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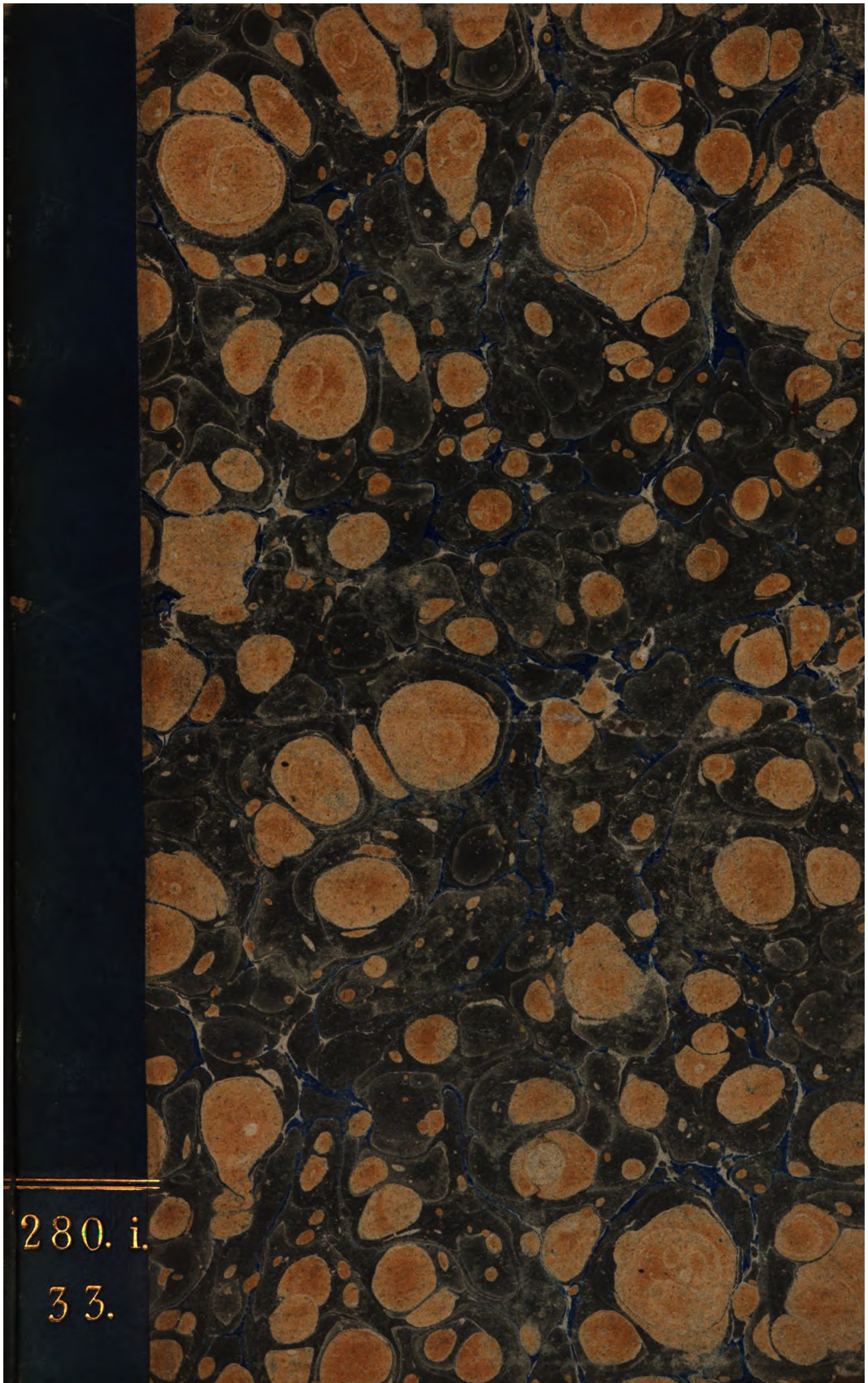
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280. i.

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ANSELMO,

A TALE.



ANSELMO,

A Tale;

WITH

THE DEPARTURE OF BERTHA;

AND OTHER POEMS.

“Worm-like ’twas trampled—adder-like avenged.”

SECOND EDITION.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN AND CO. PATERNOSTER ROW;
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1816.

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TO

ANDREW FLETCHER, Esq.

THE FOLLOWING POEMS

ARE INSCRIBED, AS A SLIGHT TESTIMONY OF REGARD,

BY HIS AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.



ANSELMO;

A TALE.

ANSELMO.



I.

“ AT night’s still prime, when Cynthia beams on high,
“ And walks in glory through the cloudless sky—
“ How sweet amidst the dewy calm to stray,
“ And hail the moon-beam quivering o’er the spray:—
“ Or,—lulled to rest, when dreaming billows sleep,
“ Or blustering surges bellow o’er the deep,
“ To ponder o’er the blue expanse, and mark
“ The falcon progress of the reeling bark,
“ And note the foam-capped billows’ furious shock
“ ’Gainst the green summit of the weed-crowned rock. 10
“ Let Pomp’s proud slave drag on his hours of pain—
“ Though pride may lighten, wealth may gild his chain;

“ Yea—let the pampered votary of disease,
 “ Whose breast would chill before the freshening breeze,
 “ Still press his restless couch, and vainly seek
 “ Slumber’s soft wing to fan his burning cheek;
 “ Be his the fearful dream—the frequent start—
 “ The half-closed eye—and palpitating heart—
 “ But mine the halcyon slumber, short and light,
 “ That morn’s first brilliance puts to instant flight; 20
 “ His—be the couch of weariness and pain—
 “ Mine—the fresh breezes of the dewy main.”

II.

Anselmo spake—as by the breaking foam
 His footsteps sped the well-known path towards home:—
 It was the hour when Grief’s vain sigh is still,
 And Mirth forgets to raise the jovial peal,
 And Superstition wakes to count in dread
 The midnight clock—and hides her trembling head;—
 Hushed was each busy tongue, and closed each eye
 In sweet oblivion of mortality. 30
 No sound was heard—save when with pealing roar
 Burst the white billow on the echoing shore;
 Silence and Slumber swayed their noiseless reign
 Till morning mount her crimsoned car again.

III.

Oft at this hour Anselmo loved to roam
Where wave chased wave till both dissolved in foam;
There would he wander, when no prying eye
Or listening ear intrusive loitered nigh,
And musing ponder o'er the billows' strife—
In them he viewed the chequered maze of life. 40
Those waves that glimmer in the transient ray,
Roll like the tides of mortal bliss away;
As dancing on to Sorrow's dreary shore—
At length the bubble bursts, and all is o'er!
Yon murmuring surge that darkens to the view,
Girt with the tempest—robed in sablest hue,
May tell of that black main, that knows not rest,
Heaving unseen in Sorrow's stormy breast.

IV.

So deemed Anselmo—oft the ocean dark
Of grief had tost, and nearly whelmed his bark. 50
Deep in his bosom had the scathing war
Of jarring passions set the searing scar;
He left his mother earth—so Rumour said,
Ere twice ten years had circled round his head;

Prey to the Gamester's fascinating crew,
 To them as wisest, best of friends he flew :
 Perchance no pitying hand was nigh, in time
 To check his footsteps in the way of crime;
 He ran his course, till mad with certain loss,
 Desperate, he dared the worst his fate to cross: 60
 In maddening mood he reached the fatal Hall
 Of Vice—and frantic staked—and lost—his all!
 'Twas then he left with sickening soul the earth
 That gave him—now that irksome portion—birth;
 He reached Iberia's shore, and long had stood
 Beneath her banners in the field of blood;
 But now withdrawn from off that stage of strife,
 That scene of never-ceasing trouble—life;
 With one, the faithful sharer of his lot,
 He sought a plain, but peaceful home—a cot. 70

V.

Bards long have told the dear delight to gaze
 On the half faded scenes of former days;
 In sooth 'tis sweet, if Memory's setting sun
 In tranquil majesty goes calmly down :—
 Not so, if darkening o'er the vale of years
 The woe-fraught cloud in lowering guise appears;

If ruthless recollection sour the bowl—
And man must quaff it, be it fair or foul.
Thus was it with Anselmo—though his heart
Was changed, yet memory plied her keenest dart; 80
If e'er perchance some heedless tongue might name
His native clime—that region of his shame—
'Twas then the stander-by full well might trace
Convulsion working o'er his livid face;
Then would he sigh and instant turn away,
As though his heart forbade him there to stay,
Where aught of former days might furnish food
For ruthless Memory's gnawing scorpion brood.
'Twould seem as though he loathed the very air
That faintest accent of his country bare; 90
But it availed not that from others' view
To chain and fetter conscience down, he flew;
Though from the world's rude gaze apart he'd stray,
Who from himself can steal himself away?

VL

Anselmo was not friendless—there was one
Whose heart but beat responsive to his own;
Yes—there was one whose kindred breast would share
Each chequered scene of pleasure or of care;

In woe, or weal, the partner of his fate—
 Of every joy and every grief the mate; 100
 The winning eloquence of whose dear smile
 Could dry each tear and every pang beguile.
 Yes—Adria loved him, and his answering heart
 Nourished that passion, never to depart;
 Bright—as the living splendours of the sky—
 Pure—as the wish of vestal piety!
 Holy—as swells the angel chaunt above—
 Unchanged and constant burned their torch of love.

VII.

—He urged his course along the yellow beach,
 Till now his feet the well-known pathway reach. 110
 —I laud not him around whose senseless mind
 Its pleasing fetters home hath never twined;
 Whose callous heart ne'er bounded with delight
 When his own roof burst greeting on his sight;
 Whose pulse a quicker, livelier beat ne'er knew,
 Roused into life by that enchanting view!
 —O'er his rapt bosom flitting thick and fast
 Gay Fancy's wild prophetic visions passed;
 He thought on her his bride, her dear caress,
 And the glad welcome of her angel kiss; 120

How leapt his heart to each extatic thought,
 That sweet, but ah! delusive—Fancy brought!
 —He gains the portal—it was forced—the door
 Unclosed—'tis strange at such a lonely hour!
 “Adria!”—she spake not—came not—not a word
 Nor sound his eager ear in answer heard.
 Onwards he rushed—he gains her chamber—there
 His eye is rivetted in dumb despair.

VIII.

Stretched on her couch she lay—in rest so deep—
 So still—so mute—you might have deemed it sleep;— 130
 But the dull glare of that fixed eye—the streak,
 Already livid, on that marble cheek—
 The venomed dregs in that mysterious bowl—
 The fatal tale, inscribed on that dark scroll!
 These—and the cold stiff hand—and changeless brow—
 Proclaim too truly, she is nothing now.

IX.

Hard by his home dwelt one, whose lawless hand
 Dealt out oppression round the groaning land;
 The curse of thousands hovered round his door—
 That door, that frowned disdain upon the poor. 140

Fernando recked not of them—for he knew
That those who hated, feared his vengeance too.
Oft had he gazed, with Passion's feverish eye,
On Adria's mien of witching majesty:
Her fairy form, of more than Houri grace;
The rose of Beauty budding on her face;
The auburn glories of each braided tress—
The modest mien of virgin bashfulness—
The lip of coral—and the arm of white—
The eye as dark as the gazelle's—as bright— 150
Had fanned his passion to its utmost height;
And on that fatal night, when by the spray
Anselmo wandered, and prolonged his stay,
He came—her prayers and virgin cries were vain—
And force obtained, what love could never gain:
Reft of that only gem she ever prized—
Spurned—abject now—a thing to be despised—
How could she meet that loving one, who ne'er
Spake but in smiles, and gentlest guise to her?
To that determined mood she manned her breast, 160
And the dark bowl dismissed her soul to rest.

X.

—'Tis morn—but what avails the enlivening beam,
 The cheering freshness of the morning stream—
 The flowers that gem, and laugh along the vale—
 The spicy incense floating on the gale—
 Oh! what avail these varied charms to one
 Whose best—sole—comfort is—to weep alone?

'Tis morn—the world goes forth—and every eye
 Sparkles in mirth—and teems with gaiety;
 Alone to sad Anselmo's clouded sight, 170
 The morn's fresh beauties seemed but dimly bright—
 She was not there—who wont with him to rove,
 And give new fragrance to the odorous grove;
 Who with him gazed upon the orient beam—
 And with him pondered o'er the glassy stream;
 For her, alas! no longer dashed the wave—
 Soon must the sunbeam quiver o'er her grave.

XI.

Still was she folded in his firm embrace—
 His lip yet dwelt upon her clay-cold face.
 Entranced he gazed upon the fatal spot— 180
 He could not—durst not—think that she was not!

Though life's warm tints have left that cheek so fair,
 The placid smile, though faded, still is there:
 He weeps—he sobs—she looks not up to cheer;
 He mourns—his sorrow hath not reached her ear.
 Closed are her lips—and that bright eye is dim,
 That never gave one single frown to him.
 Death hath been busy o'er that chill-cold face—
 And crushed each rose that blossomed there in grace.

XII.

'Tis eve—loud sounding from the Convent tower 190
 The deep-toned bell hath tolled the funeral hour.
 In black procession—mournful, sad, and slow,
 The dark-robed train in solemn order go.
 Full many a time had Adria's pitying hand
 Diffused its blessings round the grateful land:
 And—hear ye this—ye selfish sons of pride—
 The mite of pity never was denied.
 Long had the peasants blessed the hand that gave
 New balm to life—and hope beyond the grave;
 And the last act of gratitude to claim, 200
 To bear their mistress to her tomb they came.
 —Slow o'er the corse the pealing death-hymn rose,
 While sobs supplied and filled each melting close.

With cheek, whose death-like aspect almost gave
 To his wan face the semblance of the grave,
 Anselmo gazed—into reluctant rest
 He forced the sorrows labouring in his breast;
 Yet—as the cord dropt harshly on the bier,
 And the earth grated hoarse upon his ear,
 Then each swelled eyeball glistening, seemed to swim, 210
 And nature wrung her tribute, e'en from him.

XIII.

As the rude storm-cloud o'er the wintry sky
 Frowns to the view in more appalling dye,
 When memory, sorrowing o'er the altered scene,
 Reminds how fair the summer's day hath been:
 Thus—in the darker winter of the breast,
 Woe's sable cloud in sabler hue is drest,
 When Memory fondly turns her saddening eye
 To hours of parted gladness now gone by—
 And tells that ne'er again such brilliant ray 220
 Shall cheer life's pilgrim on his thorny way.
 Sweet bliss!—how soon her transient visions pass—
 How quick, alas! revolves her changing glass:
 She bears but one—and 'tis a poignant sting—
 She lends to time—how fleet—a speeding wing.

XIV.

Thus thought Anselmo, as he gazed alone
 In tearful silence o'er the funeral stone;
 None heard—none saw him—and the assuaging flood
 Rained o'er his cheek as thus he grieved aloud:—

—“ Oh, thou dear partner of life's chequered scene, 230
 “ Who e'er, what none can be again, hast been;
 “ I would have blessed the pitying stroke that gave,
 “ In that dread hour, the promise of a grave;
 “ That hour that quenched thy peerless charms in night,
 “ And sent me forth a lonely Anchorite.
 “ Now there is none to sooth this widowed breast—
 “ Dispel one grief—or lull one care to rest.”

—“ Adria!—thou hear'st me not—around thy grave
 “ The night's shrill gales with lawless howlings rave;
 “ These eyes have seen the stone above thy head— 240
 “ These hands have laid thee on thy icy bed;
 “ Yet there thou art not—no—above the sky
 “ Thou sitt'st enthroned in blissful majesty!
 “ Look down, blest spirit, from thy heavenly sphere,
 “ Vouchsafe one look on thy avenger here.

“ Adria, farewell—the last dark day of guilt
 “ Wanes on Fernando;—ere the sunbeam melt
 “ The mists of morning, on thy murderer’s head
 “ Vengeance’ full phials shall be deeply shed;
 “ Then will I gladly lay this aching breast, 250
 “ This weary head, by thee in mutual rest.
 “ Now quake, Oppression, on thy tottering throne—
 “ Mercy be dumb—I come to hurl thee down.”

XV.

He knelt one moment, kissed her tomb, and flew
 To rouse the vengeance of the peasant crew:
 Short need had they of words to stimulate
 Or rouse the venom of their ceaseless hate;
 Already ranged, in warlike order stand
 Sons and their sires, a true and patriot band.
 “ Forwards”—as springs the tiger on the flock— 260
 As foams the boiling torrent from the rock—
 As skims the cloud before the whirlwind’s breath—
 Thus on they rush, to conquest or to death.

XVI.

—The lamps wax dim before the dawning day,
 As morning glimmers o’er the misty bay;

The sun is bursting from the blushing wave,
 And man awakens from his nightly grave.
 Gay smile the heavens, and light the breezes bring
 Health in their train, and verdure on their wing.
 List how green Rondas' fitful echoes bear 270
 The matin carols of the muleteer;
 And, as the blithe winds sport in fragrance, swell
 To the wild music of his jingling bell.
 —How glows the scene—thy vales, oh, Spain! how fair,
 Though War's rude hand hath left his signet there:
 How grand thy mountains in their vest of snow—
 How sweet thy plains of fruitfulness below.
 But oh, how sunk! how fallen—alas! thy shore
 Echoes with freedom's patriot song no more:
 Nor now at eve beneath the chesnut tree* 280
 The dance goes round of free-born revelry.
 List! was not that the gay lute's amorous strain?—
 'Twas but the hideous clank of Slavery's ponderous chain.

XVII.

Shades of the conquering brave! who sank to rest—
 Her deathless sons—on Honour's spotless breast;

* "Dancing Fandangos in the chesnut shade."

Rogers's Columbus.

Ye, whose best heart-blood dyed the Gallic spear—
 Vainly ye pressed red Valour's gory bier:
 What boots it now, that tides of patriot blood
 Have laved the mountain—or have swelled the flood?
 What boots it now, on Tormes' craggy bed 290
 The corse is mouldering, and the rock is red?
 Vainly the orphan's cry—the widow's tear,
 Hath shrieked, or flowed above the hero's bier!
 Lo! War's proud eagle waves no more his wing—
 Hail, peace! what joys thy days of gladness bring—
 The ruthless bigot, and the despot king!
 —Pent in the sunless dungeon's loathsome cave,
 The sickening tenant of a living grave;
 Or, the sad exile on some foreign strand,
 Behold—the saviour of his native land! 300
 What though the scaffold close his bright career,
 The meed of virtue still awaits him here.
 What though condemned in stranger climes to roam!
 In every soil the patriot finds his home.
 Weep not for him—exulting fame hath shed
 Her choicest roses round his dauntless head:
 Nor bigots' sway, nor despots' hand, can tear
 The wreath that blooms in searless splendour there.

XVIII.

Morn glimmers o'er Fernando's proud chateau—
 It stands majestic o'er the vale below; 310
 The dancing sunbeams kiss each dark grey tower,
 That rears its crest above the Haram* bower;
 While the drear Keep—that grated house of woe,
 Pines as obscured in saddened shade below.
 Defiance sits upon each massy stone,
 But eve shall view its morning glories gone.
 Tremble Fernando!—on the foeman's spear
 The beams are quivering, and Revenge is near.
 Tremble!—ere evening flap her wing of grey,
 Or sigh the requiem o'er departed day, 320
 The moss that lichens o'er thy tower of pride,
 Shall blush in redness with the gory tide,
 That flows a ceaseless torrent from thy side.

XIX.

Screened by the wood, whose restless image played
 On the brown walls, and quivered there in shade,

* This is no violation of costume: in Spain generally—but in the Moorish territories universally, each Nobleman had a private seraglio.

Anselmo's troop hath reached the outer wall—
 "Those towers must view our conquest or our fall;"
 The rank is formed—they wait but for the word—
 Why sudden drops their leader's brandished sword?
 Why starts, unbidden, from his gushing eye 330
 That drop, that tells of inward agony?
 His sword hath fallen—the tear is on his cheek—
 Oh! blame not him—the sternest are but weak:
 For sad—but sweetly to the wild breeze flung,
 A well-known strain in mournful descant rung;
 Oft had he heard it hail the evening star
 When swept his Adria o'er the light guitar;
 And oft, when cares had stung his wearied breast,
 Those notes had soothed his sorrows into rest:
 But now that finger wakes no more the lute— 340
 Its chords are mouldering, and its strains are mute;
 And she, the mistress of its magic tone—
 That soul of breathing harmony, is gone.

XX.

'Tis past—revenge rekindled in his eye,
 As waved his hand the glittering steel on high.
 —Strong frowned the battlements, and well might mock
 The scanty terrors of so slight a shock:

But all was stillness there, and not an ear
 Drank e'en suspicion of the danger near,
 Till the wild clash of arms and clanging blows, 350
 Proclaimed the presence of the sudden foes;
 And the scared echoes from the astonished wood
 Gave back the fearful slogan—"blood for blood."

XXI.

"To arms!"—"to arms!"—loud blew the bugle's blast
 In vain;—the walls are scaled—the ramparts passed—
 On press the patriot band—and on the foe
 Deal death and havoc in each well-aimed blow.
 How fares Fernando?—o'er his palsied soul
 A thousand mingling horrors darkly roll:
 Now wild with rage—now cowering mute with fear, 360
 As each loud shout of victory rent his ear.—
 Well may'st thou tremble—look on that red brand,
 Drunk with the gore of thy too faithful band.
 Look on that form—the foremost in the fray
 Its death-stroke pours confusion and dismay—
 It is Anselmo!—haste—away—away.—

XXII.

Long was the fight, till tired with dealing death,
 The gluttoned sabre wearied, sought its sheath.

Fallen are the foes—but yet the triumph's vain—
 Fernando lives, to curse the earth again.—

370

—The might of thousands in his arm—his eyes
 Flashing with more than nature's energies,
 Anselmo sought him;—breathless and dismayed
 Cowering he lurked within a buttress shade:
 Oh! what a sight terrific met his view—
 The lord of her his wanton passion slew!
 The sword of vengeance blazing in his hand—
 The blood of conquest streaming on that brand!
 “Oh, mercy!”—“mercy!”—as his pausing heart
 Beat faint, and life stood winged to depart.
 Anselmo heard not—an unconscious cry
 Burst from his lips, and lightning from his eye:
 “Wretch—to thy kindred hell!” and as he spoke
 Flashed the raised blade, and fell the fatal stroke:
 Dark and unshrived the tyrant passed away—
 May Heaven receive his soul on judgment-day!

380

XXIII.

Oh, what an awful lesson 'tis to scan
 That deep, instructive scene—departing man!

Catch the last faltering accents as they flow—
 Mark the last passions fading on the brow— 390
 Watch the last quiver of the lip—and trace
 Life's latest struggle chequering o'er the face.
 How dread that scene, where Vice remorseless lies,
 And reckless Guilt in desperate madness dies:
 When the soul's ray seems quenched in starless night,
 And lingering mercy wings her tardy flight!
 Mark well that withering smile—that half-formed sneer—
 That glance of pride, and dim eyes' scornful leer.
 Look on that ghastly cheek—that lowering brow—
 That lip that curls in mockery—even now; 400
 The scowl of horror stamped upon that face—
 Then ask thy shuddering soul—Can this be peace?

XXIV.

Serenely clear—majestically down
 In cloudless grandeur sank the setting sun.
 List to the welcoming rebecks' jovial strain,
 That greets the warriors to their home again:
 Gay smiles the feast, and high the goblets foam,
 While each glad tongue sends forth the welcome home.
 Removed the festival, in order stand
 Ranged for the dance full many a jocund band. 410

—Bright rides the moon aloft—her trembling ray
Sports in glad lustre o'er the glowing bay;
The thin and light transparent clouds that lie
As islands floating in a main on high.—
The silvery waves that kiss the golden sand,
And gently ripple to the glittering strand;—
The fading echoes of the distant sound,
Where the gay dance and festive mirth go round—
Wake every feeling of the heart, and seem
The fairy scenes of some Elysian dream.

420

XXV.

There was a time when to Anselmo's sight
Such scenes but shone, the visions of delight;
There was a time when nights like these impressed
A more than earthly bliss upon his breast:
But now, no more such gladness to impart,
They struck all sadly on his sorrowing heart.—
—He gazed in silence on the joyous crowd,
Till on his brain hot pressed the boiling blood:
He rose, and sighing, left the festive scene—
What now to him was mirth or joy, I ween?

430

—The morning beams upon Anselmo's cot,
And eve declines—but there he cometh not;
Stretched on his Adria's grave, at length was found
His stiffening corse upon the turfy ground:
In death united, sleep their cold remains;
One stone protects them—and one grave contains. 436

END OF ANSELMO.

POEMS.

I.

Fragment written at Culloden, April, 1816.

OH, weep not for them—let no tear-drop be shed
For the spirits who sleep with the patriot dead;
Let the voice of affection be mute o'er their grave;
Oh, give not one sigh to the fate of the brave;
Though unhonoured they lie on the spot where they fell,
Though the conqueror's shout was their funeral knell,
They died not unwept, the most pure tears are shed,
In the soft dews of heaven, on the patriot's head;
And each gale of the morning that murmureth by,
O'er the patriot's pale corse breathes the holiest sigh:

Then weep not for these, but weep for *their* doom
 Who found in their own peaceful dwelling, their tomb—
 When innocent blood stained the snow on the plain,
 And the prayer of the orphan and widow was vain.
 —Thou merciless chief, may their spirits who died
 To feast thee, thou monster of murder and pride—
 May these, when the day of thy judgment be near,
 In appalling array round thy dark soul appear!—

* * * * *

II.

The Royal Fugitive.

“A poor friendless wanderer may well claim a sigh,
 Yet more, if that wanderer be royal.”—
 BURNS.

Condemned in fearful solitude to stray,
 Where scarce a footstep marks the dubious way—
 To dwell midst regions of eternal snow,
 And read in every scanty face—a foe;
 The pining prey of famine, grief, and want—
 A homeless, houseless, friendless mendicant;
 Exposed to each rude tempest’s lawless breath—
 Before him deserts—and behind him death;—

His food the berry, and his drink—the spring—
 SCOTLAND, in this disguise behold thy—KING.
 —His grave may be not where his fathers sleep—
 O'er his pale clay no native eye may weep—
 In *foreign* realms he begs from *foreign* hands
 The scanty sustenance that life demands ;
 And owes, when welcome Death hath sealed his eyes,
 To *foreign* charity his obsequies.—
 November, 1816.

III.

*The Departure of Bertha.**

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * *
 The sails are set, the blast is high,
 The skiff is by the rough wave tossed,
 With arms upon her bosom crossed,
 Bertha, unheeded, lingers by :
 Her auburn locks, that scorn command,
 From knot, or veil, or silken band,
 Playfully wanton strive to deck
 Her ivory brow, or her swan-like neck ;

* The above Poem is the composition of a Friend.

And though Eve's tint with rosy streak
 Suffuse the tear-drop on her cheek,
 Yet Resignation in that face
 Her own pale lineaments may trace;—
 Warmed by Devotion's energy,
 To heaven she lifts her dark blue eye,
 Where, from each angry glance redeemed,
 The tenderness of sorrow beamed;
 Each care absorbed, each wish forgot,
 Her joy, her fear, her future lot,
 Awake nor envy, nor regret:—
 Hope of her soul is monarch yet;
 And as her wayward thoughts return,
 Should rebel passions fiercely burn,
 Against the attack of proud Disdain,
 Strives each soft feeling to maintain.—

* * * * *

Why curbs she now the bursting tear?
 What distant sound hath caught her ear?
 'Tis the Convent's vesper bell:—
 Its echo sweeps along the main—
 She rises—starts—but shrinks again,
 While Memory's ideal train
 Her troubled bosom swell.

Reclining o'er the bark's rough side,
Still as she watched the sparkling tide,
 Sad tears unconscious fell,
And ever as the thought arose
Of faded bliss, of future woes,
Who can describe her bosom-throes,
When to the mansion of repose
 She sighed a soft farewell?—

* * * * * *

O'er the broad ocean evening threw
 A robe of shadowy light—
Faint grows the scene, each varied hue
Long lingering, claims a parting view,
 Then mellows into night.
E'en thus (ungracious though the truth)
Vanish the fairy scenes of youth,
 Gay Fancy's vision wild;
On eagle wing speeds early time,
Swift rushes in fierce Manhood's prime;
Soon with the purple badge of crime
 Is every wish defiled.
Ah! how doth startled Reason grieve?
Ah! too, how wistfully we leave
Those fantasies that did deceive,
 And our fond heart beguiled.

But if there bloom 'mid Sorrow's waste
One scanty flower ; if, o'er it cast,
 Hope's wing and pity's tear
Cherish and save awhile,—the blast
 That tender wing shall tear,
And Pity's clinging gem at last
 Is iced by Despair ;—
The Spring revives—bleak Winter's past,
 It stands for ever bare.—

IV.

From an unpublished Poem.

The eye of the wild Gazelle is bright,
And yellow the sands in the pale moonlight,
When quivering o'er the dancing spray
Night's empress sheds her peaceful ray ;
But of brighter hue is the tender blue
 Of Sala's lightning eye ;
And the sands shine less in their glittering dress,
 To the orb of the evening sky,
Than the waving gold of each braided tress
 Of more than auburn dye.

V.

From an unpublished Poem.

The sweet-smiling reign of green Summer is o'er,
And the loud gales of Autumn now whistle no more;
For lo! from his caverns stern Winter pours forth
All his rage on the snow-covered realms of the north.
Spell-bound in his chains scarce the lake-wave can flow,
Or the mountain stream dash through its fringes of snow;
As he dwells in delight on chilled nature's cold face,
She sinks and expires in his lawless embrace.
But still o'er the emerald meads of the east,
In a vestment of green smiling nature is drest;
No chill blasts of winter deform the gay year,
But Spring sheds her fragrance eternally here;
And the breezes of Aden* descend from above
On this garden of nature—this climate of love.
And where is the land more enchanting?—and where
Are the roses more sweet, or the maidens more fair?
As brightly they shine as Jamshede's† fairy gem,
In the radiant lustre of Love's diadem.

* Aden, the Mussulman Paradise.

† The celebrated jewel of Sultan Jamshede, so renowned in Eastern romance.

VI.

From an unpublished Poem, 1815.

Lo, where to scale and emulate the skies
 The Dorian towers of Theseus' fane arise;
 Hallowed—thrice hallowed, be this sacred cell,
 Where thy dear ashes, classic Tweddell, dwell;
 Hallowed for ever be that holy shrine
 Where sleep the relics of a soul like thine:
 Science and Virtue there their Vigils keep,
 Where, youthful Sage, thy mortal remnants sleep;
 Oft on thy tomb shall fall the passing tear—
 E'en Elgin's self shall pause from ruin—here.

VII.

Lines addressed to ———.

1.

At the still hour of eve, in a sorrowful mood,
 By the willow-fringed borders of Isis I stood,
 And I gazed in a moody delight on the shore
 Which the steps of my childhood had trodden before.

2.

Scarce one brief year hath passed since I stood by its tide
 With a gay band of kindred and friends by my side,
 And now—stranger pardon that heart-uttered groan—
 I stand by its banks, all deserted, alone.—

3.

The torrents' pure streamlets roll swiftly away,
 And the scant tide of joy flows as fleetly as they;
 But the still stagnant waters of joyless despair
 Ever linger to taint, and to poison the air.

VIII.

STANZAS.

1.

Oh where, fleeting moments of bliss, are ye gone,
 Which o'er my life's morning so lovelily shone,
 And so brightly illumined my childhood's blithe hour,
 Is it doomed, is it fated, I view ye no more?

2.

And thou too, my ——, ah! where art thou fled?
 Alas! thou reclin'st—lowly laid with the dead:

The stone nodding over thy weed-entwined tomb,
Too surely can teach me thy sorrowful doom.

3.

'Tis well—I must bow me to fate's stern decree;
Though bitter's the draught that she mixes for me;
But the memory of pleasures now faded, gone by,
Brings a pang to my heart, and a tear to my eye.

IX.

*Lines composed during alarming illness in the Night
of the 5th of February, 1816.*

The throbbing pulse, the burning cheek, proclaim
That fierce within me burns the feverish flame.
Soon—aye, perchance the morrow's dawning ray,
May glimmer o'er a senseless form of clay;—
That death shall welcome to its narrow dome—
The shroud its vestment, and the dust its home:
Beyond—oh, close the scene!—I dare not look
On the dark page of Conscience' awful book!—

X.

Lines written in a copy of Lord Byron's Works.

When tuneful Byron strikes his magic shell,
 Who doth not feel each varying passion swell?
 Who, when he sorrows o'er his Thyrza's bier,
 But sheds with him Compassion's pitying tear?
 Who, when proud Conrad bids his love "farewell"—
 But feels emotion in his breast rebel?
 Not so, when treacherous Lara's vengeful hand
 Grasps 'gainst his foe the assassin's nightly brand;
 Hate, grief, and pity, at his will arise—
 Swell in our bosoms, or bedew our eyes.
 His pages glow with more than poet's fire—
 He stands—the master of the British lyre.
 1815, —————.

XI.

"Dum vivimus—vivamus."

AN IMPROMPTU.

1.

Come quick around the bottle pass,
 My friends, and who can blame us?
 There's virtue in a social glass,
 Dum vivimus—vivamus.

F

2.

Afar from sorrow and from grief,
 No mortal cares shall claim us;
 From woe's dark book let's rend a leaf,
 Dum vivimus—vivamus.

3.

Come fill the glass again, my friends,
 Let sober loons disclaim us,
 'Tis mirth that study's brow unbends,
 Dum vivimus—vivamus.

1814.

XII.

1.

Forbear—forbear those notes to wake—
 They sooth not now this throbbing breast:
 Oh! let my heart in silence break—
 Nor rob it of its dying rest.

2.

'Tis true that to my raptured ear
 They sounded once the voice of gladness—
 But now they wake no echo there,
 Save that of melancholy sadness.

3.

Forbear to touch that hallowed lyre,
But hang it near the sacred cave,
Where she who swept its vocal wire
Now rests within her silent grave.

4.

For there perchance some fairy finger
May tune it to her elegy;
'Tis mine round that dear spot to linger,
And—'tis my last—best—solace—die.

XIII.

Lines sent with a parting Present.

1.

Oh! think whene'er thou viewest this tome
On him who's far away,
Him who, where'er his feet may roam,
From thee can never stray.

2.

Through changing scenes of weal or woe,
Whate'er may be his lot,—
'Twill sooth his bitterest hour to know
That you forget him not.—

3.

And if within thy breast should die
Of him all memory,—
His latest wish, his dying sigh,
Shall be—a prayer for thee.

XIV.

ANACREON.—ODE V.

To the Rose.

With roses twine the goblets round,
With roses be fair Bacchus crowned;
And whilst we hold the gay carouse,
Let wreaths of roses deck our brows.
Offspring of the balmy spring,
Floweret of Love to thee I sing;
Thee the rulers of the skies,
And the Cyprian Goddess prize;
With thee the lovely graces crowned,
Lightly trip the mazy round.
Haste, let the rosy chaplet shed
Its heavenly fragrance o'er my head,
And with my fairest by my side,
Fair Chloe formed in beauty's pride;

Gaily o'er the turf I'll tread,
And the mazy measure lead;
And whilst mirth and wine inspire,
To harmony I'll wake the lyre.

1811.

XV.

From an unpublished Poem, 1810.

—The first was he at glory's call
To mount the breach or scale the wall;
The first in every arduous toil,
The last, though chief, to share the spoil.
He loved at midnight's hour to rove,
Unseen within the darkling grove,
And there would linger, when all was still,
Save the murmurs of the bubbling rill,
Or the torrent that dashes adown the hill.
He'd gaze upon the orb of night,
As though he loved her bounteous light;
Yet recked he not of the scene so fair,
He wandered in seeming forgetfulness there.
But his brow grew clear, and his eye beamed bright,
At the eve of the approaching fight.

'Twould seem his bosom gained new life
 At mention of the coming strife;
 But when at rest he seemed forlorn,—
 In sooth he felt affliction's thorn:—
 Such pangs assail the gamester's ruined breast,
 Nought less than action lulls their stings to rest.

XVI.

To _____.

And did I weep—I deemed that pride
 The fountain of my tears had dried;
 Oh, deep indeed must be the pain
 That oped that bitter fount again:
 But I have wept—my Marion
 'Twas o'er the sad sepulchral stone,
 That marks thy narrow funeral cell,
 Those drops of useless sorrow fell;
 Then well I deemed that deep the pain
 That oped that fount of tears again.

XVII.

STANZAS.

To _____

Utrumque nostrum incredibili modo
Consentit astrum.

HORACE.

1.

Oh leave me not—when parted once
My race will soon be run—
Well—fare thee well—I go to sigh
With all—but smile with none.

2.

E'en now, though vigour, health, be lost,
And all that's left is ill,
Amidst this wreck I yet can boast
My heart unaltered still.

3.

E'en as that changeless friend that guides
The wanderer o'er the sea;
True as that needle, points my heart—
Oh! need I say?—to thee.

4.

Still round the oak the ivy twines,
Though storms its leaf may sear—
In faithful friendship's firm embrace,
It droops—and withers there.

5.

—When soon—my foibles, faults, forgot,—
Amid the dust I lie—
Oh, blush not when thou view'st my grave,
To heave one tender sigh.

6.

Then think upon those winged hours
That Friendship's converse sped—
Nor check fond Memory's tear that falls
To dew my lowly bed.

7.

When musing o'er thy country's wrongs,
And S——t's parted throne—
Oh! then remember him whose heart
But echoed to thine own.

8.

My lips may say farewell—but ne'er
 My thoughts from thee can sever;—
 Can time, can woe, can grief, disjoin
 My soul from thine?—no never.

9.

Forgive these weak, these bootless tears—
 Forgive this saddening brow,
 I always felt that I have loved,
 But ne'er adored, till now.

XVIII.

To —————.*

Ah, vainly rash! why blunt the edge
 Of feelings fine? soft Pity's pledge
 To thee, O Man, was given.
 And deem'st thou not, 'tis insult rude
 To spurn, with Stoic hardihood,
 The noblest gift of heaven?

* These two Poems are the composition of the same Friend to whom I am indebted for the Fragment entitled "The Departure of Bertha."

Say, who in this bleak wilderness
Is placed to mourn but the distress
Which touches him alone?
Cherish a tear for other's woe,—
And should *you* feel misfortune's blow,
'Twill mitigate your own.

XIX.

To _____.

Ah, censure not thou proud, imperious fool!
Tutored by knaves in Flattery's abject school:
Oh, fitter task the fever's rage to calm,
Heal wounded wretchedness with Pity's balm;
Or stem the wave, glad succour to impart,
Ere the mind's tempest whelm the shipwrecked heart.

THE END.

