quiz,  
 And mustachios in plenty, but nothing like his!  
 Disappointed, I found myself sighing out "well-a-day," —  
 Thought of the words of T—M M—RE'S Irish Melody,  
 Something about the "green spot of delight"\*

(Which, you know, Captain MACINTOSH sung to us one day)  
 Ah DOLLY, my "spot" was that Saturday night,

And its verdure, how fleeting, had wither'd by Sunday!  
 We din'd at a tavern — La, what do I say?

If BOB was to know! — a *Restaurateur's*, dear;  
 Where your *properest* ladies go dine every day,  
 And drink Burgundy out of large tumblers, like beer.  
 Fine BOB (for he 's really grown *super-fine*)

Condescended, for once, to make one of the party;  
 Of course, though but three, we had dinner for nine,

And in spite of my grief, love, I own I eat hearty.  
 Indeed, DOLL, I know not how 't is, but, in grief,  
 I have always found eating a wond'rous relief;

And BOB, who 's in love, said he felt the same, *quite* —

"My sighs," said he, "ceas'd with the first glass I drank you;  
 "The *lamb* made me tranquil, the *puffs* made me light,

"And — now that all 's o'er — why, I'm — pretty well, thank  
 you!"

To my great annoyance, we sat rather late;  
 For BOBBY and Pa had a furious debate

library, and with which Mr. Fudge must have been well acquainted at the time when he wrote his "Down with Kings," &c. The note in Volney is as follows: — "It is by this tuft of hair (on the crown of the head), worn by the majority of Mussulmans, that the Angel of the Tomb is to take the elect and carry them to Paradise."

\* The young lady, whose memory is not very correct, must allude, I think, to the following lines: —

Oh that fairy form is ne'er forgot,  
 Which First Love traced;  
 Still it ling'ring haunts the greenest spot  
 On Memory's waste!

About singing and cookery — BOBBY, of course,  
 Standing up for the latter Fine Art in full force; \*  
 And Pa saying, "God only knows which is worst,  
 "The French Singers or Cooks, but I wish us well over it —  
 "What with old LAÏS and VÉRY, I 'm curst  
 "If *my* head or my stomach will ever recover it!"

'T was dark, when we got to the Boulevards to stroll,  
 And in vain did I look 'mong the street Macaronis,  
 When, sudden it struck me — last hope of my soul —  
 That some angel might take the dear man to TORTONI'S! \*\*  
 We enter'd — and, scarcely had BOB, with an air,  
 For a *grappe à la jardinière* call'd to the waiters,  
 When, oh DOLL! I saw him — my hero was there  
 (For I knew his white small-clothes and brown leather gaiters),  
 A group of fair statues from Greece smiling o'er him, \*\*\*  
 And lots of red currant-juice sparkling before him!  
 Oh DOLLY, these heroes — what creatures they are;  
 In the *boudoir* the same as in fields full of slaughter!  
 As cool in the Beaujon's precipitous car,  
 As when safe at TORTONI'S, o'er ic'd currant water!  
 He join'd us — imagine, dear creature, my ecstasy  
 Join'd by the man I 'd have broken ten necks to see!  
 BOB wish'd to treat him with Punch *à la glace*,  
 But the sweet fellow swore that my *beauté*, my *grace*,  
 And my *je-ne-sais-quoi* (then his whiskers he twirl'd)  
 Were, to *him*, "on de top of all Ponch in de vorld." —

\* Cookery has been dignified by the researches of a *Bacon*; (see his *Natural History, Receipts, &c.*) and takes its station as one of the Fine Arts in the following passage of Mr. *Dugald Stewart*: — "Agreeably to this view of the subject, *sweet* may be said to be *intrinsically* pleasing, and *bitter* to be relatively pleasing; which both are, in many cases, equally essential to those effects, which, in the art of cookery, correspond to that *composite beauty*, which it is the object of the painter and of the poet to create." — *Philosophical Essays*.

\*\* A fashionable *café glacier* on the Italian Boulevards.

\*\*\* "You eat your ice at Tortoni's," says Mr. Scott, "under a Grecian group."



How pretty! — though oft (as, of course, it must be)  
 Both his French and his English are Greek, DOLL, to me.  
 But, in short, I felt happy as ever fond heart did;  
 And happier still, when 't was fix'd, ere we parted,  
 That, if the next day should be *pastoral* weather,  
 We all would set off, in French buggies, together,  
 To see *Montmorency* — that place which, you know,  
 Is so famous for cherries and JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.  
 His card then he gave us — the *name*, rather creas'd —  
 But 't was CALICOT — something — a Colonel, at least!  
 After which — sure there never was hero so civil — he  
 Saw us safe home to our door in *Rue Rivoli*,  
 Where his *last* words, as, at parting, he threw  
 A soft look o'er his shoulders, were — “How do you do!” \*

But, lord, — there 's Papa for the post — I 'm so vext —  
*Montmorency* must now, love, be kept for my next.  
 That dear Sunday night! — I was charmingly drest,  
 And — *so* providential! — was looking my best;  
 Such a sweet muslin gown, with a flounce — and my frills,  
 You 've no notion how rich — (though Pa has by the bills)  
 And you 'd smile had you seen, when we sat rather near,  
 Colonel CALICOT eyeing the cambric, my dear.  
 Then the flow'rs in my bonnet — but, la, it 's in vain —  
 So, good-by, my sweet DOLL — I shall soon write again.

B. F.

*Nota bene* — our love to all neighbours about —  
 Your Papa in particular — how is his gout?

P. S. — I 've just open'd my letter to say,  
 In your next you must tell me, (now *do*, DOLLY, pray,  
 For I hate to ask BOB, he 's so ready to quiz,)  
 What sort of a thing, dear, a *Brandenburgh* is.

\* Not an unusual mistake with foreigners.

## LETTER XI.

FROM PHELM CONNOR TO —.

YES, 't was a cause, as noble and as great  
 As ever hero died to vindicate —  
 A Nation's right to speak a Nation's voice,  
 And own no power but of the Nation's choice!  
 Such was the grand, the glorious cause that now  
 Hung trembling on NAPOLEON'S single brow;  
 Such the sublime arbitrament, that pour'd,  
 In patriot eyes, a light around his sword,  
 A hallowing light, which never, since the day  
 Of his young victories, had illum'd its way!

Oh 't was not then the time for tame debates,  
 Ye men of Gaul, when chains were at your gates;  
 When he, who late had fled your Chieftain's eye,  
 As geese from eagles on Mount Taurus fly,\*  
 Denounc'd against the land, that spurn'd his chain,  
 Myriads of swords to bind it fast again —  
 Myriads of fierce invading swords, to track  
 Through your best blood his path of vengeance back;  
 When Europe's Kings, that never yet combin'd  
 But (like those upper Stars, that, when conjoin'd,  
 Shed war and pestilence,) to scourge mankind,  
 Gather'd around, with hosts from every shore,  
 Hating NAPOLEON much, but Freedom more,  
 And, in that coming strife, appall'd to see  
 The world yet left one chance for liberty! —  
 No, 't was not *then* the time to weave at net  
 Of bondage round your Chief; to curb and fret  
 Your veteran war-horse, pawing for the fight,  
 When every hope was in his speed and might —

\* See Ælian, lib. v. cap. 29. — who tells us that these geese, from a consciousness of their own loquacity, always cross Mount Taurus with stones in their bills, to prevent any unlucky cackle from betraying them to the eagles — διαπετοῦται σιωποῦντες.

To waste the hour of action in dispute,  
 And coolly plan how freedom's *boughs* should shoot,  
 When your Invader's axe was at the *root*!  
 No sacred Liberty! that God, who throws,  
 Thy light around, like his own sunshine, knows  
 How well I love thee, and how deeply hate  
*All* tyrants, upstart and Legitimate —  
 Yet, in that hour, were France my native land,  
 I would have follow'd, with quick heart and hand,  
 NAPOLEON, NERO — ay, no matter whom —  
 To snatch my country from that damning doom,  
 That deadliest curse that on the conquer'd waits —  
 A Conqueror's satrap, thron'd within her gates!

True, he was false — despotic — all you please —  
 Had trampled down man's holiest liberties —  
 Had, by a genius, form'd for nobler things  
 Than lie within the grasp of *vulgar* Kings,  
 But rais'd the hopes of men — as eaglets fly  
 With tortoises aloft into the sky —  
 To dash them down again more shatteringly!  
 All this I own — but still † \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

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## LETTER XII.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY —.

AT last, DOLLY, — thanks to a potent emetic,  
 Which BOBBY and Pa, with grimace sympathetic,  
 Have swallow'd this morning, to balance the bliss,  
 Of an eel *matelote* and a *bisque d'écrevisses* —

† Somebody (Fontenelle, I believe,) has said, that if he had his hand full of truths, he would open but one finger at a time; and the same sort of reserve I find to be necessary with respect to Mr. Connor's very plain-spoken letters. The remainder of this Epistle is so full of unsafe matter-of-fact, that it must, for the present at least, be withheld from the public.



I've a morning at home to myself, and sit down  
 To describe you our heavenly trip out of town.  
 How agog you must be for this letter, my dear!  
 Lady JANE, in the novel, less languish'd to hear  
 If that elegant cornet she met at Lord NEVILLE'S  
 Was actually dying with love or — blue devils.  
 But LOVE, DOLLY, Love is the theme I pursue;  
 With Blue Devils, thank heav'n, I have nothing to do —  
 Except, indeed, dear Colonel CALICOT spies  
 Any imps of that colour in *certain* blue eyes,  
 Which he stares at till I, DOLL, at *his* do the same;  
 Then he simpers — I blush — and would often exclaim,  
 If I knew but the French for it, “Lord, Sir, for shame!”

Well, the morning was lovely — the trees in full dress  
 For the happy occasion — the sunshine *express* —  
 Had we order'd it, dear, of the best poet going,  
 It scarce could be furnish'd more golden and glowing.  
 Though late when we started, the scent of the air  
 Was like GATTIE'S rose-water, — and, bright, here and there,  
 On the grass an odd dew-drop was glittering yet,  
 Like my aunt's diamond pin on her green tabinet!  
 While the birds seem'd to warble as blest on the boughs,  
 As if *each* a plum'd Calicot had for her spouse;  
 And the grapes were all blushing and kissing in rows,  
 And — in short, need I tell you, wherever one goes  
 With the creature one loves, 't is all *couleur de rose*;  
 And, ah, I shall ne'er, liv'd I ever so long, see  
 A day such as that at divine Montmorency!

There was but *one* drawback — at first when we started,  
 The Colonel and I were inhumanly parted;  
 How cruel — young hearts of such moments to rob!  
 He went in Pa's buggy, and I went with BOB;  
 And, I own, I felt spitefully happy to know  
 That Papa and his comrade agreed but *so-so*.  
 For the Colonel, it seems, is a stickler of BONEY'S —  
 Served *with* him of course — nay, I'm sure they were cronies.

So martial his features! dear DOLL, you can trace  
 Ulm, Austerlitz, Lodi, as plain in his face  
 As you do on that pillar of glory and brass,\*  
 Which the poor Duc DE B—RI must hate so to pass!  
 It appears, too, he made — as most foreigners do —  
 About English affairs on odd blunder or two.  
 For example — misled by the names, I dare say —  
 He confounded JACK CASTLES with Lord C—GH;  
 And — sure such a blunder no mortal hit ever on —  
 Fancied the *present* Lord C—MD—N the *clever* one!

But politics ne'er were the sweet fellow's trade;  
 'T was for war and the ladies my Colonel was made.  
 And, oh, had you heard, as together we walk'd  
 Thro' that beautiful forest, how sweetly he talk'd;  
 And how perfectly well he appear'd, DOLL, to know  
 All the life and adventures of JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU! —  
 "'T was there," said he — not that his *words* I can state —  
 'T was a gibb'rish that Cupid alone could translate; —  
 But "there," said he, (pointing where, small and remote,  
 The dear Hermitage rose,) "there his JULIE he wrote, —  
 "Upon paper gilt-edg'd, \*\* without blot or erasure;  
 "Then sanded it over with silver and azure,  
 "And — oh, what will genius and fancy not do? —  
 "Tied the leaves up together with *nompaille* blue!"  
 What a trait of Rousseau! what a crowd of emotions  
 From sand and blue ribbons are conjur'd up here!  
 Alas, that a man of such exquisite \*\*\* notions  
 Should send his poor brats to the Foundling, my dear!

\* The column in the Place Vendôme.

\*\* "Employant pour cela le plus beau papier doré, séchant l'écriture avec de la poudre d'azur et d'argent, et cousant mes cahiers avec de la *nompaille* bleue." — *Les Confessions*, part ii. liv. 9.

\*\*\* This word, "exquisite," is evidently a favourite of Miss Fudge's; and I understand she was not a little angry when her brother Bob committed a pun on the last two syllables of it in the following couplet: —

"I 'd fain praise your Poem — but tell me, how is it  
 When I cry out "Exquisite," *Echo* cries "*quix* it?"

"T was here, too, perhaps," Colonel CALICOT said —  
 As down the small garden he pensively led —  
 (Though once I could see his sublime forehead wrinkle  
 With rage not to find there the lov'd periwinkle)\*  
 "T was here he receiv'd from the fair D'EPINAY  
 "(Who call'd him so sweetly *her Bear*,\*\* every day,)  
 "That dear flannel petticoat, pull'd off to form  
 "A waistcoat, to keep the enthusiast warm!"\*\*\*

Such, DOLL, were the sweet recollections we ponder'd,  
 As, full of romance, through that valley we wander'd.  
 The flannel (one's train of ideas, how odd it is!)  
 Led us to talk about other commodities,  
 Cambric, and silk, and — I ne'er shall forget,  
 For the sun was then hast'ning in pomp to its set,  
 And full on the Colonel's dark whiskers shone down,  
 When he ask'd me, with eagerness, — who made my gown?  
 The question confus'd me — for, DOLL, you must know,  
 And I *ought* to have told my best friend long ago,  
 That, by Pa's strict command, I no longer employ †  
 That enchanting *couturière*, Madame LE ROI;  
 But am forc'd now to have VICTORINE, who — deuce take her! —  
 It seems is, at present, the King's mantua-maker —  
 I mean *of his party* — and, though much the smartest,  
 LE ROI is condemn'd as a rank Bonapartist. ††

\* The flower which Rousseau brought into such fashion among the Parisians, by exclaiming one day, "Ah, voilà de la pervenche!"

\*\* "*Mon ours*, voilà votre asyle — et vous, *mon ours*, ne viendrez vous pas aussi?" — &c. &c.

\*\*\* "Un jour, qu'il geloit très-fort, en ouvrant un paquet qu'elle m'envoyoit, je trouvai un petit jupon de flanelle d'Angleterre, qu'elle me marquoit avoir porté, et dont elle vouloit que je me fisse faire un gilet. Ce soin, plus qu'amical, me parut si tendre, comme si elle se fût dépouillée pour me vêtir, que, dans mon émotion, je baisai vingt fois en pleurant le billet et le jupon."

† Miss Bidley's notions of French pronunciation may be perceived in the rhymes which she always selects for "*Le Roi*."

†† LE ROI, who was the *Couturière* of the Empress Maria Louisa, is at present, of course, out of fashion, and is succeeded in her station by the Royalist mantua-maker, VICTORINE.



Think, DOLL, how confounded I look'd — so well knowing  
 The Colonel's opinions — my cheeks were quite glowing;  
 I stammer'd out something — nay, even half nam'd  
 The *legitimate* sempstress, when, loud, he exclaim'd,  
 “Yes, yes, by the stitching 't is plain to be seen  
 “It was made by that Bourbonite b—h, VICTORINE!”  
 What a word for a hero! — but heroes *will* err,  
 And I thought, dear, I'd tell you things *just* as they were.  
 Besides, though the word on good manners intrench,  
 I assure you 't is not *half* so shocking in French.

But this cloud, though embarrassing, soon pass'd away,  
 And the bliss altogether, the dreams of that day,  
 The thoughts that arise, when such dear fellows woo us, —  
 The *nothings* that then, love, are *every thing* to us —  
 That quick correspondence of glances and sighs,  
 And what BOB calls the “Twopenny-post of the Eyes” —  
 Ah, DOLL! though I *know* you've a heart, 't is in vain  
 To a heart so unpractis'd these things to explain.  
 They can only be felt, in their fulness divine,  
 By her who has wander'd, at evening's decline,  
 Through a valley like that, with a Colonel like mine!

But here I must finish — for BOB, my dear DOLLY,  
 Whom physic, I find, always makes melancholy,  
 Is seiz'd with a fancy for church-yard reflections;  
 And, full of all yesterday's rich recollections,  
 Is just setting off for Montmartre — “for *there* is,”  
 Said he, looking solemn, “the tomb of the VÉRYS! \*  
 “Long, long have I wish'd, as a votary true,  
 “O'er the grave of such talents to utter my moans;  
 “And, to-day — as my stomach is not in good cue  
 “For the *flesh* of the VÉRYS — I'll visit their *bones!*”  
 He insists upon *my* going with him — how teasing!  
 This letter, however, dear DOLLY, shall lie

\* It is the *brother* of the present excellent Restaurateur who lies entombed so magnificently in the Cimetière Montmartre. The inscription on the column at the head of the tomb concludes with the following words: — “Toute sa vie fut consacrée aux *arts utiles.*”

Unseal'd in my draw'r, that, if any thing pleasing  
Occurs while I'm out, I may tell you — good-bye.

B. F.

Four o'clock.

Oh, DOLLY, dear DOLLY, I'm ruined for ever —  
I ne'er shall be happy again, DOLLY, never!  
To think of the wretch — what a victim was I!  
'T is too much to endure — I shall die, I shall die —  
My brain 's in a fever — my pulses beat quick —  
I shall die, or, at least, be exceedingly sick!  
Oh, what do you think? after all my romancing,  
My visions of glory, my sighing, my glancing,  
This Colonel — I scarce can commit it to paper —  
This Colonel 's no more than a vile linen-draper!  
'T is true as I live — I had coax'd brother BOB so,  
(You 'll hardly make out what I 'm writing, I sob so,)  
For some little gift on my birth-day — September  
The thirtieth, dear, I 'm eighteen, you remember —  
That BOB to a shop kindly order'd the coach,  
(Ah, little I thought who the shopman would prove,)  
To bespeak me a few of those *mouchoirs de poche*,  
Which, in happier hours, I have sigh'd for, my love —  
(The most beautiful things — two Napoleons the price —  
And one's name in the corner embroider'd so nice!)  
Well, with heart full of pleasure, I enter'd the shop,  
But — ye Gods, what a phantom! — I thought I should drop —  
There he stood, my dear DOLLY — no room for a doubt —  
There, behind the vile counter, these eyes saw him stand,  
With a piece of French cambric, before him roll'd out,  
And that horrid yard-measure uprais'd in his hand!  
Oh — Papa, all along, knew the secret, 't is clear —  
'T was a *shopman* he meant by a "Brandenburgh," dear!  
The man, whom I fondly had fancied a King,  
And, when *that* too delightful illusion was past,  
As a hero had worshipp'd — vile, treacherous thing —  
To turn out but a low linen-draper at last!

My head swam around — the wretch smil'd, I believe,  
 But his smiling, alas, could no longer deceive —  
 I fell back on BOB — my whole heart seem'd to wither —  
 And, pale as a ghost, I was carried back hither!  
 I only remember that BOB, as I caught him,

With cruel facetiousness said, “Curse the Kiddy!  
 “A staunch Revolutionist always I've thought him,  
 “But now I find out he's a *Counter* one, BIDDY!”

Only think, my dear creature, if this should be known  
 To that saucy, satirical thing, Miss MALONE!  
 What a story 't will be at Shandangan for ever!

What laughs and what quizzing she'll have with the men!  
 It will spread through the country — and never, oh, never  
 Can BIDDY be seen at Kilrandy again!

Farewell — I shall do something desp'rate, I fear —  
 And, ah! if my fate ever reaches your ear,  
 One tear of compassion my DOLL will not grudge  
 To her poor — broken-hearted — young friend,

BIDDY FUDGE.

*Nota bene* — I am sure you will hear, with delight,  
 That we're going, all three, to see BRUNET to-night.  
 A laugh will revive me — and kind Mr. Cox  
 (Do you know him?) has got us the Governor's box.



# FABLES

FOR

## THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

Tu Regibus alas

Eripe. VIRGIL, *Georg.* lib. iv.

— Clip the wings

Of these high-flying, arbitrary Kings. DRYDEN'S *Translation.*

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### DEDICATION

TO

### LORD BYRON.

DEAR LORD BYRON,

THOUGH this Volume should possess no other merit in your eyes, than that of reminding you of the short time we passed together at Venice, when some of the trifles which it contains were written, you will, I am sure, receive the dedication of it with pleasure, and believe that I am,

My dear Lord,  
Ever faithfully yours,  
T. B.

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### PREFACE.

THOUGH it was the wish of the Members of the Poco-curante Society (who have lately done me the honour of electing me their Secretary) that I should prefix my name to the following Miscellany, it is but fair to them and to myself to state, that, except in

the "painful pre-eminence" of being employed to transcribe their lucubrations, my claim to such a distinction in the title-page is not greater than that of any other gentleman, who has contributed his share to the contents of the volume.

I had originally intended to take this opportunity of giving some account of the origin and objects of our Institution, the names and characters of the different members, &c. &c. — but, as I am at present preparing for the press the First Volume of the "Transactions of the Poco-curante Society," I shall reserve for that occasion all further details upon the subject; and content myself here with referring, for a general insight into our tenets, to a Song which will be found at the end of this work, and which is sung to us on the first day of every month, by one of our oldest members, to the tune of (as far as I can recollect, being no musician,) either "Nancy Dawson" or "He stole away the Bacon."

It may be as well also to state, for the information of those critics, who attack with the hope of being answered, and of being, thereby, brought into notice, that it is the rule of this Society to return no other answer to such assailants, than is contained in the three words "Non curat Hippoclidēs," (meaning, in English, "Hippoclidēs does not care a fig,") which were spoken two thousand years ago by the first founder of Poco-curantism, and have ever since been adopted as the leading *dictum* of the sect.

THOMAS BROWN.

## FABLE I.

### THE DISSOLUTION OF THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

#### A DREAM.

I've had a dream that bodes no good  
 Unto the Holy Brotherhood.  
 I may be wrong, but I confess —  
 As far as it is right or lawful  
 For one, no conjurer, to guess —  
 It seems to me extremely awful.

Methought, upon the Neva's flood  
 A beautiful Ice Palace stood,  
 A dome of frost-work, on the plan  
 Of that once built by Empress Anne,\*  
 Which shone by moonlight — as the tale is —  
 Like an Aurora Borealis.

In this said Palace, furnish'd all  
 And lighted as the best on land are,  
 I dreamt there was a splendid Ball,  
 Giv'n by the Emperor Alexander,  
 To entertain with all due zeal,  
 Those holy gentlemen, who've shown a  
 Regard so kind for Europe's weal,  
 At Troppau, Laybach, and Verona.

The thought was happy — and design'd  
 To hint how thus the human Mind  
 May, like the stream imprison'd there,  
 Be check'd and chill'd, till it can bear  
 The heaviest Kings, that ode or sonnet  
 E'er yet be-prais'd, to dance upon it.

And all were pleas'd, and cold, and stately,  
 Shivering in grand illumination —  
 Admir'd the superstructure greatly,  
 Nor gave one thought to the foundation.  
 Much too the Czar himself exulted,  
 To all plebeian fears a stranger,  
 For, Madame Krudener, when consulted,  
 Had pledg'd her word there was no danger.  
 So, on he caper'd, fearless quite,  
 Thinking himself extremely clever,  
 And waltz'd away with all his might,  
 As if the Frost would last for ever.

\* "It is well known that the Empress Anne built a palace of ice on the Neva, in 1740, which was fifty-two feet in length, and when illuminated had a surprising effect." — PINKERTON.



Just fancy how a bard like me,  
 Who reverence monarchs, must have trembled  
 To see that goodly company,  
 At such a ticklish sport assembled.

Nor were the fears, that thus astounded  
 My loyal soul, at all unfounded —  
 For, lo! ere long, those walls so massy  
 Were seiz'd with an ill-omen'd dripping,  
 And o'er the floors, now growing glassy,  
 Their Holinesses took to slipping.  
 The Czar, half through a Polonaise,  
 Could scarce get on for downright stumbling;  
 And Prussia, though to slippery ways  
 Well us'd, was cursedly near tumbling.

Yet still 't was, *who* could stamp the floor most,  
 Russia and Austria 'mong the foremost. —  
 And now, to an Italian air,

This precious brace would, hand in hand, go;  
 Now — while old Louis, from his chair,  
 Intreated them his toes to spare —  
 Call'd loudly out for a Fandango.

And a Fandango, 'faith, they had,  
 At which they all set to, like mad!  
 Never were Kings (though small th' expense is  
 Of wit among their Excellencies)  
 So out of all their princely senses.

But, ah, that dance — that Spanish dance --  
 Scarce was the luckless strain begun,  
 When, glaring red, as 't were a glance  
 Shot from an angry Southern sun,  
 A light through all the chambers flam'd,  
 Astonishing old Father Frost,

Who, bursting into tears, exclaim'd,  
 “A thaw, by Jove — we're lost, we're lost!  
 “Run, France — a second *Waterloo*  
 “Is come to drown you — *sauve qui peut!*”

Why, why will monarchs caper so  
 In palaces without foundations? —  
 Instantly all was in a flow,  
 Crowns, fiddles, sceptres, decorations —  
 Those Royal Arms, that look'd so nice,  
 Cut out in the resplendent ice —  
 Those Eagles, handsomely provided  
 With double heads for double dealings —  
 How fast the globes and sceptres glided  
 Out of their claws on all the ceilings!  
 Proud Prussia's double bird of prey  
 Tame as a spatch cock, slunk away;  
 While — just like France herself, when she  
 Proclaims how great her naval skill is —  
 Poor Louis' drowning fleurs-de-lys  
 Imagin'd themselves *water-lilies*.

And not alone rooms, ceilings, shelves,  
 But — still more fatal execution —  
 The Great Legitimates themselves  
 Seem'd in a state of dissolution.  
 Th' indignant Czar — when just about  
 To issue a sublime Ukase,  
 "Whereas all light must be kept out" —  
 Dissolv'd to nothing in its blaze.  
 Next Prussia took his turn to melt,  
 And, while his lips illustrious felt  
 The influence of this southern air,  
 Some word, like "Constitution" — long  
 Congeal'd in frosty silence there —  
 Came slowly thawing from his tongue.  
 While Louis, lapsing by degrees,  
 And sighing out a faint adieu  
 To truffles, salmis, toasted cheese  
 And smoking *fondus*, quickly grew,  
 Himself, into a *fondou* too; —

Or like that goodly King they make  
 Of sugar for a Twelfth-night cake,  
 When, in some urchin's mouth, alas,  
 It melts into a shapeless mass!

In short, I scarce could count a minute,  
 Ere the bright dome, and all within it,  
 Kings, Fiddlers, Emperors, all were gone —  
 And nothing now was seen or heard  
 But the bright river, rushing on,  
 Happy as an enfranchis'd bird,  
 And prouder of that natural ray,  
 Shining along its chainless way —  
 More proudly happy thus to glide  
 In simple grandeur to the sea,  
 Than when, in sparkling fetters tied,  
 'T was deck'd with all that kingly pride  
 Could bring to light its slavery!

Such is my dream — and, I confess,  
 I tremble at its awfulness.  
 That Spanish Dance — that southern beam —  
 But I say nothing — there's my dream —  
 And Madame Krudener, the she-prophet,  
 May make just what she pleases of it.

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## FABLE II.

### THE LOOKING-GLASSES.

#### PROEM.

WHERE Kings have been by mob-elections  
 Rais'd to the throne, 't is strange to see  
 What different and what odd perfections  
 Men have requir'd in Royalty.  
 Some, liking monarchs large and plumpy,  
 Have chos'n their Sovereigns by the weight; —



Some wish'd them tall, some thought your dumpy,  
 Dutch-built, the true Legitimate.\*  
 The Easterns in a Prince, 't is said,  
 Prefer what 's call'd a jolter-head:\*\*  
 Th' Egyptians wer'n't at all partic'lar,  
 So that their Kings had *not* red hair —  
*This* fault not ev'n the greatest stickler  
 For the blood-royal well could bear.  
 A thousand more such illustrations  
 Might be adduc'd from various nations.  
 But, 'mong the many tales they tell us,  
 Touching th' acquir'd or natural right  
 Which some men have to rule their fellows,  
 There 's one, which I shall here recite: —

## FABLE.

There was a land — to *name* the place  
 Is neither now my wish nor duty —  
 Where reign'd a certain Royal race,  
 By right of their superior beauty.  
 What was the cut legitimate  
 Of these great persons' chins and noses,  
 By right of which they rul'd the state,  
 No history I have seen discloses.  
 But so it was — a settled case —  
 Some Act of Parliament, pass'd snugly,  
 Had voted *them* a beauteous race,  
 And all their faithful subjects ugly.  
 As rank, indeed, stood high or low,  
 Some change it made in visual organs;  
 Your Peers were decent — Knights, so so —  
 But all your *common* people, gorgons!

\* The Goths had a law to choose always a short, thick man for their King. — MUNSTER, *Cosmog.* lib. iii. p. 164.

\*\* "In a Prince a jolter-head is invaluable."

Of course, if any knave but hinted  
 That the King's nose was turn'd awry,  
 Or that the Queen (God bless her!) squinted —  
 The judges doom'd that knave to die.

But rarely things like this occur'd,  
 The people to their King were duteous,  
 And took it, on his Royal word,  
 That they were frights, and He was beauteous.

The cause whereof, among all classes,  
 Was simply this — these island elves  
 Had never yet seen looking-glasses,  
 And, therefore, did not *know themselves*.

Sometimes, indeed, their neighbours' faces  
 Might strike them as more full of reason,  
 More fresh than those in certain places —  
 But, Lord, the very thought was treason!

Besides, how'er we love our neighbour,  
 And take his face's part, 't is known  
 We ne'er so much in earnest labour,  
 As when the face attack'd 's our own.

So, on they went — the crowd believing —  
 (As crowds well govern'd always do)  
 Their rulers, too, themselves deceiving —  
 So old the joke, they thought 't was true.

But jokes, we know, if they too far go,  
 Must have an end — and so, one day,  
 Upon that coast there was a cargo  
 Of looking-glasses cast away.

'T was said, some Radicals, somewhere,  
 Had laid their wicked heads together,  
 And forc'd that ship to founder there, —  
 While some believe it was the weather.

However this might be, the freight  
 Was landed without fees or duties;

And from that hour historians date  
The downfall of the Race of Beauties.

The looking-glasses got about,  
And grew so common through the land,  
That scarce a tinker could walk out,  
Without a mirror in his hand.

Comparing faces, morning, noon,  
And night, their constant occupation —  
By dint of looking-glasses, soon,  
They grew a most reflecting nation.

In vain the Court, aware of errors  
In all the old, establish'd mazards,  
Prohibited the use of mirrors,  
And tried to break them at all hazards: —

In vain — their laws might just as well  
Have been waste paper on the shelves;  
That fatal freight had broke the spell;  
People had look'd — and knew themselves.

If chance a Duke, of birth sublime,  
Presum'd upon his ancient face,  
(Some calf-head, ugly from all time,)  
They popp'd a mirror to his Grace: —

Just hinting, by that gentle sign,  
How little Nature holds it true,  
That what is call'd an ancient line,  
Must be the line of Beauty too.

From Dukes' they pass'd to regal phizzes,  
Compar'd them proudly with their own,  
And cried, "How *could* such monstrous quizzes  
"In Beauty's name usurp the throne!" —

They then wrote essays, pamphlets; books,  
Upon Cosmetical Oeconomy,  
Which made the king try various looks,  
But none improv'd his physiognomy.



And satires at the Court were levell'd,  
 And small lampoons, so full of slynesses,  
 That soon, in short, they quite be-devil'd  
 Their Majesties and Royal Highnesses.

At length — but here I drop the veil,  
 To spare some loyal folks' sensations; —  
 Besides, what follow'd is the tale  
 Of all such late-enlighten'd nations;

Of all to whom old Time discloses  
 A truth they should have sooner known —  
 That Kings have neither rights nor noses  
 A whit diviner than their own.

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### FABLE III.

#### THE TORCH OF LIBERTY.

I SAW it all in Fancy's glass —  
 Herself, the fair, the wild magician,  
 Who bid this splendid day-dream pass,  
 And nam'd each gliding apparition.

'T was like a torch-race — such as they  
 Of Greece perform'd, in ages gone,  
 When the fleet youths, in long array,  
 Pass'd the bright torch triumphant on.

I saw th' expectant nations stand,  
 To catch the coming flame in turn; —  
 I saw, from ready hand to hand,  
 The clear, though struggling, glory burn.

And, oh, their joy, as it came near,  
 'T was, in itself, a joy to see; —  
 While Fancy whisper'd in my ear,  
 "That torch they pass is Liberty!"

And, each, as she receiv'd the flame,  
 Lighted her altar with its ray;

Then, smiling, to the next who came,  
Speded it on its sparkling way.

From ALBION first, whose ancient shrine  
Was furnish'd with the fire already,  
COLUMBIA caught the boon divine,  
And lit a flame, like ALBION'S, steady.

The splendid gift then GALLIA took,  
And, like a wild Bacchante, raising  
The brand aloft, its sparkles shook,  
As she would set the world a-blazing!

Thus kindling wild, so fierce and high  
Her altar blaz'd into the air,  
That ALBION, to that fire too nigh,  
Shrunk back, and shudder'd at its glare!

Next, SPAIN, so dew was light to her,  
Leap'd at the torch — but, ere the spark  
That fell upon her shrine could stir,  
'T was quench'd — and all again was dark.

Yet, no — *not* quench'd — a treasure, worth  
So much to mortals, rarely dies:  
Again her living light look'd forth,  
And shone, a beacon, in all eyes.

Who next receiv'd the flame? alas,  
Unworthy NAPLES — shame of shames,  
That ever through such hands should pass  
That brightest of all earthly flames!

Scarce had her fingers touch'd the torch,  
When, frighted by the sparks it shed,  
Nor waiting ev'n to feel the scorch,  
She dropp'd it to the earth — and fled.

And fall'n it might have long remain'd;  
But GREECE, who saw her moment now,  
Caught up the prize, though prostrate, stain'd,  
And way'd it round her beauteous brow

And Fancy bade me mark where, o'er  
 Her altar, as its flame ascended,  
 Fair, laurell'd spirits seem'd to soar,  
 Who thus in song their voices blended: —

“Shine, shine for ever, glorious Flame,  
 “Divinest gift of Gods to men!

“From GREECE thy earliest splendour came,  
 “To GREECE thy ray returns again.

“Take, Freedom, take thy radiant round,  
 “When dimm'd, revive, when lost, return,  
 “Till not a shrine through earth be found,  
 “On which thy glories shall not burn!”

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#### FABLE IV.

##### THE FLY AND THE BULLOCK.

##### PROEM.

OF all that, to the sage's survey,  
 This world presents of topsy-turvy,  
 There 's nought so much disturbs one's patience,  
 As little minds in lofty stations.

'T is like that sort of painful wonder,  
 Which slender columns, labouring under  
 Enormous arches, give beholders; —  
 Or those poor Caryatides,  
 Condemn'd to smile and stand at ease,  
 With a whole house upon their shoulders.

If, as in some few royal cases,  
 Small minds are *born* into such places —  
 If they are there, by Right Divine,

Or any such sufficient reason,  
 Why — Heav'n forbid we should repine! —

To wish it otherwise were treason;  
 Nay, ev'n to see it in a vision,  
 Would be what lawyers call *misprision*.



Sir ROBERT FILMER saith — and he,  
 Of course, knew all about the matter —  
 “Both men and beasts love Monarchy;”  
 Which proves how rational — the *latter*.

SIDNEY, we know, or wrong or right,  
 Entirely differ'd from the Knight:  
 Nay, hints a King may lose his head,  
 By slipping awkwardly his bridle: —  
 But this is treasonous, ill-bred,  
 And (now-a-days, when Kings are led  
 In patent snaffles) downright idle.

No, no — it isn't right-line Kings,  
 (Those sovereign lords in leading-strings  
 Who, from their birth, are Faith-Defenders,)  
 That move my wrath — 't is your pretenders,  
 Your mushroom rulers, sons of earth,  
 Who — not, like t'others, bores by birth,  
 Establish'd *gratiâ Dei* blockheads,  
 Born with three kingdoms in their pockets —  
 Yet, with a brass that nothing stops,  
 Push up into the loftiest stations,  
 And, though too dull to manage shops,  
 Presume, the dolts, to manage nations!

This class it is, that moves my gall,  
 And stirs up bile, and spleen, and all.  
 While other senseless things appear  
 To know the limits of their sphere —  
 While not a cow on earth romances  
 So much as to conceit she dances —  
 While the most jumping frog we know of,  
 Would scarce at Astley's hope to show off —  
 Your \*\*\*, your \*\*\*s dare,  
 Untrain'd as are their minds, to set them  
 To *any* business, *any* where.  
 At *any* time that fools will let them.

But leave we here these upstart things —  
 My business is, just now, with Kings;  
 To whom, and to their right-line glory,  
 I dedicate the following story.

## FABLE.

THE wise men of Egypt were secret as dummies;  
 And, ev'n when they most condescended to teach,  
 They pack'd up their meaning, as they did their mummies,  
 In so many wrappers, 't was out of one's reach.

They were also, good people, much given to Kings —  
 Fond of craft and of crocodiles, monkeys and mystery;  
 But blue-bottle flies were their best belov'd things —  
 As will partly appear in this very short history.

A Scythian philosopher (nephew, they say,  
 To that other great traveller, young Anacharsis,)  
 Stept into a temple at Memphis one day,  
 To have a short peep at their mystical farces.

He saw\* a brisk blue-bottle Fly on an altar,  
 Made much of, and worshipp'd, as something divine;  
 While a large, handsome Bullock, led there in a halter,  
 Before it lay stabb'd at the foot of the shrine.

Surpris'd at such doings, he whisper'd his teacher —

“If 't isn't impertinent, may I ask why

“Should a Bullock, that useful and powerful creature,

“Be thus offer'd up to a blue-bottle Fly?”

“No wonder” — said t'other — “you stare at the sight,

“But *we* as a Symbol of Monarchy view it —

“That Fly on the shrine is Legitimate Right,

“And that Bullock, the People, that 's sacrific'd to it.”

\* According to Ælian, it was in the island of Leucadia they practised this ceremony — *θνεω βουν ταις μυριας*. — *De Animal.* lib. ii. cap. 8.

## FABLE V.

## CHURCH AND STATE.

## PROEM.

“The moment any religion becomes national, or established, its purity must certainly be lost, because it is then impossible to keep it unconnected with men’s interests; and, if connected, it must inevitably be perverted by them.” — SOAME JENYNS.

THUS did SOAME JENYNS — though a Tory,  
 A Lord of Trade and the Plantations;  
 Feel how Religion’s simple glory  
 Is stain’d by State associations.

When CATHERINE, ere she crush’d the Poles,  
 Appeal’d to the benign Divinity;  
 Then cut them up in protocols,  
 Made fractions of their very souls\* —  
 All in the name of the bless’d Trinity;  
 Or when her grandson, ALEXANDER,  
 That mighty Northern salamander,\*\*  
 Whose icy touch, felt all about,  
 Puts every fire of Freedom out —  
 When he, too, winds up his Ukases  
 With God and the Panagia’s praises —  
 When he, of royal Saints the type,  
 In holy water dips the sponge,  
 With which, at one imperial wipe,  
 He would all human rights expunge;  
 When LOUIS (whom as King, and eater,  
 Some name *Dix-huit*, and some *Des-huitres*),  
 Calls down “St. Louis’ God” to witness  
 The right, humanity, and fitness  
 Of sending eighty thousand Solons,  
 Sages, with muskets and lac’d coats,

\* *Ames, demi-ames, &c.*

\*\* The salamander is supposed to have the power of extinguishing fire by its natural coldness and moisture.



To cram instruction, nolens volens,  
 Down the poor struggling Spaniards' throats —  
 I can't help thinking, (though to Kings  
 I must, of course, like other men, bow,)

That when a Christian monarch brings  
 Religion's name to gloss these things —  
 Such blasphemy out—Benbows Benbow!\*  
 Or — not so far for facts to roam,  
 Having a few much nearer home —  
 When we see Churchmen, who, if ask'd,  
 "Must Ireland's slaves be tith'd, and task'd,  
 "And driv'n, like Negroes or Croäts,  
 "That *you* may roll in wealth and bliss?"  
 Look from beneath their shovel hats  
 With all due pomp, and answer "Yes!"  
 But then, if question'd, "Shall the brand  
 "Intolerance flings throughout that land, —  
 "Shall the fierce strife now taught to grow  
 "Betwixt her palaces and hovels,  
 "Be ever quench'd?" — from the same shovels  
 Look grandly forth, and answer "No." —  
 Alas, alas! have *these* a claim  
 To merciful Religion's name?  
 If more you seek, go see a bevy  
 Of bowing parsons at a levee —  
 (Choosing your time, when straw 's before  
 Some apoplectic bishop's door,)

Then, if thou canst, with life, escape  
 That rush of lawn, that press of crape,  
 Just watch their rev'rences and graces,  
 As on each smirking suitor frisks,  
 And say, if those round shining faces  
 To heav'n or earth most turn their disks?  
 This, this it is — Religion, made,  
 'Twixt Church and State, a truck, a trade —

\* A well-known publisher of irreligious books.

This most ill-match'd, unholy *Co.*,  
 From whence the ills we witness flow;  
 The war of many creeds with one —  
 Th' extremes of *too* much faith, and none —  
 Till, betwixt ancient trash and new,  
 'Twixt Cant and Blasphemy — the two  
 Rank ills with which this age is curst —  
 We can no more tell *which* is worst,  
 Than erst could Egypt, when so rich  
 In various plagues, determine which  
 She thought most pestilent and vile,  
 Her frogs, like Benbow and Carlisle,  
 Croaking their native mud-notes loud,  
 Or her fat locusts, like a cloud  
 Of pluralists, obesely lowering,  
 At once benighting and devouring! —

This — this it is — and here I pray  
     Those sapient wits of the Reviews,  
 Who make us poor, dull authors say,  
     Not what we mean, but what they choose;  
 Who to our most abundant shares  
 Of nonsense add still more of theirs,  
 And are to poets just such evils  
     As caterpillars find those flies,\*  
 Which, not content to sting like devils,  
     Lay eggs upon their backs likewise —  
 To guard against such foul deposits  
     Of other's meaning in my rhymes,  
 (A thing more needful here, because it's  
     A subject, ticklish in these times) —  
 I, here, to all such wits make known,  
     Monthly and Weekly, Whig and Tory,  
 'T is *this* Religion — this alone —  
     I aim at in the following story: —

\* "The greatest number of the ichneumon tribe are seen settling upon the back of the caterpillar, and darting at different intervals their stings into its body — at every dart they depose an egg." — GOLDSMITH.

## FABLE.

When Royalty was young and bold,  
 Ere, touch'd by Time, he had become —  
 If 't isn't civil to say *old*,  
 At least, a *ci-devant jeune homme*;

One evening, on some wild pursuit,  
 Driving along, he chanc'd to see  
 Religion, passing by on foot,  
 And took him in his vis-à-vis.

This said Religion was a Friar,  
 The humblest and the best of men,  
 Who ne'er had notion or desire  
 Of riding in a coach till then.

“I say” — quoth Royalty, who rather  
 Enjoy'd a masquerading joke —  
 “I say, suppose, my good old father,  
 “You lend me, for a while, your cloak.”

The Friar consented — little knew  
 What tricks the youth had in his head;  
 Besides, was rather tempted too  
 By a lac'd coat he got in stead.

Away ran Royalty, slap-dash,  
 Scampering like mad about the town;  
 Broke windows, shiver'd lamps to smash,  
 And knock'd whole scores of watchmen down.

While nought could they, whose heads were broke,  
 Learn of the “why” or the “wherefore,”  
 Except that 't was Religion's cloak  
 The gentleman, who crack'd them, wore.

Meanwhile, the Friar, whose head was turn'd  
 By the lac'd coat, grew frisky too;  
 Look'd big — his former habits spurn'd —  
 And storm'd about, as great men do:



Dealt much in pompous oaths and curses —  
 Said “d—mn you” often, or as bad —  
 Laid claim to other people’s purses —  
 In short, grew either knave, or mad.

As work like this was unbefitting,  
 And flesh and blood no longer bore it,  
 The Court of Common Sense, then sitting,  
 Summon’d the culprits both before it.

Where, after hours in wrangling spent  
 (As Courts must wrangle to decide well),  
 Religion to St. Luke’s was sent,  
 And Royalty pack’d off to Bridewell.

With this proviso — should they be  
 Restor’d, in due time, to their senses,  
 They both must give security,  
 In future, against such offences —

Religion ne’er to *lend his cloak*,  
 Seeing what dreadful work it leads to;  
 And Royalty to crack his joke, —  
 But *not* to crack poor people’s heads too.

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## FABLE VI.

THE LITTLE GRAND LAMA.

### PROEM.

NOVELLA, a young Bolognese,  
 The daughter of a learn’d Law Doctor,\*  
 Who had with all the subtleties  
 Of old and modern jurists stock’d her,  
 Was so exceeding fair, ’t is said,  
 And over hearts held such dominion,  
 That when her father, sick in bed,  
 Or busy, sent her, in his stead,

\* Andreas.

To lecture on the Code Justinian ,  
 She had a curtain drawn before her ,  
 Lest, if her charms were seen , the students  
 Should let their young eyes wander o'er her ,  
 And quite forget their jurisprudence.\*  
 Just so it is with Truth , when *seen* ,  
 Too dazzling far, — 't is from behind  
 A light, thin allegoric screen ,  
 She thus can safest teach mankind.

## FABLE.

In Thibet once there reign'd, we're told,  
 A little Lama, one year old —  
 Rais'd to the throne, that realm to bless,  
 Just when his little Holiness  
 Had cut — as near as can be reckon'd —  
 Some say his *first* tooth, some his *second*.  
 Chronologers and Nurses vary,  
 Which proves historians should be wary.  
 We only know th' important truth,  
 His Majesty *had* cut a tooth.\*\*

And much his subjects were enchanted, —  
 As well all Lamas' subjects *may* be,  
 And would have giv'n their heads, if wanted,  
 To make tee-totums for the baby.  
 Thron'd as he was by Right Divine —  
 (What Lawyers call *Jure Divino* ,  
 Meaning a right to yours, and mine,  
 And every body's goods and rhino,)

\* Quand il étoit occupé d'aucune essoine, il envoyoit Nouvelle, sa fille, en son lieu lire aux escholes en charge, et, afin que la biaüité d'elle n'empêchât la pensée des oyants, elle avoit une petite courtine devant elle. — *Christ. de Pise, Cité des Dames*, p. 11. cap. 36.

\*\* See Turner's Embassy to Thibet for an account of his interview with the Lama. — "Teshoo Lama (he says) was at this time eighteen months old. Though he was unable to speak a word, he made the most expressive signs, and conducted himself with astonishing *dignity* and decorum."

Of course, his faithful subjects' purses  
 Were ready with their aids and succours;  
 Nothing was seen but pension'd Nurses,  
 And the land groan'd with bibs and tuckers.

Oh! had there been a Hume or Bennet,  
 Then sitting in the Thibet Senate,  
 Ye Gods, what room for long debates  
 Upon the Nursery Estimates!  
 What cutting down of swaddling-clothes  
 And pin-a-fores, in nightly battles!  
 What calls for papers to expose  
 The waste of sugar-plums and rattles!  
 But no — if Thibet *had* M. P.'s,  
 They were far better bred than these;  
 Nor gave the slightest opposition,  
 During the Monarch's whole dentition.

But short this calm; — for, just when he  
 Had reach'd th' alarming age of three,  
 When Royal natures, and, no doubt,  
 Those of *all* noble beasts break out —  
 The Lama, who till then was quiet,  
 Show'd symptoms of a taste for riot;  
 And, ripe for mischief, early, late,  
 Without regard for Church or State,  
 Made free with whosoe'er came nigh;  
 Tweak'd the Lord Chancellor by the nose,  
 Turn'd all the Judges' wigs awry,  
 And trod on the old Generals' toes;  
 Pelted the Bishops with hot buns,  
 Rode cock-horse on the City maces,  
 And shot from little devilish guns,  
 Hard peas into his subjects' faces.  
 In short, such wicked pranks he play'd,  
 And grew so mischievous, God bless him!  
 That his Chief Nurse — with ev'n the aid



Of an Archbishop — was afraid,  
 When in these moods, to comb or dress him.  
 Nay, ev'n the persons most inclin'd  
 Through thick and thin, for Kings to stickle,  
 Thought him (if they 'd but speak their mind,  
 Which they did *not*) an odious pickle.

At length some patriot lords — a breed  
 Of animals they 've got in Thibet,  
 Extremely rare, and fit, indeed,  
 For folks like Pidcock, to exhibit —  
 Some patriot lords, who saw the length  
 To which things went, combin'd their strength,  
 And penn'd a manly, plain and free  
 Remonstrance to the Nursery;  
 Protesting warmly that they yielded  
 To none, that ever went before 'em,  
 In loyalty to him who wielded  
 Th' hereditary pap-spoon o'er 'em;  
 That, as for treason, 't was a thing  
 That made them almost sick to think of —  
 That they and theirs stood by the King,  
 Throughout his measles and his chin-cough,  
 When others, thinking him consumptive,  
 Had ratted to the Heir Presumptive! —  
 But, still — though much admiring Kings  
 (And chiefly those in leading-strings),  
 They saw, with shame and grief of soul,  
 There was no longer now the wise  
 And constitutional control  
 Of *birch* before their ruler's eyes;  
 But that, of late, such pranks, and tricks,  
 And freaks occur'd the whole day long,  
 As all, but men with bishopricks,  
 Allow'd, in ev'n a King, were wrong.  
 Wherefore it was they humbly pray'd  
 That Honourable Nursery,

That such reforms be henceforth made,  
 As all good men desir'd to see; —  
 In other words (lest they might seem  
 Too tedious), as the gentlest scheme  
 For putting all such pranks to rest,  
 And in its bud the mischief nipping —  
 They ventur'd humbly to suggest  
 His Majesty should have a whipping!

When this was read, no Congreve rocket,  
 Discharg'd into the Gallic trenches,  
 E'er equall'd the tremendous shock it  
 Produced upon the Nursery benches.  
 The Bishops, who of course had votes,  
 By right of age and petticoats,  
 Were first and foremost in the fuss —

“What, whip a Lama! suffer birch  
 “To touch his sacred — infamous!  
 “Deistical! — assailing thus  
 “The fundamentals of the Church! —  
 “No — no — such patriot plans as these,  
 “(So help them Heaven — and their Sees!)  
 “They held to be rank blasphemies.”

Th' alarm thus given, by these and other  
 Grave ladies of the Nursery side,  
 Spread through the land, till, such a pother,  
 Such party squabbles, far and wide,  
 Never in history's page had been  
 Recorded, as were then between  
 The Whippers and Non-whippers seen.  
 Till, things arriving at a state,  
 Which gave some fears of revolution,  
 The patriot lords' advice, though late,  
 Was put at last in execution.  
 The Parliament of Thibet met —  
 The little Lama, call'd before it,  
 Did, then and there, his whipping get,

And (as the Nursery Gazette  
 Assures us) like a hero bore it.  
 And though, 'mong Thibet Tories, some  
 Lament that Royal Martyrdom  
 (Please to observe, the letter D  
 In this last word 's pronounc'd like B,)  
 Yet to th' example of that Prince  
 So much is Thibet's land a debtor,  
 That her long line of Lamas, since,  
 Have all behav'd themselves *much* better.

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FABLE VII.

THE EXTINGUISHERS.

PROEM.

THOUGH soldiers are the true supports,  
 The natural allies of Courts,  
 Woe to the Monarch, who depends  
 Too *much* on his red-coated friends;  
 For even soldiers sometimes *think* —  
 Nay, Colonels have been known to *reason*, —  
 And reasoners, whether clad in pink,  
 Or red, or blue, are on the brink  
 (Nine cases out of ten) of treason.  
 Not many soldiers, I believe, are  
 As fond of liberty as Mina;  
 Else — woe to Kings, when Freedom's fever  
 Once turns into a *Scarletina*!  
 For then — but hold — 't is best to veil  
 My meaning in the following tale: —

FABLE.

A Lord of Persia, rich and great,  
 Just come into a large estate,



Was shock'd to find he had, for neighbours,  
 Close to his gate, some rascal Ghebers,  
 Whose fires, beneath his very nose,  
 In heretic combustion rose.

But Lords of Persia can, no doubt,  
 Do what they will — so, one fine morning  
 He turn'd the rascal Ghebers out,

First giving a few kicks for warning  
 Then, thanking heaven most piously,  
 He knock'd their Temple to the ground,  
 Blessing himself for joy to see

Such Pagan ruins strew'd around.  
 But much it vex'd my Lord to find,

That, while all else obey'd his will,  
 The Fire these Ghebers left behind,

Do what he would, kept burning still.  
 Fiercely he storm'd, as if his frown  
 Could scare the bright insurgent down;  
 But, no — such fires are headstrong things,  
 And care not much for Lords or Kings.  
 Scarce could his Lordship well contrive

The flashes in *one* place to smother,  
 Before — hey presto! — all alive,  
 They sprung up freshly in another.

At length when, spite of prayers and damns,

'T was found the sturdy flame defied him,  
 His stewards came, with low *salams*,

Offering, by *contract*, to provide him  
 Some large Extinguishers, (a plan,  
 Much us'd, they said, at Ispahan,  
 Vienna, Petersburgh — in short,  
 Wherever Light's forbid at court,)  
 Machines no Lord should be without,  
 Which would, at once, put promptly out  
 All kinds of fires, — from staring, stark  
 Volcanos to the tiniest spark;

Till all things slept as dull and dark,  
 As, in a great Lord's neighbourhood,  
 'T was right and fitting all things should.

Accordingly, some large supplies  
 Of these Extinguishers were furnish'd  
 (All of the true Imperial size),  
 And there, in rows, stood black and burnish'd,  
 Ready, where'er a gleam but shone  
 Of light or fire, to be clapp'd on.

But, ah, how lordly wisdom errs,  
 In trusting to extinguishers!  
 One day, when he had left all sure,  
 (At least, so thought he) dark, secure —  
 The flame, at all its exits, entries,  
 Obstructed to his heart's content,  
 And black extinguishers, like sentries,  
 Plac'd over every dangerous vent —  
 Ye Gods, imagine his amaze,  
 His wrath, his rage, when, on returning,  
 He found not only the old blaze,  
 Brisk as before, crackling and burning, —  
 Not only new, young conflagrations,  
 Popping up round in various stations —  
 But, still more awful, strange, and dire,  
 Th' Extinguishers themselves on fire!!\*  
 They, they — those trusty, blind machines  
 His Lordship had so long been praising,  
 As, under Providence, the means  
 Of keeping down all lawless blazing,  
 Were now, themselves — alas, too true  
 The shameful fact — turn'd blazers too,

\* The idea of this Fable was caught from one of those brilliant *mots*, which abound in the conversation of my friend, the author of the "Letters to Julia," — a production which contains some of the happiest specimens of playful poetry that have appeared in this or any age.

And, by a change as odd as cruel,  
Instead of dampers, served for fuel!

Thus, of his only hope bereft,

“What,” said the great man, “must be done?”—

All that, in scrapes like this, is left

To great men is — to cut and run.

So run he did; while to their grounds,

The banish'd Ghebers blest return'd;

And, though their Fire had broke its bounds,

And all abroad now wildly burn'd,

Yet well could they, who lov'd the flame,

Its wand'ring, its excess reclaim;

And soon another, fairer Dome

Arose to be its sacred home,

Where, cherish'd, guarded, not confin'd,

The living glory dwelt inshrin'd,

And, shedding lustre strong, but even,

Though born of earth, grew worthy heav'n.

#### MORAL.

The moral hence my Muse infers

Is, that such Lords are simple elves,

In trusting to Extinguishers,

That are combustibile themselves.

#### FABLE VIII.

LOUIS FOURTEENTH'S WIG.

THE money rais'd — the army ready —

Drums beating, and the Royal Neddy

Valiantly braying in the van,

To the old tune “*Eh, eh, Sire Ane!*” \* —

\* They celebrated in the dark ages, at many churches, particularly at Rouen, what was called the Feast of the Ass. On this occasion the ass, finely drest, was brought before the altar, and they sung before



Nought wanting, but some *coup* dramatic,  
 To make French *sentiment* explode,  
 Bring in, at once, the *gout* fanatic,  
 And make the war "*la dernière mode*" —  
 Instantly, at the *Pavillon Marsan*,  
 Is held an Ultra consultation —  
 What 's to be done, to help the farce on?  
 What stage-effect, what decoration,  
 To make this beauteous France forget,  
 In one, grand, glorious *pirouette*,  
 All she had sworn to but last week,  
 And, with a cry of "*Magnifique!*"  
 Rush forth to this, or *any* war,  
 Without inquiring once — "What for?"

After some plans propos'd by each,  
 Lord Chateaubriand made a speech,  
 (Quoting, to show what men's rights are,  
 Or rather what men's rights *should be*,  
 From Hobbes, Lord Castlereagh, the Czar,  
 And other friends to Liberty,)  
 Wherein he — having first protested  
 'Gainst humouring the mob — suggested  
 (As the most high-bred plan he saw  
 For giving the new War *éclat*)  
 A grand, Baptismal Melo-drame,  
 To be got up at Nôtre Dame,  
 In which the Duke (who, bless his Highness!  
 Had by his *hilt* acquir'd such fame,  
 'T was hop'd that he as little shyness  
 Would show, when to *the point* he came,)  
 Should, for his deeds so lion-hearted,  
 Be christen'd *Hero*, ere he started;  
 With power, by Royal Ordonnance,  
 To bear that name — at least in France.

him this elegant anthem, Eh, eh, eh, Sire Âne, eh, eh, eh, Sire Âne."  
 — WARTON'S *Essay on Pope*.

Himself — the Viscount Chateaubriand —  
 (To help th' affair with more *esprit* on)  
 Offering, for this baptismal rite,  
     Some of his own fam'd Jordan water \* —  
 (Marie Louise not having quite  
     Used all that, for young Nap, he brought her,)  
 The baptism, in *this* case, to be  
 Applied to that extremity,  
 Which Bourbon heroes most expose;  
 And which (as well all Europe knows)  
 Happens to be, in this Defender  
 Of the true Faith, extremely tender. \*\*

Or if (the Viscount said) this scheme  
 Too rash and premature should seem —  
 If thus discounting heroes, *on* tick —

    This glory, by anticipation,  
 Was too much in the *genre romantique*

    For such a highly classic nation,  
 He begg'd to say, the Abyssinians  
 A practice had in their dominions,  
 Which, if at Paris got up well,  
 In full *costume*, was sure to tell.  
 At all great epochs, good or ill,

    They have, says BRUCE (and BRUCE ne'er budes  
 From the strict truth), a Grand Quadrille

    In public danc'd by the Twelve Judges \*\*\* —  
 And, he assures us, the grimaces,  
 The *entre-chats*, the airs and graces  
 Of dancers, so profound and stately,  
 Divert the Abyssinians greatly.

\* Brought from the river Jordan by M. Chateaubriand, and presented to the French Empress for the christening of young Napoleon.

\*\* See the Duke's celebrated letter to Madame, written during his campaign in 1815, in which he says, "J'ai le postérieur légèrement endommagé."

\*\*\* "On certain great occasions, the twelve Judges (who are generally between sixty and seventy years of age) sing the song and dance the figure-dance," &c. — Book v.

"Now (said the Viscount), there 's but few  
 "Great Empires, where this plan would do:  
 "For instance, England; — let them take  
   "What pains they would — 't were vain to strive —  
 "The twelve stiff Judges there would make  
   "The worst Quadrille-set now alive.  
 "One must have seen them, ere one could  
 "Imagine properly JUDGE WOOD,  
 "Performing, in his wig, so gaily,  
   "A *queue-de-chat* with JUSTICE BAILEY!  
 "French Judges, though, are, by no means,  
 "This sort of stiff, be-wigg'd machines;  
 "And we, who 've seen them at *Saumur*,  
 "And *Poitiers* lately, may be sure  
 "They 'd dance quadrilles, or any thing,  
 "That would be pleasing to the King —  
 "Nay, stand upon their heads, and more do  
 "To please the little Duke de Bordeaux!"

After these several schemes there came  
 Some others — needless now to name,  
 Since that, which Monsieur plann'd, himself,  
 Soon doom'd all others to the shelf,  
 And was receiv'd *par acclamation*,  
 As truly worthy the *Grande Nation*.

It seems (as Monsieur told the story)  
 That LOUIS the Fourteenth, — that glory,  
 That *Coryphée* of all crown'd pates, —  
 That pink of the Legitimates —  
 Had, when, with many a pious pray'r, he  
 Bequeath'd unto the Virgin Mary  
 His marriage deeds, and *cordons bleu*,\*  
 Bequeath'd to her his State Wig too —

\* "Louis XIV. fit présent à la Vierge de son cordon bleu, que l'on conserve soigneusement, et lui envoya ensuite, son Contrat de Mariage et le *Traité des Pyrenées*, magnifiquement relié." — *Mémoires, Anecdotes pour servir*, &c.



(An offering which, at Court, 't is thought,  
 The Virgin values as she ought) —  
 That Wig, the wonder of all eyes,  
 The Cynosure of Gallia's skies,  
 To watch and tend whose curls ador'd,  
 Re-build its towering roof, when flat,  
 And round its rumpled base, a Board  
 Of sixty Barbers daily sat, \*  
 With Subs, on State-Days, to assist,  
 Well pension'd from the Civil List: —  
 That wondrous Wig, array'd in which,  
 And form'd alike to awe or witch,  
 He beat all other heirs of crowns,  
 In taking mistresses and towns,  
 Requiring but a shot at *one*,  
 A smile at *t'other*, and 't was done! —

“That Wig (said Monsieur, while his brow  
 Rose proudly,) “is existing now; —  
 “That Grand Perruque, amid the fall  
 “Of every other Royal glory,  
 “With curls erect survives them all,  
 “And tells in every hair their story.  
 “Think, think, how welcome at this time  
 “A relic, so belov'd, sublime!  
 “What worthier standard of the Cause  
 “Of Kingly Right can France demand?  
 “Or who among our ranks can pause  
 “To guard it, while a curl shall stand?  
 “Behold, my friends — (while thus he cried,  
 A curtain, which conceal'd this pride

\* The learned author of *Recherches Historiques sur les Perruques* says that the Board consisted but of Forty — the same number as the Academy. “Le plus beau tems des perruques fut celui où Louis XIV. commença à porter, lui-même, perruque; . . . . On ignore l'époque où se fit cette révolution; mais on sait qu'elle engagea Louis le Grand à y donner ses soins paternels, en créant, en 1656, quarante charges de perruquiers, suivant la cour; et en 1673, il forma un corps de deux cents perruquiers pour la Ville de Paris.” — P. 111.

Of Princely Wigs was drawn aside)  
 "Behold that grand Perruque — how big  
 "With recollections for the world —  
 "For France — for us — Great LOUIS' Wig,  
 "By HIPPOLYTE \* new frizz'd and curl'd —  
 "New frizz'd! alas, 't is but too true,  
 "Well may you start at that word *new* —  
 "But such the sacrifice, my friends,  
 "Th' Imperial Cossack recommends,  
 "Thinking such small concessions sage,  
 "To meet the spirit of the age,  
 "And do what best that spirit flatters,  
 "In Wigs — if not in weightier matters.  
 "Wherefore, to please the Czar, and show  
 "That *we* too, much-wrong'd Bourbons, know  
 "What liberalism in Monarchs is,  
 "We have conceded the New Friz!  
 "Thus arm'd, ye gallant Ultras, say,  
 "Can men, can Frenchmen, fear the fray?  
 "With this proud relic in our van,  
 "And D'ANGOULÊME our worthy leader,  
 "Let rebel Spain do all she can,  
 "Let recreant England arm and feed her, —  
 "Urg'd by that pupil of HUNT's school,  
 "That Radical, Lord LIVERPOOL —  
 "France can have nought to fear — far from it —  
 "When once astounded Europe sees  
 "The Wig of LOUIS, like a Comet,  
 "Streaming above the Pyrenées,  
 "All's o'er with Spain — then on, my sons,  
 "On, my incomparable Duke,  
 "And, shouting for the Holy Ones,  
 "Cry *Vive la Guerre — et la Perruque!*"

\* A celebrated *Coiffeur* of the present day.

# RHYMES ON THE ROAD,

EXTRACTED FROM THE JOURNAL

OF

A TRAVELLING MEMBER OF

THE POCO-CURANTE SOCIETY,

1819.

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THE greater part of the following Rhymes were written or composed in an old *calèche*, for the purpose of beguiling the *ennui* of solitary travelling; and as verses, made by a gentleman in his sleep, have been lately called "a *psychological* curiosity," it is to be hoped that verses, composed by a gentleman to keep himself awake, may be honoured with some appellation equally Greek.

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## INTRODUCTORY RHYMES.

*Different Attitudes in which Authors compose. — Bayes, Henry Stephens, Herodotus, &c. — Writing in Bed — in the Fields. — Plato and Sir Richard Blackmore. — Fiddling with Gloves and Twigs. — Madame de Staël. — Rhyming on the Road, in an old Calèche.*

WHAT various attitudes, and ways,  
 And tricks, we authors have in writing!  
 While some write sitting, some, like BAYES,  
 Usually stand, while they 're inditing.  
 Poets there are, who wear the floor out,  
 Measuring a line at every stride;



While some, like HENRY STEPHENS, pour out  
 Rhymes by the dozen, while they ride.\*  
 HERODOTUS wrote most in bed;  
 And RICHERAND, a French physician,  
 Declares the clock-work of the head  
 Goes best in that reclin'd position.  
 If you consult MONTAIGNE\*\* and PLINY ON  
 The subject, 't is their joint opinion  
 That Thought its richest harvest yields  
 Abroad, among the woods and fields;  
 That bards, who deal in small retail,  
 At home may, at their counters, stop;  
 But that the grove, the hill, the vale,  
 Are Poesy's true wholesale shop.  
 And, verily, I think they're right —  
 For, many a time, on summer eves,  
 Just at that closing hour of light,  
 When, like an Eastern Prince, who leaves  
 For distant war his Haram bowers,  
 The Sun bids farewell to the flowers,  
 Whose heads are sunk, whose tears are flowing  
 'Mid all the glory of his going! —  
 Ev'n I have felt, beneath those beams,  
 When wand'ring through the fields alone,  
 Thoughts, fancies, intellectual gleams,  
 Which, far too bright to be my own,  
 Seem'd lent me by the Sunny Power,  
 That was abroad at that still hour.  
 If thus I've felt, how must *they* feel,  
 The few, whom genuine Genius warms;  
 Upon whose souls he stamps his seal,  
 Graven with Beauty's countless forms; —

\* Pleraque sua carmina equitans composuit. — PARAVICIN.  
*Singular.*

\*\* "Mes pensées dorment, si je les assis." — MONTAIGNE.  
 Animus eorum qui in aperto aere ambulat, attollitur. — PLINY.

The few upon this earth, who seem  
 Born to give truth to PLATO's dream,  
 Since in their thoughts, as in a glass,  
 Shadows of heavenly things appear,  
 Reflections of bright shapes that pass  
 Through other worlds, above our sphere!

But this reminds me I digress; —  
 For PLATO, too, produc'd, 't is said,  
 (As one, indeed, might almost guess,)  
 His glorious visions all in bed.\*

'T was in his carriage the sublime  
 Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE used to rhyme;  
 And (if the wits don't do him wrong)  
 'Twixt death\*\* and epics pass'd his time,  
 Scribbling and killing all day long —  
 Like Phœbus in his car, at ease,  
 Now warbling forth a lofty song,  
 Now murdering the young Niobes.

There was a hero 'mong the Danes,  
 Who wrote, we 're told, 'mid all the pains  
 And horrors of exenteration,  
 Nine charming odes, which, if you 'll look,  
 You 'll find preserv'd, with a translation,  
 By BARTHOLINUS in his book.\*\*\*

In short, 't were endless to recite  
 The various modes in which men write.  
 Some wits are only in the mind,  
 When beaux and belles are round them prating;

\* The only authority I know for imputing this practice to Plato and Herodotus, is a Latin poem by M. de Valois on his Bed, in which he says: —

Lucifer Herodotum vidit Vesperque cubantem,  
 Desedit totos heic Plato sæpe dies.

\*\* Sir Richard Blackmore was a physician, as well as a bad poet.

\*\*\* Eâdem curâ nec minores inter cruciatus animam infelicem agenti fuit Asbiorno Prudæ Danico heroi, cum Bruso ipsum, intestina extrahens, immaniter torqueret, tunc enim novem carmina cecinit, &c.  
 — BARTHOLIN. *de Causis Contempt. Mort.*

Some, when they dress for dinner, find  
 Their muse and valet both in waiting;  
 And manage, at the self-same time,  
 To' adjust a neckcloth and a rhyme.

Some bards there are who cannot scribble,  
 Without a glove, to tear or nibble;  
 Or a small twig to whisk about —

As if the hidden founts of Fancy,  
 Like wells of old, were thus found out  
 By mystic tricks of rhabdomancy.  
 Such was the little feathery wand,\*  
 That, held for ever in the hand  
 Of her,\*\* who won and wore the crown  
 Of female genius in this age,  
 Seem'd the conductor, that drew down  
 Those words of lightning to her page.  
 As for myself — to come, at last,  
 To the odd way in which I write —  
 Having employ'd these few months past  
 Chiefly in travelling, day and night,  
 I've got into the easy mode,  
 Of rhyming thus along the road —  
 Making a way-bill of my pages,  
 Counting my stanzas by my stages —  
 'Twixt lays and *re*-lays no time lost —  
 In short, in two words, *writing post*.

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EXTRACT I.

Geneva.

*View of the Lake of Geneva from the Jura.\*\*\* — Anxious to reach it  
 before the Sun went down. — Obligated to proceed on Foot. — Alps.  
 — Mont Blanc. — Effect of the Scene.*

'T WAS late — the sun had almost shone  
 His last and best, when I ran on,

\* Made of paper, twisted up like a fan or feather.

\*\* Madame de Staël.

\*\*\* Between Vattay and Gex.



Anxious to reach that splendid view,  
 Before the day-beams quite withdrew;  
 And feeling as all feel, on first  
 Approaching scenes, where, they are told,  
 Such glories on their eyes will burst,  
 As youthful bards in dreams behold.

'T was distant yet, and, as I ran,  
 Full often was my wistful gaze  
 Turn'd to the sun, who now began  
 To call in all his out-post rays,  
 And form a denser march of light,  
 Such as beseems a hero's flight.  
 Oh, how I wish'd for JOSHUA's power,  
 To stay the brightness of that hour!  
 But no — the sun still less became,  
 Diminish'd to a speck, as splendid  
 And small as were those tongues of flame,  
 That on th' Apostles' heads descended!

'T was at this instant — while there glow'd  
 This last, intensest gleam of light —  
 Suddenly, through the opening road,  
 The valley burst upon my sight!  
 That glorious valley, with its Lake,  
 And Alps on Alps in clusters swelling,  
 Mighty, and pure, and fit to make  
 The ramparts of a Godhead's dwelling.

I stood entranc'd — as Rabbins say  
 This whole assembled, gazing world  
 Will stand, upon that awful day,  
 When the Ark's Light, aloft unfurl'd,  
 Among the opening clouds shall shine,  
 Divinity's own radiant sign!  
 Mighty MONT BLANC, thou wert to me,  
 That minute, with thy brow in heaven,  
 As sure a sign of Deity  
 As e'er to mortal gaze was given.

Nor ever, were I destined yet  
 To live my life twice o'er again,  
 Can I the deep-felt awe forget,  
 The dream, the trance that rapt me then!

'T was all that consciousness of power  
 And life, beyond this mortal hour; —  
 Those mountings of the soul within  
 At thoughts of Heav'n — as birds begin  
 By instinct in the cage to rise,  
 When near their time for change of skies; —  
 That proud assurance of our claim

To rank among the Sons of Light,  
 Mingled with shame — oh bitter shame! —

At having risk'd that splendid right,  
 For aught that earth through all its range  
 Of glories, offers in exchange!

'T was all this, at that instant brought,  
 Like breaking sunshine, o'er my thought —

'T was all this, kindled to a glow  
 Of sacred zeal, which, could it shine

Thus purely ever, man might grow,  
 Ev'n upon earth a thing divine,

And be, once more, the creature made  
 To walk unstain'd th' Elysian shade!

No, never shall I lose the trace  
 Of what I've felt in this bright place.

And, should my spirit's hope grow weak,  
 Should I, oh God, e'er doubt thy power,

This mighty scene again I'll seek,

At the same calm and glowing hour,

And here, at the sublimest shrine

That Nature ever rear'd to Thee,

Rekindle all that hope divine,

And *feel* my immortality!

## EXTRACT II.

Geneva.

## FATE OF GENEVA IN THE YEAR 1782.

## A FRAGMENT.

YES — if there yet live some of those,  
 Who, when this small Republic rose,  
 Quick as a startled hive of bees,  
 Against her leaguering enemies — \*  
 When, as the Royal Satrap shook  
     His well-known fetters at her gates,  
 Ev'n wives and mothers arm'd, and took  
     Their stations by their sons and mates;  
 And on these walls there stood — yet, no,  
     Shame to the traitors — *would* have stood  
 As firm a band as e'er let flow  
     At Freedom's base their sacred blood;  
 If those yet live, who, on that night,  
 When all were watching, girt for fight,  
 Stole, like the creeping of a pest,  
 From rank to rank, from breast to breast,  
 Filling the weak, the old with fears,  
 Turning the heroine's zeal to tears, —  
 Betraying Honour to that brink,  
 Where, one step more, and he must sink —  
 And quenching hopes, which, though the last,  
 Like meteors on a drowning mast,  
 Would yet have led to death more bright,  
 Than life e'er look'd, in all its light!  
 Till soon, too soon, distrust, alarms  
     Throughout th' embattled thousands ran,

\* In the year 1782, when the forces of Berne, Sardinia, and France laid siege to Geneva, and when, after a demonstration of heroism and self-devotion, which promised to rival the feats of their ancestors in 1602 against Savoy, the Genevans, either panic-struck or betrayed, to the surprise of all Europe, opened their gates to the besiegers, and submitted without a struggle to the extinction of their liberties. — See an account of this Revolution in Coxe's Switzerland.



And the high spirit, late in arms,  
 The zeal, that might have work'd such charms,  
 Fell, like a broken talisman —  
 Their gates, that they had sworn should be  
 The gates of Death, that very dawn,  
 Gave passage widely, bloodlessly,  
 To the proud foe — nor sword was drawn,  
 Nor ev'n one martyr'd body cast  
 To stain their footsteps, as they pass'd;  
 But, of the many sworn at night  
 To do or die, some fled the sight,  
 Some stood to look, with sullen frown,  
 While some, in impotent despair,  
 Broke their bright armour and lay down,  
 Weeping, upon the fragments there! —  
 If those, I say, who brought that shame,  
 That blast upon GENEVA'S name,  
 Be living still — though crime so dark  
 Shall hang up, fix'd and unforgiven,  
 In History's page, th' eternal mark  
 For Scorn to pierce — so help me, Heaven,  
 I wish the traitorous slaves no worse,  
 No deeper, deadlier disaster,  
 From all earth's ills no fouler curse  
 Than to have \*\*\*\*\* their master!

EXTRACT III.

Geneva.

*Fancy and Truth. — Hippomenes and Atalanta. — Mont Blanc. — Clouds.*

EVEN here, in this region of wonders, I find  
 That light-footed Fancy leaves Truth far behind;  
 Or, at least, like Hippomenes, turns her astray  
 By the golden illusions he flings in her way.\*

— — — nitidique cupidine pomi  
 Declinat cursus, aurumque volubile tollit.

OVID.

What a glory it seem'd the first evening I gaz'd!

**MONT BLANC**, like a vision, then suddenly rais'd  
On the wreck of the sunset — and all his array

Of high-towering Alps, touch'd still with a light  
Far holier, purer than that of the Day,

As if nearness to Heaven had made them so bright!  
Then the dying, at last, of these splendours away  
From peak after peak, till they left but a ray,  
One roseate ray, that, too precious to fly,

O'er the Mighty of Mountains still glowingly hung,  
Like the last sunny step of **ASTRAEA**, when high

From the summit of earth to Elysium she sprung!  
And those infinite Alps, stretching out from the sight  
Till they mingled with Heaven, now shorn of their light,  
Stood lofty, and lifeless, and pale in the sky,  
Like the ghosts of a Giant Creation gone by!

That scene — I have view'd it this evening again,  
By the same brilliant light that hung over it then —  
The valley, the lake in their tenderest charms —

**MONT BLANC** in his awfulest pomp — and the whole  
A bright picture of Beauty, reclin'd in the arms

Of Sublimity, bridegroom elect of her soul!  
But where are the mountains, that round me at first,  
One dazzling horizon of miracles, burst?

Those Alps beyond Alps, without end swelling on  
Like the waves of eternity — where are *they* gone?

Clouds — clouds — they were nothing but clouds, after all!\*

That chain of **MONT BLANC**S, which my fancy flew o'er,  
With a wonder that nought on this earth can recall,

Were but clouds of the evening, and now are no more.

What a picture of Life's young illusions! Oh, Night,  
Drop thy curtain, at once, and hide *all* from my sight.

\* It is often very difficult to distinguish between clouds and Alps; and on the evening when I first saw this magnificent scene, the clouds were so disposed along the whole horizon, as to deceive me into an idea of the stupendous extent of these mountains, which my subsequent observation was very far, of course, from confirming.

EXTRACT IV.

Milan.

*The Picture Gallery. — Albano's Rape of Proserpine. — Reflections. — Universal Salvation. — Abraham sending away Agar, by Guercino. — Genius.*

WENT to the *Brera* — saw a Dance of Loves  
 By smooth ALBANO;\* him, whose pencil teems  
 With Cupids, numerous as in summer groves  
 The leaflets are, or motes in summer beams.

'T is for the theft of Enna's flower\*\* from earth,  
 These urchins celebrate their dance of mirth  
 Round the green tree, like fays upon a heath —  
 Those, that are nearest, link'd in order bright,  
 Cheek after cheek, like rose-buds in a wreath;  
 And those, more distant, showing from beneath  
 The others' wings their little eyes of light.  
 While see, among the clouds, their eldest brother,  
 But just flown up, tells with a smile of bliss  
 This prank of Pluto to his charmed mother,  
 Who turns to greet the tidings with a kiss!

Well might the Loves rejoice — and well did they,  
 Who wove these fables, picture, in their weaving,  
 That blessed truth, (which, in a darker day,  
 ORIGEN lost his saintship for believing,\*\*\*) —  
 That Love, eternal Love, whose fadeless ray  
 Nor time, nor death, nor sin can overcast,  
 Ev'n to the depths of hell will find his way,  
 And soothe, and heal, and triumph there at last!

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\* This picture, the Agar of Guercino, and the Apostles of Guido (the two latter of which are now the chief ornaments of the Brera), were formerly in the Palazzo Zampieri at Bologna.

\*\*

— — — that fair field

Of Enna, where Proserpine, gathering flowers  
 Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis was gather'd.

\*\*\* The extension of the Divine Love ultimately even to the regions of the damned.



GUERCINO'S Agar — where the bond-maid hears  
 From Abram's lips that he and she must part;  
 And looks at him with eyes all full of tears,  
 That seem the very last drops from her heart.  
 Exquisite picture! — let me not be told  
 Of minor faults, of colouring tame and cold —  
 If thus to conjure up a face so fair, \*  
 So full of sorrow; with the story there  
 Of all that woman suffers, when the stay  
 Her trusting heart hath lean'd on falls away —  
 If thus to touch the bosom's tenderest spring,  
 By calling into life such eyes, as bring  
 Back to our sad remembrance some of those  
 We've smil'd and wept with, in their joys and woes,  
 Thus filling them with tears, like tears we've known,  
 Till all the pictur'd grief becomes our own —  
 If *this* be deem'd the victory of Art —  
 If thus, by pen or pencil, to lay bare  
 The deep, fresh, living fountains of the heart  
 Before all eyes, be Genius — it is *there!*

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EXTRACT V.

Padua.

*Fancy and Reality. — Rain-drops and Lakes. — Plan of a Story — Where to place the Scene of it. — In some unknown Region. Psalmanazar's Imposture with respect to the Island of Formosa.*

THE more I've view'd this world, the more I've found,  
 That, fill'd as 't is with scenes and creatures rare,  
 Fancy commands, within her own bright round,  
 A world of scenes and creatures far more fair.  
 Nor is it that her power can call up there  
 A single charm, that 's not from Nature won,

\* It is probable that this fine head is a portrait, as we find it repeated in a picture by Guercino, which is in the possession of Signor Camuccini, the brother of the celebrated painter at Rome.

No more than rainbows, in their pride, can wear

A single hue unborrow'd from the sun —  
But 't is the mental medium it shines through,  
That lends to Beauty all its charm and hue;  
As the same light, that o'er the level lake

One dull monotony of lustre flings,  
Will, entering in the rounded rain-drop, make  
Colours as gay as those on Peris' wings!

And such, I deem, the difference between real,  
Existing Beauty and that form ideal,  
Which she assumes, when seen by poets' eyes,  
Like sunshine in the drop — with all those dyes,  
Which Fancy's variegating prism supplies.

I have a story of two lovers, fill'd

With all the pure romance, the blissful sadness,  
And the sad, doubtful bliss, that ever thrill'd

Two young and longing hearts in that sweet madness.  
But where to choose the region of my vision

In this wide, vulgar world — what real spot  
Can be found out sufficiently Elysian

For two such perfect lovers, I know not.

Oh for some fair FORMOSA, such as he,  
The young Jew fabled of, in th' Indian Sea,  
By nothing, but its name of Beauty, known,  
And which Queen Fancy might make all her own,  
Her fairy kingdom — take its people, lands,  
And tenements into her own bright hands,  
And make, at least, one earthly corner fit  
For Love to live in, pure and exquisite!

## EXTRACT VI.

Venice.

*The Fall of Venice not to be lamented. — Former Glory. — Expedition against Constantinople. — Giustinianis. — Republic. — Characteristics of the old Government. — Golden Book. — Brazen Mouths. — Spies. — Dungeons. — Present Desolation.*

MOURN not for VENICE — let her rest  
 In ruin, 'mong those States unblest,  
 Beneath whose gilded hoofs of pride,  
 Where'er they trampled, Freedom died.  
 No — let us keep our tears for them,  
 Where'er they pine, whose fall hath been  
 Not from a blood-stain'd diadem,  
 Like that which deck'd this ocean-queen,  
 But from high daring in the cause  
 Of human Rights — the only good  
 And blessed strife, in which man draws  
 His mighty sword on land or flood.

MOURN not for VENICE; though her fall  
 Be awful, as if Ocean's wave  
 Swept o'er her, she deserves it all,  
 And Justice triumphs o'er her grave.  
 Thus perish ev'ry King and State,  
 That run the guilty race she ran,  
 Strong but in ill, and only great  
 By outrage against God and man!

True, her high spirit is at rest,  
 And all those days of glory gone,  
 When the world's waters, east and west,  
 Beneath her white-wing'd commerce shone;  
 When, with her countless barks she went  
 To meet the Orient Empire's might,\*  
 And her Giustinianis sent  
 Their hundred heroes to that fight.\*\*

\* Under the Doge Michaeli, in 1171.

\*\* "La famille entière des Justiniani, l'une des plus illustres de Venise, voulut marcher toute entière dans cette expédition; elle fournit



Vanish'd are all her pomps, 't is true,  
 But mourn them not — for vanish'd, too,  
 (Thanks to that Power, who, soon or late,  
 Hurls to the dust the guilty Great,)  
 Are all the outrage, falsehood, fraud,  
 The chains, the rapine, and the blood,  
 That fill'd each spot, at home, abroad,  
 Where the Republic's standard stood.  
 Desolate VENICE! when I track  
 Thy haughty course through centuries back,  
 Thy ruthless power, obey'd but curst —  
 The stern machinery of thy State,  
 Which hatred would, like steam, have burst,  
 Had stronger fear not chill'd ev'n hate; —  
 Thy perfidy, still worse than aught  
 Thy own unblushing SARPI\* taught; —

cent combattans; c'était renouveler l'exemple d'une illustre famille de Rome; le même malheur les attendait." — *Histoire de Venise, par DARU.*

\* The celebrated Fra Paolo. The collection of Maxims which this bold monk drew up at the request of the Venetian Government, for the guidance of the Secret Inquisition of State, are so atrocious as to seem rather an over-charged satire upon despotism, than a system of policy, seriously inculcated, and but too readily and constantly pursued.

The spirit, in which these maxims of Father Paul are conceived, may be judged from the instructions which he gives for the management of the Venetian colonies and provinces. Of the former he says: — "Il faut les traiter comme des animaux féroces, les rogner les dents, et les griffes, les humilier souvent, surtout leur ôter les occasions de s'aguerir. Du pain et le bâton, voilà ce qu'il leur faut; gardons l'humanité pour une meilleure occasion."

For the treatment of the provinces he advises thus: — "Tendre à dépouiller les villes de leurs privilèges, faire que les habitans s'appauvrissent, et que leurs biens soient achetés par les Vénitiens. Ceux qui, dans les conseils municipaux, se montreront ou plus audacieux ou plus dévoués aux intérêts de la population, il faut les perdre ou les gagner à quelque prix que ce soit: *enfin, s'il se trouve dans les provinces quelques chefs de parti, il faut les exterminer sous un prétexte quelconque, mais en évitant de recourir à la justice ordinaire. Que le poison fasse l'office de bourreau, cela est moins odieux et beaucoup plus profitable.*"

Thy friendship, which, o'er all beneath  
 Its shadow, rain'd down dews of death; \* —  
 Thy Oligarchy's Book of Gold,  
 Clos'd against humble Virtue's name, \*\*  
 But open'd wide for slaves who sold  
 Their native land to thee and shame; \*\*\* —  
 Thy all-pervading host of spies,  
 Watching o'er every glance and breath,  
 Till men look'd in each others' eyes,  
 To read their chance of life or death; —  
 Thy laws, that made a mart of blood,  
 And legaliz'd the assassin's knife; † —

\* Conduct of Venice towards her allies and dependencies, particularly to unfortunate Padua. — Fate of Francesco Carrara, for which see *Daru*, vol. ii. p. 141.

\*\* “À l'exception des trente citadins admis au grand conseil pendant la guerre de Chiozzi, il n'est pas arrivé une seule fois que les talens ou les services aient paru à cette noblesse orgueilleuse des titres suffisans pour s'asseoir avec elle.” — *DARU*.

\*\*\* Among those admitted to the honour of being inscribed in the *Libro d'oro* were some families of Brescia, Treviso, and other places, whose only claim to that distinction was the zeal with which they prostrated themselves and their country at the feet of the republic.

† By the infamous statutes of the State Inquisition, § not only was assassination recognised as a regular mode of punishment, but this secret power over life was delegated to their minions at a distance, with nearly as much facility as a licence is given under the game laws of England. The only restriction seems to have been the necessity of applying for a new certificate, after every individual exercise of the power.

§ *M. Daru* has given an abstract of these Statutes, from a manuscript in the Bibliothèque du Roi, and it is hardly credible that such a system of treachery and cruelty should ever have been established by any government, or submitted to, for an instant, by any people. Among various precautions against the intrigues of their own Nobles, we find the following: — “Pour persuader aux étrangers qu'il était difficile et dangereux d'entretenir quelque intrigue secrète avec les nobles Vénitiens, on imagina de faire avertir mystérieusement le Nonce du Pape (afin que les autres ministres en fussent informés) que l'Inquisition avait autorisé les patriciens à poignarder quiconque essaierait de tenter leur fidélité. Mais craignant que les ambassadeurs ne prêtassent foi difficilement à une

Thy sunless cells beneath the flood,  
And racks, and Leads,\* that burnt out life; —

When I review all this, and see  
The doom that now hath fall'n on thee;  
Thy nobles, towering once so proud,  
Themselves beneath the yoke, now bow'd, —  
A yoke, by no one grace redeem'd,  
Such as, of old, around thee beam'd,  
But mean and base as e'er yet gall'd  
Earth's tyrants, when, themselves, enthrall'd, —

\* “Les prisons des plombs; c'est-à-dire ces fournaies ardentes qu'on avait distribuées en petites cellules sous les terrasses qui couvrent le palais.”

délibération, qui en effet n'existait pas, l'Inquisition voulait prouver qu'elle en était capable. Elle ordonna des recherches pour découvrir s'il n'y avait pas dans Venise quelque exilé au-dessus du commun, qui eût rompu son ban; ensuite un des patriciens qui étaient aux gages du tribunal, reçut la mission d'assassiner ce malheureux, et l'ordre de s'en vanter, en disant qu'il s'était porté à cet acte, parce que ce banni était l'agent d'un ministre étranger, et avait cherché à le corrompre.” — “Remarquons,” adds M. Daru, “que ceci n'est pas une simple anecdote; c'est une mission projetée, délibérée, écrite d'avance; une règle de conduite tracée par des hommes graves à leurs successeurs, et consignée dans des statuts.”

The cases, in which assassination is ordered by these Statutes, are as follow: —

“Un ouvrier de l'arsenal, un chef de ce qu'on appelle parmi les marins le menstrance, passait-il au service d'une puissance étrangère: il fallait le faire assassiner, surtout si c'était un homme réputé brave et habile dans sa profession ” (*Art. 3. des Statuts.*)

“Avait-il commis quelque action qu'on ne jugeait pas à propos de punir juridiquement, on devait le faire empoisonner.” (*Art. 14.*)

“Un artisan passait-il à l'étranger en y exportant quelque procédé de l'industrie nationale: c'était encore un crime capital, que la loi inconnue ordonnait de punir par un assassinat.” (*Art. 26.*)

The facility with which they got rid of their Duke of Bedfords, Lord Fitzwilliams, &c. was admirable: it was thus: —

“Le patricien qui se permettait le moindre propos contre le gouvernement, était admonété deux fois, et à la troisième *noyé comme incorrigible.*” (*Art. 39.*)



I feel the moral vengeance sweet,  
 And, smiling o'er the wreck, repeat  
 "Thus perish every King and State,  
     " That tread the steps which VENICE trod,  
 " Strong but in ill, and only great,  
     " By outrage against man and God!"

## EXTRACT VII.

Venice.

*Lord Byron's Memoirs, written by himself. — Reflections, when about to read them.*

LET me, a moment, — ere with fear and hope  
 Of gloomy, glorious things, these leaves I ope —  
 As one, in fairy tale, to whom the key  
     Of some enchanter's secret halls is given,  
 Doubts, while he enters, slowly, tremblingly,  
     If he shall meet with shapes from hell or heaven —  
 Let me, a moment, think what thousands live  
 O'er the wide earth this instant, who would give,  
 Gladly, whole sleepless nights to bend the brow  
 Over these precious leaves, as I do now.  
 How all who know — and where is he unknown?  
 To what far region have his songs not flown,  
 Like PSAPHON'S birds,\* speaking their master's name,  
 In ev'ry language, syllabled by Fame? —  
 How all, who've felt the various spells combin'd  
 Within the circle of that master-mind, —  
 Like spells, deriv'd from many a star, and met  
 Together in some wond'rous amulet, —  
 Would burn to know when first the Light awoke  
 In his young soul; — and if the gleams that broke  
 From that Aurora of his genius, rais'd  
 Most pain or bliss in those on whom they blaz'd;

\* Psaphon, in order to attract the attention of the world, taught multitudes of birds to speak his name, and then let them fly away in various directions; whence the proverb, "*Psaphonis aves.*"

Would love to trace th' unfolding of that power,  
 Which hath grown ampler, grander, every hour;  
 And feel, in watching o'er his first advance,  
     As did th' Egyptian traveller,\* when he stood  
 By the young Nile, and fathom'd with his lance  
     The first small fountains of that mighty flood.

They, too, who, 'mid the scornful thoughts that dwell  
 In his rich fancy, tinging all its streams, —  
 As if the Star of Bitterness, which fell  
     On earth of old,\*\* had touch'd them with its beams, —  
 Can track a spirit, which, though driven to hate,  
 From Nature's hands came kind, affectionate;  
 And which, ev'n now, struck as it is with blight,  
 Comes out, at times, in love's own native light; —  
 How gladly all, who 've watch'd these struggling rays  
 Of a bright, ruin'd spirit through his lays,  
 Would here inquire, as from his own frank lips,  
     What desolating grief, what wrongs had driven  
 That noble nature into cold eclipse;

    Like some fair orb that, once a sun in heaven,  
 And born, not only to surprise, but cheer  
 With warmth and lustre all within its sphere,  
 Is now so quench'd, that of its grandeur lasts  
 Nought, but the wide, cold shadow which it casts!

Eventful volume! whatsoe'er the change  
 Of scene and clime — th' adventures, bold and strange —  
 The griefs — the frailties, but too frankly told —  
 The loves, the feuds thy pages may unfold,  
 If Truth with half so prompt a hand unlocks  
     His virtues as his failings, we shall find  
 The record there of friendships, held like rocks,  
     And enmities, like sun-touch'd snow, resign'd;

\* Bruce.

\*\* "And the name of the star is called Wormwood, and the third part of the waters became wormwood." — *Rev.* viii.

Of fealty, cherish'd without change or chill,  
 In those who serv'd him, young, and serve him still;  
 Of generous aid, giv'n with that noiseless art  
 Which wakes not pride, to many a wounded heart;  
 Of acts — but, no — *not* from himself must aught  
 Of the bright features of his life be sought.  
 While they, who court the world, like MILTON'S cloud,\*  
 "Turn forth their silver lining" on the crowd,  
 This gifted Being wraps himself in night;  
 And, keeping all that softens, and adorns,  
 And gilds his social nature hid from sight,  
 Turns but its darkness on a world he scorns.

## EXTRACT VIII.

Venice.

*Female Beauty at Venice. — No longer what it was in the Time of Titian. — His Mistress. — Various Forms in which he has painted her. — Venus. — Divine and profane Love. — La Fragilità d'Amore. — Paul Veronese. — His Women. — Marriage of Cana. — Character of Italian Beauty. — Raphael Fornarina. — Modesty.*

THY brave, thy learn'd, have past away:  
 Thy beautiful! — ah, where are they?  
 The forms, the faces, that once shone,  
 Models of grace, in Titian's eye,  
 Where are they now? while flowers live on  
 In ruin'd places, why, oh why  
 Must Beauty thus with Glory die?  
 That maid, whose lips would still have mov'd,  
 Could art have breath'd a spirit through them;  
 Whose varying charms her artist lov'd  
 More fondly every time he drew them,  
 (So oft beneath his touch they pass'd,  
 Each semblance fairer than the last);

"Did a sable cloud  
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?"

Comus.



Wearing each shape that Fancy's range  
 Offers to Love — yet still the one  
 Fair idol, seen through every change,  
 Like facets of some orient stone, —  
 In each the same bright image shown.  
 Sometimes a Venus, unarray'd  
 But in her beauty\* — sometimes deck'd  
 In costly raiment, as a maid  
 That kings might for a throne select.\*\*  
 Now high and proud, like one who thought  
 The world should at her feet be brought;  
 Now, with a look reproachful, sad,\*\*\* —  
 Unwonted look from brow so glad; —  
 And telling of a pain too deep  
 For tongue to speak or eyes to weep.  
 Sometimes, through allegory's veil,  
 In double semblance seen to shine,  
 Telling a strange and mystic tale  
 Of Love Profane and Love Divine † —  
 Akin in features, but in heart  
 As far as earth and heav'n apart.  
 Or else (by quaint device to prove  
 The frailty of all worldly love)  
 Holding a globe of glass, as thin  
 As air-blown bubbles, in her hand,  
 With a young Love confin'd therein,  
 Whose wings seem waiting to expand —

\* In the Tribune at Florence.

\*\* In the Palazzo Pitti.

\*\*\* Alludes particularly to the portrait of her in the Sciarra collection at Rome, where the look of mournful reproach in those full, shadowy eyes, as if she had been unjustly accused of something wrong, is exquisite.

† The fine picture in the Palazzo Borghese, called (it is not easy to say why) "Sacred and Profane Love," in which the two figures, sitting on the edge of the fountain, are evidently portraits of the same person.

And telling, by her anxious eyes,  
 That, if that frail orb breaks, he flies! \*  
 Thou, too, with touch magnificent,  
 PAUL of VERONA! — where are they,  
 The oriental forms, \*\* that lent  
 Thy canvass such a bright array?  
 Noble and gorgeous dames, whose dress  
 Seems part of their own loveliness;  
 Like the sun's drapery, which, at eve,  
 The floating clouds around him weave  
 Of light they from himself receive!  
 Where is there now the living face  
 Like those that, in thy nuptial throng, \*\*\*  
 By their superb, voluptuous grace,  
 Make us forget the time, the place,  
 The holy guests they smile among, —  
 Till, in that feast of heaven-sent wine,  
 We see no miracles but thine.  
 If e'er, except in Painting's dream,  
 There bloom'd such beauty here, 't is gone,  
 Gone, like the face that in the stream  
 Of Ocean for an instant shone,  
 When Venus at that mirror gave  
 A last look, ere she left the wave.  
 And though, among the crowded ways,  
 We oft are startled by the blaze  
 Of eyes that pass, with fitful light,  
 Like fire-flies on the wing at night, †

\* This fanciful allegory is the subject of a picture by Titian in the possession of the Marquis Cambian at Turin, whose collection, though small, contains some beautiful specimens of all the great masters.

\*\* As Paul Veronese gave but little into the *beau idéal*, his women may be regarded as pretty cloce imitations of the living models which Venice afforded in his time.

\*\*\* The Marriage of Cana.

† "Certain it is (as Arthur Young truly and feelingly says) one now and then meets with terrible eyes in Italy."

'T is not that nobler beauty, given  
 To show how angels look in heaven.  
 Ev'n in its shape most pure and fair,  
 'T is Beauty, with but half her zone, —  
 All that can warm the Sense is there,  
 But the Soul's deeper charm is flown: —  
 'T is RAPHAEL'S Fornarina, — warm,  
 Luxuriant, arch, but unrefin'd;  
 A flower, round which the noontide swarm  
 Of young Desires may buzz and wind,  
 But where true Love no treasure meets,  
 Worth hoarding in his hive of sweets.

Ah no, — for this, and for the hue  
 Upon the rounded cheek, which tells  
 How fresh, within the heart, this dew  
 Of Love's unrifled sweetness dwells,  
 We must go back to our own Isles,  
 Where Modesty, which here but gives  
 A rare and transient grace to smiles,  
 In the heart's holy centre lives;  
 And thence, as from her throne diffuses  
 O'er thoughts and looks so bland a reign,  
 That not a thought or feeling loses  
 Its freshness in that gentle chain.

EXTRACT IX.

Venice.

*The English to be met with every where. — Alps and Threadneedle Street. — The Simplon and the Stocks. — Rage for travelling. — Blue Stockings among the Wahabees. — Parasols and Pyramids. — Mrs. Hopkins and the Wall of China.*

AND is there then no earthly place,  
 Where we can rest, in dream Elysian,  
 Without some curst, round English face,  
 Popping up near, to break the vision?



'Mid northern lakes, 'mid southern vines,  
 Unholy cits we 're doom'd to meet;  
 Nor highest Alps nor Apennines  
 Are sacred from Threadneedle Street!

If up the Simplon's path we wind,  
 Fancying we leave this world behind,  
 Such pleasant sounds salute one's ear  
 As — "Baddish news from 'Change, my dear —  
 "The Funds — (pew, curse this ugly hill) —  
 "Are lowering fast — (what, higher still?) —  
 "And — (zooks, we 're mounting up to heaven!) —  
 "Will soon be down to sixty-seven."

Go where we may — rest where we will,  
 Eternal London haunts us still.  
 The trash of Almack's or Fleet Ditch —  
 And scarce a pin's head difference *which* —  
 Mixes, though ev'n to Greece we run,  
 With every rill from Helicon!  
 And, if this rage for travelling lasts,  
 If Cockneys, of all sects and castes,  
 Old maidens, aldermen, and squires,  
*Will* leave their puddings and coal fires,  
 To gape at things in foreign lands,  
 No soul among them understands;  
 If Blues desert their coteries,  
 To show off 'mong the Wahabees;  
 If neither sex nor age controls,  
 Nor fear of Mamelukes forbids  
 Young ladies, with pink parasols,  
 To glide among the Pyramids\*  
 Why, then, farewell all hope to find  
 A spot, that 's free from London-kind!  
 Who knows, if to the West we roam,  
 But we may find some *Blue* "at home"

\* It was pink *spencers*, I believe, that the imagination of the French traveller conjured up.

Among the *Blacks* of Carolina —  
 Or, flying to the Eastward, see  
 Some Mrs. HOPKINS, taking tea  
 And toast upon the Wall of China!

EXTRACT X.

Mantua.

*Verses of Hippolyta to her Husband.*

THEY tell me thou 'rt the favour'd guest\*  
 Of every fair and brilliant throng;  
 No wit, like thine, to wake the jest,  
 No voice like thine, to breathe the song.  
 And none could guess, so gay thou art,  
 That thou and I are far apart.  
 Alas, alas, how different flows,  
 With thee and me the time away.  
 Not that I wish thee sad, heaven knows —  
 Still, if thou canst, be light and gay;  
 I only know that without thee  
 The sun himself is dark for me.

Utque ferunt lætus convivia læta  
 Et celebras lentis otia mista jocis;  
 Aut cithara æstivum attenuas cantuque calorem.  
 Hei mihi, quam dispar nunc mea vita tuæ!  
 Nec mihi displiceant quæ sunt tibi grata; sed ipsa est,  
 Te sine, lux oculis pene inimica meis.  
 Non auro aut gemmâ caput exornare nitenti  
 Me juvat, aut Arabo spargere odore comas:  
 Non celebres ludos fastis spectare diebus.  
 Sola tuos vultus referens Raphaelis imago  
 Pieta manu, curas allevat usque meas.  
 Huic ego delicias facio, arrideoque jocorque,  
 Alloquor et tanquam reddere verba queat.  
 Assensu nutuque mihi sæpe illa videtur  
 Dicere velle aliquid et tua verba loqui.  
 Agnoscit balboque patrem puer ore salutat.  
 Hoc solor longas decipioque dies.

Do I put on the jewels rare  
 Thou 'st always lov'd to see me wear?  
 Do I perfume the locks that thou  
 So oft hast braided o'er my brow,  
 Thus deck'd, through festive crowds to run,  
     And all th' assembled world to see, —  
 All but the one, the absent one,  
     Worth more than present worlds to me!  
 No, nothing cheers this widow'd heart —  
 My only joy, from thee apart,  
 From thee thyself, is sitting hours  
     And days, before thy pictur'd form —  
 That dream of thee, which Raphael's powers  
     Have made with all but life-breath warm!  
 And as I smile to it, and say  
 The words I speak to thee in play,  
 I fancy from their silent frame,  
 Those eyes and lips give back the same;  
 And still I gaze, and still they keep  
 Smiling thus on me — till I weep!  
 Our little boy, too, knows it well,  
     For there I lead him every day,  
 And teach his lisping lips to tell  
     The name of one that 's far away.  
 Forgive me, love, but thus alone  
 My time is cheer'd, while thou art gone.

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 EXTRACT XI.

Florence.

No — 't is not the region where Love 's to be found —  
     They have bosoms that sigh, they have glances that rove,  
 They have language a Sappho's own lip might resound,  
     When she warbled her best — but they 've nothing like Love.  
 Nor is 't that pure *sentiment* only they want,  
     Which Heav'n for the mild and the tranquil hath made —



Calm, wedded affection, that home-rooted plant,  
 Which sweetens seclusion, and smiles in the shade;  
 That feeling, which, after long years have gone by,  
 Remains, like a portrait we've sat for in youth,  
 Where, ev'n though the flush of the colours may fly,  
 The features still live, in their first smiling truth;  
 That union, where all that in Woman is kind,  
 With all that in Man most ennoblingly towers,  
 Grow wreath'd into one — like the column, combin'd  
 Of the *strength* of the shaft and the capital's *flowers*.  
 Of this — bear ye witness, ye wives, every where,  
 By the ARNO, the PO, by all ITALY'S streams —  
 Of this heart-wedded love, so delicious to share,  
 Not a husband hath even one glimpse in his dreams.  
 But it *is* not this, only; — born full of the light  
 Of a sun, from whose fount the luxuriant festoons  
 Of these beautiful valleys drink lustre so bright,  
 That, beside him, our suns of the north are but moons, —  
 We might fancy, at least, like their climate they burn'd;  
 And that Love, though unus'd, in this region of spring,  
 To be thus to a tame Household Deity turn'd,  
 Would yet be all soul, when abroad on the wing.  
 And there *may* be, there *are* those explosions of heart,  
 Which burst, when the senses have first caught the flame;  
 Such fits of the blood as those climates impart,  
 Where Love is a sun-stroke, that maddens the frame.  
 But that Passion, which springs in the depth of the soul;  
 Whose beginnings are virginly pure as the source  
 Of some small mountain rivulet, destin'd to roll  
 As a torrent, ere long, losing peace in its course —  
 A course, to which Modesty's struggle but lends  
 A more headlong descent, without chance of recall;  
 But which Modesty ev'n to the last edge attends,  
 And, then, throws a halo of tears round its fall!

This exquisite Passion — ay, exquisite, even  
 'Mid the ruin its madness too often hath made,  
 As it keeps, even then, a bright trace of the heaven,  
 That heaven of Virtue from which it has stray'd —  
 This entireness of love, which can only be found,  
 Where Woman, like something that's holy, watch'd over,  
 And fenc'd, from her childhood, with purity round,  
 Comes, body and soul, fresh as Spring, to a lover!  
 Where not an eye answers, where not a hand presses,  
 Till spirit with spirit in sympathy move;  
 And the Senses, asleep in their sacred recesses,  
 Can only be reach'd through the temple of Love! —  
 This perfection of Passion — how *can* it be found,  
 Where the mystery nature hath hung round the tie  
 By which souls are together attracted and bound,  
 Is laid open, for ever, to heart, ear, and eye; —  
 Where nought of that innocent doubt can exist,  
 That ignorance, even than knowledge more bright,  
 Which circles the young, like the morn's sunny mist,  
 And curtains them round in their own native light; —  
 Where Experience leaves nothing for Love to reveal,  
 Or for Fancy, in visions, to gleam o'er the thought;  
 But the truths which, alone, we would die to conceal  
 From the maiden's young heart, are the *only* ones taught.  
 No, no, 't is not here, howsoever we sigh,  
 Whether purely to Hymen's *one* planet we pray,  
 Or adore, like Sabæans, each light of Love's sky,  
 Here *is* not the region, to fix or to stray.  
 For faithless in wedlock, in gallantry gross,  
 Without honour to guard, or reserve to restrain,  
*What* have they, a husband can mourn as a loss?  
*What* have they, a lover can prize as a gain?

## EXTRACT XII.

Florence.

*Music in Italy. — Disappointed by it. — Recollections of other Times and Friends. — Dalton. — Sir John Stevenson. — His Daughter. — Musical Evenings together.*

\* \* \* \* \*

If it be true that Music reigns,  
 Supreme, in ITALY'S soft shades,  
 'T is like that Harmony, so famous,  
 Among the spheres, which, He of SAMOS  
 Declar'd, had such transcendent merit,  
 That not a soul on earth could hear it;  
 For, far as I have come — from Lakes,  
 Whose sleep the Tramontana breaks,  
 Through MILAN, and that land, which gave  
 The Hero of the rainbow vest\* —  
 By MINCIO'S banks, and by that wave,\*\*  
 Which made VERONA'S bard so blest —  
 Places, that (like the Attic shore,  
 Which rung back music, when the sea  
 Struck on its marge) should be, all o'er,  
 Thrilling alive with melody —  
 I've heard no music — not a note  
 Of such sweet native airs as float,  
 In my own land, among the throng,  
 And speak our nation's soul for song.  
 Nay, ev'n in higher walks, where Art  
 Performs, as 't were, the gardener's part,  
 And richer, if not sweeter, makes  
 The flow'rs she from the wild-hedge takes —  
 Ev'n there, no voice hath charm'd my ear,  
 No taste hath won my perfect praise,  
 Like thine, dear friend\*\*\* — long, truly dear —

\* Bergamo — the birth-place, it is said, of Harlequin.

\*\* The Lago di Garda.

\*\*\* Edward Tuite Dalton, the first husband of Sir John Stevenson's daughter, the late Marchioness of Headfort.



Thine, and thy lov'd OLIVIA's lays.  
 She, always beautiful, and growing  
 Still more so every note she sings —  
 Like an inspir'd young Sibyl, \* glowing  
 With her own bright imaginings!  
 And thou, most worthy to be tied  
 In music to her, as in love,  
 Breathing that language by her side,  
 All other language far above,  
 Eloquent Song — whose tones and words  
 In every heart find answering chords!

How happy once the hours we past,  
 Singing or listening all day long,  
 Till Time itself seem'd chang'd, at last,  
 To music, and we liv'd in song!  
 Turning the leaves of HAYDN o'er,  
 As quick, beneath her master hand,  
 They open'd all their brilliant store,  
 Like chambers, touch'd by fairy wand;  
 Or o'er the page of MOZART bending,  
 Now by his airy warblings cheer'd,  
 Now in his mournful *Requiem* blending  
 Voices, through which the heart was heard.

And still, to lead our evening choir,  
 Was He invok'd, thy lov'd-one's Sire\*\* —  
 He, who, if aught of grace there be  
 In the wild notes I write or sing,  
 First smooth'd their links of harmony,  
 And lent them charms they did not bring; —  
 He, of the gentlest, simplest heart,  
 With whom, employ'd in his sweet art,  
 (That art, which gives this world of ours  
 A notion how they speak in heaven,)

\* Such as those of Domenichino in the Palazzo Borghese at the Capitol, &c.

\*\* Sir John Stevenson.

I've pass'd more bright and charmed hours  
 Than all earth's wisdom could have given.  
 Oh happy days, oh early friends,  
 How Life, since then, hath lost its flowers!  
 But yet — though Time *some* foliage rends,  
 The stem, the Friendship, still is ours;  
 And long may it endure, as green,  
 And fresh as it hath always been!

How I have wander'd from my theme!  
 But where is he, that could return  
 To such cold subjects from a dream,  
 Through which these best of feelings burn? —  
 Not all the works of Science, Art,  
 Or Genius in this world are worth  
 One genuine sigh, that from the heart  
 Friendship or Love draws freshly forth.

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EXTRACT XIII.

Rome.

*Reflections on reading De Cerceau's Account of the Conspiracy of Rienzi, in 1347.\* — The Meeting of the Conspirators on the Night of the 19th of May. — Their Procession in the Morning to the Capitol. — Rienzi's Speech.*

'T WAS a proud moment — ev'n to hear the words  
 Of Truth and Freedom 'mid these temples breath'd,  
 And see, once more, the Forum shine with swords,  
 In the Republic's sacred name unsheath'd —  
 That glimpse, that vision of a brighter day  
 For his dear ROME, must to a Roman be,  
 Short as it was, worth ages past away  
 In the dull lapse of hopeless slavery.

\* The "Conjuration de Nicolas Gabrini, dit de Rienzi," by the Jesuit De Cerceau, is chiefly taken from the much more authentic work of Fortifiocca on the same subject. Rienzi was the son of a laundress.

'T was on a night of May, beneath that moon,  
 Which had, through many an age, seen Time untune  
 The strings of this Great Empire, till it fell  
 From his rude hands, a broken, silent shell —  
 The sound of the church clock,\* near ADRIAN'S Tomb,  
 Summon'd the warriors, who had risen for ROME,  
 To meet unarm'd, — with none to watch them there,  
 But God's own eye, — and pass the night in prayer.  
 Holy beginning of a holy cause,  
 When heroes, girt for Freedom's combat, pause  
 Before high Heav'n, and, humble in their might,  
 Call down its blessing on that coming fight.

At dawn, in arms, went forth the patriot band;  
 And, as the breeze, fresh from the TIBER, fann'd  
 Their gilded gonfalons, all eyes could see

The palm-tree there, the sword, the keys of Heaven\*\* —  
 Types of the justice, peace, and liberty,

That were to bless them, when their chains were riven.  
 On to the Capitol the pageant mov'd,

While many a Shade of other times, that still  
 Around that grave of grandeur sighing rov'd,  
 Hung o'er their footsteps up the Sacred Hill,

\* It is not easy to discover what church is meant by Du Cerceau here: — “Il fit crier dans les rues de Rome, à son de trompe, que chacun eût à se trouver, sans armes, la nuit du lendemain, dix neuvième, dans l'église du château de Saint-Ange, au son de la cloche, afin de pourvoir au Bon État.”

\*\* “Les gentilshommes conjurés portaient devant lui trois étendarts. Nicolas Guallato, surnommé *le bon diseur*, portait le premier, qui était de couleur rouge, et plus grand que les autres. On y voyait des caractères d'or avec une femme assise sur deux lions, tenant d'une main le globe du monde, et de l'autre *une Palme* pour représenter la ville de Rome. C'était le Gonfalon de *la Liberté*. Le second, à fonds blanc, avec un St. Paul tenant de la droite *une Epée* nue et de la gauche la couronne de *Justice*, était porté par Etienne Magnacuccia, notaire apostolique. Dans le troisième, St. Pierre avait en main *les clefs* de la Concorde et de la Paix. Tout cela insinuait le dessein de Rienzi, qui était de rétablir la liberté, la justice et la paix.” — DU CERCEAU, liv. ii.



And heard its mournful echoes, as the last  
 High-minded heirs of the Republic pass'd.  
 'T was then that thou, their Tribune,\* (name, which brought  
 Dreams of lost glory to each patriot's thought,)  
 Didst, with a spirit Rome in vain shall seek  
 To wake up in her sons again, thus speak: —  
 "ROMANS, look round you — on this sacred place  
 "There once stood shrines, and gods, and godlike men.  
 "What see you now? what solitary trace  
 "Is left of all, that made ROME'S glory then?  
 "The shrines are sunk, the Sacred Mount bereft  
 "Ev'n of its name — and nothing now remains  
 "But the deep memory of that glory, left  
 "To whet our pangs and aggravate our chains!  
 "But *shall* this be? — our sun and sky the same, —  
 "Treading the very soil our fathers trode, —  
 "What withering curse hath fall'n on soul and frame,  
 "What visitation hath there come from God,  
 "To blast our strength, and rot us into slaves,  
 "Here, on our great forefathers' glorious graves?  
 "It cannot be — rise up, ye Mighty Dead, —  
 "If we, the living, are too weak to crush  
 "These tyrant priests, that o'er your empire tread,  
 "Till all but Romans at Rome's tameness blush!

"Happy, PALMYRA, in thy desert domes,  
 "Where only date-trees sigh and serpents hiss;  
 "And thou, whose pillars are but silent homes  
 "For the stork's brood, superb PERSEPOLIS!  
 "Thrice happy both, that your extinguish'd race  
 "Have left no embers — no half-living trace —  
 "No slaves, to crawl around the once proud spot,  
 "Till past renown in present shame's forgot.  
 "While ROME, the Queen of all, whose very wrecks,  
 "If lone and lifeless through a desert hurl'd,

\* Rienzi.

"Would wear more true magnificence than decks  
 "Th' assembled thrones of all th' existing world —  
 "ROME, ROME alone, is haunted, stain'd and curst,  
 "Through every spot her princely TIBER laves,  
 "By living human things — the deadliest, worst,  
 "This earth engenders — tyrants and their slaves!  
 "And we — oh shame! — we, who have ponder'd o'er  
 "The patriot's lesson and the poet's lay;\*  
 "Have mounted up the streams of ancient lore,  
 "Tracking our country's glories all the way —  
 "Ev'n *we* have tamely, basely kiss'd the ground  
 "Before that Papal Power, — that Ghost of Her,  
 "The World's Imperial Mistress — sitting, crown'd  
 "And ghastly, on her mouldering sepulchre! \*\*  
 "But this is past: — too long have lordly priests  
 "And priestly lords led us, with all our pride  
 "Withering about us — like devoted beasts,  
 "Dragg'd to the shrine, with faded garlands tied.  
 "T is o'er — the dawn of our deliverance breaks!  
 "Up from his sleep of centuries awakes  
 "The Genius of the Old Republic, free  
 "As first he stood, in chainless majesty,  
 "And sends his voice through ages yet to come,  
 "Proclaiming ROME, ROME, ROME, Eternal ROME!"

\* The fine Canzone of Petrarch, beginning "Spirto gentil," is supposed, by Voltaire and others, to have been addressed to Rienzi; but there is much more evidence of its having been written, as Ginguené asserts, to the young Stephen Colonna, on his being created a Senator of Rome. That Petrarch, however, was filled with high and patriotic hopes by the first measures of this extraordinary man, appears from one of his letters, quoted by Du Cerceau, where he says, — "Pour tout dire, en un mot, j'atteste, non comme lecteur, mais comme témoin oculaire, qu'il nous a ramenés à la justice, à la paix, à la bonne foi, à la sécurité, et tous les autres vestiges de l'âge d'or."

\*\* This image is borrowed from Hobbes, whose words are, as near as I can recollect: — "For what is the Papacy, but the Ghost of the old Roman Empire, sitting crowned on the grave thereof?"

EXTRACT XIV.

Rome.

*Fragment of a Dream. — The great Painters supposed to be Magicians. — The Beginnings of the Art. — Gildings on the Glories and Draperies. — Improvements under Giotto, &c. — The first Dawn of the true Style in Masaccio. — Studied by all the great Artists who followed him. — Leonardo da Vinci, with whom commenced the Golden Age of Painting. — His Knowledge of Mathematics and of Music. — His female Heads all like each other. — Triangular Faces. — Portraits of Mona Lisa, &c. — Picture of Vanity and Modesty. — His chef-d'œuvre, the Last Supper. — Faded and almost effaced.*

FILL'D with the wonders I had seen,  
 In Rome's stupendous shrines and halls,  
 I felt the veil of sleep, serene,  
 Come o'er the memory of each scene,  
 As twilight o'er the landscape falls.  
 Nor was it slumber, sound and deep,  
 But such as suits a poet's rest —  
 That sort of thin, transparent sleep,  
 Through which his day-dreams shine the best.

Methought upon a plain I stood,  
 Where certain wondrous men, 't was said,  
 With strange, miraculous power endu'd,  
 Were coming, each in turn, to shed  
 His arts' illusions o'er the sight,  
 And call up miracles of light.  
 The sky above this lonely place,  
 Was of that cold, uncertain hue,  
 The canvass wears, ere, warm'd apace,  
 Its bright creation dawns to view.

But soon a glimmer from the east  
 Proclaim'd the first enchantments nigh;\*  
 And as the feeble light increas'd,  
 Strange figures mov'd across the sky,

\* The paintings of those artists who were introduced into Venice and Florence from Greece.



With golden glories deck'd, and streaks  
 Of gold among their garments' dyes;\*  
 And life's resemblance ting'd their cheeks,  
 But nought of life was in their eyes; —  
 Like the fresh-painted Dead one meets,  
 Borne slow along Rome's mournful streets.

But soon these figures pass'd away;  
 And forms succeeded to their place,  
 With less of gold, in their array,  
 But shining with more natural grace,  
 And all could see the charming wands  
 Had pass'd into more gifted hands.\*\*

Among these visions there was one,\*\*\*  
 Surpassing fair, on which the sun,  
 That instant risen, a beam let fall,  
 Which through the dusky twilight trembled,  
 And reach'd at length, the spot where all  
 Those great magicians stood assembled.  
 And as they turn'd their heads, to view  
 The shining lustre, I could trace  
 The bright varieties it threw  
 On each uplifted studying face; †  
 While many a voice with loud acclaim,  
 Call'd forth, "Masaccio" as the name

\* Margaritone of Orezzo, who was a pupil and imitator of the Greeks, is said to have invented this art of gilding the ornaments of pictures, a practice which, though it gave way to a purer taste at the beginning of the 16th century, was still occasionally used by many of the great masters: as by Raphael in the ornaments of the Fornarina, and by Rubens not unfrequently in glories and flames.

\*\* Cimabue, Giotto, &c.

\*\*\* The works of Masaccio. — For the character of this powerful and original genius, see Sir Joshua Reynolds's twelfth discourse. His celebrated frescos are in the church of St. Pietro del Carmine, at Florence.

† All the great artists studied, and many of them borrowed from Masaccio. Several figures in the Cartoons of Raphael are taken, with but little alteration, from his frescos.

Of him, th' Enchanter, who had rais'd  
This miracle, on which all gaz'd.

'T was daylight now — the sun had risen,  
From out the dungeon of old Night, —  
Like the Apostle, from his prison  
Led by the Angel's hand of light;  
And — as the fetters, when that ray  
Of glory reach'd them, dropp'd away, \*  
So fled the clouds at touch of day!  
Just then, a bearded sage \*\* came forth,  
Who oft in thoughtful dream would stand,  
To trace upon the dusky earth  
Strange learned figures with his wand; \*\*\*  
And oft he took the silver lute †  
His little page behind him bore,  
And wak'd such music as, when mute,  
Left in the soul a thirst for more!

Meanwhile, his potent spells went on,  
And forms and faces, that from out  
A depth of shadow mildly shone,  
Were in the soft air seen about.  
Though thick as midnight stars they beam'd,  
Yet all like living sisters seem'd,  
So close, in every point, resembling  
Each other's beauties — from the eyes  
Lucid as if through crystal trembling,  
Yet soft as if suffused with sighs,

\* "And a light shined in the prison . . . and his chains fell off from his hands." *Acts*.

\*\* Leonardo da Vinci.

\*\*\* His treatise on Mechanics, Optics, &c. preserved in the Ambrosian library at Milan.

† On dit que Léonard parut pour la première fois à la cour de Milan, dans un espèce de concours ouvert entre les meilleurs joueurs de lyre d'Italie. Il se présenta avec une lyre de sa façon, construit en argent. — *Histoire de la Peinture en Italie*.

To the long, fawn-like mouth, and chin,  
 Lovelily tapering, less and less,  
 Till, by this very charm's excess,  
 Like virtue on the verge of sin,  
 It touch'd the bounds of ugliness.

Here look'd as when they liv'd the shades  
 Of some of Arno's dark-ey'd maids —  
 Such maids as should alone live on,  
 In dreams thus, when their charms are gone :  
 Some Mona Lisa, on whose eyes

A painter for whole years might gaze,\*  
 Nor find in all his pallet's dyes,  
 One that could even approach their blaze!

Here float two spirit shapes,\*\* the one,  
 With her white fingers to the sun  
 Outspread, as if to ask his ray  
 Whether it e'er had chanc'd to play  
 On lilies half so fair as they!  
 This self-pleas'd nymph, was Vanity —  
 And by her side another smil'd,

In form as beautiful as she,  
 But with that air, subdu'd and mild,  
 That still reserve of purity,  
 Which is to beauty like the haze  
 Of evening to some sunny view,  
 Softening such charms as it displays,  
 And veiling others in that hue,  
 Which fancy only can see through!  
 This phantom nymph, who could she be,  
 But the bright Spirit, Modesty?

\* He is said to have been four years employed upon the portrait of this fair Florentine, without being able, after all, to come up to his idea of her beauty.

\*\* Vanity and Modesty in the collection of Cardinal Fesch, at Rome. The composition of the four hands here is rather awkward, but the picture, altogether, is very delightful. There is a repetition of the subject in the possession of Lucien Bonaparte.



Long did the learn'd enchanter stay  
 To weave his spells, and still there pass'd,  
 As in the lantern's shifting play,  
 Group after group in close array,  
 Each fairer, grander, than the last.  
 But the great triumph of his power  
 Was yet to come: — gradual and slow,  
 (As all that is ordain'd to tower  
 Among the works of man must grow,)  
 The sacred vision stole to view,  
 In that half light, half shadow shown,  
 Which gives to ev'n the gayest hue,  
 A sober'd, melancholy tone.  
 It was a vision of that last, \*  
 Sorrowful night which Jesus pass'd  
 With his disciples when he said  
 Mournfully to them — “I shall be  
 “Betray'd by one, who here hath fed  
 “This night at the same board with me.”  
 And though the Saviour, in the dream  
 Spoke not these words, we saw them beam  
 Legibly in his eyes (so well  
 The great magician work'd his spell),  
 And read in every thoughtful line  
 Imprinted on that brow divine,  
 The meek, the tender nature, griev'd,  
 Not anger'd, to be thus deceiv'd —  
 Celestial love requited ill  
 For all its care, yet loving still —  
 Deep, deep regret that there should fall  
 From man's deceit so foul a blight

\* The Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci, which is in the Refectory of the Convent delle Grazie at Milan. See *L'Histoire de la Peinture in Italie*, liv. iii. chap. 45. The writer of that interesting work (to whom I take this opportunity of offering my acknowledgments, for the copy he sent me a year since from Rome,) will see I have profited by some of his observations on this celebrated picture.

Upon that parting hour — and all  
*His Spirit* must have felt that night,  
 Who, soon to die for human-kind,  
 Thought only, 'mid his mortal pain,  
 How many a soul was left behind  
 For whom he died that death in vain!

Such was the heavenly scene — alas  
 That scene so bright so soon should pass!  
 But pictur'd on the humid air,  
 Its tints, ere long, grew languid there; \*  
 And storms came on, that, cold and rough,  
 Scatter'd its gentlest glories all —  
 As when the baffling winds blow off  
 The hues that hang o'er Terni's fall, —  
 Till, one by one, the vision's beams  
 Faded away, and soon it fled,  
 To join those other vanish'd dreams  
 That now flit palely 'mong the dead, —  
 The shadows of those shades, that go,  
 Around Oblivion's lake, below!

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 EXTRACT XV.

Rome.

*Mary Magdalen. — Her Story. — Numerous Pictures of her. — Correggio. — Guido. — Raphael, &c. — Canova's two exquisite Statues. — The Somariva Magdalen. — Chantrey's Admiration of Canova's Works.*

No wonder, MARY, that thy story  
 Touches all hearts — for there we see  
 The soul's corruption, and its glory,  
 Its death and life combin'd in thee.

\* Leonardo appears to have used a mixture of oil and varnish for this picture, which alone, without the various other causes of its ruin, would have prevented any long duration of its beauties. It is now almost entirely effaced.

From the first moment, when we find  
 Thy spirit haunted by a swarm  
 Of dark desires, — like demons shrin'd  
 Unholy in that fair form, —  
 Till when, by touch of Heav'n set free,  
 Thou cam'st, with those bright locks of gold  
 (So oft the gaze of BETHANY),

And, covering in their precious fold  
 Thy Saviour's feet, didst shed such tears  
 As paid, each drop, the sins of years! —  
 Thence on, through all thy course of love  
 To Him, thy Heavenly Master, — Him,  
 Whose bitter death-cup from above  
 Had yet this cordial round the brim,  
 That woman's faith and love stood fast  
 And fearless by Him to the last: —  
 Till, oh, blest boon for truth like thine!

Thou wert, of all, the chosen one,  
 Before whose eyes that Face Divine,  
 When risen from the dead, first shone;  
 That thou might'st see how, like a cloud,  
 Had pass'd away its mortal shroud,  
 And make that bright revealment known  
 To hearts, less trusting than thy own.  
 All is affecting, cheering, grand;  
 The kindest record ever given,  
 Ev'n under God's own kindly hand,  
 Of what Repentance wins from Heaven!

No wonder, MARY, that thy face,  
 In all its touching light of tears,  
 Should meet us in each holy place,  
 Where Man before his God appears,  
 Hopeless — were he not taught to see  
 All hope in Him, who pardon'd thee!  
 No wonder that the painter's skill  
 Should oft have triumph'd in the power



Of keeping thee all lovely still  
 Ev'n in thy sorrow's bitterest hour;  
 That soft CORREGGIO should diffuse  
 His melting shadows round thy form;  
 That GUIDO'S pale, unearthly hues  
 Should, in pourtraying thee, grow warm;  
 That all — from the ideal, grand,  
 Inimitable Roman hand,  
 Down to the small, enamelling touch  
 Of smooth CARLINO — should delight  
 In picturing her, who "lov'd so much,"  
 And was, in spite of sin, so bright!  
 But, MARY, 'mong these bold essays  
 Of Genius and of Art to raise  
 A semblance of those weeping eyes —  
 A vision, worthy of the sphere  
 Thy faith has earn'd thee in the skies,  
 And in the hearts of all men here, —  
 None e'er hath match'd, in grief or grace,  
 CANOVA'S day-dream of thy face,  
 In those bright sculptur'd forms, more bright  
 With true expression's breathing light,  
 Than ever yet, beneath the stroke  
 Of chisel, into life awoke.  
 The one,\* pourtraying what thou wert  
 In thy first grief, — while yet the flower  
 Of those young beauties was unhurt  
 By sorrow's slow, consuming power;  
 And mingling earth's seductive grace  
 With heav'n's subliming thoughts so well,  
 We doubt, while gazing, in *which* place  
 Such beauty was most form'd to dwell! —

\* This statue is one of the last works of Canova, and was not yet in marble when I left Rome. The other, which seems to prove, in contradiction to very high authority, that expression, of the intensest kind, is fully within the sphere of sculpture, was executed many years ago, and is in the possession of the Count Somariva, at Paris.

The other, as thou look'dst, when years  
Of fasting, penitence, and tears  
Had worn thy frame; — and ne'er did Art

With half such speaking power express  
The ruin which a breaking heart

Spreads, by degrees, o'er loveliness.  
Those wasting arms, that keep the trace,  
Ev'n still, of all their youthful grace,  
That loosen'd hair, of which thy brow  
Was once so proud, — neglected now! —

Those features, ev'n in fading worth

The freshest bloom to others given,  
And those sunk eyes, now lost to earth,  
But, to the last, still full of heaven!

Wonderful artist! praise, like mine —

Though springing from a soul, that feels  
Deep worship of those works divine,

Where Genius all his light reveals —

How weak 't is to the words that came  
From him, thy peer in art and fame,\*

Whom I have known, by day, by night,  
Hang o'er thy marble with delight;

And, while his lingering hand would steal

O'er every grace the taper's rays,\*\*

Give thee, with all the generous zeal  
Such master spirits only feel,

That best of fame, a rival's praise!

\* Chantrey.

\*\* Canova always shows his fine statue, the Venere Vincitrice by the light of a small candle.

## EXTRACT XVI.

Les Charmettes.

*A Visit to the House where Rousseau lived with Madame de Warrens. — Their Ménage. — Its Grossness. — Claude Anet. — Reverence with which the Spot is now visited. — Absurdity of this blind Devotion to Fame. — Feelings excited by the Beauty and Seclusion of the Scene. — Disturbed by its Associations with Rousseau's History. — Impostures of Men of Genius. — Their Power of mimicking all the best Feelings, Love, Independence, &c.*

STRANGE power of Genius, that can throw  
Round all that 's vicious, weak, and low,  
Such magic lights, such rainbow dyes  
As dazzle ev'n the steadiest eyes.

\* \* \* \* \*

'T is worse than weak — 't is wrong, 't is shame,  
This mean prostration before Fame;  
This casting down, beneath the car  
Of Idols, whatsoe'er they are,  
Life's purest, holiest decencies,  
To be career'd o'er, as they please.  
No -- give triumphant Genius all  
For which his loftiest wish can call:  
If he be worshipp'd, let it be  
For attributes, his noblest, first;  
Not with that base idolatry,  
Which sanctifies his last and worst.

I may be cold; — may want that glow  
Of high romance, which bards should know;  
That holy homage, which is felt  
In treading where the great have dwelt;  
This reverence, whatsoe'er it be,  
I fear, I feel, I have it *not*: —  
For here, at this still hour, to me  
The charms of this delightful spot;  
Its calm seclusion from the throng,  
From all the heart would fain forget;  
This narrow valley, and the song



Of its small murmuring rivulet;  
 The flitting, to and fro, of birds,  
 Tranquil and tame as they were once  
 In Eden, ere the startling words  
 Of Man disturb'd their orisons;  
 Those little, shadowy paths, that wind  
 Up the hill-side, with fruit-trees lin'd,  
 And lighted only by the breaks  
 The gay wind in the foliage makes,  
 Or vistas, here and there, that ope  
 Through weeping willows, like the snatches  
 Of far-off scenes of light, which Hope  
 Ev'n through the shade of sadness catches! —  
 All this, which — could I once but lose  
 The memory of those vulgar ties,  
 Whose grossness all the heavenliest hues  
 Of Genius can no more disguise,  
 Than the sun's beams can do away  
 The filth of fens o'er which they play —  
 This scene, which would have fill'd my heart  
 With thoughts of all that happiest is; —  
 Of Love, where self hath only part,  
 As echoing back another's bliss;  
 Of solitude, secure and sweet,  
 Beneath whose shade the Virtues meet;  
 Which, while it shelters, never chills  
 Our sympathies with human woe,  
 But keeps them, like sequester'd rills,  
 Purer and fresher in their flow;  
 Of happy days, that share their beams  
 'Twixt quiet mirth and wise employ;  
 Of tranquil nights, that give, in dreams,  
 The moonlight of the morning's joy! —  
 All this my heart could dwell on here,  
 But for those gross mementos near;  
 Those sullyng truths, that cross the track  
 Of each sweet thought, and drive them back

Full into all the mire, and strife,  
 And vanities of that man's life,  
 Who, more than all that e'er have glow'd  
     With Fancy's flame (and it was *his*,  
 In fullest warmth and radiance) show'd  
     What an impostor Genius is;  
 How, with that strong, mimetic art,  
     Which forms its life and soul, it takes  
 All shapes of thought, all hues of heart,  
     Nor feels, itself, one throb it wakes;  
 How like a gem its light may smile  
     O'er the dark path, by mortals trod,  
 Itself as mean a worm, the while,  
     As crawls at midnight o'er the sod;  
 What gentle words and thoughts may fall  
     From its false lip, what zeal to bless,  
 While home, friends, kindred, country, all,  
     Lie waste beneath its selfishness;  
 How, with the pencil hardly dry  
     From colouring up such scenes of love  
 And beauty, as make young hearts sigh,  
     And dream, and think through heav'n they rove,  
 They, who can thus describe and move,  
     The very workers of these charms,  
 Nor seek, nor know a joy, above  
     Some Maman's or Theresa's arms!

How all, in short, that makes the boast  
 Of their false tongues, they want the most;  
 And, while with freedom on their lips,  
     Sounding their timbrels, to set free  
 This bright world, labouring in th' eclipse  
     Of priestcraft, and of slavery, —  
 They may, themselves, be slaves as low  
     As ever Lord or Patron made  
 To blossom in his smile, or grow,  
     Like stunted brushwood, in his shade.

Out on the craft! — I'd rather be  
 One of those hinds, that round me tread,  
 With just enough of sense to see  
 The noonday sun that 's o'er his head,  
 Than thus, with high-built genius curst,  
 That hath no heart for its foundation,  
 Be all, at once, that 's brightest, worst,  
 Sublimest, meanest in creation!



## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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### OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. CORRY, IN THE CHARACTER OF VAPID, AFTER THE  
PLAY OF THE DRAMATIST, AT THE KILKENNY THEATRE.

(*Entering as if to announce the Play.*)

LADIES and Gentlemen, on Monday night,  
For the ninth time — oh accents of delight  
To the poor author's ear, when *three times three*  
With a full bumper crowns his Comedy!  
When, long by money, and the muse, forsaken,  
He finds at length his jokes and boxes taken,  
And sees his play-bill circulate — alas,  
The only bill on which his name will pass!  
Thus, Vapid, thus shall Thespian scrolls of fame  
Through box and gallery waft your well-known name,  
While critic eyes the happy cast shall con,  
And learned ladies spell your *Dram. Person.*

'T is said our worthy Manager \* intends  
To help my night, and *he*, you know, has friends.  
Friends, did I say? for fixing friends, or *parts*,  
Engaging actors, or engaging hearts,  
There's nothing like him! wits, at his request,  
Are turn'd to fools, and dull dogs learn to jest;  
Soldiers, for him, good "trembling cowards" make,  
And beaus, turn'd clowns, look ugly for his sake;  
For him ev'n lawyers talk without a fee,  
For him (oh friendship!) *I* act tragedy!

\* The late Mr. Richard Power.

In short, like Orpheus, his persuasive tricks  
Make *boars* amusing, and put life in *sticks*.

With *such* a manager we can't but please,  
Tho' London sent us all her loud O. P.'s,\*  
Let them come on, like snakes, all hiss and rattle,  
Arm'd with a thousand fans, we 'd give them battle;  
You, on our side, R. P.\*\* upon our banners,  
Soon should we teach the saucy O. P.'s manners:  
And show that, here — howe'er John Bull may doubt —  
In all *our* plays, the Riot-Act's cut out;  
And, while we skim the cream of many a jest,  
Your well-timed thunder never sours its zest.

Oh gently thus, when three short weeks are past,  
At Shakspeare's altar,\*\*\* shall we breathe our last;  
And, ere this long-lov'd dome to ruin nods,  
Die all, die nobly, die like demigods!

---

### EXTRACT

FROM A PROLOGUE WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY THE AUTHOR, AT THE  
OPENING OF THE KILKENNY THEATRE, OCTOBER, 1809.

\* \* \* \* \*

YET, even here, though Fiction rules the hour,  
There shine some genuine smiles, beyond her power;  
And there are tears, too — tears that Memory sheds  
Ev'n o'er the feast that mimic fancy spreads,  
When her heart misses *one* lamented guest, †  
Whose eye so long threw light o'er all the rest!

\* The brief appellation by which those persons were distinguished who, at the opening of the new theatre of Covent Garden, clamoured for the continuance of the old prices of admission.

\*\* The initials of our manager's name.

\*\*\* This alludes to a scenic representation then preparing for the last night of the performances.

† The late Mr. John Lyster, one of the oldest members and best actors of the Kilkenny Theatrical Society.

There, there, indeed, the Muse forgets her task,  
And drooping weeps behind Thalia's mask.

Forgive this gloom — forgive this joyless strain,  
Too sad to welcome pleasure's smiling train.  
But, meeting thus, our hearts will part the lighter,  
As mist at dawn but makes the setting brighter;  
Gay Epilogue will shine where Prologue fails —  
As glow-worms keep their splendour for their tails.

I know not why — but time, methinks, hath pass'd  
More fleet than usual since we parted last.  
It seems but like a dream of yester-night,  
Whose charm still hangs, with fond, delaying light;  
And, ere the memory lose one glowing hue  
Of former joy, we come to kindle new.  
Thus ever may the flying moments haste  
With trackless foot along life's vulgar waste,  
But deeply print and lingeringly move,  
When thus they reach the sunny spots we love.  
Oh yes, whatever be our gay career,  
Let this be still the solstice of the year,  
Where Pleasure's sun shall at its height remain,  
And slowly sink to level life again.

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### THE SYLPH'S BALL.

A SYLPH, as bright as ever sported  
Her figure through the fields of air,  
By an old swarthy Gnome was courted,  
And, strange to say, he won the fair.

The annals of the oldest witch  
A pair so sorted could not show,  
But how refuse? — the Gnome was rich,  
The Rothschild of the world below;

And Sylphs, like other pretty creatures,  
Are told, betimes, they must consider



Love as an auctioneer of features,  
 Who knocks them down to the best bidder.

Home she was taken to his Mine —  
 A Palace, paved with diamonds all —  
 And, proud as Lady Gnome to shine,  
 Sent out her tickets for a Ball.

The *lower* world, of course, was there,  
 And all the best; but of the *upper*  
 The sprinkling was but shy and rare, —  
 A few old Sylphids, who lov'd supper.

As none yet knew the wondrous Lamp  
 Of DAVY, that renown'd Aladdin,  
 And the Gnome's Halls exhal'd a damp,  
 Which accidents from fire were bad in;

The chambers were supplied with light  
 By many strange but safe devices;  
 Large fire-flies, such as shine at night  
 Among the Orient's flowers and spices; —

Musical flint-mills — swiftly play'd  
 By elfin hands — that, flashing round,  
 Like certain fire-eyed minstrel maids,  
 Gave out, at once, both light and sound.

Bologna stones, that drink the sun;  
 And water from that Indian sea,  
 Whose waves at night like wild-fire run —  
 Cork'd up in crystal carefully.

Glow-worms, that round the tiny dishes,  
 Like little light-houses, were set up;  
 And pretty phosphorescent fishes,  
 That by their own gay light were eat up.

'Mong the few guests from Ether, came  
 That wicked Sylph, whom Love we call —  
 My Lady knew him but by name,  
 My Lord, her husband, not at all.

Some prudent Gnomes, 't is said, appriz'd  
 That he was coming, and, no doubt,  
 Alarm'd about his torch, advis'd  
 He should, by all means, be kept out.

But others disapprov'd this plan,  
 And, by his flame though somewhat frighted,  
 Thought Love too much a gentleman,  
 In such a dangerous place to light it.

However, *there* he was — and dancing  
 With the fair Sylph, light as a feather;  
 They look'd like two fresh sunbeams, glancing,  
 At daybreak, down to earth together.

And all had gone off safe and well,  
 But for that plaguy torch, whose light,  
 Though not *yet* kindled — who could tell  
 How soon, how devilishly, it *might*?

And so it chanced — which, in those dark  
 And fireless halls was quite amazing;  
 Did we not know how small a spark  
 Can set the torch of Love a-blazing.

Whether it came (when close entangled  
 In the gay waltz) from her bright eyes,  
 Or from the *luciole*, that spangled  
 Her locks of jet — is all surmise;

But certain 't is th' ethereal girl  
 Did drop a spark, at some odd turning,  
 Which, by the waltz's windy whirl  
 Was fann'd up into actual burning.

Oh for that Lamp's metallic gauze,  
 That curtain of protecting wire,  
 Which DAVY delicately draws  
 Around illicit, dangerous fire! —

The wall he sets 'twixt Flame and Air,  
 (Like that, which barr'd young Thisbe's bliss,)

Through whose small holes this dangerous pair  
 May see each other, but not kiss.\*

At first the torch look'd rather bluely, —  
 A sign, they say, that no good boded —  
 Then quick the gas became unruly,  
 And, crack! the ball-room all exploded.

Sylphs, gnomes, and fiddlers mix'd together,  
 With all their aunts, sons, cousins, nieces,  
 Like butterflies in stormy weather,  
 Were blown — legs, wings, and tails — to pieces!

While, 'mid these victims of the torch,  
 The Sylph, alas, too, bore her part —  
 Found lying, with a livid scorch  
 As if from lightning, o'er her heart!

\* \* \* \* \*

“Well done” — a laughing Goblin said —  
 Escaping from this gaseous strife —  
 “'T is not the *first* time Love has made  
 “A *blow-up* in connubial life!”

### REMONSTRANCE.

*After a Conversation with Lord John Russell, in which he had intimated  
 some Idea of giving up all political Pursuits.*

WHAT! *thou*, with thy genius, thy youth, and thy name —  
 Thou, born of a Russell — whose instinct to run  
 The accustom'd career of thy sires, is the same  
 As the eaglet's, to soar with his eyes on the sun!

Whose nobility comes to thee, stamp'd with a seal,  
 Far, far more ennobling than monarch e'er set;  
 With the blood of thy race, offer'd up for the weal  
 Of a nation, that swears by that martyrdom yet!

\*

— — — Partique dedère  
 Oscula quisque suæ, non pervenientia contrà.  
 OVID.



Shalt *thou* be faint-hearted and turn from the strife,  
From the mighty arena, where all that is grand,  
And devoted, and pure, and adorning in life,  
'T is for high-thoughted spirits like thine to command?

Oh no, never dream it — while good men despair  
Between tyrants and traitors, and timid men bow,  
Never think, for an instant, thy country can spare  
Such a light from her darkening horizon as thou.

With a spirit, as meek as the gentlest of those  
Who in life's sunny valley lie shelter'd and warm;  
Yet bold and heroic as ever yet rose  
To the top cliffs of Fortune, and breasted her storm;

With an ardour for liberty, fresh as, in youth,  
It first kindles the bard and gives life to his lyre;  
Yet mellow'd, ev'n now, by that mildness of truth,  
Which tempers, but chills not, the patriot fire;

With an eloquence — not like those rills from a height,  
Which sparkle, and foam, and in vapour are o'er;  
But a current, that works out its way into light  
Through the filtering recesses of thought and of lore.

Thus gifted, thou never canst sleep in the shade;  
If the stirrings of Genius, the music of fame,  
And the charms of thy cause have not power to persuade,  
Yet think how to Freedom thou 'rt pledg'd by thy Name

Like the boughs of that laurel, by Delphi's decree,  
Set apart for the Fane and its service divine,  
So the branches, that spring from the old Russell tree,  
Are by Liberty *claim'd* for the use of her Shrine.

---

## MY BIRTH-DAY.

“My birth-day” — what a different sound  
 That word had in my youthful ears!  
 And how, each time the day comes round,  
 Less and less white its mark appears!

When first our scanty years are told,  
 It seems like pastime to grow old;  
 And, as Youth counts the shining links,  
 That Time around him binds so fast,  
 Pleased with the task, he little thinks  
 How hard that chain will press at last.  
 Vain was the man, and false as vain,  
 Who said\* — “were he ordain’d to run  
 “His long career of life again,  
 “He would do all that he *had* done.” —  
 Ah, ’t is not thus the voice, that dwells  
 In sober birth-days, speaks to me,  
 Far otherwise — of time it tells,  
 Lavish’d unwisely, carelessly;  
 Of counsel mock’d; of talents, made  
 Haply for high and pure designs,  
 But oft, like Israel’s incense, laid  
 Upon unholy, earthly shrines;  
 Of nursing many a wrong desire;  
 Of wandering after Love too far,  
 And taking every meteor fire.  
 That cross’d my pathway, for his star. —  
 All this it tells, and, could I trace  
 Th’ imperfect picture o’er again,  
 With pow’r to add, retouch, efface  
 The lights and shades, the joy and pain,  
 How little of the past would stay!  
 How quickly all should melt away —

\* FONTENELLE. — “Si je recommençais ma carrière, je ferai tout ce que j’ai fait.”

All — but that Freedom of the Mind,  
 Which hath been more than wealth to me;  
 Those friendships, in my boyhood twin'd,  
 And kept till now unchangingly;  
 And that dear home, that saving ark,  
 Where Love's true light at last I've found,  
 Cheering within, when all grows dark,  
 And comfortless, and stormy round!

---

F A N C Y.

THE more I've view'd this world, the more I've found,  
 That, fill'd as 't is with scenes and creatures rare,  
 Fancy commands, within her own bright round,  
 A world of scenes and creatures far more fair.  
 Nor is it that her power can call up there  
 A single charm, that's not from Nature won, —  
 No more than rainbows, in their pride, can wear  
 A single tint unborrow'd from the sun;  
 But 't is the mental medium it shines through,  
 That lends to Beauty all its charm and hue;  
 As the same light, that o'er the level lake  
 One dull monotony of lustre flings,  
 Will, entering in the rounded rain-drop, make  
 Colours as gay as those on angels' wings!

S O N G.

FANNY, DEAREST!

YES! had I leisure to sigh and mourn,  
 Fanny dearest, for thee I'd sigh;  
 And every smile on my cheek should turn  
 To tears when thou art nigh.  
 But, between love, and wine, and sleep,  
 So busy a life I live,  
 That even the time it would take to weep  
 Is more than my heart can give.



Then wish me not to despair and pine,  
 Fanny, dearest of all the dears!  
 The Love that 's order'd to bathe in wine,  
 Would be sure to take cold in tears.  
 Reflected bright in this heart of mine,  
 Fanny dearest, thy image lies;  
 But, ah! the mirror would cease to shine,  
 If dimm'd too often with sighs.  
 They lose the half of beauty's light,  
 Who view it through sorrow's tear;  
 And 't is but to see thee truly bright  
 That I keep my eye-beams clear.  
 Then wait no longer till tears shall flow —  
 Fanny, dearest! the hope is vain;  
 If sunshine cannot dissolve thy snow,  
 I shall never attempt it with rain.

---

 TRANSLATIONS FROM CATULLUS.

*Carm. 70.*

*Dicebas quondam, &c.*

TO LESBIA.

THOU told'st me, in our days of love,  
 That I had all that heart of thine;  
 That, ev'n to share the couch of Jove,  
 Thou would'st not, Lesbia, part from mine.  
 How purely wert thou worshipp'd then!  
 Not with the vague and vulgar fires  
 Which Beauty wakes in soulless men, —  
 But lov'd, as children by their sires.  
 That flattering dream, alas, is o'er; —  
 I know thee now — and though these eyes  
 Doat on thee wildly as before,  
 Yet, even in doating, I despise.

Yes, sorceress — mad as it may seem —  
 With all thy craft, such spells adorn thee,  
 That passion even outlives esteem,  
 And I, at once, adore — and scorn thee.

*Carm. 11.*

*Pauca nunciate meæ puellæ.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Comrades and friends! with whom, where'er  
 The fates have will'd through life I 've lov'd,  
 Now speed ye home, and with you bear  
 These bitter words to her I 've lov'd.

Tell her from fool to fool to run,  
 Where'er her vain caprice may call;  
 Of all her dupes not loving one,  
 But ruining and maddening all.

Bid her forget — what now is past —  
 Our once dear love, whose ruin lies  
 Like a fair flower, the meadow's last,  
 Which feels the ploughshare's edge, and dies!

*Carm. 29.*

*Peninsularum Sirmio, insularumque  
 Ocelle.*

SWEET Sirmio! thou, the very eye  
 Of all peninsulas and isles,  
 That in our lakes of silver lie,  
 Or sleep, enwreath'd by Neptune's smiles —

How gladly back to thee I fly!  
 Still doubting, asking — *can* it be  
 That I have left Bithynia's sky,  
 And gaze in safety upon thee?

Oh! what is happier than to find  
 Our hearts at ease, our perils past;  
 When, anxious long, the lighten'd mind  
 Lays down its load of care at last:

When, tired with toil o'er land and deep,  
 Again we tread the welcome floor  
 Of our own home, and sink to sleep  
 On the long-whish'd-for bed once more.\*

This, this it is, that pays alone  
 The ills of all life's former track. —  
 Shine out, my beautiful, my own  
 Sweet Sirmio, greet thy master back.

And thou, fair Lake, whose water quaffs  
 The light of heav'n like Lydia's sea,  
 Rejoice, rejoice — let all that laughs  
 Abroad, at home, laugh out for me!

---

TIBULLUS TO SULPICIA.

Nulla tuum nobis subducet femina lectum, &c. &c. |  
 Lib. iv. Carm. 13.

“NEVER shall woman's smile have power  
 “To win me from those gentle charms!” —  
 Thus swore I, in that happy hour,  
 When Love first gave thee to my arms.

And still alone thou charm'st my sight —  
 Still, though our city proudly shine  
 With forms and faces, fair and bright,  
 I see none fair or bright but thine.

Would thou wert fair for only me,  
 And could'st no heart but mine allure! —  
 To all men else unpleasing be,  
 So shall I feel my prize secure.\*\*

\* O quid solutis est beatius curis,  
 Cum mens anus reponit, ac peregrino  
 Labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum,  
 Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto.

\*\* Displaceas aliis, sic ego tutus ero.



Oh, love like mine ne'er wants the zest  
 Of others' envy, others' praise;  
 But, in its silence safely blest,  
 Broods o'er a bliss it ne'er betrays.

Charm of my life! by whose sweet power  
 All cares are hush'd, all ills subdued —  
 My light, in even the darkest hour,  
 My crowd, in deepest solitude!\*

No, not though heaven itself sent down  
 Some maid, of more than havenly charms,  
 With bliss undreamt thy bard to crown,  
 Would he for her forsake those arms!

---

### IMITATION.

FROM THE FRENCH.

WITH women and apples both Paris and Adam  
 Made mischief enough in their day: —  
 God be prais'd that the fate of mankind, my dear Madam,  
 Depends not on *us*, the same way.  
 For, weak as I am with temptation to grapple,  
 The world would have doubly to rue thee;  
 Like Adam, I'd gladly take *from* thee the apple,  
 Like Paris, at once give it *to* thee.

---

### INVITATION TO DINNER.

ADDRESSED TO LORD LANSDOWNE.

September, 1815.

SOME think we bards have nothing real;  
 That poets live among the stars so,  
 Their very dinners are ideal, —  
 (And, heaven knows, too oft they *are* so,) —

\* Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atrâ  
 Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis.

For instance, that we have, instead  
 Of vulgar chops, and stews, and hashes,  
 First course — a Phœnix, at the head,  
 Done in its own celestial ashes;  
 At foot, a cygnet, which kept singing  
 All the time its neck was wringing.  
 Side dishes, thus — Minerva's owl,  
 Or any such like learned fowl:  
 Doves, such as heav'n's poulterer gets,  
 When Cupid shoots his mother's pets.  
 Larks, stew'd in Morning's roseate breath,  
 Or roasted by a sunbeam's splendour;  
 And nightingales, berhymed to death —  
 Like young pigs whipp'd to make them tender.  
 Such fare may suit those bards, who're able  
 To banquet at Duke Humphrey's table;  
 But as for me, who've long been taught  
 To eat and drink like other people;  
 And can put up with mutton, bought  
 Where Bromham\* rears its ancient steeple —  
 If Lansdowne will consent to share  
 My humble feast, though rude the fare,  
 Yet, season'd by that salt he brings  
 From Attica's salinest springs,  
 'T will turn to dainties; — while the cup,  
 Beneath his influence brightening up,  
 Like that of Baucis, touch'd by Jove,  
 Will sparkle fit for gods above!

---

VERSES TO THE POET CRABBE'S INKSTAND.\*

WRITTEN MAY, 1832.

ALL, as he left it! — even the pen,  
 So lately at that mind's command,

\* A picturesque village in sight of my cottage, and from which it is separated but by a small verdant valley.

\*\* Soon after Mr. Crabbe's death, the sons of that gentleman did me

Carelessly lying, as if then  
 Just fallen from his gifted hand.

Have we then lost him? scarce an hour,  
 A little hour, seems to have past,  
 Since Life and Inspiration's power  
 Around that relic breath'd their last.

Ah, powerless now — like talisman,  
 Found in some vanish'd wizard's halls,  
 Whose mighty charm with him began,  
 Whose charm with him extinguish'd falls.

Yet though, alas! the gifts that shone  
 Around that pen's exploring track,  
 Be now, with its great master, gone,  
 Nor living hand can call them back;

Who does not feel, while thus his eyes  
 Rest on the enchanter's broken wand,  
 Each earth-born spell it work'd arise  
 Before him in succession grand? —

Grand, from the Truth that reigns o'er all;  
 The unshrinking Truth, that lets her light  
 Through Life's low, dark, interior fall,  
 Opening the whole, severely bright:

Yet softening, as she frowns along,  
 O'er scenes which angels weep to see —  
 Where Truth herself half veils the Wrong,  
 In pity of the Misery.

True bard! — and simple, as the race  
 Of true-born poets ever are,  
 When, stooping from their starry place,  
 They 're children, near, though gods, afar.

How freshly doth my mind recall,  
 'Mong the few days I've known with thee,

the honour of presenting to me the inkstand, pencil, &c. which their distinguished father had long been in the habit of using.



One that, most buoyantly of all,  
 Floats in the wake of memory;\*

When he, the poet, doubly graced,  
 In life, as in his perfect strain,  
 With that pure, mellowing power of Taste,  
 Without which Fancy shines in vain;

Who in his page will leave behind,  
 Pregnant with genius though it be,  
 But half the treasures of a mind,  
 Where Sense o'er all holds mastery: —

Friend of long years! of friendship tried  
 Through many a bright and dark event;  
 In doubts, my judge — in taste, my guide —  
 In all, my stay and ornament!

He, too, was of our feast that day,  
 And all were guests of one, whose hand  
 Hath shed a new and deathless ray  
 Around the lyre of this great land;

In whose sea-odes — as in those shells  
 Where Ocean's voice of majesty  
 Seems still to sound — immortal dwells  
 Old Albion's Spirit of the Sea.

Such was our host; and though, since then,  
 Slight clouds have ris'n 'twixt him and me,  
 Who would not grasp such hand again,  
 Stretch'd forth again in amity?

Who can, in this short life, afford  
 To let such mists a moment stay,  
 When thus one frank, atoning word,  
 Like sunshine, melts them all away?

\* The lines that follow allude to a day passed in company with Mr. Crabbe, many years since, when a party, consisting only of Mr. Rogers, Mr. Crabbe, and the author of these verses, had the pleasure of dining with Mr. Thomas Campbell, at his house at Sydenham.

Bright was our board that day — though *one*  
 Unworthy brother there had place;  
 As 'mong the horses of the Sun,  
 One was, they say, of earthly race.  
 Yet, *next* to Genius is the power  
 Of feeling where true Genius lies;  
 And there was light around that hour  
 Such as, in memory, never dies;  
 Light which comes o'er me, as I gaze,  
 Thou Relic of the Dead, on thee,  
 Like all such dreams of vanish'd days,  
 Brightly, indeed — but mournfully!

TO

CAROLINE, VISCOUNTESS VALLETORT

WRITTEN AT LACOCK ABBEY, JANUARY, 1832.

WHEN I would sing thy beauty's light,  
 Such various forms, and all so bright,  
 I've seen thee, from thy childhood, wear,  
 I know not which to call most fair,  
 Nor 'mong the countless charms that spring  
 For ever round thee, *which* to sing.

When I would paint thee, as thou *art*,  
 Then all thou *wert* comes o'er my heart —  
 The graceful child, in beauty's dawn,  
 Within the nursery's shade withdrawn,  
 Or peeping out — like a young moon  
 Upon a world 't will brighten soon.  
 Then next, in girlhood's blushing hour,  
 As from thy own lov'd Abbey-tower  
 I've seen thee look, all radiant, down,  
 With smiles that to the hoary frown  
 Of centuries round thee lent a ray,  
 Chasing eyen Age's gloom away; —

Or, in the world's resplendent throng,  
 As I have mark'd thee glide along,  
 Among the crowds of fair and great  
 A spirit, pure and separate,  
 To which even Admiration's eye  
 Was fearful to approach too nigh; —  
 A creature, circled by a spell  
 Within which nothing wrong could dwell;  
 And fresh and clear as from the source,  
 Holding through life her limpid course,  
 Like Arethusa through the sea,  
 Stealing in fountain purity.

Now, too, another change of light!  
 As noble bride, still meekly bright,  
 Thou bring'st thy Lord a dower above  
 All earthly price, pure woman's love;  
 And show'st what lustre Rank receives,  
 When with his proud Corinthian leaves  
 Her rose thus high-bred Beauty weaves.

Wonder not if, where all 's so fair,  
 To choose were more than bard can dare;  
 Wonder not if, while every scene  
 I've watch'd thee through so bright hath been,  
 Th' enamour'd Muse should, in her quest  
 Of beauty, know not where to rest,  
 But, dazzled, at thy feet thus fall,  
 Hailing thee beautiful in all!

---

#### A SPECULATION.

Of all speculations the market holds forth,  
 The best that I know for a lover of pelf,  
 Is to buy Marcus up, at the price he is worth,  
 And then sell him at that which he sets on himself.

---



## TO MY MOTHER.

WRITTEN IN A POCKET BOOK, 1822.

THEY tell us of an Indian tree,  
 Which, howso'er the sun and sky  
 May tempt its boughs to wander free,  
 And shoot, and blossom, wide and high,  
 Far better loves to bend its arms  
 Downward again to that dear earth,  
 From which the life, that fills and warms  
 Its grateful being, first had birth.  
 'T is thus, though woo'd by flattering friends  
 And fed with fame (*if* fame it be)  
 This heart, my own dear mother, bends,  
 With love's true instinct, back to thee!

---

## LOVE AND HYMEN.

LOVE had a fever — ne'er could close  
 His little eyes till day was breaking;  
 And wild and strange enough, Heav'n knows,  
 The things he rav'd about while waking.  
 To let him pine so were a sin; —  
 One, to whom all the world 's a debtor —  
 So Doctor Hymen was call'd in,  
 And Love that night slept rather better.  
 Next day the case gave further hope yet,  
 Though still some ugly fever latent; —  
 "Dose, as before" — a gentle opiate,  
 For which old Hymen has a patent.  
 After a month of daily call,  
 So fast the dose went on restoring,  
 That Love, who first ne'er slept at all,  
 Now took, the rogue! to downright snoring.

---

## L I N E S

ON THE

ENTRY OF THE AUSTRIANS INTO NAPLES,

1821.

*Carbone notati.*

AY — down to the dust with them, slaves as they are,  
 From this hour, let the blood in their dastardly veins,  
 That shrunk at the first touch of Liberty's war,  
 Be wasted for tyrants, or stagnate in chains.  
 On, on like a cloud, through their beautiful vales,  
 Ye locusts of tyranny, blasting them o'er —  
 Fill, fill up their wide sunny waters, ye sails  
 From each slave-mart of Europe, and shadow their shore!  
 Let their fate be a mock-word — let men of all lands  
 Laugh out, with a scorn that shall ring to the poles,  
 When each sword, that the cowards let fall from their hands,  
 Shall be forg'd into fetters to enter their souls.  
 And deep, and more deep, as the iron is driv'n,  
 Base slaves! let the whet of their agony be,  
 To think — as the Doom'd often think of that heav'n  
 They had once within reach — that they *might* have been free.  
 Oh shame! when there was not a bosom, whose heat  
 Ever rose 'bove the *zero* of C—h's heart,  
 That did not, like echo, your war-hymn repeat,  
 And send all its prayers with your Liberty's start;  
 When the world stood in hope — when a spirit, that breath'd  
 The fresh air of the olden time, whisper'd about;  
 And the swords of all Italy, half-way unsheath'd,  
 But waited one conquering cry, to flash out!  
 When around you the shades of your Mighty in fame,  
 FILICAJAS and PETRARCHS, seemed bursting to view,  
 And their words, and their warnings, like tongues of bright flame  
 Over Freedom's apostles, fell kindling on you!

Oh shame! that, in such a proud moment of life,  
Worth the hist'ry of ages, when, had you but hurl'd  
One bolt at your tyrant invader, that strife  
Between freemen and tyrants had spread through the world —  
That then — oh! disgrace upon manhood — ev'n then,  
You should falter, should cling to your pitiful breath;  
Cow'r down into beasts, when you might have stood men,  
And prefer the slave's life of prostration to death.

It is strange, it is dreadful: — shout, Tyranny, shout  
Through your dungeons and palaces, "Freedom is o'er;" —  
If there lingers one spark of her light, tread it out,  
And return to your empire of darkness once more.

For, if *such* are the braggarts that claim to be free,  
Come, Despot of Russia, thy feet let me kiss;  
Far nobler to live the brute bondman of thee,  
Than to sully ev'n chains by a struggle like this!



**MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.**

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**V O L. VIII.**

**OF THE LONDON EDITION.**

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# P R E F A C E

## T O T H E E I G H T H V O L U M E .

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ON my return from the interesting visit to Rome, of which some account has been given in the preceding Preface, I took up my abode in Paris, and, being joined there by my family, continued to reside in that capital, or its environs, till about the close of the year 1822. As no life, however sunny, is without its clouds, I could not escape, of course, my share of such passing shadows; and this long estrangement from our happy English home, towards which my family yearned even more fondly than myself, had been caused by difficulties of a pecuniary nature, and to a large amount, in which I had been involved by the conduct of the person who acted as my deputy in the small office I held at Bermuda.

That I should ever have come to be chosen for such an employment seems one of those freaks or anomalies of human destiny which baffle all ordinary speculation; and went far, indeed, to realize Beaumarchais' notion of the sort of standard by which, too frequently, qualification for place is regulated, — "Il fallut un calculateur; ce fut un danseur qui l'obtint."

But however much, in this instance, I suffered from my want of schooling in matters of business, and more especially from my having neglected the ordinary precaution of requiring security from my deputy, I was more than consoled for all such embarrassment, were it even ten times as much, by the eager kindness with which friends pressed forward to help to release me from my difficulties. Could I venture to name the persons, — and they were many, — who thus volunteered their aid, it would



be found they were all of them men whose characters enhanced such a service, and that, in all, the name and the act reflected honour upon each other.

I shall so far lift the veil in which such delicate generosity seeks to shroud itself, as to mention briefly the manner in which one of these kind friends, — himself possessing but limited means, — proposed to contribute to the object of releasing me from my embarrassments. After adverting, in his letter, to my misfortunes, and “the noble way,” as he was pleased to say, “in which I bore them,” he adds, — “would it be very impertinent to say, that I have 500*l.* entirely at your disposal, to be paid when you like; and as much more that I could advance, upon any reasonable security, payable in seven years?” The writer concludes by apologizing anxiously and delicately for “the liberty which he thus takes,” assuring me that “he would not have made the offer if he did not feel that he would most readily accept the same assistance from me.” I select this one instance from among the many which that trying event of my life enables me to adduce, both on account of the deliberate feeling of manly regard which it manifests, and also from other considerations which it would be out of place here to mention, but which rendered so genuine a mark of friendship from such a quarter peculiarly touching and welcome to me.

When such were the men who hastened to my aid in this emergency, I need hardly say, it was from no squeamish pride, — for the pride would have been in receiving favours from such hands, — that I came to the resolution of gratefully declining their offers, and endeavouring to work out my deliverance by my own efforts. With a credit still fresh in the market of literature, and with publishers ready as ever to risk their thousands on my name, I could not but feel that, however gratifying was the generous zeal of such friends, I should best show that I, in some degree, deserved their offers, by declining, under such circumstances, to accept them.

Meanwhile, an attachment had issued against me from the Court of Admiralty; and as a negotiation was about to be opened with the American claimants, for a reduction of their large

demand upon me, — supposed, at that time, to amount to six thousand pounds, — it was deemed necessary that, pending the treaty, I should take up my abode in France.

To write for the means of daily subsistence, and even in most instances to “forestall the slow harvest of the brain,” was for me, unluckily, no novel task. But I had now, in addition to these home calls upon the Muse, a new, painful, and, in its first aspect, overwhelming exigence to provide for; and, certainly, Paris, swarming throughout as it was, at that period, with rich, gay, and dissipated English, was, to a person of my social habits and multifarious acquaintance, the very worst possible place that could have been resorted to for even the semblance of a quiet or studious home. The only tranquil, and, therefore, to me, most precious portions of that period were the two summers passed by my family and myself with our kind Spanish friends, the V\*\*\*\*\*s, at their beautiful place, La Butte Coaslin, on the road up to Bellevue. There, in a cottage belonging to M. V\*\*\*\*\*1, and but a few steps from his house, we contrived to conjure up an apparition of Sloperton;\* and I was able for some time to work with a feeling of comfort and home. I used frequently to pass the morning in rambling alone through the noble park of St. Cloud, with no apparatus for the work of authorship but my memorandum-book and pencils, forming sentences to run smooth and moulding verses into shape. In the evenings I generally joined with Madame V\*\*\*\*\*1 in Italian duetts, or, with far more pleasure, sate as listener, while she sung to the Spanish guitar those sweet songs of her own country to which few voices could do such justice.

One of the pleasant circumstances connected with our summer visits to La Butte was the near neighbourhood of our friend, Mr. Kenny, the lively dramatic writer, who was lodged picturesquely in the remains of the Palace of the King's Aunts, at Bellevue. I remember, on my first telling Kenny the particulars of my Bermuda mishap, his saying, after a pause of real feeling, “Well,—

“A little cot, with trees arow,  
And, like its master, very low.”

POPE.





was amidst the snows of two or three Derbyshire winters that I found myself enabled, by that concentration of thought which retirement alone gives, to call up around me some of the sunniest of those Eastern scenes which have since been welcomed in India itself, as almost native to its clime.

Abortive, however, as had now been all my efforts to woo the shy spirit of Poesy, amidst such unquiet scenes, the course of reading I found time to pursue, on the subject of Egypt, was of no small service in storing my mind with the various knowledge respecting that country, which some years later I turned to account, in writing the story of the Epicurean. The kind facilities, indeed, towards this object, which some of the most distinguished French scholars and artists afforded me, are still remembered by me with thankfulness. Besides my old acquaintance, Denon, whose drawings of Egypt, then of some value, I frequently consulted, I found Mons. Fourier and Mons. Langleès no less prompt in placing books at my disposal. With Humboldt, also, who was at that time in Paris, I had more than once some conversation on the subject of Egypt, and remember his expressing himself in no very laudatory terms respecting the labours of the French *savans* in that country.

I had now been foiled and frustrated in two of those literary projects on which I had counted most sanguinely in the calculation of my resources; and, though I had found sufficient time to furnish my musical publisher with the Eighth Number of the Irish Melodies, and also a Number of the National Airs, these works alone, I knew, would yield but an insufficient supply, compared with the demands so closely and threateningly hanging over me. In this difficulty I called to mind a subject, — the Eastern allegory of the Loves of the Angels, — on which I had, some years before, begun a prose story, but in which, as a theme for poetry, I had now been anticipated by Lord Byron, in one of the most sublime of his many poetical miracles, “Heaven and Earth.” Knowing how soon I should be lost in the shadow into which so gigantic a precursor would cast me, I had endeavoured, by a speed of composition which must have astonished my habitually slow pen, to get the start of my noble friend in the time of publication, and

thus give myself the sole chance I could perhaps expect, under such unequal rivalry, of attracting to my work the attention of the public. In this humble speculation, however, I failed; for both works, if I recollect right, made their appearance at the same time.

In the meanwhile, the negotiation which had been entered into with the American claimants, for a reduction of the amount of their demands upon me, had continued to "drag its slow length along;" nor was it till the month of September, 1822, that, by a letter from the Messrs. Longman, I received the welcome intelligence that the terms offered, as our ultimatum, to the opposite party, had been at last accepted, and that I might now with safety return to England. I lost no time, of course, in availing myself of so welcome a privilege; and as all that remains now to be told of this trying episode in my past life may be comprised in a small compass, I shall trust to the patience of my readers for tolerating the recital.

On arriving in England I learned, for the first time, — having been, till then, kept very much in darkness on the subject, — that, after a long and frequently interrupted course of negotiation, the amount of the claims of the American merchants had been reduced to the sum of one thousand guineas, and that towards the payment of this the uncle of my deputy, — a rich London merchant, — had been brought, with some difficulty, to contribute three hundred pounds. I was likewise informed, that a very dear and distinguished friend of mine, to whom, by his own desire, the state of the negotiation was, from time to time, reported, had, upon finding that there appeared, at last, some chance of an arrangement, and learning also the amount of the advance made by my deputy's relative, immediately deposited in the hands of a banker the remaining portion (750*l.*) of the required sum, to be there in readiness for the final settlement of the demand.

Though still adhering to my original purpose of owing to my own exertions alone the means of relief from these difficulties, I yet felt a pleasure in allowing this thoughtful deposit to be applied to the generous purpose for which it was destined; and having employed in this manner the 750*l.*, I then transmitted to my kind

friend, — I need hardly say with what feelings of thankfulness, — a cheque on my publishers for the amount.

Though this effort of the poet's purse was but, as usual, a new launch into the Future, — a new anticipation of yet unborn means, — the result showed, I am happy to say, that, in *this* instance at least, I had not counted on my bank "*in nubibus*" too sanguinely; for, on receiving my publishers' account, in the month of June following, I found 1000*l.* placed to my credit from the sale of the Loves of the Angels, and 500*l.* from the Fables of the Holy Alliance.

I must not omit to mention, that, among the resources at that time placed at my disposal, was one small and sacred sum, which had been set apart by its young possessor for some such beneficent purpose. This fund, amounting to about 300*l.*, arose from the proceeds of the sale of the first edition of a biographical work, then recently published, which will long be memorable, as well from its own merits and subject, as from the lustre that has been since shed back upon it from the public career of its noble author. To a gift from such hands might well have been applied the words of Ovid,

— acceptissima semper  
Munera sunt, auctor quæ pretiosa facit.

In this volume, and its immediate successor, will be found collected almost all those delinquencies of mine, in the way of satire, which have appeared, from time to time, in the public journals, during the last twenty or thirty years. The comments and notices required to throw light on these political trifles must be reserved for our next volume.

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THE  
LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

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P R E F A C E.

THE Eastern story of the angels Harut and Marut,\* and the Rabbinical fictions of the loves of Uzziel and Shámchazai,\*\* are the only sources to which I need refer, for the origin of the notion on which this Romance is founded. In addition to the fitness of the subject for poetry, it struck me also as capable of affording an allegorical medium, through which might be shadowed out (as I have endeavoured to do in the following stories) the fall of the Soul from its original purity\*\*\* — the loss of light and happiness which it suffers, in the pursuit of this world's perishable pleasures — and the punishments, both from conscience and Divine justice, with which impurity, pride, and presumptuous inquiry into the awful

\* See note on page 241.

\*\* Hyde, de Relig. Vet. Persarum, p. 272.

\*\*\* The account which Macrobius gives † of the downward journey of the Soul, through that gate of the zodiac which opens into the lower spheres, is a curious specimen of the wild fancies that passed for philosophy in ancient times.

In the system of Manes, the luminous or spiritual principle owes its corruption not to any evil tendency of its own, but to a violent inroad of the spirits of darkness, who, finding themselves in the neighbourhood of this pure light, and becoming passionately enamoured of its beauty, break the boundaries between them, and take forcible possession of it. ††

† In Somn. Scipionis, cap. 12.

†† See a Treatise "De la Religion des Perses," by the Abbé Foucher, Mémoires de l'Académie, tom. xxxi. p. 456.

secrets of Heaven are sure to be visited. The beautiful story of Cupid and Psyche owes its chief charm to this sort of "veiled meaning," and it has been my wish (however I may have failed in the attempt) to communicate to the following pages the same *moral* interest.

Among the doctrines, or notions, derived by Plato from the East, one of the most natural and sublime is that which inculcates the pre-existence of the soul, and its gradual descent into this dark material world, from that region of spirit and light which it is supposed to have once inhabited, and to which, after a long lapse of purification and trial, it will return. This belief, under various symbolical forms, may be traced through almost all the Oriental theologies. The Chaldeans represent the Soul as originally endowed with wings, which fall away when it sinks from its native element, and must be re-produced before it can hope to return. Some disciples of Zoroaster once inquired of him, "How the wings of the Soul might be made to grow again?" — "By sprinkling them," he replied, "with the Waters of Life." — "But where are those Waters to be found?" they asked. — "In the Garden of God," replied Zoroaster.

The mythology of the Persians has allegorized the same doctrine, in the history of those genii of light who strayed from their dwellings in the stars, and obscured their original nature by mixture with this material sphere; while the Egyptians, connecting it with the descent and ascent of the sun in the zodiac, considered Autumn as emblematic of the Soul's decline towards darkness, and the re-appearance of Spring as its return to life and light.

Besides the chief spirits of the Mahometan heaven, such as Gabriel, the angel of Revelations, Israfil, by whom the last trumpet is to be sounded, and Azrael, the angel of death, there were also a number of subaltern intelligences, of which tradition has preserved the names, appointed to preside over the different stages, or ascents, into which the celestial world was supposed to be divided.\* Thus Kelail governs the fifth heaven; while Sadiel,

\* "We adorned the lower heaven with lights, and placed therein a guard of angels." — *Koran*, chap. xli.

the presiding spirit of the third, is also employed in steadying the motions of the earth, which would be in a constant state of agitation, if this angel did not keep his foot planted upon its orb.\*

Among other miraculous interpositions in favour of Mahomet, we find commemorated in the pages of the Koran the appearance of five thousand angels on his side at the battle of Bedr.

The ancient Persians supposed that Ormuzd appointed thirty angels to preside successively over the days of the month, and twelve greater ones to assume the government of the months themselves; among whom Bahman (to whom Ormuzd committed the custody of all animals, except man,) was the greatest. Mihr, the angel of the 7th month, was also the spirit that watched over the affairs of friendship and love; — Chûr had the care of the disk of the sun; — Mah was agent for the concerns of the moon; — Isphandârmaz (whom Cazvin calls the Spirit of the Earth) was the tutelar genius of good and virtuous women, &c. &c. &c. For all this the reader may consult the 19th and 20th chapters of Hyde de Relig. Vet. Persarum, where the names and attributes of these daily and monthly angels are with much minuteness and erudition explained. It appears, from the Zend-avesta, that the Persians had a certain office or prayer for every day of the month (addressed to the particular angel who presided over it), which they called the Sirouzé.

The Celestial Hierarchy of the Syrians, as described by Kircher, appears to be the most regularly graduated of any of these systems. In the sphere of the Moon they placed the angels, in that of Mercury the archangels, Venus and the Sun contained the Principalities and the Powers; — and so on to the summit of the planetary system, where, in the sphere of Saturn, the Thrones had their station. Above this was the habitation of the Cherubim in the sphere of the fixed stars; and still higher, in the region of those stars which are so distant as to be imperceptible, the Seraphim, we are told, the most perfect of all celestial creatures, dwelt.

The Sabeans also (as D'Herbelot tells us) had their classes of

\* See D'Herbelot, *passim*.



angels, to whom they prayed as mediators, or intercessors; and the Arabians worshipped *female* angels, whom they called Benab Hasche, or, Daughters of God.

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'T WAS when the world was in its prime,  
 When the fresh stars had just begun  
 Their race of glory, and young Time  
 Told his first birth-days by the sun;  
 When, in the light of Nature's dawn  
 Rejoicing, men and angels met\*  
 On the high hill and sunny lawn, —  
 Ere sorrow came, or Sin had drawn  
 'Twixt man and heaven her curtain yet!  
 When earth lay nearer to the skies  
 Than in these days of crime and woe,  
 And mortals saw, without surprise,  
 In the mid-air, angelic eyes  
 Gazing upon this world below.  
 Alas, that Passion should profane,  
 Ev'n then, the morning of the earth!  
 That, sadder still, the fatal stain  
 Should fall on hearts of heavenly birth —  
 And that from Woman's love should fall  
 So dark a stain, most sad of all!  
 One evening, in that primal hour,  
 On a hill's side, where hung the ray  
 Of sunset, brightening rill and bower,  
 Three noble youths conversing lay;  
 And, as they look'd, from time to time,  
 To the far sky, where Daylight furl'd

\* The Mahometans believe, says D'Herbelot, that in that early period of the world, "les hommes n'eurent qu'une seule religion, et furent souvent visités des Anges, qui leur donnoient la main."

His radiant wing, their brows sublime  
 Bespoke them of that distant world —  
 Spirits, who once, in brotherhood  
 Of faith and bliss, near ALLA stood,  
 And o'er whose cheeks full oft had blown  
 The wind that breathes from ALLA'S throne,\*  
 Creatures of light, such as *still* play,  
 Like motes in sunshine, round the Lord,  
 And through their infinite array  
 Transmit each moment, night and day,  
 The echo of His luminous word!

Of Heaven they spoke, and, still more oft,  
 Ot the bright eyes that charm'd them thence;  
 Till, yielding gradual to the soft  
 And balmy evening's influence —  
 The silent breathing of the flowers —  
 The melting light that beam'd above,  
 As on their first, fond, erring hours, —  
 Each told the story of his love,  
 The history of that hour unblest,  
 When, like a bird, from its high nest  
 Won down by fascinating eyes,  
 For Woman's smile he lost the skies.

The First who spoke was one, with look  
 The least celestial of the three —  
 A Spirit of light mould, that took  
 The prints of earth most yieldingy;  
 Who, ev'n in heaven, was not of those  
 Nearest the Throne,\*\* but held a place

\* "To which will be joined the sound of the bells hanging on the trees, which will be put in motion by the wind proceeding from the Throne, so often as the Blessed wish for music." — See *Sale's Koran, Prelim. Dissert.*

\*\* The ancient Persians supposed that this Throne was placed in the Sun, and that through the stars were distributed the various classes of Angels that encircled it.

The Basilidians supposed that there were three hundred and sixty-five orders of angels, "dont la perfection alloit en décroissant, à

Far off, among those shining rows  
 That circle out through endless space,  
 And o'er whose wings the light from Him  
 In Heaven's centre falls most dim.

Still fair and glorious, he but shone  
 Among those youths th' unheavenliest one —  
 A creature, to whom light remain'd  
 From Eden still, but alter'd, stain'd,  
 And o'er whose brow not Love alone  
 A blight had, in his transit, cast,  
 But other, earthlier joys had gone,  
 And left their foot-prints as they pass'd.  
 Sighing, as back through ages flown,  
 Like a tomb-searcher, Memory ran  
 Lifting each shroud that Time had thrown  
 O'er buried hopes, he thus began : —

### FIRST ANGEL'S STORY

“T WAS in a land, that far away  
 Into the golden orient lies,  
 Where Nature knows not night's delay,  
 But springs to meet her bridegroom, Day,  
 Upon the threshold of the skies.  
 One morn, on earthly mission sent,\*  
 And mid-way choosing where to light,  
 I saw, from the blue element —  
 Oh beautiful, but fatal sight! —  
 One of earth's fairest womankind,  
 Half veil'd from view, or rather shrin'd

mesure qu'ils s'éloignoient de la première classe d'esprits placés dans le premier ciel.” See *Dupuis, Orig. des Cultes*, tom. ii. p. 112.

\*\* It appears that, in most languages, the term employed for an angel means also a messenger. *Firischteh*, the Persian word for angel, is derived (says D'Herbelot) from the verb *Firischtin*, to send. The Hebrew term, too, *Melak*, has the same signification.



In the clear crystal of a brook ;  
 Which , while it hid no single gleam  
 Of her young beauties , made them look  
 More spirit-like , as they might seem  
 Through the dim shadowing of a dream .

Pausing in wonder I look'd on ,  
 While , playfully around her breaking  
 The waters , that like diamonds shone ,  
 She mov'd in light of her own making .  
 At length , as from that airy height  
 I gently lower'd my breathless flight ,  
 The tremble of my wings all o'er  
 (For through each plume I felt the thrill)  
 Startled her , as she reach'd the shore  
 Of that small lake — her mirror still —  
 Above whose brink she stood , like snow  
 When rosy with a sunset glow .  
 Never shall I forget those eyes ! —  
 The shame , the innocent surprise  
 Of that bright face , when in the air  
 Uplooking , she beheld me there .  
 It seem'd as if each thought , and look ,  
 And motion were that minute chain'd  
 Fast to the spot , such root she took ,  
 And — like a sunflower by a brook ,  
 With face upturn'd — so still remain'd !

In pity to the wondering maid ,  
 Though loth from such a vision turning ,  
 Downward I bent , beneath the shade  
 Of my spread wings to hide the burning  
 Of glances , which — I well could feel —  
 For me , for her , too warmly shone ;  
 But , ere I could again unseal  
 My restless eyes , or even steal  
 One sidelong look , the maid was gone —

Hid from me in the forest leaves,  
 Sudden as when, in all her charms  
 Of full-blown light, some cloud receives  
 The Moon into his dusky arms.

'T is not in words to tell the power,  
 The despotism that, from that hour,  
 Passion held o'er me. Day and night  
 I sought around each neighbouring spot;  
 And, in the chase of this sweet light,  
 My task, and heaven, and all forgot, —  
 All, but the one, sole, haunting dream  
 Of her I saw in that bright stream.

Nor was it long, ere by her side  
 I found myself, whole happy days,  
 Listening to words, whose music vied  
 With our own Eden's seraph lays,  
 When seraph lays are warm'd by love,  
 But, wanting *that*, far, far above! —  
 And looking into eyes where, blue  
 And beautiful, like skies seen through  
 The sleeping wave, for me there shone  
 A heaven, more worshipp'd than my own.  
 Oh what, while I could hear and see  
 Such words and looks, was heaven to me?  
 Though gross the air on earth I drew,  
 'T was blessed, while she breath'd it too;  
 Though dark the flowers, though dim the sky,  
 Love lent them light, while she was nigh.  
 Throughout creation I but knew  
 Two separate worlds — the *one*, that small,  
 Belov'd, and consecrated spot  
 Where *LEA* was — the other, all  
 The dull, wide waste, where she was *not!*  
 But vain my suit, my madness vain;  
 Though gladly, from her eyes to gain  
 One earthly look, one stray desire,

I would have torn the wings, that hung  
 Furl'd at my back, and o'er the Fire  
 In GEHIM'S \* pit their fragments flung; —  
 'T was hopeless all — pure and unmov'd  
 She stood, as lilies in the light  
 Of the hot noon but look more white; —  
 And though she lov'd me, deeply lov'd,  
 'T was not as man, as mortal — no,  
 Nothing of earth was in that glow —  
 She lov'd me but as one, of race  
 Angelic, from that radiant place  
 She saw so oft in dreams — that Heaven,  
 To which her prayers at morn were sent,  
 And on whose light she gaz'd at even,  
 Wishing for wings, that she might go  
 Out of this shadowy world below,  
 To that free, glorious element!

Well I remember by her side  
 Sitting at rosy even-tide,  
 When, — turning to the star, whose head  
 Look'd out, as from a bridal bed,  
 At that mute, blushing hour, — she said,  
 “Oh! that it were my doom to be  
 “The Spirit of yon beauteous star,  
 “Dwelling up there in purity,  
 “Alone, as all such bright things are; —

\* The name given by the Mahometans to the infernal regions, over which, they say, the angel Tabhek presides.

By the seven gates of hell, mentioned in the Koran, the commentators understand seven different departments or wards, in which seven different sorts of sinners are to be punished. The first, called Gehennem, is for sinful Mussulmans; the second, Ladba, for Christian offenders; the third, Hothama, is appointed for Jews; and the fourth and fifth, called Sair and Sacar, are destined to receive the Sabæans and the worshippers of fire: in the sixth, named Gehim, those pagans and idolaters who admit a plurality of gods are placed; while into the abyss of the seventh, called Derk Asfal, or the Deepest, the hypocritical canters of *all* religions are thrown.



"My sole employ to pray and shine,  
 "To light my censer at the sun,  
 "And cast its fire towards the shrine  
 "Of Him in heaven, the Eternal One!"

So innocent the maid, so free  
 From mortal taint in soul and frame,  
 Whom 't was my crime — my destiny —  
 To love, aye, burn for, with a flame,  
 To which earth's wildest fires are tame.  
 Had you but seen her look, when first  
 From my mad lips th' avowal burst;  
 Not anger'd — no — the feeling came  
 From depths beyond mere anger's flame —  
 It was a sorrow, calm as deep,  
 A mournfulness that could not weep,  
 So fill'd her heart was to the brink,  
 So fix'd and froz'n with grief, to think  
 That angel natures — that ev'n I,  
 Whose love she clung to, as the tie  
 Between her spirit and the sky —  
 Should fall thus headlong from the height  
 Of all that heaven hath pure and bright!

That very night — my heart had grown  
 Impatient of its inward burning:  
 The term, too, of my stay was flown,  
 And the bright Watchers near the throne,  
 Already, if a meteor shone  
 Between them and this nether zone,  
 Thought 't was their herald's wing returning.  
 Oft did the potent spell-word, given  
 To Envoys hither from the skies,  
 To be pronounc'd, when back to heaven  
 It is their time or wish to rise,  
 Come to my lips that fatal day;  
 And once, too, was so nearly spoken,  
 That my spread plumage in the ray

And breeze of heaven began to play; —  
 When my heart fail'd — the spell was broken —  
 The word unfinish'd died away.  
 And my check'd plumes, ready to soar,  
 Fell slack and lifeless as before.

How could I leave a world, which she,  
 Or lost or won, made all to me?  
 No matter where my wanderings were,  
 So there she look'd, breath'd, mov'd about —  
 Woe, ruin, death, more sweet with her,  
 Than Paradise itself, without!

But, to return — that very day  
 A feast was held, where, full of mirth,  
 Came — crowding thick as flowers that play  
 In summer winds — the young and gay  
 And beautiful of this bright earth.  
 And she was there, and 'mid the young  
 And beautiful stood first, alone;  
 Though on her gentle brow still hung  
 The shadow I that morn had thrown —  
 The first, that ever shame or woe  
 Had cast upon its vernal snow.  
 My heart was madden'd; — in the flush  
 Of the wild revel I gave way  
 To all that frantic mirth — that rush  
 Of desperate gaiety, which they,  
 Who never felt how pain's excess  
 Can break out thus, think happiness!  
 Sad mimicry of mirth and life,  
 Whose flashes come but from the strife  
 Of inward passions — like the light  
 Struck out by clashing swords in fight.  
 Then, too, that juice of earth, the bane  
 And blessing of man's heart and brain —  
 That draught of sorcery, which brings  
 Phantoms of fair, forbidden things —

Whose drops, like those of rainbows, smile  
 Upon the mists that circle man,  
 Bright'ning not only Earth, the while,  
 But grasping Heaven, too, in their span! —  
 Then first the fatal wine-cup rain'd  
 Its dews of darkness through my lips, \*  
 Casting whate'er of light remain'd  
 To my lost soul into eclipse,  
 And filling it with such wild dreams,  
 Such fantasies and wrong desires,  
 As, in the absence of heaven's beams,  
 Haunt us for ever — like wild-fires  
 That walk this earth, when day retires.

Now hear the rest; — our banquet done,  
 I sought her in th' accustom'd bower,  
 Where late we oft, when day was gone,  
 And the world hush'd, had met alone,  
 At the same silent, moonlight hour.  
 Her eyes, as usual, were upturn'd  
 To her lov'd star, whose lustre burn'd  
 Purer than ever on that night;  
 While she, in looking, grew more bright,  
 As though she borrow'd of its light.

There was a virtue in that scene,  
 A spell of holiness around,  
 Which, had my burning brain not been  
 Thus madden'd, would have held me bound,  
 As though I trod celestial ground.

\* I have already mentioned that some of the circumstances of this story were suggested to me by the eastern legend of the two angels, Harut and Marut, as given by Mariti, who says that the author of the *Taalim* founds upon it the Mahometan prohibition of wine.† I have since found that Mariti's version of the tale (which differs also from that of Dr. Prideaux, in his *Life of Mahomet*.) is taken from the French *Encyclopédie*, in which work, under the head "*Arot et Marot*," the reader will find it.

† The Bahardanush tells the fable differently.



Ev'n as it was, with soul all flame,  
 And lips that burn'd in their own sighs,  
 I stood to gaze, with awe and shame —  
 The memory of Eden came  
 Full o'er me when I saw those eyes;  
 And tho' too well each glance of mine  
 To the pale, shrinking maiden prov'd  
 How far, alas, from aught divine,  
 Aught worthy of so pure a shrine,  
 Was the wild love with which I lov'd,  
 Yet must she, too, have seen — oh yes,  
 'T is soothing but to *think* she saw  
 The deep, true, soul-felt tenderness,  
 The homage of an Angel's awe  
 To her, a mortal, whom pure love  
 Then plac'd above him — far above —  
 And all that struggle to repress  
 A sinful spirit's mad excess,  
 Which work'd within me at that hour,  
 When, with a voice, where Passion shed  
 All the deep sadness of her power,  
 Her melancholy power — I said,  
 "Then be it so; if back to heaven  
 "I must unlov'd, unpitied fly,  
 "Without one blest memorial given  
 "To soothe me in that lonely sky;  
 "One look, like those the young and fond  
 "Give when they're parting — which would be,  
 "Ev'n in remembrance, far beyond  
 "All heaven hath left of bliss for me!  
 "Oh, but to see that head recline  
 "A minute on this trembling arm,  
 "And those mild eyes look up to mine,  
 "Without a dread, a thought of harm!  
 "To meet, but once, the thrilling touch  
 "Of lips too purely fond to fear me —

"Or, if that boon be all too much,  
 "Ev'n thus to bring their fragrance near me!  
 "Nay, shrink not so — a look — a word —  
 "Give them but kindly and I fly;  
 "Already, see, my plumes have stirr'd,  
 "And tremble for their home on high.  
 "Thus be our parting — cheek to cheek —  
 "One minute's lapse will be forgiven,  
 "And thou, the next, shalt hear me speak  
 "The spell that plumes my wing for heaven!"

While thus I spoke, the fearful maid,  
 Of me, and of herself afraid,  
 Had shrinking stood, like flowers beneath  
 The scorching of the south-wind's breath:  
 But when I nam'd — alas, too well,  
 I now recall, though wilder'd then, —  
 Instantly, when I nam'd the spell,  
 Her brow, her eyes uprose again,  
 And, with an eagerness, that spoke  
 The sudden light that o'er her broke,  
 "The spell, the spell! — oh, speak it now,  
 "And I will bless thee!" she exclaim'd —  
 Unknowing what I did, inflam'd,  
 And lost already, on her brow  
 I stamp'd one burning kiss, and nam'd  
 The mystic word, till then ne'er told  
 To living creature of earth's mould!  
 Scarce was it said, when, quick as thought,  
 Her lips from mine, like echo, caught  
 The holy sound — her hands and eyes  
 Were instant lifted to the skies,  
 And thrice to heaven she spoke it out  
 With that triumphant look Faith wears,  
 When not a cloud of fear or doubt,  
 A vapour from this vale of tears,  
 Between her and her God appears!

That very moment her whole frame  
 All bright and glorified became,  
 And at her back I saw unclose  
 Two wings, magnificent as those  
     That sparkle around ALLA'S Throne,  
 Whose plumes, as buoyantly she rose  
     Above me, in the moon-beam shone  
 With a pure light, which — from its hue,  
 Unknown upon this earth — I knew  
 Was light from Eden, glistening through!  
 Most holy vision! ne'er before

Did aught so radiant — since the day  
 When EBLIS, in his downfall, bore  
     The third of the bright stars away —  
 Rise, in earth's beauty, to repair  
 That loss of light and glory there!

But did I tamely view her flight?

Did not I, too, proclaim out thrice  
 The powerful words that were, that night, —  
 Oh ev'n for heaven too much delight! —

    Again to bring us, eyes to eyes,  
     And soul to soul, in Paradise?

I did — I spoke it o'er and o'er —

    I pray'd, I wept, but all in vain;  
 For me the spell had power no more.

    There seem'd around me some dark chain  
 Which still, as I essay'd to soar,

    Baffled, alas, each wild endeavour:  
 Dead lay my wings, as they have lain  
 Since that sad hour, and will remain —

    So wills th' offended God — for ever!

It was to yonder star I trac'd  
 Her journey up th' illumin'd waste —  
 That isle in the blue firmament,  
 To which so oft her fancy went  
     In wishes and in dreams before,



And which was now — such, Purity,  
 Thy blest reward — ordain'd to be  
     Her home of light for evermore!  
 Once — or did I but fancy so? —  
     Ev'n in her flight to that fair sphere,  
 'Mid all her spirit's new-felt glow,  
 A pitying look she turn'd below  
     On him who stood in darkness here;  
 Him whom, perhaps, if vain regret  
 Can dwell in heaven, she pities yet;  
 And oft, when looking to this dim  
 And distant world, remembers him.

But soon that passing dream was gone;  
 Farther and farther off she shone,  
 Till lessen'd to a point, as small  
     As are those specks that yonder burn, —  
 Those vivid drops of light, that fall  
     The last from Day's exhausted urn.  
 And when at length she merg'd, afar,  
 Into her own immortal star,  
 And when at length my straining sight  
     Had caught her wing's last fading ray,  
 That minute from my soul the light  
     Of heaven and love both pass'd away;  
 And I forgot my home, my birth,  
     Profan'd my spirit, sunk my brow,  
 And revell'd in gross joys of earth,  
     Till I became — what I am now!"

The Spirit bow'd his head in shame;  
     A shame, that of itself would tell —  
 Were there not ev'n those breaks of flame,  
 Celestial, through his clouded frame —  
     How grand the height from which he fell!  
 That holy Shame, which ne'er forgets  
     Th' unblench'd renown it us'd to wear;

Whose blush remains, when Virtue sets,  
 To show her sunshine *has* been there.  
 Once only, while the tale he told,  
 Were his eyes lifted to behold  
 That happy stainless star, where she  
 Dwelt in her bower of purity!  
 One minute did he look, and then —  
 As though he felt some deadly pain  
 From its sweet light through heart and brain —  
 Shrunk back, and never look'd again.

---

Who was the Second Spirit? he  
 With the proud front and piercing glance —  
 Who seem'd, when viewing heaven's expanse,  
 As though his far-sent eye could see  
 On, on into th' Immensity  
 Behind the veils of that blue sky,  
 Where ALLA's grandest secrets lie? —  
 His wings, the while, though day was gone,  
 Flashing with many a various hue  
 Of light they from themselves alone,  
 Instinct with Eden's brightness, drew.  
 'T was RUBI — once among the prime  
 And flower of those bright creatures, nam'd  
 Spirits of Knowledge,\* who o'er Time  
 And Space and Thought an empire claim'd,  
 Second alone to Him, whose light  
 Was, ev'n to theirs, as day to night;  
 'Twixt whom and them was distance far  
 And wide, as would the journey be  
 To reach from any island star  
 The vague shores of Infinity!

\* The Kerubiim, as the Mussulmans call them, are often joined indiscriminately with the Asrafil or Seraphim, under one common name of Azazil, by which all spirits who approach near the throne of Alla are designated.

'T was RUBI, in whose mournful eye  
 Slept the dim light of days gone by;  
 Whose voice, though sweet, fell on the ear  
 Like echoes, in some silent place,  
 When first awak'd for many a year;  
 And when he smil'd, if o'er his face  
 Smile ever shone, 't was like the grace  
 Of moonlight rainbows, fair, but wan,  
 The sunny life, the glory gone.

Ev'n o'er his pride, though still the same,  
 A softening shade from sorrow came;  
 And though at times his spirit knew  
 The kindlings of disdain and ire,  
 Short was the fitful glare they threw —  
 Like the last flashes, fierce but few,  
 Seen through some noble pile on fire!

Such was the Angel, who now broke  
 The silence that had come o'er all,  
 When he, the Spirit that last spoke,  
 Clos'd the sad history of his fall;  
 And, while a sacred lustre, flown  
 For many a day, relum'd his cheek —  
 Beautiful, as in days of old;  
 And not those eloquent lips alone  
 But every feature seem'd to speak —  
 Thus his eventful story told : —

## SECOND ANGEL'S STORY.

“ YOU both remember well the day,  
 When unto Eden's new-made bowers,  
 ALLA convok'd the bright array  
 Of his supreme angelic powers,  
 To witness the one wonder yet,  
 Beyond man, angel, star, or sun,



He must achieve, ere he could set  
 His seal upon the world, as done —  
 To see that last perfection rise,  
 That crowning of creation's birth,  
 When, 'mid the worship and surprise  
 Of circling angels, Woman's eyes  
 First open'd upon heaven and earth;  
 And from their lids a thrill was sent,  
 That through each living spirit went  
 Like first light through the firmament!

Can you forget how gradual stole  
 The fresh-awaken'd breath of soul  
 Throughout her perfect form — which seem'd  
 To grow transparent, as there beam'd  
 That dawn of Mind within, and caught  
 New loveliness from each new thought?  
 Slow as o'er summer seas we trace  
 The progress of the noontide air,  
 Dimpling its bright and silent face  
 Each minute into some new grace,  
 And varying heaven's reflections there —  
 Or, like the light of evening, stealing  
 O'er some fair temple, which all day  
 Hath slept in shadow, slow revealing  
 Its several beauties, ray by ray,  
 Till it shines out, a thing to bless,  
 All full of light and loveliness.

Can you forget her blush, when round  
 Through Eden's lone, enchanted ground  
 She look'd, and saw, the sea — the skies —  
 And heard the rush of many a wing,  
 On high behests then vanishing;  
 And saw the last few angel eyes,  
 Still lingering — mine among the rest, —  
 Reluctant leaving scenes so bless'd?  
 From that miraculous hour, the fate

• Of this new, glorious Being dwelt  
 For ever, with a spell-like weight,  
 Upon my spirit — early, late,  
     Whate'er I did, or dream'd, or felt,  
 The thought of what might yet befall  
 That matchless creature mix'd with all. —  
 Nor she alone, but her whole race  
     Through ages yet to come — whate'er  
     Of feminine, and fond, and fair,  
 Should spring from that pure mind and face,  
     All wak'd my soul's intensest care;  
 their forms, souls, feelings, still to me  
 Creation's strangest mystery!

It was my doom — ev'n from the first,  
 When witnessing the primal burst  
 Of Nature's wonders, I saw rise  
 Those bright creations in the skies, —  
 Those worlds instinct with life and light,  
 Which Man, remote, but sees by night, —  
 It was my doom still to be haunted  
     By some new wonder, some sublime  
     And matchless work, that, for the time  
 Held all my soul, enchain'd, enchanted,  
 And left me not a thought, a dream,  
 A word, but on that only theme!

The wish to know — that endless thirst,  
     Which ev'n by quenching is awak'd,  
 And which becomes or blest or curst,  
     As is the fount whereat 't is slak'd —  
 Still urg'd me onward, with desire  
 Insatiate, to explore, inquire —  
 Whate'er the wondrous things might be,  
 That wak'd each new idolatry —  
     Their cause, aim, source, whence-ever sprung —  
 Their inmost powers, as though for me  
     Existence on that knowledge hung.

Oh what a vision were the stars,  
 When first I saw them burn on high,  
 Rolling along, like living cars  
 Of light, for gods to journey by! \*  
 They were my heart's first passion — days  
 And nights, unwearied, in their rays  
 Have I hung floating, till each sense  
 Seem'd full of their bright influence.  
 Innocent joy! alas, how much  
 Of misery had I shunn'd below,  
 Could I have still liv'd blest with such;  
 Nor, proud and restless, burn'd to know  
 The knowledge that brings guilt and woe.  
 Often — so much I lov'd to trace  
 The secrets of this starry race —  
 Have I at morn and evening run  
 Along the lines of radiance spun  
 Like webs, between them and the sun,  
 Untwisting all the tangled ties  
 Of light into their different dyes —  
 Then fleetly wing'd I off, in quest  
 Of those, the farthest, loneliest,  
 That watch, like winking sentinels, \*\*  
 The void, beyond which Chaos dwells;

\* “C'est un fait indubitable que la plupart des anciens philosophes, soit Chaldéens, soit Grecs, nous ont donné les astres comme animés, et ont soutenu que les astres, qui nous éclairent n'étoient que, ou les chars, ou même les navires des Intelligences qui les conduisoient. Pour les *Chars*, cela se lit partout; on n'a qu'ouvrir Pline, St. Clément,” &c. &c. — *Mémoire Historique, sur le Sabiisme*, par M. FOURMONT.

A belief that the stars are either spirits or the vehicles of spirits, was common to all the religions and heresies of the East. Kircher has given the names and stations of the seven archangels, who were by the Cabala of the Jews distributed through the planets.

\*\* According to the cosmogony of the ancient Persians, there were four stars set as sentinels in the four quarters of the heavens, to watch over the other fixed stars, and superintend the planets in their course. The names of these four sentinel stars are, according to the Boundesh,



And there, with noiseless plume, pursued  
 Their track through that grand solitude,  
 Asking intently all and each

What soul within their radiance dwelt,  
 And wishing their sweet light were speech,  
 That they might tell me all they felt.

Nay, oft, so passionate my chase  
 Of these resplendent heirs of space,  
 Oft did I follow — lest a ray

Should 'scape me in the farthest night —  
 Some pilgrim Comet, on his way

To visit distant shrines of light,  
 And well remember how I sung

Exultingly, when on my sight  
 New worlds of stars, all fresh and young,  
 As if just born of darkness, sprung!

Such was my pure ambition then,

My sinless transport, night and morn;  
 Ere yet this newer world of men,

And that most fair of stars was born  
 Which I, in fatal hour, saw rise  
 Among the flowers of Paradise!

Thenceforth my nature all was chang'd,

My heart, soul, senses turn'd below;  
 And he, who but so lately rang'd

You wonderful expanse, where glow  
 Worlds upon worlds, — yet found his mind  
 Ev'n in that luminous range confin'd, —  
 Now blest the humblest, meanest sod  
 Of the dark earth where Woman trod!

In vain my former idols glisten'd

From their far thrones, in vain these ears  
 To the once-thrilling music listen'd,

That hymn'd around my favourite spheres —

Taschter, for the east; Satevis, for the west; Venand, for the south;  
 and Haftorang, for the north.

To earth, to earth each thought was given,  
 That in this half-lost soul had birth;  
 Like some high mount, whose head 's in heaven,  
 While its whole shadow rests on earth!

Nor was it Love, ev'n yet, that thrall'd  
 My spirit in his burning ties;  
 And less, still less could it be call'd  
 That grosser flame, round which Love flies  
 Nearer and nearer, till he dies —  
 No, it was wonder, such as thrill'd  
 At all God's works my dazzled sense;  
 The same rapt wonder, only fill'd  
 With passion, more profound, intense, —  
 A vehement, but wandering fire,  
 Which, though nor love, nor yet desire, —  
 Though through all womankind it took  
 Its range, as lawless lightnings run,  
 Yet wanted but a touch, a look,  
 To fix it burning upon *One*.

Then, too, the ever-restless zeal,  
 Th' insatiate curiosity  
 To know how shapes, so fair, must feel —  
 To look, but once, beneath the seal  
 Of so much loveliness, and see  
 What souls belong'd to such bright eyes —  
 Whether, as sun-beams find their way  
 Into the gem that hidden lies,  
 Those looks could inward turn their ray,  
 And make the soul as bright as they:  
 All this impell'd my anxious chase,  
 And still the more I saw and knew  
 Of Woman's fond, weak, conquering race,  
 Th' intenser still my wonder grew.

I had beheld their First, their EVE,  
 Born in that splendid Paradise,

Which sprung there solely to receive  
 The first light of her waking eyes.  
 I had seen purest angels lean  
 In worship o'er her from above;  
 And man — oh yes, had envying seen  
 Proud man possess'd of all her love

I saw their happiness, so brief,  
 So exquisite, — her error, too,  
 That easy trust, that prompt belief  
 In what the warm heart wishes true:  
 That faith in words, when kindly said,  
 By which the whole fond sex is led —  
 Mingled with — what I durst not blame,  
 For 't is my own — that zeal to *know*,  
 Sad, fatal zeal, so sure of woe;  
 Which, though from heaven all pure it came,  
 Yet stain'd, misus'd, brought sin and shame  
 On her, on me, on all below!

I had seen this; had seen Man, arm'd,  
 As his soul is, with strength and sense,  
 By her first words to ruin charm'd;  
 His vaunted reason's cold defence,  
 Like an ice-barrier in the ray  
 Of melting summer, smil'd away.  
 Nay, stranger yet, spite of all this —  
 Though by her counsels taught to err,  
 Though driv'n from Paradise for her,  
 (And *with* her — *that*, at least, was bliss,)  
 Had I not heard him, ere he crost  
 The threshold of that earthly heaven,  
 Which by her wildering smile he lost —  
 So quickly was the wrong forgiven! —  
 Had I not heard him, as he prest  
 The frail, fond trembler to a breast  
 Which she had doom'd to sin and strife



Call her — ev'n then — his Life! his Life!\*  
 Yes, such the love-taught name, the first,  
     That ruin'd Man to Woman gave,  
 Ev'n in his outcast hour, when curst  
 By her fond witchery, with that worst  
     And earliest boon of love, the grave!  
 She, who brought death into the world,  
     There stood before him, with the light  
     Of their lost Paradise still bright  
 Upon those sunny locks, that curl'd  
 Down her white shoulders to her feet —  
 So beautiful in form, so sweet  
 In heart and voice, as to redeem  
     The loss, the death of all things dear,  
 Except herself — and make it seem  
     Life, endless Life, while she was near!  
 Could I help wondering at a creature,  
     Thus circled round with spells so strong —  
 One, to whose every thought, word, feature,  
     In joy and woe, through right and wrong,  
 Such sweet omnipotence heaven gave,  
 To bless or ruin, curse or save?

Nor did the marvel cease with her —  
     New Eves in all her daughters came,  
 As strong to charm, as weak to err,  
     As sure of man through praise and blame,  
     Whate'er they brought him, pride or shame,  
 He still th' unreasoning worshipper,  
     And they, throughout all time, the same  
     Enchantresses of soul and frame,  
 Into whose hands, from first to last,  
     This world with all its destinies,  
 Devotedly by heaven seems cast,  
     To save or ruin, as they please!

\* Chavah, or, as it is in Arabic, Havah (the name by which Adam called the woman after their transgression), means "Life."

Oh, 't is not to be told how long,  
 How restlessly I sigh'd to find  
 Some *one*, from out that witching throng,  
 Some abstract of the form and mind  
 Of the whole matchless sex, from which,  
 In my own arms beheld, possest,  
 I might learn all the powers to witch,  
 To warm, and (if my fate unblest  
*Would* have it) ruin, of the rest!  
 Into whose inward soul and sense  
 I might descend, as doth the bee  
 Into the flower's deep heart, and thence  
 Rife, in all its purity,  
 The prime, the quintessence, the whole  
 Of wondrous Woman's frame and soul!

At length, my burning wish, my prayer —  
 (For such — oh what will tongues not dare,  
 When hearts go wrong? — this lip prefer'd) —  
 At length my ominous prayer was heard —  
 But whether heard in heaven or hell,  
 Listen — and thou wilt know *too* well.

There was a maid, of all who move  
 Like visions o'er this orb, most fit  
 To be a bright young angel's love,  
 Herself so bright, so exquisite!  
 The pride, too, of her step, as light  
 Along th' unconscious earth she went,  
 Seem'd that of one, born with a right  
 To walk some heav'nlier element,  
 And tread in places where her feet  
 A star at every step should meet.

'T was not alone that loveliness  
 By which the wilder'd sense is caught —  
 Of lips, whose very breath could bless;  
 Of playful blushes, that seem'd nought  
 But luminous escapes of thought;

Of eyes that, when by anger stirr'd,  
 Were fire itself, but, at a word  
     Of tenderness, all soft became  
 As though they could, like the sun's bird,  
     Dissolve away in their own flame —  
 Of form, as pliant as the shoots  
     Of a young tree, in vernal flower;  
 Yet round and glowing as the fruits,  
     That drop from it in summer's hour; —  
 'T was not alone this loveliness  
     That falls to loveliest women's share,  
     Though, even here, her form could spare  
 From its own beauty's rich excess  
     Enough to make ev'n *them* more fair —  
 But 't was the Mind, outshining clear  
 Through her whole frame — the soul, still near,  
 To light each charm, yet independent  
     Of what it lighted, as the sun  
 That shines on flowers, would be resplendent  
     Were there no flowers to shine upon —  
 'T was this, all this, in one combin'd —  
     Th' unnumber'd looks and arts that form  
 The glory of young woman-kind,  
     Taken, in their perfection, warm,  
     Ere time had chill'd a single charm,  
 And stamp'd with such a seal of Mind,  
     As gave to beauties, that might be  
 Too sensual else, too unrefin'd,  
     The impress of Divinity!

'T was this — a union, which the hand  
     Of Nature kept for her alone,  
 Of every thing most playful, bland,  
 Voluptuous, spiritual, grand,  
     In angel-natures and her own —  
 Oh this it was that drew me nigh  
 One, who seem'd kin to heaven as I,



A bright twin-sister from on high —  
 One, in whose love, I felt, were given  
 The mix'd delights of either sphere,  
 All that the spirit seeks in heaven,  
 And all the senses burn for here.

Had we — but hold — hear every part  
 Of our sad tale — spite of the pain  
 Remembrance gives, when the fix'd dart  
 Is stirr'd thus in the wound again —  
 Hear every step, so full of bliss,  
 And yet so ruinous, that led  
 Down to the last, dark precipice,  
 Where perish'd both — the fall'n, the dead!

From the first hour she caught my sight,  
 I never left her — day and night  
 Hovering unseen around her way,  
 And 'mid her loneliest musings near,  
 I soon could track each thought that lay,  
 Gleaming within her heart, as clear  
 As pebbles within brooks appear;  
 And there, among the countless things  
 That keep young hearts for ever glowing,  
 Vague wishes, fond imaginings,  
 Love-dreams, as yet no object knowing —  
 Light, winged hopes, that come when bid,  
 And rainbow joys that end in weeping;  
 And passions, among pure thoughts hid,  
 Like serpents under flow'rets sleeping: —  
 'Mong all these feelings — felt where'er  
 Young hearts are beating — I saw there  
 Proud thoughts, aspirings high — beyond  
 Whate'er yet dwelt in soul so fond —  
 Glimpses of glory, far away  
 Into the bright, vague future given;  
 And fancies, free and grand, whose play,  
 Like that of eaglets, is near heaven!

With this, too — what a soul and heart  
 To fall beneath the tempter's art! —  
 A zeal for knowledge, such as ne'er  
 Enshrin'd itself in form so fair,  
 Since that first, fatal hour, when Eve,  
 With every fruit of Eden blest,  
 Save one alone — rather than leave  
 That *one* unreach'd, lost all the rest.

It was in dreams that first I stole  
 With gentle mastery o'er her mind —  
 In that rich twilight of the soul,  
 When reason's beam, half hid behind  
 The clouds of sleep, obscurely gilds  
 Each shadowy shape the Fancy builds —  
 'T was then, by that soft light, I brought  
 Vague, glimmering visions to her view; —  
 Catches of radiance, lost when caught,  
 Bright labyrinths, that led to nought,  
 And vistas, with no pathway through; —  
 Dwellings of bliss, that opening shone,  
 Then clos'd, dissolv'd, and left no trace —  
 All that, in short, could tempt Hope on,  
 But give her wing no resting-place;  
 Myself the while, with brow, as yet,  
 Pure as the young moon's coronet,  
 Through every dream *still* in her sight,  
 Th' enchanter of each mocking scene,  
 Who gave the hope, then brought the blight,  
 Who said, "Behold yon world of light,"  
 Then sudden dropt a veil between!

At length, when I perceiv'd each thought,  
 Waking or sleeping, fix'd on nought  
 But these illusive scenes, and me —  
 The phantom, who thus came and went,  
 In half revealments, only meant  
 To madden curiosity —

When by such various arts I found  
 Her fancy to its utmost wound,  
 One night — 't was in a holy spot,  
 Which she for pray'r had chos'n — a grot  
 Of purest marble, built below  
 Her garden beds, through which a glow  
 From lamps invisible then stole,

Brightly pervading all the place —  
 Like that mysterious light the soul,  
 Itself unseen, sheds through the face.

There, at her altar while she knelt,  
 And all that woman ever felt,

When God and man both claim'd her sighs —  
 Every warm thought, that ever dwelt,

Like summer clouds, 'twixt earth and skies,  
 Too pure to fall, too gross to rise,

Spoke in her gestures, tones, and eyes —  
 Then, as the mystic light's soft ray  
 Grew softer still, as tho' its ray  
 Was breath'd from her, I heard her say: —

“Oh idol of my dreams! whate'er

“Thy nature be — human, divine,

“Or but half heav'nly — still too fair,

“Too heavenly to be ever mine!

“Wonderful Spirit, who dost make

“Slumber so lovely, that it seems

“No longer life to live awake,

“Since heaven itself descends in dreams,

“Why do I ever lose thee? why

“When on thy realms and thee I gaze

“Still drops that veil, which I could die,

“Oh gladly, but one hour to raise?

“Long ere such miracles as thou

“And thine came o'er my thoughts, a thirst



- "For light was in this soul, which now  
 "Thy looks have into passion nurs'd.
- "There 's nothing bright above, below,  
 "In sky — earth — ocean, that this breast  
 "Doth not intensely burn to know,  
 "And thee, thee, thee, o'er all the rest!
- "Then come, oh Spirit, from behind  
 "The curtains of thy radiant home,  
 "If thou would'st be as angel shrin'd,  
 "Or lov'd and clasp'd as mortal, come!
- "Bring all thy dazzling wonders here,  
 "That I may, waking, know and see;  
 "Or waft me hence to thy own sphere,  
 "Thy heaven or — aye, even *that* with thee!
- "Demon or God, who hold'st the book  
 "Of knowledge spread beneath thine eye,  
 "Give me, with thee, but one bright look  
 "Into its leaves, and let me die!
- "By those ethereal wings, whose way  
 "Lies through an element, so fraught  
 "With living Mind, that, as they play,  
 "Their every movement is a thought!
- "By that bright, wreathed hair, between  
 "Whose sunny clusters the sweet wind  
 "Of Paradise so late hath been,  
 "And left its fragrant soul behind!
- "By those impassion'd eyes, that melt  
 "Their light into the inmost heart;  
 "Like sunset in the waters, felt  
 "As molten fire through every part —
- "I do implore thee, oh most bright  
 "And worshipp'd Spirit, shine but o'er  
 "My waking, wondering eyes this night,  
 "This one blest night — I ask no more!"

Exhausted, breathless, as she said  
 These burning words, her languid head  
 Upon the altar's steps she cast,  
 As if that brain-throb were its last —

Till, startled by the breathing, nigh,  
 Of lips, that echoed back her sigh,  
 Sudden her brow again she rais'd;

And there, just lighted on the shrine,  
 Beheld me — not as I had blaz'd

Around her, full of light divine,  
 In her late dreams, but soften'd down  
 Into more mortal grace; — my crown  
 Of flowers, too radiant for this world,

Left hanging on yon starry steep;  
 My wings shut up, like banners furl'd,  
 When Peace hath put their pomp to sleep;

Or like autumnal clouds, that keep  
 Their lightnings sheath'd, rather than mar  
 The dawning hour of some young star;  
 And nothing left, but what beseem'd

Th' accessible, though glorious mate  
 Of mortal woman — whose eyes beam'd

Back upon hers, as passionate;  
 Whose ready heart brought flame for flame,  
 Whose sin, whose madness was the same;  
 And whose soul lost, in that one hour,

For her and for her love — oh more  
 Of heaven's light than ev'n the power  
 Of heav'n itself could now restore!

And yet, that hour!" —

The Spirit here

Stopp'd in his utterance, as if words  
 Gave way beneath the wild career

Of his then rushing thoughts — like chords,  
 Midway in some enthusiast's song,  
 Breaking beneath a touch too strong;

While the clench'd hand upon the brow  
 Told how remembrance throbb'd there now!  
 But soon 't was o'er — that casual blaze  
 From the sunk fire of other days —  
 That relic of a flame, whose burning  
 Had been too fierce to be relum'd,  
 Soon pass'd away, and the youth, turning  
 To his bright listeners, thus resum'd: —

“Days, months elaps'd, and, though what most  
 On earth I sigh'd for was mine, all —  
 Yet — was I happy? God, thou know'st,  
 Howe'er they smile, and feign, and boast,  
 What happiness is theirs, who fall!  
 'T was bitterest anguish — made more keen  
 Ev'n by the love, the bliss, between  
 Whose throbs it came, like gleams of hell  
 In agonizing cross-light given  
 Athwart the glimpses, they who dwell  
 In purgatory\* catch of heaven!  
 The only feeling that to me  
 Seem'd joy — or rather my sole rest  
 From aching misery — was to see  
 My young, proud, blooming LILIS blest.  
 She, the fair fountain of all ill  
 To my lost soul — whom yet its thirst  
 Fervidly panted after still,  
 And found the charm fresh as at first —  
 To see *her* happy — to reflect

\* Called by the Mussulmans Al Araf — a sort of wall or partition which, according to the 7th chapter of the Koran, separates hell from paradise, and where they, who have not merits sufficient to gain them immediate admittance into heaven, are supposed to stand for a certain period, alternately tantalized and tormented by the sights that are on either side presented to them.

Manes, who borrowed in many instances from the Platonists, placed his purgatories, or places of purification, in the Sun and Moon. — *Beausobre*, liv. iii. chap. 8.



Whatever beams still round me play'd  
 Of former pride, of glory wreck'd,  
 On her, my Moon, whose light I made,  
 And whose soul worshipp'd ev'n my shade —  
 This was, I own, enjoyment — this  
 My sole, last lingering glimpse of bliss.  
 And proud she was, fair creature! — proud,  
 Beyond what ev'n most queenly stirs  
 In woman's heart, nor would have bow'd  
 That beautiful young brow of hers  
 To aught beneath the First above,  
 So high she deem'd her Cherub's love!

Then, too, that passion, hourly growing  
 Stronger and stronger — to which even  
 Her love, at times, gave way — of knowing  
 Every thing strange in earth and heaven;  
 Not only all that, full reveal'd,  
 Th' eternal ALLA loves to show,  
 But all that He hath wisely seal'd  
 In darkness, for man *not* to know —  
 Ev'n this desire, alas, ill-starr'd  
 And fatal as it was, I sought  
 To feed each minute, and unbarr'd  
 Such realms of wonder on her thought,  
 As ne'er, till then, had let their light  
 Escape on any mortal's sight!  
 In the deep earth — beneath the sea —  
 Through caves of fire — through wilds of air —  
 Wherever sleeping Mystery  
 Had spread her curtain, we were there —  
 Love still beside us, as we went,  
 At home in each new element,  
 And sure of worship every where!

Then first was Nature taught to lay  
 The wealth of all her kingdoms down

At woman's worshipp'd feet, and say,  
 "Bright creature, this is all thine own!"  
 Then first were diamonds, from the night,\*  
 Of earth's deep centre brought to light,  
 And made to grace the conquering way  
 Of proud young beauty with their ray.  
 Then, too, the pearl from out its shell  
 Unsightly, in the sunless sea,  
 (As 't were a spirit, forc'd to dwell  
 In form unlovely) was set free,  
 And round the neck of woman threw  
 A light it lent and borrow'd too.  
 For never did this maid — whate'er  
 Th' ambition of the hour — forget  
 Her sex's pride in being fair;  
 Nor that adornment, tasteful, rare,  
 Which makes the mighty magnet, set  
 In Woman's form, more mighty yet.  
 Nor was there aught within the range  
 Of my swift wing in sea or air,  
 Of beautiful, or grand, or strange,  
 That, quickly as her wish could change,  
 I did not seek, with such fond care,  
 That when I've seen her look above  
 At some bright star admiringly,  
 I've said, "Nay, look not there, my love,\*\*  
 Alas, I cannot give it thee!"

\* "Quelques gnomes désireux de devenir immortels, avoient voulu gagner les bonnes grâces de nos filles, et leur avoient apporté des pierres dont ils sont gardiens naturels: et ces auteurs ont crû, s'appuyans sur le livre d'Enoch mal-entendu, que c'étoient des pièges que les anges amoureux," &c. &c. — *Comte de Gabalis*.

As the fiction of the loves of angels with women gave birth to the fanciful world of sylphs and gnomes, so we owe to it also the invention of those beautiful Genii and Peris, which embellish so much the mythology of the East; for in the fabulous histories of Caiöumarath, of Thaurath, &c., these spiritual creatures are always represented as the descendants of Seth, and called the Bani Algiann, or children of Giann.

\*\* I am aware that this happy saying of Lord Albemarle's loses much

But not alone the wonders found  
 Through Nature's realm — th' unveil'd, material,  
 Visible glories, that abound,  
 Through all her vast, enchanted ground —  
 But whatsoe'er unseen, ethereal,  
 Dwells far away from human sense,  
 Wrapp'd in its own intelligence —  
 The mystery of that Fountain-head,  
 From which all vital spirit runs,  
 All breath of Life, where'er 't is spread  
 Through men or angels, flowers or suns —  
 The workings of th' Almighty Mind,  
 When first o'er Chaos he design'd  
 The outlines of this world; and through  
 That depth of darkness — like the bow,  
 Call'd out of rain-clouds, hue by hue\* —  
 Saw the grand, gradual picture grow; —  
 The covenant with human kind  
 By ALLA made\*\* — the chains of Fate  
 He round himself and them hath twin'd,  
 Till his high task he consummate; —  
 Till good from evil, love from hate,  
 Shall be work'd out through sin and pain,  
 And Fate shall loose her iron chain,  
 And all be free, be bright again!  
 Such were the deep-drawn mysteries,  
 And some, ev'n more obscure, profound,  
 And wildering to the mind than these,  
 Which — far as woman's thought could sound,

of its grace and playfulness, by being put into the mouth of any but a human lover.

\* According to Whitehurst's theory, the mention of rainbows by an antediluvian angel is an anachronism; as he says, "There was no rain before the flood, and consequently no rainbow, which accounts for the novelty of this sight after the Deluge."

\*\* For the terms of this compact, of which the angels were supposed to be witnesses, see the chapter of the Koran, entitled *Al Araf*, and the article "Adam" in *D'Herbelot*.



Or a fall'n, outlaw'd spirit reach —  
 She dar'd to learn, and I to teach.  
 Till — fill'd with such unearthly lore,  
 And mingling the pure light it brings  
 With much that fancy had, before,  
 Shed in false, tinted glimmerings —  
 Th' enthusiast girl spoke out, as one  
 Inspir'd, among her own dark race,  
 Who from their ancient shrines would run,  
 Leaving their holy rites undone,  
 To gaze upon her holier face.  
 And, though but wild the things she spoke,  
 Yet, 'mid that play of error's smoke  
 Into fair shapes by fancy curl'd,  
 Some gleams of pure religion broke —  
 Glimpses, that have not yet awoke,  
 But startled the still dreaming world!  
 Oh, many a truth, remote, sublime,  
 Which Heav'n would from the minds of men  
 Have kept conceal'd, till its own time,  
 Stole out in these revealments then —  
 Revealments dim, that have fore-run,  
 By ages, the great, Sealing One! \*  
 Like that imperfect dawn, or light \*\*  
 Escaping from the Zodiac's signs,  
 Which makes the doubtful east half bright,  
 Before the real morning shines!  
  
 Thus did some moons of bliss go by —  
 Of bliss to her, who saw but love  
 And knowledge throughout earth and sky;  
 To whose enamour'd soul and eye,  
 I seem'd — as is the sun on high —  
 The light of all below, above,

\* In acknowledging the authority of the great Prophets who had preceded him, Mahomet represented his own mission as the final "Seal," or consummation of them all.

\*\* The Zodiacal Light.

The spirit of sea, and land, and air,  
 Whose influence, felt every where,  
 Spread from its centre, her own heart,  
 Ev'n to the world's extremest part;  
 While through that world her reinless mind  
     Had now career'd so fast and far,  
 That earth itself seem'd left behind,  
 And her proud fancy, unconfin'd,  
     Already saw Heaven's gates ajar!

Happy enthusiast! still, oh, still  
 Spite of my own heart's mortal chill,  
 Spite of that double-fronted sorrow,  
     Which looks at once before and back,  
 Beholds the yesterday, the morrow,  
     And sees both comfortless, both black —  
 Spite of all this, I could have still  
 In her delight forgot all ill;  
 Or, if pain *would* not be forgot,  
 At least have borne and murmur'd not.  
 When thoughts of an offended heaven,  
     Of sinfulness, which I — ev'n I,  
 While down its steep most headlong driven —  
 Well knew could never be forgiven,  
     Came o'er me with an agony  
 Beyond all reach of mortal woe —  
 A torture kept for those who know,  
 Know *every* thing, and — worst of all —  
 Know and love Virtue while they fall!  
 Ev'n then, her presence had the power  
     To soothe, to warm — nay, ev'n to bless —  
 If ever bliss could graft its flower  
     On stem so full of bitterness —  
 Ev'n then her glorious smile to me  
     Brought warmth and radiance, if not balm;  
 Like moonlight o'er a troubled sea,  
     Brightening the storm it cannot calm.

Oft, too, when that disheartening fear,  
 Which all who love, beneath yon sky,  
 Feel, when they gaze on what is dear —  
 The dreadful thought that it must die!  
 That desolating thought, which comes  
 Into men's happiest hours and homes;  
 Whose melancholy boding flings  
 Death's shadow o'er the brightest things,  
 Sicklies the infant's bloom, and spreads  
 The grave beneath young lovers' heads!  
 This fear, so sad to all — to me

Most full of sadness, from the thought  
 That I must still live on,\* when she  
 Would, like the snow that on the sea  
 Fell yesterday, in vain be sought;  
 That heaven to me this final seal  
 Of all earth's sorrow would deny,  
 And I eternally must feel

The death-pang, without power to die!  
 Ev'n this, her fond endearments — fond  
 As ever cherish'd the sweet bond  
 'Twixt heart and heart — could charm away;  
 Before her look no clouds would stay,  
 Or, if they did, their gloom was gone,  
 Their darkness put a glory on!

But 't is not, 't is not for the wrong,  
 The guilty, to be happy long;  
 And she, too, now, had sunk within  
 The shadow of her tempter's sin,  
 Too deep for ev'n Omnipotence  
 To snatch the fated victim thence!

\* Poccocke, however, gives it as the opinion of the Mahometan doctors, that all souls, not only of men and of animals, living either on land or in the sea, but of the angels also, must necessarily taste of death.



Listen, and, if a tear there be  
Left in your hearts, weep it for me.

'T was on the evening of a day,  
Which we in love had dreamt away;  
In that same garden, where — the pride  
Of seraph splendour laid aside,  
And those wings furl'd, whose open light  
For mortal gaze were else too bright —  
I first had stood before her sight,  
And found myself — oh, ecstasy,  
Which ev'n in pain I ne'er forget —  
Worshipp'd as only God should be,  
And lov'd as never man was yet!  
In that same garden were we now,  
Thoughtfully side by side reclining,  
Her eyes turn'd upward, and her brow  
With its own silent fancies shining.  
It was an evening bright and still  
As ever blush'd on wave or bower,  
Smiling from heaven, as if nought ill  
Could happen in so sweet an hour.  
Yet, I remember, both grew sad  
In looking at that light — ev'n she,  
Of heart so fresh, and brow so glad,  
Felt the still hour's solemnity,  
And thought she saw, in that repose,  
The death-hour not alone of light,  
But of this whole fair world — the close  
Of all things beautiful and bright —  
The last, grand sunset, in whose ray  
Nature herself died calm away!

At length, as though some livelier thought  
Had suddenly her fancy caught,  
She turn'd upon me her dark eyes,  
Dilated into that full shape

They took in joy, reproach, surprise,  
 As 't were to let more soul escape,  
 And, playfully as on my head  
 Her white hand rested, smil'd and said: —

- “I had, last night, a dream of thee,  
 “Resembling those divine ones, given,  
 “Like preludes to sweet minstrelsy,  
 “Before thou cam'st, thyself, from heaven.
- “The same rich wreath was on thy brow,  
 “Dazzling as if of starlight made;  
 “And these wings, lying darkly now,  
 “Like meteors round thee flash'd and play'd.
- “Thou stood'st, all bright, as in those dreams,  
 “As if just wafted from above;  
 “Mingling earth's warmth with heaven's beams  
 “A creature to adore and love.
- “Sudden I felt thee draw me near  
 “To thy pure heart, where, fondly plac'd,  
 “I seem'd within the atmosphere  
 “Of that exhaling light embrac'd;
- “And felt, methought, th' ethereal flame  
 “Pass from thy purer soul to mine;  
 “Till — oh, too blissful — I became,  
 “Like thee, all spirit, all divine!
- “Say, why did dream so blest come o'er me,  
 “If, now I wake, 't is faded, gone?  
 “When will my Cherub shine before me  
 “Thus radiant, as in heaven he shone?
- “When shall I, waking, be allow'd  
 “To gaze upon those perfect charms,  
 “And clasp thee once, without a cloud,  
 “A chill of earth, within these arms?
- “Oh what a pride to say, this, this  
 “Is my own Angel — all divine,

“And pure, and dazzling as he is,  
 “And fresh from heaven — he's mine, he's mine!

“Think'st thou, were LILIS in thy place,  
 “A creature of yon lofty skies,  
 “She would have hid one single grace,  
 “One glory from her lover's eyes?

“No, no — then, if thou lov'st like me,  
 “Shine out, young Spirit, in the blaze  
 “Of thy most proud divinity,  
 “Nor think thou 'lt wound this mortal gaze.

“Too long and oft I've look'd upon  
 “Those ardent eyes, intense ev'n thus —  
 “Too near the stars themselves have gone,  
 “To fear aught grand or luminous.

“Then doubt me not — oh, who can say  
 “But that this dream may yet come true,  
 “And my blest spirit drink thy ray,  
 “Till it becomes all heavenly too?

“Let me this once but feel the flame  
 “Of those spread wings, the very pride  
 “Will change my nature, and this frame  
 “By the mere touch be deified!”

Thus spoke the maid, as one, not us'd  
 To be by earth or heav'n refus'd —  
 As one, who knew her influence o'er  
 All creatures, whatsoe'er they were,  
 And, though to heaven she could not soar,  
 At least would bring down heaven to her.

Little did she, alas, or I —  
 Ev'n I, whose soul, but half-way yet  
 Immerg'd in sin's obscurity  
 Was as the earth whereon we lie,  
 O'er half whose disk the sun is set —



Little did we foresee the fate,  
 The dreadful — how can it be told?  
 Such pain, such anguish to relate  
 Is o'er again to feel, behold!  
 But, charg'd as 't is, my heart must speak  
 Its sorrow out, or it will break!  
 Some dark misgivings *had*, I own,  
 Pass'd for a moment through my breast —  
 Fears of some danger, vague, unknown,  
 To one, or both — something unblest  
 To happen from this proud request.  
 But soon these boding fancies fled;  
 Nor saw I aught that could forbid  
 My full revealment, save the dread  
 Of that first dazzle, when, unhid,  
 Such light should burst upon a lid  
 Ne'er tried in heaven; — and ev'n this glare  
 She might, by love's own nursing care,  
 Be, like young eagles, taught to bear.  
 For well I knew, the lustre shed  
 From cherub wings, when proudest spread,  
 Was, in its nature, lambent, pure,  
 And innocent as is the light  
 The glow-worm hangs out to allure  
 Her mate to her green bower at night.  
 Oft had I, in the mid-air, swept  
 Through clouds in which the lightning slept,  
 As in its lair, ready to spring,  
 Yet wak'd it not — though from my wing  
 A thousand sparks fell glittering!  
 Oft too when round me from above  
 The feather'd snow, in all its whiteness,  
 Fell, like the moultings of heaven's Dove,\* —  
 So harmless, though so full of brightness,

\* The Dove, or pigeon which attended Mahomet as his Familiar, and was frequently seen to whisper into his ear, was, if I recollect right, one of that select number of animals (including also the ant of Solomon,

Was my brow's wreath, that it would shake  
 From off its flowers each downy flake  
 As delicate, unmelted, fair,  
 And cool as they had lighted there.

Nay ev'n with LILIS — had I not  
 Around her sleep all radiant beam'd,  
 Hung o'er her slumbers, nor forgot  
 To kiss her eye-lids, as she dream'd?  
 And yet, at morn, from that repose,  
 Had she not wak'd, unscath'd and bright,  
 As doth the pure, unconscious rose,  
 Though by the fire-fly kiss'd all night?

Thus having — as, alas, deceiv'd  
 By my sin's blindness, I believ'd  
 No cause for dread, and those dark eyes  
 Now fix'd upon me, eagerly  
 As though th' unlocking of the skies  
 Then waited but a sign from me —  
 How could I pause? how ev'n let fall  
 A word, a whisper that could stir  
 In her proud heart a doubt, that all  
 I brought from heaven belong'd to her  
 Slow from her side I rose, while she  
 Arose, too, mutely, tremblingly,  
 But not with fear — all hope, and pride,  
 She waited for the awful boon,  
 Like priestesses, at eventide,  
 Watching the rise of the full moon,

the dog of the Seven Sleepers, &c.) which were thought by the Prophet worthy of admission into Paradise.

“The Moslems have a tradition that Mahomet was saved (when he hid himself in a cave in Mount Shur) by his pursuers finding the mouth of the cave covered by a spider's web, and a nest built by two pigeons at the entrance, with two eggs unbroken in it, which made them think no one could have entered it. In consequence of this, they say, Mahomet enjoined his followers to look upon pigeons as sacred, and never to kill a spider.” — *Modern Universal History*, vol. i.

Whose light, when once its orb hath shone,  
'T will madden them to look upon!

Of all my glories, the bright crown,  
Which, when I last from heaven came down,  
Was left behind me, in yon star  
That shines from out those clouds afar, —  
Where, relic sad, 't is treasur'd yet,  
The downfall'n angel's coronet! —

Of all my glories, this alone  
Was wanting: — but th' illumin'd brow,  
The sun-bright locks, the eyes that now  
Had love's spell added to their own,  
And pour'd a light till then unknown; —  
Th' unfolded wings, that, in their play,  
Shed sparkles bright as ALLA's throne;

All I could bring of heaven's array,  
Of that rich panoply of charms  
A Cherub moves in, on the day  
Of his best pomp, I now put on;  
And, proud that in her eyes I shone  
Thus glorious, glided to her arms;  
Which still (though, at a sight so splendid,  
Her dazzled brow had, instantly,  
Sunk on her breast,) were wide extended  
To clasp the form she durst not see!\*

Great Heav'n! how *could* thy vengeance light  
So bitterly on one so bright?

How could the hand, that gave such charms,  
Blast them again, in love's own arms?

Scarce had I touch'd her shrinking frame,  
When — oh most horrible! — I felt

That every spark of that pure flame —  
Pure, while among the stars I dwelt —

\* “Mohammed (says Sale), though a prophet, was not able to bear the sight of Gabriel, when he appeared in his proper form, much less would others be able to support it.”



Was now, by my transgression, turn'd  
 Into gross, earthly fire, which burn'd,  
 Burn'd all it touch'd, as fast as eye

Could follow the fierce, ravening flashes;  
 Till there — oh God, I still ask why  
 Such doom was hers? — I saw her lie

Black'ning within my arms to ashes!  
 That brow, a glory but to see —

Those lips, whose touch was what the first  
 Fresh cup of immortality

Is to a new-made angel's thirst!  
 Those clasping arms, within whose round —  
 My heart's horizon — the whole bound  
 Of its hope, prospect, heaven was found!  
 Which, ev'n in this dread moment, fond

As when they first were round me cast,  
 Loos'd not in death the fatal bond,

But, burning, held me to the last!  
 All, all, that, but that morn, had seem'd  
 As if Love's self there breath'd and beam'd,  
 Now, parch'd and black, before me lay,  
 Withering in agony away;  
 And mine, oh misery! mine the flame,  
 From which this desolation came; —  
 I, the curst spirit, whose caress  
 Had blasted all that loveliness!

'T was maddening! — but now hear even worse —  
 Had death, death only, been the curse  
 I brought upon her — had the doom  
 But ended here, when her young bloom  
 Lay in the dust — and did the spirit  
 No part of that fell curse inherit,

'T were not so dreadful — but, come near —  
 Too shocking 't is for earth to hear —  
 Just when her eyes, in fading, took  
 Their last, keen, agoniz'd farewell,

And look'd in mine with — oh, that look!

Great vengeful Power, whate'er the hell  
Thou may'st to human souls assign,  
The memory of that look is mine! —

In her last struggle, on my brow

Her ashy lips a kiss imprest,  
So withering! — I feel it now —

'T was fire — but fire, ev'n more unblest  
Than was my own, and like that flame,  
The angels shudder but to name,  
Hell's everlasting element!

Deep, deep it pierc'd into my brain,  
Madd'ning and torturing as it went;

And here — mark here, the brand, the stain  
It left upon my front — burnt in  
By that last kiss of love and sin —  
A brand, which all the pomp and pride  
Of a fallen Spirit cannot hide!

But is it thus, dread Providence —

*Can* it, indeed, be thus, that she,  
Who, (but for *one* proud, fond offence,)

Had honour'd heaven itself, should be  
Now doom'd — I cannot speak it — no,  
Merciful ALLA! 't is not so —  
Never could lips divine have said  
The fiat of a fate so dread.

And yet, that look — so deeply fraught

With more than anguish, with despair —  
That new, fierce fire, resembling nought  
In heaven or earth — this scorch I bear! —

Oh — for the first time that these knees

Have bent before thee since my fall,  
Great Power, if ever thy decrees

Thou could'st for prayer like mine recall  
Pardon that spirit, and on me,

On me, who taught her pride to err,

Shed out each drop of agony  
 Thy burning phial keeps for her !  
 See, too, where low beside me kneel  
 Two other outcasts, who, though gone  
 And lost themselves, yet dare to feel  
 And pray for that poor mortal one.  
 Alas, too well, too well they know  
 The pain, the penitence, the woe  
 That Passion brings upon the best,  
 The wisest, and the loveliest. —  
 Oh, who is to be sav'd, if such  
 Bright, erring souls are not forgiven ;  
 So loth they wander, and so much  
 Their very wanderings lean tow'rds heaven !  
 Again, I cry, Just Power, transfer  
 That creature's sufferings all to me —  
 Mine, mine the guilt, the torment be,  
 To save one minute's pain to her,  
 Let mine last all eternity !”

He paus'd, and to the earth bent down  
 His throbbing head ; while they, who felt  
 That agony as 't were their own,  
 Those angel youths, beside him knelt,  
 And, in the night's still silence there,  
 While mournfully each wandering air  
 Play'd in those plumes, that never more  
 To their lost home in heav'n must soar,  
 Breath'd inwardly the voiceless prayer,  
 Unheard by all but Mercy's ear —  
 And which if Mercy *did not* hear,  
 Oh, God would *not* be what this bright  
 And glorious universe of His,  
 This world of beauty, goodness, light  
 And endless love proclaims *He is!*



Not long they knelt, when, from a wood  
 That crown'd that airy solitude,  
 They heard a low, uncertain sound,  
 As from a lute, that just had found  
 Some happy theme, and murmur'd round  
 The new-born fancy, with fond tone,  
 Scarce thinking aught so sweet its own!  
 Till soon a voice, that match'd as well  
     That gentle instrument, as suits  
 The sea-air to an ocean-shell,  
     (So kin its spirit to the lute's),  
 Tremblingly follow'd the soft strain,  
 Interpreting its joy, its pain,  
     And lending the light wings of words  
 To many a thought, that else had lain  
     Unfledg'd and mute among the chords.

All started at the sound — but chief  
     The third young Angel, in whose face,  
 Though faded like the others, grief  
     Had left a gentler, holier trace;  
 As if, ev'n yet, through pain and ill,  
 Hope had not fled him — as if still  
 Her precious pearl, in sorrow's cup,  
     Unmelted at the bottom lay,  
 To shine again, when, all drunk up,  
     The bitterness should pass away.  
 Chiefly did he, though in his eyes  
 There shone more pleasure than surprise,  
 Turn to the wood, from whence that sound  
     Of solitary sweetness broke;  
 Then, listening, look delighted round  
     To his bright peers, while thus it spoke: —  
 “Come, pray with me, my seraph love,  
     “My angel-lord, come pray with me;  
 “In vain to-night my lip hath strove  
     “To send one holy prayer above —

“The knee may bend, the lip may move,

“But pray I cannot, without thee!

“I’ve fed the altar in my bower

“With droppings from the incense tree;

“I’ve shelter’d it from wind and shower,

“But dim it burns the livelong hour,

“As if, like me, it had no power

“Of life or lustre, without thee!

“A boat at midnight sent alone

“To drift upon the moonless sea,

“A lute, whose leading chord is gone,

“A wounded bird, that hath but one

“Imperfect wing to soar upon,

“Are like what I am, without thee!

“Then ne’er, my spirit-love, divide,

“In life or death, thyself from me;

But when again, in sunny pride,

Thou walk’st through Eden, let me glide,

“A prostrate shadow, by thy side —

“Oh happier thus than without thee!”

The song had ceas’d, when, from the wood

Which, sweeping down that airy height,

Reach’d the lone spot whereon they stood —

There suddenly shone out a light

From a clear lamp, which, as it blaz’d

Across the brow of one, who rais’d

Its flame aloft (as if to throw

The light upon that group below),

Display’d two eyes, sparkling between

The dusky leaves, such as are seen

By fancy only, in those faces,

That haunt a poet’s walk at even,

Looking from out their leafy places

Upon his dreams of love and heaven.

'T was but a moment — the blush, brought  
 O'er all her features at the thought  
 Of being seen thus, late, alone,  
 By any but the eyes she sought,  
 Had scarcely for an instant shone  
 Through the dark leaves, when she was gone —  
 Gone, like a meteor that o'erhead  
 Suddenly shines, and, ere we 've said,  
 "Behold, how beautiful!" — 't is fled.

Yet, ere she went, the words, "I come,  
 "I come, my NAMA," reach'd her ear,  
 In that kind voice, familiar, dear,  
 Which tells of confidence, of home, —  
 Of habit, that hath drawn hearts near,  
 Till they grow *one*, — of faith sincere,  
 And all that Love most loves to hear;  
 A music, breathing of the past,  
 The present and the time to be,  
 Where Hope and Memory, to the last,  
 Lengthen out life's true harmony!

Nor long did he, whom call so kind  
 Summon'd away, remain behind;  
 Nor did there need much time to tell  
 What they — alas, more fall'n than he  
 From happiness and heaven — knew well,  
 His gentler love's short history!

Thus did it run — *not* as he told  
 The tale himself, but as 't is grav'd  
 Upon the tablets that, of old,  
 By SETH \* were from the deluge sav'd,

\* Seth is a favourite personage among the Orientals, and acts a conspicuous part in many of their most extravagant romances. The Syrians pretended to have a Testament of this Patriarch in their possession, in which was explained the whole theology of angels, their different orders, &c. &c. The Curds, too (as Hyde mentions in his Appendix),



All written over with sublime  
 And saddening legends of th' unblest,  
 But glorious Spirits of that time,  
 And this young Angel's 'mong the rest.

## THIRD ANGEL'S STORY.

AMONG the Spirits, of pure flame,  
 That in th' eternal heav'ns abide —  
 Circles of light, that from the same  
 Unclouded centre sweeping wide;  
 Carry its beams on every side —  
 Like spheres of air that waft around  
 The undulations of rich sound —  
 Till the far-circling radiance be  
 Diffus'd into infinity!  
 First and immediate near the Throne  
 Of ALLA, \* as if most his own,  
 The Seraphs stand\*\* — this burning sign  
 Trac'd on their banner, "Love Divine!"

have a book, which contains all the rites of their religion, and which they call *Sohuph Sheit*, or the *Book of Seth*.

In the same manner that *Seth* and *Cham* are supposed to have preserved these memorials of antediluvian knowledge, *Xixuthrus* is said in *Chaldæan* fable to have deposited in *Siparis*, the city of the *Sun*, those monuments of science which he had saved out of the waters of a deluge. — See *Jablonski's* learned remarks upon these columns or tablets of *Seth*, which he supposes to be the same with the pillars of *Mercury*, or the *Egyptian Thoth*. — *Pantheon. Egypt. lib. v. cap. 5.*

\* The *Mussulmans*, says *D'Herbelot*, apply the general name, *Mocarreboun*, to all those Spirits "qui approchent le plus près le Trône." Of this number are *Mikail* and *Gebraïl*.

\*\* The *Seraphim*, or *Spirits of Divine Love*.

There appears to be, among writers on the *East*, as well as among the *Oriental* themselves, considerable indecision with regard to the respective claims of *Seraphim* and *Cherubim* to the highest rank in the celestial hierarchy. The derivation which *Hyde* assigns to the word *Cherub* seems to determine the precedence in favour of that order of spirits: — "*Cherubim, i. e. Propinqui Angeli, qui sc. Deo propius quam alij accedunt; nam Charub est i. q. Karub, appropinquare.*" (P. 263.)

Their rank, their honours, far above  
 Ev'n those to high-brow'd Cherubs given,  
 Though knowing all; — so much doth Love  
 Transcend all Knowledge, ev'n in heaven!

'Mong these was ZARAPH once — and none

E'er felt affection's holy fire,

Or yearn'd towards th' Eternal One,

With half such longing, deep desire.

Love was to his impassion'd soul

Not, as with others, a mere part

Of its existence, but the whole —

The very life-breath of his heart!

Oft, when from ALLA'S lifted brow

A lustre came, too bright to bear

And all the seraph ranks would bow,

To shade their dazzled sight, nor dare

To look upon th' effulgence there —

This Spirit's eyes would court the blaze

(Such pride he in adoring took),

And rather lose, in that one gaze,

The power of looking, than *not* look!

Then too, when angel voices sung

The mercy of their God, and strung

Their harps to hail, with welcome sweet,

That moment, watch'd for by all eyes,

When some repentant sinner's feet

First touch'd the threshold of the skies,

Oh then how clearly did the voice

Of ZARAPH above all rejoice!

Al Beidawi, too, one of the commentators of the Koran, ont hat passage, "the angels, who bear the throne, and those who stand about it," (chap. xl.) says, "These are the Cherubim, the highest order of angels." On the other hand, we have seen, in a preceding note, that the Syrians place the sphere in which the Seraphs dwell at the very summit of all the celestial systems; and even, among Mahometans, the word Azazil and Mocarrebound (which mean the spirits that stand nearest to the throne of Alla) are indiscriminately applied to both Seraphim and Cherubim.

Love was in every buoyant tone —  
Such love, as only could belong  
To the blest angels, and alone  
Could, ev'n from angels, bring such song!

Alas, that it should e'er have been  
In heav'n as 't is too often here,  
Where nothing fond or bright is seen  
But it hath pain and peril near; —  
Where right and wrong so close resemble,  
That what we take for virtue's thrill  
Is often the first downward tremble  
Of the heart's balance unto ill;  
Where Love hath not a shrine so pure,  
So holy, but the serpent, Sin,  
In moments, ev'n the most secure,  
Beneath his altar may glide in!

So was it with that Angel — such  
The charm, that slop'd his fall along,  
From good to ill, from loving much,  
Too easy lapse, to loving wrong —  
Ev'n so that am'rous Spirit, bound  
By beauty's spell, where'er 't was found,  
From the bright things above the moon  
Down to earth's beaming eyes descended,  
Till love for the Creator soon  
In passion for the creature ended.

'T was first at twilight, on the shore  
Of the smooth sea, he heard the lute  
And voice of her he lov'd steal o'er  
The silver waters, that lay mute,  
As loth, by ev'n a breath, to stay  
The pilgrimage of that sweet lay;  
Whose echoes still went on and on,  
Till lost among the light that shone



Far off, beyond the ocean's brim —  
 There, where the rich cascade of day  
 Had, o'er th' horizon's golden rim,  
 Into Elysium roll'd away!  
 Of God she sung, and of the mild  
 Attendant Mercy, that beside  
 His awful throne for ever smil'd,  
 Ready, with her white hand, to guide  
 His bolts of vengeance to their prey —  
 That she might quench them on the way!  
 Of Peace — of that Atoning Love,  
 Upon whose star, shining above  
 This twilight world of hope and fear,  
 The weeping eyes of Faith are fix'd  
 So fond, that with her every tear  
 The light of that love-star is mix'd! —  
 All this she sung, and such a soul  
 Of piety was in that song,  
 That the charm'd Angel, as it stole  
 Tenderly to his ear, along  
 Those lulling waters where he lay,  
 Watching the daylight's dying ray,  
 Thought 't was a voice from out the wave,  
 An echo, that some sea-nymph gave  
 To Eden's distant harmony,  
 Heard faint and sweet beneath the sea!

Quickly, however, to its source,  
 Tracking that music's melting course,  
 He saw, upon the golden sand  
 Of the sea-shore a maiden stand,  
 Before whose feet th' expiring waves  
 Flung their last offering with a sigh —  
 As, in the East, exhausted slaves  
 Lay down the far-brought gift, and die —  
 And, while her lute hung by her, hush'd,  
 As if unequal to the tide

Of song, that from her lips still gush'd,  
 She rais'd, like one beatified,  
 Those eyes, whose light seem'd rather given  
 To be ador'd than to adore —  
 Such eyes, as may have look'd *from* heaven,  
 But ne'er were rais'd to it before!

Oh Love, Religion, Music \* — all  
 That's left of Eden upon earth —  
 The only blessings, since the fall  
 Of our weak souls, that still recall  
 A trace of their high, glorious birth —  
 How kindred are the dreams you bring!  
 How Love, though unto earth so prone,  
 Delights to take Religion's wing,  
 When time or grief hath stain'd his own!  
 How near to Love's beguiling brink,  
 Too oft, entranc'd Religion lies!  
 While Music, Music is the link  
 They *both* still hold by to the skies,  
 The language of their native sphere,  
 Which they had else forgotten here.

How then could ZARAPH fail to feel  
 That moment's witcheries? — one, so fair,  
 Breathing out music, that might steal  
 Heaven from itself, and rapt in prayer  
 That seraphs might be proud to share!  
 Oh, he *did* feel it, all too well —  
 With warmth, that far too dearly cost —  
 Nor knew he, when at last he fell,  
 To which attraction, to which spell,  
 Love, Music, or Devotion, most  
 His soul in that sweet hour was lost.

Sweet was the hour, though dearly won,  
 And pure, as aught of earth could be,

\* "Les Egyptiens disent que la Musique est *Sœur de la Religion.*"  
 — *Voyages de Pythagore*, tom. i. p. 422.

For then first did the glorious sun  
 Before religion's altar see  
 Two hearts in wedlock's golden tie  
 Self-pledg'd, in love to live and die.  
 Blest union! by that Angel wove,  
 And worthy from such hands to come;  
 Safe, sole asylum, in which Love,  
 When fall'n or exil'd from above,  
 In this dark world can find a home.

And, though the Spirit had transgress'd,  
 Had, from his station 'mong the blest  
 Won down by woman's smile, allow'd  
 Terrestrial passion to breathe o'er  
 The mirror of his heart, and cloud  
 God's image, there so bright before —  
 Yet never did that Power look down  
 On error with a brow so mild;  
 Never did Justice wear a frown,  
 Through which so gently Mercy smil'd.  
 For humble was their love — with awe  
 And trembling like some treasure kept,  
 That was not theirs by holy law —  
 Whose beauty with remorse they saw,  
 And o'er whose preciousness they wept,  
 Humility, that low, sweet root,  
 From which all heavenly virtues shoot,  
 Was in the hearts of both — but most  
 In NAMA's heart, by whom alone  
 Those charms, for which a heaven was lost,  
 Seem'd all unvalued and unknown;  
 And when her Seraph's eyes she caught,  
 And hid hers glowing on his breast,  
 Ev'n bliss was humbled by the thought —  
 "What claim have I to be so blest?"  
 Still less could maid, so meek, have nurs'd  
 Desire of knowledge — that vain thirst



With which the sex hath all been curs'd,  
 From luckless EVE to her, who near  
 The Tabernacle stole to hear  
 The secrets of the angels: \* no —  
 To love as her own Seraph lov'd,  
 With Faith, the same through bliss and woe —  
 Faith, that, were ev'n its light remov'd,  
 Could, like the dial, fix'd remain,  
 And wait till it shone out again; —  
 With Patience that, though often bow'd  
 By the rude storm, can rise anew;  
 And Hope that, ev'n from Evil's cloud,  
 Sees sunny Good half breaking through!  
 This deep, relying Love, worth more  
 In heaven than all a Cherub's lore —  
 This Faith, more sure than aught beside,  
 Was the sole joy, ambition, pride  
 Of her fond heart — th' unreasoning scope  
 Of all its views, above, below —  
 So true she felt it that to *hope*,  
 To *trust*, is happier than to *know*.  
 And thus in humbleness they trod,  
 Abash'd, but pure before their God;  
 Nor e'er did earth behold a sight  
 So meekly beautiful as they,  
 When, with the altar's holy light  
 Full on their brows, they knelt to pray,  
 Hand within hand, and side by side,  
 Two links of love, awhile untied  
 From the great chain above, but fast  
 Holding together to the last! —  
 Two fallen Splendors,\*\* from that tree,

Sara.

\*\* An allusion to the Sephiroths or Splendors of the Jewish Cabbala, represented as a tree, of which God is the crown or summit.

The Sephiroths are the higher orders of emanative being in the strange and incomprehensible system of the Jewish Cabbala. They are

Which buds with such eternally,\*  
Shaken to earth, yet keeping all  
Their light and freshness in the fall.

Their only punishment, (as wrong,  
    However sweet, must bear its brand,)  
Their only doom was this — that, long  
    As the green earth and ocean stand,  
They both shall wander here — the same,  
Throughout all time, in heart and frame —  
Still looking to that goal sublime,  
    Whose light remote, but sure, they see;  
Pilgrims of Love, whose way is Time,  
    Whose home is in Eternity!  
Subject, the while, to all the strife,  
True Love encounters in this life —  
The wishes, hopes, he breathes in vain;  
    The chill, that turns his warmest sighs  
    To earthly vapour, ere they rise;  
The doubt he feeds on, and the pain  
    That in his very sweetness lies: —  
Still worse, th' illusions that betray  
    His footsteps to their shining brink;  
That tempt him, on his desert way  
    Through the bleak world, to bend and drink,

called by various names, Pity, Beauty, &c. &c.; and their influences are supposed to act through certain canals, which communicate with each other.

\* The reader may judge of the rationality of this Jewish system by the following explanation of part of the machinery: — “Les canaux qui sortent de la Miséricorde et de la Force, et qui vont aboutir à la Beauté, sont chargés d’un grand nombre d’Ange. Il y en a trente-cinq sur le canal de la Miséricorde, qui récompensent et qui couronnent la vertu des Saints,” &c. &c. — For a concise account of the Cabalistic Philosophy, see Enfield’s very useful compendium of Brucker.

“On les représente quelquefois sous la figure d’un arbre . . . l’Ensoph qu’on met au-dessus de l’arbre Sephirotique ou des Splendeurs divins, est l’Infini.” — *L’Histoire des Juifs*, liv. ix. 11.

Where nothing meets his lips, alas, —  
 But he again must sighing pass  
 On to that far-off home of peace,  
 In which alone his thirst will cease.

All this they bear, but, not the less  
 Have moments rich in happiness —  
 Blest meetings, after many a day  
 Of widowhood past far away,  
 When the lov'd face again is seen  
 Close, close, with not a tear between —  
 Confidings frank, without control,  
 Pour'd mutually from soul to soul;  
 As free from any fear or doubt

As is that light from chill or stain,  
 The sun into the stars sheds out,  
 To be by them shed back again! —  
 That happy minglement of hearts,  
 Where, chang'd as chymic compounds are,  
 Each with its own existence parts.

To find a new one, happier far!  
 Such are their joys — and, crowning all,  
 That blessed hope of the bright hour,  
 When, happy and no more to fall,  
 Their spirits shall, with freshen'd power,  
 Rise up rewarded for their trust

In Him, from whom all goodness springs,  
 And, shaking off earth's soiling dust  
 From their emancipated wings,  
 Wander for ever through those skies  
 Of radiance, where Love never dies!

In what lone region of the earth  
 These Pilgrims now may roam or dwell,  
 God and the Angels, who look forth  
 To watch their steps, alone can tell.  
 But should we, in our wanderings,  
 Meet a young pair, whose beauty wants



But the adornment of bright wings,  
To look like heaven's inhabitants —  
Who shine where'er they tread, and yet  
Are humble in their earthly lot,  
As is the way-side violet,  
That shines unseen, and were it not  
For its sweet breath would be forgot —  
Whose hearts, in every thought, are one,  
Whose voices utter the same wills —  
Answering, as Echo doth some tone  
Of fairy music 'mong the hills,  
So like itself, we seek in vain  
Which is the echo, which the strain —  
Whose piety is love, whose love,  
Though close as 't were their souls' embrace,  
Is not of earth, but from above —  
Like two fair mirrors, face to face,  
Whose light, from one to th' other thrown,  
Is heaven's reflection, not their own —  
Should we e'er meet with aught so pure,  
So perfect here, we may be sure  
'T is ZARAPH and his bride we see;  
And call young lovers round, to view  
The pilgrim pair, as they pursue  
Their pathway tow'rds eternity.

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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### SCEPTICISM.

**E**RE Psyche drank the cup, that shed  
 Immortal Life into her soul,  
 Some evil spirit pour'd, 't is said,  
 One drop of Doubt into the bowl —

Which, mingling darkly with the stream,  
 To Psyche's lips — she knew not why —  
 Made ev'n that blessed nectar seem  
 As though its sweetness soon would die.

Oft, in the very arms of Love,  
 A chill came o'er her heart — a fear  
 That Death might, even yet, remove  
 Her spirit from that happy sphere.

"Those sunny ringlets," she exclaim'd,  
 Twining them round her snowy fingers;  
 "That forehead, where a light, unnam'd,  
 "Unknown on earth, for ever lingers;

"Those lips, through which I feel the breath  
 "Of Heav'n itself, whene'er they sever —  
 "Say, are they mine, beyoud all death,  
 "My own, hereafter, and for ever?

"Smile not — I know that starry brow,  
 "Those ringlets, and bright lips of thine,  
 "Will always shine, as they do now —  
 "But shall I live to *see* them shine?"

In vain did Love say, "Turn thine eyes  
 "On all that sparkles round thee here —  
 "Thou 'rt now in heaven, where nothing dies,  
 "And in these arms — what *canst* thou fear?"

In vain — the fatal drop, that stole  
 Into that cup's immortal treasure,  
 Had lodg'd its bitter near her soul,  
 And gave a tinge to every pleasure.

And, though there ne'er was transport given  
 Like Psyche's with that radiant boy,  
 Hers is the only face in heaven,  
 That wears a cloud amid its joy.

---

#### A JOKE VERSIFIED.

"COME, come," said Tom's father, "at your time of life,  
 "There's no longer excuse for thus playing the rake —  
 "It is time you should think, boy, of taking a wife" —  
 "Why, so it is, father — whose wife shall I take?"

---

#### ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

PURE as the mantle, which, o'er him who stood  
 By JORDAN'S stream, descended from the sky,  
 Is that remembrance, which the wise and good  
 Leave in the hearts that love them, when they die.  
 So pure, so precious shall the memory be,  
 Bequeath'd, in dying, to our souls by thee —  
 So shall the love we bore thee, cherish'd warm  
 Within our souls through grief, and pain, and strife,  
 Be, like ELISHA'S cruise, a holy charm,  
 Wherewith to "heal the waters" of this life!

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## TO JAMES CORRY, ESQ.

ON HIS MAKING ME A PRESENT OF A WINE STRAINER.

Brighton, June, 1825.

THIS life, dear Corry, who can doubt? —  
 Resembles much friend Ewart's\* wine,  
 When *first* the rosy drops come out,  
 How beautiful, how clear they shine!

And thus awhile they keep their tint,  
 So free from even a shade with some,  
 That they would smile, did you but hint,  
 That darker drops would *ever* come.

But soon the ruby tide runs short,  
 Each minute makes the sad truth plainer,  
 Till life, like old and crusty port,  
 When near its close, requires a strainer.

*This* friendship can alone confer,  
 Alone can teach the drops to pass,  
 If not as bright as *once* they were,  
 At least unclouded, through the glass.

Nor, Corry, could a boon be mine,  
 Of which this heart were fonder, vainer,  
 Than thus, if life grow like old wine,  
 To have *thy* friendship for its strainer.

## FRAGMENT OF A CHARACTER.

HERE lies Factotum Ned at last;  
 Long as he breath'd the vital air,  
 Nothing throughout all Europe pass'd  
 In which Ned hadn't some small share  
 Whoe'er was *in*, whoe'er was *out*,  
 Whatever statesmen did or said,

\* A wine-merchant.

If not exactly brought about,  
 'T was all, at least, contriv'd by Ned.

With NAP, if Russia went to war,  
 'T was owing, under Providence,  
 To certain hints Ned gave the Czar —  
 (Vide his pamphlet — price, sixpence.)

If France was beat at Waterloo —  
 As all but Frenchmen think she was —  
 To Ned, as Wellington well knew,  
 Was owing half that day's applause.

Then for his news — no envoy's bag  
 E'er pass'd so many secrets through it;  
 Scarcely a telegraph could wag  
 Its wooden finger, but Ned knew it.

Such tales he had of foreign plots,  
 With foreign names, one's ear to buzz in!  
 From Russia, *chefs* and *ofs* in lots,  
 From Poland, *owskis* by the dozen.

When George, alarm'd for England's creed,  
 Turn'd out the last Whig ministry,  
 And men ask'd — who advis'd the deed?  
 Ned modestly confess'd 't was he.

For though, by some unlucky miss,  
 He had not downright *seen* the King,  
 He sent such hints through Viscount *This*,  
 To Marquis *That*, as clench'd the thing.

The same it was in science, arts,  
 The Drama, Books, MS. and printed —  
 Kean learn'd from Ned his cleverest parts,  
 And Scott's last work by him was hinted.

Childe Harold in the proofs he read,  
 And, here and there, infused some soul in't —  
 Nay, Davy's Lamp, till seen by Ned,  
 Had — odd enough — an awkward hole in't.

'T was thus, all-doing and all-knowing,  
 Wit, statesman, boxer, chymist, singer,  
 Whatever was the best pye going,  
 In *that* Ned — trust him — had his finger.

\* \* \* \* \*

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### WHAT SHALL I SING THEE?

TO —.

WHAT shall I sing thee? Shall I tell  
 Of that bright hour, remember'd well  
 As tho' it shone but yesterday,  
 When, loitering idly in the ray  
 Of a spring sun, I heard, o'er-head,  
 My name as by some spirit said,  
 And, looking up, saw two bright eyes  
     Above me from a casement shine,  
 Dazzling my mind with such surprise  
     As they, who sail beyond the Line,  
 Feel when new stars above them rise; —  
 And it was thine, the voice that spoke,  
     Like Ariel's, in the mid-air then;  
 And thine the eye, whose lustre broke —  
     Never to be forgot again!

What shall I sing thee? Shall I weave  
 A song of that sweet summer-eve,  
 (Summer, of which the sunniest part  
 Was that we, each, had in the heart,)  
 When thou and I, and one like thee,  
     In life and beauty, to the sound  
 Of our own breathless minstrelsy,  
     Danc'd till the sunlight faded round,  
 Ourselves the whole ideal Ball,  
 Lights, music, company, and all!



Oh, 't is not in the languid strain  
 Of lute like mine, whose day is past,  
 To call up ev'n a dream again  
 Of the fresh light those moments cast.

---

### COUNTRY DANCE AND QUADRILLE.

ONE night the nymph call'd COUNTRY DANCE —  
 (Whom folks, of late, have used so ill,  
 Preferring a coquette from France,  
 That mincing thing, *Mamselle QUADRILLE*) —

Having been chased from London down  
 To that most humble haunt of all  
 She used to grace — a Country Town —  
 Went smiling to the New-Year's Ball.

"Here, here, at least," she cried, "though driv'n  
 "From London's gay and shining tracks —  
 "Though, like a Peri cast from heaven,  
 "I've lost, for ever lost, *Almack's* —

"Though not a London Miss alive  
 "Would now for her acquaintance own me;  
 "And spinsters, ev'n, of forty-five,  
 "Upon their honours ne'er have known me;

"Here, here, at least, I triumph still,  
 "And — spite of some few dandy Lancers,  
 "Who vainly try to preach Quadrille —  
 "See nought but *true-blue* Country Dancers.

"Here still I reign, and, fresh in charms,  
 "My throne, like *Magna Charta*, raise  
 "'Mong sturdy, free-born legs and arms,  
 "That scorn the threaten'd *chaine Anglaise*."

'T was thus she said, as 'mid the din  
 Of footmen, and the town sedan,

She lighted at the King's Head Inn,  
And up the stairs triumphant ran.

The Squires and their Squires all,  
With young Squirinas, just *come out*,  
And my Lord's daughters from the Hall,  
(Quadrillers, in their hearts, no doubt,) —

All these, as light she tripp'd up stairs,  
Were in the cloak-room seen assembling —  
When, hark! some new, outlandish airs,  
From the First Fiddle, set her trembling.

She stops — she listens — *can it be?*  
Alas, in vain her ears would 'scape it —  
It *is* "Di tanti palpiti"  
As plain as English bow can scrape it.

"Courage!" however — in she goes,  
With her best, sweeping country grace;  
When, ah too true, her worst of foes,  
QUADRILLE, there meets her, face to face.

Oh for the lyre, or violin,  
Or kit of that gay Muse, Terpsichore,  
To sing the rage these nymphs were in,  
Their looks and language, airs and trickery.

There stood QUADRILLE, with cat-like face  
(The beau-ideal of French beauty),  
A band-box thing, all art and lace  
Down from her nose-tip to her shoe-tye.

Her slounces, fresh from *Victorine* —  
From *Hippolyte*, her rouge and hair —  
Her poetry, from *Lamartine* —  
Her morals, from — the Lord knows where.

And, when she danc'd — so slidingly,  
So near the ground she plied her art,  
You 'd swear her mother-earth and she  
Had made a compact ne'er to part.

Her face too, all the while, sedate,  
 No signs of life or motion showing,  
 Like a bright *pendule's* dial-plate —  
 So still, you 'd hardly think 't was *going*.

Full fronting her stood *Country Dance* —  
 A fresh, frank nymph, whom you would know  
 For English, at a single glance —  
 English all o'er, from top to toe.

A little *gauche*, 't is fair to own,  
 And rather given to skips and bounces;  
 Endangering thereby many a gown,  
 And playing, oft, the dev'l with flounces.

Unlike *Mamselle* — who would prefer  
 (As morally a lesser ill)  
 A thousand flaws of character,  
 To one vile rumple of a frill.

No rouge did She of Albion wear;  
 Let her but run that two-heat race  
 She calls a *Set*, not *Dian e'er*  
 Came rosier from the woodland chase.

Such was the nymph, whose soul had in't  
 Such anger now — whose eyes of blue  
 (Eyes of that bright, victorious tint,  
 Which English maids call "*Waterloo*") —

Like summer lightnings, in the dusk  
 Of a warm evening, flashing broke,  
 While — to the tune of "*Money Musk*,"\*  
 Which struck up now — she proudly spoke —

Heard you that strain — that joyous strain?  
 "'T was such as England lov'd to hear,  
 "Ere thou, and all thy frippery train,  
 "Corrupted both her foot and ear —

\* An old English Country Dance.



- "Ere Waltz, that rake from foreign lands,  
 "Presum'd, in sight of all beholders,  
 "To lay his rude, licentious hands  
 "On virtuous English backs and shoulders —
- "Ere times and morals both grew bad,  
 "And, yet unfleec'd by funding blockheads,  
 "Happy John Bull not only *had*,  
 "But danc'd to, 'Money in both pockets.'
- "Alas, the change! — Oh, L—d—y,  
 "Where is the land could 'scape disasters,  
 "With *such* a Foreign Secretary,  
 "Aided by Foreign Dancing Masters?
- "Woe to ye, men of ships and shops!  
 "Rulers of day-books and of waves!  
 "Quadrill'd, on one side, into fops,  
 "And drill'd, on t'other, into slaves!
- "Ye, too, ye lovely victims, seen,  
 "Like pigeons, truss'd for exhibition,  
 "With elbows, *à la crapaudine*,  
 "And feet, in — God knows what position;
- "Hemm'd in by watchful chaperons,  
 "Inspectors of your airs and graces,  
 "Who intercept all whisper'd tones,  
 "And read your telegraphic faces;
- "Unable with the youth ador'd,  
 "In that grim *cordon* of Mammas,  
 "To interchange one tender word,  
 "Though whisper'd but in *queue-de-chats*.
- "Ah did you know how blest we rang'd,  
 "Ere vile Quadrille usurp'd the fiddle —  
 "What looks in *setting* were exchang'd,  
 "What tender words in *down the middle*;
- "How many a couple, like the wind,  
 "Which nothing in its course controls,

"Left time and chaperons far behind,  
 "And gave a loose to legs and souls;  
 "How matrimony throve — ere stopp'd  
 "By this cold, silent, foot-coquetting —  
 "How charmingly one's partner popp'd  
 "Th' important question in *poussette-ing*.  
 "While now, alas — no sly advances —  
 "No marriage hints — all goes on badly —  
 "'Twixt Parson Malthus and French Dances,  
 "We, girls, are at a discount sadly.  
 "Sir William Scott (now Baron Stowell)  
 "Declares not half so much is made  
 "By Licences — and he must know well —  
 "Since vile Quadrilling spoil'd the trade."

She ceas'd — tears fell from every Miss —  
 She now had touch'd the true pathetic: —  
 One such authentic fact as this,  
 Is worth whole volumes theoretic.

Instant the cry was "Country Dance!"  
 And the maid saw, with brightening face,  
 The Steward of the night advance,  
 And lead her to her birthright place.

The fiddles, which awhile had ceas'd,  
 Now tun'd again their summons sweet,  
 And, for one happy night, at least,  
 Old England's triumph was complete.

---

### G A Z E L.

HASTE, Maami, the spring is nigh;  
 Already, in th' unopen'd flowers  
 That sleep around us, Fancy's eye  
 Can see the blush of future bowers;  
 And joy it brings to thee and me,  
 My own beloved Maami!

The streamlet frozen on its way,  
 To feed the marble Founts of Kings,  
 Now, loosen'd by the vernal ray,  
 Upon its path exulting springs —  
 As doth this bounding heart to thee,  
 My ever blissful Maami!

Such bright hours were not made to stay;  
 Enough if they a while remain,  
 Like Irem's bowers, that fade away,  
 From time to time, and come again.  
 And life shall all one Irem be  
 For us, my gentle Maami.

O haste, for this impatient heart,  
 Is like the rose in Yemen's vale,  
 That rends its inmost leaves apart  
 With passion for the nightingale;  
 So languishes this soul for thee,  
 My bright and blushing Maami!

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LINES

ON THE DEATH OF

JOSEPH ATKINSON, ESQ. OF DUBLIN.

If ever life was prosperously cast,  
 If ever life was like the lengthen'd flow  
 Of some sweet music, sweetness to the last,  
 'T was his who, mourn'd by many, sleeps below.  
 The sunny temper, bright where all is strife,  
 The simple heart above all worldly wiles;  
 Light wit that plays along the calm of life,  
 And stirs its languid surface into smiles;  
 Pure charity, that comes not in a shower,  
 Sudden and loud, oppressing what it feeds,  
 But, like the dew, with gradual silent power,  
 Felt in the bloom it leaves along the meads;



The happy grateful spirit, that improves  
 And brightens every gift by fortune given;  
 That, wander where it will with those it loves,  
 Makes every place a home, and home a heaven:

All these were his. — Oh, thou who read'st this stone,  
 When for thyself, thy children, to the sky  
 Thou humbly prayest, ask this boon alone,  
 That ye like him may live, like him may die!

---

### GENIUS AND CRITICISM.

Scripsit quidem fata, sed sequitur.

SENECA.

OF old, the Sultan Genius reign'd,  
 As Nature meant, supreme, alone;  
 With mind uncheck'd, and hands unchain'd,  
 His views, his conquests were his own.

But power like his, that digs its grave  
 With its own sceptre, could not last;  
 So Genius' self became the slave  
 Of laws that Genius' self had pass'd.

As Jove, who forg'd the chain of Fate,  
 Was, ever after, doom'd to wear it;  
 His nods, his struggles all too late —  
 “*Qui semel jussit, semper paret.*”

To check young Genius' proud career,  
 The slaves, who now his throne invaded,  
 Made Criticism his prime Vizir,  
 And from that hour his glories faded.

Tied down in Legislation's school,  
 Afraid of even his own ambition,  
 His very victories were by rule,  
 And he was great but by permission.

His most heroic deeds — the same,  
 That dazzled, when spontaneous actions —  
 Now, done by law, seem'd cold and tame,  
 And shorn of all their first attractions.

If he but stirr'd to take the air,  
 Instant, the Vizir's Council sat —  
 "Good Lord, your Highness can't go there —  
 "Bless me, your Highness can't do that."

If, loving pomp, he chose to buy  
 Rich jewels for his diadem,  
 "The taste was bad, the price was high —  
 "A flower were simpler than a gem."

To please them if he took to flowers —  
 "What trifling, what unmeaning things!  
 "Fit for a woman's toilet hours,  
 "But not at all the style for Kings."

If, fond of his domestic sphere,  
 He play'd no more the rambling comet —  
 "A dull, good sort of man, 't was clear,  
 "But, as for great or brave, far from it."

Did he then look o'er distant oceans,  
 For realms more worthy to enthrone him? —  
 "Saint Aristotle, what wild notions!  
 "Serve a 'ne exeat regno' on him."

At length, their last and worst to do,  
 They round him plac'd a guard of watchmen,  
 Reviewers, knaves in brown, or blue  
 Turn'd up with yellow — chiefly Scotchmen;

To dog his footsteps all about,  
 Like those in Longwood's prison grounds,  
 Who at Napoleon's heels rode out,  
 For fear the Conqueror should break bounds

Oh for some Champion of his power,  
 Some *Ultra* spirit, to set free,

As erst in Shakspeare's sovereign hour,  
The thunders of his Royalty! —

To vindicate his ancient line,  
The first, the true, the only one,  
Of Right eternal and divine,  
That rules beneath the blessed sun.

---

TO LADY J \* R \*\* Y,

ON BEING ASKED TO WRITE SOMETHING IN HER ALBUM.

Written at Middleton.

OH albums, albums, how I dread  
Your everlasting scrap and scrawl!  
How often wish that from the dead,  
Old Omar would pop forth his head,  
And make a bonfire of you all!

So might I 'scape the spinster band,  
The blushless blues, who, day and night,  
Like duns in doorways, take their stand,  
To waylay bards, with book in hand,  
Crying for ever, "Write, Sir, write!"

So might I shun the shame and pain,  
That o'er me at this instant come,  
When Beauty, seeking Wit in vain,  
Knocks at the portal of my brain,  
And gets, for answer, "Not at home!"

November, 1828.



## TO THE SAME.

ON LOOKING THROUGH HER ALBUM.

No wonder bards, both high and low,  
From Byron down to \* \* \* \* \* and me,  
Should seek the fame, which all bestow  
On him whose task is praising thee.

Let but the theme be J\*r\*\*y's eyes,  
At once all errors are forgiven;  
As ev'n old Sternhold still we prize,  
Because, though dull, he sings of heaven.

## SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

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THE following trifles, having enjoyed, in their circulation through the newspapers, all the celebrity and length of life to which they were entitled, would have been suffered to pass quietly into oblivion without pretending to any further distinction, had they not already been published, in a collective form, both in London and Paris, and, in each case, been mixed up with a number of other productions, to which, whatever may be their merit, the author of the following pages has no claim. A natural desire to separate his own property, worthless as it is, from that of others, is, he begs to say, the chief motive of the publication of this volume.

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### TO SIR HUDSON LOWE.

Effare causam nominis,  
 Utrumne mores hoc tui  
 Nomen dedere, an nomen hoc  
 Secuta morum regula.

AUSONIUS.

1816.

SIR Hudson Lowe, Sir Hudson *Low*,  
 (By name, and ah! by nature so)

As thou art fond of persecutions,  
 Perhaps thou 'st read, or heard repeated,  
 How Captain Gulliver was treated,  
 When thrown among the Lilliputians.

They tied him down — these little men did —  
 And having valiantly ascended  
 Upon the Mighty Man's protuberance,

They did so strut! — upon my soul,  
 It must have been extremely droll  
 To see their pigmy pride's exuberance!

And how the doughty mannikins  
 Amus'd themselves with sticking pins  
 And needles in the great man's breeches:  
 And how some *very* little things,  
 That pass'd for Lords, on scaffoldings  
 Got up, and worried him with speeches.

Alas, alas! that it should happen  
 To mighty men to be caught napping! —  
 Though different, too, these persecutions;  
 For Gulliver, *there*, took the nap,  
 While, *here*, the *Nap*, oh sad mishap,  
 Is taken by the Lilliputians!

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### AMATORY COLLOQUY BETWEEN BANK AND GOVERNMENT.

1826.

BANK.

Is all then forgotten? those amorous pranks  
 You and I, in our youth, my dear Government play'd;  
 When you call'd me the fondest, the truest of Banks,  
 And enjoy'd the endearing *advances* I made!

When left to ourselves, unmolested and free,  
 To do all that a dashing young couple should do,  
 A law against *paying* was laid upon me,  
 But none against *owing*, dear helpmate, on you.

And is it then vanish'd? — that "hour (as Othello  
 So happily calls it) of Love and *Direction*?" \*  
 And must we, like other fond doves, my dear fellow,  
 Grow good in our old age, and cut the connexion?

\* ——— "An hour  
 Of love, of worldly matter and direction."



## GOVERNMENT.

Even so, my belov'd Mrs. Bank, it must be;  
 This paying in cash plays the devil with wooing: \*  
 We've both had our swing, but I plainly foresee  
 There must soon be a stop to our *bill*-ing and *coo*-ing.

Propagation in reason — a small child or two —  
 Even Reverend Malthus himself is a friend to;  
 The issue of some folks is mod'rate and few —  
 But *ours*, my dear corporate Bank, there's no end to.

So — hard though it be on a pair, who've already  
 Disposed of so many pounds, shillings, and pence;  
 And, in spite of that pink of prosperity, Freddy, \*\*  
 So lavish of cash and so sparing of sense —

The day is at hand, my Papyria \*\*\* Venus,  
 When — high as we once us'd to carry our capers —  
 Those soft *billet-doux* we're now passing between us,  
 Will serve but to keep Mrs. Couatts in curl-papers:

And when — if we *still* must continue our love,  
 (After all that has pass'd) — our amour, it is clear,  
 Like that which Miss Danæe manag'd with Jove,  
 Must all be transacted in *bullion*, my dear!

February, 1826.

\* It appears, however, that Ovid was a friend to the resumption of payment in specie: —

— — — “*finem, specie cæleste resumtâ,  
 Luctibus imposuit, venitque salutifer urbi.*”

*Met.* l. 15. v. 743.

\*\* Honourable Frederick R—b—ns—n.

\*\*\* So called, to distinguish her from the “Aurea” or *Golden Venus*.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A SOVEREIGN AND A ONE  
POUND NOTE.

“O ego non felix, quam tu fugis, ut pavet acres  
Aгна lupos, capræque leones.” HER.

SAID a Sovereign to a Note,  
In the pocket of my coat,  
Where they met in a neat purse of leather,  
“How happens it, I prithee,  
“That, though I'm wedded *with* thee,  
“Fair Pound, we can never live together?

“Like your sex, fond of *change*,  
“With Silver you can range,  
“And of lots of young sixpences be mother;  
“While with *me* — upon my word,  
“Not my Lady and my Lord  
“Of W—stm—th see so little of each other!”

The indignant Note replied  
(Lying crumpled by his side),  
“Shame, shame, it is *yourself* that roam, Sir —  
“One cannot look askance,  
“But, whip! you're off to France,  
“Leaving nothing but old rags at home, Sir.

“Your scampering began  
“From the moment Parson Van,  
“Poor man, made us *one* in Love's fetter;  
“‘For better or for worse’  
“Is the usual marriage curse,  
“But ours is all ‘worse’ and no ‘better.’

“In vain are laws pass'd,  
“There's nothing holds you fast,  
“Tho' you know, sweet Sovereign, I adore you —  
“At the smallest hint in life,  
“You forsake your lawful wife,  
“As *other* Sovereigns did before you.

"I flirt with Silver, true —  
 "But what can ladies do,  
 "When disown'd by their natural protectors?  
 "And as to falsehood, stuff!  
 "I shall soon be *false* enough,  
 "When I get among those wicked Bank Directors."

The Sovereign, smiling on her,  
 Now swore, upon his honour,  
 To be henceforth domestic and loyal;  
 But, within an hour or two,  
 Why — I sold him to a Jew,  
 And he's now at No. 10. Palais Royal.

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#### AN EXPOSTULATION TO LORD KING.

"Quem das finem, Rex magne, laborum?" VIRGIL.

1826.

How *can* you, my Lord, thus delight to torment all  
 The Peers of the realm about cheapening their corn,\*  
 When you know, if one hasn't a very high rental,  
 'T is hardly worth while being very high born?  
 Why bore them so rudely, each night of your life,  
 On a question, my Lord, there's so much to abhor in?  
 A question — like asking one, "How is your wife?" —  
 At once so confounded *domestic* and *foreign*.  
 As to weavers, no matter how poorly they feast;  
 But Peers, and such animals, fed up for show,  
 (Like the well-physick'd elephant, lately deceas'd,)  
 Take a wonderful quantum of cramming, you know.  
 You might see, my dear Baron, how bor'd and distrest  
 Were their high noble hearts by your merciless tale,

\* See the proceedings of the Lords, Wednesday, March 1. 1826, when Lord King was severely reprov'd by several of the noble Peers, for making so many speeches against the Corn Laws.



When the force of the agony wrung ev'n a jest  
 From the frugal Scotch wit of my Lord L—d—d—le! \*  
 Bright Peer! to whom Nature and Berwickshire gave  
 A humour, endow'd with effects so provoking,  
 That, when the whole House looks unusually grave,  
 You may always conclude that Lord L—d—d—le's joking!  
 And then, those unfortunate weavers of Perth —  
 Not to know the vast difference Providence dooms  
 Between weavers of Perth and Peers of high birth,  
 'Twixt those who have *heir*-looms, and those who've but looms!  
 "To talk *now* of starving!" — as great Ath—l said \*\* —  
 (And the nobles all cheer'd, and the bishops all wonder'd,)  
 "When, some years ago, he and others had fed  
 Of these same hungry devils about fifteen hundred!"  
 It follows from hence — and the Duke's very words  
 Should be publish'd wherever poor rogues of this craft are —  
 That weavers, *once* rescued from starving by Lords,  
 Are bound to be starved by said Lords ever after.  
 When Rome was uproarious, her knowing patricians  
 Made "Bread and the Circus" a cure for each *row*;  
 But not so the plan of *our* noble physicians,  
 "No Bread and the Tread-mill 's" the regimen now.  
 So cease, my dear Baron of Ockham, your prose,  
 As I shall my poetry — *neither* convinces;  
 And all we have spoken and written but shows,  
 When you tread on a nobleman's *corn*,\*\*\* how he winces.

\* This noble Earl said, that "when he heard the petition came from ladies' boot and shoemakers, he thought it must be against the 'corns' which they inflicted on the fair sex."

\*\* The Duke of Athol said, that "at a former period, when these weavers were in great distress, the landed interest of Perth had supported 1500 of them. It was a poor return for these very men now to petition against the persons who had fed them."

\*\*\* An improvement, we flatter ourselves, on Lord L.'s joke.

## THE SINKING FUND CRIED.

“Now what, we ask, is become of this Sinking Fund — these eight millions of surplus above expenditure, which were to reduce the interest of the national debt by the amount of four hundred thousand pounds annually? Where, indeed, is the Sinking Fund itself?” — *The Times*.

TAKE your bell, take your bell,  
 Good Crier, and tell  
 To the Bulls and the Bears, till their ears are stunn'd,  
 That, lost or stolen,  
 Or fall'n through a hole in  
 The Treasury floor, is the Sinking Fund!  
 O yes! O yes!  
 Can any body guess  
 What the deuce has become of this Treasury wonder?  
 It has Pitt's name on't,  
 All brass, in the front,  
 And R—b—ns—n's, scrawl'd with a goose-quill, under.  
 Folks well knew what  
 Would soon be its lot,  
 When Frederick and Jenky set hob-nobbing,\*  
 And said to each other,  
 “Suppose, dear brother,  
 “We make this funny old Fund worth robbing.”  
 We are come, alas!  
 To a very pretty pass —  
 Eight Hundred Millions of score, to pay,  
 With but Five in the till,  
 To discharge the bill,  
 And even that Five, too, whipp'd away!  
 Stop thief! stop thief! —  
 From the Sub to the Chief,  
 These *Gemmen* of Finance are plundering cattle —

\* In 1824, when the Sinking Fund was raised by the imposition of new taxes to the sum of five millions.

Call the watch — call Brougham,  
 Tell Joseph Hume,  
 That best of Charleys, to spring his rattle.

Whoever will bring  
 This aforesaid thing  
 To the well-known House of Bobinson and Jenkin,  
 Shall be paid, with thanks,  
 In the notes of banks,  
 Whose Funds have all learn'd "the Art of Sinking."

O yes! O yes!  
 Can any body guess  
 What the dev'l has become of this Treasury wonder?  
 It has Pitt's name on't,  
 All brass, in the front,  
 And R—b—ns—n's, scrawl'd with a goose-quill, under.

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### ODE TO THE GODDESS CERES.

BY SIR TH—M—S L—THER—E.

"Legiferæ Cereri Phæboque." VIRGIL.

DEAR Goddess of Corn, whom the ancients, we know,  
 (Among other odd whims of those conical bodies,)  
 Adorn'd with somniferous poppies, to show  
 Thou wert always a true Country-gentleman's Goddess.

Behold, in his best shooting-jacket, before thee,  
 An eloquent 'Squire, who most humbly beseeches,  
 Great Queen of Mark-lane (if the thing doesn't bore thee),  
 Thou 'lt read o'er the last of his — *never*-last speeches.

Ah! Ceres, thou know't not the slander and scorn  
 Now heap'd upon England's 'Squirearchy, so boasted;  
 Improving on Hunt,\* 't is no longer the Corn,  
 'T is the *growers* of Corn that are now, alas! roasted.

\* A sort of "breakfast-powder," composed of roasted corn, was about this time introduced by Mr. Hunt, as a substitute for coffee.



In speeches, in books, in all shapes they attack us —

Reviewers, economists — fellows, no doubt,  
That you, my dear Ceres, and Venus, and Bacchus,  
And Gods of high fashion know little about.

There 's B—nth—m, whose English is all his own making, —

Who thinks just as little of settling a nation  
As he would of smoking his pipe, or of taking  
(What he, himself, calls) his “post-prandial vibration.”\*

There are two Mr. M—lls, too, whom those that love reading

Through all that 's unreadable, call very clever; —  
And, whereas M—ll Senior makes war on *good* breeding,  
M—ll Junior makes war on all *breeding* whatever!

In short, my dear Goddess, Old England 's divided

Between *ultra* blockheads and superfine sages; —  
With *which* of these classes we, landlords, have sided  
Thou 'lt find in my Speech, if thou 'lt read a few pages.

For therein I 've prov'd, to my own satisfaction,

And that of all 'Squires I 've the honour of meeting,  
That 't is the most senseless and foul-mouth'd detraction  
To say that poor people are fond of cheap eating.

On the contrary, such the “*chaste notions*”\*\* of food

That dwell in each pale manufacturer's heart,  
They would scorn any law, be it ever so good,  
That would make thee, dear Goddess, less dear than thou art!

And, oh! for Monopoly what a blest day,

When the Land and the Silk\*\*\* shall, in fond combination,  
(Like *Sulky* and *Silky*, that pair in the play,†)

Cry out, with one voice, for High Rents and Starvation!

Long life to the Minister! — no matter who,

Or how dull he may be, if, with dignified spirit, he

\* The venerable Jeremy's phrase for his after-dinner walk.

\*\* A phrase in one of Sir T—n—s's last speeches.

\*\*\* Great efforts were, at that time, making for the exclusion of foreign silk.

† “Road to Ruin.”

Keeps the ports shut — and the people's mouths, too —  
 We shall all have a long run of Freddy's prosperity.  
 And, as for myself, who 've, like Hannibal, sworn  
 To hate the whole crew who would take our rents from us,  
 Had England but *One* to stand by thee, Dear Corn,  
 That last, honest Uni-Corn\* would be Sir Th—m—s!

### A HYMN OF WELCOME AFTER THE RECESS.

“Animas sapientiores fieri quiescendo.”

AND now — cross-buns and pancakes o'er —  
 Hail, Lords and Gentlemen, once more!  
 Thrice hail and welcome, Houses Twain!  
 The short eclipse of April-Day  
 Having (God grant it!) pass'd away,  
 Collective Wisdom, shine again!

Come, Ayes and Noes, through thick and thin, —  
 With Paddy H—lmes for whipper-in, —  
 Whate'er the job, prepar'd to back it;  
 Come, voters of Supplies — bestowers  
 Of jackets upon trumpet-blowers,  
 At eighty mortal pounds the jacket!\*\*

Come — free, at length, from Joint-Stock cares —  
 Ye Senators of many Shares,  
 Whose dreams of premium knew no boundary;  
 So fond of aught like *Company*,  
 That you would even have taken *tea*  
 (Had you been ask'd) with Mr. Goundry.\*\*\*

\* This is meant not so much for a pun, as in allusion to the natural history of the Unicorn, which is supposed to be something between the Bos and the Asinus, and, as Rees's Cyclopædia assures us, has a particular liking for every thing “chaste.”

\*\* An item of expense which Mr. Hume in vain endeavoured to get rid of: — trumpeters, it appears, like the men of All-Souls, must be “*bene vestiti*.”

\*\*\* The gentleman, lately before the public, who kept his *Joint-Stock Tea Company* all to himself, singing “*Te solo adoro*.”

Come, matchless country-gentlemen;  
 Come, wise Sir Thomas — wisest then,  
 When creeds and corn-laws are debated;  
 Come, rival ev'n the Harlot Red,  
 And show how wholly into *bread*  
 A 'Squire is *transubstantiated*.

Come, L—derd—e, and tell the world,  
 That — surely as thy scratch is curl'd,  
 As never scratch was curl'd before —  
 Cheap eating does more harm than good,  
 And working-people, spoil'd by food,  
 The less they eat, will work the more.

Come, G—lb—rn, with thy glib defence  
 (Which thou 'dst have made for Peter's Pence)  
 Of Church-Rates, worthy of a halter;  
 Two pipes of port (*old port*, 't was said  
 By honest *Newport*\*) bought and paid  
 By Papists for the Orange Altar!\*\*

Come, H—rt—n, with thy plan, so merry,  
 For peopling Canada from Kerry —  
 Not so much rendering Ireland quiet,  
 As grafting on the dull Canadians  
 That liveliest of earth's contagions,  
 The *bull-pock* of Hibernian riot!

Come all, in short, ye wond'rous men  
 Of wit and wisdom, come again;  
 Though short your absence, all deplore it —  
 Oh, come and show, whate'er men say,  
 That you can, *after* April-Day,  
 Be just as — sapient as *before* it.

\* Sir John Newport.

\*\* This charge of two pipes of port for the sacramental wine is a precious specimen of the sort of rates levied upon their Catholic fellow-parishioners by the Irish Protestants.

“The thirst that from the soul doth rise  
 Doth ask a drink divine.”



## MEMORABILIA OF LAST WEEK.

MONDAY, MARCH 13. 1826.

THE Budget — quite charming and witty — no hearing,  
 For plaudits and laughs, the good things that were in it; —  
 Great comfort to find, though the Speech isn't *cheering*,  
 That all its gay auditors *were*, every minute.

What, *still* more prosperity! — mercy upon us,  
 "This boy 'll be the death of me" — oft as, already,  
 Such smooth Budgeteers have genteelly undone us,  
 For *Ruin made easy* there 's no one like Freddy.

TUESDAY.

Much grave apprehension express'd by the Peers,  
 Lest — calling to life the old Peachums and Lockitts —  
 The large stock of gold we 're to have in three years,  
 Should all find its way into highwaymen's pockets!!\*

\* \* \* \* \*

WEDNESDAY.

Little doing — for sacred, oh Wednesday, thou art  
 To the seven-o'-clock joys of full many a table —  
 When *the Members* all meet, to make much of that part,  
 With which they so rashly fell out, in the Fable.

It appear'd, though, to-night, that — as churchwardens, yearly,  
 Eat up a small baby — those cormorant sinners,  
 The Bankrupt-Commissioners, *bolt* very nearly  
 A mod'rate-siz'd bankrupt, *tout chaud*, for their dinners! \*\*

*Nota bene* — a rumour to-day, in the City,  
 "Mr. R—b—ns—n just has resign'd" — what a pity!  
 The Bulls and the Bears all fell a sobbing,  
 When they heard of the fate of poor Cock *Robin*;

\* "Another objection to a metallic currency was, that it produced a greater number of highway robberies." — *Debate in the Lords*.

\*\* Mr. Abercromby's statement of the enormous tavern bills of the Commissioners of Bankrupts.

While thus, to the nursery tune, so pretty,  
A murmuring *Stock*-dove breath'd her ditty: —

Alas, poor *Robin*, he crow'd as long

And as sweet as a prosperous Cock could crow;  
But his *note* was *small*, and the *gold*-finch's song  
Was a pitch too high for Robin to go.

Who 'll make his shroud?

“I,” said the Bank, “though he play'd me a prank,

“While I have a rag, poor *Rob* shall be roll'd in't,

“With many a pound I'll paper him round,

“Like a plump rouleau — *without* the gold in't.”

\* \* \* \* \*

### ALL IN THE FAMILY WAY.

#### A NEW PASTORAL BALLAD.

(SUNG IN THE CHARACTER OF BRITANNIA.)

“The Public Debt is due from ourselves to ourselves, and resolves itself into a Family Account.” — *Sir Robert Peel's Letter.*

Tune — *My banks are all furnish'd with bees.*

My banks are all furnish'd with rags,  
So thick, even Freddy can't thin 'em;

I've torn up my old money-bags,

Having little or nought to put in 'em.

My tradesmen are smashing by dozens,

But this is all nothing, they say;

For bankrupts, since Adam, are cousins, —

So, it's all in the family way.

My Debt not a penny takes from me,

As sages the matter explain; —

Bob owes it to Tom, and then Tommy

Just owes it to Bob back again.

Since all have thus taken to *owing*,

There's nobody left that can *pay*;

And this is the way to keep going, —  
 All quite in the family way.

My senators vote away millions,  
 To put in Prosperity's budget;  
 And though it were billions or trillions,  
 The generous rogues wouldn't grudge it.

'T is all but a family *hop*,  
 'T was Pitt began dancing the hay;  
 Hands round! — why the deuce should we stop?  
 'T is all in the family way.

My labourers used to eat mutton,  
 As any great man of the State does;  
 And now the poor devils are put on  
 Small rations of tea and potatoes.

But cheer up, John, Sawney and Paddy,  
 The King is your father, they say;  
 So, ev'n if you starve for your Daddy,  
 'T is all in the family way.

My rich manufacturers tumble,  
 My poor ones have nothing to chew;  
 And, ev'n if themselves do not grumble,  
 Their stomachs undoubtedly do.

But coolly to fast *en famille*,  
 Is as good for the soul as to pray;  
 And famine itself is genteel,  
 When one starves in a family way.

I have found out a secret for Freddy,  
 A secret for next Budget day;  
 Though, perhaps, he may know it already,  
 As *he*, too, 's a sage in his way.

When next for the Treasury scene he  
 Announces "the Devil to pay,"  
 Let him write on the bills, "*Nota bene*,  
 "'T is all in the family way."

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## BALLAD FOR THE CAMBRIDGE ELECTION.

"I authorized my Committee to take the step which they did, of proposing a fair comparison of strength, upon the understanding that *whichever of the two should prove to be the weakest*, should give way to the other." — *Extract from Mr. W. J. B—kes's Letter to Mr. G—lb—n.*

B—KES is weak, an G—lb—n too,

No one e'er the fact denied; —

Which is "*weakest*" of the two,

Cambridge can alone decide.

Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,

Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

G—lb—n of the Pope afraid is,

B—kes, as much afraid as he;

Never yet did two old ladies

On this point so well agree.

Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,

Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Each a different mode pursues,

Each the same conclusion reaches;

B—kes is foolish in Reviews,

G—lb—n, foolish in his speeches.

Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,

Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Each a different foe doth damn,

When his own affairs have gone ill;

B—kes he damneth Buckingham,

G—lb—n damneth Dan O'Connell.

Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,

Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Once, we know, a horse's neigh

Fix'd th' election to a throne;

So, whichever first shall *bray*,

Choose him, Cambridge, for thy own.

Choose him, choose him by his bray,

Thus elect him, Cambridge, pray.

## MR. ROGER DODSWORTH.

1826.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir, — Having just heard of the wonderful resurrection of Mr. Roger Dodsworth from under an *avalanche*, where he had remained, *bien frappé*, it seems, for the last 166 years, I hasten to impart to you a few reflections on the subject. — Yours, &c.

LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI.

WHAT a lucky turn-up! — just as Eld—n's withdrawing,  
To find thus a gentleman, froz'n in the year  
Sixteen hundred and sixty, who only wants thawing,  
To serve for *our* times quite as well as the Peer; —

To bring thus to light, not the Wisdom alone  
Of our Ancestors, such as 't is found on our shelves,  
But, in perfect condition, full-wigg'd and full-grown,  
To shovel up one of those wise bucks themselves!

Oh thaw Mr. Dodsworth, and send him safe home —  
Let him learn nothing useful or new on the way;  
With his wisdom kept snug from the light let him come,  
And our Tories will hail him with "Hear!" and "Hurra!"

What a God-send to *them!* — a good, obsolete man,  
Who has never of Locke or Voltaire been a reader; —  
Oh thaw Mr. Dodsworth as fast as you can,

And the L—nsd—les and H—rtf—rds shall choose him for  
leader.

Yes, Sleeper of Ages, thou *shalt* be their chosen;  
And deeply with thee will they sorrow, good men,  
To think that all Europe has, since thou wert frozen,  
So alter'd, thou hardly wilt know it again.

And Eld—n will weep o'er each sad innovation  
Such oceans of tears, thou wilt fancy that he  
Has been also laid up in a long congelation,  
And is only now thawing, dear Roger, like thee.

## COPY OF AN INTERCEPTED DESPATCH.

FROM HIS EXCELLENCY DON STREPITOSO DIABOLO, ENVOY EXTRA-  
ORDINARY TO HIS SATANIC MAJESTY.

St. James's Street, July 1. 1826.

GREAT Sir, having just had the good luck to catch  
An official young Demon, preparing to go,  
Ready booted and spurr'd, with a black-leg despatch  
From the Hell here, at Cr—ckf—rd's, to *our Hell*, below —

I write these few lines to your Highness Satanic,  
To say that, first having obey'd your directions,  
And done all the mischief I could in "the Panic,"  
My next special care was to help the Elections.

Well knowing how dear were those times to thy soul,  
When ev'ry good Christian tormented his brother,  
And caus'd, in thy realm, such a saving of coal,  
From all coming down, ready grill'd by each other;

Rememb'ring, besides, how it pain'd thee to part  
With the Old Penal Code — that *chef-d'œuvre* of Law,  
In which (though to own it too modest thou art)  
We could plainly perceive the fine touch of thy claw;

I thought, as we ne'er can those good times revive,  
(Though Eld—n, with help from your Highness would try,)  
'T would still keep a taste for Hell's music alive,  
Could we get up a thund'ring No-Popery cry; —

That yell which, when chorus'd by laics and clerics,  
So like is to *ours*, in its spirit and tone,  
That I often nigh laugh myself into hysterics,  
To think that Religion should make it her own.

So, having sent down for th' original notes  
Of the chorus, as sung by your Majesty's choir,  
With a few pints of lava, to gargle the throats  
Of myself and some others, who sing it "with fire,"\*

\* *Con fuoco* — a music-book direction



Thought I, "if the Marseillois Hymn could command  
 "Such audience, though yell'd by a *Sans-culotte* crew,  
 "What wonders shall *we* do, who 've men in our band,  
 "That not only wear breeches, but petticoats too."

Such *then* were my hopes; but, with sorrow, your Highness,  
 I'm forc'd to confess — be the cause what it will,  
 Whether fewness of voices, or hoarseness, or shyness, —  
 Our Beelzebub Chorus has gone off but ill.

The truth is, no placeman now knows his right key,  
 The Treasury pitch-pipe of late is so various;  
 And certain *base* voices, that look'd for a fee  
 At the *York* music-meeting, now think it precarious.

Even some of our Reverends *might* have been warmer, —  
 Though one or two capital roarsers we 've had;  
 Doctor Wise \* is, for instance, a charming performer,  
 And *Huntingdon* Maberley's yell was not bad!

Altogether, however, the thing was not hearty; —  
 Even Eld—n allows we got on but so so;  
 And when next we attempt a No-Popery party,  
 We *must*, please your Highness, recruit *from below*.

But, hark, the young Black-leg is cracking his whip —  
 Excuse me, Great Sir — there 's no time to be civil; —  
 The next opportunity shan't be let slip,  
 But, till then,  
 I'm, in haste, your most dutiful

DEVIL.

July, 1826.

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 THE MILLENNIUM.

SUGGESTED BY THE LATE WORK OF THE REVEREND MR. IRVING  
 "ON PROPHECY."

1826.

A MILLENNIUM at hand! — I'm delighted to hear it —  
 As matters, both public and private, now go,

\* This reverend gentleman distinguished himself at the Reading election.

With multitudes round us all starving, or near it,  
 A good, rich Millennium will come *à-propos*.  
 Only think, Master Fred, what delight to behold,  
 Instead of thy bankrupt old City of Rags,  
 A bran-new Jerusalem, built all of gold,  
 Sound bullion throughout, from the roof to the flags —  
 A City, where wine and cheap corn \* shall abound —  
 A celestial *Cocaigne*, on whose buttery shelves  
 We may swear the best things of this world will be found,  
 As your Saints seldom fail to take care of themselves!  
 Thanks, reverend expounder of raptures Elysian, \*\*  
 Divine Squintifobus, who, plac'd within reach  
 Of two opposite worlds, by a twist of your vision,  
 Can cast, at the same time, a sly look at each; —  
 Thanks, thanks for the hope thou affordest, that we  
 May, ev'n in our own times, a Jubilee share,  
 Which so long has been promis'd by prophets like thee,  
 And so often postpon'd, we began to despair.  
 There was Whiston, \*\*\* who learnedly took Prince Eugene  
 For the man who must bring the Millennium about;  
 There 's Faber, whose pious productions have been  
 All belied, ere his book's first edition was out; —  
 There was Counsellor Dobbs, too, an Irish M. P.,  
 Who discours'd on the subject with signal *éclât*,  
 And, each day of his life, sat expecting to see  
 A Millennium break out in the town of Armagh! †

\* "A measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of barley for a penny." — *Rev. vi.*

\*\* See the oration of this reverend gentleman, where he describes the connubial joys of Paradise, and paints the angels hovering round "each happy fair."

\*\*\* When Whiston presented to Prince Eugene the Essay in which he attempted to connect his victories over the Turks with Revelation, the Prince is said to have replied, that "he was not aware he had ever had the honour of being known to St. John."

† Mr. Dobbs was a member of the Irish Parliament, and, on all other subjects but the Millennium, a very sensible person: he chose

There was also — but why should I burden my lay  
 With your Brotherses, Southcotes, and names less deserving,  
 When all past Millenniums henceforth must give way  
 To the last new Millennium of Orator Irv—ng.  
 Go on, mighty man, — doom them all to the shelf, —  
 And when next thou with Prophecy troublest thy sconce,  
 Oh forget not, I pray thee, to prove that thyself  
 Art the Beast (Chapter iv.) that sees nine ways at once.

### THE THREE DOCTORS.

Doctoribus lætamur tribus.

1826.

THOUGH many great Doctors there be,  
 There are three that all Doctors out-top,  
 Doctor Eady, that famous M. D.,  
 Doctor S—th—y, and dear Doctor Slop.\*  
 The purger — the proser — the bard —  
 All quacks in a different style;  
 Doctor S—th—y writes books by the yard,  
 Doctor Eady writes puffs by the mile!\*\*  
 Doctor Slop, in no merit outdone  
 By his scribbling or physicking brother,  
 Can dose us with stuff like the one,  
 Ay, and *doze* us with stuff like the other.  
 Doctor Eady good company keeps  
 With “No Popery” scribes, on the walls;  
 Doctor S—th—y as gloriously sleeps  
 With “No Popery” scribes, on the stalls.

Armagh as the scene of his Millennium, on account of the name Armageddon, mentioned in Revelation.

\* The editor of the Morning Herald, so nick-named.

\*\* Alluding to the display of this doctor's name, in chalk, on all the walls round the metropolis.



Doctor Slop, upon subjects divine,  
 Such bedlamite slaver lets drop,  
 That, if Eady should take the *mad* line,  
 He 'll be sure of a patient in Slop.

Seven millions of Papists, no less,  
 Doctor S—th—y attacks, like a Turk;\*  
 Doctor Eady, less bold, I confess,  
 Attacks but his maid-of-all-work.\*\*

Doctor S—th—y, for *his* grand attack,  
 Both a laureate and pensioner is;  
 While poor Doctor Eady, alack,  
 Has been *had up* to Bow-street, for his!

And truly, the law does so blunder,  
 That, though little blood has been spilt, he  
 May probably suffer as, under  
 The *Chalking Act*, *known* to be guilty.

So much for the merits sublime  
 (With whose catalogue ne'er should I stop)  
 Of the three greatest lights of our time,  
 Doctor Eady, and S—th—y, and Slop!

Should you ask me, to *which* of the three  
 Great Doctors the preference should fall,  
 As a matter of course, I agree  
 Doctor Eady must go to *the wall*.

But as S—th—y with laurels is crown'd,  
 And Slop with a wig and a tail is,

\* This seraphic doctor, in the preface to his last work (*Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*), is pleased to anathematize not only all Catholics, but all advocates of Catholics:—“They have for their immediate allies (he says) every faction that is banded against the State, every demagogue, every irreligious and seditious journalist, every open and every insidious enemy to Monarchy and to Christianity.”

\*\* See the late accounts in the newspapers of the appearance of this gentleman at one of the Police-offices, in consequence of an alleged assault on his “maid-of-all-work.”

Let Eady's bright temples be bound  
 With a swingeing "Corona *Muralis!*" \*

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EPITAPH ON A TUFT-HUNTER.

LAMENT, lament, Sir Isaac Heard,  
 Put mourning round thy page, Debrett,  
 For here lies one, who ne'er preferr'd  
 A Viscount to a Marquis yet.

Beside him place the God of Wit,  
 Before him Beauty's rosiest girls,  
 Apollo for a *star* he'd quit,  
 And Love's own sister for an Earl's.

Did niggard fate no peers afford,  
 He took, of course, to peers' relations;  
 And, rather than not sport a Lord,  
 Put up with ev'n the last creations.

Ev'n Irish names, could he but tag 'em  
 With "Lord" and "Duke," were sweet to call,  
 And, at a pinch, Lord Ballyraggum  
 Was better than no Lord at all.

Heav'n grant him now some noble nook,  
 For, rest his soul! he 'd rather be  
 Genteelly damn'd beside a Duke,  
 Than sav'd in vulgar company.

---

\* A crown granted as a reward among the Romans to persons who performed any extraordinary exploits upon *walls*, such as scaling them, battering them, &c. — No doubt, writing upon them, to the extent Dr. Eady does, would equally establish a claim to the honour.

## ODE TO A HAT.

— — — “altum  
 Ædificat caput.” JUVENAL.

1826.

HAIL, reverend Hat! — sublime 'mid all  
 The minor felts that round the grove! —  
 Thou, that the Gods “a Delta” call,  
 While meaner mortals call thee “shovel.”

When on thy shape (like pyramid,  
 Cut horizontally in two) \*

I raptur'd gaze, what dreams, unbid,  
 Of stalls and mitres bless my view!

That brim of brims, so sleekly good —  
 Not flapp'd, like dull Wesleyans', down,  
 But looking (as all churchmen's should)  
 Devoutly upward — tow'rds the *crow*n.

Gods! when I gaze upon that brim,  
 So redolent of Church all over,  
 What swarms of Tithes, in vision dim, —  
 Some pig-tail'd, some like cherubim,  
 With ducklings' wings — around it hover!  
 Tenth's of all dead and living things,  
 That Nature into being brings,  
 From calves and corn to chitterlings.

Say, holy Hat, that hast, of cocks,  
 The very cock most orthodox,  
 To *which*, of all the well-fed throng  
 Of Zion, \*\* joy'st thou to belong?  
 Thou 'rt *not* Sir Harcourt Lees's — no —  
 For hats grow like the heads that wear 'em;

\* So described by a Reverend Historian of the Church: — “A Delta hat, like the horizontal section of a pyramid.” — GRANT'S *History of the English Church*.

\*\* Archbishop Magee affectionately calls the Church Establishment of Ireland “the little Zion.”



And hats, on heads like his, would grow  
 Particularly *harum-scarum*.  
 Who knows but thou may'st deck the pate  
 Of that fam'd Doctor Ad — mth — te,  
 (The reverend rat, whom we saw stand  
 On his hind-legs in Westmoreland,)  
 Who chang'd so quick from *blue* to *yellow*,  
 And would from *yellow* back to *blue*,  
 And back again, convenient fellow,  
 If 't were his interest so to do.

Or, haply, smartest of triangles,  
 Thou art the hat of Doctor Ow — n;  
 The hat that, to his vestry wrangles,  
 That venerable priest doth go in, —  
 And, then and there, amid the stare  
 Of all St. Olave's, takes the chair,  
 And quotes, with phiz right orthodox,  
 Th' example of his reverend brothers,  
 To prove that priests all fleece their flocks,  
 And *he* must fleece as well as others.

Blest Hat! (whoe'er thy lord may be)  
 Thus low I take off mine to thee,  
 The homage of a layman's *castor*,  
 To the spruce *della* of his pastor.  
 Oh may'st thou be, as thou proceedest,  
 Still smarter cock'd, still brush'd the brighter,  
 Till, bowing all the way, thou leade'st  
 Thy sleek possessor to a mitre!

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### NEWS FOR COUNTRY COUSINS.

1826.

DEAR COZ, as I know neither you nor Miss Draper,  
 When Parliament's up, ever take in a paper,  
 But trust for your news to such stray odds and ends  
 As you chance to pick up from political friends —

Being one of this well-inform'd class, I sit down  
To transmit you the last newest news that 's in town.

As to Greece and Lord Cochrane, things couldn't look better —

His Lordship (who promises now to fight faster)  
Has just taken Rhodes, and despatch'd off a letter  
To Daniel O'Connell, to make him Grand Master;  
Engaging to change the old name, if he can,  
From the Knights of St. John to the Knights of St. Dan; —  
Or, if Dan should prefer (as a still better whim)  
Being made the Colossus, 't is all one to him.

From Russia the last accounts are that the Czar —  
Most gen'rous and kind, as all sovereigns are,  
And whose first princely act (as you know, I suppose)  
Was to give away all his late brother's old clothes \* —  
Is now busy collecting, with brotherly care,

The late Emperor's nightcaps, and thinks of bestowing  
One nightcap apiece (if he has them to spare)

On all the distinguish'd old ladies now going.  
(While I write, an arrival from Riga — the 'Brothers' —  
Having nightcaps on board for Lord Eld — n and others.)

Last advices from India — Sir Archy, 't is thought,  
Was near catching a Tartar (the first ever caught  
In N. Lat. 21.) — and his Highness Burmese,  
Being very hard press'd to shell out the rupees,  
And not having rhino sufficient, they say, meant  
To pawn his august Golden Foot \*\* for the payment.  
(How lucky for monarchs, that thus, when they choose,  
Can establish a *running* account with the Jews!)  
The security being what Rothschild calls "goot,"  
A loan will be shortly, of course, set *on foot*;  
The parties are Rothschild, A. Baring and Co.  
With three other great pawnbrokers: each takes a toe,

\* A distribution was made of the Emperor Alexander's military wardrobe by his successor.

\*\* This potentate styles himself the Monarch of the Golden Foot.

And engages (lest Gold-foot should give us *leg-bail*,  
As he did once before) to pay down *on the nail*.

This is all for the present — what vile pens and paper!  
Yours truly, dear Cousin — best love to Miss Draper.

September, 1826.

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### A VISION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF CHRISTABEL.

“UP!” said the Spirit, and, ere I could pray  
One hasty orison, whirl’d me away  
To a Limbo, lying — I wist not where —  
Above or below, in earth or air;  
For it glimmer’d o’er with a *doubtful* light,  
One couldn’t say whether ’t was day or night;  
And ’t was crost by many a mazy track,  
One didn’t know how to get on or back;  
And I felt like a needle that ’s going astray  
(With its *one* eye out) through a bundle of hay;  
When the Spirit he grinn’d, and whisper’d me,  
“Thou ’rt now in the Court of Chancery!”

Around me flitted unnumber’d swarms  
Of shapeless, bodiless, tailless forms;  
(Like bottled-up babes, that grace the room  
Of that worthy knight, Sir Everard Home) —  
All of them, things half-kill’d in rearing;  
Some were lame — some wanted *hearing*;  
Some had through half a century run,  
Though they hadn’t a leg to stand upon.  
Others, more merry, as just beginning,  
Around on a *point of law* were spinning;  
Or balanc’d aloft, ’twixt *Bill* and *Answer*,  
Lead at each end, like a tight-rope dancer.  
Some were so *cross*, that nothing could please ’em; —  
Some gulp’d down *affidavits* to ease ’em; —



All were in motion, yet never a one,  
 Let it *move* as it might could ever move *on*.  
 "These," said the Spirit, "you plainly see,  
 "Are what they call suits in Chancery!"

I heard a loud screaming of old and young,  
 Like a chorus by fifty Vellutis sung;  
 Or an Irish Dump ("the words by Moore")  
 At an amateur concert scream'd in score; —  
 So harsh on my ear that wailing fell  
 Of the wretches who in this Limbo dwell!  
 It seem'd like the dismal symphony  
 Of the shapes Æneas in hell did see;  
 Or those frogs, whose legs a barbarous cook  
 Cut off, and left the frogs in the brook,  
 To cry all night, till life's last dregs,  
 "Give us our legs! — give us our legs!"  
 Touch'd with the sad and sorrowful scene,  
 I ask'd what all this yell might mean,  
 When the Spirit replied, with a grin of glee,  
 "'T is the cry of the Suitors in Chancery!"

I look'd, and I saw a wizard rise,\*  
 With a wig like a cloud before men's eyes.  
 In his aged hand he held a wand,  
 Wherewith he beckon'd his embryo band,  
 And they mov'd and mov'd, as he wav'd it o'er,  
 But they never got on one inch the more.  
 And still they kept limping to and fro,  
 Like Ariels round old Prospero —  
 Saying, "Dear Master, let us go,"  
 But still old Prospero answer'd "No."  
 And I heard, the while, that wizard elf  
 Muttering, muttering spells to himself,  
 While o'er as many old papers he turn'd,  
 As Hume e'er mov'd for, or Omar burn'd.

\* The Lord Chancellor Eld—n.

He talk'd of his virtue — “ though some, less nice,  
 (He own'd with a sigh) preferr'd his *Vice*” —  
 And he said, “ I think ” — “ I doubt ” — “ I hope, ”  
 Call'd God to witness, and damn'd the Pope;  
 With many more sleights of tongue and hand  
 I couldn't, for the soul of me, understand.  
 Amaz'd and pos'd, I was just about  
 To ask his name, when the screams without,  
 The merciless clack of the imps within,  
 And that conjuror's mutterings, made such a din,  
 That, startled, I woke — leap'd up in my bed —  
 Found the Spirit, the imps, and the conjuror fled,  
 And bless'd my stars, right pleas'd to see,  
 That I wasn't, as yet, in Chancery.

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### THE PETITION OF THE ORANGEMEN OF IRELAND.

1826.

To the people of England, the humble Petition  
 Of Ireland's disconsolate Orangemen, showing —  
 That sad, very sad, is our present condition; —  
 Our jobbing all gone, and our noble selves going; —  
 That, forming one seventh, within a few fractions,  
 Of Ireland's seven millions of hot heads and hearts,  
 We hold it the basest of all base transactions  
 To keep us from murd'ring the other six parts; —  
 That, as to laws made for the good of the many,  
 We humbly suggest there is nothing less true;  
 As all human laws (and our own, more than any)  
 Are made *by* and *for* a particular few; —  
 That much it delights ev'ry true Orange brother,  
 To see you, in England, such ardour evince,  
 In discussing *which* sect most tormented the other,  
 And burn'd with most *gusto*, some hundred years since; —

That we love to behold, while old England grows faint,  
 Messrs. Southey and Butler nigh coming to blows,  
 To decide whether Dunstan, that strong-bodied Saint,  
 Ever truly and really pull'd the Dev'l's nose;

Whether t'other Saint, Dominic, burnt the Dev'l's paw —  
 Whether Edwy intrigued with Elgiva's old mother —\*  
 And many such points, from which Southey can draw  
 Conclusions most apt for our hating each other.

That 't is very well known this devout Irish nation  
 Has now, for some ages, gone happily on,  
 Believing in two kinds of Substantiation,  
 One party in *Trans* and the other in *Con*; \*\*

That we, your petitioning *Cons*, have, in right  
 Of the said monosyllable, ravag'd the lands,  
 And embezzled the goods, and annoy'd, day and night,  
 Both the bodies and souls of the sticklers for *Trans*; —

That we trust to Peel, Eldon, and other such sages,  
 For keeping us still in the same state of mind;  
 Pretty much as the world us'd to be in those ages,  
 When still smaller syllables madden'd mankind; —

When the words *ex* and *per*\*\*\* serv'd as well, to annoy  
 One's neighbours and friends with, as *con* and *trans* now;  
 And Christians, like S—th—y, who stickled for *oi*,  
 Cut the throats of all Christians who stickled for *ou*. †

\* To such important discussions as these the greater part of Dr. Southey's *Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ* is devoted.

\*\* Consubstantiation — the true Reformed belief; at least, the belief of Luther, and, as Mosheim asserts, of Melancthon also.

\*\*\* When John of Ragusa went to Constantinople (at the time this dispute between "ex" and "per" was going on), he found the Turks, we are told, "laughing at the Christians for being divided by two such insignificant particles."

† The Arian controversy. — Before that time, says Hooker, "in order to be a sound believing Christian, men were not curious what syllables or particles of speech they used."



That, relying on England, whose kindness already  
 So often has help'd us to play this game o'er,  
 We have got our red coats and our carabines ready,  
 And wait but the word to show sport, as before.

That, as to the expense — the few millions, or so,  
 Which for all such diversions John Bull has to pay —  
 'T is, at least, a great comfort to John Bull to know,  
 That to Orangemen's pockets 't will all find its way.  
 For which your petitioners ever will pray,  
 &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

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### COTTON AND CORN.

#### A DIALOGUE.

SAID Cotton to Corn, t'other day,  
 As they met and exchang'd a salute —  
 (Squire Corn in his carriage so gay,  
 Poor Cotton, half fanish'd, on foot):

“Great Squire, if it isn't uncivil  
 “To hint at starvation before you,  
 “Look down on a poor hungry devil,  
 “And give him some bread, I implore you!”

Quoth Corn then, in answer to Cotton,  
 Perceiving he meant to make *free* —  
 “Low fellow, you've surely forgotten  
 “The distance between you and me!

“To expect that we, Peers of high birth,  
 “Should waste our illustrious acres;  
 “For no other purpose on earth  
 “Than to fatten curst calico-makers! —

“That Bishops to bobbins should bend —  
 “Should stoop from their Bench's sublimity,  
 “Great dealers in *lawn*, to befriend  
 “Such contemptible dealers in dimity!

“No — vile Manufacture! ne'er harbour  
 “A hope to be fed at our boards; —  
 “Base offspring of Arkwright the barber,  
 “What claim canst *thou* have upon Lords?

“No — thanks to the taxes and debt,  
 “And the triumph of paper o'er guineas,  
 “Our race of Lord Jemmys, as yet,  
 “May defy your whole rabble of *Jennys!*”

So saying — whip, crack, and away  
 Went Corn in his chaise through the throng,  
 So headlong, I heard them all say,  
 “Squire Corn would be *down*, before long.”

#### THE CANONIZATION OF SAINT B—TT—RW—RTH.

“A Christian of the best edition.” RABELAIS.

CANONIZE him! — yea, verily, we 'll canonize him;  
 Though Cant is his hobby, and meddling his bliss,  
 Though sages may pity, and wits may despise him,  
 He 'll ne'er make a bit the worse Saint for all this.

Descend, all ye Spirits, that ever yet spread  
 The dominion of Humbug o'er land and o'er sea,  
 Descend on our B—tt—rw—rth's biblical head,  
 Thrice-Great, Biblioplist, Saint, and M. P.

Come, shade of Joanna, come down from thy sphere,  
 And bring little Shiloh — if 't isn't too far —  
 Such a sight will to B—tt—rw—rth's bosom be dear,  
 His conceptions and *thine* being much on a par.

Nor blush, Saint Joanna, once more to behold  
 A world thou hast honour'd by cheating so many;  
 Thou 'lt find still among us one Personage old,  
 Who also by tricks and the *Seals*\* makes a penny.

\* A great part of the income of Joanna Southcott arose from the Seals of the Lord's protection which she sold to her followers.

Thou, too, of the Shakers, divine Mother Lee! \*  
 Thy smiles to beatified B—tt—rw—rth deign;  
 Two "lights of the Gentiles" are thou, Anne, and he,  
 One hallowing Fleet Street, and t'other Toad Lane! \*\*

The Heathen, we know, made their Gods out of wood,  
 And Saints may be fram'd of as handy materials; —  
 Old women and B—tt—rw—rths make just as good  
 As any the Pope ever *book'd* as Ethereals.

Stand forth, Man of Bibles! — not Mahomet's pigeon,  
 When, perch'd on the Koran, he dropp'd there, they say,  
 Strong marks of his faith, ever shed o'er religion  
 Such glory as B—tt—rw—rth sheds every day.

Great Galen of souls, with what vigour he crams  
 Down Erin's idolatrous throats, till they crack again,  
 Bolus on bolus, good man! — and then damns  
 Both their stomachs and souls, if they dare cast them back again.

How well might his shop — as a type representing  
 The creed of himself and his sanctified clan —  
 On its counter exhibit "the Art of Tormenting,"  
 Bound neatly, and letter'd "Whole Duty of Man!"

Canonize him! — by Judas, we *will* canonize him;  
 For Cant is his hobby, and twaddling his bliss;  
 And, though wise men may pity and wits may despise him,  
 He'll make but the better *shop*-saint for all this.

Call quickly together the whole tribe of Canters,  
 Convoke all the *serious* Tag-rag of the nation;  
 Bring Shakers and Snufflers and Jumpers and Ranters,  
 To witness their B—tt—rw—rth's Canonization!

\* Mrs. Anne Lee, the "chosen vessel" of the Shakers, and "Mother of all the children of regeneration."

\*\* Toad Lane, in Manchester, where Mother Lee was born. In her "Address to Young Believers," she says, that "it is a matter of no importance with them from whence the means of their deliverance come, whether from a stable in Bethlehem, or from Toad Lane, Manchester."



Yea, humbly I've ventur'd his merits to paint,  
 Yea, feebly have tried all his gifts to portray;  
 And they form a sum-total for making a Saint,  
 That the Devil's own Advocate could not gainsay.

Jump high, all ye Jumpers, ye Ranters all roar,  
 While B—tt—rw—rth's spirit, uprais'd from your eyes,  
 Like a kite made of foolscap, in glory shall soar,  
 With a long tail of rubbish behind, to the skies!

---

### AN INCANTATION.

SUNG BY THE BUBBLE SPIRIT.

Air. — *Come with me, and we will go  
 Where the rocks of coral grow.*

COME with me, and we will blow  
 Lots of bubbles, as we go;  
 Bubbles, bright as ever Hope  
 Drew from fancy — or from soap;  
 Bright as e'er the South Sea sent  
 From its frothy element!  
 Come with me, and we will blow  
 Lots of bubbles, as we go.  
 Mix the lather, Johnny W—lks,  
 Thou, who rhym'st so well to bilks;\*  
 Mix the lather — who can be  
 Fitter for such task than thee,  
 Great M. P. for *Sudsbury*!  
 Now the frothy charm is ripe,  
 Puffing Peter,\*\* bring thy pipe, —  
 Thou, whom ancient Coventry  
 Once so dearly lov'd, that she

\* Strong indications of character may be sometimes traced in the rhymes to names. Marvell thought so, when he wrote

“Sir Edward Sutton,  
 The foolish Knight who rhymes to mutton.”

\*\* The Member, during a long period, for Coventry.

Knew not which to her was sweeter,  
Peeping Tom or Puffing Peter; —  
Puff the bubbles high in air,  
Puff thy best to keep them there.

Bravo, bravo, Peter M—re!  
Now the rainbow humbugs \* soar,  
Glittering all with golden hues,  
Such as haunt the dreams of Jews; —  
Some, reflecting mines that lie  
Under Chili's glowing sky,  
Some, those virgin pearls that sleep  
Cloister'd in the southern deep;  
Others, as if lent a ray  
From the streaming Milky Way,  
Glistening o'er with curds and whey  
From the cows of Alderney.  
Now 's the moment — who shall first  
Catch the bubbles, ere they burst?  
Run, ye Squires, ye Viscounts, run,  
Br—gd—n, T—ynh—m, P—lm—t—n; —  
John W—lks junior runs beside ye!  
Take the good the knaves provide ye! \*\*  
See, with upturn'd eyes and hands,  
Where the *Shareman*, \*\*\* Br—gd—n, stands,  
Gaping for the froth to fall  
Down his gullet — *lye* and all.  
See! —

But, hark, my time is out —  
Now, like some great water-spout,

\* An humble imitation of one of our modern poets, who, in a poem against War, after describing the splendid habiliments of the soldier, thus apostrophizes him — "thou rainbow ruffian!"

\*\* "Lovely Thais sits beside thee:  
Take the good the Gods provide thee."

\*\*\* So called by a sort of Tuscan dulcification of the *ch*, in the word "Chairman."

Scatter'd by the cannon's thunder,  
Burst, ye bubbles, all asunder!

[Here the stage darkens — a discordant crash is heard from the orchestra — the broken bubbles descend in a saponaceous but uncleanly mist over the heads of the Dramatis Personæ, and the scene drops, leaving the bubble-hunters — all in the suds.]

### A DREAM OF TURTLE.

BY SIR W. CURTIS.

1826.

'T WAS evening time, in the twilight sweet  
I sail'd along, when — whom should I meet  
But a Turtle journeying o'er the sea,  
“On the service of his Majesty.”\*

When spying him first through twilight dim,  
I didn't know what to make of him;  
But said to myself, as slow he plied  
His fins, and roll'd from side to side  
Conceitedly o'er the watery path —  
“'T is my Lord of St—w—ll taking a bath,  
“And I hear him now, among the fishes,  
“Quoting Vatel and Burgersdicius!”  
But, no — 't was, indeed, a Turtle, wide  
And plump as ever these eyes descried;  
A Turtle, juicy as ever yet  
Glu'd up the lips of a Baronet!  
And much did it grieve my soul to see  
That an animal of such dignity,  
Like an absentee abroad should roam,  
When he *ought* to stay and be ate at home.

\* We are told that the passport of this grand diplomatic Turtle (sent by the Secretary for Foreign Affairs to a certain noble envoy) described him as “on his majesty's service.”

— dapibus supremi  
Grata testudo Jovis.



But now "a change came o'er my dream,"  
 Like the magic lantern's shifting slider; —  
 I look'd, and saw, by the evening beam,  
 On the back of that Turtle sat a rider —  
 A goodly man, with an eye so merry,  
 I knew 't was our Foreign Secretary,\*  
 Who there, at his ease, did sit and smile,  
 Like Waterton on his crocodile;\*\*  
 Cracking such jokes, at every motion,  
 As made the Turtle squeak with glee,  
 And own they gave him a lively notion  
 Of what his *forc'd*-meat balls would be.  
 So, on the Sec. in his glory went,  
 Over that briny element,  
 Waving his hand, as he took farewell,  
 With graceful air, and bidding me tell  
 Inquiring friends that the Turtle and he  
 Were gone on a foreign embassy —  
 To soften the heart of a *Diplomate*,  
 Who is known to doat upon verdant fat,  
 And to let admiring Europe see,  
 That *calipash* and *calipee*  
 Are the English forms of Diplomacy.

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### THE DONKY AND HIS PANNIERS.

A FABLE.

— — — "fessus jam sudat asellus,  
 "Parce illi; vestrum delictum est asinus." VIRGIL. *Copa*.

A DONKY, whose talent for burdens was wond'rous,  
 So much that you 'd swear he rejoic'd in a load,  
 One day had to jog under panniers so pond'rous,  
 That — down the poor Donky fell smack on the road!

\* Mr. Canning.

\*\* *Wanderings in South America*. "It was the first and last time (says Mr. Waterton) I was ever on a crocodile's back."

His owners and drivers stood round in amaze —

What! Neddy, the patient, the prosperous Neddy,  
So easy to drive, through the dirtiest ways,  
For every description of job-work so ready!

One driver (whom Ned might have "hail'd" as a "brother"\*)  
Had just been proclaiming his Donky's renown  
For vigour, for spirit, for one thing or other —  
When, lo, 'mid his praises, the Donky came down!

But, how to upraise him? — *one* shouts, *t'other* whistles,  
While Jenky, the Conjurer, wisest of all,  
Declared that an "over-production of thistles — \*\*"  
(Here Ned gave a stare) — was the cause of his fall."

Another wise Solomon cries, as he passes —  
"There, let him alone, and the fit will soon cease;  
"The beast has been fighting with other jack-asses,  
"And this is his mode of '*transition to peace*.'"

Some look'd at his hoofs, and, with learned grimaces,  
Pronounc'd that too long without shoes he had gone —  
"Let the blacksmith provide him a *sound metal basis*  
(The wise-acres said), "and he 's sure to jog on."

Meanwhile, the poor Neddy, in torture and fear,  
Lay under his panniers, scarce able to groan;  
And — what was still dolefuller — lending an ear  
To advisers, whose ears were a match for his own.

At length, a plain rustic, whose wit went so far  
As to see others' folly, roar'd out, as he pass'd —  
"Quick — off with the panniers, all dolts as ye are,  
"Or your prosperous Neddy will soon kick his last!"

October, 1826.

\* Alluding to an early poem of Mr. Coleridge's, addressed to an Ass, and beginning, "I hail thee, brother!"

\*\* A certain country gentleman having said in the House, "that we must return at last to the food of our ancestors," somebody asked Mr. T. "what food the gentleman meant?" — "Thistles, I suppose," answered Mr. T.

## ODE TO THE SUBLIME PORTE.

1826.

GREAT Sultan, how wise are thy state compositions!

And oh, above all, I admire that Decree,

In which thou command'st, that all *she* politicians

Shall forthwith be strangled and cast in the sea.

'Tis my fortune to know a lean Benthamite spinster —

A maid, who her faith in old Jeremy puts;

Who talks, with a lisp, of "the last new *Westminster*,"

And hopes you're delighted with "Mill upon Gluts;"

Who tells you how clever one Mr. Fun-blank is,

How charming his Articles 'gainst the Nobility; —

And assures you that even a gentleman's rank is,

In Jeremy's school, of no sort of *utility*.

To see her, ye Gods, a new Number perusing —

ART. 1. — "On the *Needle's* variations," by Pl—e;\*

ART. 2. — By her fav'rite Fun-blank\*\* — "so amusing!

"Dear man! he makes Poetry quite a *Law* case."

ART. 3. — "Upon Fallacies," Jeremy's own —

(Chief Fallacy being, his hope to find readers); —

ART. 4. — "Upon Honesty," author unknown; —

ART. 5. — (by the young Mr. M —) "Hints to Breeders."

Oh, Sultan, oh, Sultan, though oft for the bag

And the bowstring, like thee, I am tempted to call —

Though drowning's too good for each blue-stocking hag,

I would bag this *she* Benthamite first of them all!

And, lest she should ever again lift her head

From the watery bottom, her clack to renew —

As a clog, as a sinker, far better than lead,

I would hang round her neck her own darling Review.

\* A celebrated political tailor.

\*\* This pains-taking gentleman has been at the trouble of counting, with the assistance of Cocker, the number of metaphors in Moore's "Life of Sheridan," and has found them to amount, as nearly as possible, to 2235 — and some *fractions*.



## CORN AND CATHOLICS.

Utrum horum  
Dirius borum? *Incerti Auctoris.*

WHAT! *still* those two infernal questions,  
That with our meals, our slumbers mix —  
That spoil our tempers and digestions —  
Eternal Corn and Catholics!

Gods! were there ever two such bores?  
Nothing else talk'd of night or morn —  
Nothing *in* doors, or *out* of doors,  
But endless Catholics and Corn!

Never was such a brace of pests —  
While Ministers, still worse than either,  
Skill'd but in feathering their nests,  
Plague us with both, and settle neither.

So addled in my cranium meet  
Popery and Corn, that oft I doubt,  
Whether, this year, 't was bonded Wheat,  
Or bonded Papists, they let out.

*Here*, landlords, *here*, polemics nail you,  
Arm'd with all rubbish they can rake up;  
*Prices* and *Texts* at once assail you —  
From Daniel *these*, and *those* from Jacob.\*

And when you sleep, with head still torn  
Between the two, their shapes you mix,  
Till sometimes Catholics seem Corn —  
Then Corn again seems Catholics.

Now, Dantsic wheat before you floats —  
Now, Jesuits from California —  
Now Ceres, link'd with Titus *Oats*,  
Comes dancing through the "Porta *Cornea*."\*\*

\* Author of the late Report on Foreign Corn.

\*\* The Horn Gate, through which the ancients supposed all true dreams (such as those of the Popish Plot, &c.) to pass.

Oft, too, the Corn grows animate,  
 And a whole crop of heads appears,  
 Like Papists, *bearding* Church and State —  
 Themselves, together *by the ears!*

In short, these torments never cease;  
 And oft I wish myself transferr'd off  
 To some far, lonely land of peace,  
 Where Corn or Papists ne'er were heard of.

Yes, waft me, Parry, to the Pole;  
 For — if my fate is to be chosen  
 'Twixt bores and icebergs — on my soul,  
 I'd rather, of the two, be frozen!

---

#### A CASE OF LIBEL.

“The greater the truth, the worse the libel.”

A CERATIN Sprite, who dwells below,  
 ('T were a libel, perhaps, to mention where,)  
 Came up *incog.*, some years ago,  
 To try, for a change, the London air.

So well he look'd, and dress'd, and talk'd,  
 And hid his tail and horns so handy,  
 You 'd hardly have known him as he walk'd,  
 From C—e, or any other Dandy.

(His horns, it seems, are made t'unscrew;  
 So, he has but to take them out of the socket,  
 And — just as some fine husbands do —  
 Conveniently clap them into his pocket.)

In short, he look'd extremely natty,  
 And ev'n contriv'd — to his own great wonder —  
 By dint of sundry scents from Gattie,  
 To keep the sulphurous *hogo* under.

And so my gentleman hoof'd about,  
 Unknown to all but a chosen few  
 At White's and Crockford's, where, no doubt,  
 He had many *post-obits* falling due.

Alike a gamester and a wit,  
 At night he was seen with Crockford's crew,  
 At morn with learned dames would sit —  
 So pass'd his time 'twixt *black* and *blue*.

Some wish'd to make him an M. P.,  
 But, finding W—lks was also one, he  
 Swore, in a rage, "he 'd be d—d, if he  
 "Would ever sit in one house with Johnny."

At length, as secrets travel fast,  
 And devils, whether he or she,  
 Are sure to be found out at last,  
 The affair got wind most rapidly.

The Press, the impartial Press, that snubs  
 Alike a fiend's or an angel's capers —  
 Miss Paton's soon as Beelzebub's —  
 Fir'd off a squib in the morning papers :

"We warn good men to keep aloof  
 "From a grim old Dandy, seen about,  
 "With a fire-proof wig, and a cloven hoof  
 "Through a neat-cut Hoby smoking out."

Now, — the Devil being a gentleman,  
 Who piques himself on well-bred dealings, —  
 You may guess, when o'er these lines he ran,  
 How much they hurt and shock'd his feelings.

Away he posts to a Man of Law,  
 And 't would make you laugh could you have seen 'em,  
 As paw shook hand, and hand shook paw,  
 And 't was "hail, good fellow, well met," between 'em.

Straight an indictment was preferr'd —  
 And much the Devil enjoy'd the jest,



When, asking about the Bench, he heard  
That, of all the Judges, his own was *Best*.\*

In vain Defendant proffer'd proof  
That Plaintiff's self was the Father of Evil —  
Brought Hoby forth, to swear to the hoof,  
And Stultz to speak to the tail of the Devil.

The Jury (saints, all snug and rich,  
And readers of virtuous Sunday papers)  
Found for the Plaintiff — on hearing which  
The Devil gave one of his loftiest capers.

For oh, 't was nuts to the Father of Lies  
(As this wily fiend is nam'd in the Bible)  
To find it settled by laws so wise,  
That the greater the truth, the worse the libel!

---

#### LITERARY ADVERTISEMENT.

WANTED — Authors of all-work, to job for the season,  
No matter which party, so faithful to neither;  
Good hacks, who, if pos'd for a rhyme or a reason,  
Can manage, like \*\*\*\*\*, to do without either.

If in gaol, all the better for out-o'-door topics;  
Your gaol is for Trav'lers a charming retreat;  
They can take a day's rule for a trip to the Tropics,  
And sail round the world, at their ease, in the Fleet.

For a Dramatist, too, the most useful of schools —  
He can study high life in the King's Bench community;  
Aristotle could scarce keep him more *within rules*,  
And of *place* he, at least, must adhere to the *unity*.

Any lady or gentleman, come to an age  
To have good "Reminiscences" (three-score or higher),  
Will meet with encouragement — so much, *per page*,  
And the spelling and grammar both found by the buyer.

\* A celebrated Judge, so named.

No matter with *what* their remembrance is stock'd,  
 So they'll only remember the *quantum* desir'd; —  
 Enough to fill handsomely Two Volumes, *oct.*,  
 Price twenty-four shillings, is all that's requir'd.

They may treat us, like Kelly, with old *jeu-d'esprits*,  
 Like Dibdin, may tell of each farcical frolic;  
 Or kindly inform us, like Madame Genlis,\*  
 That gingerbread-cakes always give them the colic.

Wanted, also, a new stock of Pamphlets on Corn,  
 By "Farmers" and "Landholders" — (worthies whose lands  
 Enclos'd all in bow-pots, their attics adorn,  
 Or, whose share of the soil may be seen on their hands).

No-Popery Sermons, in ever so dull a vein,  
 Sure of a market; — should they, too, who pen 'em,  
 Be renegade Papists, like Murtagh O'S — ll — v — n,\*\*  
 Something *extra* allow'd for th' additional venom.

Funds, Physic, Corn, Poetry, Boxing, Romance,  
 All excellent subjects for turning a penny; —  
 To write upon *all* is an author's sole chance  
 For attaining, at last, the least knowledge of *any*.

Nine times out of ten, if his *title* is good,  
 The material *within* of small consequence is; —  
 Let him only write fine, and, if not understood,  
 Why — that's the concern of the reader, not his.

*Nota Bene* — an Essay, now printing, to show,  
 That Horace (as clearly as words could express it)  
 Was for taxing the Fund-holders, ages ago,  
 When he wrote thus — "Quodcunque *in Fund is, assess it.*"\*\*\*

\* This lady also favours us, in her Memoirs, with the address of those apothecaries, who have, from time to time, given her pills that agreed with her; always desiring that the pills should be ordered "*comme pour elle.*"

\*\* A gentleman, who distinguished himself by his evidence before the Irish Committees.

\*\*\* According to the common reading, "quodcunque *in fundis, acescit.*"

## THE IRISH SLAVE.\*

1827.

I HEARD, as I lay, a wailing sound,  
 "He is dead — he is dead," the rumour flew;  
 And I rais'd my chain, and turn'd me round,  
 And ask'd, through the dungeon-window, "Who?"

I saw my livid tormentors pass;  
 Their grief 't was bliss to hear and see!  
 For, never came joy to them, alas,  
 That didn't bring deadly bane to me.

Eager I look'd through the mist of night,  
 And ask'd, "What foe of my race hath died?  
 'Is it he — that Doubter of law and right,  
 "Whom nothing but wrong could e'er decide —

"Who, long as he sees but wealth to win,  
 "Hath never yet felt a qualm or doubt  
 "What suitors for justice he 'd keep in,  
 "Or what suitors for freedom he 'd shut out —

"Who, a clog for ever on Truth's advance,  
 "Hangs round her (like the Old Man of the Sea  
 "Round Sinbad's neck\*\*), nor leaves a chance  
 "Of shaking him off — is 't he? is't he?"

Ghastly my grim tormentors smil'd,  
 And thrusting me back to my den of woe,  
 With a laughter even more fierce and wild  
 Than their funeral howling, answer'd "No."

But the cry still pierc'd my prison-gate,  
 And again I ask'd, "What scourge is gone?  
 "Is it he — that Chief, so coldly great,  
 "Whom Fame unwillingly shines upon —

\* Written on the death of the Duke of York.

\*\* "You fell, said they, into the hands of the Old Man of the Sea, and are the first who ever escaped strangling by his malicious tricks." — *Story of Sinbad*.



“Whose name is one of th’ ill-omen’d words  
 “They link with hate, on his native plains;  
 “And why? — they lent him hearts and swords,  
 “And he, in return, gave scoffs and chains!

“Is it he? is it he?” I loud inquir’d,  
 When, hark! — there sounded a Royal knell;  
 And I knew what spirit had just expir’d,  
 And, slave as I was, my triumph fell.

He had pledg’d a hate unto me and mine,  
 He had left to the future nor hope nor choice,  
 But seal’d that hate with a Name Divine,  
 And he now was dead, and — I *couldn’t* rejoice!

He had fann’d afresh the burning brands  
 Of a bigotry waxing cold and dim;  
 He had arm’d anew my torturers’ hands,  
 And *them* did I curse — but sigh’d for him.

For, *his* was the error of head, not heart;  
 And — oh, how beyond the ambush’d foe,  
 Who to enmity adds the traitor’s part,  
 And carries a smile, with a curse below!

If ever a heart made bright amends  
 For the fatal fault of an erring head —  
 Go, learn *his* fame from the lips of friends,  
 In the orphan’s tear be his glory read.

A Prince without pride, a man without guile,  
 To the last unchanging, warm, sincere,  
 For Worth he had ever a hand and smile,  
 And for Misery ever his purse and tear.

Touch’d to the heart by that solemn toll,  
 I calmly sunk in my chains again;  
 While, still as I said “Heaven rest his soul!”  
 My mates of the dungeon sigh’d “Amen!”

## ODE TO FERDINAND.

1827.

QUIT the sword, thou King of men,  
 Grasp the needle once again;  
 Making petticoats is far  
 Safer sport than making war;  
 Trimming is a better thing,  
 Than the *being* trimm'd, oh King!  
 Grasp the needle bright with which  
 Thou didst for the Virgin stitch  
 Garment, such as ne'er before  
 Monarch stitch'd or Virgin wore.  
 Not for her, oh semster nimble!  
 Do I now invoke thy thimble;  
 Not for her thy wanted aid is,  
 But for certain grave old ladies,  
 Who now sit in England's cabinet,  
 Waiting to be clothed in tabinet,  
 Or whatever choice *étouffe* is  
 Fit for Dowagers in office.  
 First, thy care, oh King, devote  
 To Dame Eld—n's petticoat.  
 Make it of that silk, whose dye  
 Shifts for ever to the eye,  
 Just as if it hardly knew  
 Whether to be pink or blue.  
 Or — material fitter yet —  
 If thou could'st a remnant get  
 Of that stuff, with which, of old,  
 Sage Penelope, we're told,  
 Still by doing and undoing,  
 Kept her *suitors* always wooing —  
 That 's the stuff which I pronounce, is  
 Fittest for Dame Eld—n's flounces.

After this, we 'll try thy hand,  
 Mantua-making Ferdinand,

For old Goody W—stm—l—d ;  
 One who loves, like Mother Cole,  
 Church and State with all her soul;  
 And has pass'd her life in frolics  
 Worthy of your Apostolics.  
 Choose, in dressing this old flirt,  
 Something that wo'n't show the dirt,  
 As, from habit, every minute  
 Goody W—stm—l—d is in it.

This is all I now shall ask,  
 Hie thee, monarch, to thy task;  
 Finish Eld—n's frills and borders,  
 Then return for further orders.  
 Oh what progress for our sake,  
 Kings in millinery make!  
 Ribands, garters, and such things,  
 Are supplied by *other* Kings —  
 Ferdinand his rank denotes  
 By providing petticoats.

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### HAT VERSUS WIG.

1827.

"At the interment of the Duke of York, Lord Eld—n, in order to guard against the effects of the damp, stood upon his hat during the whole of the ceremony."

— metus omnes et inexorable fatum  
 Subject pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari.

'TwiXT Eld—n's Hat and Eld--n's Wig  
 There lately rose an altercation, —  
 Each with its own importance big,  
 Disputing *which* most serves the nation.

Quoth Wig, with consequential air,  
 "Pooh! pooh! you surely can't design,  
 "My worthy beaver, to compare  
 "Your station in the state with mine.



- "Who meets the learned legal crew?  
 "Who fronts the lordly Senate's pride?  
 "The Wig, the Wig, my friend — while you  
 "Hang dangling on some peg outside.  
 "Oh, 't is the Wig, that rules, like Love,  
 "Senate and Court, with like *éclat* —  
 "And wards below, and lords above,  
 "For Law is Wig and Wig is Law! \*  
 "Who tried the long, *Long W—LL—SL—Y* suit,  
 "Which tried one's patience, in return?  
 "Not thou, oh Hat! — though, *could'st* thou do't,  
 "Of other *brims* \*\* than thine thou 'dst learn.  
 "T was mine our master's toil to share;  
 "When, like 'Truepenny,' in the play, \*\*\*  
 "He, every minute, cried out 'Swear,'  
 "And merrily to swear went they; † —  
 "When, loth poor *W—LL—SL—Y* to condemn, he  
 "With nice discrimination weigh'd,  
 "Whether 't was only 'Hell and Jemmy,'  
 "Or 'Hell and Tommy' that he play'd.  
 "No, no, my worthy beaver, no —  
 "Though cheapen'd at the cheapest hatter's,  
 "And smart enough, as beavers go,  
 "Thou ne'er wert made for public matters."

Here Wig concluded his oration,  
 Looking, as wigs do, wondrous wise;  
 While thus, full cock'd for declamation,  
 The veteran Hat enrag'd replies: —

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,  
 And men below and gods above,  
 For Love is Heav'n and Heav'n is Love." — SCOTT.

\*\* "*Brim* — a naughty woman." — GROSE.

\*\*\* "*Ghost* [beneath]. — Swear!

"*Hamlet*. — Ha, ha! say'st thou so? Art thou there, Truepenny?  
 Come on."

† His Lordship's demand for fresh affidavits was incessant.

- "Ha! dost thou then so soon forget  
 "What thou, what England owes to me?  
 "Ungrateful Wig! — when will a debt,  
 "So deep, so vast, be owed to thee?  
 "Think of that night, that fearful night,  
 "When, through the steaming vault below,  
 "Our master dar'd, in gout's despite,  
 "To venture his podagric toe!  
 "Who was it then, thou boaster, say,  
 "When thou had'st to thy box sneak'd off,  
 "Beneath his feet protecting lay,  
 "And sav'd him from a mortal cough?  
 "Think, if Catarrh had quench'd that sun,  
 "How blank this world had been to thee!  
 "Without that head to shine upon,  
 "Oh Wig, where would thy glory be?  
 "You, too, ye Britons, — had this hope  
 "Of Church and state been ravish'd from ye,  
 "Oh think, how Canning and the Pope  
 "Would then have play'd up 'Hell and Tommy!'  
 "At sea, there's but a plank, they say,  
 "'Twixt seamen and annihilation;  
 "A Hat, that awful moment, lay  
 "'Twixt England and Emancipation!  
 "Oh!!! —"

At this "Oh!!!" *The Times'* Reporter

Was taken poorly, and retir'd;  
 Which made him cut Hat's rhetoric shorter,  
 Than justice to the case requir'd.

On his return, he found these shocks  
 Of eloquence all ended quite;  
 And Wig lay snoring in his box,  
 And Hat was — hung up for the night.

## THE PERIWINKLES AND THE LOCUSTS.

A SALMAGUNDIAN HYMN.

“To Panurge was assigned the Lairdship of Salmagundi, which was yearly worth 6,789,106,789 ryals, besides the revenue of the *Locusts* and *Periwinkles*, amounting one year with another to the value of 2,435,768,” &c. &c. — RABELAIS.

“HURRA! hurra!” I heard them say,  
And they cheer’d and shouted all the way,  
As the Laird of Salmagundi went,  
To open in state his Parliament.

The Salmagundians once were rich,  
Or *thought* they were — no matter which —  
For, every year, the Revenue\*

From their Periwinkles larger grew;  
And their rulers, skill’d in all the trick  
And legerdemain of arithmetic,  
Knew how to place 1, 2, 3, 4,

5, 6, 7, 8, and 9 and 10,

Such various ways, behind, before,  
That they made a unit seem a score,

And prov’d themselves most wealthy men!

So, on they went, a prosperous crew,

The people wise, the rulers clever —

And God help those, like me and you,  
Who dar’d to doubt (as some now do)

That the Periwinkle Revenue

Would thus go flourishing on for ever.

“Hurra! hurra!” I heard them say,  
And they cheer’d and shouted all the way,  
As the Great Panurge in glory went  
To open his own dear Parliament.

But folks at length began to doubt  
What all this conjuring was about;

\* Accented as in Swift’s line —

“Not so a nation’s revenues are paid.”



For, every day, more deep in debt  
 They saw their wealthy rulers get: —  
 “Let ’s look (said they) the items through,  
 “And see if what we ’re told be true  
 “Of our Periwinkle Revenue.”  
 But, lord! they found there wasn’t a tittle  
 Of truth in aught they heard before;  
 For, they gain’d by Periwinkles little,  
 And lost by Locusts ten times more!  
 These Locusts are a lordly breed  
 Some Salmagundians love to feed.  
 Of all the beasts that ever were born,  
 Your Locust most delights in *corn*;  
 And, though his body be but small,  
 To fatten him takes the dev’l and all!  
 “Oh fie! oh fie!” was now the cry,  
 As they saw the gaudy show go by,  
 And the Laird of Salmagundi went  
 To open his Locust Parliament!

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### NEW CREATION OF PEERS.

#### BATCH THE FIRST.

“His ’prentice han’  
 He tried on man,  
 And then he made the lasses.”

1827.

“AND NOW,” quoth the Minister, (eas’d of his panics,  
 And ripe for each pastime the summer affords,)  
 “Having had our full swing at destroying mechanics,  
 “By way of *set-off*, let us make a few Lords.  
 “’T is pleasant — while nothing but mercantile fractures,  
 “Some simple, some *compound*, is dinn’d in our ears —  
 “To think that, though robb’d of all coarse manufactures,  
 “We still have our fine manufacture of Peers; —

“Those *Gobelin* productions, which Kings take a pride  
 “In engrossing the whole fabrication and trade of;  
 “Choice tapestry things, very grand on *one* side,  
 “But showing, on t’other, what rags they are made of.”

The plan being fix’d, raw material was sought, —  
 No matter how middling, if Tory the creed be;  
 And first, to begin with, Squire W—, ’t was thought,  
 For a Lord was as raw a material as need be.

Next came, with his *penchant* for painting and pelf,  
 The tasteful Sir Charles,\* so renown’d, far and near,  
 For purchasing pictures, and selling himself —  
 And *both* (as the public well knows) very dear.

Beside him Sir John comes, with equal *éclat*, in; —  
 Stand forth, chosen pair, while for titles we measure ye;  
 Both connoisseur baronets, both fond of *drawing*,  
 Sir John, after nature, Sir Charles, on the Treasury.

But, bless us! — behold a new candidate come —  
 In his hand he upholds a prescription, new written;  
 He poiseth a pill-box ’twixt finger and thumb,  
 And he asketh a seat ’mong the Peers of Great Britain!!

“Forbid it,” cried Jenky, “ye Viscounts, ye Earls! —  
 “Oh Rank, how thy glories would fall disenchant’d,  
 “If coronets glisten’d with pills ’stead of pearls,  
 “And the strawberry-leaves were by rhubarb supplanted

“No — ask it not, ask it not, dear Doctor H—lf—rd —  
 “If nought but a Peerage can gladden thy life,  
 “And young Master H—lf—rd as yet is too small for’t,  
 “Sweet Doctor, we ’ll make a *she* Peer of thy wife.

“Next to bearing a coronet on our *own* brows,  
 “Is to bask in its light from the brows of another;’  
 “And grandeur o’er thee shall reflect from thy spouse,  
 “As o’er V—y F—tz—d ’t will shine through his mother.”\*\*

\* Created Lord F—rnb—gh.

\*\* Among the persons mentioned as likely to be raised to the Peerage are the mother of Mr. V—y F—tz—d, &c.

Thus ended the *First Batch* — and Jenky, much tir'd  
 (It being no joke to make Lords by the heap),  
 Took a large dram of ether — the same that inspir'd  
 His speech 'gainst the Papists — and pros'd off to sleep.

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SPEECH ON THE UMBRELLA \* QUESTION.

BY LORD ELD—N.

“*Vos inumbrelles video.*” \*\* — *Ex Juvenil.* GEORGH CANNINGII.  
 1827.

My Lords, I 'm accus'd of a trick that, God knows, is  
 The last into which, at my age, I could fall —  
 Of leading this grave House of Peers, by their noses,  
 Wherever I choose, princes, bishops, and all

My Lords, on the question before us at present,  
 No doubt I shall hear, “'T is that cursed old fellow,  
 “That bugbear of all that is lib'ral and pleasant,  
 “Who wo'n't let the Lords give the man his umbrella!”

God forbid that your Lordships should knuckle to me;  
 I am ancient — but were I as old as King Priam,  
 Not much, I confess, to your credit 't would be,  
 To mind such a twaddling old Trojan as I am.

I own, of our Protestant laws I am jealous,  
 And, long as God spares me, will always maintain,  
 That, *once* having taken men's rights, or umbrellas,  
 We ne'er should consent to restore them again.

\* A case which interested the public very much at this period. A gentleman, of the name of Bell, having left his umbrella behind him in the House of Lords, the doorkeepers (standing, no doubt, on the privileges of that noble body) refused to restore it to him; and the above speech, which may be considered as a *pendant* to that of the Learned Earl on the Catholic Question, arose out of the transaction.

\*\* From Mr. Canning's translation of Jekyl's —

“I say, my good fellows,  
 As you 've no umbrellas.”



What security have you, ye Bishops and Peers,  
 If thus you give back Mr. Bell's parapluie,  
 That he mayn't, with its stick, come about all your ears,  
 And then — *where* would your Protestant periwigs be?

No, heav'n be my judge, were I dying to-day,  
 Ere I dropp'd in the grave, like a medlar that 's mellow,  
 "For God's sake" — at that awful moment I'd say —  
 "For God's sake, *don't* give Mr. Bell his umbrella."

[“This address,” says a ministerial journal, “delivered with amazing emphasis and earnestness, occasioned an extraordinary sensation in the House. Nothing since the memorable address of the Duke of York has produced so remarkable an impression.”]

### A PASTORAL BALLAD.

BY JOHN BULL.

*Dublin, March 12. 1827.* — Friday, after the arrival of the packet bringing the account of the defeat of the Catholic Question, in the House of Commons, orders were sent to the Pigeon House to forward 5,000,000 rounds of musket-ball cartridge to the different garrisons round the country. — *Freeman's Journal.*

I HAVE found out a gift for my Erin,  
 A gift that will surely content her; —  
 Sweet pledge of a love so endearing!  
 Five millions of bullets I've sent her.

She ask'd me for Freedom and Right,  
 But ill she her wants understood; —  
 Ball cartridges, morning and night,  
 Is a dose that will do her more good.

There is hardly a day of our lives  
 But we read, in some amiable trials,  
 How husbands make love to their wives  
 Through the medium of hemp and of phials.

*One* thinks, with his mistress or mate  
 A good halter is sure to agree —

That love-knot which, early and late,  
 I have tried, my dear Erin, on thee.  
 While *another*, whom Hymen has bless'd  
 With a wife that is not over placid,  
 Consigns the dear charmer to rest,  
 With a dose of the best Prussic acid.  
 Thus, Erin! my love do I show —  
 Thus quiet thee, mate of my bed!  
 And, as poison and hemp are too slow,  
 Do thy business with bullets instead.  
 Should thy faith in my medicine be shaken,  
 Ask R — d — n, that mildest of saints;  
 He 'll tell thee, lead, inwardly taken,  
 Alone can remove thy complaints;  
 That, blest as thou art in thy lot,  
 Nothing's wanted to make it more pleasant  
 But being hang'd, tortur'd, and shot,  
 Much oft'ner than thou art at present.  
 Even W — ll — t — n's self hath averr'd  
 Thou art yet but half sabred and hung,  
 And I lov'd him the more when I heard  
 Such tenderness fall from his tongue.  
 So take the five millions of pills,  
 Dear partner, I herewith inclose;  
 'T is the cure that all quacks for thy ills,  
 From Cromwell to Eld — n, propose.  
 And you, ye brave bullets that go,  
 How I wish that, before you set out,  
 The *Devil* of the Freischutz could know  
 The good work you are going about.  
 For he 'd charm ye, in spite of your lead,  
 Into such supernatural wit,  
 That you 'd all of you know, as you sped,  
 Where a bullet of sense *ought* to hit.

---

## A LATE SCENE AT SWANAGE.\*

Regnis ex-sul ademtis.

VIRG.

1827.

To Swanage — that neat little town, in whose bay  
 Fair Thetis shows off, in her best silver slippers —  
 Lord Bags \*\* took his annual trip t'other day,  
 To taste the sea breezes, and chat with the dippers.

There — learn'd as he is in conundrums and laws —  
 Quoth he to his dame (whom he oft plays the wag on),  
 “Why are chancery suitors like bathers?” — “Because  
 Their *suits* are *put off*, till — they haven't a rag on.”

Thus on he went chatting — but, lo, while he chats,  
 With a face full of wonder around him he looks;  
 For he misses his parsons, his dear shovel hats,  
 Who used to flock round him at Swanage like rooks.

“How is this, Lady Bags? — to this region aquatic  
 “Last year they came swarming, to make me their bow,  
 “As thick as Burke's cloud o'er the vales of Carnatic,  
 “Deans, Rectors, D. D.'s — where the dev'l are they now?”

“My dearest Lord Bags!” saith his dame, “*can* you doubt?  
 “I am loth to remind you of things so unpleasant;  
 “But *don't* you perceive, dear, the Church have found out  
 “That you 're one of the people call'd *Ex's*, at present?”

“Ah, true — you have hit it — *I am*, indeed, one  
 “Of those ill-fated *Ex's* (his Lordship replies),  
 “And, with tears, I confess — God forgive me the pun! —  
 “We *X's* have proved ourselves *not* to be *Y's*.”

\* A small bathing-place on the coast of Dorsetshire, long a favourite summer resort of the *ex*-nobleman in question, and, *till this season*, much frequented also by gentlemen of the church.

\*\* The Lord Chancellor Eld—n.



## WO! WO!\*

Wo, wo unto him who would check or disturb it —

That beautiful Light, which is now on its way;

Which, beaming, at first, o'er the bogs of Belturbet,

Now brightens sweet Ballinafad with its ray!

Oh F—rnh—m, Saint F—rnh—m, how much do we owe thee!

How form'd to all tastes are thy various employs!

The old, as a catcher of Catholics, know thee,

The young, as an amateur scourger of boys.

Wo, wo to the man, who such doings would smother! —

On, Luther of Cavan! On, Saint of Kilgroggy!

With whip in one hand, and with Bible in 't other,

Like Mungo's tormentor, both "preachee and floggee."

Come, Saints from all quarters, and marshal his way;

Come, L—rt—n, who, scorning profane erudition,

Popp'd Shakspeare, they say, in the river, one day,

Though 't was only old Bowdler's *Velluti* edition.

Come, R — den, who doubtest — so mild are thy views —

Whether Bibles or bullets are best for the nation;

Who leav'st to poor Paddy no medium to choose,

'Twixt good *old* Rebellion and *new* Reformation.

What more from her Saints can Hibernia require?

St. Bridget, of yore, like a dutiful daughter,

Supplied her, 't is said, with perpetual fire,\*\*

And Saints keep her, *now*, in eternal hot water.

Wo, wo to the man, who would check their career,

Or stop the Millennium, that's sure to await us,

When, bless'd with an orthodox crop every year,

We shall learn to raise Protestants, fast as potatoes.

\* Suggested by a speech of the Bishop of Ch—st—r on the subject of the New Reformation in Ireland, in which his Lordship denounced "Wo! Wo! Wo!" pretty abundantly on all those who dared to interfere with its progress.

\*\* The inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare.

In kidnapping Papists, our rulers, we know,  
 Had been trying their talent for many a day;  
 Till F—rnh—m, when all had been tried, came to show,  
 Like the German flea-catcher, “anoder goot way.”  
 And nothing’s more simple than F—rnh—m’s receipt; —  
 “Catch your Catholic, first — soak him well in *poteen* \* —  
 “Add *salary* sauce, \*\* and the thing is complete.  
 “You may serve up your Protestant, smoking and clean.”  
 “Wo, wo to the wag, who would laugh at such cookery!”  
 Thus, from his perch, did I hear a black crow \*\*\*  
 Caw angrily out, while the rest of the rookery  
 Open’d their bills, and re-echo’d “Wo! wo!”

---

#### TOUT POUR LA TRIPE.

“If, in China or among the natives of India, we claimed civil advantages which were connected with religious usages, little as we might value those forms in our hearts, we should think common decency required us to abstain from treating them with offensive contumely; and, though unable to consider them sacred, we would not sneer at the name of *Fot*, or laugh at the imputed divinity of *Visthnou*.”  
 — *Courier*, Tuesday, Jan. 16.

1827.

COME, take my advice, never trouble your cranium,  
 When “civil advantages” are to be gain’d,  
 What god or what goddess may help to obtain you ’em,  
 Hindoo or Chinese, so they’re only obtain’d.  
 In this world (let me hint in your organ auricular)  
 All the good things to good hypocrites fall;  
 And he, who in swallowing creeds is particular,  
 Soon will have nothing to swallow at all.

\* Whiskey.

\*\* “We understand that several applications have lately been made to the Protestant clergymen of this town by fellows, inquiring ‘What are they giving a head for converts?’” — *Wexford Post*.

\*\*\* Of the rook species — *Corvus frugilegus*, i. e. a great consumer of corn.

Oh place me where *Fo* (or, as some call him, *Fot*)  
 Is the god, from whom "civil advantages" flow,  
 And you'll find, if there's any thing snug to be got,  
 I shall soon be on excellent terms with old *Fo*.

Or were I where *Vishnu*, that four-handed god,  
 Is the quadruple giver of pensions and places,  
 I own I should feel it unchristian and odd  
 Not to find myself also in *Vishnu's* good graces.

For, among all the gods that humanely attend  
 To our wants in this planet, the gods to *my* wishes  
 Are those that, like *Vishnu* and others, descend  
 In the form, so attractive, of loaves and of fishes! \*

So take my advice — for, if even the devil  
 Should tempt men again as an idol to try him,  
 'T were best for us Tories, even then, to be civil,  
 As nobody doubts we should get something by him.

---

### ENIGMA.

*Monstrum nulla virtute redemptum.*

COME, riddle-me-ree, come, riddle-me-ree,  
 And tell me what my name may be.  
 I am nearly one hundred and thirty years old,  
 And therefore no chieken, as you may suppose; —  
 Though a dwarf in my youth (as my nurses have told),  
 I have, ev'ry year since, been outgrowing my clothes;  
 Till, at last, such a corpulent giant I stand,  
 That, if folks were to furnish me now with a suit,  
 It would take ev'ry morsel of *scrip* in the land  
 But to measure my bulk from the head to the foot.  
 Hence, they who maintain me, grown sick of my stature,  
 To cover me nothing but *rags* will supply;

\* *Vishnu* was (as Sir W. Jones calls him) "a pisciform god," — his first Avatar being in the shape of a fish.



And the doctors declare that, in due course of nature,  
 About the year 30 in rags I shall die.  
 Meanwhile, I stalk hungry and bloated around,  
 An object of *int'rest*, most painful, to all;  
 In the warehouse, the cottage, the palace I'm found,  
 Holding citizen, peasant, and king in my thrall.  
 Then riddle-me-ree, oh riddle-me-ree,  
 Come, tell me what my name may be.

When the lord of the counting-house bends o'er his book,  
 Bright pictures of profit delighting to draw,  
 O'er his shoulders with large cipher eyeballs I look,  
 And down drops the pen from his paralyz'd paw!  
 When the Premier lies dreaming of dear Waterloo,  
 And expects through *another* to caper and prank it  
 You'd laugh did you see, when I bellow out "Boo!"  
 How he hides his brave Waterloo head in the blanket.  
 When mighty Belshazzar brims high in the hall  
 His cup, full of gout, to the Gaul's overthrow,  
 Lo, "*Eight Hundred Millions*" I write on the wall,  
 And the cup falls to earth and — the gout to his toe!  
 But the joy of my heart is when largely I cram  
 My maw with the fruits of the Squirearchy's acres,  
 And, knowing who made me the thing that I am,  
 Like the monster of Frankenstein, worry my makers.  
 Then riddle-me-ree, come, riddle-me-ree,  
 And tell, if thou know'st, who I may be.

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### DOG-DAY REFLECTIONS.

BY A DANDY KEPT IN TOWN.

"Vox clamantis in deserto."

1827.

SAID Malthus, one day, to a clown  
 Lying stretch'd on the beach, in the sun, —  
 "What's the number of souls in this town?" —  
 "The number! Lord bless you, there's none.

“We have nothing but *dabs* in this place,  
 “Of *them* a great plenty there are; —  
 “But the *soles*, please your rev’rence and grace,  
 “Are all t’other side of the bar.”

And so ’t is in London just now,  
 Not a soul to be seen, up or down; —  
 Of *dabs* a great glut, I allow,  
 But your *soles*, every one, out of town.

East or west, nothing wond’rous or new;  
 No courtship or scandal, worth knowing;  
 Mrs. B—, and a Mermaid \* or two,  
 Are the only loose fish that are going.

Ah, where is that dear house of Peers,  
 That, some weeks ago, kept us merry?  
 Where, Eld—n, art thou, with thy tears?  
 And thou, with thy sense, L—d—d—y?

Wise Marquis, how much the Lord May’r,  
 In the dog-days, with *thee* must be puzzled! —  
 It being his task to take care  
 That such animals shan’t go unmuzzled.

Thou, too, whose political toils  
 Are so worthy a captain of horse —  
 Whose amendments \*\* (like honest Sir Boyle’s)  
 Are “*amendments*, that make matters *worse* ;” \*\*\*

Great Chieftain, who takest such pains  
 To prove — what is granted, *nem. con.* —  
 With how mod’rate a portion of brains  
 Some heroes contrive to get on.

\* One of the shows of London.

\*\* More particularly his Grace’s celebrated amendment to the Corn Bill; for which, and the circumstances connected with it, see Annual Register for A. D. 1827.

\*\*\* From a speech of Sir Boyle Roche’s, in the Irish House of Commons.

And, thou, too, my R—d—sd—e, ah, where  
 Is the peer, with a star at his button,  
 Whose *quarters* could ever compare  
 With R—d—sd—e's five quarters of mutton? \*

Why, why have ye taken your flight,  
 Ye diverting and dignified crew?  
 How ill do three farces a night,  
 At the Haymarket, pay us for you!

For, what is Bombastes to thee,  
 My Ell—nbro', when thou look'st big?  
 Or, where 's the burletta can be  
 Like L—d—rd—le's wit, and his wig?

I doubt if ev'n Griffinhoof \*\* could  
 (Though Griffin 's a comical lad)  
 Invent any joke half so good  
 As that precious one, "This is too bad!"

Then come again, come again, Spring!  
 Oh haste thee, with Fun in thy train;  
 And — of all things the funniest — bring  
 These exalted Grimaldis again!

### THE "LIVING DOG" AND "THE DEAD LION."

1828.

NEXT week will be publish'd (as "Lives" are the rage)  
 The whole Reminiscences, wond'rous and strange,  
 Of a small puppy-dog, that liv'd once in the cage  
 Of the late noble Lion at Exeter 'Change.

Though the dog is a dog of the kind they call "sad,"  
 'T is a puppy that much to good breeding pretends,  
 And few dogs have such opportunities had  
 Of knowing how Lions behave — among friends;

\* The learning his Lordship displayed, on the subject of the butcher's "fifth quarter" of mutton, will not speedily be forgotten.

\*\* The *nom de guerre* under which Colman has written some of his best farces.



How that animal eats, how he snores, how he drinks,  
 Is all noted down by this Boswell so small;  
 And 't is plain, from each sentence, the puppy-dog thinks  
 That the Lion was no such great things after all.

Though he roar'd pretty well — this the puppy allows —  
 It was all, he says, borrow'd — all second-hand roar;  
 And he vastly prefers his own little bow-wows  
 To the loftiest war-note the Lion could pour.

'T is, indeed, as good fun as a *Cynic* could ask,  
 To see how this cockney-bred setter of rabbits  
 Takes gravely the Lord of the Forest to task,  
 And judges of lions by puppy-dog habits.

Nay, fed as he was (and this makes it a dark case)  
 With sops every day from the Lion's own pan,  
 He lifts up his leg at the noble beast's carcass,  
 And — does all a dog, so diminutive, can.

However, the book 's a good book, being rich in  
 Examples and warnings to lions high-bred,  
 How they suffer small mongrelly curs in their kitchen,  
 Who 'll feed on them living, and foul them when dead.

T. PIDCOCK.

*Fæter 'Change.*

### ODE TO DON MIGUEL.

*Et tu, Brute!*

1828.\*

WHAT! Miguel, *not* patriotic? oh, fy!  
 After so much good teaching 't is quite a *take-in*, Sir; —  
 First school'd, as you were, under Metternich's eye,  
 And then (as young misses say) "finish'd" at Windsor! \*\*

\* At the commencement of this year, the designs of Don Miguel and his partisans against the constitution established by his brother had begun more openly to declare themselves.

\*\* Don Miguel had paid a visit to the English court, at the close of the year 1827.

I ne'er in my life knew a case that was harder; —

Such feasts as you had, when you made us a call!  
Three courses each day from his Majesty's larder, —  
And now, to turn absolute Don, after all!!

Some authors, like Bayes, to the style and the matter  
Of each thing they *write* suit the way that they *dine*,  
Roast sirloin for Epic, broil'd devils for Satire,  
And hotchpotch and *trifle* for rhymes such as mine.

That Rulers should feed the same way, I've no doubt; —  
Great Despots on *bouilli* serv'd up *à la Russe*,\*  
Your small German Princes on frogs and sour crout,  
And your Vice-roy of Hanover always on *goose*.

Some Dons, too, have fancied (though this may be fable)  
A dish rather dear, if, in cooking, they blunder it; —  
Not content with the common *hot* meat on a table,  
They're partial (eh, Mig?) to a dish of *cold* under it! \*\*

No wonder a Don of such appetites found  
Even Windsor's collations plebeianly plain;  
Where the dishes most *high* that my Lady sends round  
Are her *Maintenon* cutlets and soup *à la Reine*.

Alas! that a youth with such charming beginnings,  
Should sink, all at once, to so sad a conclusion,  
And, what is still worse, throw the losings and winnings  
Of worthies on 'Change into so much confusion!

The Bulls, in hysterics — the Bears just as bad —  
The few men who *have*, and the many who've *not* tick,  
All shock'd to find out that that promising lad,  
Prince Metternich's pupil, is — *not* patriotic!

\* Dressed with a pint of the strongest spirits — a favourite dish of the Great Frederick of Prussia, and which he persevered in eating even on his death-bed, much to the horror of his physician Zimmermann.

\*\* This quiet case of murder, with all its particulars — the hiding the body under the dinner-table, &c. &c. — is, no doubt, well known to the reader.

THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT OF  
IRELAND.

1828.

OFt have I seen, in gay, equestrian pride,  
Some well-rouged youth round Astley's Circus ride  
Two stately steeds — standing, with graceful straddle,  
Like him of Rhodes, with foot on either saddle,  
While to soft tunes — some jigs, and some *andantes* —  
He steers around his light-paced Rosinantes.

So rides along, with canter smooth and pleasant,  
That horseman bold, Lord Anglesea, at present; —  
*Papist* and *Protestant* the coursers twain,  
That lend their necks to his impartial rein,  
And round the ring — each honour'd, as they go,  
With equal pressure from his gracious toe —  
To the old medley tune, half "Patrick's Day"  
And half "Boyne Water," take their cantering way,  
While Peel, the showman in the middle, cracks  
His long-lash'd whip, to cheer the doubtful hacks.

Ah, ticklish trial of equestrian art!  
How blest, if neither steed would bolt or start; —  
If *Protestant's* old restive tricks were gone,  
And *Papist's* winkers could be still kept on!  
But no, false hopes — not ev'n the great Ducrow  
'Twixt two such steeds could 'scape an overthrow:  
If *solar* hacks play'd Phaëton a trick,  
What hope, alas, from hackneys *lunatic*?

If once my Lord his graceful balance loses,  
Or fails to keep each foot where each horse chooses;  
If Peel but gives one *extra* touch of whip  
To *Papist's* tail or *Protestant's* ear-tip —  
That instant ends their glorious horsemanship!  
Off bolt the sever'd steeds, for mischief free,  
And down, between them, plumps Lord Anglesea!

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## THE LIMBO OF LOST REPUTATIONS.

## A DREAM.

“Cio che si perde qui, là si raguna.” ARIOSTO.

“— a valley, where he sees  
Things that on earth were lost.” MILTON.

1828.

KNOW'ST thou not him \* the poet sings,  
Who flew to the moon's serene domain,  
And saw that valley, where all the things,  
That vanish on earth, are found again —  
The hopes of youth, the resolves of age,  
The vow of the lover, the dream of the sage,  
The golden visions of mining cits,  
The promises great men strew about them;  
And, pack'd in compass small, the wits  
Of monarchs, who rule as well without them! —  
Like him, but diving with wing profound,  
I have been to a Limbo under ground,  
Where characters lost on earth, (and *cried*,  
In vain, like H—rr—s's, far and wide,)  
In heaps, like yesterday's orts, are thrown  
And there, so worthless and fly-blown,  
That even the imps would not purloin them,  
Lie, till their worthy owners join them.

Curious it was to see this mass  
Of lost and torn-up reputations; —  
Some of them female wares, alas,  
Mislaid at *innocent* assignations;  
Some, that had sigh'd their last amen  
From the canting lips of saints that would be;  
And some once own'd by “the best of men,”  
Who had prov'd — no better than they should be.  
'Mong others, a poet's fame I spied,  
Once shining fair, now soak'd and black —

\* Astolpho.

“No wonder” (an imp at my elbow cried),  
 “For I pick’d it out of a butt of sack!”

Just then a yell was heard o’er head,  
 Like a chimney-sweeper’s lofty summons;  
 And lo! a dev’l right downward sped,  
 Bringing, within his claws so red,  
 Two statesmen’s characters, found, he said,  
 Last night, on the floor of the House of Commons;  
 The which, with black official grin,  
 He now to the Chief Imp handed in; —  
*Both* these articles much the worse  
 For their journey down, as you may suppose;  
 But *one* so devilish rank — “Odd’s curse!”  
 Said the Lord Chief Imp, and held his nose.

“Ho, ho!” quoth he, “I know full well  
 “From whom these two stray matters fell;” —  
 Then, casting away, with loathful shrug,  
 Th’ uncleaner waif (as he would a drug  
 Th’ Invisible’s own dark hand had mix’d),  
 His gaze on the other\* firm he fix’d,  
 And trying, though mischief laugh’d in his eye,  
 To be moral, because of the *young* imps by,  
 “What a pity!” he cried — “so fresh its gloss,  
 “So long preserv’d — ’t is a public loss!  
 “This comes of a man, the careless blockhead,  
 “Keeping his character in his pocket;  
 “And there — without considering whether  
 “There ’s room for that and his gains together —  
 “Cramming, and cramming, and cramming away,  
 “Till — out slips character some fine day!  
 “However” — and here he view’d it round —  
 “This article still may pass for sound.  
 “Some flaws, soon patch’d, some stains are all  
 “The harm it has had in its luckless fall.

\* H—k—n.

"Here, Puck!" — and he call'd to one of his train —  
 "The owner may have this back again.  
 "Though damag'd for ever, if us'd with skill,  
 "It may serve, perhaps, to *trade on* still;  
 "Though the gem can never, as once, be set,  
 "It will do for a Tory Cabinet."

---

### HOW TO WRITE BY PROXY.

Qui facit per alium facit per se.

'MONG our neighbours, the French, in the good olden time  
 When Nobility flourish'd, great Barons and Dukes  
 Often set up for authors in prose and in rhyme,  
 But ne'er took the trouble to write their own books.

Poor devils were found to do this for their betters; —  
 And, one day, a Bishop, addressing a *Blue*,  
 Said, "Ma'am, have you read my new Pastoral Letters?"  
 To which the *Blue* answer'd — "No, Bishop, have *you*?"

The same is now done by *our* privileg'd class;  
 And, to show you how simple the process it needs,  
 If a great Major-General\* wishes to pass  
 For an author of History, thus he proceeds: —

First, scribbling his own stock of notions as well  
 As he can, with a *goose*-quill that claims him as *kin*,  
 He settles his neckcloth — takes snuff — rings the bell,  
 And yawningly orders a Subaltern in.

The Subaltern comes — sees his General seated,  
 In all the self-glory of authorship swelling; —  
 "There, look," saith his Lordship, "my work is completed, —  
 "It wants nothing now, but the grammar and spelling."

Well used to a *breach*, the brave Subaltern dreads  
 Awkward breaches of syntax a hundred times more

\* Or Lieutenant-General, as it may happen to be.



And, though often condemn'd to see breaking of heads,  
 He had ne'er seen such breaking of Priscian's before.  
 However, the job 's sure to *pay* — that 's enough —  
 So, to it he sets with his tinkering hammer,  
 Convinc'd that there never was job half so tough  
 As the mending a great Major-General's grammar.  
 But, lo, a fresh puzzlement starts up to view —  
 New toil for the Sub. — for the Lord new expense:  
 'T is discover'd that mending his *grammar* wo'n't do,  
 As the Subaltern also must find him in *sense*!  
 At last — even this is achieved by his aid;  
 Friend Subaltern pockets the cash and — the story;  
 Drums beat — the new Grand March of Intellect 's play'd —  
 And off struts my Lord, the Historian, in glory!

---

#### IMITATION OF THE INFERNO OF DANTE.

“Così quel fiato gli spiriti mali  
 Di quà, di là, di giù, di su gli mena.” *Inferno*, canto 5.

I TURN'D my steps, and lo, a shadowy throng  
 Of ghosts came fluttering tow'rds me — blown along,  
 Like cockchafers in high autumnal storms,  
 By many a fitful gust that through their forms  
 Whistled, as on they came, with wheezy puff,  
 And puff'd as — though they 'd never puff enough.  
 “Whence and what are ye?” pitying I inquir'd  
 Of these poor ghosts, who, tatter'd, tost, and tir'd  
 With such eternal puffing, scarce could stand  
 On their lean legs while answering my demand.  
 “We once were authors” — thus the Sprite, who led  
 This tag-rag regiment of spectres, said —  
 “Authors of every sex, male, female, neuter,  
 “Who, early smit with love of praise and — *pewter*,\*

\* The *classical* term for money.

"On C—lb—n's\* shelves first saw the light of day,  
 "In —'s puffs exhal'd our lives away —  
 "Like summer windmills, doom'd to dusty peace,  
 "When the brisk gales, that lent them motion, cease.  
 "Ah, little knew we then what ills await  
 "Much-lauded scribblers in their after-state;  
 "Bepuff'd on earth — how loudly Str—t can tell —  
 "And, dire reward, now doubly puff'd in hell!"

Touch'd with compassion for this ghastly crew,  
 Whose ribs, even now, the hollow wind sung through  
 In mournful prose, — such prose as Rosa's\*\* ghost  
 Still, at th' accustom'd hour of eggs and toast,  
 Sighs through the columns of the *M—rn—g P—t*, —  
 Pensive I turn'd to weep, when he, who stood  
 Foremost of all that flatulent brood,  
 Singling a *she*-ghost from the party, said,  
 "Allow me to present Miss X. Y. Z.,\*\*\*  
 "One of our *letter'd* nymphs — excuse the pun —  
 "Who gain'd a name on earth by — having none;  
 "And whose initials would immortal be,  
 "Had she but learn'd those plain ones, A. B. C.

"Yon smirking ghost, like mummy dry and neat,  
 "Wrapp'd in his own dead rhymes — fit winding-sheet —  
 "Still marvels much that not a soul should care  
 "One single pin to know who wrote 'May Fair;' —  
 "While this young gentleman," (here forth he drew  
 A dandy spectre, puff'd quite through and through,  
 As though his ribs were an Æolian lyre  
 For the whole Row's soft *trade*-winds to inspire,)

\* The reader may fill up this gap with any one of the *dissyllabic* publishers of London that occurs to him.

\*\* Rosa Matilda, who was for many years the writer of the political articles in the journal alluded to, and whose spirit still seems to preside — "regnat Rosa" — over its pages.

\*\*\* Not the charming L. E. L., and still less, Mr. F. H., whose poetry is among the most beautiful of the present day.

"This modest genius breath'd one wish alone,  
 "To have his volume read, himself unknown;  
 "But different far the course his glory took,  
 "All knew the author, and — none read the book.  
 "Behold, in yonder ancient figure of fun,  
 "Who rides the blast, Sir J—n—h B—rr—t—n; —  
 "In tricks to raise the wind his life was spent,  
 "And now the wind returns the compliment.  
 "This lady here, the Earl of —'s sister,  
 "Is a dead novelist; and this is Mister —  
 "Beg pardon — *Honourable* Mister L—st—r,  
 "A gentleman who, some weeks since, came over  
 "In a smart puff (wind S. S. E.) to Dover.  
 "Yonder behind us limps young Vivian Grey,  
 "Whose life, poor youth, was long since blown away. —  
 "Like a torn paper-kite, on which the wind  
 "No further purchase for a puff can find."  
 "And thou, thyself" — here, anxious, I exclaim'd —  
 "Tell us, good ghost, how thou, thyself, art named."  
 "Me, Sir!" he blushing cried — "Ah, there's the rub —  
 "Know, then — a waiter once at Brooks's Club,  
 "A waiter still I might have long remain'd,  
 "And long the club-room's jokes and glasses drain'd;  
 "But, ah, in luckless hour, this last December,  
 "I wrote a book,\* and Colburn dubb'd me 'Member' —  
 "'Member of Brooks's!' — oh Promethean puff,  
 "To what wilt thou exalt even kitchen-stuff!  
 "With crums of gossip, caught from dining wits,  
 "And half-heard jokes, bequeath'd, like half-chew' bits,  
 "To be, each night, the waiter's perquisites; —  
 "With such ingredients, serv'd up oft before,  
 "But with fresh fudge and fiction garnish'd o'er,  
 "I manag'd, for some weeks, to dose the town,  
 "Till fresh reserves of nonsense ran me down;

\* "History of the Clubs of London," announced as by "a Member of Brooks's."



“And, ready still even waiters’ souls to damn,  
 “The Devil but rang his bell, and — here I am; —  
 “Yes — ‘Coming *up*, Sir,’ once my favourite cry,  
 “Exchang’d for ‘Coming *down*, Sir,’ here am I!”

Scarce had the Spectre’s lips these words let drop,  
 When, lo, a breeze — such as from —’s shop  
 Blows in the vernal hour, when puffs prevail,  
 And speeds the *sheets* and swells the lagging *sale* —  
 Took the poor waiter rudely in the poop,  
 And, whirling him and all his grisly group  
 Of literary ghosts — Miss X. Y. Z. —  
 The nameless author, better known than read —  
 Sir Jo. — the Honourable Mr. L—st—r,  
 And, last, not least, Lord Nobody’s twin—sister —  
 Blew them, ye gods, with all their prose and rhymes  
 And sins about them, far into those climes

Where Peter pitch’d his waistcoat”\* in old times,  
 Leaving me much in doubt, as on I prest,  
 With my great master, through this realm unblest,  
 Whether Old Nick or C—lb—n puffs the best.

---

#### LAMENT FOR THE LOSS OF LORD B—TH—ST’S TAIL.\*\*

ALL *in* again — unlook’d for bliss!  
 Yet, ah, *one* adjunct still we miss; —  
 One tender tie, attach’d so long  
 To the same head, through right and wrong.  
 Why, B—th—st, why didst thou cut off  
 That memorable tail of thine?  
 Why — as if *one* was not enough —  
 Thy pig-tie with thy place resign,

\* A *Dantesque* allusion to the old saying, “Nine miles beyond H—ll, where Peter pitched his waistcoat.”

\*\* The noble Lord, it is well known, cut off this much-respected appendage, on his retirement from office some months since.

And thus, at once, both *cut* and *run*?  
 Alas, my Lord, 't was not well done,  
 'T was not, indeed — though sad at heart,  
 From office and its sweets to part,  
 Yet hopes of coming in again,  
 Sweet Tory hopes! beguil'd our pain;  
 But thus to miss that tail of thine,  
 Through long, long years our rallying sign —  
 As if the State and all its powers  
 By tenancy *in tail* were ours —  
 To see it thus by scissors fall,  
 This was “th' unkindest *cut* of all!”  
 It seem'd as though th' ascendant day  
 Of Toryism had pass'd away,  
 And, proving Samson's story true,  
 She lost her vigour with her *queue*.

Parties are much like fish, 't is said —  
 The tail directs them, not the head;  
 Then, how could *any* party fail,  
 That steer'd its course by B—th—st's tail?  
 Not Murat's plume, through Wagram's fight,  
 E'er shed such guiding glories from it,  
 As erst, in all true Tories' sight,  
 Blaz'd from our old Colonial comet!  
 If you, my Lord, a Bashaw were,  
 (As W—ll—gt—n will be anon)  
 Thou might'st have had a tail to spare;  
 But no, alas, thou hadst but one,  
 And *that* — like Troy, or Babylon,  
 A tale of other times — is gone!  
 Yet — weep ye not, ye Tories true —  
 Fate has not yet of all bereft us;  
 Though thus depriv'd of B—th—st's *queue*,  
 We've E—b—h's *curls* still left us; —  
 Sweet curls, from which young Love, so vicious,  
 His shots, as from nine-pounders, issues;

Grand, glorious curls, which, in debate,  
 Surcharg'd with all a nation's fate,  
 His Lordship shakes, as Homer's God did,\*  
 And oft in thundering talk comes near him; —  
 Except that, there, the *speaker* nodded,  
 And, here, 't is only those who hear him.  
 Long, long, ye ringlets, on the soil  
 Of that fat cranium may ye flourish,  
 With plenty of Macassar oil,  
 Through many a year your growth to nourish!  
 And, ah, should Time too soon unsheath  
 His barbarous shears such locks to sever,  
 Still dear to Tories, even in death,  
 Their last, lov'd relics we'll bequeath,  
 A *hair-loom* to our sons for ever.

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### THE CHERRIES.

A PARABLE.\*\*

1828.

SEE those cherries, how they cover  
 Yonder sunny garden wall; —  
 Had they not that network over,  
 Thieving birds would eat them all.  
 So, to guard our posts and pensions,  
 Ancient sages wove a net,  
 Through whose holes, of small dimensions,  
 Only *certain* knaves can get.  
 Shall we then this network widen?  
 Shall we stretch these sacred holes,  
 Through which, ev'n already, slide in  
 Lots of small dissenting souls?

\* "Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod."

POPE's *Homer*.

\*\* Written during the late discussion on the Test and Corporation Acts.



“God forbid!” old *Testy* crieth;  
 “God forbid!” so echo I;  
 Every ravenous bird that flieth  
 Then would at our cherries fly.

Ope but half an inch or so,  
 And, behold, what bebies break in; —  
*Here*, some curst old Popish crow  
 Pops his long and lickerish beak in;

*Here*, sly Arians flock unnumber’d,  
 And Socinians, slim and spare,  
 Who, with small belief encumber’d,  
 Slip in easy any where; —

Methodists, of birds the aptest,  
 Where there’s *pecking* going on;  
 And that water-fowl, the Baptist —  
 All would share our fruits anon;

Ev’ry bird, of ev’ry city,  
 That, for years, with ceaseless din,  
 Hath revers’d the starling’s ditty,  
 Singing out “I can’t get *in*.”

“God forbid!” old *Testy* snivels;  
 “God forbid!” I echo too;  
 Rather may ten thousand d-v-ls  
 Seize the whole voracious crew!

If less costly fruit wo’n’t suit ’em,  
 Hips and haws and such like berries,  
 Curse the corm’rants! stone ’em, shoot ’em,  
 Any thing — to save our cherries.

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## STANZAS WRITTEN IN ANTICIPATION OF DEFEAT.\*

1828.

Go seek for some abler defenders of wrong,  
 If we *must* run the gantlet through blood and expense;  
 Or, Goths as ye are, in your multitude strong,  
 Be content with success, and pretend not to sense.

If the words of the wise and the gen'rous are vain,  
 If Truth by the bowstring *must* yield up her breath,  
 Let Mutes do the office -- and spare her the pain  
 Of an In—gl—s or T—nd—l to talk her to death.

Chain, persecute, plunder — do all that you will —  
 But save us, at least, the old womanly lore  
 Of a F—st—r, who, dully prophetic of ill,  
 Is, at once, the *two* instruments, AUGUR\*\* and BORE.

Bring legions of Squires — if they 'll only be mute —  
 And array their thick heads against reason and right,  
 Like the Roman of old, of historic repute,\*\*\*  
 Who with droves of dumb animals carried the fight;

Pour out, from each corner and hole of the Court,  
 Your Bedchamber lordlings, your salaried slaves,  
 Who, ripe for all job-work, no matter what sort,  
 Have their consciences tack'd to their patents and staves.

Catch all the small fry who, as Juvenal sings,  
 Are the Treasury's creatures, wherever they swim; †  
 With all the base, time-serving *toadies* of Kings,  
 Who, if Punch were the monarch, would worship ev'n him;

And while, on the *one* side, each name of renown,  
 That illumines and blesses our age is combin'd;

\* During the discussion of the Catholic question in the House of Commons last session.

\*\* This rhyme is more for the ear than the eye, as the carpenter's tool is spelt *auger*.

\*\*\* Fabius, who sent droves of bullocks against the enemy.

† Res Fiscii est, ubicumque natat. — JUVENAL.

While the Foxes, the Pitts, and the Cannings look down,  
 And drop o'er the cause their rich mantles of Mind;

Led bold Paddy H—lmes show his troops on the other,  
 And, counting of noses the quantum desir'd,

Let Paddy but say, like the Gracchi's fam'd mother,

“Come forward, my *jewels*” — 't is all that 's requir'd.

And thus let your farce be enacted hereafter —

Thus honestly persecute, outlaw, and chain;

But spare ev'n your victims the torture of laughter,

And never, oh never, try *reasoning* again!



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