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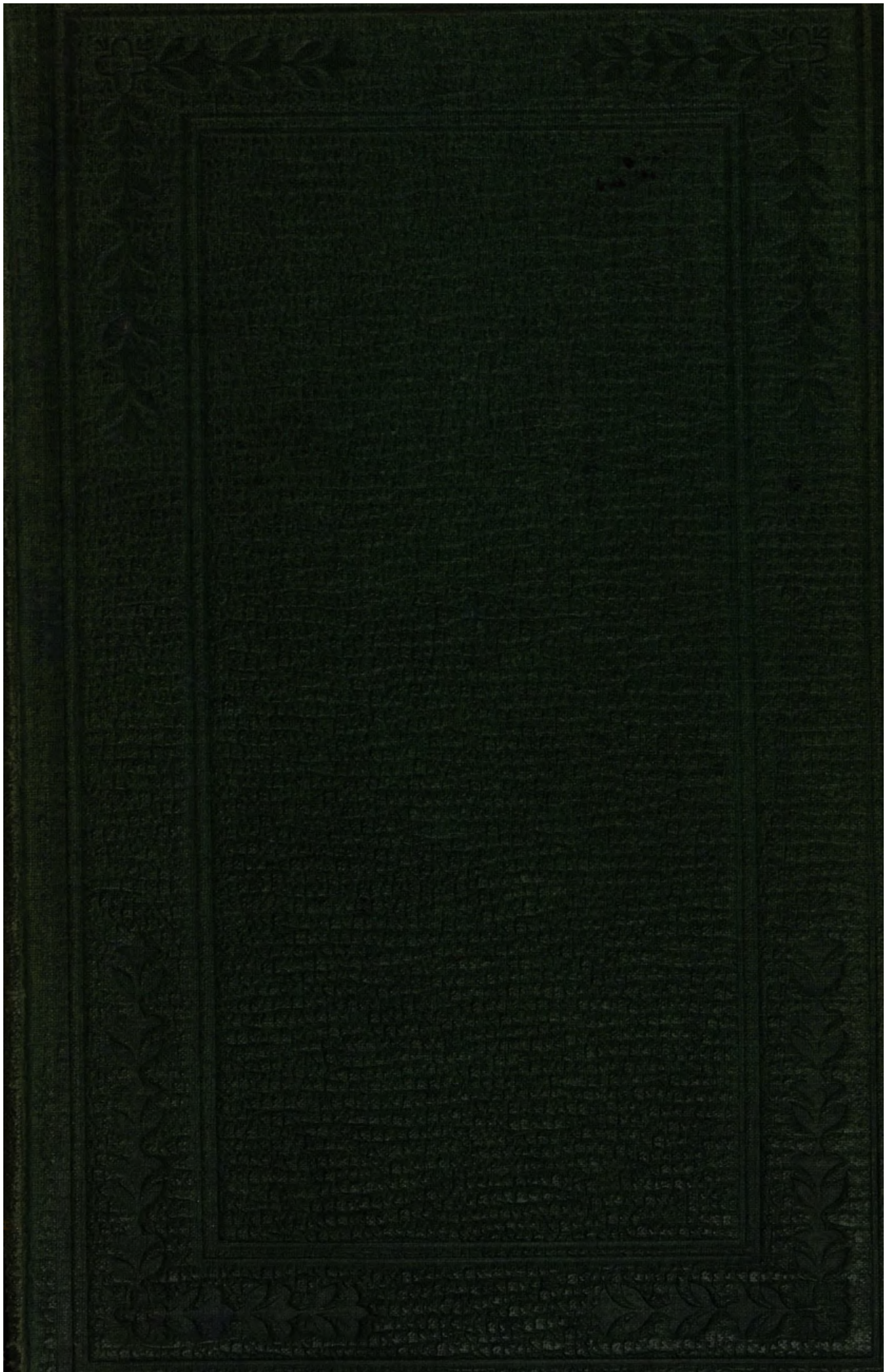
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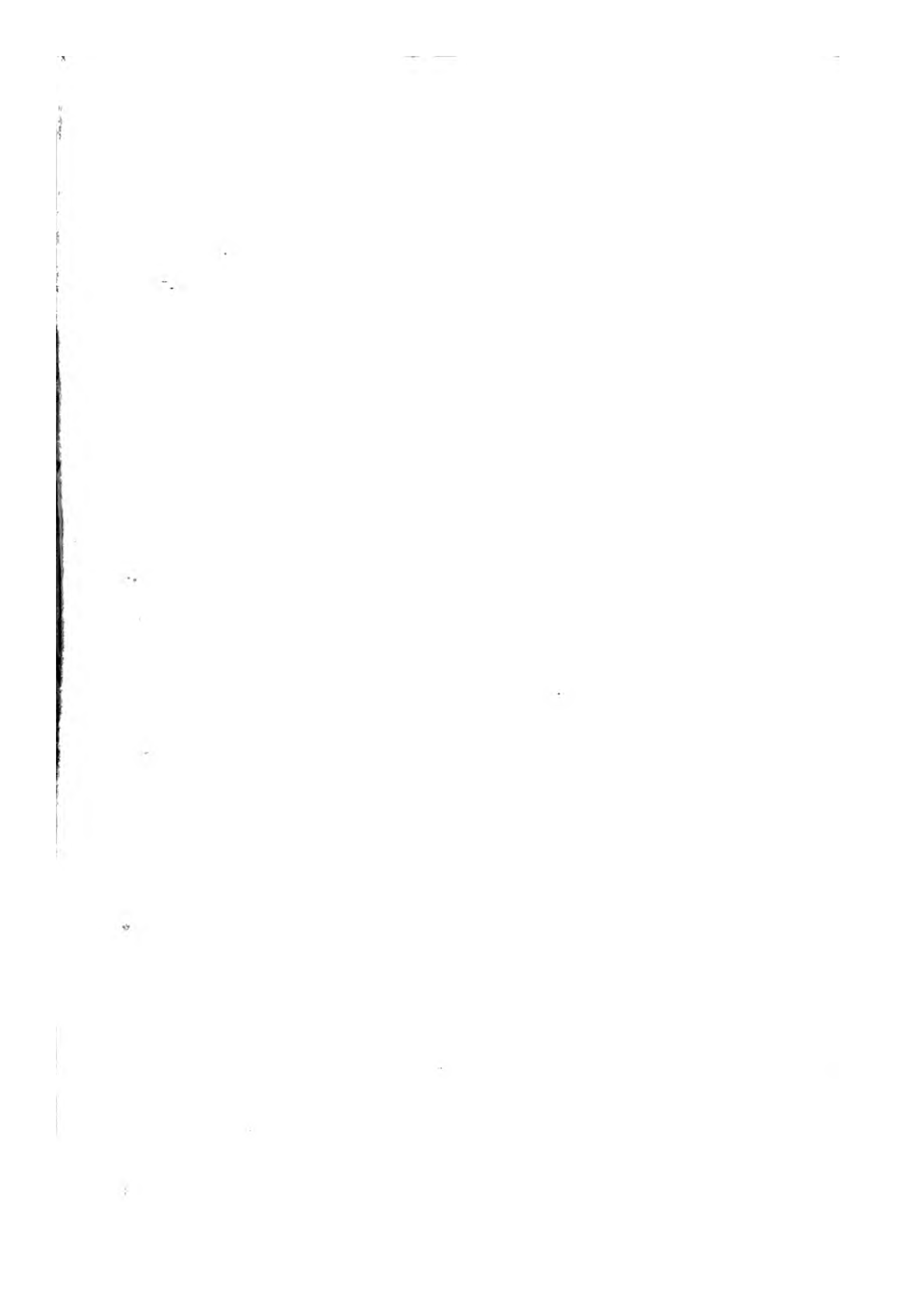






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DRY STICKS.



PRINTED BY  
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# DRY STICKS,

FAGOTED

BY

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

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JAMES NICHOL, 104 HIGH STREET.  
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M.DCCC.LVIII.

*280. p. 38.*



W. S. LANDOR TO L. KOSSUTH,  
PRESIDENT OF HUNGARY.

---

AT your gate I lay my fagot of *Dry Sticks*, and go away. I offended you by attempting to bring Fortune thither, whom I never solicited to favor me personally. My zeal was inconsiderate; but perhaps it ought to have offended less that lofty pride to which alone I ever was obsequious. Permit me to offer the only amends I can: permit me to show my respect and reverence toward the man who has worthily occupied a higher station than any one in this country can attain.

The eloquence of Milton and of Demosthenes failed in the support of their cause; the same cause and the same eloquence as yours. Supply me with your english, and I may be able at last to express my veneration of your virtues.





## PREFACE.

---

SEVERAL of these small pieces having been appropriated by one whose quarry is usually more material and substantial, it has been thought advisable to publish them collectively, together with others, which perhaps the same predarian would eschew.

Among the *Dry Sticks* many are so slender that they seem to have been cut after a few years' growth; others are knottier and more gnarled than are usually carried to market, but give out greater heat and burn longer. Among the varieties may be found a few fragments seemingly exotic; pointed leaves hanging grimly to them, very like those of the pine which grew formerly about Rome and above Tivoli; laurels of a species uncultivated in England; and prunings which may be taken for olive, if we judge of them by the smoothness of the bark, the purity of the flame, and the paucity of the ashes.

We often find in the clouds, in the mountains, in the fire, and in other objects, resemblances of things quite different: so it may happen that in some of

these *Dry Sticks* the observer, if his mood is contemplative, or, more probably, if he is half-dreaming, shall see somewhat to remind him of poetry.

Here are light matters within ; twigs, broken buds, and moss : but who, in making up a volume, has not sometimes had reason to complain of a quality the reverse of lightness ? and who is ignorant that the lightest is the best part of many ?

*None of these Poems would have been collected by the author for publication, but that a copy of the greater number was, without his consent or knowledge, procured from a person who had engaged to transcribe them. Precaution is hereby taken against subtraction, or, what is worse, addition. This is an excuse, as far as it goes, for some few levities.*

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# DRY STICKS.

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DEDICATION OF AN ANCIENT IDYL.

TO ROSE.

EUROPA CARRIED OFF.

FRIEND of my age! to thee belong  
The plaintive and the playful song,  
And every charm unites in thee  
Of wisdom, wit, and modesty ;  
Taught hast thou been from early youth  
To tread the unswerving path of truth,  
And guided to trip lightly o'er  
The amaranth fields of ancient lore,  
Turn thou not hastily aside  
From her who stems the Asian tide,  
For shores henceforth to bear her name . .  
Thine, thine shall be a better fame ;  
Lands yet more distant shall it reach  
Than yonder Hellespontic beach,  
Or where the bravest blood now flows  
Before perfidious Delhi, Rose !  
From boyhood have I loved old times  
And loitered under warmer climes.  
I never dream such dreams as there . .  
Voices how sweet, and forms how fair !  
The Nymphs and Graces there I find,  
The Muses too, and thee behind,  
All chiding thee, all asking why  
Thou whom they cherish art so shy ;  
They will not listen when I say,  
Thou hast some dearer ones than they.  
" Ungrateful ! " cry they, " can it be ?  
We have no dearer one than she."

A



No. 1.

## THE ANCIENT IDYL.

EUROPA AND HER MOTHER.

MOTHER.

DAUGHTER! why roamest thou again so late  
 Along the damp and solitary shore?

EUROPA.

I know not. I am tired of distaf, woof,  
 Everything.

MOTHER.

Yet thou culledst flowers all morn,  
 And idledst in the woods, mocking shrill birds,  
 Or clapping hands at limping hares, who stamp  
 Angrily, and scour'd off.

EUROPA.

I am grown tired  
 Of hares and birds. O mother! had you seen  
 That lovely creature! It was not a cow,  
 And, if it was an ox,\* it was unlike  
 My father's oxen with the hair rubb'd off  
 Their necks.

MOTHER.

A cow it was.

\* Bulls are never at large in those countries; Europa could not have seen one.

EUROPA.

Cow it might be . .  
 And yet . . and yet . . I saw no calf, no font  
 Of milk : I wish I had ; how pleasant 'twere  
 To draw it and to drink !

MOTHER.

Europa ! child !  
 Have we no maiden for such offices ?  
 No whistling boy ? Kings' daughters may cull flowers,  
 To place them on the altar of the Gods  
 And wear them at their festivals. Who knows  
 But some one of these very Gods may deign  
 To woo thee ? maidens they have wooed less fair.

EUROPA.

The Gods are very gracious : some of them  
 Not very constant.

MOTHER.

Hush !

EUROPA.

Nay, Zeus himself  
 Hath wandered, and deluded more than one.

MOTHER.

Fables ! profanest fables !

EUROPA.

Let us hope so.

But I should be afraid of him, and run  
As lapwings do when we approach the nest.

MOTHER.

None can escape the Gods when they pursue.

EUROPA.

They know my mind, and will not follow me.

MOTHER.

Consider : some are stars whom they have loved,  
Others, the very least of them, are flowers.

EUROPA.

I would not be a star in winter nights,  
In summer days I would not be a flower ;  
Flowers seldom live thro' half their time, torn off,  
Twirl'd round, and indolently cast aside.  
Now, mother, can you tell me what became  
Of those who were no flowers, but bent their heads  
As pliantly as flowers do ?

MOTHER.

They are gone

To Hades.

EUROPA.

And left there by Gods they loved  
And were beloved by ! Be not such my doom !  
Cruel are men, but crueler are Gods.

MOTHER.

Peace! peace! Some royal, some heroic, youth  
May ask thy father for thy dower and thee.

EUROPA.

I know not any such, if such there live ;  
Royal there may be, but heroic . . . where ?  
O mother ! look ! look ! look !

MOTHER.

Thou turnest pale ;  
What ails thee ?

EUROPA.

Who in all the house hath dared  
To winde those garlands round that grand white  
brow ?  
So mild, so loving! Mother! let me run  
And tear them off him : let me gather more  
And sweeter.

MOTHER.

Truly 'tis a noble beast.  
See! he comes forward! see, he rips them off,  
Himself!

EUROPA.

He should not wear them if he would.  
Stay there, thou noble creature! Woe is me!  
There are but sandrose, tyme, and snapdragon  
Along the shore as far as I can see.

O mother! help me on his back; he licks  
My foot. Ah! what sweet breath! Now on his side  
He lies on purpose for it. Help me up.

MOTHER.

Well, child! Indeed he is gentle. Gods above!  
He takes the water! Hold him tight, Europa!  
'Tis well that thou canst swim.

Leap off, mad girl!

She laughs! He lows so loud she hears not me . . .  
But she looks sadder, or my sight is dim . . .  
Against his nostril fondly hangs her hand  
While his eye glistens over it, fondly too.  
It will be night, dark night, ere she returns.  
And that new scarf! the spray will ruin it!

---

DEDICATION OF A MODERN IDYL.

TO CAINA.

THE KERCHIEF CARRIED OFF.

OF Hell and Heaven we Poets hold the keys,  
Admitting or excluding whom we please.  
Thou puzzlest me: I know not what to do,  
Or which the safer gate to let thee thro'.  
Here from the Angels thou wouldst pluck the wings,  
There would the Devils wail their broken stings;  
The Prince would abdicate his ancient throne  
Defiled by thee, and leave the realm thy own;  
Between thy roomy teeth the scorpion breed,  
And revel on thy tongue the centipede.  
Live, Caina, live! go, bear the mark of Cain,  
But never raise thy branded brow again.

No. 2.

THE MODERN IDYL.

THE KERCHIEF CARRIED OFF.

*Lady : Old Woman : Policeman.*

OLD WOMAN.

THESE, madam, may perhaps be jokes  
Innocent in you gentlefolks ;  
But tradesmen take it very ill  
If we from counter or from till  
Sweep inadvertently away  
Some shillings : there's the devil to pay !

LADY.

What means the woman ?

OLD WOMAN.

Nothing more  
Than what you've heard about before.

LADY.

Speak plainly.

OLD WOMAN.

Well, if speak I must,  
Words sour as verjuice, hard as crust,  
Have at you ! Be upon your guard !  
Seldom I strike, but then strike hard.



You, who 're a lady, should despise  
 Such very petty larcenies,  
 When somehow your wide sleeves might catch  
 A diamond pin, a seal, a watch ;  
 And gentlemen are never hard on  
 Ladies who curtsy and beg pardon.  
 But, if it is the same to you,  
 I would have back my *pink-and-blue*.

LADY.

I never set my eyes upon 't.

OLD WOMAN *to* POLICEMAN.

The Lord ha' mercy ! what a front !  
 That shilling which she tried to pass  
 At the next baker's show'd less brass.

LADY *to* OLD WOMAN.

I'll bring you to the County Court,  
 You wretch ! you shall be ruin'd for 't.

LADY *to* POLICEMAN.

She threatens me. Police ! police !

POLICEMAN.

Madam, I charge you, keep the peace.

LADY.

I am half mad with rage and grief  
 That you should lend her your belief.  
 Thieve ! O my stars ! thief ! sir ! what ! I ?  
 And if I tried, I could not lie.

DRY STICKS.

9

OLD WOMAN.

Hark !

POLICEMAN.

Keep your tongue within your teeth,  
If you have any.

OLD WOMAN.

Few, i' faith !  
A single one of hers would do,  
To set me up a score or two.

POLICEMAN.

I know you both. My good old crone !  
What, in God's name, can *you* have done ?

OLD WOMAN.

Ask her what *she* has.

LADY.

Will you hear  
What *she* would say ? what *she* would swear ?

POLICEMAN.

Why are you grinning like a cat,  
Mother ?

OLD WOMAN.

And can you ask at what ?  
Those are the very words the Jury  
Applied to *her* (I do assure ye)

Last winter, when she fenced a lie  
 With files of well-drill'd infantry,  
 Where some were belted, some were sasht,  
 But not a soul of them abasht.

LADY.

Now I declare to God . .

POLICEMAN.

Pray don't !

Or He may think it an affront.  
 Ten times you 've made that declaration  
 Since I have been upon the station.  
 At our most gracious Queen's expence, ●  
 Thousand and thousand miles from hence  
 Some have been sent for change of air  
 By swearing ; so mind what you swear.  
 In my home practise there are some  
 The better for diaculum  
 Across the solids ; there I mean  
 Where ladies loom through crinoline.  
 I 've known it call'd for by postillions,  
 Never by such as ride on pillions.

LADY *to* POLICEMAN.

I wonder what all this can mean.  
 I am quite ashamed of you.

OLD WOMAN *to* POLICEMAN *aside*.

Between

Ourselves, it may in part refer  
 To many, but comes home to *her*.

POLICEMAN *to* LADY.

Shame, madam, might (and well become)  
Like charity, begin at home.

OLD WOMAN, *after pondering.*

Well now ! I really could believe  
She then swore . . but one's ears decieve.

POLICEMAN.

Now can not you arrange the matter  
Without this devil of a clatter ?  
Mother ! you know as well as I  
Ladies require apology.

OLD WOMAN.

Well ; I am willing.

POLICEMAN.

Make it then,  
And never break the peace agen.

OLD WOMAN.

I would not steal, were I a thief,  
One's fifteen-penny neck-kerchef.

POLICEMAN.

Hold hard !

OLD WOMAN.

I will ; but I must say  
She is a blessed thief . .

POLICEMAN.

Heighday !

OLD WOMAN *to* LADY.

Madam, the worst might not be meant ;  
 So you are partly innocent.  
 You little thought it was but cotton,  
 And not worth half the one you 've got on.  
 But, if it is the same to you,  
 I should like back my *pink-and-blue*.

LADY.

Hard usage ! Once you call'd me good.

OLD WOMAN.

I would stil do it if I cou'd.  
 Large once, and bright too, was the moon,  
 She dwindled and got dimmer soon.

LADY.

Nonsense ! Let us make up the matter.

POLICEMAN *to* OLD WOMAN.

Don't look so desperate doubtful at her.

OLD WOMAN.

A drop . .

LADY *to* POLICEMAN.

Now tell me what she said.

OLD WOMAN.

Flour without wetting won't make bread.

LADY.

I'll think upon it.

OLD WOMAN.

But don't think  
I'll go without my *blue-and-pink*.

No. 3.

CHORUS OF ITALIANS.

SIREN of high Siena! thine  
Is not a song that lures the weak :  
To thee stern Freedom's ears incline,  
Through thee the purer Muses speak ;  
Etruria's Genius follows thee,  
Triumphant Piccolomini !

From his Subalpine region springs  
The only bard like bards of yore,  
The Man of Asti.\* Lo! he brings  
From Delphi's hight the crowns they wore ;  
Crowns fresh as ever . . but thy breath  
Would have blown off the blight of death.

\* Alfieri.

If Italy awakes again,  
 'Twill be at thy Seraphic strain,  
     Soul-giver Piccolomini!  
 Enough from thee one ardent word  
 To heave the sigh or draw the sword,  
     To make men slaves or set them free.

But dare we look into thine eyes  
 While tears of shame in ours arise  
     That those bright stars,\* our guiding Twins,  
 Are unavenged? Along the beach  
 They lighted on, who strives to reach  
     The goal? Where Valor halts, Crime wins.

Prophetic was that old man's dream  
 (Who sang it out) of Polypheme.  
     Where lies the avenging torch? extinct?  
 No; the blind monster left behind  
 Others as brutal and as blind . . .  
     Shake, shake your chains until unlinkt.

---

No. 4.

TO THE DUKE OF SOMERSET.

Poor Somerset! 'twas safer work  
 At Bentham dead to shake thy dirk,  
 Than sling thy brooklet's small black stone  
 At the high brow of Hamilton.

\* The Bandieras.

## No. 5.

## EXPOSTULATION.

Now yellowing hazels fringe the greener plain,  
 And mountains show their unchain'd necks again,  
 And little rivulets beneath them creep,  
 And gleam and glitter in each cloven steep ;  
 Now when supplanted by insidious snow  
 The huge stone rolls into the lake below,  
 What, in these scenes, her earlier haunts, to roam,  
 What can detain my lovely friend from home ?  
 'Tis that, 'mid fogs and smoke, she hears the claim  
 And feels the love of Freedom and of Fame ;  
 Before these two she bends serenely meek,  
 They also bend, and kiss her paler cheek.

## No. 6.

## THE TWO FIELD-MARSHALS.

OF two Field-marshals there is one  
 Who never heard an angry gun :  
 The other, hearing it, cries " What  
 Would the mad Menschikoff be at ?  
 Get ready, some of you, and see  
 Why all this bustle there should be  
 Among the brushwood. Ha ! by Jove !  
 They come ; I see their caps above."  
 O History ! be thou impartial,  
 And duly honor each Field-marshal.



## No. 7.

## LYONS.

THE horn-eyed, cold, constrictor Tzar,  
With crouching German satellites,  
Rattles the scaly crest of war  
To scare off all who seek their rights.

Onward, brave Lyons! thou at least  
Art ready, whosoever fail,  
To battle down the rampant beast . .  
Look, traitor princes! look and quail.

Ere now the victory is won,  
For thro' ten thousand breasts thy soul  
Hath shot its patriot fire, that shone  
The brightest o'er Sebastopol.

---

  
No. 8.

## TO A POET.

POET! too trustful and too tender,  
Let not your fire o'erleap the fender,  
Or you perhaps may be unable  
To save the papers on the table.  
Prepare for now and then a theft  
If these, which others want, are left.

No. 9.

DEFIANCE.

CATCH her and hold her if you can . .  
 See, she defies you with her fan,  
 Shuts, opens, and then holds it spread  
 In threat'ning guise above your head.  
 Ah ! why did you not start before  
 She reacht the porch and closed the door ?  
 Simpleton ! will you never learn  
 That girls and time will not return ;  
 Of each you should have made the most,  
 Once gone, they are for ever lost.  
 In vain your knuckles knock your brow,  
 In vain will you remember how  
 Like a slim brook the gamesome maid  
 Sparkled, and ran into the shade.

---

No. 10.

ADVICE TO A MUSICAL MAN, NOT YOUNG.

My dear friend Barry !  
 Think ere you marry  
     That "*Time is on the wing.*"  
 Do you not fear  
 That you may hear  
     The bride with laughter sing  
                     *Fa—la?*

## No. 11.

## TO LORD NUGENT.

You ask me, will I come to Stowe ;  
 I grieve my answer must be, *no* :  
 Yet, Nugent, I would fain behold  
 Once more your favorite haunts of old,  
 Your native home : but since you say  
 You know not where poor Hammond lay ;  
 Of all those chambers which was that  
 Where Love's exhausted victim sat,  
 Until Death call'd him, and he heard  
 Sad-smiling, and obey'd the word,  
 What care I if a Cobham too  
 Lived there ? or, Nugent, even you ?  
 Come Bath-ward, I have bought a chair,  
 Able your whole expanse to bear ;  
 But first examine it, then try  
 So rare a curiosity :  
 Imperfectly by me 'twas done,  
 With a slight make-weight, scarce ten stone.

---

 No. 12.

## THE SHORTEST DAY.

THE day of brightest dawn (day soonest flown !)  
 Is that when we have met and you have gone.

## No. 13.

## THE MYRTLE'S APPEAL.

To the tender and pensive I make my Appeal.  
If ever ye felt, believe I also feel.  
Who rifles my blossoms, who strips my young  
leaves,  
May the maiden he swears to, be sure he deceives !  
But ye who in grove or in chamber run over  
The songs of all lands that have burst from the  
lover,  
And have learnt and have often repeated my name,  
From Cyprus to distant Ierne the same,  
Do spare me ! There is (you may know her) a flower  
Who blooms and who blushes for only an hour ;  
She may not be backward a breast to adorn,  
Perhaps warm as hers, and perhaps cold as Morn ;  
There place her : I fancy she will not resist,  
Nor will one (for her parents have many) be mist.  
But, if you hope aught from our Goddess, leave me  
To rest on the sands and to look on the sea.\*

---

No. 14.

## SOUTHEY.

SOUTHEY and I have run in the same traces,  
When we break down what pair shall fill our places ?

\* *Litora myrtitis gratissima.* VIRGIL.

## No. 15.

## TO THE NOBLES OF VENICE,

## ON THE RECEPTION OF THE AUSTRIAN.

LORDS of the Adriatic, shores and iles,  
Nobles ! of that name sole inheritors !  
Bravely ye acted, worthy of yourselves  
And ancestors, who shut your palaces  
When Perjury stalkt forth along the square  
Where Doges sat beneath their patron saint.

While swords and crowns weigh down the scale,  
and while

Nations once free wish faintly, or wish not,  
To see your freedom and high state restored,  
Can ye but dwell upon your ruins ?

Hark !

To Tarvis and Isonzo swells a blast  
From far Taranto, not forgetful now  
Of Sparta ; brave the sires, the sons as brave  
Spring forth. The indomitable Allobrox,  
Who pluckt the Roman eagles, and rais'd higher,  
Across his mountains hears the voice of Tell,  
And Hofer, echoing, tho' less loud behind.

Rise, unentangled by your flowing robes ;  
Put newer armour on ; march forward ; march,  
Reckless of German threat and Gallic fraud.

---

No. 16.

TO THE GIVER OF AN INKSTAND.

KNOW me better. Do you think  
 I will ever stain with ink  
 Crystal vase and rosewood stand,  
 Brought me by your bounteous hand ?  
 In that drawer shall never lie  
 Aught design'd for other eye ;  
 Neither sealing-wax nor note  
 That the fairest fingers wrote ;  
 Nor the one I would retouch  
 For too little or too much.  
 In that drawer shall never rest  
 Naked hand with spear-head crest :  
 Whether *spear-head* crest it be  
 Or heraldic *fleur-de-lis*  
 It is much the same to me :  
 Only jewels should lie there  
 Or the flower you deign'd to wear.

---

No. 17.

CASUISTRY.

OUR brother we believe we must not slay ;  
 His blood we may not spill, his tears we may.  
 Alas ! in this wide world how few abstain  
 From siezing pleasure thro' another's pain.

## No. 18.

## TO A LIMONCINA (VERBENA).

FLOWERS may enjoy their own pure dreams of bliss.

Prest, smooth'd with soft slow hand, upon her  
book

By Isabel, and winning one kind look,  
Couldst thou, my Limoncina, dream of this ?

---

 No. 19.

## THE DERBY AND DROP.

DERBY ! we read, a noble dame  
Of France cast luster on your name,  
Which ne'er before and ne'er since then  
Shone half so brightly in the men.  
Ye catch it now upon the course  
And share your thirds with man and horse :  
I rank (can such precedence shock ye ?)  
The horse the first, and next the jockey.

Nobles, 'tis true, no longer sit  
Where steel-spurr'd cocks drive mad the pit,  
Or where the dog and bull engage,  
And mildness is provoked to rage ;  
Yet stil they haunt the listed ground  
Where thieves and gamblers sit around,  
And eagerly hold out a hand  
To the old sages of the stand,

And clutch the profer'd gold they won  
 The night before from youths undone,  
 A sister's pride, a father's hope,  
 Or drooping widow's slender prop.  
 See Palmer! for that wretch, my lord,  
 Your fellow-workmen noost the chord,  
 And the same wheel that twisted it  
 In the same ropewalk rolls on yet.  
 Beneath an unblest turf he lies,  
 Not deader than your sympathies.  
 Were ye devout or were ye just,  
 Ye had enshrined your martyr's dust,  
 Or, better, wiped away the score,  
 And turn'd him loose . . to murder more.

---

No. 20.

TO A FAIR MAIDEN.

FAIR maiden! when I look at thee  
 I wish I could be young and free;  
 But both at once, ah! who could be?

---

No. 21.

CROKER.

DISPOSER of our fleet is Croker,  
 He should have been at most a stoker.



## No. 22.

## GEORGE THE THIRD'S STATUE.

ALTHO' against thee, George the Third !  
 I threw sometimes a scornful word,  
 Against thy nape I did not nail  
 Characteristical pig-tail.  
 What is thy genus none can doubt  
 Who looks but at thy brow and snout.

---

## No. 23.

## OLIM.

Do and permit whate'er you will  
 With others, I shall love you stil.  
 Heaven grant we may not love the most  
 When to each other we are lost !

---

## No. 24.

## ON AGESILAO MILANO.

SOMETIMES the brave have bent the head  
 To lick the dust that despots tread ;  
 Not so, Milano : he alone  
 Would bow to Justice on the throne ;  
 To win a crown of thorns he trod  
 A flinty path, and rests with God.

No. 25.

DESTINY UNCERTAIN.

GRACEFULLY shy is yon Gazelle :  
And are those eyes, so clear, so mild,  
Only to shine upon a wild  
And be reflected in a shallow well ?  
Ah ! who can tell ?

If she grows tamer, who shall pat  
Her neck ? who wreath the flowers around ?  
Who give the name ? who fence the ground ?  
Pondering these things a grave old Dervish sat,  
And sighed, Ah ! who can tell.

---

No. 26.

REPLY TO THE ABOVE.

OLD Dervish ! O how good you are !  
Your verses lit papa's cigar.

---

No. 27.

THE HEART'S ABYSSES.

TRIUMPHANT Demons stand, and Angels start,  
To see the abysses of the human heart.

No. 28.

## DAISY, A SPANIEL.

HIGH as the sofa Daisy's head  
Was rais'd, and thus in whines she said :  
" I am the smallest of the three,  
And will you not make room for me ? "

---

No. 29.

## DEATH OF DAISY.

DAISY ! thy life was short and sweet ;  
Who would not wish his own the same ?  
And that his hand, as once thy feet,  
Were claspt in hers whose vocal name  
Awakes the summer and the bird  
That sings so lonely and so late,  
A song these many nights I've heard,  
And felt, alas, it sang my fate.

---

No. 30.

## A LADY IN HASTE

SAYS,

I CAN not give much time to you ;  
Will nothing else, I wonder, do ?

No. 31.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF LUISINHA DE  
SODRE-PEREIRA.

AFAR was I when thou wast born,  
More than one country to adorn,  
My Luisinha! and afar  
From me shines now thy morning star;  
But not unblest by Heaven is he  
Who its reflected light can see.

---

No. 32.

TO SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

NAPIER! I am too prompt to cry  
Against injustice; such am I,  
Yet sometimes in a calmer mood  
I cease to think of it: no good  
In anger, little in reproof . .  
From each then let me stand aloof.  
But scorn can ill repress her laugh  
To see the boobies gild the calf.  
Warrior and Prophet too was he  
Who crost the Erythræan sea,  
And saw his nation safe and free.  
Warrior and Prophet too wast thou,  
Long disallow'd, acknowledged now.  
In toil and pain ran on thy days,  
At nightfall came thy country's praise.

## No. 33.

## LATE JEALOUSY.

No, I have never feard that age  
 Your generous heart would disengage  
 From one you long had valued, one  
 To every other cold as stone,  
 But warm to you, and you alone.  
 I loved your beauty for your sake,  
 My share of pleasure proud to take  
 When younger men your worth could prize,  
 And read their fortunes in your eyes.  
 But I am jealous now at last . .  
 O that your wicked girl should cast  
 Her teacher off, and take another  
 To help her forward past her brother,  
 Distrusting . . me, shame! shame! . . in latin . .  
 The only thing that I am pat in.  
 I know what girls are, eight years old,  
 And she would laugh if I should scold.

---

 No. 34.

## GRAVER SONGS.

GRAVER songs I fain would sing :  
 “ *Ah! 'twill never, never do!* ”  
 Love cries out . . and every string  
 Sounds, and sounds again, but you.

No. 35.

FEAR.

I FEAR a little girl I know ;  
 Were I but younger I were bolder ;  
 Diana! I would break thy bow  
 In twain across her ivory shoulder.

---

No. 36.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

BEEs on imperial mantle Louis bears,  
 And the same emblem thro' his court appears,  
 They buz about the hall, they mount the chamber,  
 The Empress washes them in liquid amber.  
 They lull the people with their humming wings,  
 Few taste their honey, many feel their stings.  
 Yet England's praise hath Louis justly won  
 In sheltering valiant Guyon's homeless son.

---

No. 37.

WITH FLOWERS.

THE Goddess of beauty, who loves early hours,  
 Awakened the Graces to gather yon flowers :  
 The Goddess of wisdom comes later, and says,  
 " Those wither ; take mine ; they shall last all your  
 days."

## No. 38.

## THE TEARS THAT RISE.

THE tears that rise  
 Into my eyes  
     Shall not descend :  
 With you began  
 The course they ran,  
     With you shall end.

---

## No. 39.

## ON LOVE AND IDLENESS,

A SKETCH BY CORREGGIO.

TROUBLESOME child ! do let that youth alone ;  
 Thy friend and fosterer in thy earliest days  
 Was Idleness ; without him few or none  
 Have hail'd thy presence or have sung thy praise.

---

## No. 40.

## A SIGH CAUGHT.

HAPPY the man for whom arose that sigh,  
 And happy too, tho' less by half, am I :  
 I am the first to catch it on its way,  
 The last that wingèd herald to betray.

No. 41.

PLEASURE.

WHAT bitter flowers surround the fount of Pleasure,  
And poison its bright waters as they fall!

---

No. 42.

A YOUNG LOVER'S RESOLUTION.

I WILL not depose  
The image of Rose  
From the heart that has long been her shrine ;  
I know there is one  
Who would say, *'Twere ill done ;*  
*He never shall desecrate mine.*

---

No. 43.

INCORRIGIBLE.

MY hopes and glories all go down,  
Before the shadow of your frown :  
You smile on me, and I am then  
The happiest and the first of men.  
To you is given, and but to you,  
To punish and to pardon too.  
Grave was my fault, yet wish it less  
I can not ; I would stil transgress.



## No. 44.

## THE SAGE OF SEVENTEEN.

LITTLE have you to learn from me,  
O sage of seventeen !  
Wiser I will not boast to be,  
I can not to have been.

Go, rather place your hand in hers  
Who acts a mother's part,  
And who to all your charms prefers  
Your pure and grateful heart.

Slowly you 'll draw it back again  
When Love demands his day ;  
Pleasure will hardly conquer Pain  
To carry you away.

---

  
No. 45.

## TO THE CYCLAMEN.

MY little flower of stem so tall,  
Who would have thought that we should fall  
So soon, or ever, in disgrace ?  
My little flower ! be thou resign'd,  
Like me, nor deem it hard to find,  
Even at her feet our resting-place.

No. 46.

TO JUDGE HALIBURTON.

ONCE I would bid the man go hang,  
 From whom there came a word of slang ;  
 Now pray I, tho' the slang rains thick  
 Across the Atlantic from *Sam Slick*,  
 Never may fall the slightest hurt on  
 The witty head of Haliburton,  
 Wherein methinks more wisdom lies  
 Than in the wisest of our wise.

---

No. 47.

ERMININE READING HOMER.

HELLEN was once as fair,  
 Erminine ! as you are,  
 And was as fickle too  
 Almost, or quite, as you.  
 When you 've turn'd o'er the page  
 Of Greece's poet-sage,  
 You 'll place upon one palm  
 Your head, its thoughts to calm,  
 And dwell upon the best  
 Arising o'er the rest,  
 " *Who would not rather be  
 Hector's Andromache ?*"

No. 48.

## ON LOVE.

WHAT right have I to hold back Love so late,  
When we should long have gone to rest ?  
But we were pelted by the storms of Fate  
From where we rashly built our nest.  
One there is yet who drives us not away,  
But warms our hands in her's this winter day.

---

No. 49.

## DOROTHEA.

STATELY step, commanding eye,  
Attributes of majesty,  
Others may from far adore . .  
Adoration ! mine is more  
When that stately step I see,  
Swifter now, approaching me,  
And that eye whose one command  
Is, "*Come here and take my hand.*"

---

No. 50.

## ON LAW.

WHAT thousands, Law, thy handywork deplore !  
Thou hangest many, but thou starvest more.

No. 51.

A PUISSANT PRINCE.

A MOST puissant picture-scouring Prince,  
 Whose charger never has been known to wince  
 Before a bayonet or cannon ball,  
 Resolved Sebastopol's beleaguered wall  
 In one more brief campaign should tumble down  
 Beneath the terrors of his fatty frown.  
 What said Napoleon ?

This Napoleon said,  
 And shook ambiguously the imperial head.  
 "Let others trench, and undermine, and storm,  
 Prince ! you have higher duties to perform,  
 Leave you one Titian only half extinct,  
 One Claude, one Rubens."

Thus he spake, and winkt.

No. 52.

ERMININE.

No Goddess is but seventeen ;  
 No Goddess then is Erminine.  
 The Powers above submit to Fate,  
 Even Venus is grown old of late,  
 So that no lover ventures now  
 To breathe her name before his vow,  
 Earth's fresher bloom the wise prefer  
 In Erminine, and worship her.

No. 53.

## BOURBONS.

ISABELLA spits at Spain,  
    Bomba strips and scourges Naples :  
Are there not then where they reign  
    Addled eggs or rotten apples ?

Treadmills, pillories, humbler stocks !  
    Ye repeat your lessons yet.  
Halters, gibbets, axes, blocks !  
    Your old textbook ye forget.

Men have often heard the thunder  
    Roll at random ; where, O where  
Rolls it now ? I smell it under  
    That fat priest in that foul chair.

Never was there poet wanting  
    Where the lapdog licks the throne ;  
Lauds and hymns we hear them chanting,  
    Shame if I were mute alone !

Let me then your deeds rehearse,  
    Gem of kings and flower of queens !  
Tho' I may but trail a verse  
    Languider than Lamartine's.

---

## No. 54.

## TO THE CHILDREN OF GARIBALDI.

CHILDREN ! be not too proud, altho' the man  
Whom Ocean smiles on with parental love,  
And Earth from every coast with loud applause  
Hails a deliverer, children, is your sire.  
O what vast empire have ye to defend !  
A name so high, so inaccessible,  
Virtues so pure and courage so humane,  
All are your heritage : by liveried serfs  
On right and left will these be long assail'd :  
March ever onward, but march watchfully,  
Follow his steps and ye are safe ; depart  
One furlong from them and ye sink beneath  
The vilest head that ever dozed on throne  
Or ever bow'd to it : be true to Faith,  
Not Faith recumbent upon downy lies,  
But Faith that grasps the hand of Providence  
And Justice, in this darkened world of ours,  
And bends to One above, to none below.

---

No. 55.

## CONFESSION.

CONFESSION soon would be discarded  
If all the priests were Abeilarded ;  
For Faith is hardly worth a pin  
Without a few good works of sin.

No. 56.

## UNDER THE LINDENS.

UNDER the lindens lately sat  
 A couple, and no more, in chat;  
 I wondered what they would be at  
                   Under the lindens.

I saw four eyes and four lips meet,  
 I heard the words, *How sweet ! how sweet !*  
 Had then the Faeries given a treat  
                   Under the lindens ?

I pondered long and could not tell  
 What dainty pleased them both so well :  
 Bees ! bees ! was it your hydromel  
                   Under the lindens ?

No. 57.

## TO CAINA.

At the cart's tail, some years ago,  
 The female thief was dragg'd on slow,  
 And the stern beadel's eager whip  
 Followed, the naked haunch to clip.  
 If no such custom now prevails,  
 Is it that carts have lost their tails ?  
 Rejoice, O Caina ! raise thy voice,  
 Not where it should be, but rejoice !

No. 58.

PEACE.

HE who would wish his country great  
 Must call around her every state,  
     Upholding high their rights and laws ;  
 Must spurn usurpers, and despise  
 As weak and worthless all allies  
     Who fight against Man's common cause.

Princes of Germany ! if some  
 Half-naked to our hearths have come  
     And we have cloth'd and fed them too,  
 Couple your hungry hounds where runs  
 Your Elbe, for never England's sons  
     Shall wear a collar puncht by you.

Away with leaders who forget  
 Or have to learn their duties yet.  
     If Peace illume not every town,  
 O may we never see her back !  
 Never, to trail a train of black  
     And bind her brow with fragil crown !

---

No. 59.

INDIFFERENCE.

WHETHER a span above ground or below  
 'Tis best to lie, it boots me not to know.



No. 60.

## LOVE IN YOUTH.

SOUNDER, sweeter, be your sleep  
 For the few fond tears you weep !  
 But, by all your brief young love  
 Pure as any born above,  
 I adjure you ! let not me  
 Waste away your memory !  
 Half-remember, half-forget,  
 What my heart will treasure yet,  
 Broken words not idly thrown  
 In that vase : may I alone  
 Suffer, if there aught remain  
 To be suffered yet of pain.  
 Spring is past ; 'twas mutual then,  
 Share it now with other men.  
 I would say too "*Make one blest,*"  
 But *that* speech within my breast  
 (False for once) must be suppress.

---

 No. 61.

## PARTIES.

TORIES don't like me, Whigs detest ;  
 Then in what quarter can I rest ?  
 Among the Liberals ? most of all  
 The liberals are illiberal.

No. 62.

PEOPLE AND PATRIOTS.

PEOPLE like best the patriots who betray 'em ;  
 They trusted Russell and they trusted Graham :  
 Past folly's last extreme they now are gone,  
 And pant, and halt, and cling to Palmerston.

---

No. 63.

ADVICE.

AT every step of life expect  
 Flings from your *Ragged School*, O bard !  
 Walk quietly, and recollect  
 That rotten apples hit not hard.

---

No. 64.

WITH DIGBY'S *AGES OF FAITH*.

I AM not learned in such lore divine ;  
 Take it : in scenes which other thoughts invade,  
 It may one hour cast round a cooler shade,  
 Yet darken not that gentle breast of thine.

It tells of Peace, and those she call'd to dwell  
 Apart with her, when desperate Sin opprest  
 The struggling Earth ; it can not reach thy breast,  
 But troubles may ; so take this holy spell.

No. 65.

ROSINA.

ROSINA ran down Prior-park,  
 Joyous and buoyant as a lark.  
 The little girl, light-heel'd, light-hearted,  
 Challenged me ; and away we started.  
 Soon in a flutter she return'd,  
 And cheek, and brow, and bosom burn'd.  
 She fairly own'd my full success  
 In catching her, she could no less,  
 And said to her mama, who smiled  
 Yet lovelier on her lovely child,  
 " You can not think how fast he ran  
 For such a very old old man,  
 He would not kiss me when he might,  
 And, catching me, he had a right.  
 Such modesty I never knew,  
 He would no more kiss me than you."

No. 66.

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

PLEASURE and Pain,  
 Of equal reign,  
 I know not which is strongest ;  
 But well I know,  
 (And grieve 'tis so),  
 Which domineers the longest.

No. 67.

TO A LADY WHO DROPT A FEW YEARS.

LIGHTLY you run thro' years ; stop ! stop !  
 Let me pick up the gems you drop.  
 Five I perceive are on the ground . .  
 What ! are you angry they are found ?

---

No. 68.

PORTRAIT.

THY skin is like an unwasht carrot's,  
 Thy tongue is blacker than a parrot's,  
 Thy teeth are crooked, but belong  
 Inherently to such a tongue.

---

No. 69.

JUSTICE AND INJUSTICE.

You think Injustice is a curse,  
 But Justice you will find the worse ;  
 Its rotten bench is stuff with thorns,  
 And the road to it bad for corns.  
 You would ride back then : well, but where  
 Is money left to pay the fare ?

## No. 70.

## OLD-FASHIONED VERSE.

IN verse alone I ran not wild  
 When I was hardly more than child,  
 Contented with the native lay  
 Of Pope or Prior, Swift or Gay,  
 Or Goldsmith, or that graver bard  
 Who led me to the lone church-yard.

Then listened I to Spencer's strain,  
 Til Chaucer's Canterbury train  
 Came trooping past, and carried me  
 In more congenial company.  
 Soon my soul was hurried o'er  
 This bright scene: the "solemn roar"  
 Of organ, under Milton's hand,  
 Struck me mute: he bade me stand  
 Where none other ambled near . .  
 I obey'd, with love and fear.

---

 No. 71.

## HONOR AND MODESTY.

WHEN Honor once hath shut the door  
 Behind him, he returns no more.  
 Modesty finds, once gone astray,  
 No forward and no backward way,  
 Gone every grace that most endears!  
 Gone, beyond all, the grace of tears!

No. 72.

ADVICE RECIEVED.

ON perjurer and plunderer turn no more,  
But leave the carrion on the kennel-door.

---

No. 73.

THE MIDDLE-SIZED.

MIDDLE-SIZED men live longest, but soon dies  
The pthisic poet of a middle size.

---

No. 74.

VIRTUE AND VICE.

VIRTUE and Vice look much the same ;  
If Truth is naked, so is Shame.

---

No. 75.

NINETEENTH OF JANUARY.

FLOWERS SENT.

IF flowers could make their wishes vocal, they  
Would breathe warm wishes on your natal day :  
Boldly to meet your smile they venture forth  
This winter morn, nor dread the blustering north.

No. 76.

## TO A LOVER.

GAZE not at the lights that shine  
 From the heaven of Erminine.  
 Lover! tremble at those stars,  
 Bright as Venus, stern as Mars.  
 Tremble, lover! until Hope  
 Fixes firm your telescope.

---

No. 77.

## LOVER'S ANSWER.

GAZE not! By those heavens above!  
 By the sacred fire of Love!  
 By her purer self, I swear  
 I will gaze while *they* shine there.

---

No. 78.

## ILL SUCCESS OF SAINT PETER.

SAINT Peter could fish up  
 No shark of a bishop  
 In the waters of far Galilee,  
 So he rigs a new skiff  
 And is wondering if  
 He can find one in Exeter See.

No. 79.

SIR JAMES.

A COWARD! who dares call Sir James  
Such inappropriate ugly names?  
Against the world will I uphold  
No Briton ever was so bold.  
Say, did he, minister of state,  
One hour, one moment, hesitate  
To open letters not his own,  
Nor relevant to England's throne?  
And did he not full surely know,  
Nay, take good heed, they should lay low  
Two youthful heads that Greece had crown'd,  
Chaunting immortal hymns around.  
I warrant you the brave Sir James  
Would toss these hymn-books on the flames,  
And start straitforward and defy  
His scowling country's scornful cry.  
Fame! what is fame? a passing gust  
That gathers up and scatters dust:  
But cabinets are close and warm,  
Where Shame may sit and fear no harm.

---

No. 80.

CONSTANCY.

CONSTANCY has one bright day,  
Then like light it fades away.



## No. 81.

A WHIPPING THREATENED A YOUNG  
LADY BY AN OLDER.

If you design  
For Erminine  
A stroke or so,  
I beg you 'll make  
Of me the stake  
To tie her to.

---

## No. 82.

## TO TWO SPINSTERS ;

## HOOKS AND EYES.

FAIR spinsters ! be ye timely wise,  
Where men bring hooks do you bring eyes.

---

## No. 83.

## THE STEPS OF AGE.

I do remember when each stride  
Toward your gate was swift and wide :  
Shorter and slower steps become  
As they are bending to the tomb ;  
But when within your house I rest,  
I am already with the blest.

No. 84.

WRITTEN AT MALVERN, JUNE 1799.

YE springs of Malvern, fresh and bright,  
 Wherein the Spirits of health delight  
     To dip incessantly their wings,  
 Rise and sustain the pallid maid  
 Who steps so slow and seeks your aid ;  
     Bless, and in turn be blest, ye springs !

If I might ask the Powers above  
 One gift, that gift should be her love.  
     Hush ! thou unworthy creature, hush !  
 Wouldst thou not rather see her, then,  
 Without her love, in health agen ?  
     I pause ; I bow my head, and blush.

---

No. 85.

LESBIA NOSTRA ! LESBIA ILLA !

LIPS ! that were often prest on mine,  
 What falsehood ever found ye there ?  
 I scarcely call'd her half-divine,  
 Scarcely the fairest of the fair.  
 I wooed to right, I warn'd of wrong,  
 I taught the little lore I knew ;  
 She paid me with a siren song . .  
 Better one breath of pure and true !

## No. 86.

## ABSENCE ON LEAVE FROM THE CRIMEA.

*“SEE the conquering hero comes,”*  
Bites his nails and twirls his thumbs,  
Under fondest kindred eye  
He shall eat his Christmas-pie,  
While his comrades droop afar  
Pincht by frost and crusht by war.  
He shall teach his country-folk a  
Marvelously pretty polka,  
Tell what cities he will storm  
In a major’s uniform,  
Uniform so justly due  
In another year or two ;  
By the Army-list ’tis shown  
He hath served already one.

---

## No. 87.

## THE PACIFIC HERO.

WHY should not Albert meet the Tzar  
And terminate at once this war ?  
What earthly foe can Albert fear ?  
Has he not quell’d both grouse and deer ?  
Let him now put the feathered hat on,  
And Earth shall quail before his baton.

No. 88.

MARCH 24.

SHARP crocus wakes the froward Year ;  
In their old haunts birds re-appear ;  
From yonder elm, yet black with rain,  
The cushat looks deep down for grain  
Thrown on the gravel-walk : here comes  
The redbreast to the sill for crumbs.  
Fly off ! fly off ! I can not wait  
To welcome ye, as she of late.  
The earliest of my friends is gone,  
Alas ! almost my only one !  
The few as dear, long wafted o'er,  
Await me on a sunnier shore.

No. 89.

ESPOUSALS OF H. M. OF PORTUGAL.

YOUNGSTER of Coburg ! thou hast found a throne  
Easy to mount, and easier to slip down :  
But, in the name of wonder ! who beside  
Of mortal men could mount thy royal bride ?  
So vast an enterprize requires the force  
And ladder too that scaled the Trojan horse,  
In whose rank orifice some hundreds hid  
Themselves and arms, and down the rampire slid.  
Thou hast achieved a mightier deed and bolder,  
And hast not dislocated hip or shoulder.

## No. 90.

## COMMINATION.

TAKING my walk the other day  
 I saw a little girl at play,  
 So pretty, 'twould not be amiss,  
 Thought I, to venture on a kiss.  
 Fiercely the little girl began . .  
*" I wonder at you, nasty man ! "*  
 And all four fingers were applied,  
 And crimson pinafore beside,  
 To wipe what venom might remain.  
*" Do, if you dare, the like again ;*  
*" I have a mind to teach you better."*  
 And I too had a mind to let her.

## No. 91.

## VOYAGE TO ST IVES, CORNWALL,

FROM PORT-EINON, GLAMORGAN, 1794.

How gladsome yet how calm are ye  
 White birds that dip into the sea !  
 How sportive those bright fins below  
 Which through green alga-meadows glow !  
 How soft the lustrous air around,  
 And the red sail's is all the sound,  
 While me my heart's fierce tempest drives  
 On from Port-Einon to St Ives.

No. 92.

## THE LADIES OF LEEDS.

LADIES of Leeds! the arts of peace  
With golden crown have crown'd your sires ;  
And Heaven, the blessing to increase,  
Hath ranged you round domestic fires.

Mindful are ye from theirs how far  
Your country's brave defenders bleed,  
In strenuous strife, in righteous war,  
And well ye know the help they need.

A traitor, hid behind the throne,  
Has barr'd the honest house-dog in ;  
While the safe wolf stalks slyly on,  
And hears and mocks his angry din.

For war and warlike song unfit,  
Along the vale of years I creep ;  
Glory and virtue charm me yet,  
And make the darkness round less deep.

The vale of years is not a vale  
Where flowers that teem with honey shine,  
Where shepherds love to tell the tale,  
And then the coronal to twine.

Here on my elbow as I rest,  
And faintly blow the unequal reeds,  
Harmonious voices sing, "*Be blest*  
*In love, just pride of parent Leeds!*"

No. 93.

TORBAY.

AGAIN the rocks and woodlands of Torbay  
 Proclaim the advent of their festal day,  
 The summer sky with fresher brightness glows,  
 And Ocean smiles to meet the smile of Rose.

---

No. 94.

A MARBLE DOG FOR PAPER-PRESSER.

MARK! always, always watchful, here I stand,  
 To guard the letters of a lover's hand,  
 Tho' gems should glisten, and tho' gold should shower,  
 I would defy, O Jupiter! thy power.

---

No. 95.

JULIUS HARE.

JULIUS! how many hours have we  
 Together spent with sages old!  
 In wisdom none surpassing thee,  
 In Truth's bright armure none more bold.

By friends around thy couch in death  
 My name from those pure lips was heard.  
 O Fame! how feebler all thy breath  
 Than Virtue's one expiring word!

No. 96.

## TO A FIELD-MARSHAL.

Is it that Care  
Has thinn'd thy hair,  
Field-marshal! let us hope not ;  
Venus, they say,  
Is apt to play  
The Devil with the top-knot.

---

No. 97.

## TO THE RIVER MELA, NEAR VERONA.\*

AH Mela! pleasant art thou to behold  
Drop, as thou runnest on, thy curls of gold  
In looser ringlets, and then bending down  
Those branches whence Alcides wreath'd his crown,  
And mingling them with darker from the dead  
O'er whom Apollo droopt his guilty head.  
There in one shadow on thy breast unite  
Cypress and poplar, equal in thy sight.  
But where is our Valerius? where is he  
Who sang so many loves, and each with glee?  
The Muse of elegy stood far away  
And pined and pouted at his Sapphic lay.  
Venus could never bring her faithful doves  
Within the precincts of the Lesbian groves.

\* Flavus quam molli percurrit flumine Mela. CATULLUS.



He whom thou most delightedst in prefer'd  
 The pert and piping to the cooing bird,\*  
 And the few tears, the very few, he shed,  
 Were on the breast which held that pert one dead.

Barbaric trumpets, Mela, now resound  
 On every hill and vale thou seest around.  
 But fear not, Mela! thou shalt yet rejoice,  
 And mid thy shepherds raise thy silvery voice.  
 The robbers shall be driven far and wide. . .  
 Shrink not if gore pollute thy placid tide,  
 If some few days it swell with bloated men,  
 It shall run free, soon, soon, and pure agen.

---

No. 98.

MORN.

SWEET is the Morn where'er it shines,  
 Whether amid my Tuscan vines,  
 Or where Sorrento's shadows play  
 At *hide-and-seek* along the bay,  
 Or high Amalfi takes its turn,  
 Until they rest on low Salern.

And here too once the Morn was sweet,  
 For here I heard the tread of feet  
 Upon the pebbles wet with dew ;  
 Sweet was the Morn, it breath'd of you.

\* Lesbia's bird has everywhere been called a *sparrow*. Italians at this day use the word *passero* for several birds.

No. 99.

LEADERS AND ASPIRANTS.

PALMERSTON lies and gives the lie  
 With equal volubility.  
 The "artful Dodger," little John,  
 Is scarcely match for Palmerston.  
 Who next? Jim Crow; he prigs our letters,  
 And parries Freedom like his betters.

No. 100.

INOPPORTUNE.

A CRUNCHING bear inopportunately bit  
 Thy finger, Reade! \*  
 It should have been ere thy first verse was writ,  
 It should indeed!

No. 101.

MY WIT SCANTY.

I HAVE but little wit, all they  
 Whose brains are close and curdy say,  
 They relish best the broadfaced jokes  
 Of hearty, burly, country-folks,  
 And are quite certain those must judge ill  
 Who for the rapier drop the cudgell.

\* John Edmund.

No. 102.

## REWARDS.

To bring is better than to cause  
Good news, say they who frame our laws.  
The bravest soldier is not half  
Rewarded as a telegraph,  
And Royalty puts no such spurs on  
A veteran's heels as those of Curzon.  
Yet, poor blind Fanny Brown ! at last  
On thee a royal glance is cast,  
Altho' none ever heard thee praise  
Spaniel or poodle all thy days :  
How sadly then those days were spent !  
Repent, O Fanny Brown, repent !  
And thus, perhaps, in time to come,  
A parish girl may lead thee home  
In thy old age, and thou mayst find  
One heart that feels for lame and blind :  
But, having yet some vigor, hope  
Reward for rubbing Windsor soap  
On (if benignant fate so will)  
Smock royal and field-marshal frill.

---

No. 103.

## BOYS AND MEN.

*LEAVE me alone !* the pettish school-boy cries,  
*Leave me alone !* say too the calm and wise.

No. 104.

THE GARDENER.

BLOOM, O my rose !  
 Bloom there where blows  
 The vernal, not autumnal, air,  
 Enough for me  
 At times to see  
 A flower an angel ought to wear.

Thy graceful jar  
 Was rais'd afar  
 From that which holds my coarser clay,  
 Yet could thy smile  
 Warm it awhile  
 And melt the distance half away.

---

No. 105.

APOLOGY FOR GEBIR.

SIXTY the years since Fidler bore  
 My grouse-bag up the Bala moor ;  
 Above the lake, along the lea  
 Where gleams the darkly yellow Dee ;  
 Thro' crags, o'er cliffs, I carried there  
 My verses with paternal care,  
 But left them, and went home again,  
 To wing the birds upon the plain.  
 With heavier luggage half forgot,  
 For many months they followed not.

When over Tawey's sands they came,  
Brighter flew up my winter flame ;  
And each old cricket sang alert  
With joy that they had come unhurt.  
Gebir ! men shook their heads in doubt  
If we were sane : few made us out,  
Beside one stranger ; in his heart  
We after held no niggard part.  
The songs of every age he knew,  
But only sang the pure and true.  
Poet he was, yet was his smile  
Without a tinge of gall or guile.  
Such lived, 'tis said, in ages past ;  
Who knows if Southey was the last ?  
Dapper, who may perhaps have seen  
My name in some late magazine,  
Among a dozen or a score  
Which interest wise people more,  
Wonders if I can be the same  
To whom poor Southey augured fame ;  
Erring as usual in his choice  
Of one who mocks the public voice,  
And fancies two or three are worth  
Far more than all the rest on earth.  
Dapper, in tones benign and clear,  
Tells those who treasure all they hear,  
    “ Landor would have done better far,  
Had he observed the northern star ;  
Or Bloomfield might have shown the way  
To one who always goes astray ;  
He might have tried his pen upon  
The living, not the dead and gone.

Are turban'd youths and muffled belles  
 Extinct along the Dardanelles ?  
 Is there no scimitar, no axe ?  
 Daggers and bow-strings, mutes and sacks ?  
 Are they all swept away for ever  
 From that sky-blue resplendent river ?  
 Do heroes of old time surpass  
 Cardigan, Somerset, Dundas ?  
 Do the Sigæan mounds inclose  
 More corsers than Death swept from those ?"

No, no : but let me ask in turn,  
 Whether, whene'er Corinthian urn,  
 With ivied Faun upon the rim  
 Invites, I may not gaze on him ?  
 I love all beauty : I can go  
 At times from Gainsboro' to Watteau ;  
 Even after Milton's thorough-bass  
 I bear the rhymes of Hudibras,  
 And find more solid wisdom there  
 Than pads professor's easy chair :  
 But never sit I quiet long  
 Where broidered cassock floats round Young ;  
 Whose pungent essences perfume  
 And quirk and quibble trim the tomb ;  
 Who thinks the holy bread too plain,  
 And in the chalice pours champagne.  
 I love old places and their climes,  
 Nor quit the syrinx for the chimes.  
 Manners have changed ; but hearts are yet  
 The same, and will be while they beat.  
 Ye blame not those who wander o'er  
 Our earth's remotest wildest shore,

Nor scoff at seeking what is hid  
 Within one-chambered pyramid ;  
 Let me then, with my coat untorn  
 By your acacia's crooked thorn,  
 Follow from Gades to the coast  
 Of Egypt men thro' ages lost.  
 Firm was my step on rocky steeps ;  
 Others slipt down loose sandhill heaps.  
 I knew where hidden fountains lay ;  
 Hoarse was their thirsty camels' bray ;  
 And presently fresh droves had past  
 The beasts expiring on the waste.

---

No. 106.

HEROICS OR DACTYLICS.

FORCE me (and force me you must if I do it) to  
 write in heroics,  
 Taking (as model in English) the meter of Homer  
 and Virgil.  
 Leave me, O leave me at least my own hero, my  
 own field of battle.  
 Sing then, O Goddess! O Muse! or in whatever  
 name thou delightest,  
 Neither a cut-throat on land nor a vagabond over  
 the ocean,  
 Offering me sacksful of wind . . I can buy them as  
 cheaply of Russell,  
 Palmerston, Grey, Aberdeen, Jockey Derby, or  
 Letterman Graham.

No. 107.

DULNESS.

DEEM me not sad and sorrowful  
 Because my looks and words are dull.  
 Are not deep rivers, as they flow  
 Along the pleasant meadow, slow ?  
 While shallow streamlets frisk and stray  
 Among the pebbles, cold as they.  
 Come, sit upon my knee, and then  
 I shall be quite alive agen,  
 Altho' my too imperfect speech  
 Say nothing more than what you teach.

---

No. 108.

THE MATRON.

BECOME a matron, grave and sage,  
 You, reprehending every page  
 That pleas'd you not long since, seem now  
 To ask from under frowning brow,  
 "Ha ! what audacity hath placed  
 This volume in a hand so chaste ?  
 A volume where fictitious names  
 Cover, not hide, forbidden flames."  
 Be merciful ! and let him pass ;  
 He is no longer what he was :  
 He wrote as poets wrote before,  
 And loved like them . . . but rather more.



No. 109.

## MACAULAY'S PEERAGE.

MACAULAY is become a peer ;  
A coronet he well may wear ;  
But is there no one to malign ?  
None : then his merit wants the sign.

---

No. 110.

## DEATH OF THE DAY.

MY pictures blacken in their frames  
As night comes on,  
And youthful maids and wrinkled dames  
Are now all one.

Death of the day ! a sterner Death  
Did worse before ;  
The fairest form, the sweetest breath,  
Away he bore.

---

No. 111.

## THE TWO SATIRISTS.

WHILE we are frolicking with Flaccus  
Comes Juvenal to slash and hack us.

No. 112.

PLAYS.

How soon, alas, the hours are over,  
 Counted us out to play the lover!  
 And how much narrower is the stage,  
 Allotted us to play the sage!  
 But when we play the fool, how wide  
 The theater expands; beside,  
 How long the audience sits before us!  
 How many prompters! what a chorus!

---

No. 113.

ON THE DOG-STAR.

I HOLD it unlawful  
 To question the awful  
 Appointments of Heaven, or hazard a doubt;  
 But needs I must say,  
 Heaven's Dog had his day,  
 And Pomero beats the said Dog out and out.

---

No. 114.

ON READE'S *CAIN*.

THE rule of Justice hath returned again,  
 Cain murdered Abel, and Reade murders Cain.

No. 115.

## THE SOLAR MICROSCOPE.

You want a powerful lens to see  
 What animalcules those may be,  
 Which float about the smallest drop  
 Of water, and which never stop,  
 Pursuing each that goes before,  
 And rolling in unrest for more.

Poets! a watery world is ours,  
 Where each floats after, each devours,  
 Its little unsubstantial prey . .  
 Strange animalcules . . we and they!

---

 No. 116.

## TO A CYCLAMEN.

I COME to visit thee agen,  
 My little flowerless cyclamen ;  
 To touch the hand, almost to press,  
 That cheer'd thee in thy loneliness.  
 What could thy careful guardian find  
 Of thee in form, of me in mind,  
 What is there in us rich or rare,  
 To make us claim a moment's care ?  
 Unworthy to be so carest,  
 We are but withering leaves at best.

No. 117.

PIGMIES AND CRANES.

I LIVE among the Pigmies and the Cranes,  
 Nor care a straw who loses or who gains.  
 Peel doffs the harness, Russell puts it on,  
 The late Sir Robert is the live Lord John,  
 Close in the corner sits the abler man,  
 But show me the more tricky if you can.

No. 118.

THE MOUNTAIN ASH.

THE mountain ash before my pane,  
 Rattling red berries once again,  
 Said, "Where, O where! can Rose remain?"

Hearing him call, I rais'd the sash  
 And answered him, "Sir mountain-ash!  
 At Passy."

"Why?"

"To cut a dash."

He shook his head, and in reply,  
 Said only "Well then, you and I  
 May both go on to droop and die."

"Thanks! thanks! my fellow sufferer!  
 I, by your leave, should much prefer  
 To look out here and wait for her."

## No. 119.

TO OUR HOUSE-DOG *CAPTAIN*.

CAPTAIN! we often heretofore  
 Have boxt behind the coach-house door,  
 When thy strong paws were rear'd against  
 My ribs and bosom, badly fenced :  
 None other dared to try thy strength,  
 And hurl thee side-long at full length,  
 But we well knew each other's mind,  
 And paid our little debts in kind.  
 I often braved with boyish fist  
 The vanquisht bull's antagonist,  
 And saw unsheath'd thy tiny teeth  
 And the dark cell that oped beneath.  
 Thou wert like others of the strong,  
 But only more averse from wrong ;  
 Reserved, and proud perhaps, but just,  
 And strict and constant to thy trust,  
 Somewhat inclement to the poor,  
 Suspecting each for evil-doer,  
 But hearing reason when I spoke,  
 And letting go the ragged cloak.  
 Thee dared I; but I never dar'd  
 To drive the pauper from the yard.

---

 No. 120.

## THE ROCKS OF LIFE.

LIFE's rugged rocks burst thro' its flowery plain ;  
 Flashes of pleasure ! thunderbolts of pain !

No. 121.

A POET SLEEPING.

THE poet sleeps : at every wheeze,  
 At every grunt and groan  
 You cry, " His verses how like these !  
 He marks them for his own."

---

No. 122.

FAST FALL THE LEAVES.

FAST fall the leaves : this never says  
 To that, " Alas ! how brief our days !"  
 All have alike enjoy'd the sun,  
 And each repeats, "*So much is won* :  
 Where we are falling, millions more  
 Have dropt, nor weep that life is o'er."

---

No. 123.

WHO IS SAFE ?

MEN always hate  
 The man that 's great,  
 Nor cease to fall  
 On him that 's small.

No. 124.

*“ARE YOU MAD OR TIPSY?”*

THO' the good luck I've often had  
 To be a little little mad,  
 Yet, save with certain eyes and lips, I  
 Have never in my life been tipsy.

No. 125.

## THE PILFERED TO THE PILFERER.

MOTHER PESTCOME ! none denies  
 You were ever true . . . to Lies.  
 So the Father of them all  
 Helps you up at every fall,  
 Putting money in your pocket,  
 Showing armlet, showing locket,  
 Showing where you lately found  
 That poor nurse's lost five-pound.  
 Pay me down the debt you owe  
 For such praise as few bestow.  
 I can never take for this  
 Tottering teeth and slobbering kiss ;  
 Teeth, to say the least, as long  
 As another woman's tongue ;  
 Some athwart like wind-mill sails,  
 Others fitter for park-pales :  
 Kiss as foul as muskets are  
 After the Crimean war.

I will tell you briefly what  
 I just now am driving at.  
 Tho' you've made her pale and thin  
 As the child of Death by Sin,  
 When you've done with Caroline  
 Bid her for a night be mine ;  
 You shall have her all the day  
 Following, to repeat our play.

Whether you do this or not,  
 What is done is unforgot ;  
 Fate for you shall sheathe her shears,  
 You shall live some hundred years.

---

No. 126.

TO RECRUITS.

YE who are belted and alert to go  
 Where bays, won only in hard battles, grow,  
 Asthmatic Wordsworth, Byron piping-hot,  
 Leave in the rear, and march with manly Scott.  
 Along the coast prevail malignant heats,  
 Halt on high ground behind the shade of Keats.

---

No. 127.

GAZELLE-SKIN.

SOME dress in marten, some in vair,  
 Gazelle-skin is the softest wear.



No. 128.

FLATTERED ON MY YOUTH.

FLATTER me not with idle tales of youth,  
But rather flatter me than tell the truth :  
My youth might not have gone had you been by,  
And you been happy, tho' far less than I.

---

No. 129.

PERTNESS REPROVED.

“ I SEE in you not greatly more  
Than I once saw in one before.”  
“ Then I know why : it is that you  
Are on the verge of eighty-two.  
Go, get along ; you may be wise,  
But others have much better eyes.”

---

No. 130.

DIFFERENT GRACES.

AROUND the child bend all the three  
Sweet Graces ; Faith, Hope, Charity.  
Around the man bend other faces ;  
Pride, Envy, Malice, are his Graces.

No. 131.

CHILDREN PLAYING IN A CHURCH-YARD.

CHILDREN, keep up that harmless play ;  
Your kindred angels plainly say,  
By God's authority, ye may.

Be prompt His holy word to hear,  
It teaches you to banish fear ;  
The lesson lies on all sides near.

Ten summers hence the spriteliest lad  
In Nature's face will look more sad,  
And ask where are those smiles she had.

Ere many days the last will close . .  
Play on, play on ; for then (who knows ?)  
Ye who play here may here repose.

---

No. 132.

WE DRIVE THE HOOP.

WE drive the hoop along the green of life  
And hear no voice behind us : one cries out  
*'T is lesson-time* : on rolls the hoop : at last  
It reels and falls : we then look round and shout,  
*Who took my apples and my nuts away ?*  
Our playmates crunch the apples, crack the nuts,  
And pat us on the back and laugh amain.  
Poets ! the moral of my verse ye know.

## No. 133.

## FROM THE BAY OF BISCAY.

AFAR our stormy vessel flies  
 From all my heart holds dear,  
 But thou art yet before my eyes,  
 And thy far voice I hear.

The Fates then had not frowns enough ;  
 Too happy had we been  
 Had not the Atlantic, cold and rough,  
 Roll'd his wide wave between.

Too happy, yes ; but ah ! how dear  
 The price we should have paid !  
 I fear'd no tempest, there or here,  
 For thee was I afraid.

## No. 134.

## CREDO.

I DO believe a drop of water  
 May save us from the fire herea'ter.  
 I do believe a crumb of bread,  
 O'er which the priest his prayer hath said,  
 May be the richest flesh and blood . .  
 I would believe too, if I could,  
*Pius's* word is worth a crumb  
 Or drop ; but here awe strikes me dumb.

No. 135.

## THE CASKET.

SURE, 't is time to have resign'd  
All the dainties of the mind,  
And to take a little rest  
After Life's too lengthen'd feast.  
Why then turn the casket-key ?  
What is there within to see ?  
Whose is this dark twisted hair ?  
Whose this other, crisp and fair ?  
Whose the slender ring ? now broken  
Undesignedly, a token,  
Love said *mine* ; and Friendship said  
*So I fear* ; and shook her head.

---

  
No. 136.

## ASHES.

UNDER the grate the ashes lie  
Until the dustman passes by :  
Does it occur to young or old  
These ashes were not always cold ?  
They are the same that shone so bright  
And warm'd so many but last night ;  
They may even now some thought suggest,  
Some simily . . but let it rest.

No. 137.

## FUR AND MOTHS.

TO THE GIVER OF THE FUR.

THE fur you gave me I'll take care  
To keep away from sun and air,  
Wrapping it well in linen-cloth  
All over, to avoid the moth.  
Those little animals alight  
Mostly on what is warm and bright ;  
And trouble I have had enough  
In former days to keep them off ;  
Fearing them most when, fluttering round,  
They scarcely made the slightest sound,  
Til, driven wildly on, the lamp  
Singed them, or forced them to decamp.  
Only bring you the looser linen,  
Leave it to me to put the pin in.

---

  
No. 138.

## WRITTEN IN ILLNESS.

BEFORE another season comes  
And frost the shrinking earth benumbs,  
I think I shall be warm enough,  
Like an old rat in sink or sough.  
Allowing me a higher merit,  
Keep off the terrier and the ferret.

No. 139.

KITTY AND HER LOVER.

LOVER.

I do think it quite a pity  
 You so young should sink in sorrow,  
 I must say "Goodbye," to-morrow ;  
 Part we must, my little Kitty.

KITTY.

Noble is indeed the feather  
 You have mounted on your hat ;  
 Only let us go together,  
 And I'll give you two for that.  
 Mother has a cock at home ;  
 And, poor fellow, he will cry  
 Piteously, when, plucking, I  
 Hold with t' other hand his comb.

LOVER.

Kitty ! I must serve my queen.

KITTY.

But the queen won't let you love her  
 Like your Kitty : Kitty's een  
 Will be dim ere war be over.

LOVER.

On the Green next year we'll dance.

## DRY STICKS.

KITTY.

There are Greens where briars and stones  
 Rise against it over bones ;  
 There may be such Greens in France.

---

No. 140.

CADMUS.

CADMUS ! if you should want again  
 Some dragons teeth to sow the plain,  
 Haste hither : one old woman has  
 A bushel in a pan of brass.  
 Mind ! do not throw the foam away,  
 Keep it to kill the birds of prey.  
 Its virulence excels the might  
 Of hellebore and aconite.

---

No. 141.

LA PROMESSA SPOSA.

SLEEP, my sweet girl ! and all the sleep  
 You take away from others, keep :  
 A night, no distant one, will come  
 When those you took their slumbers from,  
 Generous, ungenerous, will confess  
 Their joy that you have slumber'd less,  
 And envy more than they condemn  
 The rival who avenges them.

No. 142.

SWIFT ON POPE.

(IMAGINARY.)

POPE, tho' his letters are so civil,  
Wishes me fairly at the devil ;  
A little dentifrice and soap  
Is all the harm I wish poor Pope.

---

No. 143.

THE GRATEFUL HEART.

THE grateful heart for all things blesses ;  
Not only joy, but grief endears :  
I love you for your few caresses,  
I love you for my many tears.

---

No. 144.

THE FARMER THEOLOGIAN'S HARANGUE.

Good people ! I wonder now what ye are a'ter,  
Who made such a bother o' late about water ;  
Whether children on whom not a drop ever fell  
Could escape, good or naughty, the torments of hell.  
While one wants it fresh and while one wants it salt,  
I advise you to give it a slight dash of malt.



## No. 145.

## POETS ON DUTY.

NEVER yet was poet wanting  
 Where a lapdog lick't a throne  
 While a priest the lauds was chanting . .  
 I stand off and muse alone.

---

## No. 146.

## DECLINE OF LIFE.

How calm, O life, is thy decline!  
 Ah! it is only when the sun  
 His hot and headstrong course hath run,  
 Heaven's guiding stars serenely shine.

---

## No. 147.

## BRETHREN.

SOMEWHERE in youth I think I heard  
 Brethren we all should be.  
 From heaven, I do believe, the word  
 Came, and it fell on me.

Thy word (for it is thine) O God!  
 Give me the grace to keep;  
 Nor scourge with too severe a rod  
 Those who should hear, yet sleep.

No. 148.

FASHIONS IN POETRY.

THE *Swain* and *Nymph* went out together,  
 Now *Knight* and *Ladie* ride o'er heather :  
 And who comes next ? Perhaps again  
 Will smirk and sidle *Nymph* and *Swain*.

---

No. 149.

ALTERNATIVE.

IF your heart is warm, come hither,  
 Let me bask in its fine weather ;  
 But if it is cold, my charmer,  
 Let me try to make it warmer.

---

No. 150.

TO THE CYCLAMEN.

THOU Cyclamen of crumpled horn  
 Toss not thy head aside ;  
 Repose it where the Loves were born,  
 In that warm dell abide.  
 Whatever flowers, on mountain, field,  
 Or garden, may arise,  
 Thine only that pure odor yield  
 Which never can suffice.  
 Emblem of her I've loved so long,  
 Go, carry her this little song.

No. 151.

## THE PIGEON-FANCIER.

SOME are fanciers in religions,  
Some (the wiser they) in pigeons.  
I confess it, I prefer  
Much the pigeon-fancier.  
For I never knew him spill  
Pigeon's blood, nor threaten ill,  
Whether hell's or kitchen's flame . .  
Can those others say the same ?  
Fools ! to fancy loads of faggot  
Are required to cook a maggot !

---

No. 152.

## LATE LOVE.

SITTING up late, incautious Love takes cold,  
The wiser give him over ere grown old.

---

No. 153.

## A SENSIBLE GIRL'S REPLY TO MOORE'S

"OUR COUCH SHALL BE ROSES ALL SPANGLED WITH DEW."

It would give me rheumatics, and so it would you.

No. 154.

TO A YOUNG POET.

THE camel at the city-gate  
 Bends his flat head, and there must wait.  
 Thin in the desert is the palm,  
 And pierced the thorn to give its balm.  
 The Land of Promise thou shalt see,  
 I swear it, by myself and thee ;  
 Rise, cheer thee up, and look around,  
 All earth is not for deer and hound ;  
 Worms revel in the slime of kings,  
 But perish where the laurel springs.

---

No. 155.

WISE AND UNWISE.

To love and to be loved the wise would give  
 All that for which alone the unwise live.

---

No. 156.

FIRMNESS.

FIRMER the tree when winter whirls the leaves ;  
 And should not we  
 Be like the tree ?  
 Winter is sure, but often spring deceives.

No. 157.

ROUTS.

THE breath five hundred haggards breathe  
Kills every rose in Beauty's wreath :  
And thy flame, Genius ! soon goes out  
Mid Fashion's pestilential rout.

---

No. 158.

ON SOUTHEY'S DEATH.

FRIENDS ! hear the words my wandering thoughts  
would say,  
And cast them into shape some other day.  
Southey, my friend of forty years, is gone,  
And, shattered by the fall, I stand alone.

---

No. 159.

REFLECTION FROM SEA AND SKY.

WHEN I gaze upon the sky  
And the sea below, I cry,  
Thus be poetry and love,  
Deep beneath and bright above.

No. 160.

THE SOLE ASSAILANT.

FEW, I believe (but can not say  
 Exactly) try to block my way  
 Thro' Letter-land ; and one alone,  
 Of name across his street unknown,  
 Shouting to raise a ragged row,  
 Persists to pelt and hoot me now.  
 He might have earn'd his daily bread  
 By honest work, but chose instead  
 In the dank lane to gather nettle  
 Or any trash to fill the kettle,  
 Flavor'd with dirty salt that falls  
 From rancid fitch on smoky walls.  
 Boys who, by opening you a gate,  
 In broken hat off broken pate  
 Might catch a penny, yet prefer  
 To toss into your boot a bur.

---

No. 161.

ACCUSED OF INDIFFERENCE TO PRAISE.

TO SOPHIA.

ACUTE in later as in earlier days  
 Hath ever been the poet's ear to praise ;  
 Indifferent to its loudest voice am I,  
 And would exchange it for your faintest sigh.

## No. 162.

## A COMPLAINT OF INCONSTANCY.

SILLY one ! do you think it strange  
 That any woman's heart should change,  
 That summer's hot, that winter's cold,  
 That if you live you will grow old ?

## No. 163.

## ST CLAIR.

OCTOBER 5, 1796.

OF all the saints of earth or air  
 What saint was ever like St Clair !  
 'Twas she herself who crost my way,  
 And thunderstruck me yesterday.  
 In simple vest she stood arraid,  
 To mortal eyes a mortal maid,  
 And in her dexter hand she bore  
 A shining mass of shapeless ore.  
 My courage, voice, and memory gone,  
 I bow'd and kist the magic stone.  
 I urged attendance ; she complied ;  
 And now behold us side by side.  
 I speak ; the country people stare . .  
 " The Saxon speaks to empty air."  
 When all but lovers long had slept,  
 I tost and tumbled, fretted, wept,

To Love himself vow'd endless hate,  
Renounced my stars and curst my fate;  
When, lo! in pity to my tears,  
In sleep an angel form appears.  
"Subdue," she says, "regrets like these,  
We angels vanish when we please."  
My curtains, starting, I withdrew;  
The Morn appear'd, the Vision flew.

---

No. 164.

ON ADMIRAL SIR SIDNEY SMITH.

No less than either who have borne the name  
Of Sidney, those two Napiers of their time,  
Is thine, who stoodest upon Acca's mound  
And hurledst thence defiance on the host  
That would have won Byzantion, which remain'd  
The solitary city unsubdued  
By fraud or force, from Afric's desart sands  
To Zembla's and Siberia's frozen sea.  
The vanquisht loved thee for thy generous soul  
And own'd thee worthy to be French almost,  
While England sent thee forth unrecompenst  
To live and die among them.

Thus it fared  
With Rodney too: but Rodney never walkt  
Amid the wretched to relieve their wants,  
To speak kind words, to press the palsied hand,  
And carry from his own now scanty store



A portion under a worn cloak \* . . thou didst  
 Therefor be blessings on thee! therefor praise,  
 From one who can bestow it, and who deals  
 Thrifuly that, and watches for desert.

---

No. 165.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

TRUE, ah too true! the generous breast  
 Lies bare to Love and Pain :  
 May one alone, the worthier guest,  
 Find yours, and there remain.

---

No. 166.

TO A MOURNER.

AWAY with tears and sorrows! bid them cease  
 To haunt the lofty mansions of thy soul!  
 Shall serpent tongues disturb its heavenly peace?  
 Shall puny malice its strong will controul?

The purest bosoms of thy native land  
 Beat, gentle mourner, to partake thy cares :  
 O'er Badon's springs let Hermes wave his wand  
 And Lethe's waters intermix with theirs.

\* This was related to me by Mr Sandford, who caught him in the fact.

No. 167.

ANSWER TO "WHAT *DO* YOU BELIEVE?"

THIS is my faith. I do believe  
That ladies never would decieve,  
And that the petty fault of Eve  
Is very easy to retrieve.

"*She lost us immortality.*"  
Well, so she might ; and what care I ?  
Eden and Paradise are nigh  
As ever ; you know where and why.

---

No. 168.

TO SOUTHEY.

LAUGH, honest Southey ! \*prithee come  
With every laugh thou hast at home ;  
But leave there Virtue, lest she sneer  
At one most noble British Peer,  
Who ties fresh tags upon his ermine  
By crying *Aye* and catching vermin :  
Terror of those, but most the foe  
Of all who *think* and all who *know*.  
The passive transferable tool  
Of every knave and every fool  
Whom England's angry Genius sent  
To glut our hungry Parliament ;

\* Ridete quidquid est domi cachinnorum. CATULLUS.

A sworn apprentice who, accurst  
 With pale ambition's feverish thirst,  
 Is doomed to labor all he can  
 Yet never to be *master man*.

“ Such characters, methinks you say,  
 We meet by hundreds every day ;  
 And common dolts and common slaves,  
 Distinguisht but by stars or staves,  
 Should glitter and go out, exempt  
 From all but common men's contempt,  
 The hounds that on their dunghills rot,  
 Fawners or snarlers, are forgot ;  
 But not more speedily than those  
 Whose pleasures hang upon their nose.  
 Ribbons and garters, these are things  
 Often by Ministers and Kings,  
 Not over-wise nor over-nice,  
 Confer'd on folly and on vice.  
 How wide the difference let them see  
 'Twixt these and immortality ! ”

Yes, oftentimes imperial Seine  
 Has listened to my early strain.  
 Beyond the Rhine, beyond the Rhone,  
 My Latian Muse is heard and known :  
 On Tiber's bank, in Arno's shade,  
 I woo'd and won the classic Maid.  
 When Spain from base oppression rose,  
 I foremost rushed amid her foes.  
 Gallicia's hardy band I led,  
 Inspirited, and cloathed, and fed.

Homeward I turn : o'er Hatteril's rocks  
I see my trees, I hear my flocks.  
Where alders mourn'd their fruitless bed,  
A million larches raise the head ;  
And from Segovia's hills remote  
My sheep enrich my neighbor's cote :  
The wide and easy road I lead  
Where never paced the harnest steed ;  
Where scarcely dared the goat look down  
Beneath the fearful mountain's frown,  
Suspended while the torrent's spray  
Springs o'er the crags that roll away.  
But Envy's steps too soon pursue  
The man who hazards schemes so new ;  
Who, better fit for Rome and Greece,  
Thinks to be *Justice of the Peace* !

---

No. 169.

GORE-HOUSE LEFT FOR PARIS.

UNDER the lilacs we shall meet no more,  
Nor Alfred's welcome hail me at the door,  
Nor the brave guardian of the hall contend  
In harsher voice to greet his trusty friend,  
Nor on the banks of Arno or of Seine  
Sure is my hope to bend my steps again ;  
But be it surer, Margarite, that Power  
May stil remember many a festive hour,  
More festive when we saw the captive free,  
And clasp afresh the hand held forth by thee.

No. 170.

OCTOBER 1799.

WHY should sorrow darken over  
 Brow by nature so serene?  
 Come, those lucid gems uncover,  
 Drop those fingers from between.

Sadness is my doom as often  
 As a sigh escapes from you.  
 Let me strengthen, and not soften,  
 Heart so tender and so true.

It hath spoken : why confess it?  
 Those loud sobs have told me thrice.  
 I would only not possess it,  
 O my love! at such a price.

No. 171.

THERMOMETER.

IF the Rhætian Alps of old  
 Were insufferably cold,  
 Colder ten degrees are they  
 Since \* Reade's Poems blew that way,  
 And those bleak and steril scalps  
 Now are call'd the Readian Alps.

\* John Edmund.

No. 172.

ASKED TO DANCE AT BATH.

IN first position I can stand no longer ;  
 A time there was when these two calves were  
 stronger  
 And could move bravely up and down the Rooms,  
 But youthful days evaporate like perfumes.

---

No. 173.

IDLENESS.

O IDLENESS ! enchanting Idleness !  
 The more we have of thee, the more we love thee ;  
 In this thou art supreme, thou art alone.

---

No. 174.

ROSINA.

'Tis pleasant to behold  
 The little leaves unfold  
 Day after day, stil pouting at the Sun,  
 Until at last they dare  
 Lay their pure bosoms bare :  
 Of all these flowers I know the sweetest one.

No. 175.

## FIST AND CUDGEL.

IN my opinion, rulers judge ill  
Who interdict the fist and cudgel,  
For in the ring an open *set-to*  
Is honester than sly stiletto.

---

No. 176.

## LAURA.

LAURA ! the chords of your guitar,  
Strike them too hurriedly, will jar ;  
And, Laura, thus my verses too  
Are less melodious rung for you  
Than when they flow from calmer vein,  
And throb with neither joy nor pain.

---

No. 177.

## ONE LIBIDINOUS AND SPITEFUL.

So fierce and vengeful who was ever known ?  
The very Scorpion of the Torrid Zone.  
Spite had reduced her long ago to dust  
But the best half was found dissolved in lust.

No. 178.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

WHY back to verse ?

I love to play  
With children at the close of day.

---

No. 179.

TRIPOS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DULL ESSAYS," NAMELY,  
"IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS," ETC.

I.

GAFFER LOCKHART ! Gaffer Lockhart !  
Thou no inconvenient block art,  
Tho' unoil'd and coarse the stone,  
To repass my razor on.

II.

Lockharts who twitch my skirt may feel  
Some day a buffet from my heel,  
Which Nature has thought fit to place  
Exactly level with their face.  
Kind to his cattle, blind or lame,  
Murray will feed them just the same.



## III.

Who would have thought the heaviest particle  
 That ever sank into an Article,  
 Blown by a whiff or two of mine,  
 Should cross the Ocean and the Line,  
 Sparkle beneath both setting sun  
 And rising? Yet all this is done :  
 Nay, more : another insect I  
 Quicken by electricity.  
 My friend the generous Crosse will own  
*Life-giving* is not his alone.

---

No. 180.

## TO LAMARTINE.

Not that the Muse with brow benign  
 Looks on the crown which circles thine,  
 And points thee out with finger strait  
 For great ones to behold more great,  
 Do I approach thee, Lamartine,  
 First actor in the world's first scene . .  
 For we poor children of the earth  
 Grow envious of exalted worth . .  
 Nor is it that where Arno flows  
 We sought and found the same repose,  
 Repose which Dante never knew,  
 For foes were many, friends were few ;  
 Nor that our friendships were the same  
 With many a bright enduring name ;

No; but that France, with fond appeal,  
 Calls thee to guard her Commonweal ;  
 And Europe, echoing back her voice,  
 Applauds the wisdom of the choice.

Once, when thy laurel'd head hung low  
 Beneath Affliction's heaviest blow,  
 A prophetess,\* not always mad,  
 With potent speech thy tears forbad,  
 And show'd, beyond where deserts lay,  
 The glories of thy future way.  
 "Go, Wanderer!" she exclaimed, "go on!  
*The cedar-groves of Lebanon*  
*Cast shadows over other men,*  
*But thou must into light agen."*

She spake : the glories she foreknew,  
 The virtues half-escaped her view.  
 She saw that Man's true right divine  
 (Safe in few hands, but safe in thine)  
 Is not to prune the deadly tree,  
 But wrench the root of Royalty,  
 And sprinkle with black salt the ground,  
 Exhausted, and for years unsound.  
 Unhoped-for under eastern skies,  
 She saw not this fresh dawn arise.  
 Europe, now free of kingly fraud,  
 Stands up unfettered and unaw'd ;  
 And soon shall Africa alone  
 In her worst wilds that curse bemoan.

\* Lady Hester Stanhope.

No. 181.

## ON SOUTHEY'S DEATH.

NOT the last struggles of the Sun  
Precipitated from his golden throne  
    Hold darkling mortals in sublime suspence ;  
But the calm exod of a man,  
Nearer, but far above, who ran  
    The race we run, when Heaven recalls him hence.

Thus, O thou pure of mortal taint,  
Thus, O my Southey ! poet, sage, and saint,  
    Thou after saddest silence art removed :  
What voice in anguish can we raise,  
Or would we, dare we, in thy praise ?  
    God now does that . . the God thy whole heart  
    loved.

---

  
No. 182.

## PITY AND COMPASSION.

LET pity and compassion be outspred,  
Early as prayer, above the boyish head,  
There take full swoop, there find unbroken rest !  
No blessing ever leaves the human breast  
Without returning to it, soon or late,  
And driving back the strides of adverse fate.

No. 183.

## THE TIMID.

MAIDENS are timid ; were they bolder  
One's head had rested on my shoulder,  
And I above her slender neck  
Had breath'd the thoughts I could not speak.  
Breath'd ! and what breath ! her own ! her own !  
Heaven breath'd it in her breast alone.  
There may be . . ah there is ! . . a bliss  
Even on our earth, surpassing this :  
He who deserves it, he shall gain it,  
And may he thro' long life retain it !  
Happiest of mortal men ! for he  
May rest upon her constancy.  
But let him know that every day  
The fire now bright will ash away  
Unless the sinking flame be fan'd  
With active and unsparing hand,  
And Love, as once, be ever near  
To catch the sigh and wipe the tear.

---

No. 184.

## LIFE'S ROMANCE.

LIFE's torne Romance we thumb throughout the day :  
Cast it aside : 'tis better this be done  
Ere fall between its leaves the dust that none  
Can blow away.

No. 185.

## THE ROYAL FEAST.

"Twas at the royal feast for Kars  
 By faithful Russia won ;  
 Seated, if not aside of Mars,  
 Aside of Marsis son,

Who bears a plume of purest white,  
 Which plume he proudly shows  
 To guide old chiefs agape for fight,  
 But fitter for repose,

"Twas at this royal feast Panmure  
 His portly paunch displaid . .  
 "But art thou very, very sure?"  
 The baldpate patron said.

"Ay, sixteen thousand," quoth Milord,  
 "Surrendered to our Tzar,  
 Enforced by Famine : now the sword  
 Methinks is sick of war."

"Then," quoth the Mars-born, "we will ask  
 Our master in the north  
 What (may it please him !) such a task  
 Perform'd for him is worth."

Assure him it is our intent  
 For ever to go on so :  
 Odessa shows him how we meant  
 To please him and Woronzow.

Napier, than whom no seaman braver  
Hath scourged the Baltic coast,  
Threatens his city ; we will save her :  
Gunboats ! yes ; four at most.

Say we have daughters growing up  
Who like such pretty things  
As jewels, and should never stoop  
Below the rank of kings.

Panmure, be ready with thy tongue,  
Be ready with thy pen,  
Else we may see the world go wrong  
And Kars the Turk's agen.

Tell Palmerston he may, if wise,  
Our firm support rely on.  
Say he may praise above the skies  
But must pull down that Guyon.

---

No. 186.

ENGLAND ! WELL DONE !

ENGLAND ! well done ! you strike at last,  
And no false German holds you fast.  
What say Balmoral and Berlin  
When, spite of them, you thus begin ?  
Perhaps they say you go too far,  
And wound all princes thro' the Tzar.

No. 187.

## TWICE TEN YEARS.

I WAS not young when first I met  
That graceful mien, that placid brow :  
Ah ! twice ten years have past, and yet  
Near these I am not older now.

Happy how many have been made  
Who gazed upon your sunny smile !  
I sate as happy in the shade  
To hear the voice that could beguile.

My sorrow for whate'er I left  
In bright Ansonia, land of song,  
And felt my breast not quite bereft  
Of those home joys cast down so long.

---

No. 188.

## THE LOST JEWEL.

THE jewel that is absent from the ring  
We, after long entreaty, may supply ;  
But who, infolded in his breast, shall bring  
A word once fallen, a long wanting sigh ?

Such word, such sigh, as must perforce have burst  
From him who placed it or who saw it placed,  
And lookt between those eyelashes when first  
A tender smile his little gift had graced.

No. 189.

THE ROYAL BEAGLES.

WHERE are the royal beagles so high-fed ?  
 The grated cart shakes them from side to side,  
 Protruding with stretcht neck the sweating tongue :  
 Open it ; take them by the scuff, and toss  
 The creatures into kennel : let them bark,  
 And stand upright against the bolted door  
 All day, and howl all night.

O Politics !

Can no man touch ye but his hand must stink  
 His whole life thro' ? must sound become unsound  
 In your inclosure ?

O ye busy mites

That live within our cheese, and fatten there,  
 And seem its substance, must ye feel the keen  
 And searching air, and thus be swept away !  
 The scullery and sink receive ye, sent  
 Race after race ; and yet ye will outlast  
 Sesostris and Osiris, girded round  
 By guards of obelisks and pyramids ;  
 Your generations numberless, your food  
 Man's corrupt nature, man's corroded heart,  
 Man's liquified and unsubstantial brain.  
 Yea, while the world rolls on, unfelt to roll,  
 There will be Greys and Stanleys round its core.

Divested of their marrow and their nerve,  
 Gigantic forms lie underneath our feet  
 Without our knowing it : we pass, repass,  
 And only stop, and then stop listlessly,



Or idly curious, when some scient hand  
 Unearths and holds huge bones before our eyes,  
 And says, "Ye trampled on them, silly clowns!  
 Now they may teach you somewhat; try to learn."  
 Meanwhile the meadow hums with insect sounds,  
 And gilded backs and wings o'ertop the grass,  
 And, cap in hand, and over bog and briar,  
 Men run to catch them. Such are prized, and cased  
 In secret cabinet for royal use.

---

No. 190.

ON THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE TURNING  
 THE TZAR'S PORTRAIT AGAINST THE  
 WALL AT CHATSWORTH.

Wonder not, stranger, coming from the dome  
 Where Nature in her beauty sits enthroned,  
 To find that Virtue exiles from her home  
 Him at whose feet whole nations long have groaned.

Wonder not that the tyrant's painted mask  
 Is turn'd against the wall: his generous host  
 Knew not the traitor . . . Fount of Truth! we ask  
 In fear if such example must be lost

In other palaces, in higher seats,  
 Whose floor erewhile the smooth barbarian trod,  
 The heart of Cavendish this verse repeats,  
 "*An honest man's the noblest work of God.*"

No. 191.

TO TIME, ON CH. NAPIER.

TIME! seated on thy hoary rock,  
 Let Ages o'er thee roll,  
 Their shifting movements calmly mock,  
 Above such weak controll.

Yet thou art mortal ; men there are  
 Immortal ; they from heaven  
 Look down on thee, and little care  
 What scars thy wrath has given.

With healing on thy wings, O Time,  
 To these shalt thou descend,  
 And lift them o'er that mound sublime  
 Where earth and heaven blend.

Rise, Napier! thou art call'd away  
 By him who hears *my* call,  
 By him whom all for once obey,  
 Beyond that once *not* all.

---

No. 192.

THE CRIMEAN HEROES.

HAIL, ye indomitable heroes, hail!  
 Despite of all your generals ye prevail.

## No. 193.

OBSERVING A VULGAR NAME ON THE  
PLINTH OF AN ANCIENT STATUE.

BARBARIANS must we always be ?  
 Wild hunters in pursuit of fame ?  
 Must there be nowhere stone or tree  
 Ungasht with some ignoble name ?  
 O Venus ! in thy Tuscan dome  
 May every God watch over thee !  
 Apollo ! bend thy bow o'er Rome  
 And guard thy sister's chastity.  
 Let Britons paint their bodies blue  
 As formerly, but touch not you.

---

## No. 194.

## RELIEF AT THE CRIMEA.

FLANNEL, and potted meat, and rum,  
 Before the dog-days will have come  
 In Ellesmere's expected yacht . .  
 I know but one event like that.  
 Here is my story . . I remember  
 About the middle of December  
 Ice fringed the Arno, crisp and clear,  
 And upon shallow pools might bear.  
 A gentleman from Tipperary,  
 Alert as he is wise and wary,  
 Wrote home for skates : one fine May morn  
 The skates he wrote for reach Leghorn.

No. 195.

## TO THE EMPEROR.

Now thou hast left this friendly shore,  
And civic shouts are heard no more,  
Crisping afar the pliant wave  
That bore the beauteous with the brave . . .  
Aloof from others here I stand  
Erect upon my native land.

Napoleon! never came I near  
The courtly train while thou wert here,  
Nor sought the depths of that calm eye  
To me once friendly : hear me why.  
No, hear not *me*, but Rome ; and there  
Look on the broken curule chair.  
Above its fragments sits elate  
A priest! o'er all that once was great.  
We grieve it gone, but grieve far more  
To lose what one man could restore.  
Whatever country be our home,  
We had one nurse, and she was Rome.  
The past is past, but may return,  
And wisdom yet more wisdom learn.  
Power is unstable, Truth is not ;  
Be both, for Europe's sake, thy lot!  
Tell Justice to outspread her wings  
And cool the crazy heads of kings :  
Her balance may be now restored  
By throwing in the Gallic sword.  
Thy future glory let it be  
To serve the good and rule the free.

## No. 196.

## TO PRINCE ADAM CZARTORISKI.

THE house of mourning in a foren land  
 I have no privilege to enter now ;  
 When all were happy there, I entered it,  
 A not unhonored nor ungrateful guest.

By bad men hated and by good beloved,  
 I have lived on, not unconcern'd, amid  
 The struggles and uprisings of our world,  
 The shattered hopes of nations, which their God  
 Calls with his trumpet to unite again,  
 And to embody in more glorious form.  
 I panted to be present on that day,  
 And may yet see it.

Down, usurpers, down  
 Ye perjurers, ye blasphemers ! Down, false Gods,  
 Who made earth hell ! in hell be now adored.  
 One like yourselves shall smite you, that the blow  
 May fall the heavier on your abject heads.

Shalt not thou, Czartoriski, live to see  
 The justice thy beloved land implores  
 Of those her valor rescued from the sword ?  
 Perhaps thou mayest not ; for years and cares  
 Have weigh'd upon thee sorely : but whoe'er  
 Hath lived as thou hast lived may look behind  
 And hear the plaudits of a noble race  
 Bursting thro' light and darkness from afar.  
 Is there no solace in the gentle voice  
 Of that brave man whose brow was gasht with  
 swords,

But before sword or scepter never bent ?\*  
 The shameless were ashamed : his prison-door  
 Flew open : he went forth, and breath'd free air  
 In other lands than those which celebrate  
 His natal day in sadness and despair.  
 To such Death's portal opens not in gloom,  
 But its pure chrystal hinged on solid gold  
 Shows avenues interminable, shows  
 Amaranth and palm, quivering in sweet accord  
 Of human mingled with angelic song.

---

No. 197.

HYPOCRICY WHY HATED.

THERE'S no hypocrisy in being civil  
 Even to one you wish were at the devil.  
 It is not that you hate it, but you hate  
 (Dont you ?) the man for somewhat good or great.  
 Half, more than half, the honest I have known  
 Feel at the heart the truth they dare not own.

---

No. 198.

A GIFT OF POEMS.

SEND me such poems as a treat!  
 By Jupiter! I'd rather eat  
 A mangy fox or Cheshire cheese,  
 Or any ordure that you please.

\* Kosciusco.

No. 199.

## NELSON, COLLINGWOOD, AND PELLEW.

FEW have been better, braver none have been,  
 Than Nelson : iron were his will and power  
 With man, with woman flexible as gold.  
 Who are the twain aside him who support  
 His steps ? Two greater even than himself,  
 More virtuous, nor less valiant. Years and years  
 This toil'd upon the waves, nor rested he  
 His weary feet on his domestic hearth,  
 Nor felt the embraces of a tender brood  
 Or wife the cherisht of his youthful days :  
 And *that*, with countenance as firmly mild,  
 Shared nearly the same lot ; but more than once  
 He claspt his blooming offspring to his breast  
 Then sprang afloat.

Our annals may record  
 Actions more glorious than whatever shone  
 On other lands and other seas : not Blake's,  
 Not even Blake's, inspired by God himself,  
 Displayed more active, more intrepid skill,  
 More calm decision than was thine, Pellew !  
 Deliverer of all nations that the world  
 Bemoan'd as helpless, hopeless, in Algiers.  
 France came and strode across the shattered walls  
 And waved her flag above them, and stil waves,  
 Regardless of her vows : but when were oaths  
 Regarded by her ? even with herself ?  
 The Frank of old was free in wood and swamp,

The Arab in his desert : now alike  
 They share the chain ; one proud to see it shine,  
 The other biting it with frantic tooth  
 Til burnt alive for such fierce contumacy.

---

No. 200.

THE BIBLE.

THE Bible is the Earth ; and we begin  
 To learn a little of what lies within.

---

No. 201.

SYMPATHY.

WHEN our eyes melt not with another's woes  
 Methinks 'tis time they should for ever close.

---

No. 202.

TO SOUTHEY.

AH Southey ! how we stumble on thro' life  
 Among the broken images of dreams,  
 Not one of them to be rais'd up agen !



No. 203.

WHO ARE THE BEST LABORERS ?

You in good blinkers can see nothing shocking,  
I shy and start before a crimson stocking ;  
I think what dippings and how deep have died  
Those courtly trappings of unchristian pride ;  
Then, looking into the next field, percieve  
Men work the better for less width of sleeve.

---

No. 204.

FRIENDSHIP.

THERE is a flame that flickers over us,  
Paler, yet not unlike the flame of love :  
It never burns the hand : below the urn  
That holds it, FRIENDSHIP is the word I read.

---

No. 205.

TO ONE UNEQUALLY MATCHED.

BEAR it, O matcht unequally, you must,  
And in your strength and virtue firmly trust.  
The Power that rules our destinies decreed  
One heart should harden and another bleed.

No. 206.

FAULTS ACKNOWLEDGED.

THE soft I own to ; then of fun  
 I must acknowledge I have none,  
 And am the only man that ever  
 Doubted if he, in wit, was clever.

No. 207.

SERMONI PROPIORA.

LITTLE do they who glibly talk of verse  
 Know what they talk about, and what is worse,  
 Think they are judges if they dare to pass  
 Sentence on higher heads.

The mule and ass

Know who have made them what they are, and heed  
 From far the neighing of the generous steed.

Gell, Drummond, Hare, and wise and witty Ward\*  
 Knew at first sight and sound the genuine bard,  
 But the street hackneys, fed on nosebag bran,  
 Assail the poet and defame the man.  
 Let them but try to write as good a line  
 As that, however bad, which they malign,  
 And tho' their life upon the task were spent,  
 Scarce would that life accomplish that intent.

\* Lord Dudley and Ward.

I never was too bashful, yet have stood  
 Low in the shadow of the Delphic wood,  
 While \*Bobus, older than myself, four years,  
 Sat with the Muse's first-created peers,  
 The high Choregus of the classic song  
 To whom alone all ancient lyres belong,  
 To whom from Dirce's rock came Pindar down  
 And proud Lucretius held his fresher crown.

---

No. 208.

SINGING BIRDS.

MERLE! cushat! mavis! when but young  
 More vulgar names from mother tongue  
 Often and often, much I fear,  
 Have wounded your too patient ear,  
 Before our dame, old Poesie,  
 Took me and held me on her knee,  
 "Woodpigeon dear!" I may have said,  
 Hearing you coo above my head,  
 And "*Speckled thrush! let that poor worm  
 Creep safely thro' the rain and storm.  
 Blackbird! unless it tires you, stay  
 And sing me one more song to-day.*"

Ye listened then; and each one did  
 (Except the thrush) as he was bid.  
 I doubt if now ye sing so well  
 In your fine names; but who can tell?

\* Robert Smith.

No. 209.

THE THREE ROSES.

WHEN the buds began to burst,  
 Long ago, with Rose the First  
 I was walking ; joyous then  
 Far above all other men,  
 Til before us up there stood  
 Britonferry's oaken wood,  
 Whispering "*Happy as thou art,  
 Happiness and thou must part.*"  
 Many summers have gone by  
 Since a Second Rose and I  
 (Rose from that same stem) have told  
 This and other tales of old.  
 She upon her wedding-day  
 Carried home my tenderest lay ;  
 From her lap I now have heard  
 Gleeeful, chirping, Rose the Third.  
 Not for *her* this hand of mine  
 Rhyme with nuptial wreath shall twine ;  
 Cold and torpid it must lie,  
 Mute the tongue, and closed the eye.

---

No. 210.

SCRAPES AND MALADIES.

THE scrapes of youth and maladies of age  
 In Life's account-book blur how many a page.

No. 211.

## LIFE HURRIES BY.

LIFE hurries by, and who can stay  
 One winged Hour upon her way ?  
 The broken trellis then restore  
 And train the woodbine round the door.

---

 No. 212.

## ANOTHER AGE.

COME, Dante ! virtuous, sage, and bold,  
 Come, look into that miry fold ;  
 Foxes and wolves lie there asleep,  
 O'ergorged ; and men but wake to weep ;  
 Come, Saints and Virgins ! whose one tomb  
 Is Rome's parental catacomb ;  
 Above where once ye bled, there now  
 Foul breath blows blushes from the brow  
 Of maidens, whipt until they fall  
 To feed the plump confessional.  
 O earlier shades ! not less revered !  
 In your Elysium ye have heard  
 No tale so sad, no tale so true,  
 None so incredible to you.

Gloomy as droops the present day,  
 And Hope is chill'd and shrinks away,  
 Another age perhaps may see  
 Freedom raise up dead Italy.

No. 213.

WHAT SIGHS DO.

EACH year bears something from us as it flies,  
We only blow it farther with our sighs.

---

No. 214.

ON FREEDOM.

LET Freedom on thy breast descend,  
O Earth ! and love thy truest friend,  
For wayward as his flights may be,  
He never was unkind to thee.

---

No. 215.

THE LAST GIFT.

THE shadows deepen round me ; take  
I will not say my last adieu,  
But, this faint verse ; and for my sake  
Keep the last line I trace for you.

The years that lightly touch your head,  
Nor steal away nor change one hair,  
Press upon mine with heavy tread  
And leave but barren laurels there.

Another year I may not see,  
I may not all I hope in this,  
Recieve then on your brow from me  
And give Rosina's lips the kiss.

No. 216.

## THE DEATH IN PARIS

OF JANE SOPHIA, COUNTESS DE MOLANDÈ.

TEARS! are they tears indeed?  
 And can the dead heart bleed?  
 Suffering so long, so much,  
 O heart! I thought no touch  
 Of pain could reach thee more!  
 Alas! the thought is o'er.

I will wipe off the tear  
 That falls not on her bier  
 Who would have wept o'er mine.  
 Ah me! that form divine  
 Above my reach must rest  
 And make the blest more blest.

---

 No. 217.

## WHERE ARE THE BRAVE?

WHERE are the brave?

With God: for Earth gives up  
 All who would circulate the social cup  
 Of sober freedom.

*What* men have chain'd down  
 Italians, Poles, Hungarians?

*What?* Our own.

Blush, honest England! thy embroidered knaves  
 Have forged the links that despots drill on slaves.  
 Ah England! *art* thou honest? but for thee  
 Man had been manly, Europe had been free.

No. 218.

GOLDSMITH AND GRAY.

SWEET odors and bright colors swiftly pass,  
 Swiftly as breath upon a looking-glass.  
 Byron, the schoolgirl's pet, has lived his day,  
 And the tall maypole scarce remembers May.  
 Thou, Nature, bloomest in perennial youth . .  
 Two only are eternal . . thou and Truth.  
 Who walks not with thee thro' the dim Churchyard ?  
 Who wanders not with Erin's wandering bard ?  
 Who sits not down with Auburn's pastor mild  
 To take upon his knee the shyest child ?  
 These in all hearts will find a kindred place,  
 And live the last of our poetic race.

---

No. 219.

A FOX IN A CRADLE.

A FOX, to Castlecombe pursued  
 From Badmington, thro' down and wood,  
 In a child's cradle took his place  
 And lay there like a babe of Grace.  
 Ah babes of Grace ! beware lest you  
 Be come about by foxes too.  
 There are some black ones at their holes  
 Who lick their lips for you, poor souls !  
 I sniff the scent ; I hear the sign  
 In Wilberforce's distant whine.  
 Let your old nurses tuck you tight,  
 Or they will share your sheets at night.



No. 220.

## WHERE ARE SIGHS ?

UNLESS my senses are more dull  
 Sighs are become less plentiful.  
 Where are they all ? these many years  
 Only my own have reacht my ears.

---

 No. 221.

## GIBBON.

GIBBON ! if sterner patriots than thyself  
 With firmer foot have stamp't our English soil ;  
 If Poesy stood high above thy reach,  
 She stood with only one on either hand  
 Upon the cliffs of Albion tall and strong :  
 Meanwhile gregarious songsters tramp't around  
 On plashy meadow-land, mid noisome flowers  
 Sprung from the rankness of flush city-drains.  
 In other regions graver History  
 Meets her own Muse ; nor walk they far below.  
 The rivulets and mountain-rills of Greece  
 Will have dried up while Avon stil runs on ;  
 And those four rivers freshening Paradise  
 Gush yet, tho' Paradise had long been lost  
 Had not one man restored it ; he was ours.  
 Not song alone detain'd him, tho' the song

Came from the lips of Angels upon his,  
But strenuous action when his country call'd  
Drew him from those old groves and that repose  
In which the enchantress Italy lulls all.  
No Delphic laurel's trembling glimmery leaves  
Checked thy gravel-walk ; 'twas even ground,  
Altho' mid shafts and cornices o'ergrown  
With nettles, and palatial caverns choakt  
With rubbish from obliterated names.

There are who blame thee for too stately step  
And words resounding from inflated cheek.  
Words have their proper places, just like men.  
I listen to, nor venture to reprove,  
Large language swelling under gilded domes,  
Byzantine, Syrian, Persepolitan,  
Or where the world's drunk master lay in dust.  
Fabricius heard and spake another tongue,  
And such the calm Cornelia taught her boys,  
Such Scipio, Cæsar, Tullius, marshaling,  
Cimber and wilder Scot were humanized,  
And, far as flew the Eagles, all was Rome.

Thou lookedst down complacently where brawl'd  
The vulgar factions that infest our streets,  
And turnedst the black vizor into glass  
Thro' which men saw the murderer and the cheat  
In diadem and cowl. Erectly stood,  
After like work with fiercer hand perform'd,  
Milton, as Adam pure, as Michael strong,  
When brave Britannia struck her bravest blow,  
When monstrous forms, half-reptile and half-man,  
Snatcht up the hissing snakes from off Hell's floor  
And flung them with blind fury at her crest.

Two valiant men sprang up, of equal force,  
*Protector* and *Defender* each alike.  
 Milton amid the bitter sleet drove on,  
 Shieldbearer to the statelier one who struck  
 That deadly blow which saved our prostrate sires  
 And gave them (short the space!) to breathe once  
 more.

History hath beheld no pile ascend  
 So lofty, large, symmetrical, as thine,  
 Since proud Patavium gave Rome's earlier chiefs  
 To shine again in virtues and in arms.  
 Another rises from the couch of pain,  
 Wounded, and worne with service and with years,  
 To share fraternal glory, and ward off  
 (Alas, to mortal hand what vain essay!)  
 The shafts of Envy.

May Thucydides,  
 Recalled to life among us, close his page  
 Ere come the Pestilence, ere come the shame  
 Of impotent and Syracusan war!  
 Lately (how strange the vision!) o'er my sleep  
 War stole, in bandages untinged with wounds,  
 Wheezing and limping on fat nurse's arm  
 To take a draught of air before the tent,  
 And, for each step too fast or wide, rebuked.  
 Peace stood with folded arms nor ventured near,  
 But Scorn ran closer, and a shout went up  
 From north and south above the Euxine wave.

---

## No. 222.

## THE DESCENT OF ORPHEUS.\*

THE shell assuaged his sorrow : thee he sang,  
Sweet wife ! thee with him on the shore alone,  
At rising dawn, at parting day, sang thee.  
The mouths of Tænarus, the gates of Dis,  
Groves dark with dread, he entered ; he approacht  
The Manes and their awful king, and hearts  
That knew not pity yet for human prayer.  
Rous'd at his song, the shades of Erebus  
Rose from their lowest, most remote abodes,  
Faint shades, and empty semblances of life,  
Numberless as from woodland wilds the birds  
That wintry evening drives or mountain storm :  
Mothers and husbands, unsubstantial crests  
Of high-soul'd heroes, boys, unwedded maids,  
And youths swept off before their parents' eyes.  
The deep black oose and rough unsightly reed  
Of slow Cocytusis unyielding pool,  
And Styx confines them, flowing ninefold round.

\* Virgil says in one place, that the conditions were imposed by Proserpine ; in another, by Pluto. This is a fault, however it may be explained ; it would be were it only a redundancy. Then, "scirent si ignoscere Manes." Now the Manes were so placable that a little milk and honey was thought sufficient. Beside, they had no right to meddle with a contract by their superiors. Beattie talks with much the same critical skill on it as on the conclusion of the sixth book of the Eneid, not suspecting that Virgil could be liable to an oversight.

Thirdly, Proteus relates the whole conduct of Orpheus in the world below, of which he could know nothing ; but speaks from report alone when he describes his sufferings in Thrace, which, from his wide maritime range and extraordinary cleverness, he might have

The halls and inmost Tartarus of Death,  
 And (the blue adders twisting in their hair)  
 The Furies were astounded.

On he stept,  
 And Cerberus held agape his triple jaws ;  
 On stept the bard . . Ixion's wheel stood still.

Now, past all peril, free was his return,  
 And now was hastening into upper air  
 Eurydice, when sudden madness siezed  
 The incautious lover ; pardonable fault,  
 If they below could pardon : on the verge  
 Of light he stood, and on Eurydice  
 (Mindless of fate, alas ! and soul-subdued)  
 Lookt back.

known exactly. He ceases on a sudden to be refractory and contumacious, and becomes tender and compassionate, forgetting that Aristæus came to consult him about the loss of his bees, and not about the loss of another man's wife.

Fourthly, It is strange that the women of Thrace should think themselves despised, and should punish this imaginary contempt so severely, when Orpheus had lost his wife no longer than seven months. After all, it was only a gossip's tale that he grieved so long. Seven months is no inordinate season for mourning, *ex ordine*.

Fifthly, Where did he sooth the tiger ? Tigers had gone southward of Thrace before his time.

The story of Orpheus and Eurydice is a beautiful excrescence, like a misleto on an apple-tree, or the tuft of moss that comes after the roses.

And now a few words on the translators. They represent the nightingale as sitting on *a* bough. Naturally she did so : but here she was sitting on *the* bough from which her young were taken.

It is curious that the close of the Georgics should contain, in the part most generally admired, almost the only inharmonious verse in this exquisitely musical and truly great poet.

Observans nido implumes detraxit,

is not merely prosaic.

We may take any liberty with a contemporary ; we may jump into

There, Orpheus! Orpheus! there was all  
 Thy labor shed, there burst the Dynast's bond,  
 And thrice arose that rumor from the lake.  
 "Ah what!" she cried, "what madness hath undone  
 Me! and, ah wretched! thee, my Orpheus too!  
 For lo! the cruel Fates recall me now;  
 Chill slumbers press my swimming eyes . . . Farewell!  
 Night rolls intense around me as I spread  
 My helpless arms . . . thine, thine no more . . . to thee."  
 She spake, and, like a vapour, into air  
 Flew, nor beheld him as he claspt the void  
 And sought to speak; in vain; the ferry-guard  
 Now would not row him o'er the lake again,  
 His wife twice lost, what could he? whither go?

the judgment-seat with heavy and creaking and dirty boots on, and cite the noblest before us, bidding him to hold up his hand; but we are *chop-fallen* in the presence of Antiquity. Else I would venture to suggest that *Pervigilans* might relieve the heaviness of the line, and express that the birdcatcher had bided his time, and had been watching for it. Nobody seems to ask what good it would do him to take away birds unfledged, when certainly he could not bring them up. Those who have never been in Italy may be ignorant that callow birds, nightingales among others, are brought to market and thought to be delicacies. All in that state are palatable alike, or nearly so; the swallow, the cuckoo, the hawk, the owl. Even foxes, while they have tasted nothing but the mother's milk, are sought for. Once when I was entering the Porta del Popolo at Rome, a young shepherd was waiting for the doganier to fix the price of importation on two foxes, about the size of rabbits, which he was carrying on his shoulder. He offered them to me. *Eccellenza! ecco qualchecosa da stordire*. My reply was, that they were too exquisite for Excellences, and worthy of Eminences. *Gli porterò a' medesimi*, said he, arranging them afresh on his shoulder. I asked the gate-keeper whether they really were good: he said, *Buonissimi per quegli chi hanno da spendere*. Very good, for those who can afford to buy them: adding that, when they grow much older they are worth little but for the skin, and require a good deal of vinegar and garlic.



What chaunt, what wailing, move the Powers of Hell?  
Cold in the Stygian bark and lone was she.

Beneath a rock o'er Strymon's flood on high,  
Seven months, seven long-continued months, 'tis said,  
He breath'd his sorrows in a desert cave,  
And sooth'd the tiger, moved the oak, with song.  
So Philomela mid the poplar shade  
Bemoans her captive brood : the cruel hind  
Saw them unplumed and took them : but all night  
Grieves she, and, sitting on the bough, runs o'er  
Her wretched tale, and fills the woods with woe.

---

No. 223.

PROMISE.

I MAY not add to youth's brief days  
Nor bid the fleeting hours stand still;  
No, Rose; but I can waft your praise  
To distant ages, and I will.  
Forgotten be my name if yours  
In its fresh purity endures.

---

No. 224.

WHAT IS DEPLORABLE.

It is deplorable to fear an enemy,  
But more deplorable to fear a friend,  
As wicked men must do, and good men may.

No. 225.

AN ALABASTER HAND

PRESENTED BY LORD ELGIN.

HE who, rais'd high o'er war's turmoils,  
 Rescued from Time his richest spoils,  
     Had laid them at thy feet, O Rose!  
 But Britain cried, *To me belong*  
*Trophies beneath whose shadows sung*  
     The choir of Pallas where Ilissus flows.

Of purest alabaster, well  
 Expressing what our speech would tell,  
     Beauteous, but somewhat less divine  
 Than Pheidias, taught by Pallas, plan'd,  
 Elgin presents the only hand  
     That throbs not at the slightest touch of thine.

No. 226.

THE STERN BROW.

You say my brow is stern and yet my smile  
     (When I *do* smile) is sweet.  
 Seldom, ah seldom so! 'tis only while  
     None see us when we meet.

It is your smile, Ianthe, and not mine,  
     Altho' upon my lips;  
 Your's brought it thither; its pale rays decline  
     Too soon in sad eclipse.



No. 227.

## THE IMMOVABLE POWER.

THERE is a power, itself immovable,  
 Which makes the worlds around it move and shine,  
 O thou, of God's bright ministers most lovable,  
 Such power and station in this world are thine.

---

No. 228.

## IGNORANCE OF BOTANY.

I HARDLY know one flower that grows  
 On my small garden plot ;  
 Perhaps I may have seen a *Rose*  
 And said, *Forget-me-not*.

---

No. 229.

## MILITARY MERIT REWARDED.

WORTH is rewarded, even here,  
 With praises ; nor is *this* all :  
 Havelock wins fivescore pounds a year,  
 And Guyon . . a dismissal.

But Napier, who on many a day  
 Perform'd the foremost part,  
 And fill'd the murderers with dismay . .  
 He won . . a broken heart.

No. 230.

ON ONE IN ILLNESS.

HEALTH, strength, and beauty, who would not resign,  
 And be neglected by the world, if you  
 Round his faint neck your loving arms would twine,  
 And bathe his aching brow with pity's dew?

No. 231.

LA PENSIEROSA.

It is not envy, it is fear  
 Impels me, while I write, to say  
 When Poesy invites, forbear  
 Sometimes to walk her tempting way ;  
 Readier is she to swell the tear  
 Than its sharp tinglings to allay.

To our first loves we oft return  
 When years, that smoothe our path, are past,  
 And wish again the incense-urn  
 Its flickering flame once more to cast  
 On paler brows, until the bourn  
 Is reacht where we may rest at last.

Are there no stories fit for song  
 And fit for maiden lips to sing?  
 To you, O Rose, they all belong,  
 About your knee they fondly cling,  
 They love the accents of your tongue,  
 They seek the shadow of your wing.

Ah! let the Hours be blythe and free,  
 With Hope for ever at their side,  
 And let the Muses chaunt a glee  
 Of pleasures that await the bride,  
 Of sunny life's untroubled sea,  
 Smooth sands and gently-swelling tide.

A time will come when steps are slow  
 And apt on ancient scenes to rest,  
 When life hath lost its former glow  
 And, one by one, your shrinking breast  
 Hath dropt the flowers refreshing so  
 That mansion of the truly blest.

Then, nor til then, in spring go forth  
 The graves of waiting friends to see :  
 It would be pleasant to my earth  
 To know your step, if that might be :  
 A bayleaf is above my worth,  
 A daisy is enough for me.

---

No. 232.

ON THE TZAR.

PEACE! fly to Heaven ; and, righteous war! come  
 down.

Europe sits trembling at a despot's frown.  
 O'er provinces and realms behold him stride !  
 And seas of blood alone can quench his pride.  
 Strike, valiant arm, impatient of disgrace,  
 And let him die the death of half his race !

No. 233.

RISTORMEL.

SUMMER is come, and must I never see  
 Thro' its dense leaves, Ristormel, aught of thee ?  
 Never the time-defying castlewall,  
 The fragil bridge, the sparkling waterfall ?  
 Ah there are other sights, how far more dear  
 Than castle, bridge, or river swift and clear,  
 Or that green meadow, or that dim retreat  
 Under the oaks, or that broad garden-seat,  
 Where thoughts were many and where words were  
 few . . .  
 Must I, Ristormel, bid all these adieu ?  
 Above the river's ever-restless flow  
 I hear one soothing voice ; it whispers *no*.

---

No. 234.

TO MANIN IN HEAVEN.

MANIN ! thy country mourns thee ; but afar  
 Shines o'er the Adrian sea thy cloudless star,  
 And every child throughout the land to thee  
 At rising sun and setting, bends the knee.  
 To thy pure soul ten thousand altars bear  
 Each a thanksgiving sigh and hopeful prayer.

No. 235.

## THE ALBUM OPENED.

JUST as opposite in merit  
 As in place these lines you see.  
 She has pathos, she has spirit,  
 Naught but what she gave has he.

Never image springs without her,  
 Rose comes first, and last comes Rose,  
 And the chaff he throws about her  
 Her bright amber-drops inclose.

---

 No. 236.

## THE ALBUM CLOSED.

I NEVER thought to see thee end in blanks  
 So soon, O cherisht book!  
 Return to her who fill'd a few, with thanks  
 Upon thy sadden'd look :

Bid her in these or other lands be blest  
 With health and love and peace :  
 Devoting thus one vacant page, we rest . . .  
 For here our wishes cease.

No. 237.

TO SIR HENRY STRACHEY.

STRACHEY! now may'st thou praise thy God  
 That thy tired feet long since retrod  
 Thy ancient hall, thy native fields,  
 And spurn'd the wealth that India yields.  
 Millions were grateful for thy care,  
 For wrong redrest and guilt laid bare :  
 Short-lived is Gratitude, of all  
 The Virtues first to faint and fall.  
 That court where thy tribunal stood  
 Is dyed and drencht with British blood.  
 Mothers and infants lie around  
 Hewn piecemeal : but from one worse wound  
 Brave husbands save a fond chaste breast,  
 Pierce it, and there again find rest.

---

No. 238.

THE PRINCE OF LEININGEN.

MURDERED OCTOBER 6, 1849, BY THE AUSTRIAN.

AMONG the foremost of Earth's freeborn men  
 Hungarians stil bemoan thee, Leiningen !  
 Even England, fallen from her high estate,  
 Beholds, tho' dimly, the sublimely great.  
 She hugged too fondly her distorted sons,  
 Castlereas, Cannings, Russells, Palmerstons :  
 No more asleep or drunk, she marks afar  
 Deserted Guyon o'er the Raglan star,

And blesses Kossuth's Demosthenic tongue,  
 Dividing true from false, and right from wrong.  
 O could thy spirit fly across the sea,  
 And those who boast thy blood resemble thee.

---

No. 239.

ON THE EARTHQUAKE AT ST SAUVEUR  
 AND BIARITZ THE NIGHT OF THE EM-  
 PEROR'S ARRIVAL.

THE mountains bow'd and trembled as he came,  
 Shall not Earth's man-gorged monsters do the same?

---

No. 240.

TO ARTHUR WALKER,

NEPHEW OF SIR BALDWIN.

SOLDIER and Saint! go forth. A groan of pain  
 Draws unavailing Pity from the slain :  
 She points before thee where, on either hand,  
 Angels of mercy, mortal angels, stand.  
 Go, Arthur! Friends will weep ; but sternest Pride  
 May shed some tears, some few, he would not hide.  
 The path of danger ever was thy path :  
 God's children heed not Man's unmanly wrath.  
 He call'd thee forth and led thee unapall'd  
 Where Pestilence smote cities, vainly wall'd :  
 May He who rules the tempest, O may He  
 Protect and guide thee on the Euxine Sea!

No. 241.

TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE PLAINT OF  
FREEDOM."

PRAISER of Milton! worthy of *his* praise!  
How shall I name thee? art thou yet unnamed?  
While verses flourish hanging overhead  
In looser tendrils than stern husbandry  
May well approve, on thee shall none descend?  
At Milton's hallowed name thy hymn august  
Sounds as the largest bell from minster-tower.  
I ponder; and in time may dare to praise;  
Milton had done it; Milton would have graspt  
Thy hand amid his darkness, and with more  
Impatient pertinacity because  
He heard the voice and could not see the face.

---

No. 242.

TO CAROLINE CHISHOLM.

How little have the powerful of the earth  
Aided in raising up God's image, marred  
In falling, and from age to age trod down!  
Crowns have but crusht it; shepherds and their  
flocks  
Only the more defiled it; Laws have buzzed  
Perplexing round about; before the prance  
Of War they cowered awhile, then seized his hand,  
And, running at his side, took half the spoil.



Europe and Asia rais'd Gods over Gods,  
 Men over men ; but gentle brotherhood  
 They never knew. Our iland sent beyond  
 The Atlantic wave some stubborn hearts, unmoved  
 By pity, and intolerant of tears.  
 One after sent she forth of milder mien,  
 And Peace and Justice were the counselors  
 On right and left of that sage patriarch :  
 Brave was the sire, but braver was the son,  
 Founder of states to live when Europe dies.

Greater than he comes one whom never gain  
 Attracted, never sanguinary field  
 Delighted, never idle peace allured  
 From earnest duty : thro' remoter seas  
 Her vessel sails . . *her* vessel ? Yes, that helm  
 A woman guides . . but One above guides *her*.

Chisholm ! of all the ages that have roll'd  
 Around this rolling globe, what age hath seen  
 Such arduous, such heaven-guided enterprise  
 As thine ? Crime flies before thee, and the shores  
 Of Austral Asia, lustrated by thee,  
 Collect no longer the putrescent weeds  
 Of Europe, cast by senates to infect  
 The only unpolluted continent.  
 Thither hast thou conducted honest toil  
 Fainting of hunger on the wealthy street,  
 Thither the maiden in whose pallid face  
 Lust thought he saw his victim, but could raise  
 Only one blush and one indignant tear.  
 These, these hast thou watcht over, nor hast lookt  
 Beyond, where Glory sits awaiting thee ;  
 Nor wouldst thou hear with any fresh delight,

What sages in their histories will record,  
 That the most potent empire of the earth  
 Was planted, some five centuries before,  
 Under God's guidance by his Chisholm's hand.  
 Semiramis begirt with terraced walls  
 Her mighty city for the prince and slave ;  
 Thy grander soul threw open a wide world  
 With one command, *Be virtuous and be free.*

---

No. 243.

DEATH OF BLAKE.

BLAKE.

THE pillow is too soft ; my head sinks in ;  
 Raise me up higher : that will do, my men !  
 But where is England ? Are they cliffs or clouds  
 That rise before me ?

CAPTAIN.

There are both, Sir, both  
 Ahead of us. But you without your glass  
 See better than the rest of us.

BLAKE.

How so ?

I could not read my Bible in the sun,  
 Nor see the porpoises that played below  
 But yesterday. My sight grows worse and worse . . .  
 My hearing too . . . I catch your words by halves . . .  
 I can not hear the water. Do we move ?

CAPTAIN.

Ay, Sir, and homeward.

BLAKE.

*My* home lies, methinks,  
Nearer than thine.

CAPTAIN (*aside*).

God help him ! he forgets  
That we are neighbors in our pleasant vale,  
That he has caught me up and twicht my chin  
When I would run into the house for shame.

BLAKE.

Look out, men ! Level with the shrouds, nay, lower,  
The mists loom over-head ; the cliffs are close ;  
Beware ; mind each his business ; leave me here,  
And say no more ; for I am faint . . at heart  
Not very . . yet there too.

O restless soul,  
So soon to leave me with my God alone,  
Why sickenest thou ? He will support my steps  
To His own house and rest me with His own.

CAPTAIN.

General ! He hears you ; He hath heard our prayer.

BLAKE.

I thought . . but I was wrong . . that my command  
Was *Let all leave me*. Once none disobeyed ;  
Now, alas ! now . . O Robert Blake ! thy voice  
Is weak indeed ; it was not so, time past.

CAPTAIN.

Sir! the most duteous is the only one  
 Who here hath disobeyed. Forgive this fault,  
 The first in Edward Hardy you have blamed.

BLAKE.

I dare not blame it. How much greater faults  
 Have I committed when thy years were mine!  
 Yet they were all forgiven, else the Lord  
 Would not have rais'd me from my low estate  
 To gain His battles, with true men like thee.  
 Ah surely I am haler than I was,  
 And much of fever hath abated in me,  
 For I feel moisture on my hand and cheek.  
 What! groanest thou at this? Wouldst wish me dead  
 Because in battle 'twas not mine to die?

CAPTAIN.

O Sir! my tears have wetted you! they may  
 Do mischief!

BLAKE.

There are tears that brave men shed  
 And brave men only; thine have done me good;  
 Squander no more of them; reserve the rest  
 For better . . . *men* I would have said, but *men*  
 Is not the word . . . For woman . . . spouse and widow.  
 Where are we now?

CAPTAIN.

The Lizard is in sight.

BLAKE.

Happy, O England! he who meets thee safe,  
 Mistress of nations, mistress of thyself . .  
 Be this thy glory!

CAPTAIN.

No small part is yours,  
 My general!

BLAKE.

Hush, thou babbler! without more  
 As bold, as self-devoted . . Am I proud?  
 I, who should now grow humbler . . without those  
 Nothing were done for England's Commonwealth:  
 Long, long as ye deserve it, may it last!  
 Edward! I think no better word, if any,  
 Will follow. Lower my head. Thanks; thanks;  
 good-bye.

Thus sank the wisest of the godly-brave,  
 And England's own high heart sank too . . how deep!  
 She saw his bones, yet moist with their own clay,  
 Amid the giggles of the foully fair  
 And smirks of prelates in like lawn arraid,  
 A drunken king dig from the grave and spurn.  
 Britain! take up thy spear; the morn is fresh;  
 A brood of the same beasts is prowling round  
 In packs; prick onward; let not one escape,  
 Growler or whiner: thou hast limbs as strong  
 As those who fought with Blake and died for thee.

No. 244.

## TO MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

THE hay is carried ; and the Hours  
Snatch, as they pass, the linden flow'rs ;  
And children leap to pluck a spray  
Bent earthward, and then run away.  
Park-keeper ! catch me those grave thieves  
About whose frocks the fragrant leaves,  
Sticking and fluttering here and there,  
No false nor faltering witness bear.

I never view such scenes as these  
In grassy meadow girt with trees,  
But comes a thought of her who now  
Sits with serenely patient brow  
Amid deep sufferings : none hath told  
More pleasant tales to young and old.  
Fondest was she of Father Thames,  
But rambled to Hellenic streams ;  
Nor even there could any tell  
The country's purer charms so well  
As Mary Mitford.

Verse ! go forth  
And breathe o'er gentle breasts her worth.  
Needless the task . . but should she see  
One hearty wish from you and me,  
A moment's pain it may assuage . .  
A rose-leaf on the couch of Age.

---

No. 245.

## ON THE GRASSHOPPER.

BY DUNSTERVILLE BRUCKS.

GRASSHOPPER! thou art not the same  
 Either in form or voice or name  
 As once the Teian sung, and he  
 Who mourn'd the loss of reedy lea  
 With Tityrus, while over-head  
 Its broad cool shade the beech outspred.

Whether thou lovedst sun or dew  
 Most dearly, neither of them knew ;  
 But both were better pleased than I  
 At hearing thine incessant cry.  
 I do not recognise the same  
 Now thou hast changed thy note and name  
 And form and color, and art come  
 To cheer the meadows nearer home.  
 No poet ever sang thy praise  
 In dewy or in sunny days  
 Sweetly as he where sounds less shrill  
 Repeat the name of Dunsterville.

---

 No. 246.

## VERSES WHY BURNT.

How many verses have I thrown  
 Into the fire because the one  
 Peculiar word, the wanted most,  
 Was irrecoverably lost.

No. 247.

REVIVAL OF POETS.

POETS had kept the *Long Vacation*  
 Of thirty years in every nation ;  
 In England suddenly were heard  
 Two, and in Italy a third.  
 Loose-girted Germany sent forth  
 Puff after puff that warm'd the north :  
 But such narcotic strong perfumes  
 Grew vapid in close English rooms,  
 And in our garden scarce a hive  
 Did they, in passing, leave alive ;  
 Recovered now, the cluster swells,  
 And purer honey fills the cells.

---

No. 248.

TO ROSE.

OCTOBER 13, 1857.

Qualis ab Incepto.

FEW the years that wait for me  
 Rounding my centenary ;  
 But my latest wish shall be  
 Health and happiness to thee.

Years in age are apt to grow  
 Crabbed ; all the rest may go  
 Ere another fall of snow  
 Fill the furrow on my brow.



We shall see thy face again  
 When despotic Winter's chain  
 Clanks upon the pallid plain . .  
 Let him rave ; he raves in vain.

Not a floweret fears the cold  
 In thy presence : we are told  
 That the bravest men enrol'd  
 In Fame's record were less bold.

---

No. 249.

THE LAST MISLETO.

TO AN OAK.

It was a cruel hand that tore  
 From thee, so helpless now and hoar,  
 That misleto, the only one  
 Left on our oaks : how many a sun  
 Its ripe and rounded pearls hath seen,  
 And leaves, when yours had fallen, green !  
 Where all assert an ancient stem  
 Had pity hold on none of them ?  
 And did no Druid reappear  
 To cry in threatening tone " forbear !  
 Blind idiots ! is there none to trace  
 That misleto's more noble race ?  
 None who can sing in celtic rhyme  
 The glories of its parents' prime ?  
 How (bards behind) we Druids stood  
 In the dim center of the wood,

With golden blade, in vest of snow,  
 To clip our sacred misleto ?  
 And dare ye, recreants, so efface  
 Here the last scion of his race."

---

No. 250.

JUPITER'S COMMANDMENTS.

How is it that the loveliest lands  
 Of Mother Earth are barren sands ?  
 The best and boldest once they bore,  
 Alas ! these races are no more.  
 Wisdom went forth from sea to sea  
 To join her sister Poetry ;  
 Unlike that Wisdom, call'd the true,  
 Ready to gibbet me and you,  
 Because we may not quite find out,  
 And seem in some degree to doubt,  
 That they can make our sins weigh lighter,  
 Or life's expiring lamp shine brighter.

Ye men of Croton ! grew ye brave  
 By listening to a lazy knave,  
 Who caught and held you from the school  
 Where Samos sent her sage to rule ;  
 Where Milo swung his cestus round  
 And only fear'd to strike and wound.

O for the days so blythe and free  
 When piped the swains of Sicily !  
 The glorious days when mutual song,  
 Mountains and vales and woods among,

Ascended under smiling skies,  
And opposite more radiant eyes ;  
Days when the gravest Gods above  
Laught at a tale of wily Love,  
And jeer'd each other ; for they knew  
It was but what they used to do ;  
When Jupiter was heard to say  
Amid the dreaminess of day,  
“ Eat the vine-berries when ye please,  
But when ye kiss abstain from cheese :  
Drink from the spring when ye are dry,  
But lay the flask and flagon by :  
Check petulance in kid or goat,  
But seize no rival by the throat.  
Never hurl hatred back agen,  
But one caress repay with ten.

I have so many things to do  
I can no longer talk with you,  
But bid my daughter and her son  
Report what youths and maids have done.  
Smile not, thou youth ! shrink not, thou maid !  
Nor thou be bold, nor thou afraid.  
Gentle as ye may deem her now,  
With not a frown across the brow,  
My daughter is as strong as I,  
And, where *she* bids, *his* arrows fly :  
He bears no thunder ; but he bears  
Enough to deluge earth of tears.  
Keep my commandments ; hers too keep,  
Or she will give you cause to weep :  
In brief, whoever contravenes  
We banish from these blissful scenes.”

No. 251.

OUR STATESMEN.

CANNING, in english and in latin strong,  
 Was quite an infant in each other tongue.  
 Proud, yet an easy embassy he sought  
 From the kind comrade he traduced and fought :  
 Poet, yet certain 'twas no poet's dream  
 That stil the Tagus rolls a golden stream.  
 And now is sent the son he thought a fool  
 O'er restless India's tottering realm to rule !  
 And shall not England with stern hand chastise  
 Those who her warnings and her woe despise ?  
 For every thousand let but only one,  
 The basest for the bravest men, atone.  
 She has spent all, or nearly all, her shot,  
 But all her timber she (thank God !) has not.

---

No. 252.

DIFFERENCE IN TEARS.

THERE are some tears we would not wish to dry,  
 And some that sting before they drop and die.  
 Ah ! well may be imagined, of the two  
 Which I would ask of Heaven may fall from you.  
 Such, ere the lover sinks into the friend  
 On meeting cheeks in warm attraction blend.

No. 253.

## THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS,

NOV. 2, 1857.

MOUNTAINS are less inert than men.  
Vesuvius blazes forth agen ;  
He has borne more, for fewer years,  
Than every soul about him bears.  
I know what victim would appease  
The Spirit of Empedocles.  
How joyous would be then the roar  
Across the bay from shore to shore :  
Tremendous the accord would be  
Of those insurgents, fire and sea.  
No human victim should it cost,  
Only a Bourbon at the most.

---

No. 254.

## WHY NEVER SEEN.

You ask me why I'm "never seen." . .  
Except by you, perhaps you mean.  
Without the gazes of the crowd  
I can be (while you let me) proud.  
Society props slender folk,  
In the deep forest swells the oak.

No. 255.

WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

DEATH of the year ! wilt thou be also mine,  
 O Winter ! never must I catch agen  
 The virgin breath of mountain cyclamen,  
 Pushing aside the wayward eglantine ?

Such were my phantasies not long ago,  
 Ere thou wast nearer : I had thought once more  
 To ramble as of old along the shore  
 Of Larius, now indeed with step more slow :

And thence, if such a scene the heart can bear  
 To leave behind, Sorrento's cliffs along  
 From that old terrace-walk guitar and song  
 (Spectres ! away with ye !) agen to hear.

---

No. 256.

CREEDS.

WE have outlived low Creeds ; the high remains.  
 One, that *our God is good*, the soul sustains.  
 Revenge he leaves among the blind below,  
 Who miss the object when they aim the blow.  
 Far, not too far, it pleases Him to place  
 Hope for the humble, terror for the base.

No. 257.

## PHILOSOPHER AND POET.

PHILOSOPHER and poet you shall find  
 Each ever after his own kind :  
 'Tis well to watch them . . not too near perhaps . .  
 One snarls at you, the other snaps.

---

No. 258.

## THE FIG-TREES OF GHERARDESCA.

YE brave old fig-trees ! worthy pair !  
 Beneath whose shade I often lay  
 To breathe awhile a cooler air,  
 And shield me from the darts of day.

Strangers have visited the spot,  
 Led thither by my parting song ;  
 Alas ! the strangers found you not,  
 And curst the poet's lying tongue.

Vanisht each venerable head,  
 Nor bough nor leaf could tell them where  
 To look for you, alive or dead ;  
 Unheeded was my distant prayer.\*

\* Et ficus maneant duo,  
 Semper religiosius  
 Servandæ, umbriferum caput  
 Conquassante senecta.

I might have hoped (if hope had ever  
 Been mine) that storm or time alone  
 Your firm alliance would dissever. .  
 Hath mortal hand your strength o'erthrown ?

Before an axe had bitten thro'  
 The bleeding bark, some tender thought,  
 If not for me, at least for you,  
 On younger bosoms might have wrought.

Age after age your honeyed fruit  
 From boys unseen thro' foliage fell  
 On lifted apron ; now is mute  
 The girlish glee ! Old friends, farewell !

---

No. 259.

ON A SPITZ.

O DEATH ! thou must have lost thy wits  
 To throw a wanton dart at Spitz.  
 Are there no creatures wild or tame  
 Which thou shouldst rather make thy game ?  
 No prowling tigers, worn-out asses ;  
 No Aberdeens, no Nicholasses,  
 That thou shouldst single from the rest  
 A watchful, wise, true-hearted beast,  
 Who never seiz'd anothers bone  
 But dogfully maintained his own.



## No. 260.

## CROMWELL IN COUNCIL.

PRELATES and Judges! Privy-Councillors!  
 In virtue of my office I besought  
 Your presence.

Ye were taught obedience,  
 And ye should teach it, if so be ye learnt  
 Your lesson ere ye thrust it into hands  
 Under your ferule, smarting from it yet.

What is that word I caught from yonder corner?  
 Jabber no longer. Talk to me of laws!  
 Laws there are thousands; Justice there is one,  
 One only. God created her, well pleas'd  
 With his creation. Men like you can make,  
 And *do* make, year by year and day by day,  
 What ye call laws. Laws thrust down Eliot  
 Into Death's chamber, agonized with blows  
 Of ponderous damp incessant. Better men  
 Than you or I are doom'd if one escape.  
 But, by the Lord above! whose holy name  
 I utter not profanely, by the Lord!  
 That one shall *not* escape. God's signature  
 I bear, and I affix it on the blood  
 Of those brave hearts that bounded at Dunbar.

*(The Prelates and Judges &c. go.)*

Are those folks gone?

Conduct them tenderly;  
 Draw up the gloves for it, thy softest pair.  
 Ireton! thou hast not glibber speech than I,  
 But tell those cravats, frills, and furbelows,

Those curl'd purveyors to the Unicorn,  
 A bushel of such heads, priced honestly,  
 Is not worth one grey hair of Eliot  
 Pluckt by the torturer Grief, untoucht by Time.  
 Givers of laws, forsooth !

The feast is over

Which they got drunk at, striking right and left  
 Until their shins and shoulders fared the worst.  
 Troth ! I can scarce be grave in looking at them ;  
 They have now done their work, let us do ours.  
 We, tho' unworthy of a sight so grand,  
 Shall see God strike the throne : they who again  
 So sin, shall see Him raise it in His wrath.

---

No. 261.

THE BANQUET OVER.

I LEAVE the table : take my place,  
 Ye young, and, when ye rise, say grace.  
 Hence all unthankful ones, and go  
 Where neither vines nor myrtles grow.

---

No. 262.

A TRUTH.

THERE may be scornfulness, there may be wrong  
 Which never rises to the proud man's tongue.

No. 263.

## CAUGHT.

HIDE not that book away, nor fear  
I shall betray the fallen tear.  
Believe me, at a single look  
I know the cover of that book,  
Nothing with such assiduous care  
Is studied in the Book of Prayer ;  
And never did I see arise  
Blushes from David's melodies.  
I sadly fear that wicked "*Corsair*,"  
Fiery as flint and rough as horse-hair,  
More tears from those dim eyes hath won  
Than David shed on Absalom.

No. 264.

## WISHES.

WISHES are by-paths to unhappiness,  
And in the vale of Tears they terminate.

No. 265.

## THE FIRE OF LOVE.

THE fires of love are pure in just degree,  
Like other fires, to their intensity.

No. 266.

NOVEMBER.

THE year lies waste ; November's rain  
 Is deluging the world again.  
 Behold the signal to embark !  
 Come then, my dove ! behold the ark !  
 Noises all round us we may hear  
 Of spite and malice : never fear.  
 The tamer beasts shall stall below,  
 Their wildness shall the wild forego,  
 And we above will pass the day  
 As blithely as we did in May ;  
 And one shall bill, and one shall coo,  
 The choice of *which* I leave to you.

---

No. 267.

TO BATH.

THE snows have fallen since my eyes were closed  
 Upon thy downs and pine-woods, genial Bath !  
 In whose soft bosom my young head reposed,  
 Whose willing hand shed flowers throughout my  
 path.

The snows have fallen on more heads than mine,  
 Alas ! on few with heavier cares opprest.  
 My early wreath of love didst thou entwine,  
 Wilt thou entwine one for my last *long rest* ?

No. 268.

## LEAVING LONDON.

WONDERS, 'tis true, I leave behind,  
And, what is rarer, friends so kind.  
To my own country I am gone  
From Grecian Slave and Amazon,  
Nor longer can delight my eyes  
In painture's proudest galleries,  
But Nature's are before me stil,  
And I may wander at my will  
Mid avenues where ancient trees  
Discourse about the coming breeze  
And tremble for the rooks above,  
And chide the unreturning dove ;  
Then, showing at their feet the moss,  
Invite me to forget my loss,  
Or, if unwilling to forget,  
To dream that I am with you yet.

---

  
No. 269.

## FEW BUT BEND THEIR NECKS.

How few there are who live content  
To pass thro' life with neck unbent !  
Yet the bent neck bears shame and pain,  
And never comes erect again.

No. 270.

A BACK-BITER.

If thou wert only foul and frowsy,  
 If only itchy, only lousy,  
 Bold men might take thy hand, Dalhousie !

Thou art a prudent chiel, my lord,  
 And in thy little heart are stored  
 Lies stamp't and mill'd, a precious hoard !

If thou hadst only run away  
 While Napier kept our foes at bay,  
 None would have cried, "*Come back! stay, stay!*"

Many like thee are not o'er-brave,  
 Like thee their bacon they would save,  
 But ne'er besmirch a veteran's grave.

No. 271.

HEARTS-EASE.

THERE is a flower I wish to wear,  
 But not until first worne by you . .  
 Hearts-ease . . of all Earth's flowers most rare ;  
 Bring it ; and bring enough for two.

No. 272.

## THE DREAMER.

I AM a dreamer both by night and day.  
 Among my life's no rare felicities  
 Is this, that seldom painful dreams befall  
 My night's repose, or perch on my arm-chair.  
 It is not only in our youth we men  
 Run after morning dreams fast-slipping by,  
 Or fain would solder broken images :  
 With thinner fancies Age essays the task,  
 And throws it down again, as one unmeet  
 And unbecoming ; so he says ; but I  
 Know better : 'tis because he tires and fails.

Some would affirm that dreams portend events  
 To come soon after, certainly to come :  
 I doubt it : yet may Fear and Hope create  
 Progeny ill-proportioned, in accord  
 Rarely ; but Hope contends, tho' Fear prevails ;  
 And short-lived is that sickly progeny.

Sophia ! whom I seldom call'd by name,  
 And trembled when I wrote it ; O my friend  
 Severed so long from me ! one morn I dreamt  
 That we were walking hand in hand thro' paths  
 Slippery with sunshine : after many years  
 Had flown away, and seas and realms been crost,  
 And much (alas how much !) by both endured  
 We join'd our hands again and told our tale.  
 And now thy hand hath slipt away from mine,  
 And the cold marble cramps it : I dream on,  
 Dost thou dream too ? and are our dreams the same ?

## No. 273.

## LAYING A FOUNDATION-STONE.

WHAT has prince \* \* done that he  
 Without a monument should be ?  
 He in his bounty placed a stone  
 For mason-boys to build upon ;  
 Should not like mason-boys bestow  
 A stone on him ? a *quid pro quo* ?  
 If they will not, there are who will ;  
 Some, be assured, are grateful stil.  
 Austrian and Russian, King and Tzar  
 Owe him for Turk held down from war,  
 For navies burnt, for cities razed,  
 Our ships at anchor, God be praised  
 And smelling from afar the smoke  
 That might have blacken'd British oak.  
 Statues ! inscriptions ! what are they ?  
 Gems, gems alone, such worth repay ;  
 Necklaces, crosses ; from one hand  
 Fall these, and, where they fall, command.  
 How long unbroken shall remain,  
 Europe ! thy *adamantine* chain ?

---

 No. 274.

## THE BARK.

UPON the bark of this old tree  
 You here and there your name will see ;  
 You caught the blossoms where they fell,  
 And may you like the fruit as well.



---

No. 275.

## IANTHE'S TROUBLES.

YOUR pleasures spring like daisies in the grass,  
Cut down and up again as blythe as ever ;  
From you, Ianthe, little troubles pass  
Like little ripples in a sunny river.

---

No. 276.

## TO ONE IN GRIEF.

AH ! do not drive off grief, but place your hand  
Upon it gently ; it will then subside.  
A wish is often more than a command,  
Either of yours would do ; let one be tried.

---

No. 277.

## KENYON AT COWES.

MY Kenyon ! who would live away  
From Wimbledon a summer day.  
No, there is nothing worth the sight  
Where you are in your Isle of Wight.  
Wimbledon *has* its charms for me . .  
Per Bacco ! I would rather see  
Than all the crowds that crowd the gate  
Before the greatest of the great  
The gander and the goose upon  
Your little mere at Wimbledon.

No. 278.

TO LORD NUGENT.

AH Nugent! are those days gone by  
 When, warm from Chaucer, you and I  
 Beheld our claret's beak dip low,  
 And then felt Moca's breezes blow,  
 Fragrant beyond the fragrant flower  
 Of citron in her dewy hour :  
 We schemed such projects as we might  
 In younger days with better right.  
 Athens was ours; and who but we  
 Shouted along Thermopylæ ?  
 Who shared Olympus with the Gods,  
 Or siezed Earth's fairest daughter Rhodes,  
 Or Delos girt with purple seas  
 And peristyles of Cyclades ?  
 Alas! alas! my genial friend,  
 There is a night when dreams must end;  
 They, like all mortal things are vain,  
 But 'tis the vainest to complain.

---

No. 279.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

SEE how this paper, pure no more,  
 By worthless pen is scribbled o'er!  
 'Tis easy Folly's mark to trace,  
 But not so easy to efface.

No. 280.

FANNY.

FANNY would flatter me : she said  
“ I think you need not be afraid  
Of Byron, tho’ the greatest man  
At verses since the world began.”

“ Ah ! I replied, a poet’s curse is  
Not only in another’s verses,  
But in his youth and beauty too,  
If they are felt by one like you.”

“ Stuff ! I should never mind such things  
In poets, not if they were kings.  
You are not quite so tender, quite  
So resolute by day and night.  
And could you . . . much I doubt it . . . swim  
Across the Hellespont, like him ?  
Was ever such a dear white throat !  
And what a *duck* without his coat !  
If he had seen me, he had tried  
(No doubt of it) to raise my pride ;  
And that is what you never did,  
But only just what you were bid.  
Some there are who might more expect,  
And call your careless way *neglect*.  
I never would ; for you alone  
Have given me the proper tone ;  
You call’d me, what you made me, wise,  
And kist, but never prais’d, my eyes.”

---

No. 281.

A PAIR OF NIGHTINGALES.

COOL-SMELLING Oleander loves the stream  
 And bends ripe roses over it ; but whose  
 Are those bright eyes that look aslant at me ?  
 And whose are those slim talons, smooth, yet sharp,  
 That hold an insect up ?

She flies away,  
 Nor heeds my doubts and questionings.

Erelong

Melodious gurgles ripple from a copse  
 Hard-by : she seems to thank me, seems to tell  
 Her partner not to fear me : they defer  
 The song of gratitude til even-tide,  
 Then gushes it amain.

Fond pair, sing on ;  
 I will watch near you ; none shall interrupt  
 That deep and sparkling stream of melody.

No. 282.

THE HONEY-MOON.

THE honey-moon is very strange.  
 Unlike all other moons the change  
     She regularly undergoes.  
 She rises at the full ; then loses  
 Much of her brightness ; then reposes  
     Faintly ; and then . . has nought to lose.

No. 283.

ON AN INVITATION TO A WALK  
IN EVENING.

MAMA! we both are quite agreed  
 That stars are very nice indeed,  
 But, the plain simple truth to tell,  
 We like bright epaulettes as well,  
 And look at partners just as soon  
 As at the man there in the moon.  
 We girls by nature's hand are made  
 For waltz, quadrille, and gallopade,  
 Snails for the garden and the glade.

---

 No. 284.

## ON THE LINES ABOVE.

SOPHY looks grave nor says one word,  
 But Rose's little ire is stirr'd ;  
 Such ire as may be thine, O dove  
 Of Venus! when thou'rt vext by Love.  
 "Leave the rude spiteful man to me"  
 She says. "I'll punish him : you'll see.  
 He is too silly to go mad,  
 Yet not so but he may be sad ;  
 And I will bring him to his senses  
 For this and many more offences.

Mind! two whole evenings, should he come,  
I will be blind and deaf and dumb ;  
*Bettina* he shall hear no more,  
And offer worlds for *Pescatòr*.

---

No. 285.

DAMÆTUS AND PHILLIS.

AN IDYL.

DAMÆTUS is a boy as rude  
As ever broke maid's solitude.  
One morning he saw Phillis going  
Where the wild raspberries were growing,  
And, under a pretence of fear  
Lest they might scratch her arms, drew near ;  
Then, pulling up a stiff grey bent,  
The fruit, scarce touching it, he sent  
Into both hands : the form they took  
Of a boat's keel upon a brook ;  
So not a raspberry fell down  
To balk her aim or splash her gown.  
When it was over, for his pains  
She let his lips do off the stains,  
And lookt down on his head, while he  
First kist two fingers, then kist three,  
And, to be certain every stain  
Had vanisht, kist them o'er again.  
At last the boy, quite shameless, said  
" I have here taken out the red,

Now, where there's riper richer fruit  
 Pray, gentle Phillis, let me do 't."  
 "Audacious creature!" she cried out,  
 "What in the world are you about?"

He had not taken out the red . .  
 All over both her cheeks 'twas spread ;  
 And both her lips, that should be white  
 With fear . . if not with fear, with spite  
 At such ill usage, never show'd  
 More comely nor more deeply glow'd.  
 Damoetus fancied he could move  
 The girl to listen to his love ;  
 Not he.

She said, "For pity's sake,  
 Go ; never more come near this brake.  
 The boldest thing I ever knew,  
 Impudent boy ! was done by you ;  
 And when you are a little older,  
 By Dian ! you may do a bolder."

---

No. 286.

MUSIC.

INTERMINABLE undulating weeds  
 Cover sharp rocks along the sea's abyss ;  
 Thus buoyant music waves about the breast  
 And lifts it up from what lies dark below.

No. 287.

## TO A KID.

MY little kid ! if I forbid  
Your visit to my tender trees,  
Take it not ill, nor vainly fill  
With hoarse lament the mountain breeze.

Your father there with hoary hair  
And there your gentler mother stands ;  
I sadly fear their coming near  
My quiet nook on lower lands.

Let poet rest his throbbing breast  
In the lone woodland's cool retreat ;  
Let higher state the goat await  
Who scorns alike the wind and heat,

For you alone, my little one,  
I spread behind the stable door  
The softest straw you ever saw. .  
Against the lintel more and more

You may bring out the horns that sprout  
So ruddily, and polish each.  
A shining brook runs near . . you look  
Affrighted . . what a thoughtless speech !

So ! here I find on kiddish mind  
Traditionary lore instil'd.  
Tho' fairly bookt, Nymph might have lookt  
For poet's promise unfulfild.



But never mind ; no hand shall bind  
For a *Bandusia* such a kid.  
Bound if you are, one fond and fair  
Shall bind you in fresh flowers half-hid.

My groves delight by day and night  
To hear her name : this makes them still.  
Should she have prest to yours her breast  
A little hard, dont take it ill.

Her cheek tho' warm will do no harm  
To the cool nostril she may kiss.  
We all must bear things as they are. .  
Now one word more . . and it is this.

As you grow old grow not too bold,  
Learn modesty, nor ramp nor roam.  
Lest blushes rise to pain her eyes  
Your lady cousins must not come.

Meanwhile, tho' play you fairly may,  
Hit not the inviting knee too hard ;  
For haply he afar may be  
Who knows the cure, her faithful bard.

---

No. 288.

CANIDIA AND CAINA.

CANIDIA shared her prey with owls and foxes,  
The daintier Caina feeds from letter-boxes.

No. 289.

THE FAT SUITOR.

O THOU on whom Rubens had revel'd ! O fatter  
 Than Silenus, than uglier than Faun or than Satyr !  
 What was it thy impudence breath'd in the ear  
 Of Ianthe, all redden'd with shame and with fear ?  
 We will cover thy carcase with blanket and sheet  
 And make it a matras as soon as we meet.

---

No. 290.

THE PRIMROSE-BANK.

It was because the seat was dry,  
 And many other reasons why,  
 O primrose-bank ! Ianthe's gown  
 Was lifted for her to sit down,  
 When we both thought that harm were done  
 More than sufficiently by one :  
 So only one of us imprest  
 The tender turf. Why tell the rest ?  
 Ground-ivy peer'd, and celandine  
 Show'd us how smartly he could shine,  
 And stiff-neck violets, one or two,  
 Pouted, and would not venture thro'.  
 Forgive us, and accept our thanks,  
 Thou pleasantest of primrose-banks !

No. 291.

## NANCY'S HAIR.

YE native gems of beauty! golden hairs  
 Once mingled with my own,  
 While soft desires, ah me! were all the cares  
 Two idle hearts had known.

How is it that I take ye from the shrine  
 Which holds one treasure yet,  
 That ye, now all of Nancy that is mine,  
 Shrink from my fond regret?

Ye leaves that droopt not with the plant that  
 bore ye,  
 Start ye before my breath?  
 Shrink ye from fonder Love that would adore ye,  
 O ye who fear not Death?

---

 No. 292.

## TO MY SON WALTER.

MY serious son! I see thee look  
 First at the picture, then the book.  
 I catch the wish that thou couldst paint  
 The yearnings of the ecstatic saint.  
 Give it not up, my serious son!  
 Wish it again and it is done.  
 Seldom will any fail who tries  
 With patient hand and earnest eyes  
 And woos the Arts with such pure sighs.

## No. 293.

## FRENCHMEN.

WHISKERED Furies ! boy-stuff blouses,  
Fanning fires on peaceful houses !  
What are all these oaths and yells  
Rais'd from thirty million hells ?  
Swagger, scream, and pest away ;  
Courage now, anon dismay.  
Never since the world began  
Yours, O France, was one great man.  
Him ye boast ye boast in vain,  
Germany's was Charlemagne,  
Roland, Corday, and the Maid  
At whose spear were those afraid  
That had broken every sword  
Drawn for your degenerate lord . .  
These were more than men, and more  
Than your petty envy bore.  
Louis-Philip ! rear your walls  
Round those madmen and their brawls ;  
Well you know the fiery rout  
And what rain can put it out.

## No. 294.

## THE PERFIDIOUS.

Go on ! go on ! and love away !  
Mine was, another's is, the day.  
Hear me awhile, and do not speak . .  
I see the pressure on the cheek,

I know the very red it took  
 When its first posture it forsook.  
 Go on ! go on ! perfidious ! now  
 Upon his shoulder rest thy brow  
 And look into his eyes until  
 Thy own, to find them colder, fill.

---

No. 295.

TO ALEXANDER THE VENTRILOQUIST.

STANDING with courtiers, princes, Tzars,  
 Methinks I'm acting in a farce :  
 Not one among these scenic men  
 Would wish to see my face agen ;  
 And here for ever may there be  
 A pure and perfect sympathy.  
 But, O Nymph Echo's darling brother !  
 Whenever you or such another  
 Senses and reason have beguiled  
 And puzzled me like any child,  
 I'll run and scribble down a verse  
 And puzzle you to find one worse.

---

No. 296.

FLOWERS AND FRIENDSHIP.

FLOWERS wounded may recover breath,  
 But wounded friendship bleeds to death.

No. 297.

TO J. S.

MANY may yet recall the hours  
 That saw thy lover's chosen flowers  
 Nodding and dancing in the shade  
 Thy dark and wavy tresses made :  
 On many a brain is pictured yet  
 Thy languid eye's dim violet,  
 But who among them all foresaw  
 How the sad snows that never thaw  
 Upon that head one day should lie  
 And love but glimmer from that eye.

---

No. 298.

HOW TO READ ME.

To turn my volumes o'er nor find  
 (Sweet unsuspecting friend !)  
 Some vestige of an erring mind  
 To chide or discommend,

Believe that all were loved like you  
 With love from blame exempt,  
 Believe that all my griefs were true  
 And all my joys but dreamt.

No. 299.

## GOOD-BYE.

LOVED when my love from all but thee had flown,  
 Come near me ; seat thee on this level stone,  
 And, ere thou lookest o'er the churchyard-wall  
 To catch, as once we did, yon waterfall,  
 Look a brief moment on the turf between  
 And see a tomb thou never yet hast seen.  
 My spirit will be sooth'd to hear once more  
*Good-bye*, as gently spoken as before.

---

No. 300.

## WHAT TO BRING.

LANDOR ! what is best to bring  
 To the maiden who so long  
 Hath endured to hear thee sing  
 (Tiresome man !) her birthday song ?

Bring the flower whose name she bears,  
 And repress a wounded pride  
 If that flower she never wears,  
 If she throws this verse aside.

All that thou hast ever borne  
 Thou canst surely bear again ;  
 Flowers neglected, verses torne,  
 Feel not, and should give not, pain.

No. 301.

STUDIOUS.

IN youth, it is true, when my heart was o'erladen,  
 I call'd to relieve it a kind-hearted maiden.  
 I thought the whole summer was passing me while  
 I was told to walk on as she mounted the stile.  
 I trembled to touch the most innocent hand,  
 And thought it too much to receive a command :  
 At last the most hard of commands to obey  
 Was whispered in passing me

“ Mind me, sir, pray !

If I waltz, if I gallop, you must not come near ;  
 I once fear'd your eyes, now all others I fear.”

But tranquil days were advancing apace,  
 And we lookt, tho' not boldly, in each other's face ;  
 And we sat on the mole-hill, and where there were  
 ants

A vigilant hand well protected the plants ;  
 Then I red to my listener ; and often her face  
 Was turn'd rather nearer to look at the place,  
 While her elbow was covering our book ; she “ had  
 heard

The rest quite distinctly, but not the last word.”  
 It *was* the last word, the last word that I red,  
 And she found better room for her elbow and head.

---

No. 302.

NONO SITS.

God made his likeness, Man : when this was done  
 He said to Nono “ Sit thou for my son.”



No. 303.

TEARS.

MINE fall, and yet a tear of hers  
Would swell not soothe their pain :  
Ah ! if she look but at these tears  
They do not fall in vain.

---

No. 304.

REFLECTION.

WITH fitful step unsteadily the soul  
Wanders at parting o'er the scenes it loved.

---

No. 305.

CHARLES AND WILLIAM NAPIER.

ONE brother closed the Scindian war,  
The other the Peninsular :  
One bore his painful wounds few years,  
The other his thro' fifty bears.  
Each, who abroad had overcome  
His foes, encountered worse at home.  
England ! are such rewards for these  
Who won and wrote thy victories ?

No. 306.

A CRITIC.

WITH much ado you fail to tell  
 The requisites for writing well ;  
 But, what bad writing is, you quite  
 Have proved by every line you write.

No. 307.

GOVERNORS OF INDIA.

AUCKLAND, Dalhousie, Canning ! shall we ever  
 Again see three such rulers ? three so clever  
 At shattering the foundation of a state  
 And hastening on the heavy step of Fate.

No. 308.

TO A LADY.

HAS there been all the year one day  
 In which some rhymes I did not lay  
 Upon your toilet ? or, should Love  
 So order, push into your glove ?  
 I wish your paper-case were fill'd,  
 Or you were rather less self-will'd ;  
 For in five minutes I could then  
 Speak what I hardly write in ten,  
 And all I said you 'd make me say  
 Again, and throw that scrawl away.

No. 309.

## TO LIBERTY.

O GODDESS of heroes and sages! I know thee  
 By the patriot beside and the tyrant below thee!  
 O Goddess, whose breath is the soul of the free:  
 Such didst thou appear over Hellas ten ages,  
 Not such over Gaul, where a phantom yet rages,  
 A frightful (if any) resemblance of thee.

---

 No. 310.

## THE SPOUSE.

LADY! whose hand is now about to part  
 No moderate stores of pleasure and of pain,  
 To one the honied hours, to more the smart . . .  
 When will return that graceful form again?

Glad as I was, or thought I was, when thou  
 Gavest thy faith where love and virtue bade,  
 The light of gladness is oershadowed now  
 When thou art leaving us, O pure-soul'd maid!

Noblest in form and highest in estate  
 Of all our wide-spread western lands contain,  
 I see thee lovely and scarce wish thee great . . .  
 When will return that graceful form again?

No. 311.

REPENTANCE.

REPENTANCE hastens if forbearance halts.

---

No. 312.

TRUTH WILL PENETRATE.

CLOSE as we may our eyes against the truth,  
Some light will penetrate the upper lid.

---

No. 313.

MY HOMES.

HOME! I have changed thee often : on the brink  
Of Arrowe early I began to think,  
Where the dark alders, closing overhead,  
Across the meadow but one shadow shed.  
Lantony then received me for a while  
And saw me musing in the ruin'd aile :  
Then loitered I in Paris ; then in Tours,  
Where Ronsard sang erewhile his loose amours,  
And where the loftier Beranger retires  
To sing what Freedom, and what Mirth, inspires.

From France to Italy my steps I bent  
 And pitcht at Arno's side my household tent.  
 Six years the Medicæan palace held  
 My wandering Lares ; then they went afield,  
 Where the hewn rocks of Fiesole impend  
 O'er Doccia's dell, and fig and olive blend.  
 There the twin streams in Affrico unite,  
 One dimly seen, the other out of sight,\*  
 But ever playing in his smoothen'd bed  
 Of polisht stone, and willing to be led  
 Where clustering vines protect him from the sun,  
 Never too grave to smile, too tired to run.  
 Here, by the lake, Boccacio's *Fair Brigade*  
 Beguiled the hours and tale for tale repaid.  
 How happy ! O how happy ! had I been  
 With friends and children in this quiet scene !  
 Its quiet was not destined to be mine ;  
 'Twas hard to keep, 'twas harder to resign.  
 Now seek I (now Life says, *My gates I close*)  
 A solitary and a late repose.

---

No. 314.

ACHILLES AND HELENA ON IDA.

HELENA.

STRANGER ! who art thou ? why approachest thou  
 To break my sacred slumber ? such it was,

\* The scene of Boccacio's *Ninfale* and his *Bella Brigada*.

For she who brought me all my joy and grief  
Hath brought me hither.

Thou appallest me,

For thou art stern and godlike ; and no crook  
Nor needful staff of upland wayfarer  
Is that thou bearest. O that cruel spear !  
Comest thou . . yes, thou comest . . speak . . to slay  
me ?

ACHILLES.

Helena ! fear me not . . I am the son  
Of Peleus.

HELENA.

Fear thee not ! O hide awhile  
The glittering point before it strike me dead.

ACHILLES.

Behold it fixt into the glebe.

HELENA.

It casts

A slitting shadow half across the down.

ACHILLES.

Now seat thee (but why risen?) as before.

HELENA.

Be thou too seated : first look round about ;  
For there are lions on these lonely hills,  
Beside the tamer which are yoked before

The Mother of the Gods, upon whose head  
Are towers and cities in one awful crown.  
And thou hast come alone.

ACHILLES.

Alcides slew  
His lion, and Alcides was alone.

HELENA.

O son of Peleus ! didst thou ever see  
My two brave brothers ?

ACHILLES.

In my father's house  
I saw them once.

HELENA.

And were they not like thee?  
Dear Kastor ! Polydeukes dearer stil !  
Kastor would lift me on his fiercest horse  
And laugh at me : but Polydeukes placed  
One kindly hand beneath my sinking chin  
Upon the swift Eurotas, with the other  
Buoying my feet, for I was then a child.  
But tell me, who conducted thee away  
From those beleaguered walls into this wild ?

ACHILLES.

Thetis, my mother : she around me threw

A cloud, not dark within, but dark without,  
 As clouds may be wherein the Gods rejoice.  
 But what, more wonderful, impel'd thy feet  
 Hither ? so delicate, so like to hers  
 Who bore me, which are radiant thro' the depth  
 Of dimmest ocean.

HELENA.

All I know is this,  
 A voice, and it was Aphrodite's voice,  
 Call'd me : I would have risen at the call,  
 But wings were over me and underneath,  
 And, until thou appearedst, left me not ;  
 Nor did sleep leave me.

O how fresh the flowers  
 Are breathing round us in this tepid air !  
 I do love flowers ; they look into my eyes  
 And seem to say fond things to me, in breath  
 Sweeter than infants.

O Hermione !  
 Sweet even as thine. Where art thou, lovely babe ?  
 Who tends thee ? who caresses thee ? all must ;  
 All but one wretch who left thee in thy sleep.

ACHILLES.

Sorrow is not unseemly in the breast  
 Of women : men too (shame on them) have grieved,  
 Have wept, and not the tears of rage alone.

HELENA.

Blame not my weakness then : no rage is mine,



I never felt it. Flowers are comforters  
At dawn and sunset on the terraced roof:  
Few are they; but the dearest are the few.

ACHILLES.

Flowers! Inconsiderate! Thinkest thou of flowers  
While nations shed their blood, their lives, for thee?

HELENA.

They are so fragrant and so beautiful!  
And what profusion! what variety!  
In my own country I have known by name  
More than my fingers of both hands could count  
Twice over: there was mint and drosera  
And serpolet, just as you see are here:  
How can I then but love to talk of them?

ACHILLES.

O Helena! let children love to talk  
Thus idly.

HELENA.

Ah! that I were yet a child!  
But how wilt thou return before the walls?

ACHILLES.

The Gods will care for that: they too who brought  
Thee hither will provide for thy return.

HELENA.

Couldst not thou ?

ACHILLES.

Helena ! I come to warn thee  
 Against the rancour of a man incenst :  
 I hate him ; I shall hate him worse if wrath  
 Urge him to vengeance on thee ; for the twins  
 (Then boys) thy brothers were my father's guests,  
 And much I loved to hear of them, and hoped  
 One day to share their glory, sung on earth  
 For me ; for them along the placid waves  
 There where my mother oft repeats the song.

HELENA.

I loved songs too.

ACHILLES.

Sweetest are those to me  
 Which Keiron taught me ; songs which bring again  
 To life, and fresher life, the brave of old.  
 Zeus ! grant me but few years, grant only one,  
 And he who wrongs me, he when such men sing,  
 The king of Argos shall stand far behind.

HELENA.

Ah ! thou art strong and irresistable.  
 But spare . .

ACHILLES.

Spare whom?

HELENA.

Alas ! I dare not name him.  
No fault was his; no fault was mine: the Gods  
Decreed it. She to whom he gave her prize  
Perform'd a promise . . . how imperfectly !  
And gave him . . . O pernicious gift, me ! me !  
Pity thou him whom even my brothers might  
Have pardon'd; him as beautiful as themselves  
Or thee, almost.

ACHILLES.

In this arm lies my beauty,  
Smiter in vengeance of the guilty head.

HELENA.

Why springest thou upon thy feet, alert  
As grasshopper, without a hand to rest  
Upon the turf beneath ?

ACHILLES.

I must be gone.

HELENA.

And without me ?

ACHILLES.

It hath not been forbidden,  
 No ; nor commanded.  
 If the Gods so will  
 Come thou with me.

HELENA.

I dare not. They who led  
 My way to Ida will direct me hence.  
 And yet I tremble.

ACHILLES.

Take thou heart.

HELENA.

It fails.

For there are other Deities who hate  
 Me and my guilt. The Mother of the Gods  
 Inhabits here, and here her temple stands ;  
 Here sound the tymbrels and the cymbals struck  
 By priests infuriate.

ACHILLES.

Fear them not: thy sire  
 Zeus and his daughter will watch over thee.

HELENA.

Farewell, O son of Peleus ! born to rule  
 O'er happier realms.

ACHILLES.

O Helena! 'tis here,  
Far from my birthplace, from my father's tomb,  
I die.

So sang the three who sing but truth.

HELENA.

Wretched, thrice wretched me! in this alone  
Are we alike. Thou art less stern, more calm,  
In speaking of that last sad hour.

No word

Of comfort hast thou for me?

ACHILLES.

I shall bring  
Comfort to those who bore thee truer love  
Than thou hast borne to others.

HELENA.

Spare me! spare me!

To whom that comfort?

ACHILLES.

To thy brethren: they  
Have heard my name among the Blest above,  
Or they shall hear it.

I will tell them age  
And royalty have loved and pitied thee,  
That Priam held thee dearer to his heart  
Than his own daughters, that thy tears have washt

Thy stains away ; then, that Achilles turn'd  
His face aside ashamed of grief for thee.

HELENA.

Stay, stay one instant.

Is this too a dream ?

Who lifts my feet from earth and whirls me round ?  
Children ! O fan me with your wings again ;  
I sink ; I fall ; help ! Aphrodite ! help !

## FROM THE PERSIAN.

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THE following were pretended as *Poems from the Persian and Arabic*. A hundred copies were printed for friends. One of these caused them to be written, by remarking to the author, who perhaps undervalued the Orientals, that "*he should be glad to see how any one would succeed in an attempt to imitate them.*"

What now appear, after sixty years' occultation, were preceded by the words below. [PREFACE. Some poems have lately reached the continent, in number not exceeding nine, represented as translations from the Arabic and Persian. The few that I ever have met with are *chiefly* the odes of Hafez, in which the final stanza contains the poet's name. If this be peculiar to the Persian, as I think it is said to be, these are not genuine.]

No. 315.

### TO THE VINE.

O THOU that delightest in the gardens of Schiraz,  
And bathest with coyness in her canopied streams!  
Daughter of Beauty, favorite of Nature!  
Where she is beneficent thou art her handmaiden,  
Thy voice is transport, thy bosom peace.  
Taper is the Palm and stately, distinguished afar  
by his crown ;  
Thou turnest away ; thou regardest and listenest not.  
O vine, unrivalled in praise, how affable have I  
beheld thee !

I have seen thee, in sympathy with thy admirers  
 round,  
 Half inclined to wantonness, half to repose :  
 I have stroked the tender cheeks of thy infants,  
 Tinged sweetly with red, and reposing in down,  
 And thinkest thou I perceive not the slyness of thy  
 tendrils,  
 With their flexible crooks and their sleek-sprouting  
 horns ?  
 Come, nestling thee yonder ! raise prythee thy head  
 from the path :  
 Ah, hope not, tripping me up, to inveigle me now,  
 little minion !  
 Too soon may I blush with the warmth of thy  
 blushes,  
 I may yield to thy blandishments too soon.

---

No. 316.

TO ABRA.

ABRA! Beauty's bondmen are stricken with blue eyes:  
 Thine, when I first beheld thee, were black, O Abra.  
 I admired their silken lashes, like the cedars and  
 cypresses  
 On the edge of those hills afar off there, white with  
 snow.  
 The dimple of thy lips, half shaded by ever-bloom-  
 ing roses,  
 Open and distinct, showed candor and hospitality.  
 I looked again on thy eyes, O Abra,  
 Til mine became *dim* and thine *blue*.



No. 317.

## TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

CANDID with thy modesty, resolute with thy shyness,  
 Sweet nightingale, soon may thy passion prosper.  
 I heard thee repeatedly call the Faeries,  
 And saw them array with pearls the eyelashes of  
 Abra,

For she pitied thy plaint from the shadiness of  
 our loves.

I said to Abra, *these are my pearls*,  
 She smiled, and showered them into my bosom :  
 The dove was over her, the rainbow on her cheek.  
 The pearls of Abra are now *my* pearls.

Sweet nightingale, soon also may thy passion  
 prosper.

No. 318.

## PRAISES OF ABU-SAID.

O DULCIMER, wake from thy sunshiny sleep,  
 Arise and prepare for the battle.  
 Far more compliant art thou, sweet seducer,  
 And livelier than the lonely-one in the \* rosebrakes  
 of the moon.  
 O dulcimer, art thou not the breeze of Samarcand ?  
 Thou art pleasanter than Samarcand in her vallies  
 of jonquils,

\* Of the evening.

Thou inspirest fresh airiness through the dizzy dance,  
 Thou sprinklest the arcade on the sultriest side,  
 Thou beckonest the rays that intrude, thou chidest  
 and biddest them go.

But behold! who descends from the mountains!

Awake, golden-hair'd from thy sunshiny sleep,

Arise and prepare for the battle.

His elephant moves the earth with his horn,

Abu-Said turns the horn of his elephant.

He hath indeed two horns, elephant as he is of  
 Abu-Said :

Famine breathes forth from one in the dogdays of  
 war,

The other holds manna for the friends of Abu,

The beloved of Abu reel with its fragrance.

Arise then, arise ; but with reverence.

Thro' the dust of the valley I discover our lord ;

I distinguish the trappings, green like the ocean

When the tempest hangs over the gulf of Hormuz.

---

## FROM THE ARABIC.

No. 319.

### THE SON OF SHEIK DAHER,

ON LEAVING SYRIA AFTER THE MURDER OF HIS  
 FATHER.

O GOD! how painful are the chains that oppress the  
 flying exile.

Son of Daher! thou lookest from thy mule on the  
 running ground,

Thou beholdest thy feet, and they are veined with  
tears,

*Can* they carry thee from thy country, *will* they  
carry thee to thy father ?

One step may restore thee to his lost embraces.

Slave ! dastard ! infidel ! thou art pardoned, thou  
art pitied !

How cursed is the bondage that withholds thee from  
revenge.

My sword is not impotent like the sword of the  
poet \* Pharesdak ;

No rust can discolor its blade, no scabbard can hide  
its refulgence.

It shall wound when my arm is withered, when my  
fingers are whitened in the sand.

I have another which will serve me with the same  
fidelity

As the jewelled slave of Cambyses served his master.

The enemy has sheathed it against himself for ever,

But there remains the piercer of † hearts, whose  
realm is beyond the grave.

Receive it, my daughter and my mother !

Receive it, Vengeance and Eternity !‡

\* His cowardice will never be forgotten by the warlike wits of  
Arabia.

† "The piercer of hearts" is what the reader has now in his hand.

‡ The son of Sheik Daher calls Vengeance and Eternity so, led by  
the customs of his country to cherish them.

No. 320.

## AGAINST JEZZAR.

IN the Egyptian well of thy folly, O Slavonian,  
Thou hast shown me unguardedly the direct ray of  
wisdom.  
I never received it from my father whom thou  
murderedst,  
Nor delivered in the proverbs of any more antient  
sage,  
That the pillars which point to hatred point also to  
contempt.  
When thy slaves would flatter thee, thou art de-  
ceived, not flattered ;  
Their songs admire thee, and people admire their  
songs,  
But thou art as far as ever from admiration.  
'Tis the flowers they wear in their bosom that  
breathe so sweetly,  
'Tis not the heart within ; the careless heart lies  
sleeping,  
A hollow melon on a sunny bank.  
The head of the peacock\* is the head of the serpent,  
And the finest of his feathers are trailed in ordure.

---

No. 321.

## ON HIS WIFE'S AFFLICTION.

MISFORTUNE ! thou demon of a thousand forms !  
What star in the firmament shall bruise thy head,

\* In color and form.

What amulet avert, what prayer disarm, thy sting?  
A fountain of bitter tears is my beloved :  
Her father is slain by the robbers of the desert :  
The column is shivered that sustained my cottage,  
And pointed out the hours with pleasant shade.  
I prayed to the Almighty ; I whirled myself round  
in phrenzy :  
I staggered ; passion fixed me ; I strained my throat  
back to the noon :  
My swollen tongue was rougher than the tiger's ;  
The bowers of mine eyes are withered stil.  
I wept. O boundless deluge of divine devotion,  
That dashes, but supports, my solitary ark !  
I wept, and she listened not ; I paused, and she  
spake not ;  
I hightened with fast-falling tears the bright-flowing  
veins of her feet ;  
I spanned as it rose from the cushion her neck's pale  
crescent,  
And fastened it to mine with the enchanted rings of  
her hair.  
Thy father is slain by the robbers of the desert !  
The blow hath recoiled on thy bosom, my beloved !  
They have wounded thee, O flower, and broken the  
spell of thy sweetness.  
If you bruize the hyacinth, where is its fragrance,  
And where, if you bruize it, the rose ?  
Son of Daher ! thou wilt sink also ! there is not a  
breeze in the waste,  
Thy vallies are pointed flints and heated rocks,  
The waters thy portion are salt and bitter,  
Those vallies of airiness ! those living waters !

No acacia shades thee, no tamarisk feeds thy camel;  
The tamarisk eaten to its heart, the acacia stifled  
with dust.

---

No. 322.

ON HIS WIFE'S DEATH.

HER voice was sweeter than the sound of waters,  
Of waters afar from cataracts,  
Sweeter was the voice of my beloved.

The storm descends and the tent flutters,  
\* The tent so dark by day, so musical by star-light,  
The tent where my bosom hath ever found repose.

Bed of bright yellow, had I left thee at Damascus  
Thou needest not have adopted cares and disquiet,  
Surrounded with dreams of gain and vows of sus-  
pended silk.

Dyed in the gall of serpents, in the wine of un-  
believers,  
Thou writhest with pain or creakest with restless-  
ness,  
† More tiresome than bird, more incessant than  
jackal.

\* The exclusion of light in Arabia is in some degree the exclusion of heat.

† Birds in the desert are unmusical and harsh.

Fed on the milky neck of my beloved,  
 And dizzy with the fragrance of her flowering lips,  
 I beheld and I resembled the light impassive sky.

Was it thou, unfortunate ? was thine this happiness ?  
 O hug not the remembrance, O beat it from thy  
     bosom,  
 It may be thy enemy's, it is no longer thine.

God is great ! repine not, O child and mourner of  
     dust !  
 The Prophet, who could summon the future to his  
     presence,  
 Could the Prophet himself make the past return ?

---

No. 323.

TO RAHDI.

O RAHDI, where is happiness ?  
 Look from thy arcade, the sun rises from Busrah;  
 Go thither, it rises from Ispahan.  
 Alas, it rises neither from Ispahan nor Busrah,  
 But from an ocean impenetrable to the diver,  
 O Rahdi, the sun is happiness !

No. 324.

UBBEDIENZA.

CHE cosa mai, che cosa  
Davanti agli occhi vedo ?  
Per ubbedire a Rosa  
Io breve tempo chiedo.

Leva una sua parola  
Tutta mia dappocaggine,  
E crea versi sola  
Sua invocata immagine.

---

No. 325.

RISPOSTA ALLE PAROLE.

MI VIEN DA RIDERE.

MI vien da piangere qualor rammento  
La voce tremolante, il passo lento,  
L'angelica (pareva allora !) fè

Quando te andare, andare si lontano,  
Tua lagrima mi disse, sulla mano  
Rapita, strinta, baciata . . perchè ?



Perchè, se adesso ridi de' costanti,  
 Se l'anno nuovo mena nuovi amanti,  
 Se il cuore al primo quale fù non è ?

Ridi, Bettina ! quel ridente viso  
 Mai più ritroverà l'onesto riso  
 Ch' Iddio per fior da coronarti diè.

Mi vien da perdere ogni mio contento,  
 Anche l'immagine fuggirmi sento  
 Di quell' amor che mi venìa da te.

## TRANSLATION.

How can I but weep when I think of the day  
 When your voice was so faltering, your step was  
 so slow,  
 When you clung to my hand, and tears only could say  
 (Rolling down it) how soon and how far you  
 must go.

Ah why all this sorrow, for sorrow it was,  
 And another had then never taught you to feign?  
 Before the year passes shall memory pass  
 And only one heart true and constant remain ?

I was happy ; so happy no other could make me ;  
 I was proud ; and the pride of my soul was in you ;  
 But now you withdraw what you gave, and forsake  
 me ;  
 May my love, tho' it weeps and yet lingers, go too !

Bettina! smile on! bright as ever the smile,  
But where is its candor? it vanishes now;  
The moment a beauty allures to beguile  
That crown of all loveliness falls from the brow.\*

---

## No. 326.

ACCANTO al fonte del mio duol piangevo,  
Piangevo poi per esser piu lontano.  
Gridò; tornai: poco trovai sollievo:  
Or guarda il pianto e tace . . non è vano.

\* *Mi vien da piangere* was written by me at the desire of a lady,  
the translation for another.

A score of *Sonnetti* were thrown away as soon almost as written.

## LATINA QUÆDAM.

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No. 327.

### POETÆ LATINI POST OVIDIUM.

Post triste exilium Nasonis quæque Camœna  
Fugit ab Ansoniâ, nec redeunte pede.  
Audivere tubam civilia bella sonantem  
Et siluere omnes et posuere lyras.  
Viderunt juvenem Thebano sanguine fœdum,  
Et sine Medeâ vellus inane rapi.  
Sæcula post terquina semel voluere reverti,  
Monstrantes Veneto mcœnia rupta Remi.  
Nulla dehinc facies quam Gratia novit, imago  
Nulla venustatis, nulla leporis erat.  
Cuncta vetusta situ steterunt cœoperta recenti,  
Obducta est scissæ barbara palla togæ ;  
Mimi nil veriti verba invertère Maronis,  
Urbanæ scabiem Tityrus unxit ovis :  
Circumstant miseræ turpi pallore puellæ ;  
Improba quadriviis Lesbia plorat anus.  
Delia quercetis abcedit mcœsta Pedanis,  
Et vocat, heu frustra, Cynthia casta procum ;  
Nec minus infelix est debiliore vocata  
Nocte brevi novies læta Corinna suo.

Ereptam antiquis cursores lampada tradunt,  
 At quot humi lapsos increpat ultus Amor!  
 Bembus, nec salibus nec amoribus aptus hiabat  
 Multa, sed abnuerat semisopita Venus.  
 “Tu cane natalem, nam nemo est aptior, urbem”  
 Dixit; uti decuit paruit ille deæ.  
 Suave susurravit Rheno plaudente Secundus  
 Id “desiderium flebile suavioli,”  
 Quo Charites omnes adsurrexere Venusque,  
 Et Verona suum credidit esse melos.  
 Cami inter salices juvenem invenere sedentem  
 Quæ fugerant fontes et nemora Egeriæ:  
 Auribus applicuere labra; insonuere Lucreti  
 Forte quid; extemplo cessit avena tubæ.  
 Culmina turritæ tremuere tonitrua Calpes,  
 Et data Neptuno fulmina sensit Atlas.  
 Carmen tale olim, neque sæpius, audiit Elis,  
 Sed lyra post illum nulla aliunde diem.  
 Magno instans operi, nullisque prioribus impar,  
 Desertum coluit vir Latialis agrum:  
 Vir Latialis erat; sed vernam horrebat agrestem,  
 Et squalorem et rus et tumida ora gelu.  
 Interiit: Musas deducere conor easdem  
 Gressibus incertis vixque tenente manu.

---

No. 328.

DOLENDUS.

DOLENDUS ille qui dolenter dixerit  
 Erat olim amicus, esse nunc indignus est.

No. 329.

## AD JUVENTAM.

REVOCARE te, Juventa, nequaquam licet,  
At sponte cum Somno redis ;  
Quotiesque virgâ leniter papaverem  
Spirante sopito adstitit  
Adstas et ipsa : tum labella, olim meis  
Aptata, rident cominus :  
Signum silenter interim Somnus dedit  
Et avolant ambo simul.

---

No. 330.

## AD SENECTAM.

UNÀ, Senecta, viximus multos dies,  
Unà atque amicè viximus :  
Quietiozem inveneris siquem locum,  
Id dic in aure, tunc abi.

---

No. 331.

## SORORE AMISSA.

HAUD iterum tardos gressus ducente sorore  
Antiquum ingredior, quum vocat hora, nemus.  
Sub sole omnis ibi tepet arbor rore maligno,  
Omnis ibi cantat funebre carmen avis.

No. 332.

DOMINUS.

PLACERE, uti scis ipse, perduellibus  
 Curavimus semper parum,  
 Sed expulisti siquid est perjuriis  
 In orbe foedius tuis,  
 Et illatrantés arce clausisti canes ;  
 Quapropter ignosco tibi,  
 Virtutibusque gentis unum Gallicæ  
 Præesse comprecor deos.

No. 333.

HESPERUS.

EGRESSI Latio non sine carmine,  
 Quamvis illepedo carmine agrestium,  
 Spicas exiguo condimus horreo.  
 Jam ducens tenebras advenit Hesperus,  
 Illo despiciens lumine quo solet  
 Tardos, difficiles inerepitans moras.  
 Accedas aliquid lenior, Hespere !  
 Nec vocis fueris illius immemor  
 Quam quondam audieris, cum dominam prece  
 Vidi flexanimam sub radiis tuis.

No. 334.

QUID IN VITA.

JUCUNDUM in vitâ nihil est nisi amare et amari.

No. 335.

## MULIERUM INDOLES.

NON tantùm sterile est virtutum, sed muliebre  
Pectus alit virus quum desinit esse fidele.

---

No. 336.

## DEFUNCTUS LOQUITUR.

Nos ultra tumulum requiescimus inter amicos,  
Cis fruire, O hospes, dum sinit hora, tuis.

---

No. 337.

## CAPSULA EX MORO FABRICATA.

OLIM infelices Babylonica flevit amores,  
Nunc celebrat lætas morus amicitias,  
Inque silente sinu, quæ fidit epistola, servat,  
Et dominâ castâ digna viroque pio.

No. 338.

AMICA AMICO.

DA quod potes, quod non potes Morpheus dabit.

---

No. 339.

AD POETAS.

FLORES Aoniis in vallibus attenuantur  
 Luxurie mimiâ ; ferro putentur acuto,  
 Et veterem agnoscet cultorem vivida radix.

---

No. 340.

TURRES HEIDELBURGÆ.

PULCHRE DEPICTÆ.

DONA paras (ea dona mihi !) quæ Rhenus eunti  
 Obtulit, haud aliâ sic referenda manu.  
 Explicuit veteres arces turresque rubentes  
 Sole cadente tibi ; sol tibi sistit iter.  
 Sistit iter tibi sol ; sistet fugitiva juvenus ;  
 Credo equidem tecum cuncta manere velint.  
 Quæ quondam adspexi, optavique revisere nunquam,  
 Aspiciam his oculis, O Rosa, teque simul.  
 Siquid erat vitæ quod amem meminisse peractæ,  
 Non sinis immemorem ; non sinis esse senem.



No. 341.

## BENEFACTA.

UT citò sopitæ menti benefacta recedunt !  
 Quid faceres ? restat quid ? Revocare novis.

---

No. 342.

## QUO DORMITUM IRE.

SI vellent Superi me dormitum ire, juvaret  
 Quà crispis foliis incana susurrat oliva  
 Miraturque supra veteres Florentia muros,  
 Cyclopum manibus structos dominisque Pelasgis.  
 Diis aliter visum : procul his solusque jacebo  
 Quà sedi juvenis non solus ; ibique quiescam  
 Inter eos flores quos dextera capsit Ianthes  
 Sedulaque inseruit comptis utrinque capillis . .  
 Heu ! periere illi ; periitque fidelis Ianthe !

---

No. 343.

## VERSUS IMPETRATI IN PUELLÆ OBITUM.

ABRIPERIS fato quod nulla mereris acerbo,  
 Vix etiam matri quàm mihi cura minor.  
 Tu lenimen eras desertæ sola senectæ,  
 Pamphila ! sed tantùm quale decebat eras.  
 Jam gravis est vita, et Mors aversata vocanti,  
 Quippe tuis lacrymis jam caritura fugit.

No. 344.

LIBER QUANDO.

“ LIBER eris ” Homini Spes perfida dixit in aurem :  
 De cœlo auditur vox altera, “ Desine falli :  
 Prætereunda prius tibi sunt mortalia secla,  
 Tunc sperare licet cum libertate quietem.”

No. 345.

IN SCYTHAM SARMATARUM TYRANNUM.

VIVIS adhuc, Scytha! vivis: in hâc tibi, perfide, vitâ  
 Est timor, est odium; quumque sit acta . . Deus.

No. 346.

AD ROSAM DE NATALI.

IN caput infantis vergebat Aquarius urnam,  
 Et violam cunis sæva negabat Hyems:  
 Sed quo flore caret tua lustrans ora Juventus?  
 Quo Venus ornatu? quâ face mutus Amor?

No. 347.

## DE PIO NONO.

EXCIPE fortem animum neque falli aut fallere pro-  
num,

Excipe digna deo pectora, digna viro ;  
Excipe justitiæque et libertatis amorem,  
Promissamque fidem, cætera crede Pio.

No. 348.

## AD NAPOLEONEM IMPERATOREM.

NUNQUAM sponte virum quassantem sceptrâ videbo ;  
Thura ferant alii, non ego thura feram ;  
Sed foribus propero vivacem obducere laurum,  
Verbaque (diis rata sint !) scribere pauca super.  
Tolle oculos, lege, Napoleo ! confide fideli . .  
Unicuique suum redde ; *suum* patria est.  
Redde quod abstuleris ; da fortibus esse beatis,  
Nec fueris magno Napoleone minor.  
Deme sacerdotum dextris infame flagellum,  
Decute anhelanti Norica fræna Pado ;  
Haud detrita gemat raptoris curribus Enna,  
Haud timeat domini verbera Parthenope.  
Dic, *Trana maria, Europe ! dic, Roma, resurge !*  
*Romuleæque domûs Dacia vive memor.*

No. 349.

AD POMERONEM.

VENI, atque laudes accipe, Pomero,  
 Quales mereris ; quotquot enim canes  
 Usquam fuerunt Transpadanâ  
 Aut aliâ regione creti,

Primum obtinebis tu meritò locum,  
 Fortis, fidelis, respiciens herum  
 Solum, neque incertos amicos  
 Aut nimis immemores parentes.

Ornare collum Julia floribus  
 Solebat, atqui non placuit jocus  
 Quandoque, ridentique nodum  
 Præpropero pede vellicabas :

Tunc obvenebant et pudor et metus  
 Ne diceremus gratum idèd parum,  
 Sed palma permulcens utrosque  
 Sollicito capite amovebat.

---

No. 350.

AD NORAM NAPIERAM NUPTAM.

SIS læta natis, læta nepotibus,  
 O Nora ! fractis filia voculis  
 Deos biennis comprecata  
 Te pietate pari osculetur !

Futura sunt hæc, nec simul omnia.  
Labuntur amnes sub placido Jove  
Cursu quieto, pleniores  
Floriferis nocuere pratis.

Immitibus quæ lassa caloribus  
Tellus fatiscit non venit Hesperus,  
Sed rura pontumque infrementem  
Nox operit subitis tenebris.

Profusa nunquam, nunquam inhibens manum,  
Fortuna vobis munera conferat.  
Rores minutatim cadentes  
Lætificant sata, lædit imber.

Nos vota ad aram quæ steteras heri  
Velata virgo (sint rata !) vovimus,  
Ut dextra quæ te duxit illuc  
Ne doleat digito annulari.

Vir, quum senectus attenuet manum  
Tam mollicellam, vix gracilem putet,  
Ori-que subridens venusto  
Innocuis benedicat annis !

---

No. 351.

AD DOMINAM.

Sis memor absentis, castè dilecta puella !  
 Nec pigeat manes voce ciere meos.  
 Si qua genas lacryma irroret, detergeat illam  
 Haud iterum flentis flente premenda manus.  
 Insolitum nulli est, doleat neque dicere, verbum ;  
 Dixisti sero vespere sæpe *vale*.

---

No. 352.

CANIS AMISSUS.

SIQUEM sequutus sit canis Italus  
 Cervice cujus stramineus color  
 Albescit infra, suavis hospes  
 Redde meum mihi *Pomeronem*.

Furatus illum siquis habes domi,  
 Molli catenâ restituas hero,  
 Mercede pro pacto receptâ,  
 Quam mereare, duum aureorum.

---

No. 353.

AD MELITTAM.

ABESSE dicis te dolere plurimum :  
 Abesse si dolet, Melitta, non abes ;  
 Unà dolentes areta constringit fides.

No. 354.

SOMNIA ET INSOMNIA.

VATUM somnia sunt, et sunt insomnia vatum,  
Ista mihi veniunt utraque parte tuâ.

---

No. 355.

SERTORUM VARIETAS.

SERTA micant pueris Hyblæo flore Cyprique,  
Serta nigrante viris pendula felle tument.

---

No. 356.

FORTASSE.

INTER trecentos quos putaveris probos  
Tres selige, et fortasse non fallendus es.

---

No. 357.

VIRGO ROMANA QUOMODO TRACTATA.

RES haud nova est : nam more patrum carnifex  
Vitiavit ante quàm cecidit virginem.

No. 358.

GLORIÆ CONTEMPTOR.

QUI gloriam se prædicat contemnere,  
 Solusque truxque more rustici domo  
 Suapte delitescit, ille fallitur :  
 Sorex eâdem gloriatur gloriâ.  
 Nomen futurum est unico magni viri  
 Qui gloriam, sed nactus, aspernatus est.

---

No. 359.

EPITAPHUM PAULI QUI *EXERCITA-*  
*TIONES* SCRIPSIT ET UXOREM DUXIT.

HEIC Paulus impiger senex,  
 Amoris ictus spiculo,  
 Cunctis quieturus vacat  
 Exercitationibus.

---

No. 360.

INSULSUS.

SUNT qui carere nos putant sale : id quidem  
 Non diffitebor ; purum enim atque candidum  
 Lacrymis liquere sensimus : restat domi  
 Quo defricandi sunt ii æmuli nigrum.



No. 361.

## MORS INIQUA.

PRO meritis cujusque ferocius invida Mors est ;  
 Vita homini brevis est, vita cani brevior.

---

No. 362.

## GALLIA VINCTA.

SUAVES fraude novâ, firmatâ fraude feroces,  
 Haud alios peperit Gallia vincta viros.

---

No. 363.

AD PHILIPPUM REGEM, DE NUPTIIS  
HISPAN :

O PATRE nequam gnate (siquis) nequior,  
 Philippe, quorsum te petat sicarius ?  
 Probi-ne sunt in Galliâ sicarii  
 Soli ? æquitatis unici satellites ?  
 At casta certe contigit tibi soror,  
 Gnataeque castæ, nec caret conjux fide,  
 Utcunque mater esset infami domo :  
 Atqui neque illud pessimi scortum domûs  
 Neptem alligaret conjugi haudquaquam viro  
 Adulteramque nuptiis compelleret  
 Ut furtim Iberum clauderet septo pecus.

No. 364.

DE RUINIS LANTONIANIS PULCHRE  
DEPICTIS.

LABUNTUR anni : quicquid amavimus  
Labetur : agros et nemora, et domum  
Vix inchoatam, cum ruinis  
Restituit Rosa pervetustis.

Referre tali non ego gratiam  
Spero ; deorum est ; unius est dei :  
Accede, sis tandem benignus  
Ingenio, et tua sit, Cupido !

No. 365.

BEATIOR.

QUANTO omnibus mortalibus beatior  
Tuam ille qui dextram tenet,  
Projectus ante non recedentes pedes,  
Cervicibus fultis genu !  
Quàm dulce quod supervenit silentium !  
Nos impari silebimus.

No. 366.

SPERANDA PAUCA.

SPERANDA pauca, multa perferenda sunt  
Etiam beatioribus.

No. 367.

## QUALIS VITA SIT BEATA.

MULTOS perdidimus, paucos retinemus amicos,  
 Jamque rogas quæ sit vita beata? Brevis.

No. 368.

## BRITANNIA.

UBICUNQUE pontus est ibi Britannia est.

No. 369.

## AD LYCEN.

LIQUIT me juvenis tibi  
 Dilectus nimium, Lyce!  
 Et tecum introiit casam!  
 Ecquando est rediturus?

Clausæ jam strepitum foris  
 Rumoremque sedilium  
 Stans extra procul audio  
 Attractæque fenestræ.

Et nunc forsitan osculis  
 Heu! labro insatiabili  
 Percurrit facilem genam!  
 Ecquando est rediturus?

No. 370.

VIRGINIS CAPILLI.

PROMISSÆ precibus toties, totiesque moratæ,  
 Exuviæ suaves virginei capitis!  
 Venistis tandem; haud fugientes oscula, collo  
 Hæretis, nullo tempore deciduæ.  
 Qui nostrum haud metuent olim violare sepulchrum  
 Cassa viri invenient ossa, caputque viri,  
 Atque hos fœmineos, ubi colla fuere, capillos . .  
 His pascant oculos abstineantque manus.

---

No. 371.

AD HÆDUM.

HÆDE! si vetitus tibi  
 Sylvis est aditus meis,  
 Ne balatibus obstina  
 Ægris pulsa vocare

Cognata agmina montibus,  
 Inter quæ tua forsitan  
 Mater exulet, exulet  
 Et pater gravis ævo.

Vatibus patula arborum  
 Umbra gratior incubat;  
 Sit capris statio altior,  
 Sit jugis in apricis.

Do tibi in stabulis locum  
 In quo candidulum latus  
 Est et projicere et novum  
 Cornu poste polire.

Splendidus prope rivulus  
 Labitur . . Tremor artubus  
 Cur obrepit ? . . Ut inscius  
 Splendidum memoravi !

Per me salvus es, hædule !  
 Nulli Bandusiæ cruor  
 Manabit tuus ; alteri  
 Cinctum flore dicabo :

Illi nempe puellulæ  
 Cujus nomen amat nemus  
 Audire, atque ideo silet  
 Concors ingredienti.

Ad sinum arctius attrahens  
 Blanda, naribus humidis  
 Si genam tepidam applicet  
 Disce morigerari.

Haud unam auriculam vibra ;  
 Ambas strictiùs erige ;  
 Namque, dum docilis manet  
 Ætas, pauca monerem.

Hæde ! sis aliquantulum  
 Castus quando adoleveris !  
 Ne genam inficiat rubor  
 Arcebo ipse capellas.

Interim teneræ genu  
 Noli lædere, namque crus  
 Duriuscula si ferit  
 Læserit, neque præstò

Forsan obstiterit malo  
 Ille sæpe salutifer,  
 Ille carminibus catus  
 Cæterisque mederi.

No. 372.

AD GRAIUM.

PUDICE Grai! videris impudicior  
*Scatere* qui Nympham facis.\*

No. 373.

DIFFICILE OPES DISTRIBUERE.

EGENUS haud sum ; dives esse non velim,  
 Difficile namque est ista partiri bona  
 Quæ non mihi sed alteri deus dedit  
 Et ire tantùm per meas jussit manus.

\* Doctus atque elegans poeta scripsit  
 " Felix in imo qui *scatentem*  
 Pectore te, pia *Nympha*, sentit."  
 Etiam *lymphâ* non absolutus est.

No. 374.

## QUIS TURPIOR ?

REGE Borussorum quis turpior ? Ecce Borussos  
 Ipsos ! perfidiam non renuere pati.  
 Vis alios digito monstrem tibi ? Respice Gallos,  
 Omnia quos pariter, præter honesta, juvant.  
 Ecce peregrino qui succubere tyranno  
 Et vinxere sacrum deditioe ducem,  
 Quo nemo probior, quo nemo fortior, ergo  
 Dignus erat manicis, perfide Galle, tuis.  
 Talia religio suadet Romana, catenâ  
 Thuribuli longâ fasque nefasque ligat.  
 Sed cultrum fugiamus : adest pius iste subulcus  
 Qui veterem putri glande replevit haram.

---

 No. 375.

## AD AMISSAM.

INTER cœlicolas . . quare ploramus ademptam . .  
 Lætior esse potes, purior esse nequis.  
 Respice amicitiam veterem, renovata sit opta,  
 Nec sine fida tibi corda dolere diu.  
 Sæpe meam dextram, neque erat rejecta, tetendi,  
 Ultro tu mihi da, sit mora nulla, tuam.

No. 376.

PAX LATRONIBUS A LATRONIBUS DATA.

AD DUDLEIUM STUARTUM.

DESIDERANDUS perpetuo bonis,  
 Cur urbem adisti verberibus nivis  
 Crebris gementem, amnesque canas  
 Et pelagus glacie subactum ?

Eheu ! minores obstiterint domi  
 Quocunque tendas : gemmea vincula  
 Ligant potentes, barbarusque  
 Obtinuit procerum favorem.

Plorent crematas agricolæ casas,  
 Plorent inulti pectora fortium  
 Trajecta ferro ; nonne pactum est  
 Ut quod habent habeant latrones ?

Inter loquaces curia seligit  
 Loquaciorem : quid probitas valet ?  
 Abite, vos rerum scientes !  
 Ejiciunt dominos ministri.

---



No. 377.

AMICUS MEUS, STRENUUS MILES,  
VULNERATUS.

PERFUSA quanto sanguine Hyems tepet  
Britannico de fonte ! Virilium  
Semper fuisti victimarum  
Prodiga, Taurica Chersonese !

Quis vulneratum deferet auribus  
Nuper relictæ celsum animi virum ?  
Pallebit ut conjux sub Hæmo  
Vipereo moritura morsu.

Spes insusurret credula credulæ  
Jam jam reversurum edomito Scythâ,  
Jam jamque sanandum ; salutem  
Contulerit popularis aura.

Equus sed idem non revehet domum,  
Discerptus ille est sulphureo globo,  
Restabat ante atque inter hostes  
Solus eques, medius suorum.

Plerosque mortis perpetuus sopor  
Pressit : quibusdem cara parentium,  
Quibusdam et ipsis cariora,  
Nomina contremuere labro.

Sublimiore, O Anglia, anhelitu  
Nunquam attigisti culmina gloriæ,  
Nec fortiores militârunt  
Sub ducibus magis imperitis.

No. 378.

DE RUFA IN NOVO-COMO.

ESURIENS quondam puer usserat ora polentâ,  
 Inque rotundo oculo salsa micabat aqua.  
 Nequicquam indomitos expirat hiatque vapores,  
 Nequicquam haud uno volvitur esca loco :  
 Rideri metuens “ Quoties meminisse parentis  
 Cogor, ait “ lacrymis lumina nostra madent.”  
 Sic Rufa horrifico quam siphilis ederat igne,  
 “ Cur moreris nobis, filia cara, procul !  
 Filia ! te duri non cessant flere Britanni,  
 Indignisque modis me pepulere foras !”  
 Flet vetula ; et videas triginta flere ministros,  
 Estque, decens luctum, sordida cuique cutis.  
 Quæ venerem toties jecisse superbiit unam  
 Ut male damnosum jecerit illa canem !  
 Ploratûs causam nemo dubitavit candem  
 Omnibus esse domi : naribus ille dolet ;  
 Cruribus ille tumet mediis ; hic fronte laborat,  
 Hic melius fixo vulnere cantor erit.  
 Tot quis tamque acres luctum producere morbos  
 Crederet ? at multo teste paratus adest.  
 Cuinam adedè vehemens excanduit ira deorum  
 Ut tot mactatos jusserit esse sues ?  
 Cujus amant tanto placari numina lardo  
 Ut vix invenias rure vel urbe satis ?  
 At tacita observet veteres reverentia ritus,  
 Parcite, sitque piis haud ita pulla domus !

## No. 379.

## PAX HONESTA AUT NULLA.

HONORE dignam qui patriam velit,  
 Leges tueri juraque gentium  
 Certet, tyrannorum omne foedus  
 Rumpat amicitiasque temnat.

Germaniarum discite principes,  
 Quanquam benigne accepimus hospitem,  
 Haud exteris nostri domandi  
 Sunt juvenes : catuli ligentur

Venaticorum quà sua pascua  
 Percurrit Albis ; quærite ibi domum ;  
 Hercynia expectat, luporum  
 Vestraque, mox repetenda, nutrix.

Parum decori si redeant duces,  
 At (clara quondam syrmate candido)  
 Pullata, deplorata, nunquam  
 Pax fragilem induerit coronam !

## No. 380.

## QUI NON INVENTUS.

QUI patriam sibi prætulero, qui publica jura  
 Regibus, inventus non est, serò inveniendus.

No. 381.

EUGENIA NAPOLEONIS.

EUGENIAM semel adspexi, crystallina tecta  
 Subter, ubi Ars varias contulit orbis opes.  
 Incessit pudibunda, silens ; plebs ipsa silenti  
 Conticuit, steterat capta decore novo.  
 Anne adedè felix solium partita manebit ?  
 Semper erit felix, nam proba semper erit.  
 Napoleo haud aliud pro fatis consulat astrum,  
 Haud alio Euxinas lumine lustret aquas.  
 Pro populis circà plorantibus, exule multo,  
 Altus Justitiæ verba loquatur Amor !  
 Materno hospitio nostri potiuntur amici  
 Et rure ante oculos quam venerentur habent ;  
 Interea mihi Musa venit, placidamque puellam  
 Ut fuit, utque aderit sæpe videnda, refert.

---

No. 382.

AD COSSUTHUM ET BEMUM.

GENS clara ripas Danubii colit,  
 Semper fidelis regibus, imperj  
 Haud semper æqui ; nunc resurgit  
 Impatenter avita virtus.

Quicumque laudes diceret omnium  
 Quot extiterunt nobilioribus  
 Ibi triumphis, ante parcas  
 Præferet Historiam Camænas :

Vix ipsa largis claudere paginis  
 Sperabit omnes. Huniadem unicum  
 Inter trecentos Musa amanter  
 Ausoniæ pavitans sequetur.

At non minores jam video aggredi  
 Regem insolentem ; jam video suprâ  
 Victoriâ cristas volare,  
 Sistere jam video, duorum.

Cossuthe ! primus jure locus tibi  
 Haud imperito milite cernitur  
 Et cive, nec longe remotum  
 Adspiciunt equitare Bemum.

Valete, fluctus clara nigros super,  
 Fraternali belli sidera ! gloriam  
 Qui contulerunt, dent utrique  
 Munera Dii meliora pacis !

---

No. 383.

IN IMAGINEM BATHHIANII.

COSSUTHO minor unico inter omnes  
 Omni Istri regione, Bathhiani !  
 Vultus obtueor tuos dolenter.  
 Sed qui sculptor imaginem excitavit ?  
 Idem qui Periclem Jovemque finxit,  
 Et domûs decus Atticæ Minervam ?  
 Quali morte, vir inclyte, occidisti !  
 Dedit carnifici nimis pudicum  
 Falsi Cæsaris impudica conjux.

No. 384.

## CANIS URNA.

O URNA ! nunquam sis tuo eruta hortulo  
Fidele quæ pectus tenes,  
Nunquam excitandum blandientis vocibus  
Aut flebili concors hero.  
Acuta lingua quum puella intrat forem  
Silere non docebitur,  
Neque oricillam, duplici incurvus genu  
Planoque acutam subriges,  
Saliens-ve post sedile, et inde porrigens  
Trans colla narem frigidam,  
Dabis oscula illa, nunc volenti, quæ prius  
Aliquantulum invito dabas.  
Duæ sepulchrum populi canæ tegunt  
Simul susurrantes super ;  
At, Pomero, harum lenia nulla murmura  
Somnos uti priùs juvant :  
Id haud necesse est ; altior somnus premit  
Quem lætus ignorat dies ;  
Nec mane nec meridie nec vesperi  
Pellendus aut movendus est.  
Nil aura verna, nil vox una blandior,  
Nil proficit carmen meum.  
Vale, hortule ! æternumque, Pomero, vale !  
Sed, si datur, nostri memor !

---

## No. 385.

## DE TRIBUS PRÆCIPUIS ORATORIBUS.

MERCURIUS fuit usque suis malefidus alumnis ;  
 Eloquium haud valuit cum probitate pari.  
 Aurea fracta vides ferro Demosthenis arma ;  
 Pro rostris Tullî lingua cruenta silet.  
 Cossuthum patrio rex perfidus expulit Istro,  
 Angliaque ignavo suscipit hospitio.  
 Lingua diserta suas pœnas dedit, altaque virtus  
 Addidit. *Et vetitum est, hîc quoque, vera loqui?*

## No. 386.

## CONSOLATIO.

NOLI flere ; resuscitare noli,  
 Etsi jam licitum esset ingementi.  
 Si quæris, quid agat, quia absit, edam.  
 Hunc adspexit Amor : tuo jacentem  
 In sinu ; aggrediens repente, prima  
 Inter oscula Somnus occupavit.  
 Deterget lacrymas Amor, sepulchro  
 Per noctem gelido accubans, aitque  
 Quanquam hic possidet, ipse non relinquam.

## No. 387.

## SATIS.

Id satis est, placuisse tibi, te semper amâsse ;  
 Si possim, haud alio nomine clarus ero.

THE following friendly notices were sent to the publisher in the original handwriting : the merit of them gives value to the praise.

TO WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

OH, wise in youth, and young in wisest age,  
Landor, true prince ! on whom thy royal rights  
Laid royal duties in thine heritage  
Of soft Thessalian vales and Alpine heights !  
The generations of the just shall be  
More brave, more blest, for thine heroic reign ;  
Thy hills are calm with castles for the free,  
Thy vales are rich with roses, grapes, and grain !  
A fairer Athens and a freer Rome  
Thou bidst us rear : and when this age is old,  
A statelier than the high Augustan dome,  
Thy venerable memory shall hold !  
Wherever Freedom, Truth, and Beauty build,  
God's gladdening light thy marble fane shall gild.

ESPERANCE.

Boston, U.S., March 30, 1854.

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TO WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, ESQ.

THOU who hast made the ancient world thy own,  
And Eloquence hath rais'd upon her throne,  
To chase the vermin through our streets give o'er,  
And leave the carrion on the stable-door.

Bath, July 27.



## LANDOR.

ANGELS, they say, are with us unawares.

Earth's noblest elbow those who know them not.

—I went—a pilgrim to no nameless spot—

And amidst up-piled terraces and squares,

And wood-clad hills and pleasantest parterres,

Held in my soul but one pervading thought—

Even here has England's greatest cast his lot,

Eyeing the world for which he thinks and cares.

The Sage—whence flows the wisdom that exalts ?

The Poet—whence the splendours that illumine ?

The Man—who cheers the virtues, chides the faults,

Where's "the old garden" which his thoughts  
perfume,

*His* path who in his proud course never halts ?

*None know*—and humbled, I my way resume.

J. W. DALBY.

---

SONNETS TO WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

I.

How nobly sits old age upon the brave,

Whose falling years preserve the hopes of youth !

Its early love of liberty and truth ;

When genius all its treasures gladly gave

To raise up the oppressed, to free the slave ;

To make mankind live purely, god-like, free !  
 And such, O Landor, do we find in thee !  
 Our memories will "garner up" thy name,  
 As one who battled bravely for the right ;  
 Who never stooped to thought or deed of shame,  
 But walked the earth in rare unsullied might ;  
 In strength and purity aye winning fame.  
 We mourn the world no more will hear thy voice,  
 But in thy great achievements we rejoice.

II.

How shall we weave a wreath for thy broad brow ?  
 Words are but feeble instruments to prove  
 How much we feel for thee, how deeply love  
 Thy solitary nobleness, and how  
 In thy declining years we would avow  
 The gratitude whose fragrant word might cheer  
 Thy present hour. But why ? thou needest not  
 Such utterances. Serene, sublime, and clear  
 Must be the thoughts which bless thy honoured lot ;  
 Pure thoughts and noble deeds attend on thee ;  
 Thy past hath nothing thou hast need to blot ;  
 And this, in truth, thy epitaph might be :  
 "He scorned the lures of power, and pomp, and  
 pride,  
 And for the right he lived, and for the right he  
 died."

JOHN ALFRED LANGFORD.

Birmingham, June 1855.

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## A SONNET.

TO WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, ESQ.

*By the Authoress of "St Sylvester's Day," &c.*

IF in some vision that deep dyes the soul  
 In its own heaven-tints, you should haply see  
 Angels or gods, or godlike company  
 Of Poets gone from earth ;—should one unroll  
 His glorious thoughts in speech ; (while the controul  
 Of eyes mild-lidded, bending shadedly  
 On yours, though keen to pierce infinity,  
 Informs your spirit, till you grasp the whole  
 Of his grand converse ;) unamazed you stand,  
 And talk with him as with some school-day friend.  
 Was it in dreams I stood thus at the hand  
 Of Landor, master genius, who doth send  
 From his still hearth strong voices through the land,  
 That echoing to far ages shall descend ?

---

 ON MR LANDOR'S POEM ENTITLED  
*INGRATITUDE.*

SOMETIMES may we poor ladies fear  
 A very close examiner ;  
 We also are inclined to pry  
 In trinket-box for jewelry,  
 And every now and then would have  
 A short flirtation with the brave.

I too, among the rest, have been  
In London, at the solemn scene,  
And sadly wanted you to say  
Why Austria's Envoy kept away,  
At last we learn by Landor's mouth  
Why came foul weather from the South,  
And kiss *his* rapier sharp and bright,  
And truncheon always leading right.

---

AH LANDOR, what a joy were mine  
To blend my humble wreath with thine  
    Of sempiternal bay ;  
Could I but deftly interfuse  
The accents of thy Roman muse  
    With my untutored lay !

On Fairfield, my Soracte's brow,  
The snows lie wreathed ; and keen winds plough  
    The mere, my Larian lake ;  
But bending o'er thy classic page,  
I heed not though the tempest's rage  
    My mountain-cottage shake.

I seem to stand in Mincio's grove,  
And list how Pan with Cupid strove,  
    While Virgil wakes the shell :  
Yet in thy varied verse I trace  
Something surpassing Maro's grace,—  
    A power of deeper spell.

Beyond the bright Pierian fount,  
Above the old bi-forked mount  
    Where Phœbus erst held sway,  
Thy muse can urge her daring course,  
And rise undazzled to the source  
    Of empyréan day.

Yet, Landor, thou wilt not disdain  
To list these echoes of thy strain,  
    And teach my willing hand  
To strike the lyre I shaped from thine  
(Ah might I catch its fire divine !)  
    In my rude mountain-land.

G. G. CUNNINGHAM.

Jan. 31, 1857.

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TO WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THY radiant genius glances over all  
With sunlike splendor. Sea, rock, waterfall,  
Or the shy brook creeping through tangled leaves,  
Or cottage lattice under trelaced eaves,  
All share those beams ; but brighter still they  
    pause  
On warrior's steel unsheathed in Freedom's cause.

G. S. H.

## TO WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THE year goes out in storm. The sky is full  
Of vaporous turmoil ; the Atlantic waves,  
Convulsed and batter'd into tawny froth,  
Welter upon the beach, or, thundering white,  
Scale the black cliff, and ever fall rebuff'd.  
To-night the spirits of air rage round this house,  
And sometimes through the wafted curtain bow  
My taper's slender pyramid, whose light  
Flickers on names of power, that live emboss'd  
In jewels on great shrines (their wealthiest shrines  
And durablest are here), with others, too,  
This age keeps count of on her civic roll,  
Scarce proudly enough, and humbly not enough,—  
Amidst th' antique and new perennial peers,  
Thine, LANDOR. Ruffle not, ye wintry blasts,  
That brow beneath its coronal, for Time's  
Unwearied breath may never thin a bud  
The coronal upon that brow ! Blow soft  
Along the Vale of Springs whilst he is there !

Nor visit fiercely my unshelter'd door,  
Who from this utmost edge, remote and rude,  
Dare to that valley on your pinions waft  
A hymnal greeting—ah, too wildly dare !  
Were not the lower still the harsher judge.

Yet hear me, tempests !—as ye drown that toll,  
Time's footfall on the mystic boundary  
That severs year from year—could such a wind  
Blow out of any quarter of the heaven

As to lay ruin'd, worse than Nineveh,  
 The thrones where men of serpent forehead sit,  
 And eyes of smoky hell-spark, with their spur  
 Firm in the people's neck ; nor less indignant,  
 Shatter their chairs, whose white, angelic robes  
 Drape the hog-paunch, or lend the juggler sleeve—  
 Swift purifier ! whirl them to the mud !  
 Ay, the Lord lives, and, therefore, down with ye !  
 Rotten impostors, down ! Could such a wind  
 Blow out of any quarter of the heaven,  
 Content, my habitancy, like a twig,  
 Torn in the mighty tempest, would I crawl,  
 Shivering for shelter, or scoop out a cave  
 Among the creatures in the benty sand,  
 Or else need none.

Dark clouds are taking wing  
 Out of the wave continually. They fly  
 Over those heaps of benty sand, and moor,  
 And mountain, eastward, hurrying to the dawn ;  
 There where a New Day and New Year roll up  
 In misty light. Eastward I look and hail  
 Thee, LANDOR, with the Year ; inscrutable  
 In all its fates ; and over all its fates  
 The throne of God, eternal, just, serene.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

---

QUAM bene sermones scripsisti ab *imagine* dictos,  
 Vita in imaginibus sed patet usque tuis.

C. DELA PRYME.

FORTIOR est nemo quàm tu, generose Savagî !  
Nemo est Romano dignior ore loqui.  
Rugbæos igitur celebraberis inter alumnos  
Quot sacer Aonia proluit annis aquâ.

S. B.

---

AD ILLUSTRISSIMUM VIRUM SAVAGIUM  
LANDOR.

QUALIS procellis trux hiemalibus  
Adauctus amnis transilit aggeres ;  
Prorumpit, in lucemque honestus  
Grati animi rapiendus ardor.

Nunc est canendum : sed potius tace ;  
Vel vela saltem turgida contrahe ;  
Nec lentus argumenta ducas  
Tanta modis tenuata parvis.

O grande munus ! jam videor mihi  
Flictus rotarum corripientium  
Cursus, et hinnitus equorum,  
Et cupida bibere aure plausus.

Lyræque vocem, quæ trifidi jubar  
Extinguit ignis, quæ Jovis alitem  
Sopore declinare suadet  
Lumina lucidiora sole.



O grande munus ! carmina *Pindari*  
 Poeta donat par mihi Pindaro !  
 Pro ! gaudia insperata pectus  
 Cæstro agitant :—veniam, ruenti.

Audaciores in numeros, date !  
 Satis superque est : pro ! pudor ! audeant  
 Garrire cornices, apertas  
 Rege avium quatiente pennas ?

J. PITMAN.

URBES Sicanas ut lubenter viderim  
 Amice Landor, et tecum et Theocrito,  
 Theocritus nam solus æquis passibus  
 Comes fuisset ; mollibus facetiis,  
 Captis, receptis, invicem fallens viam  
 “ Per litus illud, illa aperta pascua,  
 “ Et nemora, et alta rupium cacumina,  
 “ Quæ quondam amabat pervagari vesperi ;”  
 Neque ipse Cymodameiam, ut unicè tuam  
 Aut ausus aut permissus esset insequi.

FRANCIS HARE.

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