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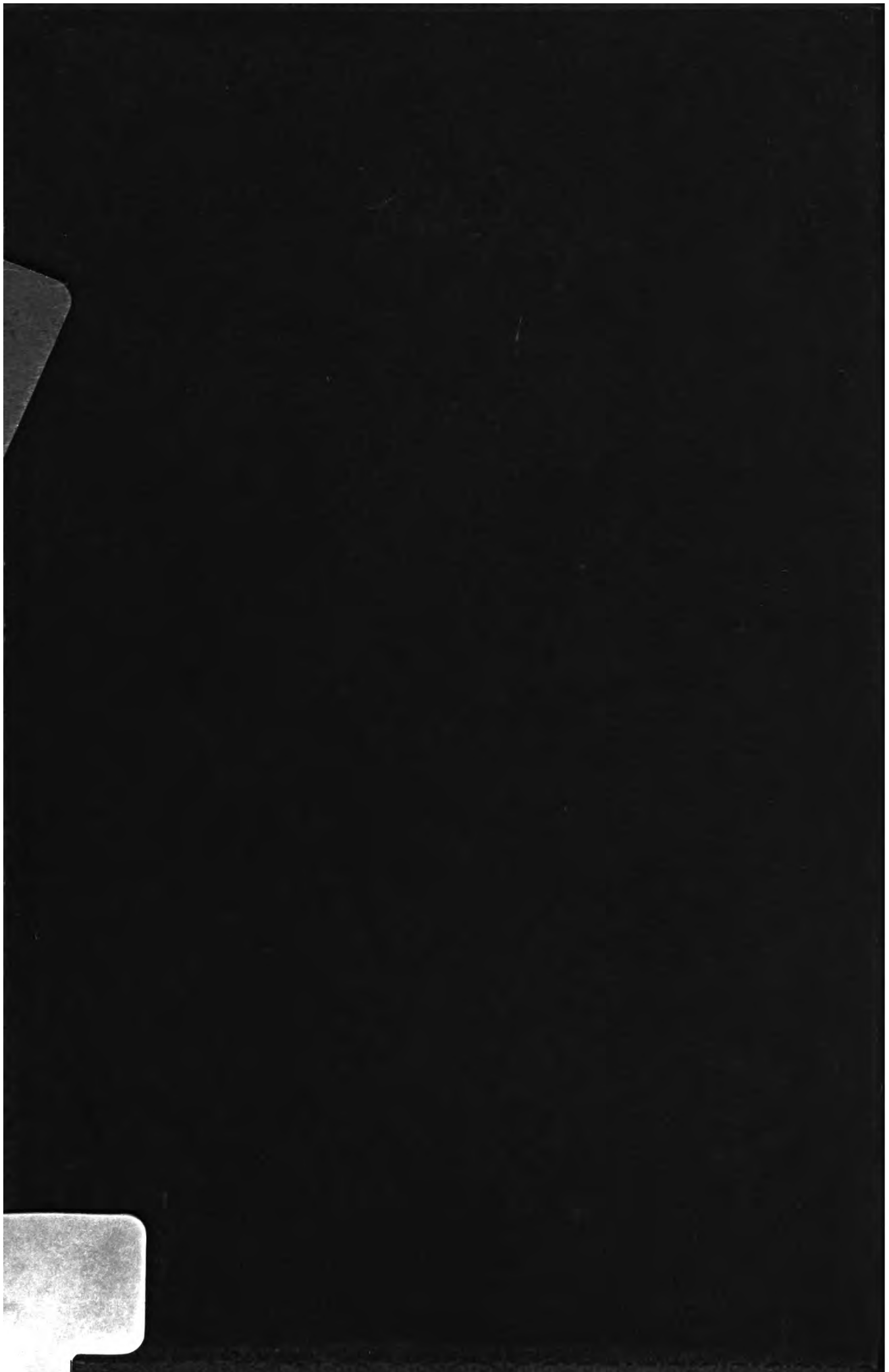
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PLEASURES OF  
MEMORY  
AND  
PLEASURES OF  
HOPE

OF ILLUSTRATED



December 21.

Sir,

I am sending  
Boswell's John  
Pleasures of  
are bound together

Boswell's  
volume belongs

Should

In a book  
as I have  
special

To THE  
THE BOD  
OXFORD.

ok I found an autograph which I shall send  
ve sent other autographs. This one may be of  
interest.

I am faithfully yours,

M. Barrett-Jennens

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To  
Helen M. Harris, with  
the affectionate regards  
of her father

Chapin A. Harris

Decr 25<sup>th</sup> 1857.

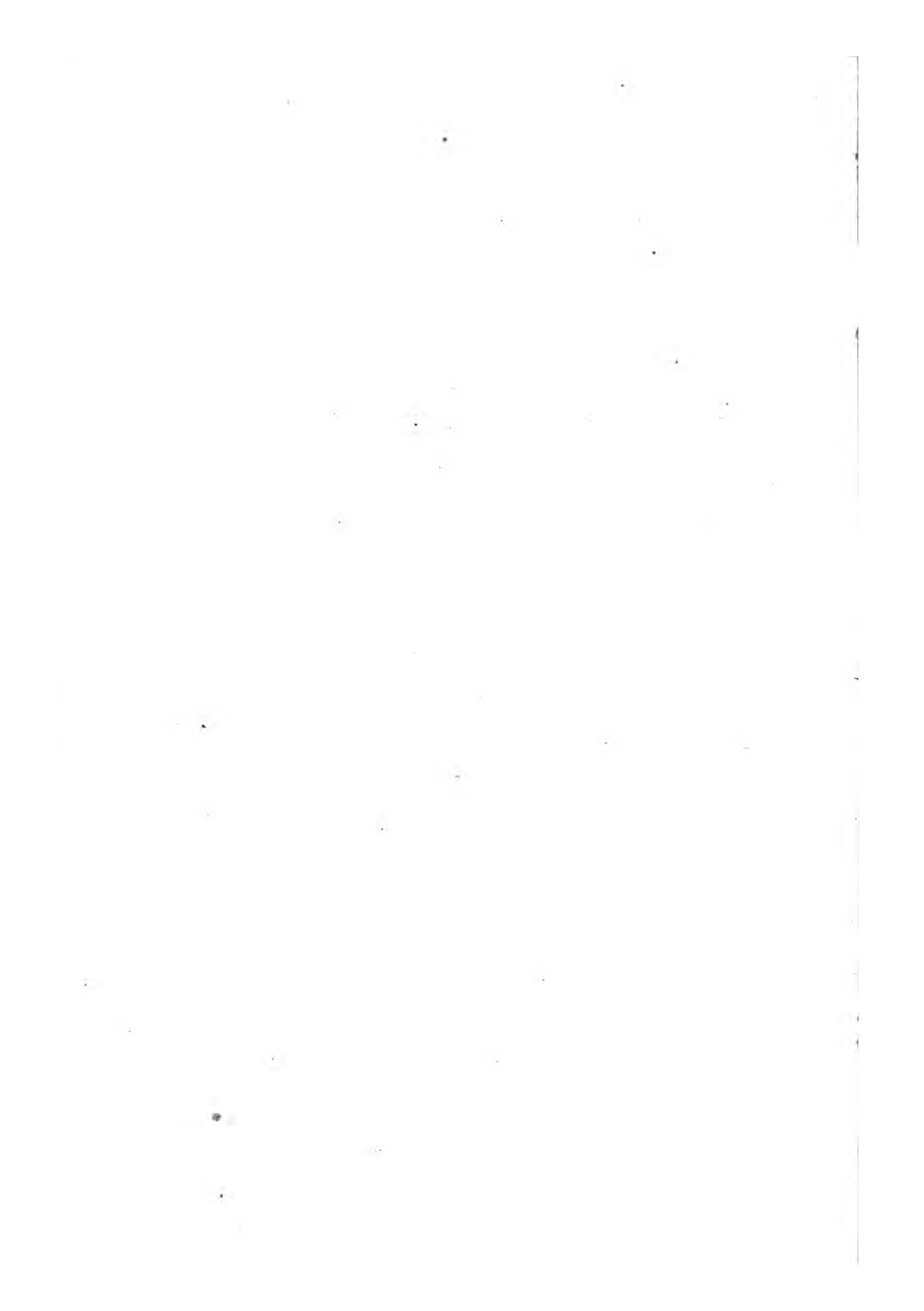




**THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY,**

**AND**

**THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.**







*Sam<sup>l</sup> Rogers.*

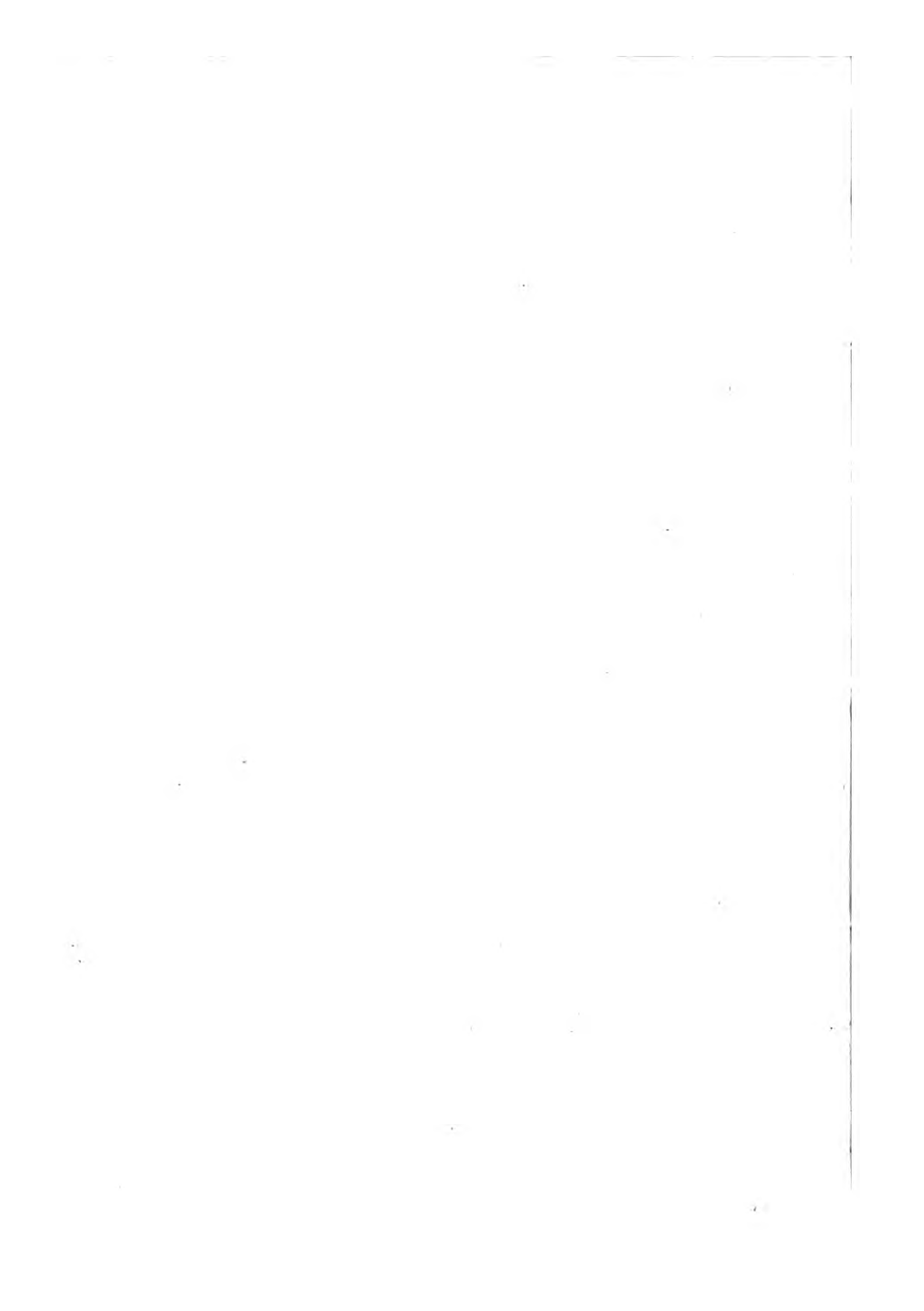






*J. Campbell.*





THE  
PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

BY  
SAMUEL ROGERS.

THE  
PLEASURES OF HOPE.

BY  
THOMAS CAMPBELL.

ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED.

PHILADELPHIA:  
PUBLISHED BY E. H. BUTLER & CO.  
1858.



## CONTENTS.

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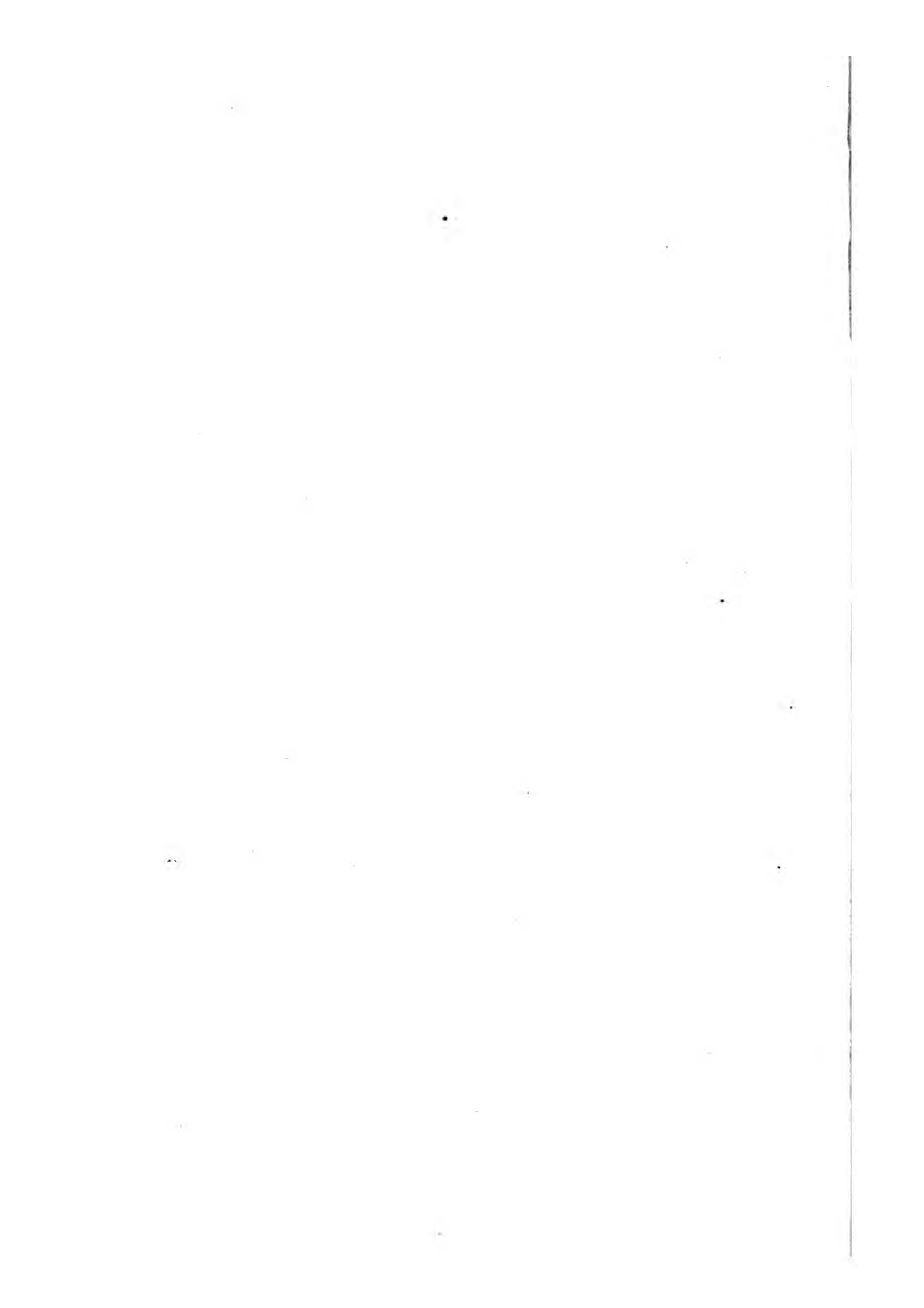
	PAGE
THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY, . . . . .	13
Analysis of Part I, . . . . .	15
Poem.—Part I, . . . . .	18
Analysis of Part II, . . . . .	35
Poem.—Part II, . . . . .	37
THE PLEASURES OF HOPE, . . . . .	57
Analysis of Part I, . . . . .	59
Poem.—Part I, . . . . .	61
Analysis of Part II, . . . . .	87
Poem.—Part II, . . . . .	89
NOTES.	
To Pleasures of Memory, . . . . .	109
To Pleasures of Hope, . . . . .	119



## ILLUSTRATIONS.

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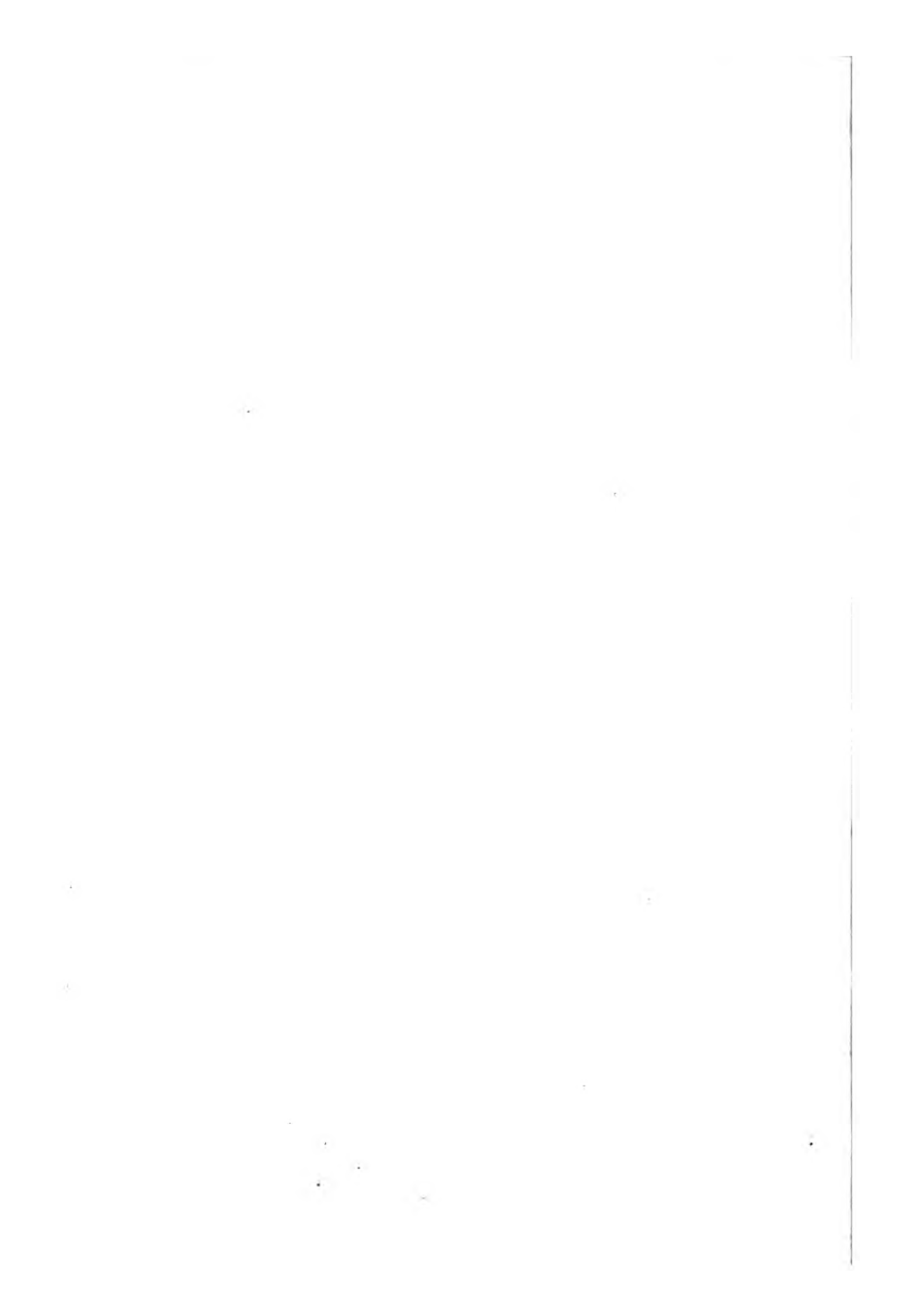
Subject.	Designer.	Page.
PORTRAIT OF ROGERS, . . . . .	SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, . .	Frontispiece.
PORTRAIT OF CAMPBELL, . . . . .	SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, . .	Facing do.
AS THROUGH THE GARDENS, ETC., . . . . .	TURNER, . . . . .	21
WHEN EVENING TINGED THE LAKES, ETC., . . . . .	TURNER, . . . . .	51
AT SUMMER EVE, WHEN, ETC., . . . . .	TURNER, . . . . .	61
HOPE FOR A SEASON BADE THE WORLD, ETC., . . . . .	TURNER, . . . . .	77



THE  
PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

BY SAMUEL ROGERS.





THE  
PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

PART I.

---

Dolce sentier, . . . . .  
Colle, che mi piacesti, . . . . .  
Ov' ancor per usanza Amor mi mena ;  
Ben riconosco in voi l' usate forme,  
Non, lasso, in me.

PETRARCH.

---

ANALYSIS OF THE FIRST PART.

THE Poem begins with the description of an obscure village, and of the pleasing melancholy which it excites on being revisited after a long absence. This mixed sensation is an effect of the Memory. From an effect we naturally ascend to the cause ; and the subject proposed is then unfolded with an investigation of the nature and leading principles of this faculty.

It is evident that our ideas flow in continual succession,

and introduce each other with a certain degree of regularity. They are sometimes excited by sensible objects, and sometimes by an internal operation of the mind. Of the former species is most probably the memory of brutes; and its many sources of pleasure to them, as well as to us, are considered in the first part. The latter is the most perfect degree of memory, and forms the subject of the second.

When ideas have any relation whatever, they are attractive of each other in the mind; and the perception of any object naturally leads to the idea of another, which was connected with it either in time or place, or which can be compared or contrasted with it. Hence arises our attachment to inanimate objects; hence also, in some degree, the love of our country, and the emotion with which we contemplate the celebrated scenes of antiquity. Hence a picture directs our thoughts to the original: and, as cold and darkness suggest forcibly the ideas of heat and light, he who feels the infirmities of age, dwells most on whatever reminds him of the vigor and vivacity of his youth.

The associating principle, as here employed, is no less conducive to virtue than to happiness; and, as such, it frequently discovers itself in the most tumultuous scenes

of life. It addresses our finer feelings, and gives exercise to every mild and generous propensity.

Not confined to man, it extends through all animated nature; and its effects are peculiarly striking in the domestic tribes.

# P O E M.

---

## PART I.

    TWILIGHT'S soft dews steal o'er the village green,  
With magic tints to harmonize the scene.  
Stilled is the hum that through the hamlet broke,  
When round the ruins of their ancient oak  
The peasants flocked to hear the minstrel play,  
And games and carols closed the busy day.  
Her wheel at rest, the matron thrills no more  
With treasured tales, and legendary lore.  
All, all are fled ; nor mirth nor music flows  
To chase the dreams of innocent repose.  
All, all are fled ; yet still I linger here !  
What secret charms this silent spot endear ?  
    Mark yon old Mansion frowning through the trees,  
Whose hollow turret woos the whistling breeze.

That casement, arched with ivy's brownest shade,  
First to these eyes the light of heaven conveyed.  
The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown court,  
Once the calm scene of many a simple sport ;  
When nature pleased, for life itself was new,  
And the heart promised what the fancy drew.

See, through the fractured pediment revealed,  
Where moss inlays the rudely-sculptured shield,  
The martin's old, hereditary nest.

Long may the ruin spare its hallowed guest !

As jars the hinge, what sullen echoes call !  
Oh haste, unfold the hospitable hall !  
That hall, where once, in antiquated state,  
The chair of justice held the grave debate.

Now stained with dews, with cobwebs darkly hung,  
Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung ;  
When round yon ample board, in due degree,  
We sweetened every meal with social glee.  
The heart's light laugh pursued the circling jest ;  
And all was sunshine in each little breast,  
'Twas here we chased the slipper by the sound ;  
And turned the blindfold hero round and round.  
'Twas here, at eve, we formed our fairy ring ;  
And Fancy fluttered on her wildest wing.

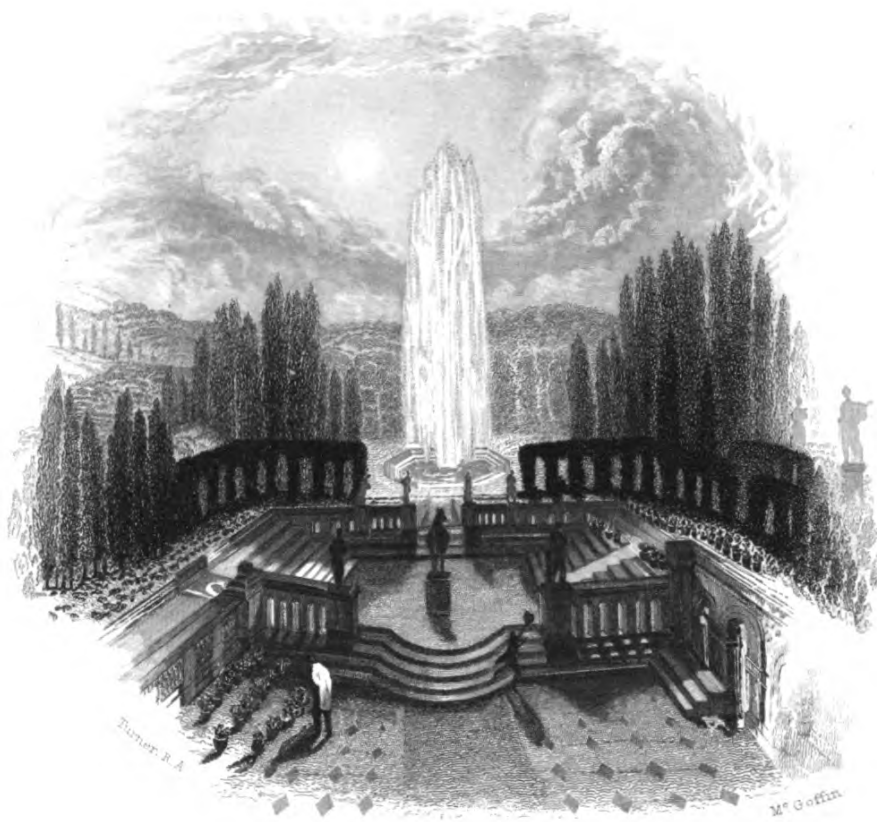
Giants and genii chained each wondering ear ;  
And orphan-sorrows drew the ready tear.  
Oft with the babes we wandered in the wood,  
Or viewed the forest-feats of Robin Hood :  
Oft, fancy-led, at midnight's fearful hour,  
With startling step we scaled the lonely tower ;  
O'er infant innocence to hang and weep,  
Murdered by ruffian hands, when smiling in its sleep.

Ye Household Deities ! whose guardian eye  
Marked each pure thought, ere registered on high ;  
Still, still ye walk the consecrated ground,  
And breathe the soul of Inspiration round.

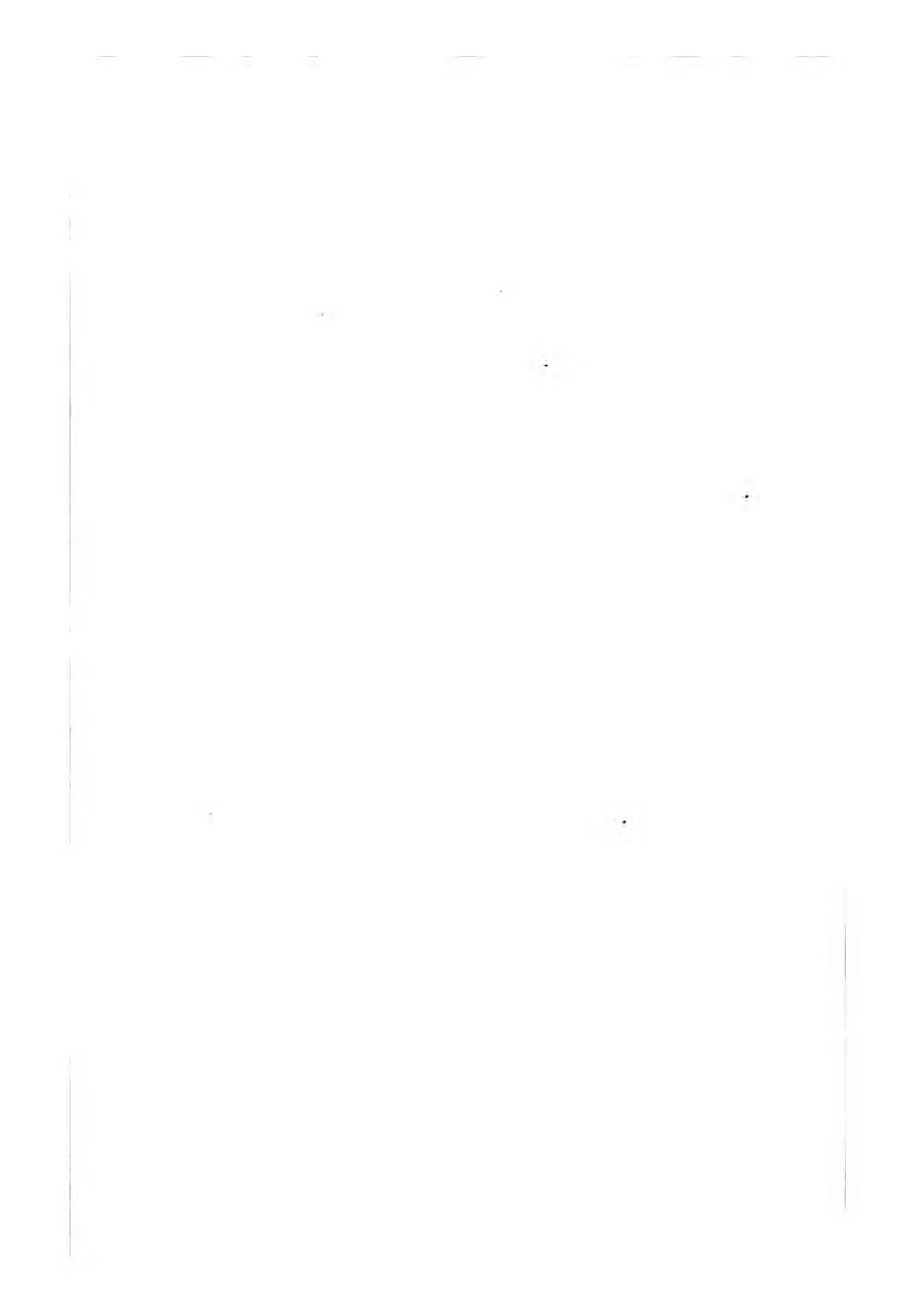
As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,  
Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend.  
The storied arras, source of fond delight,  
With old achievement charms the wildered sight ;  
And still, with Heraldry's rich hues imprest,  
On the dim window glows the pictured crest.  
The screen unfolds its many-colored chart,  
The clock still points its moral to the heart.  
That faithful monitor 'twas heaven to hear,  
When soft it spoke a promised pleasure near ;  
And has its sober hand, its simple chime,  
Forgot to trace the feathered feet of Time ?

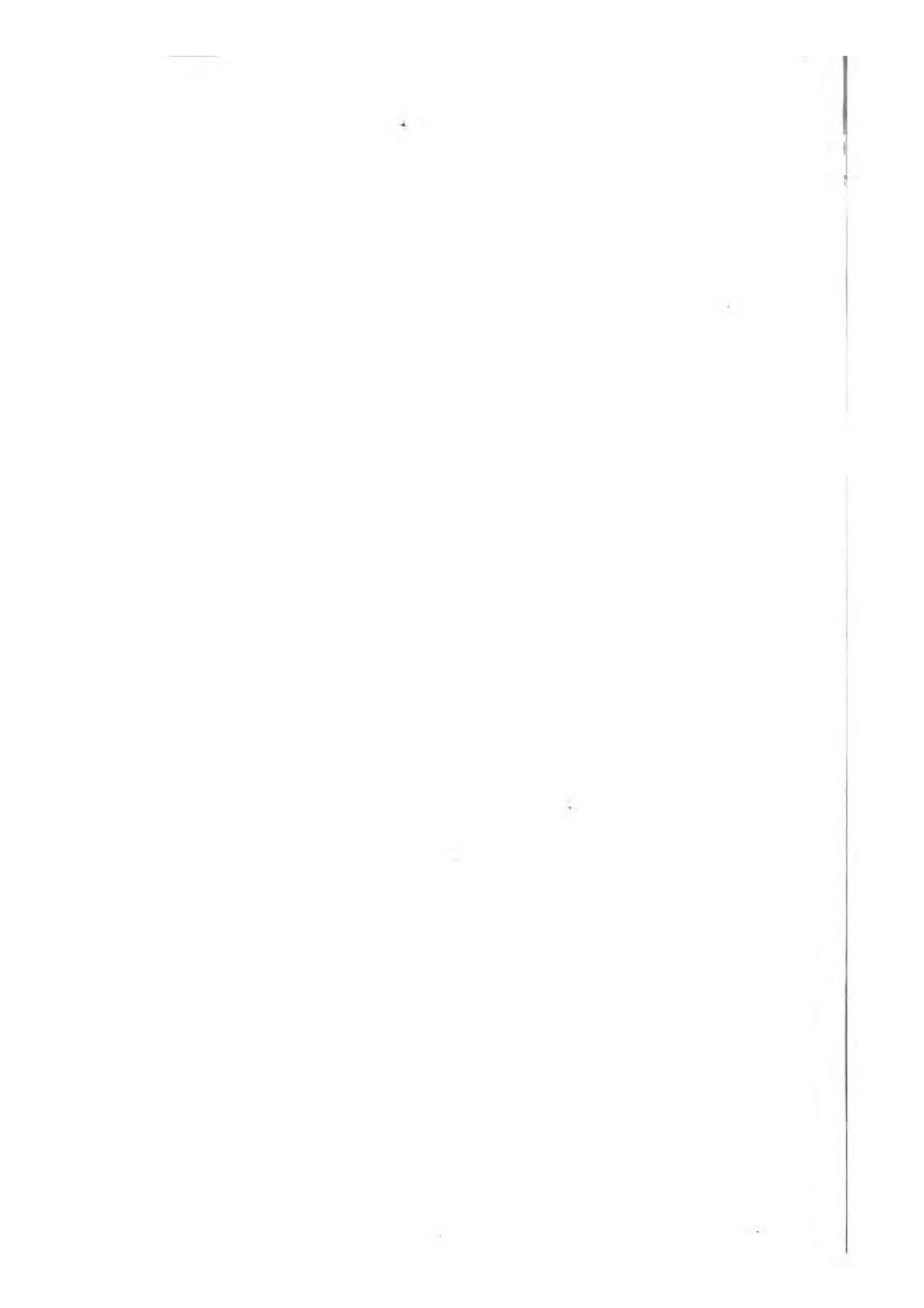






"As through the gardens desert paths I rove,  
What fond illusions swarm in every grove  
How oft when purple evening tinged the west "





That massive beam, with curious carvings wrought,  
Whence the caged linnet soothed my pensive thought ;  
Those muskets, cased with venerable rust ;  
Those once loved forms, still breathing through their  
dust,

Still, from the frame in mould gigantic cast,  
Starting to life—all whisper of the Past !

As through the garden's desert paths I rove,  
What fond illusions swarm in every grove !  
How oft, when purple evening tinged the west,  
We watched the emmet to her grainy nest ;  
Welcomed the wild-bee home on weary wing,  
Laden with sweets, the choicest of the spring !  
How oft inscribed, with Friendship's votive rhyme,  
The bark now silvered by the touch of Time ;  
Soared in the swing, half pleased and half afraid,  
Through sister elms that waved their summer-shade ;  
Or strewed with crumbs yon root-inwoven seat,  
To lure the redbreast from his lone retreat !

Childhood's loved group revisits every scene ;  
The tangled wood-walk, and the tufted green !  
Indulgent MEMORY wakes, and lo, they live !  
Clothed with far softer hues than Light can give.

Thou first, best friend that Heaven assigns below  
To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know ;  
Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,  
When nature fades, and life forgets to charm ;  
Thee would the Muse invoke !—to thee belong  
The sage's precept, and the poet's song.  
What softened views thy magic glass reveals,  
When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight steals !  
As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,  
Long on the wave reflected lustres play ;  
Thy tempered beams of happiness resigned  
Glance on the darkened mirror of the mind.

The School's lone porch, with reverend mosses gray,  
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.  
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,  
Quickening my truant-feet across the lawn ;  
Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air,  
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.  
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,  
Some little friendship formed and cherished here ;  
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems  
With golden visions, and romantic dreams !

Down by yon hazel copse, at evening blazed  
The Gipsy's fagot—there we stood and gazed ;

Gazed on her sunburnt face with silent awe,  
Her tattered mantle, and her hood of straw ;  
Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er ;  
The drowsy brood that on her back she bore,  
Imps, in the barn with mousing owlet bred,  
From rifled roost at nightly revel fed ;  
Whose dark eyes flashed through locks of blackest shade,  
When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bayed :—  
And heroes fled the Sibyl's muttered call,  
Whose elfin prowess scaled the orchard wall.  
As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,  
And traced the line of life with searching view,  
How throbbed my fluttering pulse with hopes and fears,  
To learn the color of my future years !

Ah, then, what honest triumph flushed my breast ;  
This truth once known,—To bless is to be blest !  
We led the bending beggar on his way,  
(Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-gray)  
Soothed the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,  
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt.  
As in his scrip we dropped our little store,  
And sighed to think that little was no more,  
He breathed his prayer, “Long may such goodness live !”  
'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to give.

Angels, when Mercy's mandate winged their flight,  
Had stopt to dwell with pleasure on the sight.

But hark ! through those old firs, with sullen swell,  
The church-clock strikes ! ye tender scenes, farewell !  
It calls me hence, beneath their shade, to trace  
The few fond lines that Time may soon efface.

On yon gray stone, that fronts the chancel-door,  
Worn smooth by busy feet now seen no more,  
Each eve we shot the marble through the ring,  
When the heart danced, and life was in its spring ;  
Alas ! unconscious of the kindred earth,  
That faintly echoed to the voice of mirth.

The glow-worm loves her emerald light to shed,  
Where now the sexton rests his hoary head.  
Oft, as he turned the greensward with his spade,  
He lectured every youth that round him played ;  
And, calmly pointing where our fathers lay,  
Roused us to rival each, the hero of his day.

Hush, ye fond flutterings, hush ! while here alone  
I search the records of each mouldering stone.  
Guides of my life ! Instructors of my youth !  
Who first unveiled the hallowed form of Truth ;  
Whose every word enlightened and endeared ;  
In age beloved, in poverty revered ;

In Friendship's silent register ye live,  
Nor ask the vain memorial Art can give.

But when the sons of peace, of pleasure sleep,  
When only Sorrow wakes, and wakes to weep,  
What spells entrance my visionary mind  
With sighs so sweet, with transports so refined ?

Ethereal Power ! who at the noon of night  
Recall'st the far-fled spirit of delight ;  
From whom that musing, melancholy mood  
Which charms the wise, and elevates the good ;  
Blest MEMORY, hail ! Oh grant the grateful Muse,  
Her pencil dipt in Nature's living hues,  
To pass the clouds that round thy empire roll,  
And trace its airy precincts in the soul.

Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,  
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain.  
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise !\*  
Each stamps its image as the other flies.  
Each, as the various avenues of sense  
Delight or sorrow to the soul dispense,

\* *Namque illuc posuit solium, et sua templa sacravit,  
Mens animi: hanc circum coeunt, densoque feruntur  
Agmine notitiæ, simulacraque tenuia rerum.*



Brightens or fades ; yet all, with magic art,  
Control the latent fibres of the heart.  
As studious PROSPERO'S mysterious spell  
Drew every subject-spirit to his cell ;  
Each, at thy call, advances or retires,  
As judgment dictates, or the scene inspires.  
Each thrills the seat of sense, that sacred source  
Whence the fine nerves direct their mazy course,  
And through the frame invisibly convey  
The subtle, quick vibrations as they play ;  
Man's little universe at once o'er-cast,  
At once illumined when the cloud is past.

Survey the globe, each ruder realm explore ;  
From Reason's faintest ray to NEWTON soar.  
What different spheres to human bliss assigned !  
What slow gradations in the scale of mind !  
Yet mark in each these mystic wonders wrought ;  
Oh mark the sleepless energies of thought !

The adventurous boy, that asks his little share,  
And hies from home with many a gossip's prayer,  
Turns on the neighboring hill, once more to see  
The dear abode of peace and privacy ;

And as he turns, the thatch among the trees,  
The smoke's blue wreaths ascending with the breeze,  
The village-common spotted white with sheep,  
The churchyard yews round which his fathers sleep ;  
All rouse Reflection's sadly-pleasing train,  
And oft he looks and weeps, and looks again.

So, when the mild TUPIA dared explore  
Arts yet untaught, and worlds unknown before,  
And, with the sons of Science, wooed the gale  
That, rising, swelled their strange expanse of sail ;  
So, when he breathed his firm yet fond adieu,  
Borne from his leafy hut, his carved canoe,  
And all his soul best loved—such tears he shed,  
While each soft scene of summer-beauty fled.  
Long o'er the wave a wistful look he cast,  
Long watched the streaming signal from the mast ;  
Till twilight's dewy tints deceived his eye,  
And fairy-forests fringed the evening sky.

So Scotia's Queen, as slowly dawned the day,  
Rose on her couch, and gazed her soul away.  
Her eyes had blessed the beacon's glimmering height,  
That faintly tipt the feathery surge with light ;  
But now the morn with orient hues portrayed  
Each castled cliff, and brown monastic shade :

All touched the talisman's resistless spring,  
And lo, what busy tribes were instant on the wing!  
Thus kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire,  
As summer-clouds flash forth electric fire.  
And hence this spot gives back the joys of youth,  
Warm as the life, and with the mirror's truth.  
Hence home-felt pleasure prompts the Patriot's sigh;  
This makes him wish to live, and dare to die.  
For this young FOSCARI, whose hapless fate  
Venice should blush to hear the Muse relate,  
When exile wore his blooming years away,  
To sorrow's long soliloquies a prey,  
When reason, justice, vainly urged his cause,  
For this he roused her sanguinary laws;  
Glad to return, though Hope could grant no more,  
And chains and torture hailed him to the shore.  
And hence the charm historic scenes impart;  
Hence Tiber awes, and Avon melts the heart.  
Aërial forms in Tempe's classic vale  
Glance through the gloom and whisper in the gale;  
In wild Vaocluse with love and LAURA dwell,  
And watch and weep in ELOISA'S cell.  
'Twas ever thus. Young AMMON, when he sought  
Where Ilium stood, and where PELIDES fought,

Sate at the helm himself. No meaner hand  
Steered through the waves ; and, when he struck the land,  
Such in his soul the ardor to explore,  
PELIDES-like, he leaped the first ashore.

'Twas ever thus. As now at VIRGIL'S tomb  
We bless the shade, and bid the verdure bloom :  
So TULLY paused, amid the wrecks of Time,  
On the rude stone to trace the truth sublime ;  
When at his feet, in honored dust disclosed,  
The immortal sage of Syracuse reposed.

And as he long in sweet delusion hung,  
Where once a PLATO taught, a PINDAR sung ;  
Who now but meets him musing, when he roves  
His ruined Tusculan's romantic groves ?  
In Rome's great forum, who but hears him roll  
His moral thunders o'er the subject soul ?

And hence that calm delight the portrait gives :  
We gaze on every feature till it lives !  
Still the fond lover sees the absent maid ;  
And the lost friend still lingers in his shade !  
Say why the pensive widow loves to weep,  
When on her knee she rocks her babe to sleep :  
Tremblingly still, she lifts his veil to trace  
The father's features in his infant face.

The hoary grandsire smiles the hour away,  
Won by the raptures of a game at play ;  
He bends to meet each artless burst of joy,  
Forgets his age, and acts again the boy.

What though the iron school of War erase  
Each milder virtue, and each softer grace ;  
What though the fiend's torpedo-touch arrest  
Each gentler, finer impulse of the breast ;  
Still shall this active principle preside,  
And wake the tear to Pity's self denied.

The intrepid Swiss, who guards a foreign shore,  
Condemned to climb his mountain-cliffs no more,  
If chance he hears that song, so sweet, so wild,  
His heart would spring to hear it when a child,  
Melts at the long-lost scenes that round him rise,  
And sinks a martyr to repentant sighs.

Ask not if courts or camps dissolve the charm ;  
Say why VESPASIAN loved his Sabine farm ;  
Why great NAVARRE, when France and freedom bled,  
Sought the lone limits of a forest-shed.  
When DIOCLETIAN'S self-corrected mind  
The imperial fasces of a world resigned,  
Say why we trace the labors of his spade  
In calm Salona's philosophic shade.

Say, when contentious CHARLES renounced a throne,  
To muse with monks unlettered and unknown,  
What from his soul the parting tribute drew ?  
What claimed the sorrows of a last adieu ?  
The still retreats that soothed his tranquil breast  
Ere grandeur dazzled and its cares oppressed.

Undamped by time, the generous Instinct glows  
Far as Angola's sands, as Zembla's snows ;  
Glow in the tiger's den, the serpent's nest,  
On every form of varied life imprest.  
The social tribes its choicest influence hail :—  
And when the drum beats briskly in the gale,  
The war-worn courser charges at the sound,  
And with young vigor wheels the pasture round.

Oft has the aged tenant of the vale  
Leaned on his staff to lengthen out the tale ;  
Oft have his lips the grateful tribute breathed,  
From sire to son with pious zeal bequeathed.  
When o'er the blasted heath the day declined,  
And on the scathed oak warred the winter-wind ;  
When not a distant taper's twinkling ray  
Gleamed o'er the furze to light him on his way ;  
When not a sheep-bell soothed his listening ear,  
And the big rain-drops told the tempest near ;

Then did his horse the homeward track descry,  
The track that shunned his sad, inquiring eye ;  
And win each wavering purpose to relent,  
With warmth so mild, so gently violent,  
That his charmed hand the careless rein resigned,  
And doubts and terrors vanished from his mind.

Recall the traveller, whose altered form  
Has borne the buffet of the mountain-storm ;  
And who will first his fond impatience meet ?  
His faithful dog's already at his feet !  
Yes, though the porter spurn him from the door,  
Though all, that knew him, know his face no more,  
His faithful dog shall tell his joy to each,  
With that mute eloquence which passes speech.—  
And see, the master but returns to die !  
Yet who shall bid the watchful servant fly ?  
The blasts of heaven, the drenching dews of earth,  
The wanton insults of unfeeling mirth.  
These, when to guard Misfortune's sacred grave,  
Will firm Fidelity exult to brave.

Led by what chart, transports the timid dove  
The wreaths of conquest, or the vows of love ?  
Say, through the clouds what compass points her flight ?  
Monarchs have gazed, and nations blessed the sight.

Pile rocks on rocks, bid woods and mountains rise,  
Eclipse her native shades, her native skies :—  
'Tis vain ! through Ether's pathless wilds she goes,  
And lights at last where all her cares repose.

Sweet bird ! thy truth shall Harlem's walls attest,  
And unborn ages consecrate thy nest.  
When, with the silent energy of grief,  
With looks that asked, yet dared not hope relief,  
Went with her babes round generous Valor clung  
To wring the slow surrender from his tongue,  
'Twas thine to animate her closing eye ;  
Alas ! 'twas thine perchance the first to die,  
Crushed by her meagre hand, when welcomed from the  
sky.

Hark ! the bee winds her small but mellow horn,  
Blithe to salute the sunny smile of morn.  
O'er thymy downs she bends her busy course,  
And many a stream allures her to its source.  
'Tis noon, 'tis night. That eye, so finely wrought,  
Beyond the search of sense, the soar of thought,  
Now vainly asks the scenes she left behind :  
Its orb so full, its vision so confined !  
Who guides the patient pilgrim to her cell ?  
Who bids her soul with conscious triumph swell ?



With conscious truth, retrace the mazy clue  
Of summer-scents, that charmed her as she flew  
Hail, MEMORY, hail ! thy universal reign  
Guards the least link of Being's glorious chain.

## PART II.

---

Delle cose custode e dispensiera.

TASSO.

---

### ANALYSIS OF THE SECOND PART.

THE Memory has hitherto acted only in subservience to the senses, and so far man is not eminently distinguished from other animals: but, with respect to man, she has a higher province; and is often busily employed, when excited by no external cause whatever. She preserves, for his use, the treasures of art and science, history and philosophy. She colors all the prospects of life; for we can only anticipate the future, by concluding what is possible from what is past. On her agency depends every effusion of the Fancy, who with the boldest effort can only compound or transpose, augment or diminish the materials which she has collected and still retains.

When the first emotions of despair have subsided, and

sorrow has softened into melancholy, she amuses with a retrospect of innocent pleasures, and inspires that noble confidence which results from the consciousness of having acted well. When sleep has suspended the organs of sense from their office, she not only supplies the mind with images, but assists in their combination. And even in madness itself, when the soul is resigned over to the tyranny of a distempered imagination, she revives past perceptions, and awakens that train of thought which was formerly most familiar.

Nor are we pleased only with a review of the brighter passages of life. Events, the most distressing in their immediate consequences, are often cherished in remembrance with a degree of enthusiasm.

But the world and its occupations give a mechanical impulse to the passions, which is not very favorable to the indulgence of this feeling. It is in a calm and well-regulated mind that the Memory is most perfect; and solitude is her best sphere of action. With this sentiment is introduced a Tale illustrative of her influence in solitude, sickness, and sorrow. And the subject having now been considered, so far as it relates to man and the animal world, the Poem concludes with a conjecture that superior beings are blest with a nobler exercise of this faculty.

## P O E M.

---

### PART II.

SWEET MEMORY, wafted by thy gentle gale,  
Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail,  
To view the fairy haunts of long-lost hours,  
Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.

Ages and climes remote to Thee impart  
What charms in Genius, and refines in Art ;  
Thee, in whose hand the keys of Science dwell,  
The pensive portress of her holy cell ;  
Whose constant vigils chase the chilling damp  
Oblivion steals upon her vestal lamp.

They in their glorious course the guides of Youth,  
Whose language breathed the eloquence of Truth ;  
Whose life, beyond preceptive wisdom, taught  
The great in conduct, and the pure in thought ;

These still exist, by Thee to Fame consigned,  
Still speak and act, the models of mankind.

From Thee gay Hope her airy coloring draws ;  
And Fancy's flights are subject to thy laws.  
From Thee that bosom-spring of rapture flows,  
Which only Virtue, tranquil Virtue, knows.

When Joy's bright sun has shed his evening ray,  
And Hope's delusive meteors cease to play ;  
When clouds on clouds the smiling prospect close,  
Still through the gloom thy star serenely glows :  
Like yon fair orb, she gilds the brow of night  
With the mild magic of reflected light.

The beauteous maid, who bids the world adieu,  
Oft of that world will snatch a fond review ;  
Oft at the shrine neglect her beads, to trace  
Some social scene, some dear, familiar face :  
And ere, with iron tongue, the vesper bell,  
Bursts through the cypress walk, the convent cell,  
Oft will her warm and wayward heart revive,  
To love and joy still tremblingly alive ;  
The whispered vow, the chaste caress prolong,  
Weave the light dance and swell the choral song ;  
With rapt ear drink the enchanting serenade,  
And, as it melts along the moonlight glade,

To each soft note return as soft a sigh,  
And bless the youth that bids her slumbers fly.

But not till Time has calmed the ruffled breast,  
Are these fond dreams of happiness confest.  
Not till the rushing winds forget to rave,  
Is Heaven's sweet smile reflected on the wave.  
From Guinea's coast pursue the lessening sail,  
And catch the sounds that sadden every gale.  
Tell, if thou canst, the sum of sorrows there ;  
Mark the fixed gaze, the wild and frenzied glare,  
The racks of thought, the freezings of despair !  
But pause not then—beyond the western wave,  
Go, see the captive bartered as a slave !  
Crushed till his high, heroic spirit bleeds,  
And from his nerveless frame indignantly recedes.

Yet here, even here, with pleasures long resigned,  
Lo ! MEMORY bursts the twilight of the mind.  
Her dear delusions soothe his sinking soul,  
When the rude scourge assumes its base control ;  
And o'er Futurity's blank page diffuse  
The full reflection of her vivid hues.

'Tis but to die, and then, to weep no more,  
Then will he wake on Congo's distant shore;  
Beneath his plantain's ancient shade renew  
The simple transports that with freedom flew;  
Catch the cool breeze that musky Evening blows,  
And quaff the palm's rich nectar as it glows;  
The oral tale of elder time rehearse,  
And chant the rude traditionary verse  
With those, the loved companions of his youth,  
When life was luxury, and friendship truth.

Ah! why should Virtue fear the frowns of Fate?  
Hers what no wealth can buy, no power create!  
A little world of clear and cloudless day,  
Nor wrecked by storms, nor mouldered by decay;  
A world, with MEMORY'S ceaseless sunshine blest,  
The home of Happiness, an honest breast.

But most we mark the wonders of her reign,  
When Sleep has locked the senses in her chain.  
When sober Judgment has his throne resigned,  
She smiles away the chaos of the mind;  
And, as warm Fancy's bright Elysium glows,  
From Her each image springs, each color flows.

She is the sacred guest ! the immortal friend !  
Oft seen o'er sleeping Innocence to bend,  
In that dead hour of night to Silence given,  
Whispering seraphic visions of her heaven.

When the blithe son of Savoy, journeying round  
With humble wares and pipe of merry sound,  
From his green vale and sheltered cabin hies,  
And scales the Alps to visit foreign skies :  
Though far below the forked lightnings play,  
And at his feet the thunder dies away,  
Oft, in the saddle rudely rocked to sleep,  
While his mule browses on the dizzy steep,  
With MEMORY'S aid, he sits at home, and sees  
His children sport beneath their native trees,  
And bends to hear their cherub-voices call,  
O'er the loud fury of the torrent's fall.

But can her smile with gloomy Madness dwell ?  
Say, can she chase the horrors of his cell ?  
Each fiery flight on Frenzy's wing restrain,  
And mould the coinage of the fevered brain ?

Pass but that grate, which scarce a gleam supplies,  
There in the dust the wreck of Genius lies !  
He, whose arresting hand divinely wrought  
Each bold conception in the sphere of thought ;



And round, in colors of the rainbow, threw  
Forms ever fair, creations ever new !  
But, as he fondly snatched the wreath of fame,  
The spectre Poverty unnerved his frame.  
Cold was her grasp, a withering scowl she wore ;  
And Hope's soft energies were felt no more.  
Yet still how sweet the soothings of his art !  
From the rude wall what bright ideas start !  
Even now he claims the amaranthine wreath,  
With scenes that glow, with images that breathe !  
And whence these scenes, these images, declare.  
Whence but from Her who triumphs o'er despair ?

Awake, arise ! with grateful fervor fraught,  
Go, spring the mine of elevating thought.  
He, who, through Nature's various walk, surveys  
The good and fair her faultless line portrays ;  
Whose mind, profaned by no unhallowed guest,  
Culls from the crowd the purest and the best ;  
May range, at will, bright Fancy's golden clime,  
Or musing, mount where Science sits sublime,  
Or wake the Spirit of departed Time.  
Who acts thus wisely, mark the moral Muse,  
A blooming Eden in his life reviews !

So rich the culture, though so small the space,  
Its scanty limits he forgets to trace.  
But the fond fool, when evening shades the sky,  
Turns but to start, and gazes but to sigh !  
The weary waste, that lengthened as he ran,  
Fades to a blank, and dwindles to a span !

Ah ! who can tell the triumphs of the mind,  
By truth illumined, and by taste refined ?  
When age has quenched the eye, and closed the ear,  
Still nerved for action in her native sphere,  
Oft will she rise—with searching glance pursue  
Some long-loved image vanished from her view ;  
Dart through the deep recesses of the past,  
O'er dusky forms in chains of slumber cast ;  
With giant grasp fling back the folds of night,  
And snatch the faithless fugitive to light.  
So through the grove the impatient mother flies,  
Each sunless glade, each secret pathway tries ;  
Till the thin leaves the truant boy disclose,  
Long on the wood-moss stretched in sweet repose.

Nor yet to pleasing objects are confined  
The silent feasts of the reflecting mind.

Danger and death a dread delight inspire ;  
And the bald veteran glows with wonted fire,  
When, richly bronzed by many a summer sun,  
He counts his scars, and tells what deeds were done.

Go, with old Thames, view Chelsea's glorious pile,  
And ask the shattered hero, whence his smile ?  
Go, view the splendid domes of Greenwich—Go,  
And own what raptures from Reflection flow.

Hail, noblest structures imaged in the wave !  
A nation's grateful tribute to the brave.  
Hail, blest retreats from war and shipwreck, hail !  
That oft arrest the wondering stranger's sail.  
Long have ye heard the narratives of age,  
The battle's havoc, and the tempest's rage ;  
Long have ye known Reflection's genial ray  
Gild the calm close of Valor's various day.

Time's sombrous touches soon correct the piece,  
Mellow each tint, and bid each discord cease :  
A softer tone of light pervades the whole,  
And steals a pensive languor o'er the soul.

Hast thou through Eden's wild-wood vales pursued  
Each mountain-scene, majestically rude ;  
To note the sweet simplicity of life,  
Far from the din of Folly's idle strife ;

Nor there awhile, with lifted eye, revered  
That modest stone which pious PEMBROKE reared ;  
Which still records, beyond the pencil's power,  
The silent sorrows of a parting hour ;  
Still to the musing pilgrim points the place  
Her sainted spirit most delights to trace ? .

Thus, with the manly glow of honest pride,  
O'er his dead son the gallant ORMOND sighed.  
Thus, through the gloom of SHENSTONE'S fairy grove,  
MARIA'S urn still breathes the voice of love.

As the stern grandeur of a Gothic tower  
Awes us less deeply in its morning hour,  
Than when the shades of Time serenely fall  
On every broken arch and ivied wall ;  
The tender images we love to trace,  
Steal from each year a melancholy grace !  
And as the sparks of social love expand,  
As the heart opens in a foreign land ;  
And, with a brother's warmth, a brother's smile,  
The stranger greets each native of his isle ;  
So scenes of life, when present and confest,  
Stamp but their bolder features on the breast ;  
Yet not an image, when remotely viewed,  
However trivial, and however rude,

But wins the heart, and wakes the social sigh,  
With every claim of close affinity !

But these pure joys the world can never know ;  
In gentler climes their silver currents flow.  
Oft at the silent shadowy, close of day,  
When the hushed grove has sung its parting lay ;  
When pensive Twilight, in her dusky car,  
Comes slowly on to meet the evening star ;  
Above, below, aërial murmurs swell,  
From hanging wood, brown heath, and bushy dell !  
A thousand nameless rills, that shun the light,  
Stealing soft music on the ear of night.  
So oft the finer movements of the soul,  
That shun the sphere of Pleasure's gay control,  
In the still shades of calm Seclusion rise,  
And breathe their sweet, seraphic harmonies !

Once, and domestic annals tell the time,  
(Preserved in Cumbria's rude, romantic clime)  
When Nature smiled, and o'er the landscape threw  
Her richest fragrance, and her brightest hue,  
A blithe and blooming Forester explored  
Those loftier scenes SALVATOR'S soul adored ;

The rocky pass half hung with shaggy wood,  
And the cleft oak flung boldly o'er the flood ;  
Nor shunned the track, unknown to human tread,  
That downward to the night of caverns led ;  
Some ancient cataract's deserted bed.

High on exulting wing the heath-cock rose,  
And blew his shrill blast o'er perennial snows ;  
Ere the rapt youth, recoiling from the roar,  
Gazed on the tumbling tide of dread Lodore ;  
And through the rifted cliffs, that scaled the sky,  
Derwent's clear mirror charmed his dazzled eye.  
Each osier isle, inverted on the wave,  
Through morn's gray mist its melting colors gave ;  
And, o'er the cygnet's haunt, the mantling grove  
Its emerald arch with wild luxuriance wove.

Light as the breeze that brushed the orient dew,  
From rock to rock the young Adventurer flew ;  
And day's last sunshine slept along the shore,  
When lo, a path the smile of welcome wore.  
Imbowering shrubs with verdure veiled the sky,  
And on the musk-rose shed a deeper dye ;  
Save when a bright and momentary gleam  
Glanced from the white foam of some sheltered stream.

O'er the still lake the bell of evening tolled,  
 And on the moor the shepherd penned his fold ;  
 And on the green hill's side the meteor played ;  
 When, hark ! a voice sung sweetly through the shade.  
 It ceased—yet still in FLORIO'S fancy sung,  
 Still on each note his captive spirit hung ;  
 Till o'er the mead a cool sequestered grot  
 From its rich roof a sparry lustre shot.  
 A crystal water crossed the pebbled floor,  
 And on the front these simple lines it bore.

Hence away, nor dare intrude !  
 In this secret, shadowy cell  
 Musing MEMORY loves to dwell,  
 With her sister Solitude.

Far from the busy world she flies,  
 To taste that peace the world denies.  
 Entranced she sits ; from youth to age,  
 Reviewing Life's eventful page ;  
 And noting, ere they fade away,  
 The little lines of yesterday.

FLORIO had gained a rude and rocky seat,  
 When lo, the Genius of this still retreat !  
 Fair was her form—but who can hope to trace  
 The pensive softness of her angel face ?

Can VIRGIL'S verse, can RAPHAEL'S touch impart  
Those finer features of the feeling heart,  
Those tenderer tints that shun the careless eye  
And in the world's contagious climate die?

She left the cave, nor marked the stranger there ;  
Her pastoral beauty and her artless air  
Had breathed a soft enchantment o'er his soul :  
In every nerve he felt her blest control !  
What pure and white-winged agents of the sky,  
Who rule the springs of sacred sympathy,  
Inform congenial spirits when they meet ?  
Sweet is their office, as their natures sweet !

FLORIO, with fearful joy, pursued the maid,  
Till through a vista's moonlight-chequered shade,  
Where the bat circled, and the rooks reposed,  
(Their wars suspended, and their councils closed)  
An antique mansion burst in solemn state,  
A rich vine clustering round the Gothic gate.  
Nor paused he there. The master of the scene  
Saw his light step imprint the dewy green :  
And, slow advancing, hailed him as his guest,  
Won by the honest warmth his looks expressed.  
He wore the rustic manners of a 'Squire ;  
Age had not quenched one spark of manly fire ;



But giant Gout had bound him in her chain,  
And his heart panted for the chase in vain.

Yet here Remembrance, sweetly-soothing Power !  
Winged with delight Confinement's lingering hour.  
The fox's brush still emulous to wear,  
He scoured the country in his elbow-chair ;  
And, with view-hallow, roused the dreaming hound,  
That rung, by starts, his deep-toned music round.

Long by the paddock's humble pale confined,  
His aged hunters coursed the viewless wind :  
And each, with glowing energy portrayed,  
The far-famed triumphs of the field displayed ;  
Usurped the canvas of the crowded hall,  
And chased a line of heroes from the wall.  
There slept the horn each jocund echo knew,  
And many a smile and many a story drew !  
High o'er the hearth his forest-trophies hung,  
And their fantastic branches wildly flung.  
How would he dwell on the vast antlers there !  
These dashed the wave, those fanned the mountain air,  
All, as they frowned, unwritten records bore  
Of gallant feats and festivals of yore.

But why the tale prolong ?—His only child,  
His darling Julia on the stranger smiled.

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"When evening tinged the lakes ethereal blue,  
And her deep shades irregularly threw,  
Their shining sail dropt gently from the cove,  
Down by St Herbert's consecrated grove."





Her little arts a fretful sire to please,  
Her gentle gaiety, and native ease  
Had won his soul; and rapturous Fancy shed  
Her golden lights, and tints of rosy red:  
But ah! few days had passed, ere the bright vision fled!

When evening tinged the lake's ethereal blue,  
And her deep shades irregularly threw;  
Their shifting sail dropt gently from the cove,  
Down by St. Herbert's consecrated grove;  
Whence erst the chanted hymn, the tapered rite  
Amused the fisher's solitary night:  
And still the mitred window, richly wreathed,  
A sacred calm through the brown foliage breathed.

The wild deer, starting through the silent glade,  
With fearful gaze their various course surveyed.  
High hung in air, the hoary goat reclined,  
His streaming beard the sport of every wind;  
And, while the coot her jet wing loved to lave,  
Rocked on the bosom of the sleepless wave;  
The eagle rushed from Skiddaw's purple crest,  
A cloud still brooding o'er her giant nest.

And now the moon had dimmed with dewy ray  
The few fine flushes of departing day.

O'er the wide water's deep serene she hung,  
And her broad lights on every mountain flung ;  
When lo ! a sudden blast the vessel blew,  
And to the surge consigned the little crew.  
All, all escaped—but ere the lover bore  
His faint and faded JULIA to the shore,  
Her sense had fled !—Exhausted by the storm,  
A fatal trance hung o'er her pallid form ;  
Her closing eye a trembling lustre fired ;  
'Twas life's last spark—it fluttered and expired !  
The father strewed his white hairs in the wind,  
Called on his child—nor lingered long behind ;  
And FLORIO lived to see the willow wave,  
With many an evening whisper, o'er their grave.  
Yes, FLORIO lived—and, still of each possessed,  
The father cherished, and the maid caressed !

For ever would the fond enthusiast rove,  
With JULIA'S spirit, through the shadowy grove :  
Gazed with delight on every scene she planned,  
Kiss every floweret planted by her hand.  
Ah ! still he traced her steps along the glade,  
When hazy hues and glimmering lights betrayed  
Half-viewless forms ; still listened as the breeze  
Heaved its deep sobs among the aged trees ;

And at each pause her melting accents caught,  
In sweet delirium of romantic thought !  
Dear was the grot that shunned the blaze of day ;  
She gave its spars to shoot a trembling ray.  
The spring, that bubbled from its inmost cell,  
Murmured of JULIA'S virtues as it fell ;  
And o'er the dripping moss, the fretted stone,  
In FLORIO'S ear breathed language not its own.  
Her charm around the enchantress MEMORY threw,  
A charm that soothes the mind, and sweetens too ;  
But is Her Magic only felt below ?  
Say, through what brighter realms she bids it flow ;  
To what pure beings, in a nobler sphere,  
She yields delight but faintly imaged here ;  
All that till now their apt researches knew,  
Not called in slow succession to review ;  
But, as a landscape meets the eye of day,  
At once presented to their glad survey !

Each scene of bliss revealed, since chaos fled,  
And dawning light its dazzling glories spread ;  
Each chain of wonders that sublimely glowed,  
Since first Creation's choral anthem flowed ;  
Each ready flight, at Mercy's call divine,  
To distant worlds that undiscovered shine ;



Full on her tablet flings its living rays,  
And all, combined, with blest effulgence blaze.

There thy bright train, immortal Friendship, soar ;  
No more to part, to mingle tears no more !  
And, as the softening hand of Time endears  
The joys and sorrows of our infant years,  
So there the soul, released from human strife,  
Smiles at the little cares and ills of life ;  
Its lights and shades, its sunshine and its showers ;  
As at a dream that charmed her vacant hours !

Oft may the spirits of the dead descend  
To watch the silent slumbers of a friend ;  
To hover round his evening-walk unseen ;  
And hold sweet converse on the dusky green ;  
To hail the spot where first their friendship grew,  
And heaven and nature opened to their view !  
Oft, when he trims his cheerful hearth, and sees  
A smiling circle emulous to please ;  
There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,  
And bless the scene they loved in life so well !

O thou ! with whom my heart was wont to share  
From Reason's dawn each pleasure and each care ;  
With whom, alas ! I fondly hoped to know  
The humble walks of happiness below ;

If thy blest nature now unites above  
An angel's pity with a brother's love,  
Still o'er my life preserve thy mild control,  
Correct my views, and elevate my soul ;  
Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,  
Devout yet cheerful, active yet resigned ;  
Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no disguise,  
Whose blameless wishes never aimed to rise,  
To meet the changes Time and Chance present,  
With modest dignity and calm content.  
When thy last breath, ere Nature sunk to rest,  
Thy meek submission to thy God expressed ;  
When thy last look, ere thought and feeling fled,  
A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed ;  
What to thy soul its glad assurance gave,  
Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave ?  
The sweet Remembrance of unblemished youth,  
The still inspiring voice of Innocence and Truth !

Hail, MEMORY hail ! in thy exhaustless mine  
From age to age unnumbered treasures shine !  
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,  
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway !  
Thy pleasures most we feel, when most alone ;  
The only pleasures we can call our own.

Lighter than air, Hope's summer-visions die,  
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky ;  
If but a beam of sober Reason play,  
Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away !  
But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,  
Snatch the rich relicts of a well-spent hour ?  
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,  
Pour round her path a stream of living light ;  
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,  
Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest !

THE  
PLEASURES OF HOPE.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.



THE  
PLEASURES OF HOPE.

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PART I.

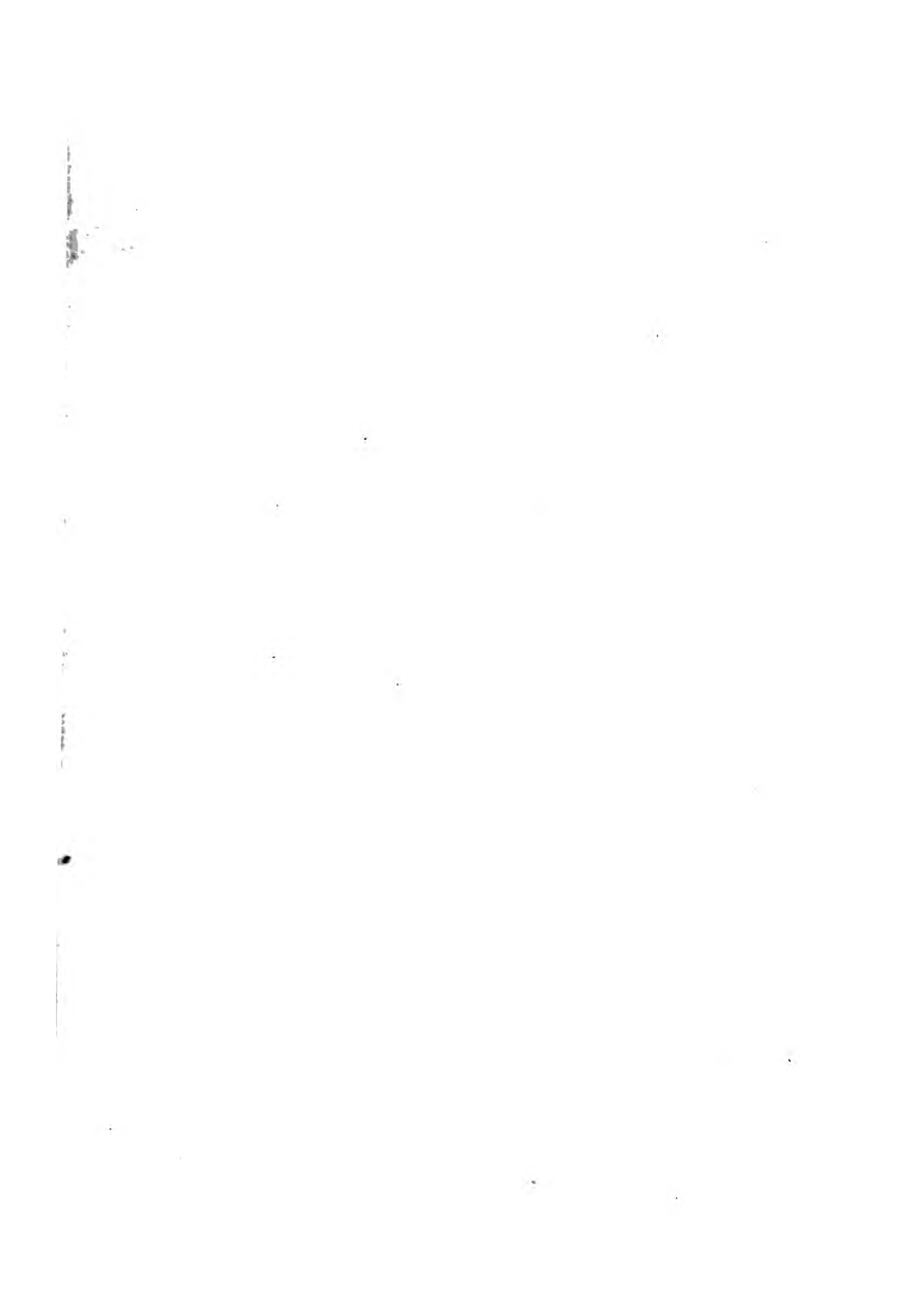
ANALYSIS.

THE Poem opens with a comparison between the beauty of remote objects in a landscape, and those ideal scenes of felicity which the imagination delights to contemplate—the influence of anticipation upon the other passions is next delineated—an allusion is made to the well-known fiction in Pagan tradition, that, when all the guardian deities of mankind abandoned the world, Hope alone was left behind—the consolations of this passion in situations of danger and distress—the seaman on his watch—the soldier marching into battle—allusion to the interesting adventures of Byron.

The inspiration of Hope, as it actuates the efforts of genius, whether in the department of science, or of taste

—domestic felicity, how intimately connected with views of future happiness—picture of a mother watching her infant when asleep—pictures of the prisoner, the maniac, and the wanderer.

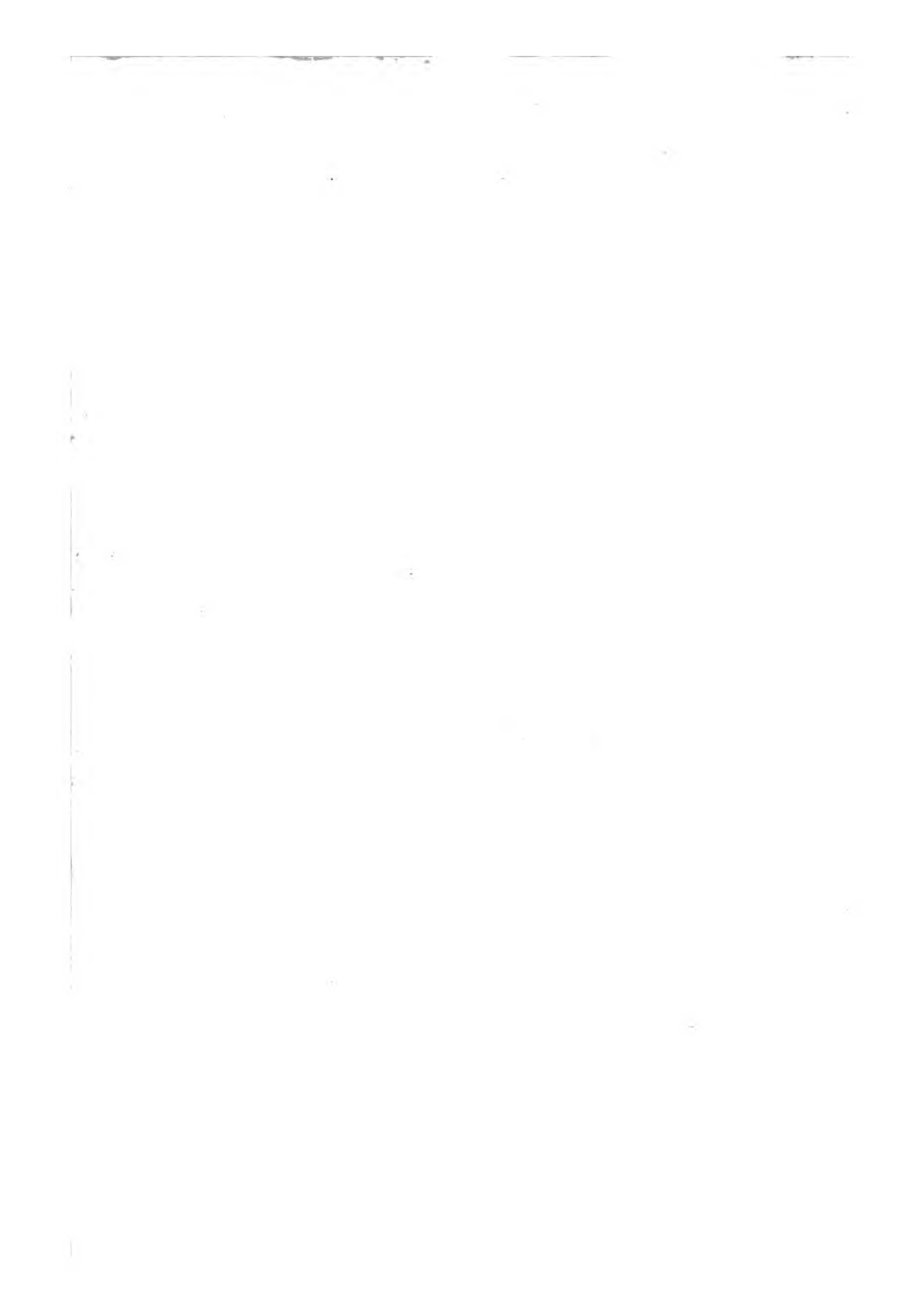
From the consolations of individual misery a transition is made to prospects of political improvement in the future state of society—the wide field that is yet open for the progress of humanizing arts among uncivilized nations—from these views of amelioration of society, and the extension of liberty and truth over despotic and barbarous countries, by a melancholy contrast of ideas, we are led to reflect upon the hard fate of a brave people recently conspicuous in their struggles for independence—description of the capture of Warsaw, of the last contest of the oppressors and the oppressed, and the massacre of the Polish patriots at the bridge of Prague—apostrophe to the self-interested enemies of human improvement—the wrongs of Africa—the barbarous policy of Europeans in India—prophecy in the Hindoo mythology of the expected descent of the Deity to redress the miseries of their race, and to take vengeance on the violators of justice and mercy.

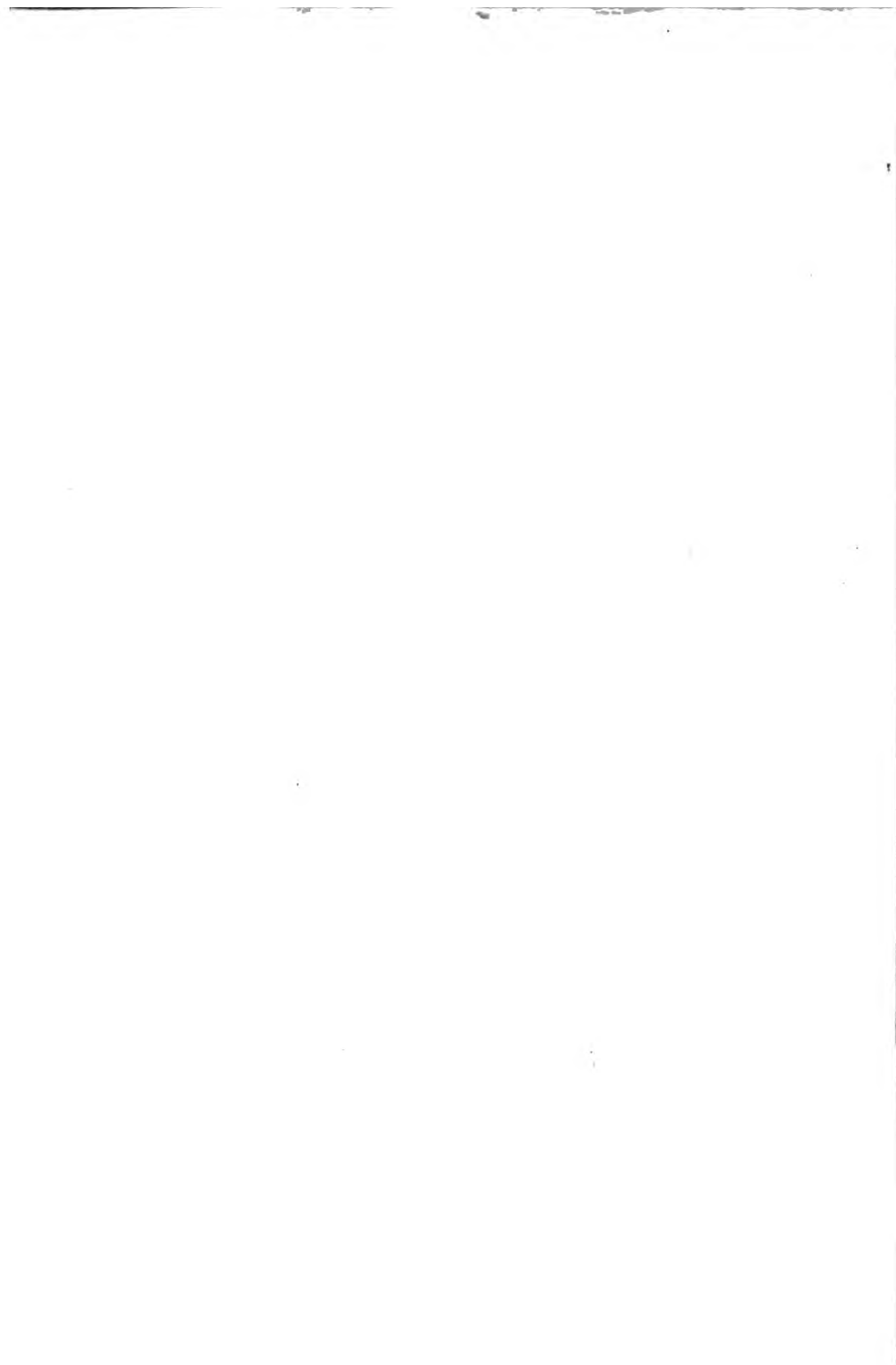






At sunn'ry eve when Heavens ethereal bow  
Spans with bright arch the glistening hills below,  
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye  
Whose sunbright summit nangles with the sky?"





# P O E M.

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## PART I.

AT summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow  
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,  
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,  
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?  
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear  
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—  
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,  
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.  
Thus, with delight we linger to survey  
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way,  
Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene  
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been,  
And every form that Fancy can repair  
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptured eye  
To pierce the shades of dim futurity?  
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heavenly power,  
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?  
Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man—  
Her dim horizon bounded to a span;  
Or, if she hold an image to the view,  
'Tis Nature pictured too severely true.  
With thee, sweet HOPE! resides the heavenly light,  
That pours remotest rapture on the sight:  
Thine is the charm of Life's bewildered way,  
That calls each slumbering passion into play.  
Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band,  
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,  
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,  
To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career.

Primeval HOPE, the Aöonian Muses say,  
When Man and Nature mourned their first decay;  
When every form of death, and every woe,  
Shot from malignant stars to earth below;  
When Murder bared her arm, and rampant War  
Yoked the red dragons of her iron car,  
When Peace and Mercy, banished from the plain,  
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heaven again;

All, all forsook the friendless, guilty mind,  
But HOPE, the charmer, lingered still behind.

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare  
From Carmel's heights to sweep the fields of air,  
The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,  
Dropt on the world—a sacred gift to man.

Auspicious HOPE! in thy sweet garden grow  
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe;  
Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,  
The wayworn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;  
There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,  
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring!  
What viewless forms th' Æolian organ play,  
And sweep the furrowed lines of anxious thought away.

Angel of life! thy glittering wings explore  
Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest shore.  
Lo! to the wintry winds the pilot yields  
His bark careering o'er unfathomed fields;  
Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,  
Where Andes, giant of the western star,  
With meteor-standard to the winds unfurled,  
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world!

Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer smiles,  
On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles:

Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,  
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow ;  
And waft, across the waves' tumultuous roar,  
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.

Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,  
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form !  
Rocks, waves, and winds, the shattered bark delay ;  
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.

But HOPE can here her moonlight vigils keep,  
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep :  
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,  
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul ;  
His native hills that rise in happier climes,  
The grot that heard his song of other times,  
His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,  
His glassy lake, and broomwood-blossom'd vale,  
Rush on his thought ; he sweeps before the wind,  
Treads the loved shore he sighed to leave behind ;  
Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,  
And flies at last to Helen's long embrace ;  
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear !  
And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear !  
While, long neglected, but at length caressed,  
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest.

Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)  
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.

Friend of the brave ! in peril's darkest hour,  
Intrepid Virtue looks to thee for power ;  
To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,  
On stormy floods, and carnage-covered fields,  
When front to front the bannered hosts combine,  
Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line.  
When all is still on Death's devoted soil,  
The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil !  
As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high  
The dauntless brow, and spirit-speaking eye,  
Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,  
And hears thy stormy music in the drum !

And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore  
The hardy Byron to his native shore—  
In horrid climes, where Chiloe's tempests sweep  
Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep,  
'Twas his to mourn Misfortune's rudest shock,  
Scourged by the winds, and cradled on the rock,  
To wake each joyless morn and search again  
The famished haunts of solitary men ;  
Whose race, unyielding as their native storm,  
Know not a trace of Nature but the form ;



Yet, at thy call, the hardy tar pursued,  
Pale, but intrepid, sad, but unsubdued,  
Pierced the deep woods, and, hailing from afar  
The moon's pale planet and the northern star,  
Paused at each dreary cry, unheard before,  
Hyenas in the wild, and mermaids on the shore ;  
Till, led by thee o'er many a cliff sublime,  
He found a warmer world, a milder clime,  
A home to rest, a shelter to defend,  
Peace and repose, a Briton and a friend !

Congenial HOPE ! thy passion-kindling power,  
How bright, how strong, in youth's untroubled hour !  
On yon proud height, with Genius hand in hand,  
I see thee, light, and wave thy golden wand.

“ Go, child of Heaven ! (thy winged words proclaim)  
'Tis thine to search the boundless fields of fame !  
Lo ! Newton, priest of nature, shines afar,  
Scans the wide world, and numbers every star !  
Wilt thou, with him, mysterious rites apply,  
And watch the shrine with wonder-beaming eye !  
Yes, thou shalt mark, with magic art profound,  
The speed of light, the circling march of sound ;  
With Franklin grasp the lightning's fiery wing,  
Or yield the lyre of Heaven another string.

“ The Swedish sage admires, in yonder bowers,  
His winged insects, and his rosy flowers ;  
Calls from their woodland haunts the savage train,  
With sounding horn, and counts them on the plain—  
So once, at Heaven’s command, the wanderers came  
To Eden’s shade, and heard their various name.

“ Far from the world, in yon sequestered clime,  
Slow pass the sons of Wisdom, more sublime ;  
Calm as the fields of Heaven, his sapient eye  
The loved Athenian lifts to realms on high,  
Admiring Plato, on his spotless page,  
Stamps the bright dictates of the Father sage :  
‘ Shall Nature bound to Earth’s diurnal span  
The fire of God, th’ immortal soul of man ?’

“ Turn, child of Heaven, thy rapture-lightened eye  
To Wisdom’s walks, the sacred Nine are nigh :  
Hark ! from bright spires that gild the Delphian height,  
From streams that wander in eternal light,  
Ranged on their hill, Harmonia’s daughters swell  
The mingling tones of horn, and harp, and shell ;  
Deep from his vaults the Loxian murmurs flow,  
And Pythia’s awful organ peals below.

“ Beloved of Heaven ! the smiling Muse shall shed  
Her moonlight halo on thy beauteous head ;

Shall swell thy heart to rapture unconfined,  
And breathe a holy madness o'er thy mind.  
I see thee roam her guardian power beneath,  
And talk with spirits on the midnight heath ;  
Inquire of guilty wanderers whence they came,  
And ask each bloodstained form his earthly name ;  
Then weave in rapid verse the deeds they tell,  
And read the trembling world the tales of hell.

“ When Venus, throned in clouds of rosy hue,  
Flings from her golden urn the vesper dew,  
And bids fond man her glimmering noon employ,  
Sacred to love, and walks of tender joy ;  
A milder mood the goddess shall recall,  
And soft as dew thy tones of music fall ;  
While Beauty's deeply-pictured smiles impart  
A pang more dear than pleasure to the heart—  
Warm as thy sighs shall flow the Lesbian strain,  
And plead in Beauty's ear, nor plead in vain.

“ Or wilt thou Orphean hymns more sacred deem,  
And steep thy song in Mercy's mellow stream ;  
To pensive drops the radiant eye beguile—  
For Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile ;—  
On Nature's throbbing anguish pour relief,  
And teach impassioned souls the joy of grief ?

“ Yes ; to thy tongue shall seraph words be given,  
And power on earth to plead the cause of Heaven ;  
The proud, the cold untroubled heart of stone,  
That never mused on sorrow but its own,  
Unlocks a generous store at thy command,  
Like Horeb’s rocks beneath the prophet’s hand.  
The living lumber of his kindred earth,  
Charmed into soul, receives a second birth,  
Feels thy dread power another heart afford,  
Whose passion-touched harmonious strings accord  
True as the circling spheres to Nature’s plan ;  
And man, the brother, lives the friend of man.

“ Bright as the pillar rose at Heaven’s command,  
When Israel marched along the desert land,  
Blazed through the night on lonely wilds afar,  
And told the path,—a never-setting star :  
So, heavenly Genius, in thy course divine,  
HOPE is thy star, her light is ever thine.”

Propitious Power ! when rankling cares annoy.  
The sacred home of Hymenean joy ;  
When doomed to Poverty’s sequestered dell,  
The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell,  
Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame,  
Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts the same—

Oh, there, prophetic HOPE! thy smile bestow,  
And chase the pangs that worth should never know—  
There, as the parent deals his scanty store  
To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more,  
Tell, that his manly race shall yet assuage  
Their father's wrongs, and shield his latter age.  
What though for him no Hybla sweets distil,  
Nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill ;  
Tell, that when silent years have passed away,  
That when his eye grows dim, his tresses gray,  
These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,  
And deck with fairer flowers his little field,  
And call from Heaven propitious dews to breathe  
Arcadian beauty on the barren heath ;  
Tell, that while Love's spontaneous smile endears  
The days of peace, the sabbath of his years,  
Health shall prolong to many a festive hour  
The social pleasures of his humble bower.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,  
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps ;  
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,  
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,  
And weaves a song of melancholy joy—  
“ Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy ;

No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine ;  
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine ;  
Bright as his manly sire the son shall be  
In form and soul ; but ah ! more blest than he !  
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love at last,  
Shall soothe his aching heart for all the past—  
With many a smile my solitude repay,  
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.

“ And say, when summoned from the world and thee  
I lay my head beneath the willow tree, .  
Wilt *thou*, sweet mourner ! at my stone appear,  
And soothe my parting spirit lingering near ?  
Oh, wilt thou come at evening hour to shed  
The tears of Memory o'er my narrow bed ;  
With aching temples on thy hand reclined,  
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,  
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,  
And think on all my love, and all my woe ?”

So speaks affection, ere the infant eye  
Can look regard, or brighten in reply ;  
But when the cherub lip hath learnt to claim  
A mother's ear by that endearing name ;  
Soon as the playful innocent can prove  
A tear of pity, or a smile of love,

---

Or cons his murmuring task beneath her care,  
Or lisps with holy look his evening prayer,  
Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear  
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear ;  
How fondly looks admiring HOPE the while,  
At every artless tear, and every smile ;  
How glows the joyous parent to descry  
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy !

Where is the troubled heart consigned to share  
Tumultuous toils, or solitary care,  
Unblest by visionary thoughts that stray  
To count the joys of Fortune's better day !  
Lo, nature, life, and liberty relume  
The dim-eyed tenant of the dungeon gloom,  
A long-lost friend, or hapless child restored,  
Smiles at his blazing hearth and social board ;  
Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow,  
And virtue triumphs o'er remembered woe.

Chide not his peace, proud Reason ! nor destroy  
The shadowy forms of uncreated joy,  
That urge the lingering tide of life, and pour  
Spontaneous slumber on his midnight hour.  
Hark ! the wild maniac sings, to chide the gale  
That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail ;

She, sad spectatress, on the wintry shore,  
Watched the rude surge his shroudless corse that bore,  
Knew the pale form, and, shrieking in amaze,  
Clasped her cold hands, and fixed her maddening gaze :  
Poor widowed wretch ! 'twas there she wept in vain,  
Till Memory fled her agonizing brain ; —  
But Mercy gave, to charm the sense of woe,  
Ideal peace, that Truth could ne'er bestow ;  
Warm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam,  
And aimless HOPE delights her darkest dream.

Oft when yon moon has climbed the midnight sky,  
And the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry,  
Piled on the steep, her blazing fagots burn  
To hail the bark that never can return ;  
And still she waits, but scarce forbears to weep  
That constant love can linger on the deep.

And, mark the wretch, whose wanderings never knew  
The world's regard, that soothes, though half untrue ;  
Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,  
But found not pity when it erred no more.  
Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye  
Th' unfeeling proud one looks—and passes by,  
Condemned on Penury's barren path to roam,  
Scorned by the world and left without a home—



Even he, at evening, should he chance to stray,  
Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way,  
Where, round the cot's romantic glade, are seen  
The blossomed bean-field, and the sloping green,  
Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while—  
Oh! that for me some home like this would smile,  
Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form  
Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm!  
There should my hand no stinted boon assign  
To wretched hearts with sorrow such as mine!—  
That generous wish can soothe unpitied care,  
And HOPE half mingles with the poor man's prayer.

HOPE! when I mourn, with sympathizing mind,  
The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,  
Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see  
The boundless fields of rapture yet to be ;  
I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan,  
And learn the future by the past of man.

Come, bright Improvement! on the car of Time,  
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime ;  
Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,  
Trace every wave, and culture every shore.  
On Erie's banks, where tigers steal along,  
And the dread Indian chants a dismal song,

Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,  
And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk,  
There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,  
And shepherds dance at Summer's opening day ;  
Each wandering genius of the lonely glen  
Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men,  
And silent watch, on woodland heights around,  
The village curfew as it tolls profound.

In Libyan groves, where damned rites are done,  
That bathe the rocks in blood, and veil the sun,  
Truth shall arrest the murderous arm profane,  
Wild Obi flies—the veil is rent in twain.

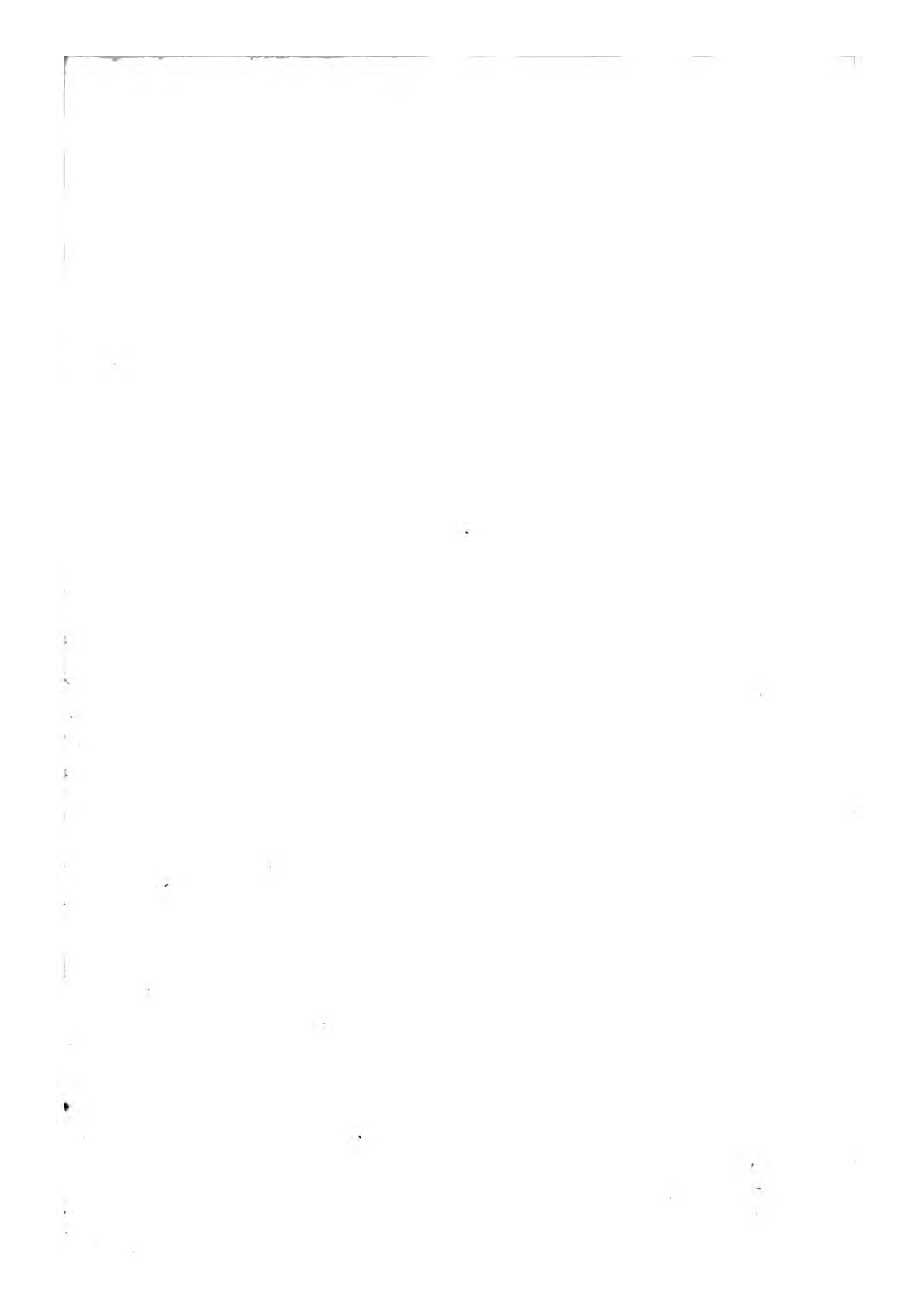
Where barbarous hordes on Scythian mountains roam,  
Truth, Mercy, Freedom, yet shall find a home ;  
Where'er degraded Nature bleeds and pines,  
From Guinea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines,  
Truth shall pervade th' unfathomed darkness there,  
And light the dreadful features of despair.—  
Hark ! the stern captive spurns his heavy load,  
And asks the image back that Heaven bestowed.  
Fierce in his eye the fire of valor burns,  
And, as the slave departs, the man returns.

Oh ! sacred Truth ! thy triumph ceased a while,  
And HOPE, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,

When leagued Oppression poured to Northern wars  
Her whiskered pandours and her fierce hussars,  
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,  
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet horn ;  
Tumultuous Horror brooded o'er her van,  
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man !

Warsaw's last champion from her height surveyed,  
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—  
Oh Heaven ! he cried, my bleeding country save ! —  
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave ?  
Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,  
Rise, fellow-men ! our country yet remains !  
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high !  
And swear for her to live ! —with her to die !

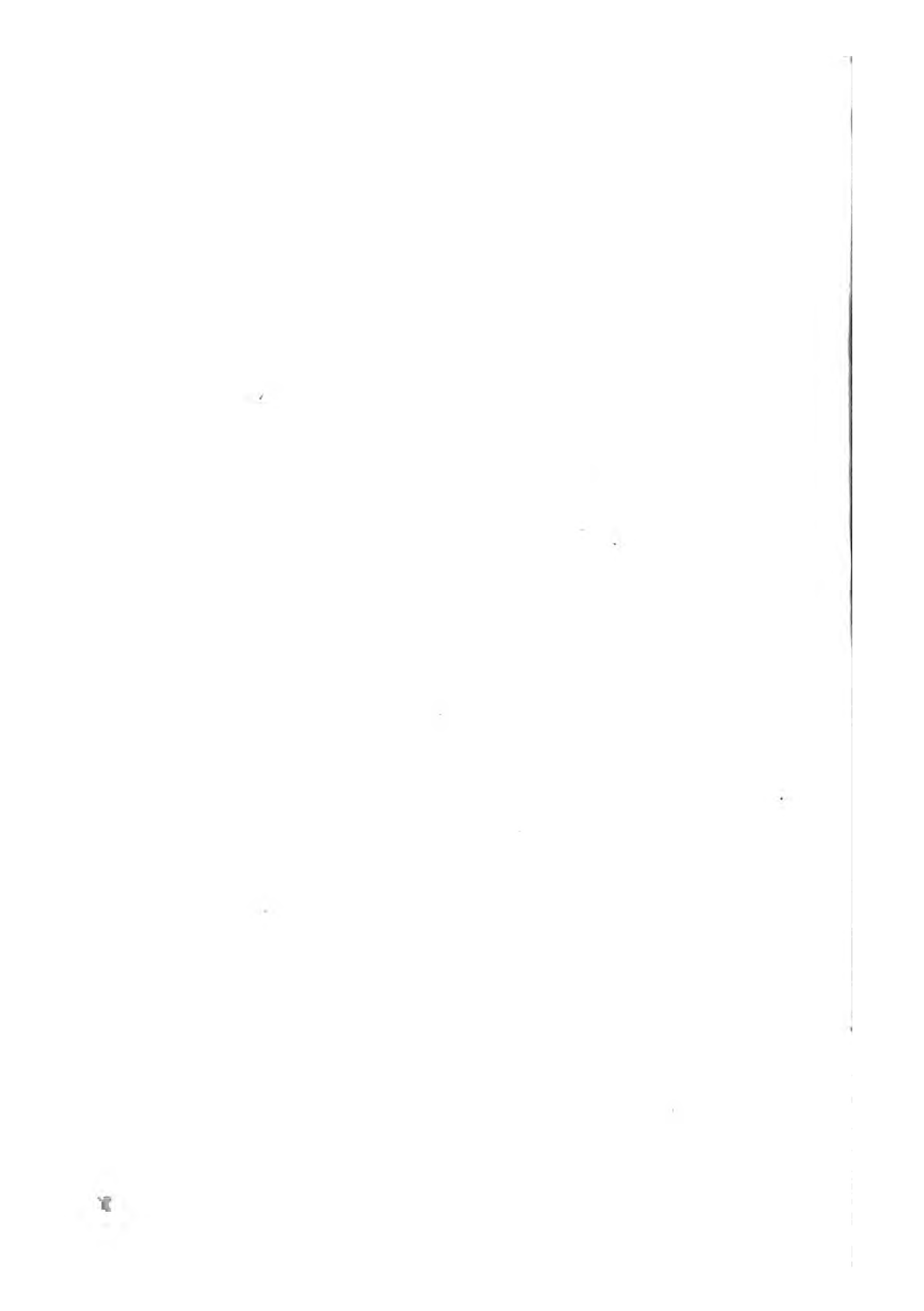
He said, and on the rampart-heights arrayed  
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed ;  
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,  
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm ;  
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,  
Revenge, or death,—the watchword and reply ;  
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,  
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm ! —  
In vain, alas ! in vain, ye gallant few !  
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew :—





HOPE for a season, bade the world farewell,  
And Freedom smother'd as Kosciusko fell."





Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,  
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime ;  
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,  
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe !  
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,  
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career ;—  
HOPE, for a season, bade the world farewell,  
And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciusko fell !

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there ;  
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—  
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,  
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below ;  
The storm prevails, the rampart yields away,  
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay !  
Hark ! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,  
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call !  
Earth shook—red meteors flashed along the sky,  
And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry !

Oh ! righteous Heaven ! ere Freedom found a grave  
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save ?  
Where was thine arm, O vengeance ! where thy rod  
That smote the foes of Zion and of God ;  
That crushed proud Ammon, when his iron car  
Was yoked in wrath, and thundered from afar ?



Where was the storm that slumbered till the host  
Of blood-stained Pharaoh left their trembling coast ;  
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,  
And heaved an ocean on their march below ?

    Departed spirits of the mighty dead !  
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled !  
Friends of the world ! restore your swords to man,  
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van !  
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,  
And make her arm puissant as your own !  
Oh ! once again to Freedom's cause return  
The patriot TELL—the BRUCE OF BANNOCKBURN !

    Yes ! thy proud lords, unpitied land ! shall see  
That man hath yet a soul—and dare be free !  
A little while, along thy saddening plains,  
The starless night of Desolation reigns ;  
Truth shall restore the light by Nature given,  
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heaven !  
Prone to the dust oppression shall be hurled,  
Her name, her nature, withered from the world !

    Ye that the rising morn invidious mark,  
And hate the light—because your deeds are dark ;  
Ye that expanding truth invidious view,  
And think, or wish, the song of HOPE untrue ;

Perhaps your little hands presume to span  
The march of Genius and the powers of man ;  
Perhaps ye watch, at Pride's unhallowed shrine,  
Her victims, newly slain, and thus divine ;—  
“ Here shall thy triumph, Genius, cease, and here  
Truth, Science, Virtue, close your short career.”

Tyrants ! in vain ye trace the wizard ring ;  
In vain ye limit Mind's unwearied spring ;  
What ! can ye lull the winged winds asleep,  
Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep ?  
No !—the wild wave contemns your sceptred hand :  
It rolled not back when Canute gave command !

Man ! can thy doom no brighter soul allow ?  
Still must thou live a blot on Nature's brow ?  
Shall war's polluted banner ne'er be furled ?  
Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the world ?  
What ! are thy triumphs, sacred Truth, belied ?  
Why then hath Plato lived—or Sidney died ?—

• Ye fond adorers of departed fame,  
Who warm at Scipio's worth, or Tully's name !  
Ye that, in fancied vision, can admire  
The sword of Brutus, and the Theban lyre !  
Rapt in historic ardor, who adore  
Each classic haunt, and well-remembered shore,

Where Valor tuned, amidst her chosen throng,  
The Thracian trumpet and the Spartan song ;  
Or, wandering thence, behold the later charms  
Of England's glory, and Helvetia's arms !  
See Roman fire in Hampden's bosom swell,  
And fate and freedom in the shaft of Tell !  
Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore,  
Hath Valor left the world—to live no more ?  
No more shall Brutus bid a tyrant die,  
And sternly smile with vengeance in his eye ?  
Hampden no more, when suffering Freedom calls,  
Encounter Fate, and triumph as he falls ?  
Nor Tell disclose, through peril and alarm,  
The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm ?

Yes ! in that generous cause, forever strong,  
The patriot's virtue and the poet's song,  
Still, as the tide of ages rolls away,  
Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay.

Yes ! there are hearts, prophetic HOPE may trust,  
That slumber yet in uncreated dust,  
Ordained to fire th' adoring sons of earth,  
With every charm of wisdom and of worth ;  
Ordained to light, with intellectual day,  
The mazy wheels of Nature as they play,

Or, warm with Fancy's energy, to glow,  
And rival all but Shakspeare's name below.

And say, supernal Powers ! who deeply scan  
Heaven's dark decrees, unfathomed yet by man,  
When shall the world call down, to cleanse her shame,  
That embryo spirit, yet without a name,—  
That friend of Nature, whose avenging hands  
Shall burst the Libyan's adamantine bands ?  
Who, sternly marking on his native soil  
The blood, the tears, the anguish, and the toil,  
Shall bid each righteous heart exult, to see  
Peace to the slave, and vengeance on the free !

Yet, yet, degraded men ! th' expected day  
That breaks your bitter cup, is far away ;  
Trade, wealth, and fashion, ask you still to bleed,  
And holy men give Scripture for the deed ;  
Scourged, and debased, no Briton stoops to save  
A wretch, a coward ; yes, because a slave !—

Eternal Nature ! when thy giant hand  
Had heaved the floods, and fixed the trembling land  
When life sprang startling at thy plastic call,  
Endless her forms, and man the lord of all !  
Say, was that lordly form inspired by thee  
To wear eternal chains and bow the knee ?

Was man ordained the slave of man to toil,  
Yoked with the brutes and fettered to the soil ;  
Weighed in a tyrant's balance with his gold ?  
No !—Nature stamped us in a heavenly mould !  
She bade no wretch his thankless labor urge !  
Nor, trembling, take the pittance and the scourge !  
No homeless Libyan, on the stormy deep,  
To call upon his country's name, and weep !

Lo ! once in triumph on his boundless plain,  
The quivered chief of Congo loved to reign ;  
With fires proportioned to his native sky,  
Strength in his arm, and lightning in his eye ;  
Scoured with wild feet his sun-illumined zone,  
The spear, the lion, and the woods, his own !  
Or led the combat, bold without a plan,  
An artless savage, but a fearless man !

The plunderer came !—alas ! no glory smiles  
For Congo's chief, on yonder Indian isles ;  
Forever fallen ! no son of Nature now,  
With Freedom chartered on his manly brow !  
Faint, bleeding, bound, he weeps the night away,  
And when the sea-wind wafts the dewless day,  
Starts, with a bursting heart, for evermore  
To curse the sun that lights their guilty shore !

The shrill horn blew ; at that alarum knell  
His guardian angel took a last farewell !  
That funeral dirge to darkness hath resigned  
The fiery grandeur of a generous mind !  
Poor fettered man ! I hear thee whispering low  
Unhallowed vows to Guilt, the child of Woe,  
Friendless thy heart ; and canst thou harbor there  
A wish but death—a passion but despair ?

The widowed Indian, when her lord expires,  
Mounts the dread pile, and braves the funeral fires !  
So falls the heart at Thralldom's bitter sigh !  
So Virtue dies, the spouse of Liberty !

But not to Libya's barren climes alone,  
To Chili, or the wild Siberian zone,  
Belong the wretched heart and haggard eye,  
Degraded worth, and poor misfortune's sigh !  
Ye orient realms, where Ganges' waters run !  
Prolific fields ! dominions of the sun !  
How long your tribes have trembled and obeyed !  
How long was Timour's iron sceptre swayed,  
Whose marshalled hosts, the lions of the plain,  
From Scythia's northern mountains to the main,  
Raged o'er your plundered shrines and altars bare,  
With blazing torch and gory cimiter,—

Stunned with the cries of death each gentle gale,  
And bathed in blood the verdure of the vale !  
Yet could no pangs the immortal spirit tame,  
When Brama's children perished for his name ;  
The martyr smiled beneath avenging power,  
And braved the tyrant in his torturing hour !

When Europe sought your subject realms to gain  
And stretched her giant sceptre o'er the main,  
Taught her proud barks the winding way to shape,  
And braved the stormy Spirit of the Cape ;  
Children of Brama ! then was Mercy nigh  
To wash the stain of blood's eternal dye ?  
Did Peace descend, to triumph and to save,  
When freeborn Britons crossed the Indian wave ?  
Ah, no !—to more than Rome's ambition true,  
The Nurse of Freedom gave it not to you !  
She the bold route of Europe's guilt began,  
And, in the march of nations, led the van !

Rich in the gems of India's gaudy zone,  
And plunder piled from kingdoms not their own,  
Degenerate trade ! thy minions could despise  
The heart-born anguish of a thousand cries ;  
Could lock, with impious hands, their teeming store,  
While famished nations died along their shore :

Could mock the groans of fellow-men, and bear  
The curse of kingdoms peopled with despair ;  
Could stamp disgrace on man's polluted name,  
And barter, with their gold, eternal shame !

But hark ! as bowed to earth the Bramin kneels,  
From heavenly climes propitious thunder peals !  
Of India's fate her guardian spirits tell,  
Prophetic murmurs breathing on the shell,  
And solemn sounds that awe the listening mind,  
Roll on the azure paths of every wind.

Foes of mankind ! (her guardian spirits say)  
Revolving ages bring the bitter day,  
When Heaven's unerring arm shall fall on you,  
And blood for blood these Indian plains bedew ;  
Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning hurled  
His awful presence o'er the alarmed world ;  
Nine times hath Guilt, through all his giant frame,  
Convulsive trembled, as the Mighty came ;  
Nine times hath suffering Mercy spared in vain—  
But Heaven shall burst her starry gates again !  
He comes ! dread Brama shakes the sunless sky  
With murmuring wrath, and thunders from on high,  
Heaven's fiery horse, beneath his warrior form,  
Paws the light clouds, and gallops on the storm !



Wide waves his flickering sword; his bright arms glow  
Like summer suns, and light the world below!  
Earth, and her trembling isles in Ocean's bed,  
Are shook; and Nature rocks beneath his tread!

“To pour redress on India's injured realm,  
The oppressor to dethrone, the proud to whelm;  
To chase destruction from her plundered shore  
With arts and arms that triumphed once before,  
The tenth Avatar comes! at Heaven's command  
Shall Seriswattee wave her hallowed wand!  
And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime,  
Shall bless with joy their own propitious clime!—  
Come, Heavenly Powers! primeval peace restore!  
Love!—Mercy!—Wisdom!—rule for evermore!”

## PART II.

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### ANALYSIS.

APOSTROPHE to the power of Love—Its intimate connection with generous and social Sensibility—allusion to that beautiful passage in the beginning of the Book of Genesis, which represents the happiness of Paradise itself incomplete, till love was superadded to its other blessings—The dreams of future felicity which a lively imagination is apt to cherish, when Hope is animated by refined attachment—This disposition to combine, in one imaginary scene of residence, all that is pleasing in our estimate of happiness, compared to the skill of the great artist who personified perfect beauty, in the picture of Venus, by an assemblage of the most beautiful features he could find—A summer and winter evening described, as they may be supposed to arise in the mind of one who wishes, with enthusiasm, for the union of friendship and retirement.

Hope and Imagination inseparable agents—Even in those contemplative moments when our imagination wanders beyond the boundaries of this world, our minds are not unattended with an impression that we shall some day have a wider and more distinct prospect of the universe, instead of the partial glimpse we now enjoy.

The last and most sublime influence of Hope is the concluding topic of the poem,—the predominance of a belief in a future state over the terrors attendant on dissolution—The baneful influence of that sceptical philosophy which bars us from such comforts—Allusion to the fate of a suicide—Episode of Conrad and Ellenore—Conclusion.



## P O E M.

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### PART II.

IN joyous youth, what soul hath never known  
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own?  
Who hath not paused while Beauty's pensive eye  
Asked from his heart the homage of a sigh?  
Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame,  
The power of grace, the magic of a name?

There be, perhaps, who barren hearts avow,  
Cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow;  
There be, whose loveless wisdom never failed,  
In self-adoring pride securely mailed:—  
But, triumph not, ye peace-enamoured few!  
Fire, Nature, Genius, never dwelt with you!  
For you no fancy consecrates the scene  
Where rapture uttered vows, and wept between;  
'Tis yours, unmoved, to sever and to meet;  
No pledge is sacred, and no home is sweet!

Who that would ask a heart to dulness wed,  
The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead?  
No; the wild bliss of Nature needs alloy,  
And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy!  
And say, without our hopes, without our fears,  
Without the home that plighted love endears,  
Without the smile from partial beauty won,  
Oh! what were man?—a world without a sun.

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,  
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!  
In vain the viewless seraph lingering there  
At starry midnight charmed the silent air;  
In vain the wild-bird carolled on the steep,  
To hail the sun, slow wheeling from the deep;  
In vain, to soothe the solitary shade,  
Aerial notes in mingling measure played;  
The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,  
The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee;—  
Still slowly passed the melancholy day,  
And still the stranger wist not where to stay.  
The world was sad!—the garden was a wild!  
And man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled!

True, the sad power to generous hearts may bring  
Delirious anguish on his fiery wing;

Barred from delight by Fate's untimely hand,  
By wealthless lot, or pitiless command ;  
Or doomed to gaze on beauties that adorn  
The smile of triumph or the frown of scorn ;  
While Memory watches o'er the sad review  
Of joys that faded like the morning dew ;  
Peace may depart—and life and nature seem  
A barren path, a wildness and a dream !

But can the noble mind forever brood,  
The willing victim of a weary mood,  
On heartless cares that squander life away,  
And cloud young Genius brightening into day?  
Shame to the coward thought that e'er betrayed  
The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade !—  
If HOPE's creative spirit cannot raise  
One trophy sacred to thy future days,  
Scorn the dull crowd that haunt the gloomy shrine,  
Of hopeless love to murmur and repine !  
But, should a sigh of milder mood express  
Thy heart-warm wishes, true to happiness,  
Should Heaven's fair harbinger delight to pour  
Her blissful visions on thy pensive hour,  
No tear to blot thy memory's pictured page,  
No fears but such as fancy can assuage ;

Though thy wild heart some hapless hour may miss  
The peaceful tenor of unvaried bliss,  
(For love pursues an ever-devious race,  
True to the winding lineaments of grace ;)  
Yet still may HOPE her talisman employ  
To snatch from Heaven anticipated joy,  
And all her kindred energies impart,  
That burn the brightest in the purest heart.

When first the Rhodian's mimic art arrayed  
The Queen of Beauty in her Cyprian shade,  
The happy master mingled on his piece  
Each look that charmed him in the fair of Greece.  
To faultless Nature true, he stole a grace  
From every finer form and sweeter face ;  
And as he sojourned on the Ægean Isles,  
Wooded all their love, and treasured all their smiles ;  
Then glowed the tints, pure, precious, and refined,  
And mortal charms seemed heavenly when combined !  
Love on the picture smiled ! Expression poured  
Her mingling spirit there—and Greece adored !

So thy fair hand, enamoured Fancy ! gleans  
The treasured pictures of a thousand scenes ;  
Thy pencil traces on the lover's thought  
Some cottage home, from towns and toil remote,

Where love and lore may claim alternate hours,  
With Peace embosomed in Idalian bowers !  
Remote from busy Life's bewildered way,  
O'er all his heart shall Taste and Beauty sway !  
Free on the sunny slope, or winding shore,  
With hermit steps to wander and adore !  
There shall he love, when genial morn appears,  
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears,  
To watch the brightening roses of the sky,  
And muse on Nature with a poet's eye !—  
And when the sun's last splendor lights the deep,  
The woods and waves, and murmuring winds asleep,  
When fairy harps th' Hesperian planet hail,  
And the lone cuckoo sighs along the vale,  
His path shall be where streamy mountains swell  
Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell,  
Where mouldering piles and forests intervene,  
Mingling with darker tints the living green ;  
No circling hills his ravished eye to bound,  
Heaven, Earth, and Ocean, blazing all around.

The moon is up—the watch-tower dimly burns—  
And down the vale his sober step returns ;  
But pauses oft, as winding rocks convey  
The still sweet fall of music far away ;



And oft he lingers from his home awhile  
To watch the dying notes!—and start, and smile!  
Let winter come! let polar spirits sweep  
The darkening world, and tempest-troubled deep!  
Though boundless snows the withered heath deform,  
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm,  
Yet shall the smile of social love repay,  
With mental light, the melancholy day!  
And, when its short and sullen noon is o'er,  
The ice-chained waters slumbering on the shore,  
How bright the fagots in his little hall  
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictured wall!  
How blest he names, in Love's familiar tone,  
The kind fair friend, by nature marked his own;  
And, in the waveless mirror of his mind,  
Views the fleet years of pleasure left behind,  
Since when her empire o'er his heart began!  
Since first he called her his before the holy man!  
Trim the gay taper in his rustic dome,  
And light the wintry paradise of home;  
And let the half-uncurtained window hail  
Some wayworn man benighted in the vale!  
Now, while the moaning night-wind rages high,  
As sweep the shot-stars down the troubled sky,

While fiery hosts in Heaven's wide circle play,  
And bathe in lurid light the milky way,  
Safe from the storm, the meteor, and the shower,  
Some pleasing page shall charm the solemn hour—  
With pathos shall command, with wit beguile,  
A generous tear of anguish, or a smile—  
Thy woes, Arion! and thy simple tale,  
O'er all the heart shall triumph and prevail!  
Charmed as they read the verse too sadly true,  
How gallant Albert, and his weary crew,  
Heaved all their guns, their foundering bark to save,  
And toiled—and shrieked—and perished on the wave!

Yes, at the dead of night, by Lonna's steep,  
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep;  
There on his funeral waters, dark and wild,  
The dying father blessed his darling child!  
Oh! Mercy, shield her innocence, he cried,  
Spent on the prayer his bursting heart, and died!

Or they will learn how generous worth sublimed  
The robber Moor, and pleads for all his crimes!  
How poor Amelia kissed, with many a tear,  
His hand, blood-stained, but ever, ever dear!  
Hung on the tortured bosom of her lord,  
And wept and prayed perdition from his sword!

Nor sought in vain ! at that heart-piercing cry  
The strings of Nature cracked with agony !  
He, with delirious laugh, the dagger hurled,  
And burst the ties that bound him to the world !

Turn from his dying words, that smite with steel  
The shuddering thoughts, or wind them on the wheel—  
Turn to the gentler melodies that suit  
Thalia's harp, or Pan's Arcadian lute ;  
Or, down the stream of Truth's historic page,  
From clime to clime descend, from age to age !

Yet there, perhaps, may darker scenes obtrude  
Than Fancy fashions in her wildest mood ;  
There shall he pause with horrent brow, to rate  
What millions died—that Cæsar might be great !  
Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore,  
Marched by their Charles to Dneiper's swampy shore ;  
Faint in his wounds, and shivering in the blast,  
The Swedish soldier sunk—and groaned his last !  
File after file the stormy showers benumb,  
Freeze every standard-sheet, and hush the drum !  
Horseman and horse confessed the bitter pang,  
And arms and warriors fell with hollow clang !  
Yet, ere he sunk in Nature's last repose,  
Ere life's warm torrent to the fountain froze,

The dying man to Sweden turned his eye,  
Thought of his home, and closed it with a sigh!  
Imperial Pride looked sullen on his plight,  
And Charles beheld—nor shuddered at the sight!

Above, below, in Ocean, Earth, and Sky,  
Thy fairy worlds, Imagination, lie,  
And HOPE attends, companion of the way,  
Thy dream by night, thy visions of the day!  
In yonder pensile orb, and every sphere  
That gems the starry girdle of the year;  
In those unmeasured worlds, she bids thee tell,  
Pure from their God, created millions dwell,  
Whose names and natures, unrevealed below,  
We yet shall learn, and wonder as we know;  
For, as Iona's saint, a giant form,  
Throned on her towers, conversing with the storm,  
(When o'er each Runic altar, weed-entwined,  
The vesper clock tolls mournful to the wind,)  
Counts every wave-worn isle, and mountain hoar,  
From Kilda to the green Ierne's shore;  
So, when thy pure and renovated mind  
This perishable dust hath left behind,  
Thy seraph eye shall count the starry train,  
Like distant isles embosomed in the main;

Rapt to the shrine where motion first began,  
And light and life in mingling torrent ran ;  
From whence each bright rotundity was hurled,  
The throne of God, the centre of the world !

Oh ! vainly wise, the moral Muse hath sung  
That suasive HOPE hath but a Siren tongue !  
True ; she may sport with life's untutored day,  
Nor heed the solace of its last decay,  
The guileless heart her happy mansion spurn,  
And part, like Ajut—never to return !

But yet, methinks, when Wisdom shall assuage  
The grief and passions of our greener age,  
Though dull the close of life, and far away  
Each flower that hailed the dawning of the day ;  
Yet o'er her lovely hopes, that once were dear,  
The time-taught spirit, pensive, not severe,  
With milder griefs her aged eye shall fill,  
And weep their falsehood, though she loves them still !

Thus, with forgiving tears, and reconciled,  
The king of Judah mourned his rebel child !  
Musing on days when yet the guiltless boy  
Smiled on his sire, and filled his heart with joy !  
My Absalom ! the voice of Nature cried,  
Oh ! that for thee thy father could have died !

For bloody was the deed, and rashly done,  
That slew my Absalom!—my son!—my son!

Unfading HOPE! when life's last embers burn,  
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return!  
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!  
Oh! then, thy kingdom comes! Immortal Power!  
What though each spark of earthborn rapture fly  
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!  
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey  
The morning dream of life's eternal day—  
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,  
And all the phoenix spirit burns within!

Oh! deep-enchancing prelude to repose,  
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!  
Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,  
It is a dread and awful thing to die!  
Mysterious worlds, untravelled by the sun!  
Where Time's far wandering tide has never run,  
From your unfathomed shades, and viewless spheres,  
A warning comes, unheard by other ears,  
'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,  
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!  
While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,  
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;

And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod  
The roaring waves, and called upon his God,  
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,  
And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss !

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illumine  
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb ;  
Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll  
Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul !  
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of Dismay,  
Chased on his night-steed by the star of day.  
The strife is o'er—the pangs of Nature close,  
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.  
Hark ! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,  
The noon of Heaven undazzled by the blaze,  
On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,  
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody ;  
Wild as that hallowed anthem sent to hail  
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,  
When Jordan hushed his waves, and midnight still  
Watched on the holy towers of Zion hill !

Soul of the just ! companion of the dead !  
Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled ?  
Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,  
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose ;

Doomed on his airy path a while to burn,  
And doomed, like thee, to travel, and return—  
Hark ! from the world's exploding centre driven,  
With sounds that shook the firmament of Heaven,  
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,  
On bickering wheels, and adamantine car ;  
From planet whirled to planet more remote,  
He visits realms beyond the reach of thought ;  
But wheeling homeward, when his course is run,  
Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun !  
So hath the traveller of earth unfurled  
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world ;  
And o'er the path by mortal never trod,  
Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God !

Oh ! lives there, Heaven, beneath thy dread expanse,  
One hopeless, dark idolater of Chance,  
Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined,  
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind ;  
Who, mouldering earthward, 'reft of every trust,  
In joyless union wedded to the dust,  
Could all his parting energy dismiss,  
And call this barren world sufficient bliss ?—  
There live, alas ! of heaven-directed mien,  
Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,



Who hail thee, Man! the pilgrim of a day,  
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay,  
Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,  
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower ;  
A friendless slave, a child without a sire,  
Whose mortal life and momentary fire,  
Light to the grave his chance-created form,  
As ocean wrecks illuminate the storm ;  
And, when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,  
To night and silence sink for evermore !—

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,  
Lights of the world, and demigods of Fame ?  
Is this your triumph—this your proud applause,  
Children of Truth, and champions of her cause ?  
For this hath science searched, on weary wing,  
By shore and sea, each mute and living thing ?  
Launched with Iberia's pilot from the steep,  
To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep ?  
Or round the cope her living chariot driven,  
And wheeled in triumph through the signs of Heaven ?  
Oh ! star-eyed Science, hast thou wandered there,  
To waft us home the message of despair ?  
Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,  
Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit !

Ah me! the laurelled wreath that Murder rears,  
Blood-nursed, and watered by the widow's tears,  
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,  
As waves the nightshade round the sceptic head.  
What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain!  
I smile on death, if Heavenward HOPE remain!  
But, if the warring winds of Nature's strife  
Be all the faithless charter of my life,  
If Chance awaked, inexorable power,  
This frail and feverish being of an hour;  
Doomed o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,  
Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,  
To know Delight but by her parting smile,  
And toil, and wish, and weep a little while;  
Then melt, ye elements, that formed in vain  
This troubled pulse, and visionary brain!  
Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom,  
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb!  
Truth, ever lovely,—since the world began,  
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man,—  
How can thy words from balmy slumber start  
Reposing Virtue, pillowed on the heart!  
Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder rolled,  
And that were true which Nature never told,

Let Wisdom smile not on her conquered field ;  
No rapture dawns, no treasure is revealed !  
Oh ! let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,  
The doom that bars us from a better fate ;  
But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,  
Weep to record, and blush to give it in !

And well may Doubt, the mother of Dismay,  
Pause at her martyr's tomb, and read the lay.  
Down by the wilds of yon deserted vale,  
It darkly hints a melancholy tale !  
There as the homeless madman sits alone,  
In hollow winds he hears a spirit moan !  
And there, they say, a wizard orgie crowds,  
When the moon lights her watch-tower in the clouds,  
Poor lost Alonzo ! Fate's neglected child !  
Mild be the doom of Heaven—as thou wert mild !  
For oh ! thy heart in holy mould was cast,  
And all thy deeds were blameless, but the last.  
Poor lost Alonzo ! still I seem to hear  
The clod that struck thy hollow-sounding bier !  
When Friendship paid, in speechless sorrow drowned,  
Thy midnight rites, but not on hallowed ground !  
Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,  
But leave—oh ! leave the light of HOPE behind !  
What though my winged hours of bliss have been,

Like angel-visits, few and far between,  
Her musing mood shall every pang appease,  
And charm—when pleasures lose their power to please!  
Yes; let each rapture, dear to Nature, flee:  
Close not the light of Fortune's stormy sea—  
Mirth, Music, Friendship, Love's propitious smile,  
Chase every care, and charm a little while,  
Ecstatic throbs the fluttering heart employ,  
And all her strings are harmonized to joy!—  
But why so short is Love's delighted hour?  
Why fades the dew on Beauty's sweetest flower?  
Why can no hymned charm of music heal  
The sleepless woes impassioned spirits feel?  
Can Fancy's fairy hands no veil create,  
To hide the sad realities of fate?—

No! not the quaint remark, the sapient rule,  
Nor all the pride of Wisdom's worldly school,  
Have power to soothe, unaided and alone,  
The heart that vibrates to a feeling tone!  
When stepdame Nature every bliss recalls,  
Fleet as the meteor o'er the desert falls;  
When, 'reft of all, yon widowed sire appears  
A lonely hermit in the vale of years;  
Say, can the world one joyous thought bestow  
To Friendship, weeping at the couch of Woe?

No! but a brighter soothes the last adieu,—  
Souls of impassioned mould, she speaks to you!  
Weep not, she says, at Nature's transient pain,  
Congenial spirits part to meet again!

What plaintive sobs thy filial spirit drew,  
What sorrow choked thy long and last adieu!  
Daughter of Conrad! when he heard his knell,  
And bade his country and his child farewell!  
Doomed the long isles of Sydney Cove to see,  
The martyr of his crimes, but true to thee!  
Thrice the sad father tore thee from his heart,  
And thrice returned, to bless thee, and to part;  
Thrice from his trembling lips he murmured low  
The plaint that owned unutterable woe;  
Till Faith, prevailing o'er his sullen doom,  
As bursts the morn on night's unfathomed gloom,  
Lured his dim eye to deathless hopes sublime,  
Beyond the realms of Nature and of Time!

“And weep not thus,” he cried, “young Ellenore,  
My bosom bleeds, but soon shall bleed no more!  
Short shall this half-extinguished spirit burn,  
And soon these limbs to kindred dust return!  
But not, my child, with life's precarious fire,  
The immortal ties of Nature shall expire;

These shall resist the triumph of decay,  
When time is o'er, and worlds have passed away!  
Cold in the dust this perished heart may lie,  
But that which warmed it once shall never die!  
That spark, unburied in its mortal frame,  
With living light, eternal, and the same,  
Shall beam on Joy's interminable years,  
Unveiled by darkness—unassuaged by tears!

“ Yet, on the barren shore and stormy deep,  
One tedious watch is Conrad doomed to weep;  
But when I gain the home without a friend,  
And press the uneasy couch where none attend,  
This last embrace, still cherished in my heart,  
Shall calm the struggling spirit ere it part!  
Thy darling form shall seem to hover nigh,  
And hush the groan of life's last agony!

“ Farewell! when strangers lift thy father's bier,  
And place my nameless stone without a tear!  
When each returning pledge hath told my child  
That Conrad's tomb is on the desert piled;  
And when the dream of troubled Fancy sees  
Its lonely rank grass waving in the breeze;  
Who then will soothe thy grief, when mine is o'er?  
Who will protect thee, helpless Ellenore?

Shall secret scenes thy filial sorrows hide,  
Scorned by the world, to factious guilt allied?  
Ah! no; methinks the generous and the good  
Will woo thee from the shades of solitude!  
O'er friendless grief Compassion shall awake,  
And smile on innocence, for Mercy's sake!"

Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be,  
The tears of Love were hopeless, but for thee!  
If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,  
If that faint murmur be the last farewell,  
If Fate unite the faithful but to part,  
Why is their memory sacred to the heart?  
Why does the brother of my childhood seem  
Restored a while in every pleasing dream?  
Why do I joy the lonely spot to view,  
By artless friendship blessed when life was new?

Eternal HOPE! when yonder spheres sublime  
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of Time,  
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.—  
When all the sister planets have decayed;  
When wrapped in fire the realms of ether glow,  
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;  
Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,  
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

## NOTES

### TO THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

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P. 21, l. 9.

*How oft, when purple evening tinged the west,*

VIRGIL, in one of his Eclogues, describes a romantic attachment as conceived in such circumstances; and the description is so true to nature, that we must surely be indebted for it to some early recollection. "You were little when I first saw you. You were with your mother gathering fruit in our orchard, and I was your guide. I was just entering my thirteenth year, and just able to reach the boughs from the ground."

So also Zappi, an Italian poet of the last century: "When I used to measure myself with my goat and my goat was the tallest, even then I loved Clori."

P. 22, l. 19.

*Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,*

I came to the place of my birth, and cried, "The friends of my Youth, where are they?"—And an echo answered, "Where are they?" From an Arabic MS.

P. 25, l. 17.

*Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!*

When a traveller, who was surveying the ruins of Rome, expressed a desire to possess some relic of its ancient grandeur, Poussin, who attended him, stooped down, and gathered up a handful of earth shining with small grains of porphyry. "Take this home," said he, "for your cabinet; and say boldly, *Questa è Roma Antica.*"



P. 27, l. 4.

*The churchyard yews round which his fathers sleep ;*

Every man, like Gulliver in Lilliput, is fastened to some spot of earth by the thousand small threads which habit and association are continually stealing over him. Of these, perhaps, one of the strongest is here alluded to.

When the Canadian Indians were once solicited to emigrate, "What!" they replied, "shall we say to the bones of our fathers, Arise, and go with us into a foreign land?"

P. 27, l. 11.

*So, when he breathed his firm yet fond adieu,*

He wept; but the effort that he made to conceal his tears, concurred with them to do him honor: he went to the mast-head, &c.—See COOK'S First Voyage, book i, chap. 16.

Another very affecting instance of local attachment is related of his fellow-countryman Potaveri, who came to Europe with M. de Bougainville.—See LES JARDINS, chant ii.

P. 27, l. 19.

*So Scotia's Queen, &c.*

Elle se leve sur son lict, et se met à contempler la France encore, et tant qu'elle peut."—BRANTÔME.

P. 28, l. 3.

*Thus kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire.*

To an accidental association may be ascribed some of the noblest efforts of human genius. The historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire first conceived his design among the ruins of the Capitol; and to the tones of a Welsh harp are we indebted for The Bard of Gray.

P. 28, l. 7.

*Hence home-felt pleasure, &c.*

Who can enough admire the affectionate attachment of Plutarch who thus concludes his enumeration of the advantages of a great city to men of letters? "As to myself, I live in a little town,

and I choose to live there, lest it should become still less."—Vit. Demosth.

P. 28, l. 9.

*For this young FOSCARI, &c.*

He was suspected of murder, and at Venice suspicion was good evidence. Neither the interest of the Doge, his father, nor the intrepidity of conscious innocence, which he exhibited in the dungeon and on the rack, could procure his acquittal. He was banished to the island of Candia for life.

But here his resolution failed him. At such a distance from home he could not live; and, as it was a criminal offence to solicit the intercession of any foreign prince, in a fit of despair he addressed a letter to the Duke of Milan, and intrusted it to a wretch whose perfidy, he knew, would occasion his being remanded a prisoner to Venice.

P. 28, l. 18.

*And hence the charm historic scenes impart:*

"Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of *Marathon*, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of *Iona*."—JOHNSON.

P. 28, l. 22.

*And watch and weep in ELOISA'S cell.*

The Paraclete, founded by Abelard, in Champagne.

P. 28, l. 23.

*'Twas ever thus. Young AMMON, when he sought*

Alexander, when he crossed the Hellespont, was in the twenty-second year of his age; and with what feelings must the Scholar of Aristotle have approached the ground described by Homer in that Poem which had been his delight from his childhood, and which records the achievements of Him from whom he claimed his descent!

It was his fancy, if we may believe tradition, to take the tiller from Menœtius, and be himself the steersman during the passage. It was his fancy also to be the first to land, and to land full-armed.—ARRIAN, i. 11.

P. 29, l. 5.

*As now at VIRGIL'S tomb*

Vows and pilgrimages are not peculiar to the religious enthusiast. Silius Italicus performed annual ceremonies on the mountain of Posilipo; and it was there that Boccaccio, *quasi da un divino estro inspirato*, resolved to dedicate his life to the Muses.

P. 29, l. 7.

*So TULLY paused, amid the wrecks of Time,*

When Cicero was quæstor in Sicily, he discovered the tomb of Archimedes by its mathematical inscription.—Tusc. Quæst. v. 23.

P. 29, l. 21.

*Say why the pensive widow loves to weep,*

The influence of the associating principle is finely exemplified in the faithful Penelope, when she shed tears over the bow of Ulysses.—Od. xxi. 55.

P. 30, l. 13.

*If chance he hears that song so sweet, so wild,  
His heart would spring to hear it when a child,*

The celebrated Ranz des Vaches; “cet air si chéri des Suisses qu’il fut défendu sous peine de mort de le jouer dans leur troupes, parce qu’il faisoit fondre en larmes, désertir ou mourir ceux qui l’entendoient, tant il excitoit en eux l’ardent désir de revoir leur pays.”—ROUSSEAU.

The *maladie de pays* is as old as the human heart. JUVENAL’S little cup-bearer

*Suspirat longo non visam tempore matrem,  
Et casulam, et notos tristis desiderat hædos.*

And the Argive in the heat of battle

*Dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.*

Nor is it extinguished by any injuries, however cruel they may be.

Ludlow, write as he would over his door at Vevey,\* was still anxious to return home; and how striking is the testimony of Camillus, as it is recorded by Livy! "Equidem fatebor vobis," says he in his speech to the Roman people, "etsi minus injuriæ vestræ quam meæ calamitatis meminisse juvat; quum abessem, quotiescunque patria in mentem veniret, hæc omnia occurrebant, colles, campique, et Tiberis, et assueta oculis regio, et hoc cœlum, sub quo natus educatusque essem. Quæ vos, Quirites, nunc moveant potius caritate sua, ut maneat in sede vestra, quam postea quum reliqueritis ea, macerent desiderio."—V. 54.

P. 30, l. 18.

*Say why VESPASIAN loved his Sabine farm;*

This emperor, according to Suetonius, constantly passed the summer in a small villa near Reate, where he was born, and to which he would never add any embellishment; *ne quid scilicet oculorum consuetudini deperiret.*—Suet. in Vit. Vesp. cap. ii.

A similar instance occurs in the life of the venerable Pertinax, as related by J. Capitolinus. "Posteaquam in Liguriam venit, multis agris coemptis, tabernam paternam, *manente formâ priore*, infinitis ædificiis circumdedit."—Hist. August. 54.

And it is said of Cardinal Richelieu, that, when he built his magnificent palace on the site of the old family chateau of Richelieu, he sacrificed its symmetry to preserve the room in which he was born.—Mém. de Mlle. de Montpensier, i, 27.

An attachment of this nature is generally the characteristic of a benevolent mind; and a long acquaintance with the world cannot always extinguish it.

"To a friend," says John, Duke of Buckingham, "I will expose my weakness; I am oftener missing a pretty gallery in the old house I pulled down, than pleased with a saloon which I built in its stead, though a thousand times better in all respects."—See his letter to the D. of Sh.

This is the language of the heart, and will remind the reader of that good-humored remark in one of Pope's letters—"I should hardly care to have an old post pulled up, that I remembered ever since I was a child."

The author of *Telemachus* has illustrated this subject, with equal fancy and feeling, in the story of *Alibée Persan*.

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\* Omne solum forti patria est, quia Patris.

P. 30, l. 19.

*Why great NAVARRE, &c.*

That amiable and accomplished monarch, Henry the Fourth, of France, made an excursion from his camp, during the long siege of Laon, to dine at a house in the forest of Folambray; where he had often been regaled, when a boy, with fruit, milk, and new cheese; and in revisiting which he promised himself great pleasure.—Mém. de SULLY.

P. 30, l. 21.

*When DIOCLETIAN'S self-corrected mind*

Diocletian retired into his native province, and there amused himself with building, planting, and gardening. His answer to Maximian is deservedly celebrated. "If," said he, "I could show him the cabbages which I have planted with my own hands at Salona, he would no longer solicit me to return to a throne."

P. 31, l. 1.

*Say, when contentious CHARLES, &c.*

When the Emperor Charles the Fifth had executed his memorable resolution, and had set out for the monastery of Justé, he stopped a few days at Ghent to indulge that tender and pleasant melancholy, which arises in the mind of every man in the decline of life, on visiting the place of his birth, and the objects familiar to him in early youth.

P. 31, l. 2.

*To muse with monks, &c.*

Monjes solitarios del glorioso padre San Geronimo, says Sandova.

In a corner of the Convent garden there is this inscription. En esta santa casa de S. Geronimo de Justé, se retiró à acabar su vida Cárlos V. Emperador, &c.—PONZ.

P. 32, l. 1.

*Then did his horse the homeward track descry,*

The memory of the horse forms the groundwork of a pleasing little romance, entitled, "Lai du Palefroi vair."

See Fabliaux du XII Siècle.

Ariosto likewise introduces it in a passage full of truth and nature. When Bayardo meets Angelica in the forest,

. . . . Va mansueto a la Donzella,  
 . . . . .  
 Ch'in Albracca servia già di sua mano.

ORLANDO FURIOSO, i, 75.

P. 33, l. 5.

*Sweet bird! thy truth shall Harlem's walls attest,*

During the siege of Harlem, when that city was reduced to the last extremity, and on the point of opening its gates to a base and barbarous enemy, a design was formed to relieve it; and the intelligence was conveyed to the citizens by a letter which was tied under the wing of a pigeon.—THUANUS, lv. 5.

The same messenger was employed at the siege of Mutina, as we are informed by the elder Pliny.—Nat. Hist. x. 37.

P. 33, l. 15.

*Hark! the bee, &c.*

This little animal, from the extreme convexity of her eye, cannot see many inches before her.

P. 37, l. 11.

*They in their glorious course*

True Glory, says one of the Ancients, is to be acquired by doing what deserves to be written, and writing what deserves to be read; and by making the world the happier and the better for our having lived in it.

P. 38, l. 1.

*These still exist, &c.*

There is a future Existence even in this world, an Existence in the hearts and minds of those who shall live after us.\* It is in reserve for every man, however obscure; and his portion, if he is diligent, must be equal to his desires. For in whose remembrance can we wish to hold a place, but such as know, and are known by us? These are within the sphere of our influence, and among these and their descendants we may live for evermore.

It is a state of rewards and punishments; and, like that revealed to us in the Gospel, has the happiest influence on our lives. The latter excites us to gain the favor of God, the former to gain the love and

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\* De tous les biens humains c'est le seul que la mort ne nous peut ravir.—BOSSUET.

esteem of wise and good men ; and both lead to the same end ; for, in framing our conceptions of the DEITY, we only ascribe to Him exalted degrees of Wisdom and Goodness.

P. 40, l. 11.

*Ah, why should Virtue fear the frowns of Fate?*

The highest reward of Virtue is Virtue herself, as the severest punishment of Vice is Vice herself.

P. 42, l. 7.

*Yet still how sweet the soothings of his art!*

The astronomer chalking his figures on the wall, in Hogarth's view of Bedlam, is an admirable exemplification of this idea.—See the RAKE'S PROGRESS, plate 8.

P. 43, l. 4.

*Turns but to start, and gazes but to sigh!*

The following stanzas\* are said to have been written on a blank leaf of this Poem. They present so affecting a reverse of the picture, that I cannot resist the opportunity of introducing them here.

Pleasures of Memory!—Oh! supremely blest,  
 And justly proud beyond a Poet's praise,  
 If the pure confines of thy tranquil breast  
 Contain, indeed, the subject of thy lays!  
 By me how envied!—for to me,  
 The herald still of misery,  
 Memory makes her influence known  
 By sighs, and tears, and grief alone:  
 I greet her as the fiend, to whom belong  
 The vulture's ravening beak, the raven's funeral song.

She tells of time misspent, of comfort lost,  
 Of fair occasions gone forever by;  
 Of hopes too fondly nursed, too rudely crossed,  
 Of many a cause to wish, yet fear to die;  
 For what, except the instinctive fear  
 Lest she survive, detains me here,  
 When "all the life of life" is fled?—  
 What, but the deep inherent dread,  
 Lest she beyond the grave resume her reign,  
 And realize the hell that priests and beldames feign?

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\* By Henry F. R. Soame, of Trinity College, Cambridge.

P. 44, l. 21.

*Hast thou through Eden's wild-wood vales pursued*

On the roadside between Penrith and Appleby there stands a small pillar with this inscription :

"This pillar was erected in the year 1656, by Ann, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, &c., for a memorial of her last parting, in this place, with her good and pious mother, Margaret, Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d of April, 1616 ; in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of 4*l.* to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2d day of April forever, upon the stone table placed hard by. Laus Deo!"

The Eden is the principal river of Cumberland, and rises in the wildest part of Westmoreland.

P. 45, l. 8.

*O'er his dead son the gallant ORMOND sighed.*

"I would not exchange my dead son," said he, "for any living son in Christendom."—HUME.

The same sentiment is inscribed on an urn at the Leasowes. "Heu, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse!"

P. 51, l. 9.

*Down by St. Herbert's consecrated grove ;*

A small island covered with trees, among which were formerly the ruins of a religious house.

P. 52, l. 3.

*When lo! a sudden blast the vessel blew,*

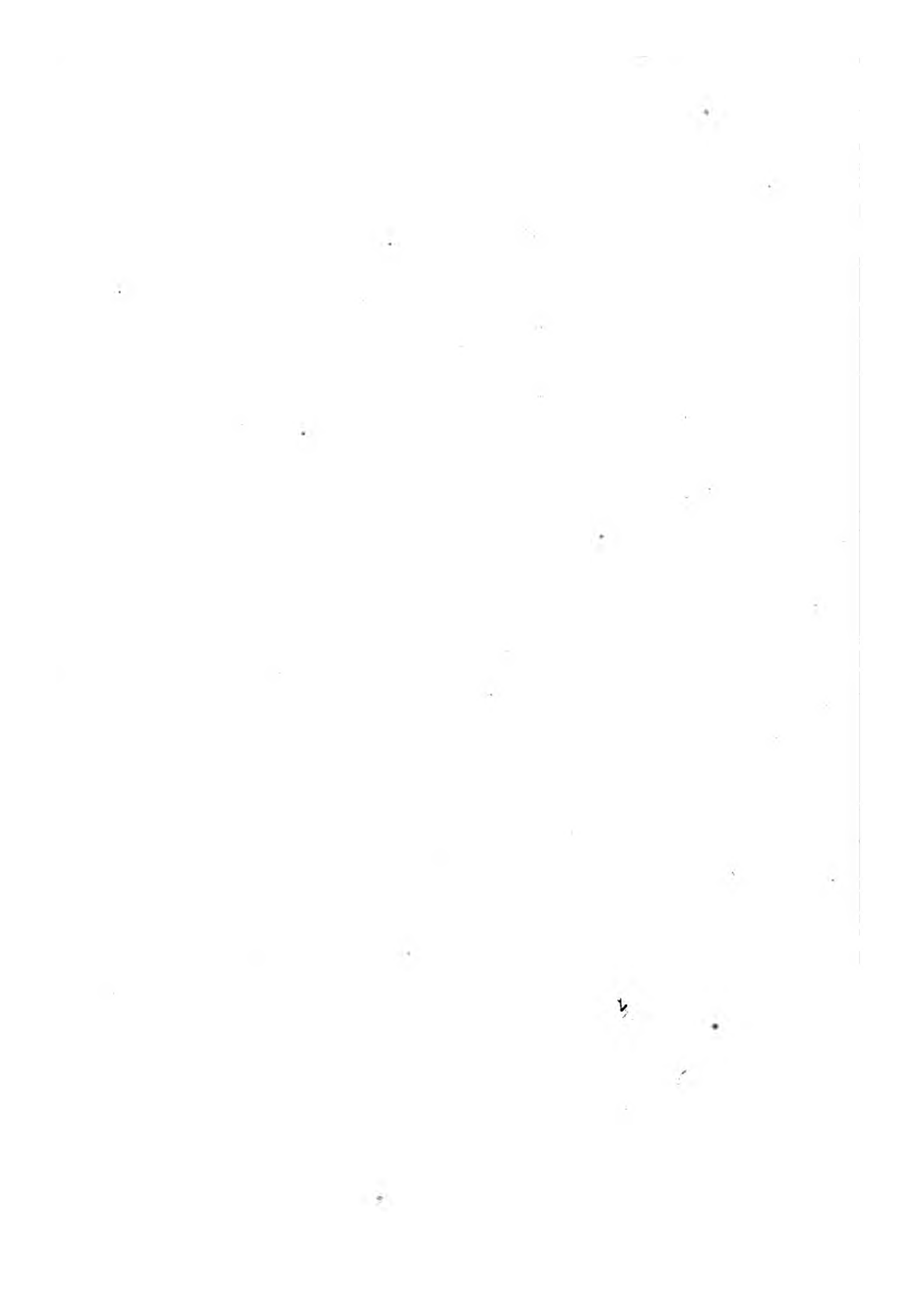
In a mountain lake the agitations are often violent and momentary. The winds blow in gusts and eddies ; and the water no sooner swells than it subsides.—See BOURN'S Hist. of Westmoreland.

P. 53, l. 13.

*To what pure beings in a nobler sphere,*

The several degrees of angels may probably have larger views, and some of them be endowed with capacities able to retain together, and constantly set before them as in one picture, all their past knowledge at once.—LOCKE.





NOTES  
TO THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

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P. 65, l. 15.

*And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore  
The hardy Byron to his native shore—*

THE following picture of his own distress, given by BYRON in his simple and interesting narrative, justifies the description in page 5.

After relating the barbarity of the Indian cacique to his child, he proceeds thus:—"A day or two after we put to sea again, and crossed the great bay I mentioned we had been at the bottom of when we first hauled away to the westward. The land here was very low and sandy, and something like the mouth of a river which discharged itself into the sea, and which had been taken no notice of by us before, as it was so shallow that the Indians were obliged to take every thing out of their canoes, and carry them over land. We rowed up the river four or five leagues, and then took into a branch of it that ran first to the eastward, and then to the northward: here it became much narrower, and the stream excessively rapid, so that we gained but little way, though we wrought very hard. At night we landed upon its banks, and had a most uncomfortable lodging, it being a perfect swamp, and we had nothing to cover us, though it rained excessively. The Indians were little better off than we, as there was no wood here to make their wigwams; so that all they could do was to prop up the bark, which they carry in the bottom of their canoes, and shelter themselves as well as they could to the leeward of it. Knowing the difficulties they had to encounter here, they had provided themselves with some seal; but we had not a morsel to eat,

after the heavy fatigues of the day, excepting a sort of root we saw the Indians make use of, which was very disagreeable to the taste. We labored all next day against the stream, and fared as we had done the day before. The next day brought us to the carrying-place. Here was plenty of wood, but nothing to be got for sustenance. We passed this night, as we had frequently done, under a tree; but what we suffered at this time is not easy to be expressed. I had been three days at the oar without any kind of nourishment except the wretched root above mentioned. I had no shirt, for it had rotted off by bits. All my clothes consisted of a short grieko (something like a bearskin), a piece of red cloth which had once been a waistcoat, and a ragged pair of trowsers, without shoes or stockings."

P. 66, l. 10.

— *a Briton and a friend!*

Don Patricio Gedde, a Scotch physician, in one of the Spanish settlements, hospitably relieved Byron and his wretched associates, of which the Commodore speaks in the warmest terms of gratitude.

P. 66, l. 24.

*Or yield the lyre of Heaven another string.*

The seven strings of Apollo's harp were the symbolical representations of the seven planets. Herschel, by discovering an eighth, might be said to add another string to the instrument.

P. 67, l. 1.

*The Swedish sage.*

Linnæus.

P. 67, l. 21.

*Deep from his vaults the Loxian murmurs flow.*

Loxias is the name frequently given to Apollo by Greek writers; it is met with more than once in the Choephæ of Æschylus.

P. 69, l. 5.

*Unlocks a generous store at thy command,  
Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand.*

See Exodus, chap. xvii, 3, 5, 6.

P. 75, l. 12.

*Wild Obi flies—*

Among the negroes of the West Indies, Obi, or Obiah, is the name of a magical power, which is believed by them to affect the object of its malignity with dismal calamities. Such a belief must undoubtedly have been deduced from the superstitious mythology of their kinsman on the coast of Africa. I have, therefore, personified Obi as the evil spirit of the African, although the history of the African tribes mentions the evil spirit of their religious creeds by a different appellation.

P. 75, l. 16.

— *Sibir's dreary mines.*

Mr. Bell, of Antermony, in his travels through Siberia, informs us that the name of the country is universally pronounced Sibir by the Russians.

P. 76, l. 6.

*Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!*

The history of the partition of Poland, of the massacre in the suburbs of Warsaw, and on the bridge of Prague, the triumphant entry of Suwarrow into the Polish capital, and the insult offered to human nature, by the blasphemous thanks offered up to Heaven, for victories obtained over men fighting in the sacred cause of liberty, by murderers and oppressors, are events generally known.

P. 83, l. 1.

*The shrill horn blew;*

The negroes in the West Indies are summoned to their morning work by a shell or horn.

P. 83, l. 20.

*How long was Timour's iron sceptre swayed,*

To elucidate this passage, I shall subjoin a quotation from the preface to Letters from a Hindoo Rajah, a work of elegance and celebrity.

“The impostor of Mecca had established, as one of the principles of his doctrine, the merit of extending it either by persuasion, or the sword, to all parts of the earth. How steadily this injunction was

adhered to by his followers, and with what success it was pursued, is well known to all who are in the least conversant in history.

“The same overwhelming torrent which had inundated the greater part of Africa, burst its way into the very heart of Europe; and, covering many kingdoms of Asia with unbounded desolation, directed its baneful course to the flourishing provinces of Hindostan. Here these fierce and hardy adventurers, whose only improvement had been in the science of destruction, who added the fury of fanaticism to the ravages of war, found the great end of their conquest opposed by objects which neither the ardor of their persevering zeal, nor savage barbarity, could surmount. Multitudes were sacrificed by the cruel hand of religious persecution, and whole countries were deluged in blood, in the vain hope, that by a destruction of a part the remainder might be persuaded, or terrified, into the profession of Mahomedism. But all these sanguinary efforts were ineffectual; and at length, being fully convinced that, though they might extirpate, they could never hope to convert, any number of the Hindoos, they relinquished the impracticable idea with which they had entered upon their career of conquest, and contented themselves with the acquirement of the civil dominion and almost universal empire of Hindostan.”—*Letters from a Hindoo Rajah, by Eliza Hamilton.*

P. 84, l. 10.

*And braved the stormy Spirit of the Cape;*

See the description of the Cape of Good Hope, translated from CAMÖENS, by MICKLE.

P. 84, l. 24.

*While famished nations died along the shore;*

The following account of British conduct, and its consequences, in Bengal, will afford a sufficient idea of the fact alluded to in this passage.

After describing the monopoly of salt, betel-nut, and tobacco, the historian proceeds thus:—“Money in this current came but by drops; it could not quench the thirst of those who waited in India to receive it. An expedient, such as it was, remained to quicken its pace. The natives could live with little salt, but could not want food. Some of the agents saw themselves well situated for collecting the rice into

stores ; they did so. They knew the Gentoos would rather die than violate the principles of their religion by eating flesh. The alternative would therefore be between giving them what they had, or dying. The inhabitants sunk ;—they had cultivated the land, and saw the harvest at the disposal of others, planted in doubt—scarcity ensued. Then the monopoly was easier managed—sickness ensued. In some districts the languid living left the bodies of their numerous dead unburied.”—*Short History of the English Transactions in the East Indies*, p. 145.

P. 85, l. 15.

*Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning hurled  
His awful presence o'er the alarmed world ;*

Among the sublime fictions of the Hindoo mythology, it is one article of belief, that the Deity Brama has descended nine times upon the world in various forms, and that he is yet to appear a tenth time, in the figure upon a white horse, to cut off all incorrigible offenders. Avatar is the word used to express his descent.

P. 86, l. 10.

*Shall Seriswattee wave her hallowed wand!  
And Camdeo bright and Ganesa sublime,*

Camdeo is the God of Love in the mythology of the Hindoos. Ganesa and Seriswattee correspond to the pagan deities, Janus and Minerva.

P. 91, l. 14.

*The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade!—  
Sacred to Venus is the myrtle shade.—DRYDEN.*

P. 95, l. 7.

*Thy woes, Arion !*

Falconer, in his poem, “The Shipwreck,” speaks of himself by the name of Arion. See Falconer's “Shipwreck,” Canto III.

P. 95, l. 20.

*The robber Moor,*

See Schiller's tragedy of “The Robbers,” Scene v.

P. 96, l. 14.

*What millions died—that Cæsar might be great!*

The carnage occasioned by the wars of Julius Cæsar, has been usually estimated at two millions of men.

P. 96, l. 15.

*Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore,  
Marched by their Charles to Dneiper's swampy shore;*

“In this extremity” (says the biographer of Charles XII, of Sweden, speaking of his military exploits before the battle of Pultowa), “the memorable winter of 1709, which was still more remarkable in that part of Europe than in France, destroyed numbers of his troops; for Charles resolved to brave the seasons as he had done his enemies, and ventured to make long marches during this mortal cold. It was in one of these marches that two thousand men fell down dead with cold before his eyes.”

P. 97, l. 15.

*For, as Iona's saint,*

The natives of the island of Iona have an opinion that on certain evenings every year, the tutelary saint, Columba, is seen on the top of the church-spires, counting the surrounding islands, to see that they have not been sunk by the power of witchcraft.

P. 98, l. 10.

*And part, like Ajut—never to return!*

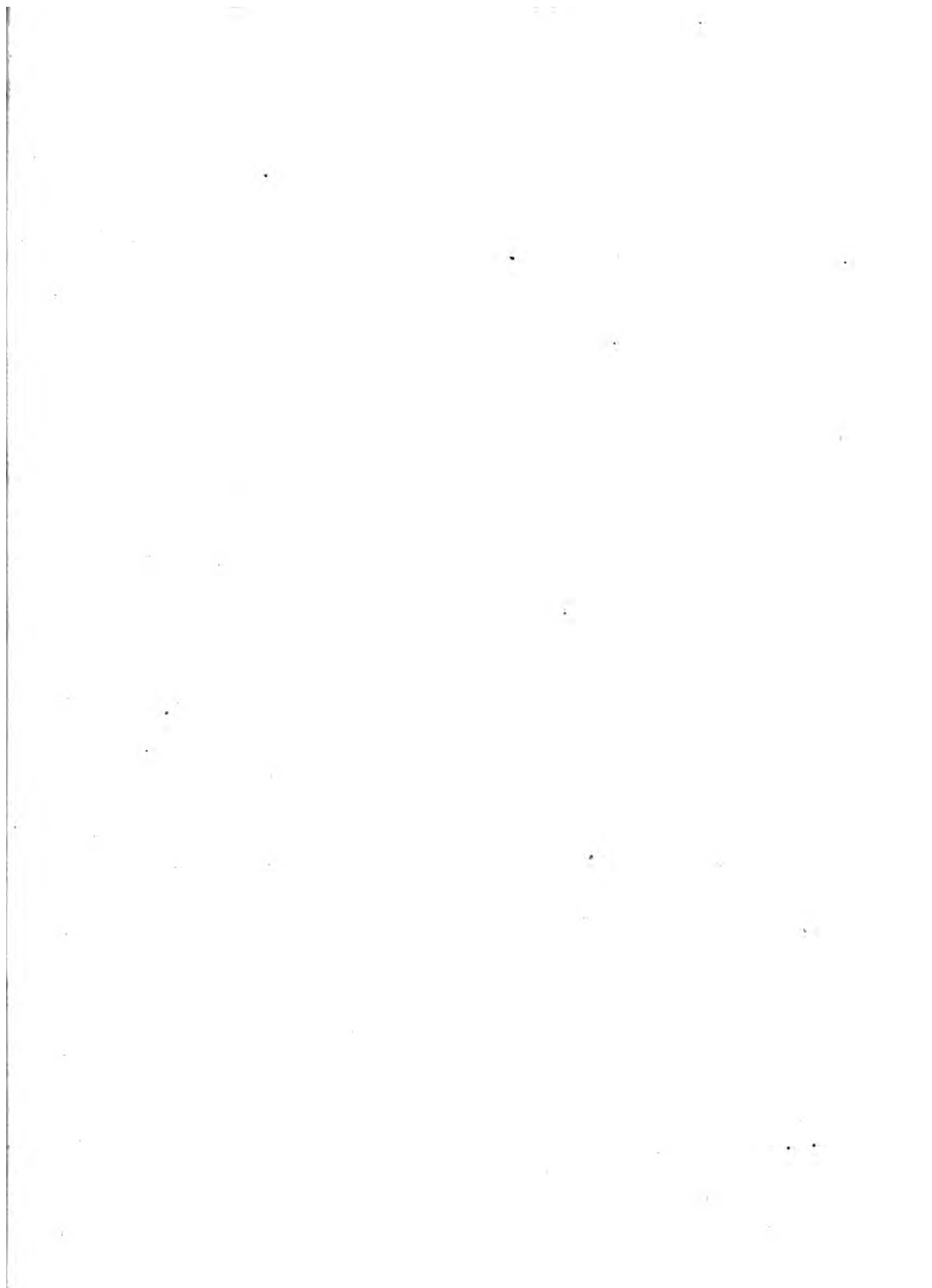
See the history of Ajut and Anningait, in “The Rambler.”



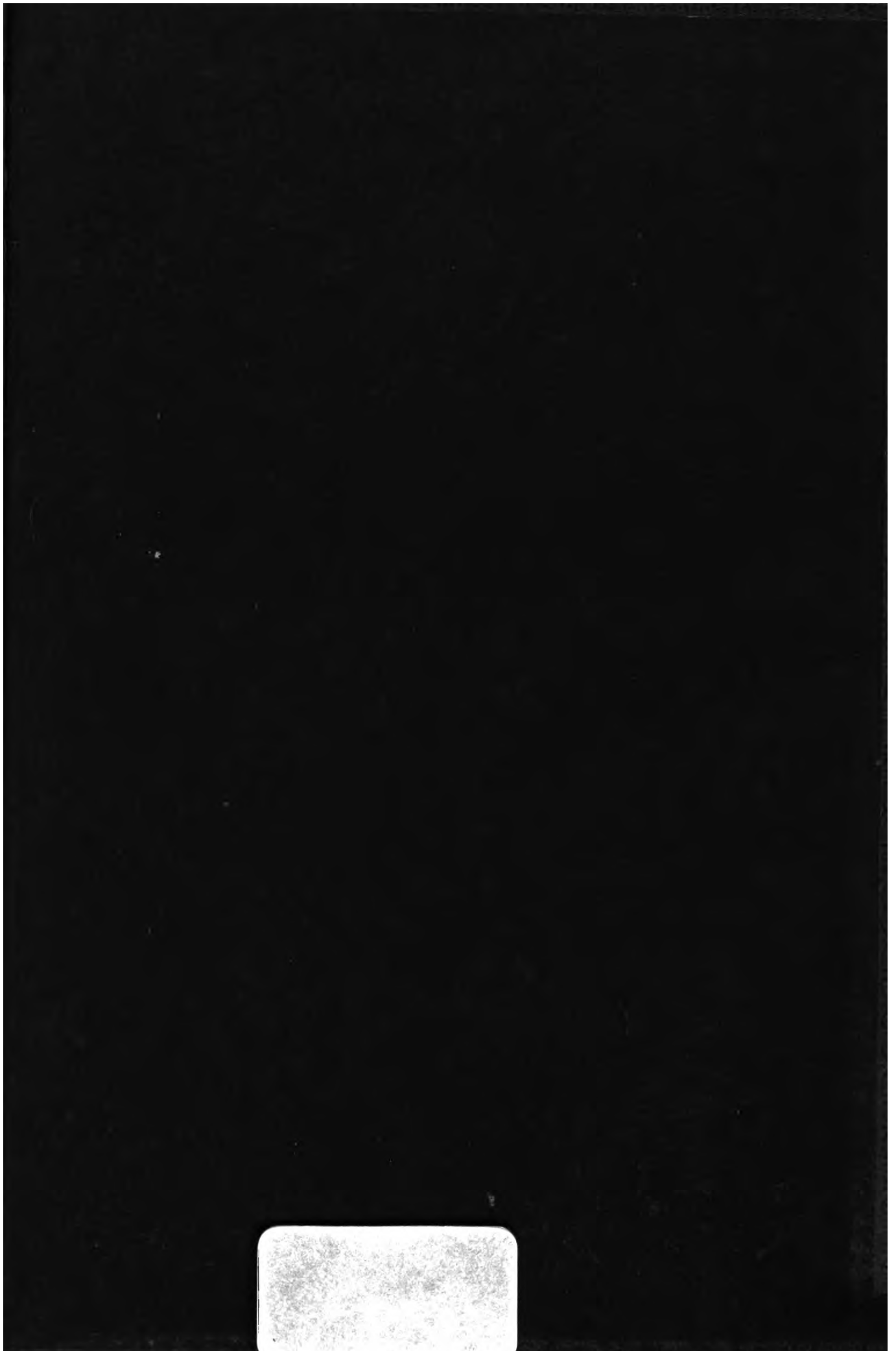












PLEASURES OF  
MEMORY  
AND  
PLEASURES OF  
HOPE