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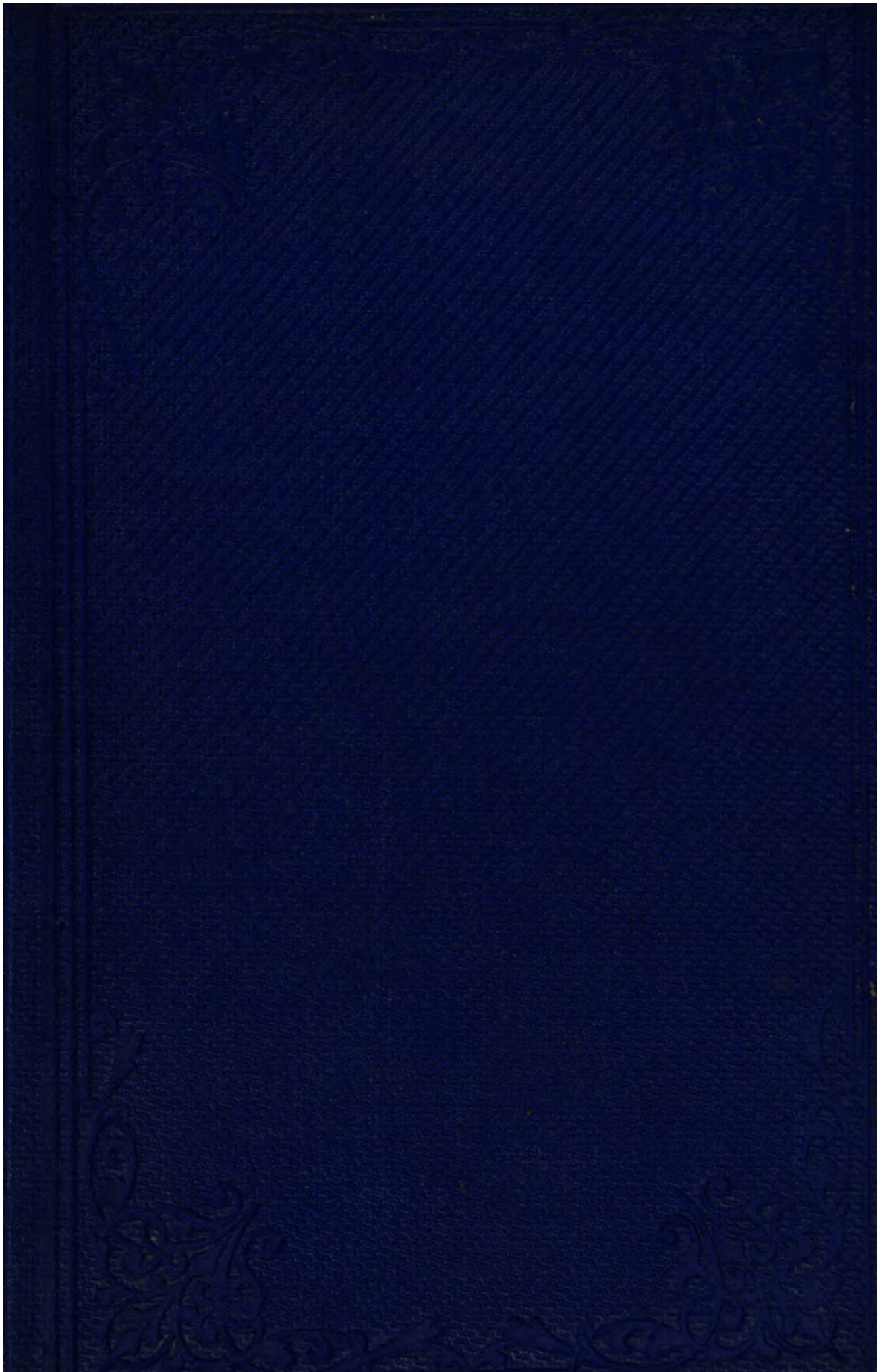
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THE  
PILGRIM IN ITALY

BY

WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D.



*Tasso's birth place Sorrento.*

LONDON  
ARTHUR HALL & CO  
Paternoster Row





To - *Mary Stewart Beattie*  
*from the author*  
*William Beattie*  
*W B*

THE  
PILGRIM IN ITALY:  
A DESCRIPTIVE POEM  
IN THREE CANTOS:  
COMPRISING  
LIGURIA—ETRURIA—CAMPANIA—CALABRIA.



LONDON :  
JOSEPH BICKERBY, PRINTER,  
SHEBBURN LANE.

The two former impressions of this Poem were printed anonymously, with the title of *The Heliotrope; or Pilgrim in pursuit of Health*. In the present edition a third Canto is added.







THE HELIOTROPE,

OR

PILGRIM IN ITALY.

~~~~~  
TO ASPASIA.

WHAT is life ?—like a flower, with the bane in its bosom,  
To-day full of promise, to-morrow it dies :  
And health ? like the dew-drop that hung on its blossom,  
Survives but a night, and exhales to the skies.  
For oft, in the bud that is brightest and fairest,  
The seeds of the canker in embryo lurk ;  
And oft at the root of the flower that is rarest,  
Secure in its ambush, the worm is at work !

The seed may be sown, yet the hand of the sower  
Lie cold on the glebe, that should gather the sheaf ;  
For, levelled like grass by the steel of the mower,  
Man sinks to the earth, with his joyance and grief.  
Yet firm be my bearing ; superior to sorrow,  
The bright star of hope shall illumine my way ;  
And my watchword of life be—The joys of to-morrow  
Shall richly compensate the cares of to-day.



Hope beckons to climes where the flowers never wither ;  
Where the Sun hath his temples, Hygeia her shrine :  
Yet the heart and the minstrel depart not together—  
The Pilgrim may roam, but the spirit is thine.  
And the farther I wander, the fonder I cherish  
Each thought that reminds me of Thee and the past ;  
Thy love, though the visions of fancy may perish,  
Shall cheer my horizon, and shine to the last.

## I.

THE Spring is past, the Summer leaf is sere ;  
Autumn has hived the bee and chilled the flower ;  
Yet, gorgeously to grace the waning year,  
With glowing tints he crowns the silvan bower—  
Bright, beautiful ! but soon to disappear,  
Like rainbow colours, born of sun and shower :  
For soon shall Winter sweep the cheerless vale,  
And Autumn's gilded foliage strew the gale.

## II.

But, as the wary swallow plumes her wing,  
When first the daisy droops upon the lea,  
And flies to revel where unfading spring  
And balmy zephyrs fan the tropic sea—  
Even so, by timely counsel profiting,  
South, like the swallow, must the Pilgrim flee ;  
And seek with her, in more benignant skies,  
That health and joy his native shore denies.

## III.

Science and song had smiled upon his vows,  
Unwearied culture fanned the generous flame ;  
And in the cause enlightened minds espouse,  
He trod with buoyant steps the path to fame :  
Nor failed the strife those energies to rouse  
That with a passing lustre linked his name ;  
The stream of lore with thirsty lip he quaffed,  
Drank at the fount—but poison with the draught :

## IV.

For, what were mind matured and ripened taste,  
While, with the culture planted, pallid care—  
The sickly fruit of mental vigils—traced  
Untimely furrows on his forehead fair ?  
He had not learnt Ambition is life's waste ;  
The Poet's crown a pageant of despair,  
Whose subtle flame, though drawn from source divine,  
May sanctify, and yet consume the shrine !

## V.

And still he nursed the Muses' hallowed fire,  
And swept with bolder hand the wizard key ;  
For Beauty prompted, Taste refined his lyre,  
And passion overflowed in poesy ;  
While, hovering round him, Fancy's airy choir  
Displayed their wreaths of immortality,  
That with prospective glory filled his sight,  
And lent his midnight lamp its magic light.

## VI.

But, though his mind embodied in his lay  
Outlive the minstrel—from his genial spring  
No song could charm the mildew's taint away,  
Nor from his bosom pluck the canker's sting !  
Yet still, decoyed by Hope's delusive ray,  
With playful art he struck the vocal string ;  
But while he sang, the hectic's fitful streak,  
With flush portentous, lightened o'er his cheek.

## VII.

“ Away, fond dreamer ! Many an ardent vow  
And trembling hope are cherished for thy sake !  
For, see—October strips the forest bough,  
And Winter's breath has glassed thy native lake.  
Away !—to-morrow were too late—even now  
To southern shores thy timely journey take !  
And there, like bees o'er sunny fields that roam,  
Search every flower—but bring the honey home !”

## VIII.

The Pilgrim is embarked : the Runnymede  
Bounds blithely on with all her jovial crew :  
Ocean expands, the glimmering shores recede,  
The last bold landmarks crest the waters blue ;  
But, lingering long in fancied visions, feed  
Fond thoughts to nature and affection true ;  
A mingled light and loneliness impart,  
That fall like shade and sunshine on his heart.

## IX.

Yet never questions he the ways of fate ;  
If bright or sad his pilgrimage may be—  
If cheered with hope, or bent beneath the weight  
Of ills entwined with man's mortality ;  
Enough for him that, in his checquered state,  
The mind is buoyant and the spirit free ;  
Enough—that he can share in Nature's joy,  
And own a faith no changes can destroy.—

## X.

Light and the land are gone : Night's galaxy,  
Gorgeous with spangled stars, aloft is blazing ;  
The freshening breeze, with fitful minstrelsy,  
Sings shrilly 'mid the shrouds ; the billow raising  
Its hoarse response, explodes in boisterous glee :  
The helmsman, o'er the dim horizon gazing,  
Invokes propitious winds ; and, crowding sail,  
The gallant ship rides on before the gale.

## XI.

Mysterious ocean, ever changeful main !  
Boundless and vast, and, like eternity,  
Thou hoardest in thy dark unfathomed reign  
Wonders deep veiled from mortal scrutiny ;  
Thunder, and storm, and lightning in thy train,  
Destruction and creation wait on thee :  
Here—thou dost gulf the green and stable earth ;  
There, givest in sport its phantom islands birth !—

## XII.

Pleasure nor profit were it here, to tell  
How passed his nights and days—swiftly they passed ;  
While onward, like a moving citadel,  
Obsequious winds impelled the winged mast ;  
And strange the Pilgrim's joy, when the full swell  
Of blustering waves sang chorus to the blast ;  
To him, their harmony seemed more divine  
Than ever soared from consecrated shrine !

## XIII.

But, with the dawn, dark signs in sky and ocean  
Announced impending dangers to our crew.  
Slow marshalled on the horizon, clouds in motion  
Gathered, condensed, and into blackness grew.  
Then burst the bellowing thunder's dread explosion,  
And heaven's blue concave—blotted from the view—  
Brooded in night : above no star was sparkling ;  
Around, below, the sea frowned wild and darkling.

## XIV.

Anon the whirlwind rushed ; the billows under,  
Shivered in fragments, tossed their foam on high :  
Deep—'mid the tortured waters torn asunder—  
The gulf yawned horrible ; while from the sky  
Fierce lightnings flashed ; and the hoarse, growling thunder  
Swept through the welkin its wild revelry—  
Bursting responsive, as the burning leven  
Scattered its arrowy shafts athwart the heaven !—

## XV.

But proudly vaulting o'er the mountain surge  
Our British oak defies the ruffian blast ;  
While prompt obedience, skill, and courage urge  
The drifting keel, and man the giddy mast.  
The helm has answered ;—from the *breakers'* verge  
She rights—she flies—the deathful hour is past !  
But still the tempest strews the bay with wreck,  
Baffles our strength, and sweeps the groaning deck.

## XVI.

At length, from Ortégal's bluff headlands wheeling,  
Day's kindling car rose slowly on the view ;  
And, like a flood o'er earth and ocean stealing,  
The welcome Morn her gorgeous mantle threw—  
The Apennine's eternal snows revealing :  
The winds were hushed, the howling storm withdrew ;  
And Alp on Alp their glittering peaks unrolled,  
Shaded with purple, streaked with living gold.

## XVII.

Day sets in roses : on the Pilgrim glancing  
Rich and romantic landscapes glimmer near ;  
In airy whirl, retiring or advancing,  
Above the sea-bird's clamorous brood career :  
Beyond—gay barks on glassy waters dancing ;  
And, from the heights, the chant of muleteer  
With bells, and barcarole, and measured oar,  
Blend the night melodies of sea and shore !

## XVIII.

Beneath yon gaily peopled cliffs, the sea—  
 Spread like a mighty mirror, where the snows  
 Of the proud Alps lie cradled tranquilly—  
 Gathers the mountain streams beneath our bows;  
 And there, for princely feats and sanctity  
 Long famed, the clustered towers of Monaco's  
 Gray pyramid—a palace, fort, and shrine—  
 Fling their long shadows o'er the ruddy brine.

## XIX.

Ever, at vesper hour and matin chime,  
 The mountain breeze comes freighted with perfume—  
 All redolent of this delicious clime  
 Wherein the immortal aloe loves to bloom.  
 On every hill, the forts of olden time  
 Transmuted to the fanes of modern Rome—  
 But half forgotten, like their priests or kings—  
 Proclaim the changeful stamp of earthly things !

## XX.

Now, solemn notes upon the night-wind swelling  
 Salute the Pilgrim—hark, ST. REMO'S bell !  
 Of pious shrift, and sweet indulgence telling—  
 And midnight mass, and orisons whose spell  
 The Demon's wiles, and Ocean's fury quelling,  
 Can snatch the shipwrecked from the brink of hell.  
 The pilot heard the sound, and crossed him thrice ;  
 Then poured in tune his wonted sacrifice :—

## I.

The mid-watch is set ;  
O'er the dark heaving billow  
Night's shadows have met,  
Then awake from thy pillow !  
Let the bell of ST. REMO  
Give warmth to thy zeal—  
At the voice of thy patron  
Kneel, mariner, kneel !

## II.

From his shrine on the cliff,  
In thy joyance or cumber,  
He pilots thy skiff,  
Though its master may slumber !—  
When—like weeds o'er the waters—  
Storm-drifted we reel,  
The dark cloud he scatters—  
Kneel, mariner, kneel !

## III.

Though the mast like an osier  
Be stript in the gale ;  
One sign from his crosier  
Can rescue thy sail !  
Then, to holy ST. REMO,  
Who wakes for thy weal,  
And lays the loud tempest—  
Kneel, mariner, kneel !



## IV.

From the welkin and wave,  
 As we bow to his relic—  
 From the mountain and cave,  
 Hark, voices angelic !  
 “ In doubt, and in danger,  
 To guard and to cheer—  
 Thy Star, 'mid the darkness,  
 ST. REMO is near ! ” —

## XXI.

How calm the night ! clothed in its loveliest hue,  
 Spangled with stars, and liquidly serene,  
 Such as enraptured Galileo's view,  
 Fresh worlds unfolding. Ever as the scene  
 Exchanged with morn, the charm was ever new,  
 For now the vessel ploughed the blue Tyrrhene;  
 And, when the sun glanced from Liguria's sky,  
 'Twas scene, I wot, to charm the saddest eye !

## XXII.

At first, a faint cloud on the horizon's rim ;  
 Then, slowly mounting from the Ocean's marge,  
 Ramparts, and towers, and temples glimmered dim,  
 And forts that told of many a hostile charge ;  
 The Mole, the Bay ; and there, in gala trim,  
 Felucca, gondola, and gilded barge—  
 A festal fleet ; beyond, in purple light,  
 Proud GENOA soars—a glad and gorgeous sight !



*Handwritten text, possibly a signature or title, located to the right of the illustration.*



## XXIII.

The yards are manned, the flapping canvass furled ;  
The slackening prow scarce frets the wave to foam :  
Before me—gleaming like a faëry world,  
Bright with each charm that woos the heart to roam ;  
With treasured art, and Nature's wealth impearled,  
The poet's and the painter's genial home—  
Italia ! thus beholding thine and thee,  
How mounts the blood with spring-tide buoyancy !

## XXIV.

And nearer, as with joyous oar we drew,  
The whispered welcome met us on our way ;  
Around us balmy odours Zephyr blew  
From honeyed hills, where hives make holiday.  
But, lovelier yet the varied landscape grew,  
As evening shadows spanned the glassy Bay ;  
And the bewildered vision wandered o'er  
The clustered charms of that romantic shore.

## XXV.

Entranced upon the galiot's silent bow,  
Long gazed the Pilgrim, with delighted eye ;  
Where spire and tower their fair proportions show,  
Traced on the blue of that ethereal sky,  
Whose pillars—yonder pyramids of snow,  
The trackless regions of eternity—  
Stand forth, gigantic guardians of a soil  
Rich in the triumphs of man's noblest toil !—

## XXVI.

It is the hour when song and sunset meet ;  
When stars are kindling, and the vesper chime  
Gathers the worshipper from every street  
To crown, with hallowing rites, the ebb of Time.  
And now with panting haste, the Pilgrim's feet  
Have pressed the soil of that delicious clime,  
So fondly pictured as the promised land,  
Where Health stood beckoning him with gifts in hand.

## XXVII.

It is the hour when Beauty to the shrine  
Brings her oblation. Hark, the swelling hymn !  
The choral chant from the long pilgrim line—  
Each busy with his beads : austere and grim,  
Here plies the monk his ghostly discipline ;  
There, dark eyes—such as snared the Seraphim—  
And veil flung white from her hair's glossy coil,  
Announce the Circè of Liguria's soil !—

## XXVIII.

Where'er the worship, lo, luxurious shrines,  
Gaudy with all that lavished gold may give !  
Gemmed altars, sculptured walls, where the warm lines  
Of holy or heroic patriots live ;  
While yon *Madonna's* pictured form combines  
The last perfection genius could achieve :  
Well may the devotee believe, who kneels  
Prone at her feet—she hears, and sees, and feels !—

## XXIX.

Civic, and sacred pomp, where'er ye turn ;  
Science, and art, and power, and opulence—  
All have their monuments, or domes that burn  
In molten gold, like Nero's ;—all dispense  
Most novel lustre ; even the storied urn,  
Disguising Death by its magnificence,  
Proclaims its mortal record, traced in gems  
Plucked from the brows of Paynim diadems !—

## XXX.

Matured by hardy virtues, through long years,  
LIGURIA'S commerce stemmed the subject wave :  
Her galleys rode in triumph ; feuds and fears  
Merged in one common cause : sage counsels gave  
Her state its solid grandeur—such as rears  
A race of patriots ; while her wise and brave  
Conspired for her adornment, till she shone  
The dread of distant shores—the glory of her own.

## XXXI.

Art flourished, Science ripened to rich fruit ;  
And wealth, by patient industry amassed,  
Was nobly lavished : Charity took root,  
And, kindred with her heavenly creed, halls vast  
Endowed, and hallowed—to the poor man's suit  
Gave bread, and shelter from the world's cold blast—  
Honoured all worth, befriended all distress ;  
Cherished the widow, reared the fatherless.

## XXXII.

Kings were her tributaries ; every sea  
Unlocked its spoils to waft them to her breast :  
The DORIA led her fleet ; and Freedom's tree,  
And freemen flourished on her mountain crest  
Impreguably intrenched : Prosperity  
Poured in her golden tide from east to west.  
Alas, how changed !—her deeds of other years  
Are now a tale—a tale for patriot's tears !

## XXXIII.

And here in secret, bitter tears are shed,  
Fresh yearnings felt—resolves are formed—in vain !  
They perish like a vapour.—O'er her head  
The brandished rod, and on her limbs the chain,  
And in her heart distrust, despondence fed,  
She drags the wheel, who might have held the rein ;  
And still might rule—united, did she know  
Her native strength, and dared to strike the blow !

## XXXIV.

Widowed and sad, the slave is in her gate,  
The stranger on her throne ; the shackled limb  
Clanks in her streets. That once redoubted State  
Dreams in her dotage : void on Ocean's brim,  
The Doria's sculptured halls are desolate ;  
Damp Freedom's hearth—hushed the triumphal hymn :  
The glory he bequeathed, the blood he shed  
Rouse not the living—can they wake the dead ?

## XXXV.

Her golden sun is set : an age of brass,  
But forged in chains, succeeds her glorious day !  
To rival marts the freighted galiots pass ;  
The haughty merchant halts not in her bay—  
That beauteous Bay !—where once, upon its glass  
The flags of every clime reflected lay.  
But now—her Moles in crumbling masses rise,  
To tell how Commerce droops, where Freedom dies !

## XXXVI.

What eye has seen thee,—‘ City of Delight ? ’  
Thy streets of palaces and seats of power ;  
Thy forts, or fanes, surmounting every height ;  
Thy sunny slopes, thy beauty’s ample dower—  
Nor sadly turned aside to mark the night  
Gathering so fast on thy meridian hour !  
The rank grass waves, and night’s unhallowed herb  
Mantles the courts of ‘ Genoa the Suberb ! ’

## XXXVII.

’Tis night ; but lingering on the Alpine snow,  
A rosy flood survives the parent day :  
Like molten gold the Ocean gleams below,  
Then, in the deepening opal dies away,  
Where, lightly skimmed by many a rippling prow,  
The wave makes melody, and all the bay  
Sparkles with stars ; while Nature’s voice in power  
Inspires emotion sacred to the hour.



## XXXVIII.

The scene invites ; launch forth upon the tide  
While night surrounds thee in her starry noon !  
But launch alone—and leave thy bark to glide,  
As lists the wave, along the bright lagoon,  
Where, mirrored on its bosom like a bride,  
Fair Genoa gleams, and yon meridian moon  
Rivals the day. To thee, that hour shall teach  
Truths unembodied in terrestrial speech.

## XXXIX.

Far up the Apennine, the forest heaves—  
Fanned by the breath, and flickering in the beam  
Of starry skies—a wilderness of leaves ;  
Through which, at intervals, the wayward stream  
Leaps forth in silver. O'er the city's eaves  
Sleep spreads her mantle ; gyveless in his dream  
The slave is free ; stretched on the galley's bows,  
Nor stripe nor chain disturb his deep repose.

## XL.

From yon lone shrine, perched on the silent hill,  
Glimmers the hermit's votive lamp ; and gushing  
From orange grove, the nightingale's ' long trill '  
Outlives the night. The fountain's fitful rushing,  
Morn's breath, and Ocean's drowsy murmurs fill  
Each pause between ; till dawn in crimson blushing,  
Night's watch fires fade ; and Day, with warm embrace,  
Uplifts the veil from Nature's radiant face.

## XLI.

'T was here—a school-boy—o'er the waters blue,  
His field of fame, the world's great Mariner  
With mimic art first launched his frail canoe,  
To wondering shores the future messenger ;  
On earth fresh climes, and constellations new,  
And mystic boundaries destined to confer—  
Yet reap at last, from all the realms he gave,  
Scarce one neglected spot to yield a grave !

## XLII.

And here 'tis told—gray patriarchs believe  
The tale—that, haunted by a nameless spell,  
Before the boy strange visions wont to weave  
Their web of mystery ; indescribable  
In clime and colour, seas appeared to heave  
With a new birth of worlds, where seemed to dwell  
Nations and tongues unknown, whose sunbright realm  
Should burst like heaven on his adventurous helm !

## XLIII.

Thus dazzled by the vision, and impelled  
By the strong spirit of emprise—'mid gleams  
Of fitful fancies, in his grasp he held  
Regions that realized his wildest dreams,  
Widened creation's bounds ; where mountains swelled,  
And green savannahs teemed, with golden streams.  
He went :—to friendly stars his sail unfurled,  
And solved the mysteries of a second world !

## XLIV.

'Tis morn ; and frequent from their olive bowers—  
Perched on some promontory o'er the tide,  
White temples lift their patriarchal towers,  
The pilot's landmark and the Pilgrim's guide ;  
Each shrine endowed with some miraculous powers—  
Specific gifts—by gold thrice sanctified ;  
Where Penitence may wash her sins, and shriven,  
On steadier pinion, shape her course to heaven.

## XLV.

In yonder heights Carara's treasures lie ;  
Massa's gray fortress crowns the feudal steep :  
Sarzanna's ramparts fade ; and on the eye  
Sweet vistas open o'er the Tuscan deep.  
The peasant's rural home shines white on high ;  
From rock to rock the mountain torrents leap ;  
While fruit and flower the self-same bough bestows,  
And cultureless the grape's free nectar flows.

## XLVI.

Villas, and verdant meads, and hills of pine  
Succeed to groves that pour the treasured oil ;  
Rapid and clear, brooks murmur to the brine,  
And on their banks, the peasant plies his toil :  
While pilgrim bands, beneath the clustering vine,  
Con marvellous creeds—the produce of their soil ;  
While every cliff that glimmers from afar  
Mounts the tall cross, or hoists the flag of war.

## XLVII.

But now my steps are on Etruria's hills  
Of corn and wine, whose harvests never fail ;  
For here the well-requited peasant tills  
A grateful glebe, and breathes salubrious gale ;  
With frugal task each measured moment fills—  
Reclaims the waste, from the prolific vale  
Twice yearly in his garner hoards the sheaves,  
And crowns his winter with unfading leaves !

## XLVIII.

Here, every Tuscan hill is hallowed ground,  
Girt with a magic circle : Nature's dower,  
And Man's immortal mind have shed around  
Charms with the stamp of beauty, and the power  
Of intellectual strength. Here, Arts have wound  
Their glory with the soil : with every bower  
Immortal twined, familiar with each shade,  
Here Taste and Genius hand in hand have strayed.

## XLIX.

Sweet Vale of Arno ! of exalted mould  
What minds have sprung from thy maternal breast !  
In council firm—in homebred virtue bold—  
In art supreme—in heavenly science blest !  
Here Pallas her bright mysteries first unrolled,  
And dwelt a cherished and triumphant guest :  
Here, fostering Science while they swayed the helm,  
Enlightened sovereigns ruled the Tuscan realm,

## L.

To thee, whose soil and city of the heart,  
Seem words of magic, raiseth every tongue  
Its willing homage. Thee, the painter's art  
Hath blazoned; thee, the poet's lay hath sung.  
Yet who thy varied beauties may impart?  
Thou land, whose intellectual sky hath flung  
Its light through earth, and to the bard and sage  
Descended like a glorious heritage!

## LI.

And thou, fair City! thou art all bestarred  
With names that rouse our inmost sympathy!  
The banished Dante, as a last reward,  
Longed but to take his last repose in thee,  
Yet longed in vain. Even our divinest Bard  
In his long night remembered Fiesolè;  
While Forence with her classic Vale and Stream,  
And Vallombrosa, lingered in his dream!

## LII.

Thy balmy summer, and the glittering throng  
That stud thy heavens, were banquet to his eyes—  
Subject whereby to shape the immortal Song  
That pictured earth, while earth was paradise.  
Here—while a pilgrim in thy shades, and strong  
In Heaven's inspiring strength—bright phantasies  
Of future glory on his spirit rose  
That warmed his genius and consoled his woes.



*View from the Hill of Ains  
1850*



## LIII.

Hither the spell-bound Alfieri led,  
First of the powers of song enamoured grew ;  
Exchanged the palace for the peasant's shed—  
From pomp, to Nature's simple haunts withdrew :  
Here life, love, language, all his passion fed  
For native melody ; here, 'mid the few  
But favoured votaries of the Tuscan Muse,  
He breathed new life, and drank inspiring dews.

## LIV.

Hetrurian Tempé ! Who hath ever trod  
With soul uncharmed thy rich and classic bowers,  
Brilliant as those that formed man's first abode,  
Ere sorrow darkened life's ambrosial hours !  
Here, droops the vine beneath its purple load ;  
Here, Spring hath strewn a wilderness of flowers ;  
Here soil, and scene, and sunshine realize  
All that her bards have feigned of Paradise !

## LV.

Here, cheerful Industry has fixed her seat ;  
Forest and field, their bounteous products pour :  
What most delights the eye and ear to meet  
Gladdens the Pilgrim. Grouped at every door  
Weaving the strawy web, or chanting sweet  
Some anthem Metastasio sang of yore,  
Fair maidens welcome thee ; and lay like theirs,  
I rede thee, list—if thou hast many cares !



## LVI.

Hail to thee, land of sunshine!—On my eyes,  
Roaming 'twixt snowy Alps and sunny main,  
Here morning breaks from ever-clement skies,  
And brightly sets—as bright to rise again!  
Here beauty revels in her richest guise,  
And seasons in harmonious order reign:  
Here, as her own rapt minstrels sing, the rose  
Through winter-tide, unwithered, buds and blows.—

## LVII.

In Santa-Crocé's shrine the Pilgrim kneels—  
There leaves the unshackled mind at will to range  
Through distant vistas, where the past reveals  
The eventful page—the various lapse and change  
Since of her bondage Freedom broke the seals;  
And *mind* awakening—lore, and mysteries strange  
Repaid her patriot sages:—here they lie,  
The last bright stars of her proud galaxy!

## LVIII.

Through yon dim arch, pours Evening's rosy gleam,  
While GALILEO's bust refracts its course;  
And there it lingers, with enamoured beam  
Gilding his urn, who scanned its secret source;  
Who made the planets his impassioned theme,  
And dared of starry worlds the dread discourse;  
The dazzling tracks of ether trod alone,  
Till the bright vision overwhelmed his own!

## LIX.

SUN of the South ! here is thy native sky,  
Benignly bright ; no lingering cloud is sailing  
Yon deep blue vault to meet thy radiant eye.  
Here to man's gaze, thy glorious face unveiling,  
Fresh hopes are fostered in the Zephyr's sigh :  
Here, the deep labyrinth of sense regaling,  
Thy balmy breath and vivifying ray  
Imbue the fainting soul with renovated day !

## LX.

As bright on thy triumphant march thou glowest,  
As when the Etruscan fire flashed on thy shrine ;  
Glorying in thy eternal youth, thou knowest  
Change, nor decay. Warmed in thy ray benign  
Earth teems with life ; perennial flowers thou sowest ;  
And all that Summer banquets on is thine :  
Thy beams imprint the flower and fire the gem,  
And bind with glory Nature's diadem.

## LXI.

Hither, from colder climes thy smile to share,  
Age, pining youth, and stricken beauty fly ;  
And, while their native sun sets in despair,  
Hail its revival in thy balmy sky.  
And lo, what faint and wasting forms are there,—  
Flitting like shadows in the Pilgrim's eye !  
But, sheltering in her shade, their last retreat,  
Hail PISA's plain—Hygëia's favoured seat !

## LXII.

But hark ! aloft from yon miraculous Tower,  
The chime that calls to prayer is just begun ;  
How dread o'er fated roofs its columns lower,  
Bent in obeisance to the setting sun—  
As if to prostrate at the appointed hour  
Man and his works. Yet still they pass, nor shun  
The menaced path : while from its base, with awe  
And fearful presage, stranger steps withdraw !

## LXIII.

Struck with the sight, moved with ambitious zeal,  
The Pilgrim lingers on its marble height  
Still vibrating with the loud vesper peal ;  
And ne'er did scenes more blooming bless the sight  
Than there on his enchanted vision steal—  
All richly mellowed, as the waning light  
Deepens each shadow, and with sapphire beam  
Bronzes the grove, and gilds the Tuscan stream.

## LXIV.

Again, at matin hour, the scene he sought  
While soared on high the choral voice of morn :  
And long with curious eye and quickened thought  
Surveyed the Duomo's many-marbled bourn—  
Its sculptured aisles by Grecian chisel wrought,  
Its fretted vaults on Parian columns borne :  
Then sought with slow and superstitious tread  
The Campo-Santo—city of the dead !

## LXV.

For much, betimes, it profits to forsake  
The world's vain ways; these cloisters have a tone,  
A thrilling voice that makes the spirit quake  
In its clay tenement. Here, sauntering on,  
Such sad, but salutary thoughts awake  
As men from pulpit-lesson rarely con.  
Grieve I my dead? For dust do I repine?  
Oh! here be thoughts to calm each grief of mine.

## LXVI.

And lo, what names in classic phrase enrolled—  
What laboured epitaphs incrust that wall!  
All good, and great, and virtuous; and 'tis told  
How, for their worth, fond tears must ever fall!  
Alas! even they who mourned are in the mould  
Asking the tears they gave! Here great and small  
Are gathered to one grave, where Palestine  
Hath strewn its soil—their sepulchre and shrine!

## LXVII.

These urns are eloquent; the solemn air  
Breathes deep devotion: worldly thoughts retire—  
Man's passions and pursuits—joy and despair  
Are hushed 'mid the ashes of the funeral pyre;  
Beauty and valour—wit and worth are there—  
The tuneless bard beside his broken lyre!  
All meet at last—birth, talent, youth, and age,  
Barter for rest, life's fevered heritage.

## LXVIII.

PISA, the peaceful ! well that epithet  
Becomes thee : Peace is shrined within thy walls  
And Plenty crowns thy plain. Here I forget  
The world, and all that worldly mind enthral :  
Thy bright Lung' Arno leaves me small regret  
For busier life, or fashion's crowded halls.  
To thee consigned—this living solitude  
Reclaims the thoughtless and confirms the good.

## LXIX.

PISA, the peaceful ! On this laurelled mount,  
With palm-trees sheltering my pavilion round  
And many a fair stream laughing from its fount,  
Thro' trellised walks, with rose and myrtle bound,  
I take my rest ; and from my lattice count  
A hundred hills with happy dwellings crowned ;  
Hope from thy sky—health with thy breeze inhale,  
And bless the sun that gladdens ARNO'S VALE !

END OF CANTO FIRST.

## CANTO THE SECOND.

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### I.

THE breath of morn is on the blue Tyrrhene,  
Studded with isles ; and, shadowed in the water,  
What classic grandeur marks the opening scene,  
As History counts her ancient fields of slaughter ;  
Her tombs, towers, aqueducts, and temples green  
Bordering the shore ; where still Latinus' daughter  
Sits throned in song—the Trojan at her side—  
And baffled Turnus battles for his bride !

### II.

Here, trophied fragments of antiquity  
Obstruct the plough ; there, Parian sculpture paves  
The unpeopled street, or stems the encroaching sea.  
Yet, 'mid those columns, tottering o'er the graves  
Of Latian kings, their haughty progeny  
Stand proudly forth ; and, pointing to the waves,  
The sky and clime, their temples and their towers,  
Exclaim with patriot pride, “ 'These—these are *ours* !

## III.

“Our heritage! Then deem ye we are poor,  
 Weighing our glory, balanced with your gold?  
 Ours is the wealth that gives the Italian boor  
 A noble’s patent! Though oppressed and sold—  
 Though commerce starves, where fleets were wont to moor  
 Freight with plenty—*we* are not grown cold,  
 Nor callous; but, with hearts thus disunited,  
 Our strength, like our volcanic soil, is blighted!

## IV.

“What sank the Babylonian, and the Mede,  
 Persian, and Greek, and last, our Roman realm?  
 Disunion—jealousies—the jarring creed  
 Of sordid int’rests! Traitors at the helm  
 And slaves to row—the galley hath small need  
 Of storms, or Jove’s forked thunder to o’erwhelm  
 Her prosperous course: of winds and waves the sport,  
 The Syrtis is her shore—Charybdis is her port!

## V.

“But that which made, would make us still, man’s dread  
 Or his defence—is the strong heart and arm  
 Of Concord! Let *her* but exalt her head,  
 Where now her deep-based temple stands—hearts warm,  
 Hands willing, patriots worthy of the dead  
 And Rome’s best day—forth starting at the charm  
 Of her lost voice—with renovated bloom  
 Should fill the land, and change our moral doom!

## VI.

“ Yes—phœnix-like, from out their scattered pyres  
Romans should spring to vindicate that name  
And spirit, which—now spent in poor desires,  
Pursuits that scarce a Sybarite would claim—  
Once roused and swayed the Senate’s ancient sires;  
Winged their swift edicts—made their favour *fame*—  
Their consuls kings; their curule chair a throne—  
Their sages demi-gods—the world their own ! ” . . .

## VII.

Is this the Tyber ! Distant, yet not dim,  
The Eternal City glimmers from her hills :  
And brightly skirting the horizon’s rim,  
Albano conjures up, Frascati fills  
The mind with glorious images that swim  
Embodied on my gaze ! There, gushing rills—  
Groves evergreen ; with evening sapphires warm,  
Here smiles Soracté—there, the Sabine Farm !

## VIII.

Tombs sentinel the plain—itsself a tomb  
That undulates with dust ; each lofty mole,  
Whose arches rise like triumphs o’er the doom  
Of empire, in whose channels rivers roll—  
Causeways that drain the distant hills in Rome—  
All wake unwonted feelings in the soul  
And draw me on, where, glorious in her fall,  
Earth’s mighty Mistress spreads her gorgeous pall.



## IX.

No Tully fulmines in her forum now ;  
 No fire in Vesta's fane ; her Capitol  
 Is but a shrine, where Pilgrims pause to bow  
 Over her relics. Withered like a scroll  
 Of cypress, clings the laurel to her brow ;  
 And, where the car of triumph wont to roll  
 Through captive kings—miasma taints the gale ;  
 And the maimed arch hath half forgot its tale !

## X.

But leave we these : for now, fair Procida,  
 And Ischia—piled on rebel giant's limbs—  
 Show their volcanic clefts ; while Nisita,  
 Robed in her own immortal summer, swims  
 Like Nereid-temple, buoyant on the Bay.  
 Transparent round Vesuvio's crater skims  
 The sulphurous vapour ; white as Alpine snow  
 Sorrento spreads her palaced shore below.

## XI.

Aloof, old Capri's castellated rocks  
 O'erlook the wave ; Misenum sentinels  
 His Trojan relics ; leeward, Baiæ locks  
 The bright wave in her bosom ; proudly swells,  
 St. Elmo, frowning from his lava blocks :  
 Beneath—the ' city of a thousand spells,'  
 Set like a precious gem—**PARTHENOPE**  
 Smiles as of yore—the Syren of the sea !



*Naples*



## XII.

The world is now before me, where to chuse  
My peaceful sojourn :—there, Sorrento greets  
Me welcome with the voice of Tasso's muse !  
Here, Posilippo from her laurelled seats,  
Points to the Sepulchre, where Genius strews  
Her votive garland : there, thy cool retreats,  
Camaldoli—each, with a Syren's voice  
That breathes enchantment, whispers—Take thy choice !

## XIII.

' Look but on Naples,' say her bards, ' and die !'  
Or, living, never hope to see again  
Campania's garden, or Salerno's sky—  
So rich in all that maketh monarchs vain,  
That schools the sage, or fires the poet's eye.  
And sooth to say, who sees her will retain  
In his mind's eye a gorgeous soil, and clime,  
The last to vanish with the lapse of time !

## XIV.

They tell thee 'tis a ' fragment dropt from heaven'—  
With flowers, perennial fruits, and perfumes sprung  
From roots in Paradise, ere man was driven  
In hapless exile from its bower —and stung  
By guilt and sorrow, till these shores were given  
In lieu of his lost Eden !—Yet, though flung  
From heaven thus richly fraught—still, as of yore,  
The Tempter sows hot discord through its core :

## XV.

And, torn by the fierce conflict—like man's breast  
 By struggling passions—this electric soil  
 Shows her hot scars; and from the mountain's crest  
 To the sea-shore, the ravage and turmoil  
 Of hostile elements, have deep impressed  
 Her surface with revolt: Vast caldrons boil;  
 The insidious furnace glows; the seething lake  
 Vomits hot vapour through the flowery brake!

## XVI.

Questioned—the impassive earth replies with flame:  
 The mountains feed, and, simmering, the broad bay  
 Heaves o'er a forge. Convulsed through all her frame  
 Earth burns, yet is not blighted: lightnings play;  
 Red rolls the lava tide, but cannot tame  
 Down to sterility her teeming clay;  
 Though scathed to-day—to-morrow, from its tomb,  
 New verdure springs with renovated bloom.

## XVII.

Here, in their beds of lava, cities sleep;  
 And hills, heaved from the earth's hot bosom, soar  
 Where harvests flourished. Yonder peopled steep  
 Stands piled on fire, that strains to burst its core  
 Whose brittle crust alone debars the deep  
 Dread vortex from its streets! Yet, evermore  
 Life crowds the spot; men laugh, and leave their Saint  
 To avert the judgments gloomier spirits paint!

## XVIII.

And, living whilst they live, do they not well ?  
Thus, life's a banquet ; and, while sages make  
Their couch on ashes, and by learning swell  
Death's startling chances—*they*, incredulous, quake  
With no prophetic horrors ! Where they dwell,  
Their fathers dwelt, and died, and shall awake.  
That love which binds Helvetia's mountaineer  
Mid rocks and Alpine snows, glows in the lava here !

## XIX.

Here too, in pilgrim's ear, the Achaian tombs,  
Scooped in the height and hollowed on the shore,  
Tell their first history : while the aloe blooms,  
The palm-tree blossoms, as in days of yore ;  
The blue bay laves, and the same sky illumines,  
The land of their renown ; and, where ye pore  
With curious eye, lodged in their pristine fanes,  
Behold the dust that once adorned these plains !

## XX.

There, housed with his old armour and his god,  
The warrior slumbers : that, wherein he trusted  
Still guards his grave ; and, from the hallowed clod,  
Proclaims how prowess, to his creed adjusted,  
Left him the sovereign, where the exile trod !  
But now his gods, frail as his glaive, are rusted,  
Shrineless and fallen ; nations round him rise  
That know not him nor his divinities !

## XXI.

Yet, where their sepulchres rise by the sea,  
Whose shore they loved, adopted, and adorned,  
Calm let them rest ! nor shame their sanctuary  
By sordid pillage ; no—where they were mourned,  
Or mourners, and retired to rest, as we  
Must all retire—with feelings unsuborned  
To cold research, sift not the little spoil,  
That nature spares them, from its kindred soil !

## XXII.

Sweet POSILIPPO ! 'mid thy cedared swell,  
And sunny gardens, art and nature meet  
In rival lustre. Here, how sweet to dwell  
Girt by the scenes of yore, and, at my feet,  
Hear Amphitrité tune her murmuring shell,  
While music melts from every green retreat !  
Gazing on thee, the Pilgrim's fancy sees  
The golden groves of old Hesperides !

## XXIII.

Following the votive path, winding, half hid  
With laurel and pomegranate leaves, they show  
A sacred pile—a time-worn pyramid—  
Festooned with many flowers. Who sleeps below ?  
Behold the name, and let the distich bid  
Thee kneel before it ! Mocking time's dull flow  
And moral darkness—here, the Aonian choir  
Still lingering guard the Master's broken lyre !

## XXIV.

The Poet's song, and sanctifying dust,  
Here left, and living, stamp upon the soil  
The seal of immortality ! Though bust,  
Nor monument of man's elaborate toil,  
Nor precious bronze, nor sculptured urn, incrust  
The haunted ground—what time can never spoil,  
Nor man impair—traits of immortal mind  
Claim for that dust the homage of mankind !

## XXV.

Here, every tree and stone have found a tongue ;  
Here, rapture-struck, Boccaccio, for the lyre,  
Renounced the world—inspired by him who sung  
The Trojan Exile—woes and warfare dire—  
How Latium rose, and fair Lavinium sprung  
A second Ilium ! Oh, how poor the spire  
That kingdoms raise ! how poor the Cæsars' sway,  
Compared to his, whose empire was the Epic lay !

## XXVI.

Lo, Baiæ's shore—Avernus, Acheron,  
Cimmerian Cumæ's cave, the Leucrine lake ;  
The Sibyl's labyrinth, scooped from living stone,  
Each—with its classic stamp and tale that wake  
Thrilling emotion—conjures back the tone  
Of ardent boyhood ! Voices from the brake,  
The tomb, the temple, greet me ; at the sound  
I start, and find my steps on haunted ground.



## XXVII.

Climbing the rocky steep, the Elysian Fields  
 Lie stretched before ! How oft, in Fancy's hour—  
 Led by the Mantuan Bard, whose genius wields  
 The immortal sceptre of poetic power,  
 And gives eternity to all it gilds—  
 Musing alone, in some sequestered bower,  
 Have those bright regions, peopled with the blessed,  
 Soothed me with visions of celestial rest !

## XXVIII.

The song remains ; but all unlike the song  
 Those fields, where flowered the amaranth and, springing,  
 Melodious fountains murmured through the long  
 Delicious avenues, rank weeds are clinging  
 To mouldering tombs ! yon stagnant pools among,  
 Stalks the lean stork ; here, to the desert singing,  
 The bittern broods ; and, hissing as ye pass,  
 There, the coiled scorpion glitters in the grass.

## XXIX.

Farther, I trace the steps of him whose thirst  
 Of nature's mystic lore, made death the price  
 Of his ambition—Pliny ! not the first  
 To pay such forfeit—Here, refined in vice,  
 His laurels in voluptuous age immersed,  
 His days to pleasure one long sacrifice—  
 Lucullus lived to feast, and died a fool,  
 The wealthiest vassal of the Apician school.

## XXX.

But damp and dreary now the pillared cave,  
Where, housed, the Aristippus of his time  
Hoarded the sensual banquet, while the wave  
Was dragged—earth ransacked—Afric's burning clime  
Taxed for his table: all that wish could crave,  
Or wealth supply—even with the tools of crime—  
Glutted his larder. Oh, by what vile claims,  
Wealth mounts to fame and spurns at noble names!

## XXXI.

Weed, brier, and thorn usurp the seat of kings;  
The toppling arch, and tessellated bath,  
The prostrate column, the lopt eagle's wings—  
Whose flight was triumph—block the imperial path!  
Time-wasted temples, desecrated springs,  
Serapis, Phœbus—quailing to the wrath  
Of foes or ocean's fury—pave the strand  
Where BAIÆ stood, the Sybaris of the land!

## XXXII.

The Pilgrim's bark, the fisher's baited hook  
Floats o'er, and frets, the sunk mosaic floor,  
Where banqueted those haughty lords who shook  
An empire with their nod, and lavished ore  
That would have ransomed kingdoms. Every nook  
Displays its relics; even the blue sea-shore  
Sparkles with gems, where, throned on blood and fear,  
Rome served her Parricide and charioteer!

## XXXIII.

But lo, the wave invades his crumbled wall ;  
 His palace glimmers through the sunny water.  
 Combing her sea-green locks in Nero's hall  
 The mermaid weaves her song to Ocean's daughter !  
 All that had witnessed, all that might recal,  
 Those nights of revel, closing days of slaughter,  
 Lie buried—not oblivious—where the flood  
 Murmurs of him whose pastime was in blood !

## XXXIV.

Yet, let me linger—loth to quit the height  
 So dear to young remembrance, and so beaming  
 With what no deeds can dim—heaven's holy light  
 And that bright sky—bright as my fondest dreaming  
 E'er feigned or sighed for ! And with such a night—  
 Such mingled charms along the horizon gleaming—  
 Ischia, Miseno, Baia's bay and hill,  
 And Capri, make the clime Elysian still !

## XXXV.

At such an hour of yore, the Roman sage  
 Loitered along these cliffs, or haply viewed  
 With feelings, such as soothe my Pilgrimage,  
 Those scenes and classic solitudes, imbued  
 With Homer's genius—all that charmeth age,  
 Or fires the youthful spirit ; here renewed  
 That moral strength and manly power that swept  
 The chords of rhetoric till whole senates wept !

## XXXVI.

Linternum ! one dilapidated tower,  
Thy city's landmark, leads my steps where he,  
The prop, yet victim, of his country's power  
Lived in lone exile, that he might live free—  
Albeit forgotten ! Thus, of his last hour,  
Yon tomb bears record :—" Loving, serving thee—  
Ungrateful Rome ! what crowns my patriot toil ?  
Long exile, and a grave in foreign soil !"

## XXXVII.

And now, Puteoli, I turn to thee,  
Whose meanest pavement speaks ; circus and shrine  
Proclaim the pomp of thine antiquity !  
Profusely scattered, as in some rich mine,  
From old Serapis' columns to the sea  
Thy georgeous relics glimmer in the brine :  
Thy port a prodigy ; thy very clay  
Imperishable as thine Appian Way !

## XXXVIII.

'Twas here, the Champion of the Cross—the man  
Whose word made tetrarchs tremble—landing drew  
The gentile to his standard, and began  
His Roman work ; here met the chosen few  
Whom heaven disposed to aid the glorious plan  
Of its high legate—watering as it grew  
That plant of power which, strengthened by his hand,  
Soon compassed with its boughs the pagan land.

## XXXIX.

But hark ! the streets are hushed ; and to and fro  
Men pass in silence ! Gathering on the Mole,  
Like statues mutely grouped, they watch the glow  
Reflected from the wave, or muffled stroll  
Along Chiaja—while, denouncing woe,  
Vesuvius vomits flame—and thunders roll.  
Can days so beautiful prelude such night—  
Such darkness blot the landscape of delight !

## XL.

The crater is convulsed ; the lava-stream  
Boils o'er the brim ! Beneath, the reddening bay  
Gleams like a sea of blood ; the vesper beam  
Is blotted from the sky ; red meteors play  
Far up the flushed horizon—like the stream  
Of doomsday horrors, closing round their prey—  
The sky rains ashes, and the electric cloud  
O'erhangs the City, like a funeral shroud !

## XLI.

This is no night for slumber : and with heart  
Thrilled by strange sympathies, I take my seat  
On the felucca's bow. Around me start  
Electric ripples, as the glimmering sheet  
Of the broad basin—fretted like a chart  
With fouldering lightnings—slakes the hissing sleet  
Shot from the mountain ; where, with brandished torch,  
Tartarean furies crowd the bellowing porch.

## XLII.

And lo, as if in dread, the Bay is hushed ;  
But deep reflecting from her breast the fierce  
And startling conflict—darkling, and now flushed  
With crimson streaks, as the fleet lightnings pierce  
The asphaltic curtain. Rocks to atoms crushed,  
And each a meteor, playfully disperse—  
Then, burst and blaze—and, from the thunderer's forge,  
In midway heaven their scorching hail disgorge.

## XLIII.

Earth trembles to the shock ! Again—again  
The giant groans in agony, and flashes—  
Such as smote down the Cities of the Plain—  
Like hurtling spears, alternate with the crashes  
Of earth-forged thunder ! Headlong cataracts drain  
The boiling Acheron, through its bleeding gashes—  
Half flood—half flame ; while from the appalling glare  
Sorrento shrinks, like beauty in despair.—

## XLIV.

But lo, night wanes ! A hand behind the storm  
Bridles its rage : that mystic power which bids  
States spring or perish—yet for the blind worm  
Secures a path—has quenched yon pyramid's  
Portentous fire, restored to Nature's form  
Her wonted radiance ; and o'er wakeful lids,  
Morn breaks with balmy freshness, and a light,  
Thrice welcome, when it scares such dismal night.

## LXV.

And hark, guitar, and song, and tarantella,  
 Resume their sway, and rule the laughing hour ;  
 And, from the high-bred dame to the donzella,  
 All feel the change, and yield to pleasure's power !  
 Betwixt Gennaro's shrine and Pulcinella,  
 The crowd divides. Wreathed with his favourite flower  
*This* hath his lamps, and *that* his fame, increased,  
 And fears have vanished in the dance and feast.

## LXVI.

Transition strange ! yet here 't is principle.  
 Familiar grown, Death drops his hideous guise ;  
 In human hearts live passions that can quell,  
 Or scorn his terror : woman's love defies,  
 Hate braves it ; Mirth, from horror's passing knell,  
 Bursts like an unstemmed torrent. Cloudless skies  
 Give cloudless hearts ; subdued, while dangers last ;  
 But gone, returning revels drown the past !

## LXVII.

With life the streets o'erflow—exuberant  
 As is their soil. There ranged, the gaudy stalls  
 Well piled with fruit, and glittering traffic, plant  
 Their motley ensigns ; Puncinello calls  
 His faithful votaries ; Cappucini chant  
 Their Lady's hymn ; Calabria's bagpipe squalls ;  
 Monks rant, empirics bawl ; in Pilgrim weeds  
 The bandit tells his plunder with his beads !

## LXVIII.

But lo ! the disentombed POMPEIA ! Here  
Before me—in her pall of ashes spread—  
Wrenched from the gulf of ages—she whose bier  
Was the embowelled mountain, lifts her head  
Sad, but not silent ! Thrilling in my ear  
She tells her tale of horror, till the dread  
And sudden tempest, mustering in the air,  
Seems to recal the day of her despair !

## LXIX.

Joyful she feasted 'neath her olive-tree,  
Then rose to dance and play : and, if a cloud  
O'ershadowed her thronged circus, who could see  
The impending deluge brooding in its shroud ?  
On went the games ! mirth and festivity  
Increased—prevailed : till rendingly and loud  
The earth and sky, with consentaneous roar,  
Announced her doom—that time should be no more !

## LXX.

Shook to its centre, the convulsive soil  
Closed round the flying : Sarno's tortured tide  
O'erleapt its banks—impatient for its spoil !  
Thick darkness fell ; and, wasting fast and wide,  
Wrath opened her dread floodgates ! Brief the toil  
And terror of resistance : art supplied  
No subterfuge—the pillared crypt and cave,  
That proffered shelter, proved a living grave !



## LXXI.

Within the circus, tribunal, and shrine,  
Shrieking they perished : there the usurer sank  
Grasping his gold, the bacchant at his wine—  
The gambler at his dice ! age, sex, nor rank,  
From all they loved, revered, or deemed divine,  
Found help or rescue ; unredeemed they drank  
Their cup of horror to the dregs, and fell  
With heaven's avenging thunders for their knell !

## LXXII.

Their city a vast sepulchre—each hearth  
A charnel-house ! The beautiful and brave—  
Whose high exploits, whose classic charms, gave birth  
To songs, and civic wreaths—unheeded crave  
A pause 'twixt life and death : no hand on earth,  
No voice from heaven, replies to close the grave  
Yawning around them. Still the burning shower  
Rains down upon them with unslackening power !

## LXXIII.

'Tis an old tale—yet, gazing thus, it seems  
But yesterday the circling wine-cup went  
Its joyous round ! Here still the altar gleams—  
New guests arrive ; the reveller sits intent  
At his carousal—quaffing to the themes  
Of Thracian Orpheus : still, the cups indent  
The conscious marble, and the amphoræ still  
Seem redolent of old Falerno's hill !

## LXXIV.

It seems but yesterday ! Half-sculptured, there,  
On the paved forum wedged, the marble shaft  
Waits but the workman to resume his care,  
And reed it by the cunning of his craft.  
The chips—struck from his chisel, fresh and fair,  
Lie scattered round ; th' acanthus leaves ingraft  
The half-wrought capital ; and Isis' shrine  
Retains untouched her implements divine.

## LXXV.

The streets are hollowed by the rolling car  
In sinuous furrows ; there, the lava-stone  
Retains, deep grooved, the frequent axle's scar.  
Here, oft the pageant passed, and triumph shone ;  
Here warriors bore the glittering spoils of war,  
And met the full, fair city smiling on  
With wreath and pæan—gay as those who drink  
The draught of pleasure on destruction's brink !

## LXXVI.

The frescoed wall, the rich mosaic floor,  
Elaborate, fresh, and garlanded with flowers  
Of ancient fable : crypt, and lintelled door—  
Writ with the name of their last tenant ; towers  
That still in strength aspire, as when they bore  
Their Roman standard—from the whelming showers  
That formed their grave, return, like spectres risen,  
To solve the mysteries of their fearful prison !

XXXIII

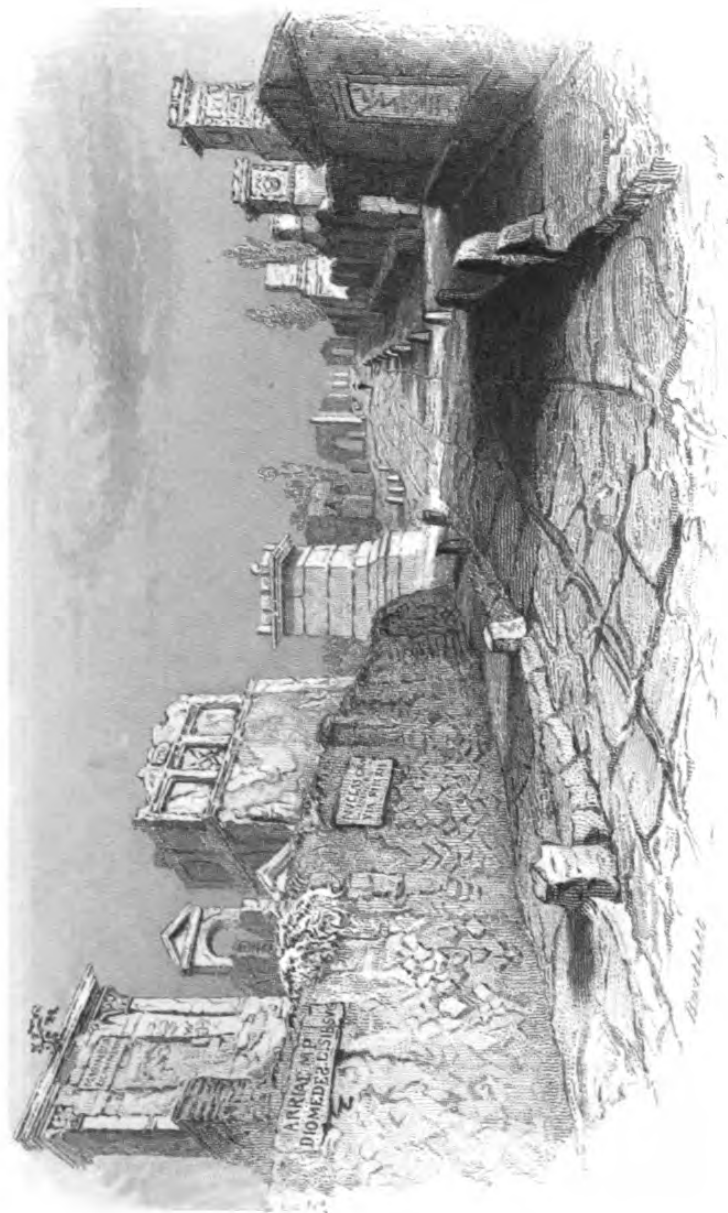
AN: ... THE ...  
 AN: ... THE ...  
 AN: ... THE ...  
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XXXIV

AN: ... THE ...  
 TO ... THE ...  
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 AN: ... THE ...  
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XXXV

AN: ... THE ...  
 IF ... THE ...  
 THE ... THE ...  
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 THESE ... THE ...  
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 BUT ... THE ...



*Acropolis des Athènes*

## LXXVII.

And lo, the 'street of Sepulchres,' where bust,  
And scroll, and epicede, and cenotaph,  
And urns with pristine ashes—human dust  
Which that dread day, that turned their fields to chaff,  
Their city to a shroud—spared in its crust  
Inviolatè; while their wretched children—half  
Of that fair province, blasted in their pride,  
Sank down unwept—unmonumented died!

## LXXVIII.

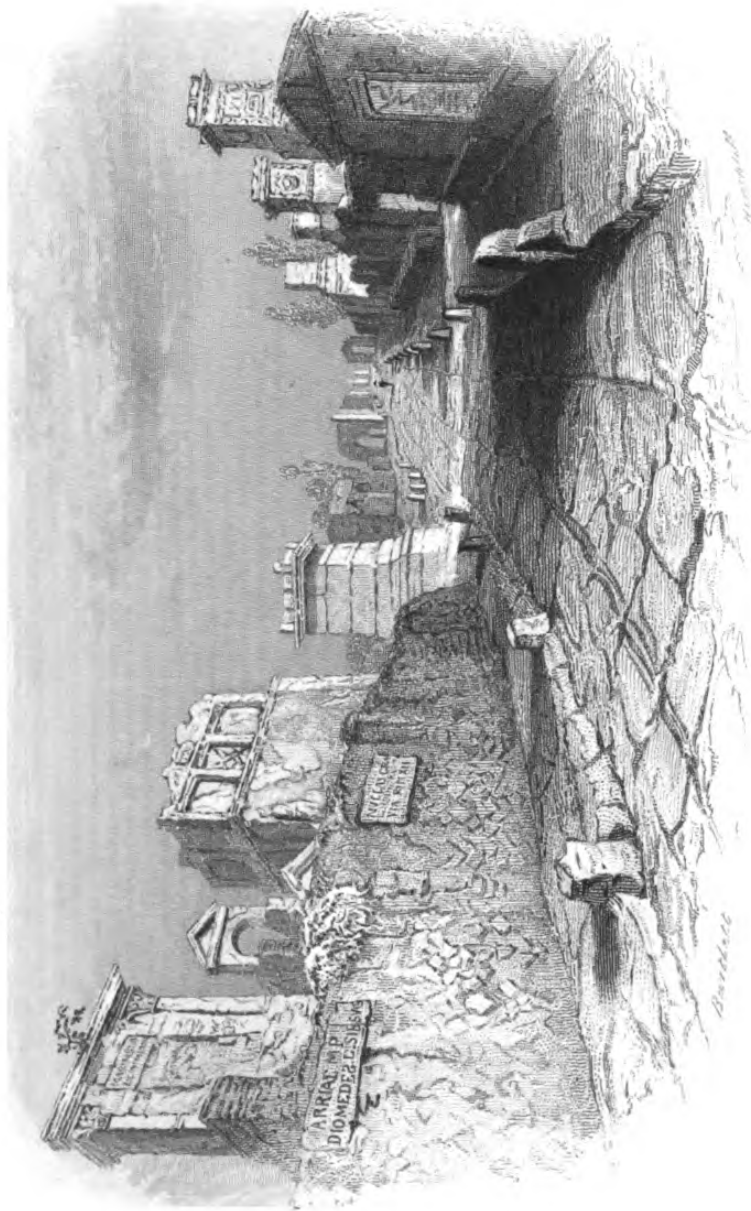
And here the living—while erecting tombs  
To shrine ancestral dust—left off their toil  
To fill their own! Where now the citron blooms,  
And fig-trees flourish—sifted from the spoil  
Of centuries—the mattock still exhumes  
Their urnless relics, where the sacred oil  
Was never sprinkled; where the pious tear  
Of kindred sorrow never reached their bier!

## LXXIX.

And yet more dread seems Heracleïa's doom!  
If—twixt the seething lava, and the shower  
That whelmed them both—the living may presume  
One fierce alternative in that last hour,  
To choose the flood or ashes for their tomb!  
These time unlocks—of that cements the power;  
The ashes' hold, man's labour can unclasp,  
But scarce may loose the lava's iron grasp!

Campo E

chaff



East of Temple, in front



## LXXX.

The sunset left her basking in its beam,  
Her streets o'erflowing—peace within her wall  
And plenty in her garner ; when the scream  
Of frenzy wakening with the lava-fall  
Invoked the gods ; girt by the smouldering steam  
Of that mephitic flood, her piteous call  
Brought but despairing echoes ; till the flow  
Of scorching torrents hushed the wail of woe !

## LXXXI.

Some shrieked, and fainting, died ; others too strong  
To sink without a struggle—struggled hard  
For life and those they loved ! But 't was not long ;  
No strength could stem the torrent or retard  
Its whelming sweep ! the loftiest dome, among  
Their temples, lent but momentary ward :  
The torrent scaled the wall—gushed through the gate—  
Forced every door—and drove them to their fate !

## LXXXII.

Enough—Now let me thread the deep dark cell  
Bored through the lava-blocks. A flickering torch,  
Brandished by a grim guide, consorteth well  
With the wild scene ! A half unburied porch  
Yawns on my right, where yet the breath of hell  
Nauseates the sense that, kindled, it would scorch.  
Deeper and gloomier still, my eye explores  
The circus, vault, and sculptured corridors.



## LXXXIII.

Farther, and darker—where the pick-axe cleaves  
 A path—ghost-like the city, with her gods  
 Glued by the lava to their shrine, receives  
 My faltering step. In chambers once the abodes  
 Of life and sunshine—where the bronze still heaves  
 With human likeness—lo, the miner plods  
 With torch and mattock ; and discoursing, shows  
 The hoarded fragments of Heraclia's woes !

## LXXXIV.

Yet why pursue the theme ? Have not since then  
 Proud cities been entombed, and ocean's deep  
 Paved with the populous abodes of men ?  
 True ! but like this—roused from its iron sleep,  
 What city hath returned to earth again  
 To meet man's living gaze ! 'Tis hence we reap  
 Strange, thrilling pleasure, as we slowly tread  
 Their ancient homes—and mingle with the dead !

## LXXXV.

Here—with these walls thy preachers, pause, proud man !  
 Thou child of dust, thy wandering thoughts recal !  
 Tho' grasping worlds within thy little span,  
 A breath consumes thee ; as the sere leaves fall,  
 Thou fallest, with each deep digested plan  
 Of wealth, and power ! as on a fiery ball  
 The moth expires—thy grandeur is burnt up,  
 Thy pride abased, and dashed thy pleasure's cup !

## LXXXVI.

Poor in thy strength—most lamentably poor  
In thy presumption—poorest where the crowd  
Flatters thee most ! Chaff from the threshing-floor  
Rivals thy riches : Yet thy boast is loud—  
Thy port is lofty ! Girt with sordid ore  
Thou scoff'st at Heaven ! Like *thee*, such were the proud  
Who prospered *here*—where now the lava street,  
That shows their footprints, forms their winding-sheet.

## LXXXVII.

Even thou, who pratest of wisdom—what the extent,  
And depth of thy discerning ? 'Tis to feel  
The shallows of research ; and the high bent  
Of thy ambition marred by the dark seal  
Of mystery ! What, though thy full years be spent  
In studious toil, what harvest crowns thy zeal ?  
The boundless ocean ever spreads before,  
Whilst thou but gatherest shells upon its shore !

END OF CANTO SECOND.

## CANTO THE THIRD.

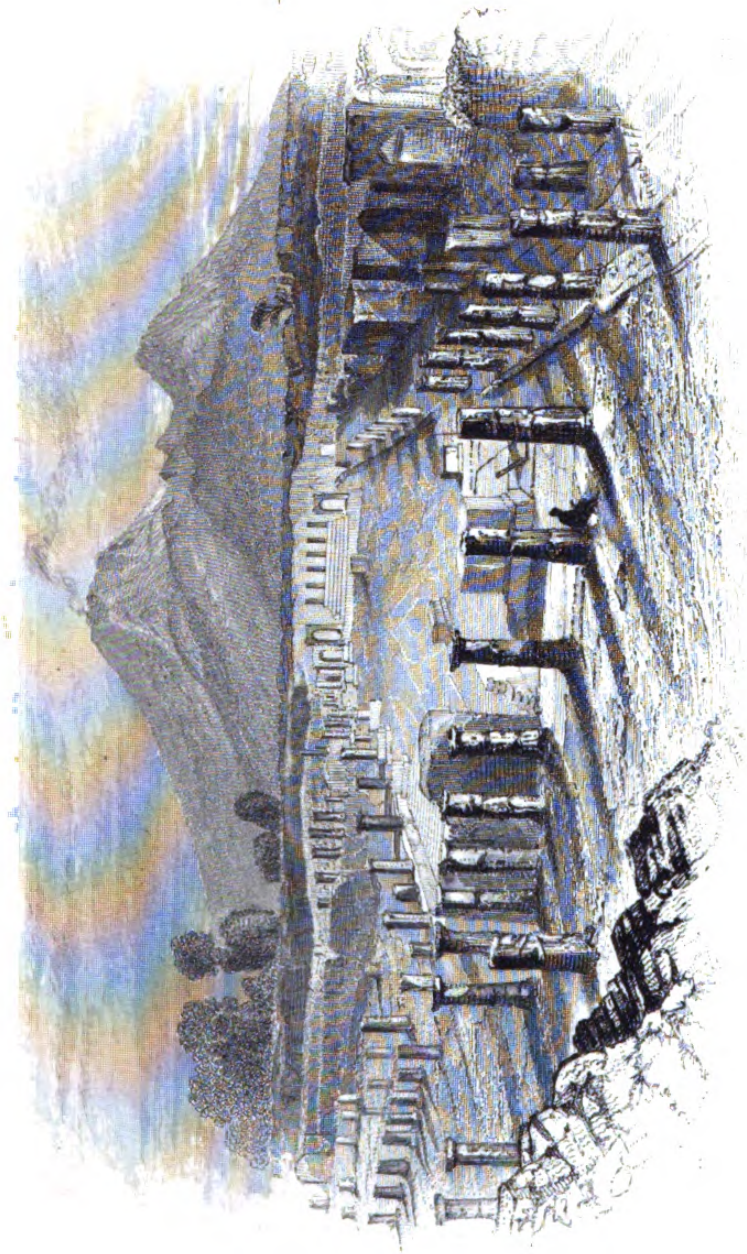
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### I.

NIGHT furls her standard : save one lingering star,  
Her watchful satellites are all withdrawn ;  
While, o'er the snow-clad Apennine afar,  
From Hadria's bosom bursts the glorious Dawn ;  
And, upward as he wheels his dazzling car,  
Life wakes in song from vale and forest-lawn ;  
Birds from the boughs, and pilgrims at the shrine,  
All blend their morning orisons with mine.

### II.

And, flushed with crimson light, the Calabrese  
And dark Abruzzi lift their peaks sublime,  
Clothed in primeval woods ; and, crowning these,  
Lo, fortress, fane, and hoary rocks, where Time,  
And Man, and Art have left their witnesses—  
The chronicles of this eventful clime ;  
Where legends wild of Greek and Gothic sway  
Beguile the pilgrim lingering on his way.



*Temple of Isis at Philae*

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## III.

In bolder line Lucania's mountains swell ;  
In brighter leaf Alburnus' forests wave ;  
While bugle, barcarole, and matin-bell,  
Draw mimic sounds from every mountain-cave,  
And rock, and stream, where dryads loved to dwell,  
And Dian's nymphs their tresses wont to lave ;  
Where Fancy still her magic-sceptre wields,  
And Fame invests her old Phlegræan fields.

## IV.

And now, with pilgrim-staff and scallop-shell,  
Quitting the shades where Tasso sang of yore,—  
Salerno's bay, Sorrento's haunted cell,  
The classic rocks that guard Amalfi's shore—  
I wend my way where tower and citadel  
Recal the Achaian, Saracen, and Moor ;  
Where shades of vanished grandeur line the way,  
And every mountain lives in Homer's lay.

## V.

Here, rich in song, Apulian rivers flow ;  
There, Locria sleeps within her groves of pine ;  
Yonder, green Scylla howls, and Strombolo,  
With torch volcanic, lights the midnight brine :  
And, thro' the glowing landscape, as I go,  
In high companionship with bards divine,—  
Heroes, and sages of the olden time,—  
I catch the spell, and shape my thoughts to rhyme.

## VI.

And much is here to move the pensive breast ;  
 Nature all vigour, man in his decay ;  
 The Arts debased ; but, on the mountain's crest  
 Full many a lingering trophy of their sway ;  
 And on the plain, expanding to the west,  
 The frequent trace of their primeval day ;  
 Where scarce a fragment, starting thro' the soil,  
 But wears the symbol of the sculptor's toil.

## VII.

On yonder steep, where now the palm and date,  
 With mingling foliage, shade the hallowed mound,  
 The gods of ancient Hellas, throned in state,  
 Beheld their shrines with daily victims crowned :  
 But now the Cross, surmounting every gate,  
 To Heaven restores the long-polluted ground ;  
 The Virgin consecrates Diana's grove,  
 And JESUS triumphs in the shrine of Jove.

## VIII.

'T was here the Dorian fathers built and ploughed ;  
 Found wealth in commerce, strength in patriot zeal ;  
 Here, to their gods in gorgeous temples bowed ;  
 Here framed their edicts for the public weal ;  
 Achieved the goal to human power allowed,—  
 Flourished and fell ; and saw the stranger's heel  
 Planted on Posidonia's haughty neck—  
 Her children slaves, her cherished land a wreck.

## IX.

Sudden and fearful was her overthrow !  
Fierce on her walls, Lucania's legions poured ;  
While Rome advancing, seconded the blow,  
Till, compassed round with a barbarian horde,  
Protracted war was but protracted woe ;  
And Posidonia, 'neath the spoiler's sword,  
Saw the rude cohorts reap her fruitful plains,  
And leave her children nothing but their chains.

## X.

Her sons—such were the victors' stern decrees—  
Compelled their lofty lineage to disclaim,  
Abjured the laws, and garb, and songs of Greece,  
And sank the Achaian in the Roman name !  
These were the bitter fruits of bondage—these  
Wrung from indignant hearts, the drops of shame :  
Their own proscribed—proscribed what Homer sung—  
The lispng child must learn the Oppressor's tongue !

## XI.

On yon green hill, as classic legends tell,  
In sorrowing groups the Dorian captives met,  
What time Minerva's feast was heard to swell  
Those Spartan airs, where freedom lingered yet.  
There they discoursed of days remembered well,  
Of hopes and joys, with many a vain regret ;  
There sang by stealth their loved Athenian lays  
That spoke the rapture of triumphant days.



## XII.

Here sat the elders on their grassy seat,  
And, for a day, revived the games of yore :  
There strove the wrestlers ; here the young athlete  
The wreath of victory from his rival bore ;  
While beauty smiled applause, and whispers sweet  
Confessed the hopes long hid in the heart's core ;  
And daring thoughts, 't were treason now to speak,  
Rose kindling to the eye, and flushed the cheek.

## XIII.

Thus, for a time, his fetters ceased to gall ;  
Again the Dorian sire lived in his son ;  
The matron half forgot her children's thrall,  
As round in playful mirth she saw them run,  
And proudly show'd the flowery coronal—  
The Olympic prize—their mimic strife had won !—  
But lo ! night's shadows deepen o'er the waves,  
The games are hushed, and all again are slaves !

## XIV.

But why of wrongs and Punic faith complain ?  
Of insults heaped upon the Dorian race ?  
While, 'mid the hills that bound the Northern main,  
The invader's desolating march I trace ?  
There, friends have done what foes essayed in vain—  
Expelled the free-born from their dwelling-place,  
And left a wailing voice in every glen,  
That calls in vain for you—ye gallant men !

## XV.

'They've plucked thy pines, proud Albyn, from the root,  
And cast them headlong. On thy mountains' brow  
The song is hushed, the martial pibroch mute;  
O'er thy razed hearths the stranger drives his plough!  
Ah! bitter falls the seed, sad springs the fruit,  
Thus sown, and planted, in thy furrows now!  
Sold—shipped like felons, o'er the western wave,  
The Gael departs—to seek an exile's grave! . . .

## XVI.

But leave we this—and, turning to our theme,  
A field of sterner, mightier change survey.  
Here, thro' the waste, still flows the classic stream  
Upon whose banks the Pæstan city lay,  
When, basking in the sun's propitious beam,  
Each morn but told of her extending sway:  
But now, behold her loftiest monument—  
A stall for the wild ox—a shepherd's tent!

## XVII.

And here—a pilgrim in her awful shades—  
Musing I stand: but round me, while I gaze,  
The tempest gathers; thro' yon stern arcades,  
Sudden and fierce, the fitful lightnings blaze;  
Groans the deep thunder thro' her colonnades,  
And bickering hail o'er the white pavement plays.  
Little we wot, from morn's auspicious ray,  
What storms may overtake our riper day!

## XVIII.

Rent by the electric shaft, the clouds distil  
Round drops like tears ; then gush, till vale and swamp  
Swell into sudden lakes ; and rock and hill  
Are girt with water like a moated camp.  
And hark ! the Sbirro winds his bugle shrill,  
The wild steed spurns the waste with fiery tramp ;  
In haste the savage herd desert the plain,  
And crouch beneath the shade of Neptune's fane.

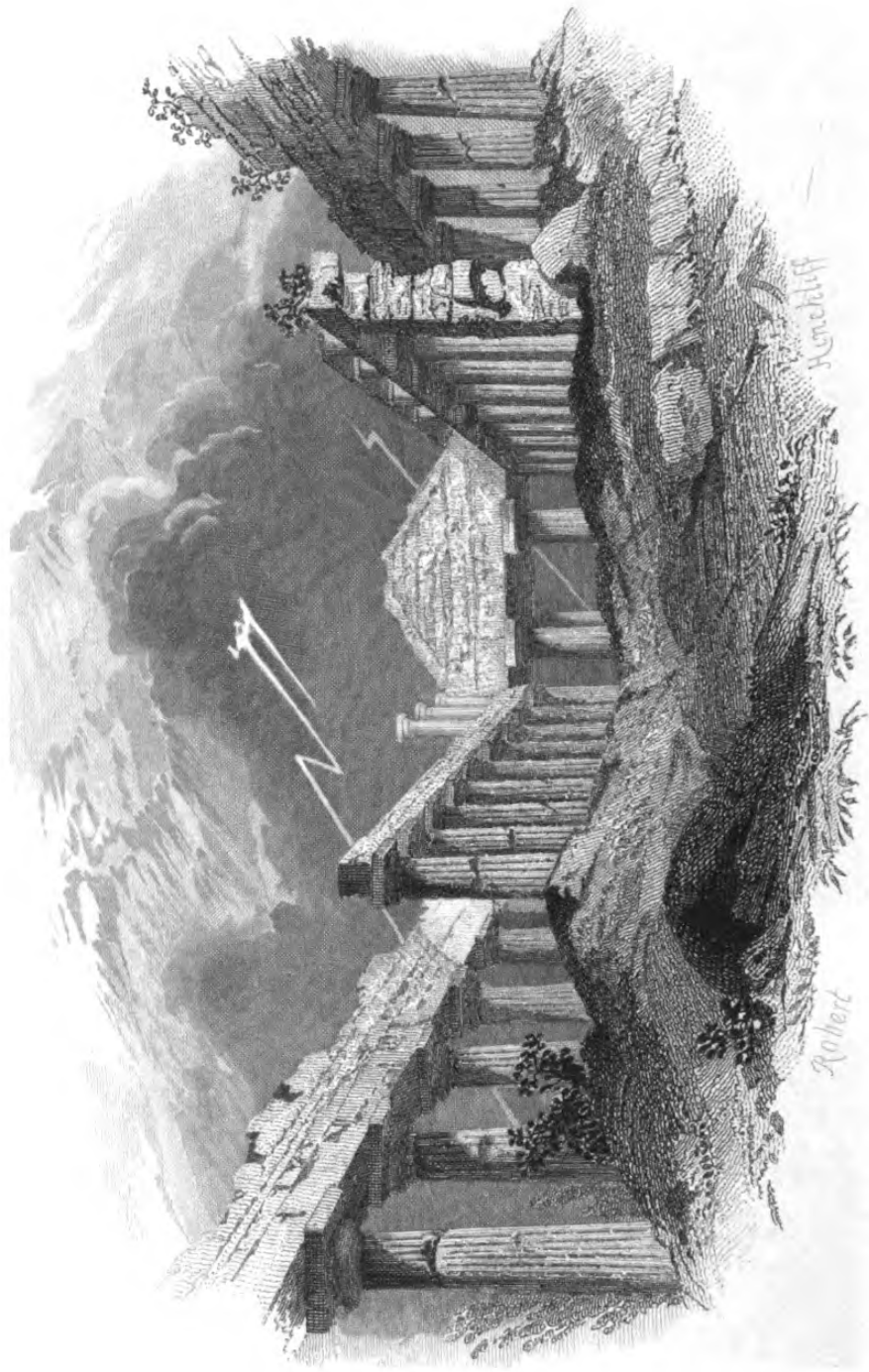
## XIX.

How fearful—how majestically wild  
Yon chequered sky ! where now in frantic game,  
Crashing and closing, cloud on cloud is piled !  
And thro' their valves, as from an arch of flame,  
The sun—that on our path so lately smiled—  
Glares like an angry comet. Nature's frame,  
The firm set earth, shakes to the thunder's roar,  
And boisterous breaks the wave along the shore.

## XX.

And yet, as if in mockery of the blast,  
Unshaken by the thunder's dread explosion ;  
Unscathed save where the searing bolt hath passed—  
Those Titan walls look proudly to the ocean :  
Those columns, on their basis grounded fast,  
In calm defiance brave the wild commotion  
Of tropic storms, the slow decay of Time,  
And boast a strength coeval with their clime





*S. Pr. Ham.*

## XXI.

Unsolved enigma, which confounds the wise ;  
Strange mystery is stamped on all around !  
Pausing at every step, I lift my eyes,  
And start, as if I trod enchanted ground,  
Where all my reasoning ends in vague surmise !  
Thus—in impenetrable darkness bound—  
Thus stood these fanes in Cæsar's palmy day—  
Thus stand, when Cæsar's very dust has passed away !

## XXII.

But slackening now, as sudden as it rose,  
Th' exhausted tempest raves itself to rest ;  
The brightening skies their gushing fountains close ;  
The clouds retire from old Alburno's crest :  
The winds are lulled in a profound repose,  
And, from his glorious pathway in the west,  
Again the Sun with light and joy appears,  
And Earth revives, like Beauty from her tears.

## XXIII.

Now fares the Pilgrim on, where forests drear  
And noisome fens, their lowering shade condense  
Where skulk the bandit and the buccaneer.  
Then wastes expand, whose wild magnificence  
Seems all alive with herds, and roving deer,  
And strewn with plants and flowers, whose redolence,  
Like clouds of incense, fills the breath of day,  
And points to where the Pæstan gardens lay.

## XXIV.

Here are the olive bowers and vine-clad hill,  
Rivers of song, and mountains, on whose brow  
The names of Troy and Athens linger still ;  
Forests, where incense trickles from the bough,  
Where manna pours a sweet unfading rill,  
And plenty crowns the labours of the plough ;  
Where all that charms the eye, and cheers the heart,  
These shores inspire, those balmy skies impart.

## XXV.

Yet lovely, fertile, tho' the landscape be,  
It bears a fearful record, and gives birth  
To thoughts that rouse our inmost sympathy !  
Here, sudden death has gulfed the social hearth—  
Here, joy expired in groans of agony !  
Here, shouts of madness crushed the voice of mirth !  
'T was but a step between the summer's bloom,  
The brightest landscape and the darkest tomb !

## XXVI.

'T was here, great GOD ! in awful ministry  
Thy bolts were hurled ; 'twas here the secret thunder  
Leapt forth at thy behest ! When yonder sea,  
Drained from its depths, and caverns flaming under  
The unstable earth, conspired man's doom—from thee  
The mandate came ! When earthquakes rent asunder  
The hill and vale, and cities, rich and fair,  
Were swept from their foundations—Thou wast there !

## XXVII.

And standing where those cities stood—my thoughts  
Recal the shrieking victims who went down  
In swift destruction : every vale denotes  
The fearful destiny that rent her crown  
Of Beauty from the land : here, cumbered moats  
And shattered walls, and gaping ramparts frown  
Ghost-like, around that City's poor remains,  
Whose voice of gladness filled those sunny plains !

## XXVIII.

How deathful is the silence !—Save the hawk's  
Shrill whistle, rustling asp, or hissing snake,  
No living sound invades her once thronged walks—  
She sleeps, like Sodom, in her dismal lake !  
Her groves are hewn—but not by woodman's axe ;  
Her towers are levelled—not by bolts that shake  
Beleagured walls, but that mysterious power  
Which hurls them headlong in their gayest hour.

## XXIX.

Scattered in shapeless fragments o'er the waste,  
Bedded in molten lava, helms that crowned,  
Garlands that wreathed, fair trophies that had graced  
Her shrines and heroes, mark the haunted ground,  
And live in forms by Grecian chisel traced.  
All else is buried in that wave profound !  
Her gates are shut—circus and shrine o'erthrown—  
The drama closed—the last spectator gone !



## XXX.

And dark and still those sullen waters sleep ;  
But thro' their glass what ghastly shapes arise—  
Phantoms of those who, in their caverns deep,  
Sank unannealed in nature's agonies !  
When seething floods from out the rending steep,  
And flames from earth, and ashes from the skies,  
Conspired to work Euphemia's sudden doom—  
At noon a crowded city, and at night a tomb ! . . . .

## XXXI.

But lo the blue wave and the balmy hills  
That skirt, in wavy line, th' Iolian shore,  
Unfold a scene that animates and fills  
The mind with sweet emotions. Studded o'er  
With spires and hamlets ; streaked with sparkling rills,  
And crowned with many a castle, tall and hoar ;  
Where still, from donjon-tower, their standards float,  
And bristling cannon line the grassy moat.

## XXXII.

From bough to bough the playful squirrel springs ;  
The deer bound past ; birds sing within the leaves ;  
The air is bright with spangled insect-wings ;  
And nought is seen of living thing that grieves ;  
Fountains are gushing round : Metaurus brings  
A summer with its tide ; the landscape heaves  
With vintage-hills, where oft the gay costume  
Of ancient Greece blends with the Locrian plume.

## XXXIII.

Slow chimes the convent bell : from yonder boat  
The barcarole comes fresh and full of glee ;  
And all around, the shrill cicala's note  
Makes serenade from every chestnut-tree :  
Blithe echo answers to the bleating goat,  
And evening sets the weary oxen free.  
And now the parched earth pants thro' all her pores,  
And dews, by noon exhaled, the night restores :

## XXXIV.

Fresh dews—from which the fevered soil imbibes  
A vital draught, and thence to every leaf  
And bud and flower, thro' nature's bloomy tribes—  
To swell the grape, to fructify the sheaf—  
Its mystic, vivifying, course describes.  
Sweet is the scene, as if the voice of grief,  
The din of war, had never reached the clime,  
Nor Virtue mourned the ravages of crime.

## XXXV.

How glorious are those skies—how fair that earth !  
Where every vale from Sylva to the sea—  
Tho' scarred by floods, and scorched by fire—gives birth  
To bounteous harvests ; even from agony  
Elicits health ; from woe the seeds of mirth ;  
From waste new wealth. So by adversity,  
Chastened but not subdued, the generous mind  
Bears nobler fruit—a harvest more refined. . . .

## XXXVI.

Morn's blush is on the hills,—how fresh the hour !  
 O'er the smooth lake I launch my silent prow,  
 And seek the shade of old Fontana's tower,  
 Where still the immortal aloe loves to blow,  
 And tender blossoms find a sheltered bower.  
 But well its shattered halls and arches show  
 Where last the earthquake, and volcano's breath,  
 Threw wide the dismal avenues of death !—

## XXXVII.

'T was Autumn.—Thro' Calabria, far and wide,  
 Strange meteors gleamed, portentous sounds were heard ;  
 Music forsook the street ; o'er land and tide  
 Strong terror fell on man, and beast, and bird :  
 The sickle, loom, and plough were laid aside,  
 The nuptial feasts, from day to day, deferred ;  
 Heaven frowned, man trembled, earth shut up her springs,  
 And green Miasma flapped her dragon-wings.

## XXXVIII.

The vintage failed ; the fig and olive's fruit  
 Fell green and sapless from their sickly trees,  
 As if some lurking canker gnawed the root,  
 Or withering fiends bestrode the tainted breeze.  
 The land, with all its rural sounds, lay mute ;  
 But every altar swarmed with devotees :  
 Struck with remorse, the bandit sheathed his steel ;  
 And they who lately scoffed, were now the first to kneel.

## XXXIX.

But autumn past ; heaven's breath again grew cool,  
And joy once more revived the prostrate earth ;  
Terror was banished by the feasts of Yule,  
And Scylla echoed to the shouts of mirth ;  
Again, her festal moon was at the full  
In bower and hall ; at every shrine and hearth  
The flush of joy had lit the cheek of fear,  
And Care had fled with the departed year !

## XL.

Now, in Fontana's Hall the fair and brave,  
All decked in bridal robes, are smiling round ;  
From arch and column costly banners wave ;  
With laurel-wreaths ancestral busts are crowned ;  
Rich garlands breathe from vault and architrave,  
And virgin hands with flowers bestrew the ground :  
For now—Heaven's wonted smile to earth restored—  
Fontana's daughter weds Otranto's lord.

## XLI.

High mass resounds in Scylla's gorgeous pile—  
With frescoed dome on marble columns borne,  
Where, 'midst their torture, martyrs seem to smile,  
And Hope stands sentry at the gates of Morn ;  
And there, enshrined in every fretted aisle,  
Are sculptured tombs, and flags in battle torn,  
Where faith and fame, emblazoned on the shield,  
Display the prize, and point to glory's field !

## XLII.

And in that hallowed temple stand a pair—  
As brave and fair as e'er at altar bowed ;  
While clouds of soaring incense fill the air,  
And choir and solemn organ peal aloud.  
And there, as kneels the Bride in silent prayer—  
So rich in grace, with beauty so endowed—  
She seems a being—only less divine  
Than She, whose glorious image fills the shrine.

## XLIII.

The rite is past, the benediction spoken ;  
The mitred prelate's holy task is done ;  
The fair Bride's finger wears the mystic token  
Of souls united—earthly bliss begun ! . . .  
But why that sudden stillness, deep, unbroken ?  
Why thus in darkness droops the mid-day sun ?  
Each looked to each, and fearful the reply  
That spoke from quivering lip and startled eye.

## XLIV.

Fast—fast the deepening shadows round them grew ;  
The pavement shakes—the rattling casements creak ;  
Deep, hollow thunders groan—as if they drew  
The mountain from its basis ; streak on streak  
Athwart the oriel red-winged lightnings flew.  
And hark ! from aisle to aisle, a piercing shriek  
Bursts wildly forth—succeeded by the strong  
Tumultuous crowd that rushed these aisles along !

## XLV.

And now—as if ten thousand iron cars  
Rolled thro' the caverned earth—Destruction rang  
Her dread and dirge-like omen : massive bars,  
And gates of bronze, responding to the clang,  
Clashed on their hinges. Cleft in sudden scars,  
The yawning walls partook of Nature's pang,  
Till, rent from base to battlement, the fane  
Reeled like a bark upon a heaving main.

## XLVI.

Then frantically they called on Him, whose shrine  
Had been of old their fathers' hope and shield!—  
But now—nor shrine, nor guardian saints divine,  
Nor vows, nor tears, nor proffered gold could yield  
Respite or ransom.—Day had ceased to shine,  
But earth-born lightnings fitfully revealed  
The sinking hearth—sapped altar—falling tower—  
And Horror banqueting in Beauty's bower!

## XLVII.

The rocks descend, beams rend ; and hark, the crash  
Of roofs and crumbling arches ! Torches, lighted  
By demons, wildly through the ruins flash—  
And flashing show, where, in their woe united,  
The earth, convulsed in many a rugged gash,  
Entombs the victims which her fires had blighted—  
Man, matron, child, and maiden in her bloom,  
That shock has hurled to one promiscuous tomb.

## XLVIII.

And yet the dead rest not—the labouring soil  
Still throbs, and heaves, and from its horrid tomb  
Fiercely ejects the newly-buried spoil;  
Then, gasping, drags it into deeper gloom,  
Thro' which the flame and torrent flash and boil,  
And shock on shock concludes the city's doom!  
Her sentence is fulfilled—her glory past,  
Like winnowed chaff before the sweeping blast.

## XLIX.

'T is midnight; ranged along the dismal strand  
Lay galley, barge, felucca; every deck  
Crowded with sufferers from the sinking land—  
Each bearing thence some melancholy wreck,  
Snatched from his buried hearth with desperate hand;  
Mothers with infants clinging round their neck;  
The sick, the maimed, the dying—in their air  
The haggard lines of terror and despair.

## L.

They weep—they pray; the solemn Vesper-hymn,  
From twice two thousand voices, soars on high;  
While every bark that lines the water's brim  
Prolongs to Heaven the supplicating cry—  
A chorus—such as ne'er in cloisters dim  
From pealing organ shook the evening sky;  
For there—full hearts, poured wildly forth in prayer,  
Were pleading with their God to hear and spare!

## LI.

That hymn was like a requiem o'er the dying—  
When hope is dead ; a dirge in which the strong  
And fervent spirit mingled with the sighing  
Of hearts, where fear had paralysed the tongue :—  
“ Avè Maria ! On thy aid relying,  
To thee we raise our last imploring song !  
Avè Maria ! By thy intercession  
Avert the doom that waits on our transgression !

## LII.

“ Oh, spare thy people, yet a little space !  
Behold our state—stretch forth thy hand and save !  
With longing eyes have we not sought thy face,  
Even till our homes became a living grave !  
JESU ! Redeemer of our fallen race—  
Thou that didst walk upon the stormy wave,  
And savedst thy disciple—save us now !  
We are thy flock ; our God and Saviour, Thou ! ” . . .

## LIII.

But hark ; ere yet the vesper hymn and prayer  
Of melting hearts and mingling voices ended—  
Sudden and dread, and pregnant with despair—  
The crash of thunders with their chorus blended !  
The mountain that o'erhung yon Channel fair,  
In shivered masses to the deep descended ;  
And from their caves the maddening waters driven,  
Were flung in foaming tempest-clouds to heaven :



## LIV.

But soon, descending with appalling roar,  
The scattered waves regained their wonted strand ;  
And thrice, in eddies vast, from shore to shore,  
Billows, like Alps in motion, stormed the land,  
And down, with the returning deluge, bore  
Those fated barks with all their hapless band—  
All, whom the Earthquake's desolating power  
In ruth had spared, the boiling waves devour !

## LV.

Alone, of all that melancholy wreck—  
Breasting the wave with deadly terrors rife,  
One slender bark, a dim and distant speck,  
Still bears, unscathed, the precious freight of life !  
Age, youth, and beauty clinging to its deck—  
A sanctuary in Nature's awful strife—  
It floats, like sea-borne Nereid in her shell,  
Rising as ocean rose, and falling as it fell.

## LVI.

A spirit guides the helm ! See, how its prow  
Vaults o'er the surge ! Tho' Scylla howls around—  
Tho' wild Charybdis flashes on its bow—  
Tho' quivering timbers start at every bound,  
And whirling gulfs expand their rims of snow ;  
Still—like a sea-bird o'er the wave profound  
That girds the Lipari's volcanic realm—  
It rushes on—a spirit guides the helm !

## LVII.

Thick darkness broods around—no kindly star  
Relieves the gloom, no ray the heavens impart;  
Save where, at intervals, and distant far,  
Fierce jets of ruddy flame, like meteors, dart  
Thro' the dense clouds that roll the flood of war  
Round Ætna's bulwarks. Still with magic art,  
And course that shows strong mastery of mind,  
That bark careers before the rushing wind.

## LVIII.

At length, upon the horizon, ramparts tall—  
Cyclopien rocks—soar proudly from the sea  
That climbs, with flashing wave, the Titan wall;  
Then, churned to foam, falls thundering on its lee:  
And aye the whirling billows mount and fall,  
And crushed, renew the assault with boisterous glee;  
But, lo!—where rocks volcanic guard its brim—  
A roaring vortex showed its milky rim!

## LIX.

A pang shot to the pilot's heart; his frame  
Shook with convulsive horror; agonies,  
That wring the chords of life, his strength o'ercame,  
As burst that sudden vision on his eyes!  
Back—back thy helm! Vain thought—with desperate aim,  
Like falcon on its prey, the vessel flies!  
And he who steers to that devoted shore,  
Shall find a port which he shall quit no more.

## LX.

But hark ! shrill voices echo from the beach—  
 Dim forms are seen in conflict with the wave ;  
 And, swift as ministers of Mercy, each  
 Stems the white surge—extends a hand to save.  
 Anon—the drifting bark is in their reach ;  
 For once man's desperate courage foils the grave ;  
 For once that howling gulf resigns its prey,  
 And horror's night is changed to sudden day !

## LXI.

High on the beach they hauled the shattered bark,  
 And found therein two breathing forms ; and one  
 Whose lovely features still retained the mark  
 And stamp of beauty—but the light was gone !  
 “ Yet lurks there in the flint a latent spark ?  
 So life may lurk, tho' all its warmth be flown !  
 Oh, holy friar, restore that heart to mine,  
 And Reggio's golden altar shall be thine ! ”—

## LXII.

'T is noon—but hope still combats with despair ;  
 'T is night—'tis morn ; and now from their long trance,  
 The thrill of life creeps o'er those features fair,  
 And, tint by tint,—warm, warmer hues advance,  
 Like kindling streaks along the mountain air :  
 A long drawn sigh—a start—a wildered glance. . . .  
 “ But be thou silent ; watch, and thou shalt see,  
 How God can work in man's extremity ! ”

## LXIII.

Another day—another night is fled,  
When, as if wakened from a sweet repose,  
On love's sustaining arm she leant her head,  
And felt the bliss that, from remembered woes,  
Its hallowed transport on her spirit shed.  
Yet, with that bliss what poignant fears arose!  
Where was her aged sire? Lorenzo smiled—  
“He lives—Fontana lives to bless his child!”

## LXIV.

“Lives, dost thou say? Heaven bless thee for that word;  
To know but this—and thus to look on thee  
Is life indeed! But where, and how, restored?  
How rescued from that all-devouring sea?”  
“Our bark was strong—our guardian Saint on board—  
And Heaven's strong arm was stretched o'er thine and thee!  
Fontana lives!” . . . The curtain flew apart,  
And Stella sobbed upon her father's heart.

## LXV.

“Flow on my tears—in grateful rapture flow!  
Yours is that eloquence no words command;  
Drawn from the fountain of remembered woe,  
Ye drop like dew on Sorrow's burning sand!  
Ye quench its fires, and teach new flowers to blow—  
Lift the sad heart, and nerve the feeble hand;  
Life's genial rain, ye melt the snow of years—  
My lost one is restored—flow on my tears!” . . . .

## LXIX.

But here we pause—Before me is a star,  
Whose lustre clothes all mortal things with bloom ;  
And kindling in my heart, are hopes that mar  
The sense of ill—and look beyond the tomb !  
Fleet as yon flaming comet, and as far  
As mind can pierce the mysteries of doom—  
The Muse, at will, directs her ardent flight,  
And, flying, still unlocks new fountains of delight :

## LXX.

But most to *him*—whom wonted pleasure flees ;  
Who seeks for health, as misers seek for treasure—  
Faints in the sun, and shivers in the breeze—  
Her voice is fraught with sweet and pensive pleasure ;  
Led by the Muse, the bright Sicilides  
Weave the light dance, and wake the Doric measure ;  
While Ætna, Enna, Arethusa's stream,  
With gorgeous visions fill the Pilgrim's dream !

END OF CANTO III.

## NOTES TO CANTO I.

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STANZA XVI.—*From Ortegal's bluff headlands, &c.*

The well-known cape and castle on the north coast of Galicia.

*Rich and romantic landscapes glimmered near.*

The allusion in the text refers more particularly to the tract of coast, comprehending *Hieres* and *Nice*, and which, for beauty and magnificence, is, by the concurring testimony of almost all travellers, unrivalled.

STANZA XVIII.—.....*Monaco's gray pyramid.*

The capital of a diminutive, but ancient principality; about ten or fifteen miles from Nice—its territory is covered with olives, the source of its prosperity.

Son Monaco, sopr'uno scoglio,  
Non semino, non recoglio;  
Eppure, mangiar voglio!

STANZA XIX.—.....*That delicious clime, &c.*

It is almost impossible to do justice to the ever-varying beauty and fertility which distinguish this part of the coast:—

Partout on voit murir, partout on voit éclore  
Et les fruits de Pomone, et les présens de Flore!

STANZA XX.—.....*St. Remo's bell.*

St. Remo, in addition to the merits here recorded, is the birth-place of the famous astrologer, Nostradamus, and contains the celebrated triumphal arch and mausoleum, built by the Romans—still nearly perfect, and much admired by antiquarians.

STANZA XXII.—*Proud Genoa soars—a glad and gorgeous sight!*

The first view of Genoa, on a morning like the present, seemed nothing less than a work of enchantment. Those only who have seen can form a just estimate of its novel and accumulated beauties; but any description worthy of the subject, will, it is feared, be a hopeless *desideratum* in the pen and portfolio sketches of modern times:—

Ecco! vediam la maestosa immensa  
Città! che al mar' le sponde, il dorso ai monti  
Occupata tutta, e tutta a cerchio adorna!

STANZA XXVII.—..... *The Circè of Liguria's soil!*

The dress of the Genoese ladies is peculiarly graceful, and the tasteful disposition of the *mezzaro*, here alluded to, shows the wearer to advantage—particularly at vespers.

STANZA XXVIII.—*While yon Madonna, &c.*

In the church of Santo Sirio—a *chef-d'œuvre* of its kind, but still inferior to that in the *Albergo dei Poveri*—the unrivalled work of Michael Angelo.

STANZA XXIX.—..... *Domes that burn  
In molten gold, ake Nero's.*

Like NERO's golden house of antiquity—not the modern Signor Nero, who has also a palace here. The *dome* alluded to is that in the palace of *Durazzo*, which is entirely covered with *Peruvian* gold, burnished.

STANZA XXXI.—..... *Charity took root, &c.*

For the number and costly magnificence of her charitable institutions and edifices, Genoa stands unrivalled. The *Albergo dei Poveri*, built and endowed at the expense of a single family—the *Brignoli*—is the astonishment of every traveller.

STANZA XXXIV.—*The Doria's sculptured halls are desolate, &c.*

The description in the text is to be taken *literally*, and, indeed, the author is not aware that in any stanza he has greatly, if at all, diverged through poetical licence, from the real and present state of Genoa. Those who would know more, and hear worse, have only to converse with the inhabitants.

STANZA XXXVI.—..... *City of Delight.*

An epithet of endearment by which the Genoese recognise their capital, and expressive of an affection, such as the Moors still cherish for their beloved Alhambra.

STANZA XXXVII.—*A rosy flood survives the parent day.*

A phenomenon of imposing splendour, frequent here, and peculiarly enhanced by the immediate vicinity of the sea.

STANZA XL.—*From yon lone shrine, perched on the silent hill, &c.*

A place of pilgrimage, crowning the summit of a picturesque hill overlooking the sea.

STANZA XLI.—..... *The world's great mariner, &c.*

Columbus was born at Genoa, in 1447. See "*Vita di Cristoforo Colombo, &c., del Cav. Bossi;*" an interesting and well accredited work.

STANZA XLIV.—*White temples lift their patriarchal towers.*

This is but another feature of the numberless beauties, which, at every step on this coast, and in endless combinations, excite and keep alive the traveller's admiration.

STANZA XLVII.—*My steps are on Hetruria's hills.*

The road from Genoa to Florence commands an uninterrupted succession of all those varieties of scenery, soil, and productions, for which Italy is so remarkable. The road from Genoa to the Tuscan frontier is of recent and magnificent construction. What scenery and what splendid skies are these!

STANZA LI.—*The banished Danté.*

Exulem a Florentia except Ravenna, vivo fruens, mortuum colens—tumulum pretiosum musis, S. P. Q. Rav: jure ac ære suo tamquam thesaurum suum munivit, instauravit, ornavit. *Epitaph.*

..... *Our divinest Bard.*

Milton's passionate admiration of Tuscany and Tuscan institutions enters into the subject of many of his epistles. In after-life they became the source of many soothing reminiscences—"Were I to open my eyes once more on earth," said he, "I would wish to open them on Fiesolè and the Val d'Arno."

See his EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS, l. 129.

STANZA LII.—..... *Yon miraculous Tower.*

The celebrated *leaning tower*, which commands one of the most enchanting views in Italy.—For its history, see *Simond's Travels*.

STANZA LIII.—..... *The spell-bound Alfieri.*

In allusion to some characteristic passages in his early and after-life, for which see his personal memoirs.

STANZA LXIV.—*The Campo-Santo—City of the Dead!*

The famous Cemetery of Pisa. See Eustace, Simond, &c.

..... *Where Palestine  
Hath strewn its soil.*

It is calculated that, to form this Cemetery, as much earth was imported from the Holy Land by the Pisans (on their return from the third Crusade) as would be a sufficient cargo for fifty vessels of 300 tons burden.

STANZA LVIII.—*The dazzling tracks of ether trod alone,  
Till the bright vision overwhelmed his own!*

This is not merely poetical. Galileo, during his labours upon the telescope, which he brought to unprecedented perfection, and by incessant application to study, and the improvement of his glasses, became blind.



## NOTES TO CANTO II.

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STANZA I.—*And baffled Turnus battles for his bride!*

Vicisti: et victum tendere palmas  
Ausonii videre: tua est *Lavinia* conjux.

STANZA II.—*Exclaim with patriot pride—These—these are ours!*

Such is the language of the modern Roman, whenever the conversation turns upon the ancient glory of his country, contrasted with its present divisions, jealousies, and church despotism. *Son Romano io!* so often retorted upon the suspicious traveller, seems almost a burlesque upon that once proud title—but it is a spark which shows that the fire, though stifled, is not quite extinct.—*Gl' Italiani cominciano anch' essi a pensare!*

STANZA IV.—*Syrtis—Charybdis.*

Perque procellosas *Syrtes*, per saxa *Maleæ*....  
Tumidis torta *Charybdis*, &c.

STANZA VII.—*The eternal city glimmers from her hills.*

To an eye accustomed to contemplate prospects through a vaporous sky, nothing can be more pleasing than the extreme purity of the atmosphere, and the distinct appearance of remote objects in this climate.

STANZA VIII.—*Causeways that drain the distant hills in Rome.*

The aqueduct which forms the allusion in the text, is that seen to greatest advantage from the Esplanade of the Lateran, about sunset.

STANZA XI.—*Procida—Ischia—Nisita.*

*Procida.* Prochyta of the ancients. (The modern pronunciation of this—Protch-ida—with a host of others, seem to start a fresh subject for philologists on the *chi*, Latin—*ci*, Italian—and  $\chi$ , Greek.)  
*Vel ego Prochyta præpono Saburra!*

*Ischia.* The ancient *Inarime*. Typhæus's prison; but the fire of whose eyes, like the volcano, has been long extinct. Berkely, Bishop of Cloyne, often declared that the happiest summer he ever enjoyed was in this island, which he called an epitome of the earth.

*Nisita.* In front of this fairy islet the pilgrim performs quarantine—anciently *Nesis*. See Lucan, vi.—90. *Emittit*, &c.

*Syren of the Sea.*

VIRG. GEORG. IV. v. 564. HOMER OD. 12. STRAB. I-V.

STANZA XIII.—*Look but on Naples, say her bards, and die.*The *proverbs* alluded to are well known: “*Un pezzo di cielo caduto in terra!*” “*Vede Napoli e mori!*”.....*And simmering, the broad bay.*The basin or gulf is supposed to have been, and is still called, the *crater*.For illustration of the text, see—or read the history of *Nero's Baths*—wood near the *Avernus* and *Solfatara*. In the latter, a stick thrust into the soil, or rather crust, where I stood, caught fire; and I made similar observations, though more sensibly felt, in an ascent of *Vesuvius*.STANZA XXI.—*Where their sepulchres rise by the sea.*For an account of these tombs see *Memoria di un antico Sepolcreto Greco-Romano, da Lorenzo Giustiniani*.STANZA XXII.—*Posilippo!*(Magni tumulis ad canto *magistri!*) apparently ἀπο της παυσεως της λυπης—or “*Sorrow's rest*,” as the etymon would import. A title conferred upon it by its primitive colonists, who, having made trial of its soil and climate, laid down their burdens and took up their abode on its shores.*Who sleeps below?*Mantua me genuit: Calabri rapuere: tenet nunc  
Parthenope. Cecini Pascua, Rura, Duces.  
Tunc sacrum felix aluisti, Terra, Maronem  
Tunc pio celas ossa beato sinu?  
Anne etiam, ut fama est, Vatis placidissima sæpe  
Inter odoratum cernitur umbra nemus?

STANZAS XXVI-XXXVI.—BAIÆ.

Varia circum oblectamina vitæ  
..... blandissima littora, Baias.—*Stat.*  
Littus beatæ aureum Veneris!  
Baïæ superbæ blanda dona naturæ.—*Mart.**Cimmerian Cumæ.*Ενθα δε Κιμμερων ανδρων δημός τε πόλις τε  
'Ηέρι και νεφέλη κεκαλυμμένοι ούδέ ποτ' αυτούς  
'Ηέλιος φαέθων ἐπιδέρκεται ακτινεσσιν, &c., &c.ELYSIAN FIELDS.—Devenere locos lætos et amœna vireta  
Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas.*Sibyl's Grotto*.—At the time I penetrated the recesses of this labyrinth, the bottom was covered to a considerable depth with stagnant water; and though mounted on the shoulders of a sturdy lazza-

roni, still it is not an experiment to be recommended—to invalids at least.

PLINY.—... Ubi dies redditus, corpus inventum est integrum ..  
Habitus corporis quiescenti, quam defuncto similior.

LUCULLUS.—For particulars *vide* Plutarch, in Lucull.

NERO.—... *Parricide and charioteer.*

For illustration of the latter *vide* Tacit. Annal. lib. xiv. s. 14. For that of the former *vide* *ibid.*, sect. 4-10.

LINTERNUM.—*Torre di Patria.* Here Scipio Africanus retired to voluntary exile. The *torre* is the only vestige of the city as well as of Scipio—the epitaph is universally known:—

INGRATA PATRIA, NE QUIDEM OSSA MEA HABES.

See the eloquent declamation of Seneca, (Epist. lxxxvi.) also Liv. lib. xxxviii. 53.

CICERO.—“Romani fama decusque fori.” “Eloquii fulmen.” Here in his villa of *Puteolanum* Cicero composed his Academic Questions.

*Puteoli.*—Pozzuoli.—See Senec. Nat. Quæst. lib. iii. c. 20. Plin. lib. xxxv. c. 13. Quis enim satis miretur *pessimam* ejus (terræ) partem ideoque *pulverem* appellatum in Puteolanis, *collibus opponi maris fluctibus mersumque protinus fieri lapidem inexpugnabilem undis, et fortiozem quotidie.*

Here the *Via Appia* terminates, and exhibits, in various points, its ancient indestructibility.

On the beach I gathered various fragments of precious mosaic, thrown up by the sea. The *Duomo* (anciently the temple of Antinous!) and temple of Jupiter Serapis, are the objects alluded to in the text.

*Champion of the Cross.*—Acts of the Apostles, c. xxviii.

#### STANZAS XXXIX-XLVIII.

The eruptions of *Vesuvius* are more striking than those of *Ætna*, inasmuch as the former are more within the scope of observation—and rarely burst but with the probability of destruction to human life and habitations. Vesuvius, A. D. 473, covered, according to Marcell. Comes, all Europe with its ashes. “Nocturnisque in die tenebris: omnem Europam faciem minuto contegit pulvere.” But on this subject see any book of travels—more particularly Sir W. Hamilton’s account.

The best position for a silent contemplation of the scene—when such a scene presents itself—is that off the *Castel del’ Uovo*—and about a mile out on the bay.

The subterraneous communications, and simultaneous agitation of these Phlegræan storehouses, are not the least remarkable part of their history—the sympathy between *Vesuvius* and *Solfatara* is strikingly so.

STANZAS LXVIII-LXXXII.—.....*She whose bier  
Was the unbowelled mountain.*

*Pompëia!* (Pompeii, or Pompeia.) This subject has become so familiarized to every class of readers, that it would be superfluous, if not presumptuous, to extend my notes beyond the immediate allusions in the text. I may add, however, that my observations were made on the spot, which I have attempted—however inadequately—to describe; and further, that I know of no other scene, or *spectacle*, that takes such immediate and entire hold of the mind and imagination; and which no change, nor circumstance, of after-life can ever obliterate. Let him, who travels for excitement, visit Pompeii by moonlight, and view an eruption of Vesuvius from the bay at midnight.

The sympathy alluded to has been uniform and remarkable in all eruptions—particularly in those of 1631 and 1698. *Parrini* and *Boccone* adduce some remarkable facts on this subject.

Upwards of twenty human skeletons were found in the cellar of a house near the gate, and opposite that (an *inn*) marked with the *Salve* of welcome, seven skeletons: the first carried a *lamp*, and of the others, each retained betwixt its bony fingers something which it had wished to preserve.

In 1812, among other exhumations, a skeleton was found near the Tragic Theatre, with a purse in its grasp, containing, I am informed, eight pieces of gold, three hundred and sixty of silver, and forty-two of bronze; the purse of wire, and still maintaining its precious deposit in due form!

*Dio* informs us, lib. lxvi., that the inhabitants were surprised by the eruption, while the circus was crowded with spectators. This is disputed; but the skeletons already discovered constitute a very small proportion of those who actually perished. Little more than an *eighth* part of the city is yet excavated.

The marks of wine-cups are still visible on the marble counter.

There is no exaggeration in the text—there lie the materials half finished, and in various stages of their progress, as they were originally placed for his operations, and as they were left by the last workman, 1700 years ago.

*Isis' shrine.* As described in the text. Close to the cella of this temple, a skeleton was discovered. The sacred vessels, lamps, and tables, though removed, are still shown at the *Museo*.

The tracks of the wheels which anciently rolled over the pavement, have a powerful effect in conjuring back the *past*—the busy multitude that once thronged the now silent thoroughfare.

.....*Door, writ with the name of its last tenant.*

This I remarked in several instances. The scribblings and drawings of the soldiers on the walls of their barracks are quite distinct.

*Street of Sepulchres,* beyond the gate. The tomb of the priestess *Mammia* is remarkable. Here are still preserved undisturbed the ancient family urns and ashes, on small altars within the monuments; externally are the broken masks.

## STANZA LXXXII.

Pompeia, as the reader well knows, was buried by showers of *ashes*—Herculaneum overwhelmed by torrents of boiling *lava*. The former comparatively offers but little obstruction to the labourer; but the latter, having insinuated itself, in the consistence of molten lead, into every crevice, and become indurated like marble, requires the skill and perseverance of a miner to dislodge it, and that by very slow degrees.

*Some cursing called their gods.* See Pliny's description of Pompeia's last day.—Many called on the gods for assistance, others despaired of the existence of the gods, &c.

The theatre was one of the most perfect specimens of ancient architecture. It was capable of containing from three thousand to four thousand spectators.

*What city hath returned to earth again?*

In this respect these cities stand awful and solitary monuments. The finest pulpits in the world for homilies on the instability of human glory!

## NOTES TO CANTO III.

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### STANZAS I-XXI.

For the facts stated in the text see *Ancient Classical History of Calabria and its Inhabitants*.

### STANZA XV.

The annual and compulsory migrations from the **HIGHLANDS** are too notorious to require any comment in this place.

### STANZAS XXV-XXXI.

“On the 24th of March,” says Kircher,\* “we launched in a small boat from the harbour of Messina, in Sicily, and arrived the same day at the promontory of Pelorus. Our destination was for the city of **EUPHEMIA**, in Calabria; but on account of the weather we were obliged to continue three days at Pelorus. At length, wearied with delay, we resolved to prosecute our voyage; and although the sea seemed more than usually agitated, yet we ventured forward. The gulf of Charybdis, which we approached, seemed whirled round in such a manner as to form a vast hollow, verging to a point in the centre. Proceeding onward, and turning my eyes to Mount **Ætna**, I saw it cast forth large volumes of smoke of mountainous size, which entirely covered the island and blotted out even the shores from my view. This, together with the dreadful noise and the sulphureous smell, which was strongly perceived, filled me with apprehensions that some dreadful calamity was impending. The sea itself seemed to wear a very unusual appearance; those who have seen a lake in a violent shower of rain, all covered over with bubbles, will have some idea of its agitations. My surprise was still increased by the calmness and serenity of the weather—not a breeze, not a cloud which might be supposed to put all nature thus into motion. I therefore warned my companion that an earthquake was approaching; and after some time, making for the shore with all possible diligence, we landed at **Tropæa**. But we had scarce arrived at the Jesuits’ college in that city, when our ears were stunned with a horrid sound, resembling that of an infinite number of chariots driven fiercely forward, the wheels rattling and the thongs crackling. Soon after this a most dreadful earthquake ensued, so that the

\* Earthquake in Calabria, 1638.

whole tract upon which we stood seemed to vibrate as if we were in the scale of a balance that continued waving. This motion, however, soon grew more violent; and being no longer able to keep my legs, I was thrown prostrate upon the ground. After some time, finding that I remained unhurt amidst the general concussion, I resolved to venture for safety, and, running as fast as I could, reached the shore. I did not search long here till I found the boat in which I had landed, and my companions also. Leaving the seat of desolation, we prosecuted our voyage along the coast, and the next day came to Rochetta, where we landed, although the earth still continued in agitation. But we were scarce arrived at our inn, when we were once more obliged to return to our boat; and in about half an hour we saw the greatest part of the town, and the inn at which we had set up, dashed to the ground, and burying all its inhabitants beneath its ruins. Proceeding onward in our little vessel, we at length landed at Lopizium, a castle midway between Tropæa and EUPHEMIA, the city to which we were bound. Here, wherever I turned my eyes, nothing but scenes of ruin and horror appeared; towns and castles levelled to the ground; Stromboli, though at sixty miles' distance, belching forth flames in an unusual manner, and with a noise which I could distinctly hear. But my attention was quickly turned from more remote to contiguous danger. The rumbling sound of an approaching earthquake, which by this time we were grown acquainted with, alarmed us for the consequences. It every moment seemed to grow louder and to approach more near. The place on which we stood now began to shake most dreadfully, so that, being unable to stand, my companions and I caught hold of whatever shrub grew next us, and supported ourselves in that manner. After some time, the paroxysm ceasing, we again stood up, in order to prosecute our voyage to EUPHEMIA, which lay within sight. In the mean time, while we were preparing for this purpose, I turned my eyes towards the city, but could see only a frightful, dark cloud that seemed to rest upon the place. This the more surprised us, as the weather was so very serene. We waited, therefore, till the cloud was passed away, then turning to look for the city, it was totally sunk, and nothing but a dismal and putrid lake was to be seen where it stood."

STANZAS XXXVII-L.—*The Earthquake.*

"On the 5th of February, 1783, a day indelibly stamped upon the recollection of every older native of this plain, all the towns and villages situated within its circuit were overthrown by the terrific shock, which extended far into Upper Calabria on one side, and reached to Sicily on the other. The habitations situated on the upper skirts of the mountains suffered less, but offered, perhaps, more remarkable phenomena in the partial and singular effects they experienced. At Cassalnovo every edifice was cast to the earth, a cross and fountain alone remaining in their original position, to stimulate devotion or excite gratitude. The Princess of Gerace, mother to the lady in whose house I was, and heiress of domains which, extending

from one sea to the other, obtained for her the appellation of 'Queen of Calabria,' perished, together with the majority of the inhabitants of Cassalnovò, where she was only staying a few days, having come thither on business, from her usual residence at the town of Gerace, situated upon the eastern side of the mountains towards the Ionian sea. Terranova, another possession of this lamented individual, was one of those spots which in its destruction exhibited some of the most singular effects of the earthquake; and as the traces still exist, I was taken to see it. I found a village formed of one straight street, containing 700 inhabitants, placed in the midst of ruins which were those of a town of 13,000 souls. These presented to the eye masses of masonry of immense size, scattered in all directions, and frequently retaining the forms they originally possessed, but inverted or transposed in the most extraordinary manner. A house, situated 300 paces from a little river that runs in the ravine under Terranova, was slipped by the motion of the earth close to the edge of it; and though the roof and a portion of its walls fell in by the force of the shock, two of its inmates crept out unhurt. Another most singular feature in the ruins of Terranova is presented by one of the watch-towers of the baronial castle, which was precipitated off its base down the side of the declivity, and to this day exists in almost an entire state, with its battlements downwards. The ground sank so much in some places that the circular shaft of a well which was entirely concealed by the soil, now rises to the height of six feet above the surface; its immobility during the universal commotion is attributed to the rock on which it is probably founded. Similar peculiarities were observed in the destruction of Oppido, a considerable town, considered by Cluverius as placed on the site of the ancient Mamertium.

"Terranova in its present state occupies one of the most lovely situations which it is possible to imagine; and the scars, if I may so call them, which the earthquake has impressed on the face of nature, are far from producing a detrimental effect on its general aspect. The luxuriance of vegetation peculiar to all the rents and chasms produced by this extraordinary convulsion, is not the least remarkable circumstance attending it; and the changes which were perceptible in the course of the neighbouring streams, their total failure in some places and their unexpected appearance in others, may perhaps rank amongst its more immediate causes."—*Tour through Calabria.*

STANZAS XLIII to the end.

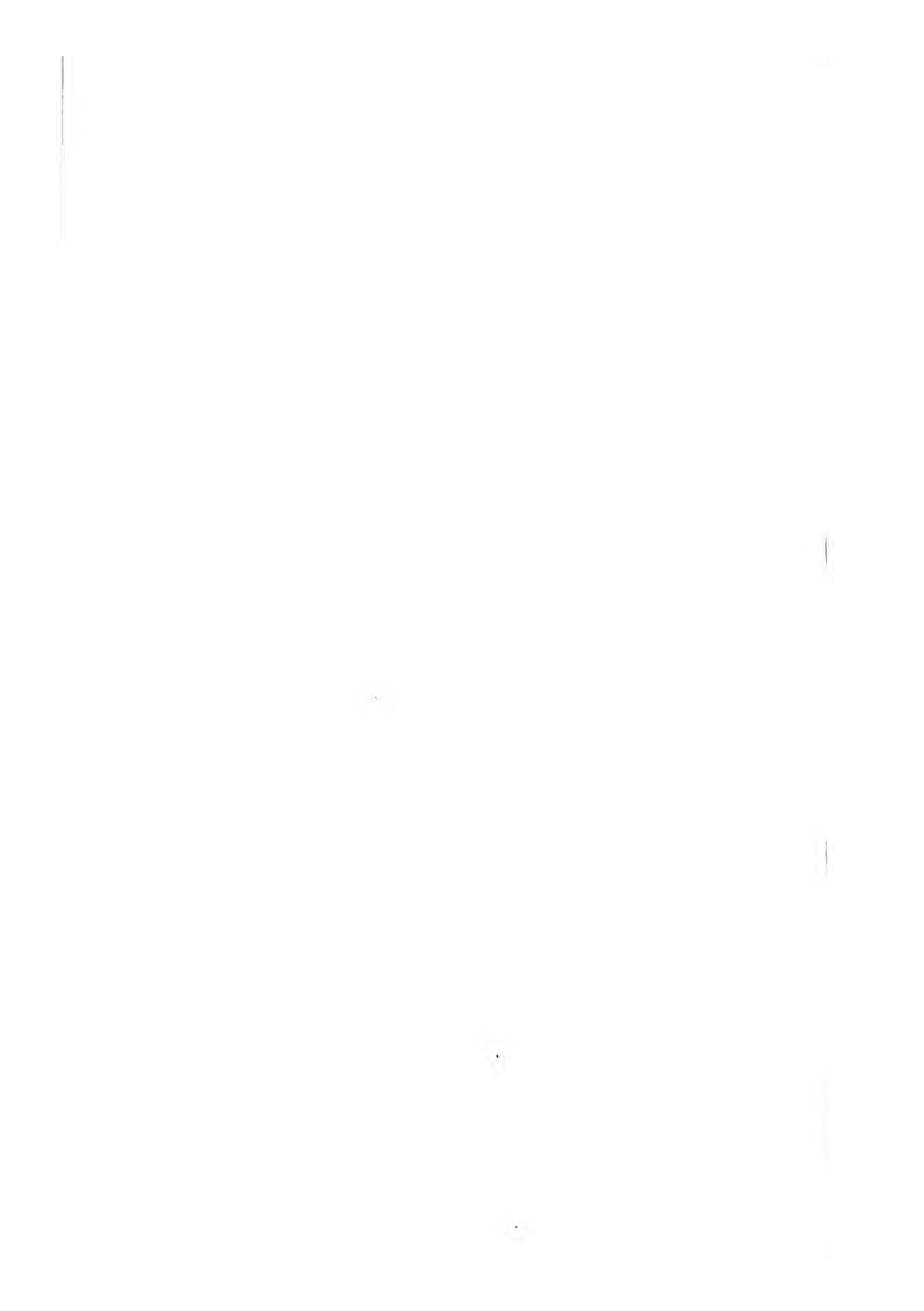
"Among the many tremendous events produced in the progression of the earthquake in 1783, no one is so awful or impressive as that which sealed the doom of 4000 individuals, collected in one spot with their feudal lord, around whom, as a father and protector, they had collected in the hour of peril. The shock which all this portion of the Calabrian coast experienced on the morning of the 5th of February, had been highly detrimental to the town of Scylla, and levelled with the dust most of the houses situated on the upper



range. The castle had also suffered considerable damage: it was the residence of the prince, whom advanced age and infirmities had rendered almost indifferent to the fate which appeared to threaten his existence, in common with that of the whole population. He had determined to await the event before the crucifix in his chapel, but was persuaded to leave the walls of a mansion which appeared scarcely able to resist further concussion, and seek his safety in flight towards the mountains, where he possessed a magnificent residence called La Melia; but the road that led out of the town was so encumbered with the ruins of the buildings which had been overthrown, that it was resolved to defer his departure until the following day, and a temporary and apparently secure asylum was sought on the strand of one of the two small bays, which are separated by the castle, and form harbours for the fishing-boats. To the largest of these, on the southern side of the promontory, this nobleman retired, and prepared to pass the night in a felucca which had been hauled up on the sand, with all the other vessels belonging to the place, serving as receptacles for the remains of property or household goods saved by the unfortunate owners out of their fallen habitations. Here all the surviving individuals had assembled, and, after a day of terror, hoped to pass a few hours of comparative ease and tranquillity. The Ave Maria had been said, in which the feudal chieftain and all his vassals, now reduced to one common level of humiliation by the visitations they apprehended, had joined with all the fervour of penitence and fear. The cries of motherless babes and the lamentations of childless parents had subsided with the commotions of the earth; while grief, terror, and even despair lost their power of excitement, and all had sunk under the languor of bodily as well as mental exhaustion. Not a breath of air disturbed the stillness of the atmosphere; not the slightest ripple was audible on the surface of the sea: it seemed as if the elements, mankind, and nature herself had wasted their energies, and yielded to the necessity of repose. At about half-past seven, a distant but loud crash proclaimed some new disaster, and awakened to a fearful state of suspense all the silent sufferers. A powerful recurrence of the morning's shocks had severed a large portion of Mount Baci, which forms the next promontory towards the south, and dashed its shivered masses into the sea. The darkness precluded an immediate communication of this event to the trembling population on the sands, and also shrouded from their knowledge the anticipation of its consequences. They were roused by the earthquake; but, extended on the beach, and out of the way of all buildings, they thought themselves comparatively secure from real danger. A low, rustling noise soon was heard, and gradually but rapidly increased to the roar of the most impetuous hurricane. The waters of the whole canal, impelled by the pressure of the fallen mountain, in a single wave had rushed with irresistible force over the opposite point of the Faro, which it entirely inundated. Thrown back towards the Calabrian coast, it passed with impetuosity over the shore of Scylla, and in its retreat to the bosom of the deep, swept from its surface every individual who had thought to find safety in the bareness of its sands! One abhorrent shriek, uttered by the united voices of 4000

beings, thus snatched to eternity, re-echoed from the mountains; and the tremendous wave, returning a second and last time, rose to the elevation of the highest houses that yet remained entire, and buried many of them in masses of mud and sand, leaving on their flat roofs, and among the branches of the trees which grew out of the impending rocks, the mangled bodies of the victims it had destroyed. But these were not many; for the mass, including the Prince, were never seen or heard of more."—*Tour through Calabria.*

END OF NOTES TO THE THIRD CANTO.



POEMS.



MONODY ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS  
CAMPBELL.

---

I.

HARK!—'tis the death-knell, from Bononia's shore,<sup>1</sup>  
That strikes the ear, and thrills in every core!  
From cliff to cliff the mournful tidings spread—  
The light is quench'd—the 'Bard of Hope' is dead!  
Her standard droops! and Freedom on her wall,  
Shrieks—as she shrieked at KOSCIUSKO's fall!<sup>2</sup>

POETS of England!—ye, to whom belong  
The prophet's fire—the mystic powers of song—  
On *you* devolves the sad and sacred trust  
To chant the requiem o'er a brother's dust!  
His kindred shade demands the kindred tear—  
The Poets' homage o'er a Poet's bier!

<sup>1</sup> *Bononia Galliæ*—Boulogne-sur-Mer—"Gessoriacum quod nunc *Bononia*."

<sup>2</sup> *Kosciushko*—"And Freedom shrieked," &c.—PL. of HOPE.

While *I*—who saw the vital flame expire,  
 And heard the last tones of that broken lyre—  
 Closed the dim eye, and propped the drooping head—  
 And caught the spirit's farewell as it fled—  
 With your high notes my lowly tribute blend,  
 And mourn, at once, the Poet and the Friend !

Twice twenty summers of unclouded fame  
 Had shed their lustre on our Poet's name ;  
 And found him ever prompt, and in the van,  
 To guard the rights and dignity of Man.  
 On Freedom's altar sacrificing wealth,  
 To Science consecrating life and health ;  
 In age retaining all the fire of youth—  
 The love of liberty, the thirst for truth ;  
 He spent his days—improved them as they pass'd,  
 And still reserved the brightest for the last !

## II.

Twas here—where GODFREY's sullen rampart frowns <sup>3</sup>  
 O'er wave-worn cliffs and wide-expanding downs ;  
 And whispering elms in soothing cadence wave  
 O'er Churchill's death-bed and Lesage's grave—<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Godfrey* (of Bouillon), said to have been born in the *Citadel* of Boulogne.

<sup>4</sup> *Churchill*—the English Juvenal—died at Boulogne in 1746, and *Lesage*—the author of *Gil Blas*—the following year : ‘ *Ici est mort l'Auteur de Gil Blas. 1747,*’ is engraved on a stone over the door of his house.

'Twas here our Poet—on the stranger's soil,  
 Retired to pause from intellectual toil—  
 To solve the mystic writing on the wall—  
 Adjust his mantle ere he let it fall—<sup>5</sup>  
 Weigh life's great question—commune with his heart,  
 Then, hail the welcome signal and depart.

And here—tho' health decay'd—his taste still warm  
 Conferr'd on all it touch'd a classic charm ;  
 While round his hearth—to soothe and sympathise—  
 Affection watch'd with ever-wakeful eyes ;  
 And—tun'd to trophies which his youth had won—  
 Cheer'd the last days of life's declining sun ;  
 While Freedom strew'd her laurels at his feet,  
 And Song and Science dignified retreat.

But soon life's current darken'd as it flow'd ;  
 Gladness forsook the Poet's new abode ;  
 His hearth grew sad, and slowly pass'd away  
 The clouded evening of a brilliant day !  
 The books—the lyre—the lov'd Achaian strain,  
 That charm'd the fancy, could not lull the pain,  
 That now, in fatal ambush, hour by hour,  
 Bore witness to the fever's wasting power.

But still philosophy and faith allied—  
 Thoughts well directed—reason well applied,  
 Inspired a strength and healthful tone of mind  
 That cheered the spirit, while the body pined.

<sup>5</sup> *Adjust his mantle, &c.*—SHAKSP. JUL. CÆS.



And if—amidst his pain—a tear, a sigh  
 Rose on his lip, or trembled in his eye,—  
 'Twas when sweet memories o'er his spirit came,  
 And his lips mov'd to some belovéd name  
 That—while the soul was yearning to depart—  
 Still kept its mansion sacred in his heart !  
 But else unmov'd—he watched the close of life—  
 Brac'd on his armour for the final strife ;  
 Resolv'd in death, to fall beneath his shield,  
 Conqueror—not captive—to resign the field.

### III.

Life ebb'd apace : the star of ' Hope ' arose  
 To light her Poet to his last repose !  
 On welcome wing the Seraph, stooping down,  
 Illum'd his couch, and showed the future crown :—  
 “ Enough hast thou achieved of earthly fame,  
 To gild the Patriot's and the Poet's name ;  
 Long has thy Lay—instinct with heavenly fire—  
 Upheld the lofty standard of the lyre ;  
 Congenial with the source from which it came—  
 Thy Song hath minister'd to Virtue's flame.  
 And now—that longer life were lengthen'd pain—  
 In brighter realms revive the hallowed strain ! ”  
 As o'er yon headlands, where the sun has set,<sup>6</sup>  
 Beams of reflected glory linger yet ;

<sup>6</sup> *Headlands*.—Those alluded to are the English cliffs, as far as Beechy-head : the sunsets over which—as seen from the ramparts of Boulogne—are often very beautiful, and were strikingly so at the time mentioned.

So now—to gild the last and closing scene—  
 Fresh on the Poet's cheek and brow serene,  
 The setting sun of life's eventful day  
 Has left a soft and sanctifying ray !

## IV.

CAMPBELL is dead !—dissolved the spirit's bond—  
 The bourne is past—but all is light beyond ;  
 Dead—yet not silent !—still to memory dear,  
 His latest accents linger on my ear ;  
 His words—his looks—like spirits from the urn—  
 With awful force and tenderness return !

All—all is changed !—the minstrel harp unstrung,  
 Quenched the bright eye, and mute the tuneful tongue,  
 That erst, with generous glow, and stern control  
 Subdued—exalted—sway'd the stubborn soul ;  
 Abashed the proud—dispelled the exile's fears,  
 And even from despots wrung reluctant tears—  
 In free-born hearts infused a Spartan zeal,  
 That stirred the spirit like a trumpet-peal !

Speak thou, SARMATIA ! When the Spoiler's hand  
 With blood and rapine filled thy smiling land—  
 When Beauty wept—and brave men bled in vain—  
 And reeking Slaughter stalked on every plain,  
 Whose voice uprose ?—as with a mighty charm,  
 To shield the weak and foil the despot's arm—

Whose song first taught our sympathies to flow  
 In streams of healing through a land of woe ?  
 'Twas *his* ! 'twas Campbell's soul-inspiring chord,  
 That nerved the heart, and edged the patriot's sword !—  
 That changed—nor faltered—nor relaxed the song,  
 Till—roused to vindicate Sarmatia's wrong—  
 Britannia—seconding her Poet's art—  
 Received the band of heroes to her heart ;  
 And, o'er the wreck of Freedom's gory field,  
 Threw the broad shade of her protecting shield !

He loved thee, Poland ! with a filial love—  
 Shared in the sorrows he could not remove ;  
 Revered thy virtues, and bewail'd thy woes !  
 And—could his life have purchased thy repose—  
 Proud of the sacrifice, he would have bled,  
 And mingled ashes with thy mighty dead ;

## V.

To you—his cherished friends and old compeers—  
 The frank companions of his brightest years ;  
 Whose friendship strengthened as acquaintance grew—  
 Warmed—glowed, as fate the narrowing circle drew ;—  
 To you a mournful messenger—I bear  
 The Minstrel's blessing, and the Patriot's prayer.

How often in the sad or social hour,  
 Have ye admired the Minstrel's varied power—

Felt how his soul rejoiced with you to share  
 The noon of sunshine, or the night of care !  
 His heart—to tenderest sympathies awake ;  
 His mind—transparent as the summer lake—  
 Lent all his actions energy and grace,  
 And stamped their manly feelings in the face—  
 Feelings—no sordid aim could compromise—  
 That feared no foe, and needed no disguise.

And oh ! when next in Freedom's wonted Hall  
 Ye hold the Patriots' sacred festival ;  
 When, face to face, SARMATIA'S brothers meet—  
 Miss the loved voice, and mark the vacant seat ;  
 When thro' the soul conflicting passions throng—  
 Your Poet will be present in his song !  
 His spirit will be there !—a shadowy guest—  
 Unseen—unheard—but felt in every breast !  
 He will be there—the minstrel-chair to claim,  
 And fan the sparks of Freedom into flame !—

## VI.

I knew him well !—how sad to say *I knew* !  
 That simple word brings all the past to view !—  
 I knew his virtues—ardently and long  
 Admir'd the Poet for his moral song ;  
 But soon—when ripened intercourse began—  
 I found the Poet's rival in the *Man*—  
 The man, who blended in the minstrel's art  
 The brightest genius with the warmest heart.

Poet and Friend!—in this her two-fold grief—  
 Where shall the muse of Friendship find relief?  
 She turns instinctive to thy page, and hears  
 The voice of Hope—triumphant in her tears!  
 “Weep not for him,” she cries, “who leaves behind  
 The fruits and flowers of an immortal mind!  
 Weep not for him—the Minstrel hath a part—  
 A living home in every kindred heart!  
 Fraught with high powers—his lay in every clime  
 Still warms the soul, and prompts the thought sublime.  
 The songs that haunt us in our grief and joy—  
 Time shall not chill—nor death itself destroy!  
 No—long as Love can melt, or Hope inspire  
 One heart imbued with Nature’s hallow’d fire;  
 So long the lay—to virtuous feeling true—  
 Shall breathe and burn, with fervour ever new!”

## VII.

BRITANNIA’S<sup>7</sup> Bard!—Shrined with the glorious dead,  
 A nation’s love shall guard thy hallow’d bed;  
 While patriots—as their Poet’s name they scan—  
 Shall pause, and proudly say—“Here lies the Man  
 Whose upright purpose, force nor fraud could bend;  
 Who—serving Freedom—served her to the end;  
 Gave to her sacred cause all man could give—  
 Nor ceased to love her—till he ceased to live!”

<sup>7</sup> In allusion to his “Mariners of England,” and other patriotic lyrics.

My task is done ; nor care I now to weigh  
What praise or censure may await my lay :  
The mournful theme had better poets sung—  
This voice had slept—this harp remain'd unstrung.  
But silence *now* were treason to the heart—  
I shared the bright—nor shun the saddest part !<sup>8</sup>  
Grief must have voice—the wounded spirit vent—  
The debt be paid—before my day is spent :  
And if—at Friendship's call—the numbers flow  
In seemly warmth—'tis Sorrow gives the glow.—

<sup>8</sup> Having watched at the Poet's bedside—during the last ten days of his life—the writer has described the circumstance attending the closing scene, with as much fidelity as he could. The poem—if it deserves the name—was written partly in the death-chamber, and altogether in the house of the lamented Poet. See LIFE AND LETTERS OF THOMAS CAMPBELL. Vol. ii. *Closing Scene*.

## LINES ON LIBERATING A CHAMOIS.

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FREEBORN and beautiful ! the mountain,  
The frozen sea ;  
The glittering snow, the glacier-fountain,  
Are homes for thee !

On cliffs, where scarce the eagle's pinion  
Can find repose,  
Thou keep'st thy desolate dominion  
Of trackless snows.

'Tis thine to roam where man's ambition  
Could never climb ;  
Thy native realm a dazzling vision  
Of Alps sublime !

'Tis there the glorious dawn awakes thee  
To thy repast ;  
'Tis there its ebbing light forsakes thee  
And shines the last.

Thy clime is pure ; thy heaven is clearer—  
Brighter than ours :  
To thee the lichen-leaf is dearer  
Than summer flowers.

'Tis there thy bound outstrips the lightness  
Of antelope ;  
Thy dazzling eye outshine in brightness  
The star of Hope !

No wonder kindness cannot tame thee—  
The desert-born !  
Then go where thy free comrades claim thee,  
And meet the morn !

Regain thy haunts—thy rights inherit ;  
And ne'er again  
May hunter's snare, on thy free spirit,  
Impose a claim.



THE VESPER HYMN OF APPENZEL.\*

---

BROTHERS ! the day declines ;  
    Above, the glacier brightens ;  
And red through Hündwyl pines  
    The vesper-halo lightens.  
From hamlet, rock, and châlet,  
    Your grateful song be poured,  
Till mountain, lake, and valley,  
    Re-echo, " Praise the LORD !"

And hark ! below, aloft,  
    From cliffs that pierce the cloud,  
From pastures calm and soft,  
    And lakes in twilight shroud ;

\* The shepherds of Appenzel were in the habit, for many generations, of answering one another from cliff to cliff in vesper hymns, as the sun went down.

New strength the anthem gathers ;  
From alp to alp 'tis poured,—  
The song that soothed our fathers,—  
“ Ye shepherds, praise the LORD !”

Now, from forest, flood, and fell,  
Hark ! the voice of old and young,  
All the strength of Appenzel,—  
True of heart and sweet of tongue,  
The grateful hymn prolong  
Till the stars, in rich accord,  
Take up their vesper song  
“ Hallelujah to the LORD !”



# CASSANO.

## A CALABRIAN BALLAD.

---

Nel lasciar l'Adda natio  
Se di Russia io tornerò,  
Ei le disse—Idolo mio ;  
Fido Speso a te sarò ;---

### I.

“ ADIEU ! my heart's betrothed ! ”  
Sighed CASSANO's noble son :  
“ For love of thee I've loathed  
Even the pomp that war has won !  
But the vows that I have sworn thee,  
No change can ever know :  
And the love that I have borne thee  
Shall bless me where I go !

“ My heart is in thy keeping—  
But one more bright campaign !  
Then farewell war and weeping,  
And welcome home again !

The song shall wake through PUGLIA ;  
 And love, surviving strife,  
 Shall wing me back to JULIA—  
 The lodestar of my life !”—

Now sighs and tears were springing  
 Love's soothing could not check ;  
 Till her fair fond arms unwringing  
 Dropt feebly from his neck :  
 “ Farewell !” she sighed, “ and cherish  
 Thoughts of thy hapless bride !  
 For whom 'twere less to perish  
 Than thus to quit thy side.”

## II.

The parting pang is over—  
 The marshalled ranks moved on :  
 At their haughty head, the lover  
 In his youthful honours shone.  
 While she, like some fair statue  
 Of her own Sicilian land,  
 Stood cold and pale, but beautiful,  
 As from the sculptor's hand !

But the bugle sounded cheerily—  
 Their banners gaily dance :  
 In marshal trim and merrily  
 March forth the arms of France !

Ausonia's land of summer  
 For glory they forego—  
 To freeze at last, beneath the blast  
 Of Zembla's dreary snow!

### III.

Six weary weeks had vanished  
 'Twixt hope and hopelessness ;  
 While the bloom of youth was banished  
 In the depth of her distress!  
 At last fresh hopes were granted—  
 When the brilliant *bulletin*  
 Of splendid trophies vaunted,  
 From the Danube to the Seine!

*There*, the Saxon host was humbled  
 At the Eagle-flag's advance ;  
*Here*, the Prussian forts had crumbled  
 To the fiery touch of France!—  
 Till the glorious sun of Austerlitz  
 Set red in Russian blood ;  
 And the Gallic host, all masterless,  
 Swept over field and flood.

And Julia's eye grew starrier,  
 When, through its tears of light,  
 The name of her young warrior  
 Stood foremost in the fight!—

She hung her heart's fond offering  
Where the sainted tapers burn :  
Her prayers and vows still proffering  
For her true-love's safe return !

The first before the altar,—  
The last to leave the shrine ;  
Her earthly trust might falter—  
But not her trust divine !  
Her fancy heard him breathing  
Sweet sounds to his guitar :  
While love and hope were wreathing  
His welcome flowers of war !

## IV.

But hark ! with brand and buckler—  
And maddening from his fear,  
The Russ, so late a truckler,  
Hath poised the Cossack spear !  
And now like vultures swooping  
On the straggling host of France,  
Dark, ruthless hordes are trooping  
With brand and barbed lance !

The prey turns on its beagles—  
The pursuer is pursued !  
Yon proud and pampered eagles  
Cower like the turtle's brood !

Bright, bright, but valedictory  
The laurels treasured there !  
Their sun, that rose in victory,  
Is lowering in despair !—

Where the *Berezina's* water  
Rolls o'er the young and brave,  
And the wreck of many a slaughter  
Sleeps soundly in its wave :  
Where droops the weeping willow  
O'er the Conqueror's shattered car,  
And, buried 'neath its billow,  
The blood-red arm of war :—

There, cheeks that love had chosen,  
And hearts that love had bless'd !  
Lay scattered, maimed, and frozen,  
Far, far, from hallow'd rest !  
There the shell and shot were showered  
On the Gaul's bewildered flight ;  
And her starry legions cowered  
In their helplessness of might !

The frown of heaven hung o'er them —  
The curse of earth behind !  
A frozen world before them —  
And death in every wind !

Those squadrons Fame so flattered !  
Where now their proud array ?  
Dismembered, maimed, and scattered,  
Like icicles they lay !

## V.

'Twas not that Valour failed them—  
But Famine's vulture fang  
With gnawing worm assailed them—  
Life's energies unstrang !  
Despair their strength had broken—  
The breeze congealed their blood !  
And Hope's last lingering taken  
Was—to stem that wintry flood !

Then brother called on brother—  
And feebly, through the storm,  
The orphan called its mother  
To shield its helpless form !  
The veteran sank despairing—  
For here availed not him  
His youth's heroic daring—  
Nor strength of heart nor limb !

To men in arms, even death has charms  
On Freedom's battle field ;  
The slain shall sleep where patriots weep—  
Thrice honoured and annealed !



On the bright fields of his fathers—  
The harvest fields of strife,  
Each gallant spirit gathers  
A glory more than life !

But with death like this before him,  
To leave no name behind !—  
Thrilled with electric horror  
Through the hapless soldier's mind.  
No fame he builds, like that which gilds  
The patriot's lofty brow !—  
And on that brink how sad to think  
Such hearts must perish now !

Then wildly on its border  
The weak clung to the strong ;  
Till down, in dread disorder,  
They rushed—a sinking throng !  
The wail was loud—but winter's shroud  
Soon hushed them in its fold ;  
Where, rank by rank, they shrieked and sank,  
The wounded with the bold !

The *Cossack* gives no quarter,  
The river gives a grave !  
Alike await each martyr,  
The sabre or the wave !—

## VI.

When months were fled, a stranger  
    Stood at Cassano's gate ;  
With famine worn, and danger,  
    And wounds of recent date :  
Like one o'ercome with labour,  
    And weak from wasted blood ;  
Supported on his sabre  
    The silent stranger stood.

Is none to recognise thee  
    Faint and forgotten one ?  
That voiceless home denies thee  
    A welcome to thine own !  
One—only *one* hath started  
    That pilgrim step to greet :  
His dog, the faithful hearted,  
    Is fawning at his feet !

His welcome whine upbraided  
    The colder heart of man !  
Tho' maimed, and worn, and faded,  
    His master he could scan!—  
And now they gathered round him ;  
    Each look on him was bent :  
But oh ! how changed they found him,  
    From the martial youth that went !

He gazed on them—then shrinking  
With hurried, fearful breath—  
The earth beneath him sinking—  
In his ear the dream of death!  
He spoke—they hid their faces,  
And wiped the silent tear:—  
He looked—they showed the traces  
Of a green and recent bier!

They brought him a sweet blossom—  
Its orphan flower just blown:  
They placed it on his bosom—  
“’Tis thine,” they said, “thine own!  
Thine own—love’s first, last token—  
Where a mother scarce had smiled  
Till the silver cord was broken  
As she bless’d her new-born child!”

On every infant lineament  
Her image is impressed,  
And from those voiceless lips there went  
A deep thrill to his breast!  
Pangs sharper than the sharpest sword—  
Feelings till then unknown—  
Deep sympathies their torrent poured—  
“Thou’rt mine,” he cried, “mine own!”

## VII.

They led him where she slumbered :—

He watered with his tears

The marble cross, that numbered

The brief span of her years !

And there these words were written :—

“ Oh weep not, Love, for me !

That hand our hopes hath smitten

Hath gifts in store for thee !

“ Live—if thou livest !—forget not\*

That heart whose every breath

Was thine !—the love that set not

But soothed my soul in death.

And, living ! if thou findest

A flower resembling me,

Oh, then to her thy love transfer—

Whose love will comfort thee !

“ Hope in my heart had striven

That thou wouldst bless her birth—

Vain hope ! . . . We'll meet in heaven

Who meet no more on earth ! ”

\* *Immatura perî : sed tu felicior, annos  
Vive tuos, conjux optime, vive meos !*

## HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

SALERNESE AIR.

Vo solcando un mar crudele  
 Senza vele,  
 E senza sarte :  
 Freme l'onda, il ciel s'imbruna,  
 Cresce il vento, e manca l'arte.—METAT.

## I.

Ave MARIA! glory's Queen!  
 Our lodestar and defender—  
 Homage to thee, on shore and sea,  
 Our grateful spirits render!—  
 To thee—who guidest the fisher's bark,  
 And lead'st the wildered stranger,  
 When all behind is drear and dark,  
 And all before is danger:—  
 CHORUS.—With fervent vow to thee we bow,  
 The Friend that never faileth!  
 When storms appear thou still art near  
 To succour him that saileth!

## II.

Our wives are watching on the shore ;  
 Our children call their fathers ;  
 They quake to hear the tempest roar  
 And tremble as it gathers !  
 The leven flashes on our bows—  
 Vesuvio, rent asunder,  
 Writhes like a giant in his throes,  
 And weeps in molten thunder !  
**CHORUS.**—To thee, to thee we bow the knee,  
 Our Friend that never faileth—  
 In stormy sky who still art nigh,  
 To succour him that saileth !

## III.

No lingering star illumes our path,  
 The night scowls drear and drearer !  
 But smiling through the tempest's wrath  
 We know that Thou art nearer !  
 We know our wives and children keep  
 Their fast before thine Altar :—  
 Thou wilt not leave their eyes to weep,  
 Their faithful hearts to falter !  
**CHORUS.**—To thee, to thee they bow the knee !  
 Their friend who never faileth,—  
 When tempests sweep the yawning deep—  
 To succour him that saileth.

## IV.

Ave, MARIA ! glorious Star !

Where midnight horrors muster—

Thou givest the moon her silver car,

The sky its holy lustre !

At thy behest the billows roar,

At thy command they slumber !

Oh, softly guide our helm ashore,

Whom night and storm encumber !

CHORUS.—With fervent vow to thee we bow—

The Friend that never faileth,

When tempests sweep the foaming deep,

To succour him that saileth !

## LINES

TO A SICILIAN AIR.

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ROUND my Rosalie's bower,  
To pleasure my fairest—  
I'll plant every flower  
That is sweetest and rarest :  
To wreath thy bright hair  
Fresh garlands I'll bring thee—  
And the nightingale there  
To slumber shall sing thee !  
From the first ray of morn,  
When the day-star is waking ;  
Till the moon's silver horn  
Over Hybla is breaking—  
And the birds from the boughs  
Wake their melodies o'er me—  
Thy name's in my vows—  
Thy sweet image before me !



Then as onward I roam  
Through the deep forest darkling—  
Sweet, sweet is my home  
With its lattice-light sparkling!  
And bright stars above—  
But the star that is clearest  
Is the planet of love—  
The dark eye of my dearest!

## CHARYBDIS.

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*Dextrum Scylla latus, lævum implacata Charybdis . . . .*  
*Tres Notus abreptas in saxa latentia torquet . . . .*  
*. . . . ast illam ter fluctus ibidem*  
*Torquet agens circum, et rapidus vorat æquore vortex.*

## 1

'Tis the vesper hour—when leaf and flower  
 Are strewn with sparkling pearls :  
 Ye hear but the groan from Ætna's cone—  
 Or the Zephyr's wing in the bowers of spring,  
 And the wave where it crisps and whirls !

## 2

Round the crater's rim, clouds flash and skim ;  
 But hark, in Ste. Mergylla  
 The hymn is hushed—the crowd has rushed  
 From the sanctuary—for “ See, oh ! see—  
 A ship's in the jaws of Scylla ! ”

## 3

A reckless bark, 'twixt light and dark,  
O'er the rapid wave is bounding !  
No oar is wet, no sail is set,  
Yet her speed outstrips the strong-winged ships  
In the channel that knows no sounding !

## 4

Hark ! from her deck, loud voices break,  
Mixed rage, despair, and rancour !  
For now they discern, from stem to stern,  
Their headlong course, and with frantic force  
Unship the plunging anchor !

## 5

The capstan glows—down, down it goes—  
Where anchor ne'er found pillow !  
Yet Hope half streaks their bloodless cheeks—  
'Tis brief—'tis vain ! The strong bower-chain  
Has snapt like a sapless willow !

## 6

“ On—on she goes, with her dashing bows—  
God help thee in thy danger !  
None here—none here—can stay thy career !  
Yon eddies boil to gorge their spoil—  
God help thee ! reckless stranger !”

## 7

The boats unslung—to their oars they sprung—  
 One faint last hope to rally ;  
 But no more—no more—shall they weather the shore ;  
 For the boat they urge—to the yawning surge  
 Flies swifter than the galley !

## 8

Their strength has shrunk—their bold hearts sunk !  
 A dismal doom hangs o'er them !  
 They fly in a track where no ship can tack !—  
 Above and below, are the shrieks of woe !  
 And a fathomless gulf before them !

## 9

To the earth—to the sky—in their agony,  
 Their farewell looks they lifted !  
 But here despair—destruction there—  
 Thro' the deepening gloom, with the voice of doom,  
 Pursued them as they drifted !

## 10

There, in foamy whirls Charybdis curls—  
 Loud Scylla roars to larboard !  
 In that howling gulf, with the dog and wolf,\*

\* See *Mythology*. OVID and other poets have painted Scylla with *dogs* only; but Virgil has heightened the portrait by the addition of *wolves*.

Deep moored to night, with her living freight,  
That goodly ship is harboured !

Feris atram *canibus* succingitur alvum, &c.—Ov. MET. lib. xiii.  
....Delphinum caudas utero commissa *luporum*.—VIRG. ÆN. iii.

The ebb and flood in this Strait are very irregular and strong; and, where it is narrowest, extremely impetuous, so that there is no stemming the tides when the wind blows strong from the *southward*. At this period ships are often caught in the eddies—whirled about with the greatest rapidity, and not unfrequently lost. Under other circumstances the Strait is so smooth that the smallest boat may navigate it with safety.



THE END.

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