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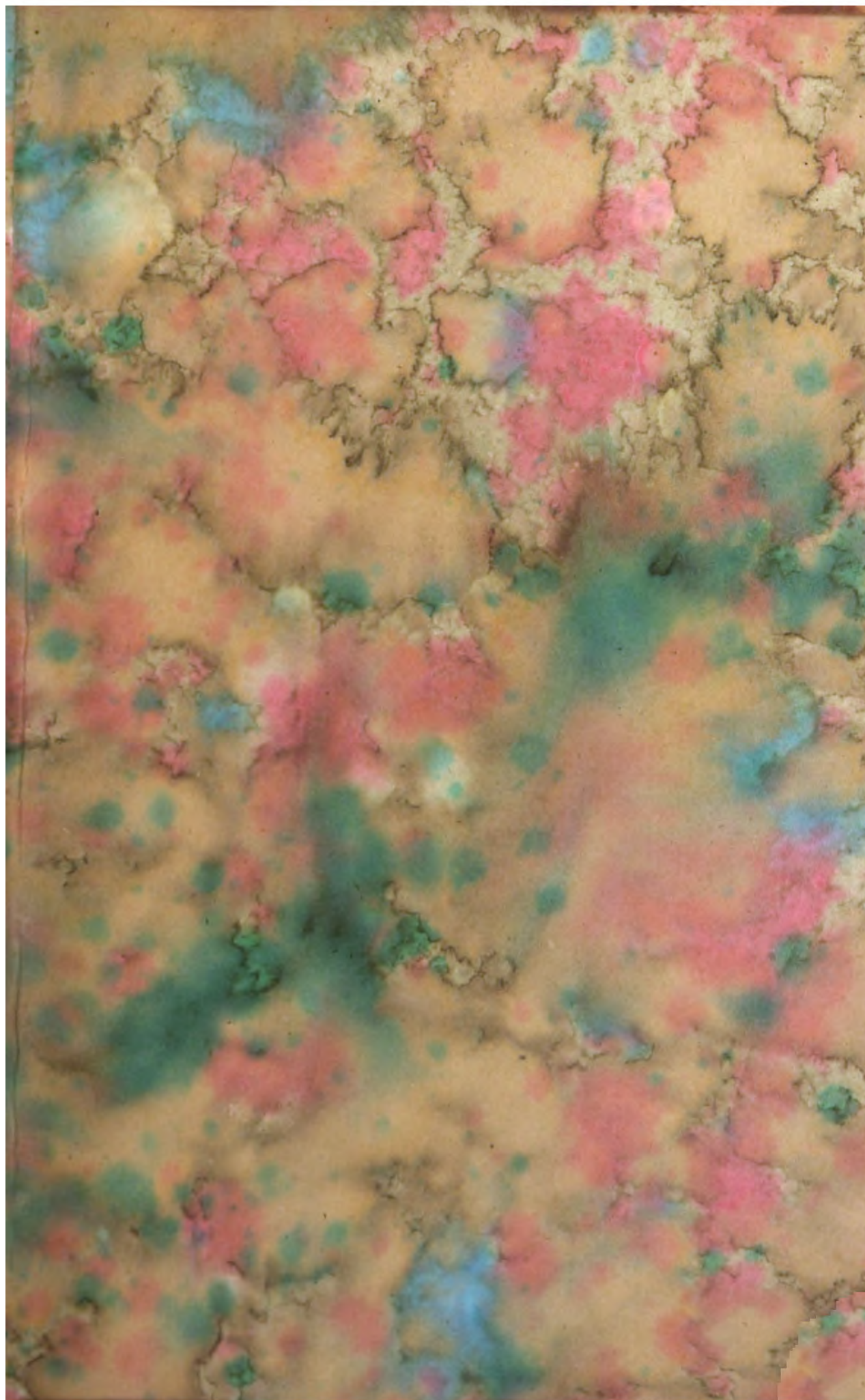
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Bk. from Pickering & Chatter

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LORD BYRON .

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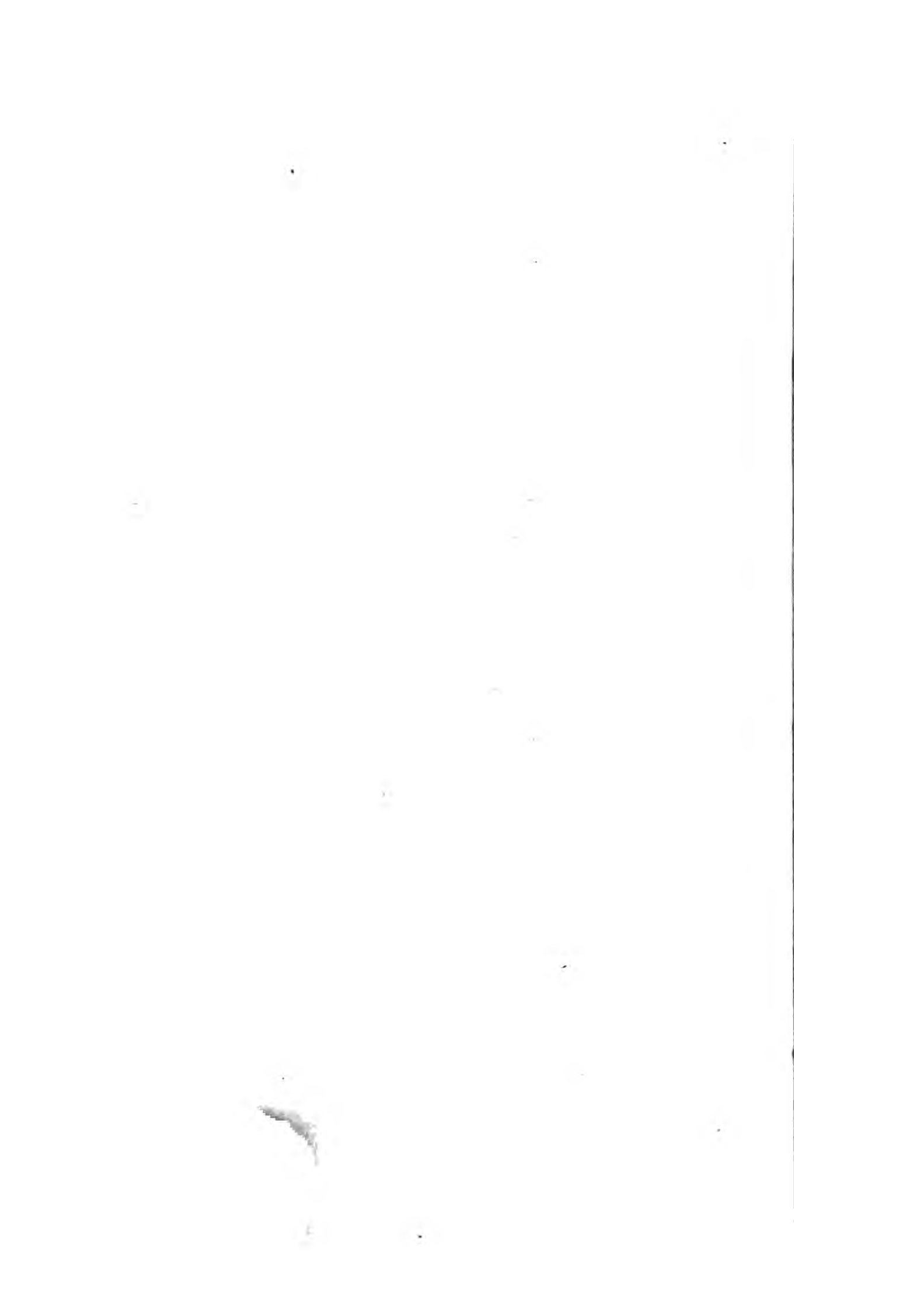
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Black clouds his forehead bound
And at his feet were flowers
Which madness magic found
In him their keenest powers

ON HIS

DOMESTIC CIRCUMSTANCES.

BY LORD BYRON.

I. FARE THEE WELL!

II. A SKETCH FROM PRIVATE LIFE.

WITH THE
STAR OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR,
AND OTHER POEMS.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY BENSLEY AND SON,
Bolt-court, Fleet-street;

FOR E. COX AND SON, ST. THOMAS'S STREET,
BOROUGH.

1816.



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INTRODUCTION.

THE unhappy differences which have given rise to the following poems, have excited throughout the kingdom the most lively interest; and produced various sentiments in the breasts of different persons, but chiefly those of pity for both the noble individuals, whose domestic discords have thus become the theme of public investigation and animadversion. Every impartial person, however, under the existing circumstances, would suspend their judgment until all the particulars of this unhappy separation should be more fully made known. In the mean time every feeling breast will sympathize deeply in the sentiments expressed in that pathetic poem, "Fare Thee Well;" and regret the cause, whatever it may be, which has driven from his home, and from his country, the favourite bard, whose chaste and tender numbers have so long been, and still will be, the delight and admiration of every admirer of poetry.

Lord Byron, no longer since than the 2d of January, 1815, led to the hymeneal altar the lovely

and accomplished Anne Isabella, only daughter of Sir Ralph Noel, bart. (late Milbanke) ; a marriage which promised every happiness and every blessing which connubial love can bestow ; but which has unfortunately disappointed the hopes of all the parties concerned.

Before the year, which commenced with their union, had elapsed, rumour had begun to whisper about that unhappy difference which has given rise to the two Poems, the "Fare Thee Well," and "A Sketch from Private Life," which were not intended, however, for the public eye. The newspapers shortly after announced to the public the following intelligence :—

"A matrimonial separation in high life, at least for the present, has, we hear, taken place, in consequence of one of those *domestic fracas* which will sometimes occur in the best regulated families. The happy pair have scarcely passed

‘ Twelve waning moons in bliss supreme :’

and the Lady has recently blessed her Lord with an infant daughter ; his Lordship in a poetical flight of fancy, is said to have pretty broadly intimated, that

her Ladyship had his free consent to leave the house, and return to her relatives! This, report says, the Lady soon afterwards did, taking with her, in a post-chaise, the child and its nurse, to the great astonishment of his Lordship."

Little could be inferred from this obscure intimation; but on the 24th of February the following paragraph appeared in the Morning Herald, and subsequently in other papers:—

"The sudden and regretted separation between an amiable Lady and her Lord, is said to have arisen from his Lordship having introduced a fascinating Actress to their table, without the previous knowledge or approbation of her Ladyship, who deemed the visit an indecorous intrusion on her domestic comforts." The reporter of this anecdote here adds, that "the Lady was united to her Right Honourable Partner without a previous marriage-settlement, although her fortune and expectations are very large."

It is evident that no small or trivial cause could have produced this separation between Lord Byron and his Lady, whose character and virtues his

Lordship has proclaimed to the world in numbers that will never die; meanwhile the opinions of mankind, as is usual in these cases, are divided, as to the party entitled to their approbation or their censure. The "*Sketch from Private Life*" has been condemned by the Editor of the *Times* as "an attack by a man of rank, talents, and literary reputation, on an unprotected, defenceless, and a dependant female, to gratify an insatiable revenge." Whilst on the other hand the Editor of the *Morning Chronicle* vindicates his Lordship, and asserts, "that if the publication of all the circumstances of the unhappy dispute should become necessary, every impartial reader will agree with him, that nothing but the most gross misrepresentation, and malignant influence on a delicate mind could have operated the separation that has taken place."

The following letter has been addressed by Sir Ralph Noel (the father of Lady Byron), to the Editor of *The Morning Chronicle*, in consequence of some observations respecting Lord and Lady Byron, which have appeared in that paper.

v

“ Mivart's Hotel, April 18, 1816.

“ SIR,

“ I observe with the greatest dissatisfaction the *manner* in which you have inserted in the *Morning Chronicle* of to-day, the unqualified contradiction I gave you yesterday of the paragraph in your former paper, which stated the existence of a conspiracy against Lord Byron's domestic peace. I did not say that *I knew* of no conspiracy against Lord Byron's domestic peace; but I told you in the most decided manner, that I knew no conspiracy of the kind had ever existed, that the report was utterly false, and I gave you my word of honour that the step taken by Lady Byron was the result of her own unbiassed judgment, and that her parents and friends interfered only when called upon by her to afford her their support. In the necessity of the step, indeed, her friends fully concurred; but in the suggestion of it they had no concern. Having given you this assurance in the most solemn manner, I called upon you to contradict the paragraph on my authority. You have done so, but in a manner utterly unsatisfactory; and I have to request that you will insert this letter in your paper of to-morrow, in which I repeat that no conspiracy whatever existed against

Lord Byron's domestic peace. You also in another part of the conversation which ensued, entirely mistook me: I never stated that the publication in a Sunday Journal was 'much to my disquiet and condemnation:' but in reply to some observations of yours, it was asserted merely as a fact, that no paragraphs hostile to Lord Byron, had originated with Lady Byron or her immediate friends, or were published with their knowledge; and that I should lament very much the necessity of making this subject the theme of further discussion in the public papers, which I have always disapproved of in questions that concern the relations of private life. Such are my observations. In the present instance, I conceive these discussions have sprung from the publication of Lord Byron's verses, as I do not remember that the subject was ever canvassed before; they have certainly not originated from Lady Byron.

"I am, Sir,

"Your humble servant,

"RALPH NOEL."

"To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle."

"P. S. My friend, Colonel Doyle, who was present with me, concurs in his recollection of the

above having been the sentiments which I expressed.

“ I am, Sir,

“ Your humble Servant,

“ RALPH NOEL.”

To this letter the Editor has returned the following answer :

“ Thursday Evening, 11 o’Clock.

“ SIR,

“ On coming to my Office, I find your letter, containing an animadversion on the paragraph inserted in my Paper, as the result of the conversation last night; and I should have no hesitation in publishing it according to your desire, if I were not morally certain that it would lead inevitably to the publication of the whole Correspondence, from Lady Byron’s first letter, dated from Kirby, to the last document, prepared for legal proceedings, if necessary. I stop it, therefore, for one day, to enable you to reflect on the propriety of pushing the matter to this extremity; and, in the mean time, I beg leave to say, that I published the result of the long conversation that passed between us, and not

the detail, from motives of the most anxious concern for all parties. You certainly said, in the first instance, that 'no conspiracy had ever existed against the domestic peace of Lord Byron:' to which you will do me the justice to recollect I answered, 'that you could speak to this only from the best of your own knowledge and belief,' and that I perfectly acquitted you of all participation in it; but that I remained fully convinced, from circumstances within my own knowledge, that nothing but gross misrepresentation and malignant influence could have prevailed on a wife, whose duty it was to cleave to her husband, and particularly such a wife as Lord Byron always described his Lady to be, to take the step which she did, and to remain apparently implacable to all the overtures of reconciliation that have since been made. Both you and Colonel Doyle acknowledged that you could not expect me to give up the conviction of my mind; and you appeared to me perfectly to acquiesce in the way that I put it, which was, that I had your authority to declare, that no conspiracy, to your knowledge, existed against the noble Lord.

“ I did not wish to aggravate the unhappy difference by going into all the conversation which took place, nor state the impression which was made

on my feelings by your declaration, that Lady B's separation from her husband was 'the result of her own unbiassed judgment,' a step which I said, from respect to the lady, I could not have supposed possible; my own ideas of the conduct of a noble-minded woman being so contrary, and such conduct being at the same time so inconsistent with the expressions used by herself to the last moment of their domestic intercourse.

"If I had gone into the whole detail, I must have stated the question put to you. Why no reply was given to the application made to your family to specify the charges against Lord B. that he might have an opportunity to vindicate himself from the calumnies so industriously propagated against him?—To this you answer, that Lady Byron acted in this by the advice of Dr. Lushington!—What! a wife tears herself from the bosom of her husband, and acts by the cold caution of a Lawyer rather than by the dictates of her own heart!

"As to the expression of the disquiet at and condemnation of the infamous aspersions which provoked me to vindicate the Noble Lord, I certainly conceived you to declare that they not only

were not authorized by Lady Byron's friends, but that you regretted and condemned them. I trust you do not mean to withdraw this declaration, or to diminish the import of these words.

“ If in the course of to-morrow I shall receive your instructions to print the letter, you may depend on the publication on Saturday, together with my own recollection of all that passed between us yesterday; and which, that you may be satisfied of its fairness, I shall be ready to submit before hand to your perusal. My anxiety is, to prevent the breach from being widened, and to avoid the consequences to which the publication of your letter, and the continuance of such slanders as daily appear in some of the Papers, must lead.

“ I have the honour to be,

“ With perfect respect for yourself,

“ Sir,

“ Your faithful Servant,

“ JAMES PERRY.”

“ Sir Ralph Noel, Bart. &c. &c. &c.

“ Strand, April 18, 1816.

REPLY.

“ Mivart's Hotel, April 19, 1816.

“ SIR,

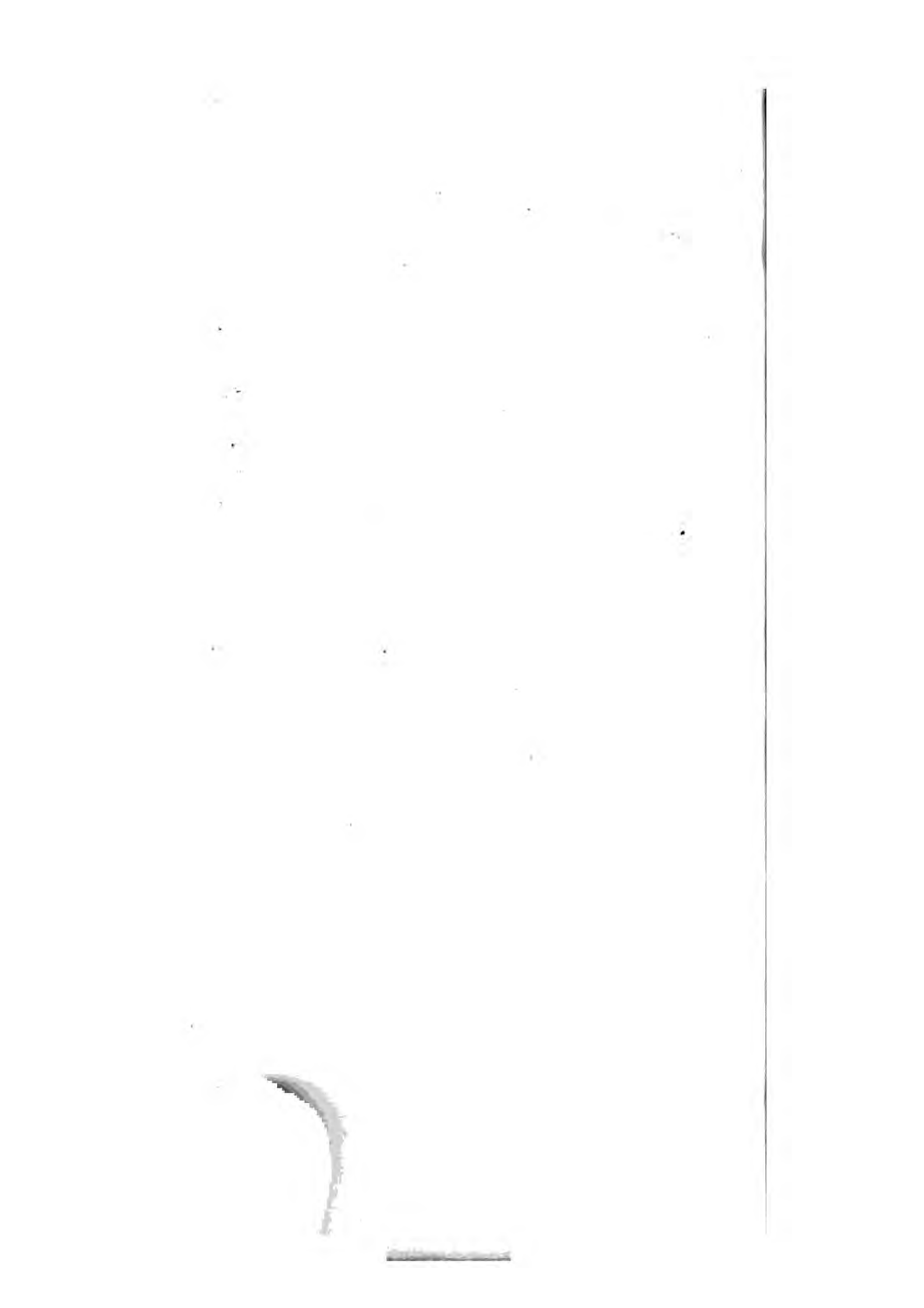
“ I cannot withdraw my request, that you will insert the letter of explanation which I yesterday sent you. You must take the responsibility upon yourself of whatever you may choose to publish, and I must decline any previous communication on the subject.

“ I am, Sir,

“ Your humble Servant,

“ RALPH NOEL.”





POEMS.



FARE THEE WELL!

FARE thee well! and if for ever—
Still for ever, fare *thee well*—
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.—

Would that breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er can'st know again :

Would that breast by thee glanc'd over,
Every inmost thought could show !
Then, thou would'st at last discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so.—

Though the world for this commend thee—
Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe—

Though my many faults defac'd me,
Could no other arm be found,
Than the one which once embrac'd me,
To inflict a cureless wound ?

Yet—oh, yet—thyself deceive not—
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not,
Hearts can thus be torn away :

Still thine own its life retaineth—

Still must mine—though bleeding—beat,
 And the undying thought which paineth
 Is—that we no more may meet.—

These are words of deeper sorrow

Than the wail above the dead :
 Both shall live—but every morrow
 Wake us from a widowed bed.—

And when thou would'st solace gather—

When our child's first accents flow—
 Wilt thou teach her to say—" Father ! "
 Though his cares she must forego ?

When her little hands shall press thee—

When her lip to thine is prest—
 Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee—
 Think of him thy love hath bless'd.

Should her lineaments resemble
 Those thou never more may'st see—
 Then thy heart will softly tremble
 With a pulse yet true to me.—

All my faults—perchance thou knowest—
 All my madness—none can know ;
 All my hopes—where'er thou goest—
 Whither—yet with *thee* they go.—

Every feeling hath been shaken.
 Pride—which not a world could bow—
 Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,
 Even my soul forsakes me now.—

But 'tis done—all words are idle—
 Words from me are vainer still ;
 But the thoughts we cannot bridle
 Force the way without the will.—

Fare thee well !—thus disunited—
Torn from every nearer tie—
Seared in heart—and lone—and blighted—
More than this I scarce can die,—

8

A

SKETCH FROM PRIVATE LIFE.

“ Honest—Honest Iago!
“ If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.”

SHAKSPEARE.

BORN in the garret, in the kitchen bred,
Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head;
Next—for some gracious service unexpressed,
And from its wages only to be guess'd —
Rais'd from the toilet to the table,—where
Her wondering betters wait behind her chair,
With eye unmoved, and forehead unabash'd,
She dines from off the plate she lately wash'd.

Quick with the tale, and ready with the lie—
 The genial confidante, and general spy—
 Who could, ye gods! her next employment guess—
 An only infant's earliest governess!
 She taught the child to read, and taught so well,
 That she herself, by teaching, learn'd to spell.
 An adept next in penmanship she grows,
 As many a nameless slander deftly shows:
 What she had made the pupil of her art,
 None know—but that high Soul secured the heart,
 And panted for the truth it could not hear,
 With longing breast and undeluded ear.

Foil'd was perversion by that youthful mind,
 Which Flattery fool'd not—Baseness could not blind,
 Deceit infect not—near Contagion soil—
 Indulgence weaken—nor Example spoil—
 Nor master'd Science tempt her to look down
 On humbler talents with a pitying frown—

Nor Genius swell—nor Beauty render vain—
 Nor Envy ruffle to retaliate pain—
 Nor Fortune change—Pride raise—nor Passion bow,
 Nor Virtue teach austerity—till now.
 Serenely purest of her sex that live,
 But wanting one sweet weakness—to forgive,
 Too shock'd at faults her soul can never know,
 She deems that all should be like her below:
 Foe to all Vice, yet hardly Virtue's friend,
 For Virtue pardons those she would amend.

But to the theme :—now laid aside too long,
 The baleful burthen of this honest song—
 Though all her former functions are no more,
 She rules the circle which she served before.
 If mothers—none know why—before her quake ;
 If daughters dread her for the mother's sake ;
 If early habits—those false links, which bind
 At times the loftiest to the meanest mind—

Have given her power too deeply to instil
 The angry essence of her deadly will ;
 If, like a snake, she steal within your walls,
 Till the black slime betray her as she crawls ;
 If, like a viper, to the heart she wind,
 And leave the venom there she did not find ;
 What marvel that this hag of hatred works
 Eternal evil latent as she lurks,
 To make a Pandemonium where she dwells,
 And reign the Hecate of domestic hells ?

Skill'd by a touch to deepen scandal's tints
 With all the kind mendacity of hints,
 While mingling truth with falsehood—sneers with smiles—
 A thread of candour with a web of wiles ;
 A plain blunt show of briefly-spoken seeming,
 To hide her bloodless heart's soul-harden'd scheming ;
 A lip of lies—a face formed to conceal ;
 And, without feeling, mock at all who feel :

With a vile mask the Gorgon would disown ;
 A cheek of parchment—and an eye of stone.

Mark, how the channels of her yellow blood
 Ooze to her skin, and stagnate there to mud,

Cased like the centipede in saffron mail,

Or darker greenness of the scorpion's scale—

(For drawn from reptiles only may we trace
 Congenial colours in that soul or face)—

Look on her features ! and behold her mind

As in a mirror of itself defined :

Look on the picture ! deem it not o'ercharged —

There is no trait which might not be enlarged ;—

Yet true to “ Nature's journeymen,” who made

This monster when their mistress left off trade,—

This female dog-star of her little sky,

Where all beneath her influence droop or die.

Oh ! wretch without a tear—without a thought,
 Save joy above the ruin thou hast wrought—

The time shall come, nor long remote, when thou
Shalt feel far more than thou inflictest now ;
Feel for thy vile self-loving self in vain,
And turn thee howling in unpitied pain.
May the strong curse of crush'd affections light
Back on thy bosom with reflected blight !
And make thee in thy leprosy of mind
As loathsome to thyself as to mankind !
Till all thy self-thoughts curdle into hate,
Black—as thy will for others would create :
Till thy hard heart be calcined into dust,
And thy soul welter in its hideous crust.
Oh, may thy grave be sleepless as the bed,—
The widow'd couch of fire, that thou hast spread !
Then, when thou fain would'st weary Heaven with
 prayer,
Look on thine earthly victims—and despair !
Down to the dust !—and, as thou rott'st away,
Even worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay.

But for the love I bore, and still must bear,
To her thy malice from all ties would tear—
Thy name—thy human name—to every eye
The climax of all scorn should hang on high,
Exalted o'er thy less abhorred compeers—
And festering in the infamy of years.

ON THE STAR

OF

"THE LEGION OF HONOUR."

1.

STAR of the brave!—whose beam hath shed
Such glory o'er the quick and dead—
Thou radiant and adored deceit!
Which millions rushed in arms to greet,—
Wild meteor of immortal birth!
Why rise in Heaven to set on Earth?

2.

Souls of slain heroes formed thy rays;
Eternity flashed through thy blaze:

The music of thy marshal sphere
 Was fame on high and honour here
 And thy light broke on human eyes,
 Like a Volcano from the skies.

3.

Like lava rolled thy stream of blood,
 And swept down empires with its flood;
 Earth rocked beneath thee to her base,
 As thou did'st lighten through all space;
 And the shorn Sun grew dim in air,
 And set while thou wert dwelling there.

4.

Before thee rose, and with thee grew,
 A rainbow of the loveliest hue,
 Of three bright colours,* each divine,
 And fit for that celestial sign;

* The tri-colour.

For Freedom's hand had blended them,
Like tints in an immortal gem.

5.

One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes ;
One, the blue depth of Seraph's eyes ;
One, the pure Spirit's veil of white
Had robed in radiance of its light :
The three so mingled did beseem
The texture of a heavenly dream.

6.

Star of the brave ! thy ray is pale,
And darkness must again prevail !
But, Oh, thou Rainbow of the free !
Our tears and blood must flow for thee,
When thy bright promise fades away,
Our life is but a load of clay.

And Freedom hallows with her tread
The silent cities of the dead ;
For beautiful in death are they
Who proudly fall in her array ;
And soon, Oh Goddess, may we be
For evermore with them or thee !

O D E.

Oh, shame to thee, Land of the Gaul !
Oh, shame to thy children and thee !
Unwise in thy glory, and base in thy fall,
How wretched thy portion shall be !
Derision shall strike thee forlorn,
A mockery that never shall die ;
The curses of Hate, and the hisses of Scorn
Shall burthen the winds of thy sky ;
And, proud o'er thy ruin, for ever be hurl'd
The laughter of Triumph, the jeers of the World !

Oh, where is thy spirit of yore,
The spirit that breathed in thy dead,
When gallantry's star was the beacon before,
And honour the passion that led ?

Thy storms have awaken'd their sleep,
 They groan from the place of their rest,
 And wrathfully murmur, and suddenly weep,
 To see the foul stain on thy breast ;
 For where is the glory they left thee in trust ?
 'Tis scatter'd in darkness, 'tis trampled in dust !

Go, look through the kingdoms of earth,
 From Indus, all round to the Pole,
 And something of goodness, of honour, and worth,
 Shall brighten the sins of the soul :
 But thou art *alone* in thy shame,
 The world cannot liken thee there ;
 Abhorrence and vice have disfigur'd thy name
 Beyond the low reach of compare ;
 Stupendous in guilt, thou shalt lend us through time
 A proverb, a bye-word, for treach'ry and crime !

While conquest illumin'd his sword,
 While yet in his prowess he stood,
 Thy praises still follow'd the steps of thy Lord,

And welcom'd the torrent of blood ;
 Tho' tyranny sat on his crown,
 And wither'd the nations afar,
 Yet bright in thy view was the Despot's renown,
 Till Fortune deserted his car ;
Then, back from the Chieftain thou slunkest away—
 The foremost to insult, the first to betray !

Forgot were the feats he had done,
 The toils he had borne in thy cause ;
 Thou turned'st to worship a new rising sun,
 And waft other songs of applause ;
 But the storm was beginning to lour,
 Adversity clouded his beam :
 And honour and faith were the brag of an hour,
 And loyalty's self but a dream :
 To him thou hadst banish'd thy vows were restor'd ;
 And the first that had scoff'd, were the first that ador'd !

What tumult thus burthens the air,
 What throng thus encircles his throne ?

'Tis the shout of delight, 'tis the millions that swear
 His sceptre shall rule them alone.
 Reverses shall brighten their zeal,
 Misfortune shall hallow his name,
 And the world that pursues him shall mournfully feel
 How quenchless the spirit and flame
 That Frenchmen will breathe, when their hearts are on fire,
 For the Hero they love, and the Chief they admire !

Their hero has rushed to the field ;
 His laurels are cover'd with shade—
 But where is the spirit that never should yield,
 The loyalty never to fade !
 In a moment desertion and guile
 Abandon him up to the foe ;
 The dastards that flourish'd and grew at his smile,
 Forsook and renounc'd him in woe ;
 And the millions that swore they would perish to save,
 Beheld him a fugitive, captive, and slave !

The Savage all wild in his glen
 Is nobler and better than thou ;
 Thou standest a wonder, a marvel to men,
 Such perfidy blackens thy brow !
 If thou wert the place of my birth,
 At once from thy arms would I sever ;
 I'd fly to the uttermost ends of the earth,
 And quit thee for ever and ever ;
 And thinking of thee in my long after-years,
 Should but kindle my blushes and waken my tears,

Oh, shame to thee, land of the Gaul !
 Oh, shame to thy children and thee !
 Unwise in thy glory and base in thy fall,
 How wretched thy portion shall be !
 Derision shall strike thee forlorn,
 A mockery that never shall die ;
 The curses of Hate and the hisses of Scorn
 Shall burthen the winds of thy sky ;
 And proud o'er thy ruin for ever be hurl'd
 The laughter of Triumph, the jeers of the World !

MADAME LAVALETTE.

LET Edinburgh Critics o'erwhelm with their praises
 Their Madame de STAEL, and their fam'd L'EPINASSE ;
 Like a meteor at best, proud Philosophy blazes,
 And the fame of a Wit is as brittle as glass :
 But cheering's the beam, and unfading the splendour
 Of thy torch, Wedded Love ! and it never has yet
 Shone with lustre more holy, more pure, or more tender,
 Than it sheds on the name of the fair LAVALETTE.

Then fill high the wine-cup, e'en Virtue shall bless it,
 And hallow the goblet which foams to her name ;
 The warm lip of Beauty shall piously press it,
 And HYMEN shall honour the pledge to her fame :
 To the health of the Woman, who freedom and life too
 Has risk'd for her Husband, we'll pay the just debt ;
 And hail with applauses the Heroine and Wife too,
 The constant, the noble, the fair LAVALETTE.

Her foes have awarded, in impotent malice,
To their captive a doom, which all Europe abhors,
And turns from the Stairs of the Priest-haunted palace,
While those who replaced them there, blush for their cause.
But, in ages to come, when the blood-tarnish'd glory
Of Dukes, and of Marshals, in darkness hath set,
Hearts shall throb, eyes shall glisten, at reading the story
Of the fond self-devotion of fair LAVALETTE.

FAREWELL TO FRANCE.

FAREWELL to the Land, where the gloom of my glory
Arose and o'ershadowed the earth with her name;—
She abandons me now,—but the page of her story,
The brightest or blackest, is filled with my fame,
I have warred with a world which vanquished me only
When the meteor of Conquest allured me too far,—
I have coped with the Nations which dread me thus lonely,
The last single Captive to millions in war!
Farewell to thee, France—when thy diadem crown'd me,
I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth,—
But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,
Decay'd in thy glory and sunk in thy worth.
Oh! for the veteran hearts that were wasted
In strife with the storm, when their battles were won,—
Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment was blasted,
Had still soared with eyes fixed on Victory's Sun;

Farewell to thee, France—but when Liberty rallies

Once more in thy regions, remember me then—

The Violet grows in the depth of thy valleys,

Though withered, thy tears will unfold it again—

Yet, yet I may baffle the hosts that surround us,

And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice—

There are links which must break in the chain that has
bound us,

Then turn thee and call on the Chief of thy choice!

WATERLOO.

WE do not curse thee, Waterloo ;
Though freedom's blood thy plain bedew ;
There 'twas shed, but is not sunk—
Rising from each gory trunk—
Like the water-spout from ocean,
With a strong and growing motion—
It soars, and mingles in the air,
With that of lost LABEDOYERE—
With that of him whose honour'd grave
Contains the "bravest of the brave ;"
A crimson cloud it spreads and glows,
But shall return to whence it rose ;
When 'tis full 'twill burst asunder—
Never yet was heard such thunder
As then shall shake the world with wonder—
Never yet was seen such lightning
As o'er heaven shall then be bright'ning !

The Chief has fallen, but not by you,
 Vanquishers of Waterloo!
 When the soldier-citizen,
 Swayed not o'er his fellow men—
 Save in deeds that led them on
 Where glory smil'd on Freedom's son—
 Who of all the despots banded,
 With that youthful chief competed?
 Who could boast o'er France defeated
 Till lone tyranny commanded?
 Till, goaded by ambition's sting,
 The Hero sunk into the King?
 Then he fell—so perish all,
 Who would men by man enthral!
 And thou too of the snow-white plume!
 Whose realm refus'd thee even a tomb;
 Better had'st thou still been leading
 France o'er hosts of hirelings bleeding,
 Than sold thyself to death and shame
 For a meanly royal name;
 Such as he of 'Naples wears,
 Who thy blood-bought title bears.—

Little did'st thou deem when dashing *
On thy war-horse through the ranks,
Like a stream which bursts its banks,
While helmets cleft and sabres clashing,
Shone and shivered fast around thee—
Of the fate at last which found thee!
Was that haughty plume laid low
By a slave's dishonest blow?
Once it onward bore the brave,
Like foam upon the highest wave.—
There, where death's brief pang was quick
And the battle's wreck lay thickest,
Strew'd beneath the advancing banner
Of the Eagle's burning crest—
(There with thunder-clouds to fan her,
Who could then her wing arrest—
Victory beaming from her breast?)
While the broken line enlarging
Fell or fled along the plain;
There be sure was Murat charging;
There he ne'er shall charge again!

O'er glories gone, the invaders march,
Weeps triumph o'er each levelled arch—
But let Freedom rejoice,
With her heart in her voice ;
But her hand on her sword,
Doubly shall she be adored.
France hath twice too well been taught
The "moral lesson" dearly bought—
Her safety sits not on a throne,
With CAPET or NAPOLEON ;
But in equal rights and laws,
Hearts and hands in one great cause—
Freedom, such as God hath given
Unto all beneath his heaven,
With their breath, and from their birth,
Though guilt would sweep it from the earth ;
With a fierce and lavish hand,
Scattering nations' wealth like sand ;
Pouring nations' blood like water,
In imperial seas of slaughter !
But the heart and the mind,
And the voice of mankind

Shall arise in communion—
 And who shall resist that proud union ?
 The time is past when swords subdued—
 Man may die—the soul's renewed :
 Even in this low world of care,
 Freedom ne'er shall want an heir,
 Millions breathe, but to inherit
 Her unconquerable spirit—
 When once more her hosts assemble
 Let the tyrants only tremble ;—
 Smile they at this idle threat ?
 Crimson tears will follow yet.

THE END.



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