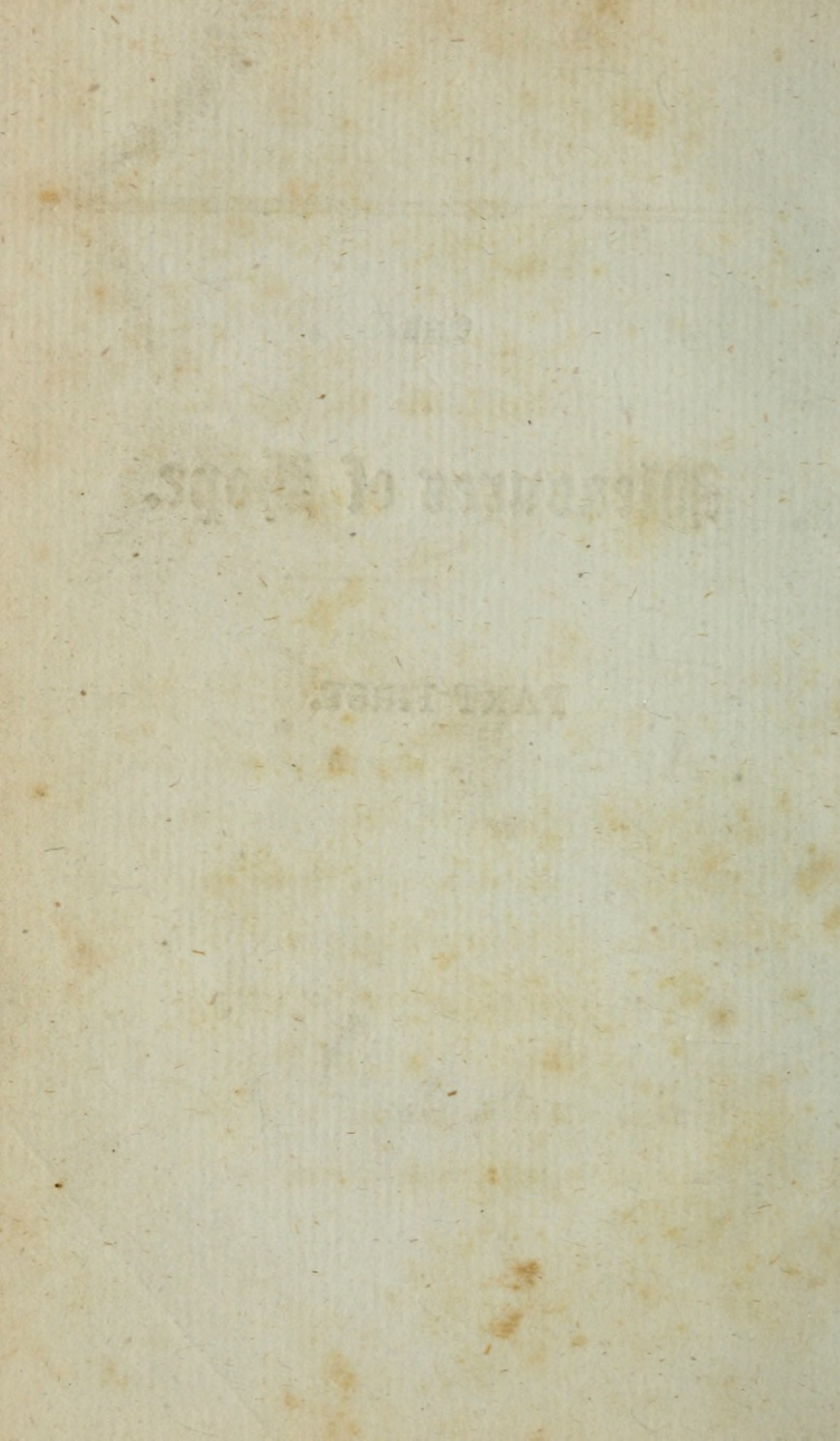


THE

Pleasures of Hope.

PART FIRST.



M. e. Morton

Pleasures of Hope.

PART I.

AT summer eve, when Heav'n's aerial bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the inusing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do these cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?
'Tis Distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promis'd joys of life's unmeasur'd way ; 10
Thus, from afar, each dim-discover'd scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been ;
And every form that fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptur'd eye 15
To peirce the shades of dim futurity ?
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heav'nly pow'r,
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour ?
Ah, no ! she darkly sees the fate of man—
Her dim horizon bounded to a span ; 20
Or, if she hold an image to the view,
'Tis Nature pictur'd too severely true.

With thee, sweet Hope ! resides the heav'nly light,
That pours remotest rapture on the sight :

Thine is the charm of life's bewilder'd way, 25
That calls each slumb'ring passion into play.
Wak'd by thy touch, I see the sister band,
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
To Pleasure's path, or glory's bright career. 30

Primeval Hope, the Aonian Muses say,
When Man and Nature mourn'd their first decay;
When every form of death, and every woe,
Shot from malignant stars to earth below;
When Murder bared his arm, and rampant War 35
Yok'd the red dragons of her iron car;
When Peace and Mercy, banish'd from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heav'n again;
All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,
But Hope, the charmer, linger'd still behind. 40

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

Auspicious Hope ! in thy sweet garden grow 45
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe :
Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower ;
There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring ; 50
What viewless forms th' Æolian organ play,
And sweep the furrowed lines of anxious thought away !

Angel of life ! thy glittering wings explore
Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest shore.

Lo! to the wint'ry winds the pilot yields 55
His bark careering o'er unfathom'd fields;
Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor-standard to the winds unfurl'd,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world. 60

Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer smiles,
On Behrring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles;
Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow;
And waft, across the wave's tumultuous roar, 65
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.

Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form!
Rocks, waves, and winds, the shatter'd bark delay;
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away. 70

But Hope can here her moonlight vigils keep,
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep :
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul.
His native hills that rise in happier climes, 75
The grot that heard his song of other times,
His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,
His glassy lake, and broomwood blossom'd vale,
Rush on his thought ; he sweeps before the wind,
Treads the lov'd shore he sigh'd to leave behind ; 80
Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
And flies at last to Helen's long embrace ;
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear,
And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear !
While, long neglected, but at length caress'd, 85
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home,

Friend of the brave ! in peril's darkest hour,
Intrepid Virtue looks to thee for power ; 90
To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,
On stormy floods, and carnage-cover'd fields,
When front to front the banner'd hosts combine,
Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line.
When all is still on Death's devoted soil, 95
The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil ;
As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high
The dauntless brow, and spirit-speaking eye.
Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,
And hears thy stormy music in the drum ! 100

And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore—¹
In horrid climes, where Chiloe's tempests sweep
Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep,

'Twas his to mourn misfortune's rudest shock, 105
Scourg'd by the winds, and cradled on the rock,
To wake each joyless morn, and search again
The famish'd haunts of solitary men ;
Whose race, unyielding as their native storm,
Knows not a trace of Nature but the form ; 110
Yet, at thy call, the hardy tar pursued,
Pale but intrepid, sad but unsubdued,
Pierc'd the deep woods, and, hailing from afar,
The moon's pale planet, and the northern star ;
Paus'd at each dreary cry, unheard before, 115
Hyænas in the wild, and mermaids on the shore ;
Till, led by thee o'er many a cliff sublime,
He found a warmer world, a milder clime,
A home to rest, a shelter to defend,
Peace and repose, a Briton and a friend ! ² 120

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

“ Go, Child of Heav'n (thy winged words proclaim)
'Tis thine to search the boundless fields of fame ! 126
Lo ! Newton, Priest of Nature, shines afar,
Scans the wide world, and numbers ev'ry star !
Wilt thou, with him, mysterious rites apply,
And watch the shrine with wonder-beaming eye ? 130
Yes, thou shalt mark, with magic art profound,
The speed of light, the circling march of sound ;
With Franklin grasp the light'ning's fiery wing,
Or yield the lyre of Heav'n another string. 3

“ The Swedish sage admires, in yonder bow'rs, + 135
His winged insects, and his rosy flow'rs ;

Calls from their woodland haunts the savage train
With sounding horn, and counts them on the plain—
So once, at Heav'n's command, the wand'ers came
To Eden's shade, and heard their various name. 140

“ Far from the world, in yon sequester'd clime,
Slow pass the sons of Wisdom, more sublime ;
Calm as the fields of Heav'n, his sapient eye
The lov'd Athenian lifts to realms on high,
Admiring Plato on his spotless page, 145
Stamps the bright dictates of the Father sage :
' Shall Nature bound to Earth's diurnal span
The fire of God, th' immortal soul of man ?’

“ Turn, Child of Heav'n, thy rapture-lighten'd eye
To Wisdom's walks, the sacred Nine are nigh : 150
Hark ! from bright spires that gild the Delphian height,
From streams that wander in eternal light,

Ranged on their hill, Harmonia's daughters swell
The mingling tones of horn, and harp, and shell ;
Deep from his vaults, the Loxian murmurs flow, ^s 155
And Pythia's awful organ peals below.

“ Belov'd of Heav'n ! the smiling muse shall shed
Her moonlight halo on thy beauteous head ;
Shall swell thy heart to rapture unconfin'd,
And breathe a holy madness o'er thy mind. 160
I see thee roam her guardian pow'r beneath,
And talk with spirits on the midnight heath ;
Inquire of guilty wand'ers whence they came,
And ask each blood-stain'd form his earthly name ;
Then weave in rapid verse the deeds they tell, 165
And read the trembling world the tales of hell.

“ When Venus, thron'd in clouds of rosy hue,
Flings from her golden urn the vesper dew ;

And bids fond man her glimmering noon employ,
Sacred to love, and walks of tender joy ; 170
A milder mood the goddess shall recall,
And soft as dew thy tones of music fall ;
While Beauty's deeply-pictur'd smiles impart,
A pang more dear than pleasure to the heart—
Warm as thy sighs shall flow the Lesbian strain, 175
And plead in Beauty's ear, nor plead in vain.

“ Or wilt thou Orphean hymns more sacred deem,
And steep thy song in Mercy's mellow stream ;
To pensive drops the radiant eye beguile—
For Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile ;— 180
On Nature's throbbing anguish pour relief,
And teach impassion'd souls the Joy of Grief?

“ Yes ; to thy tongue shall seraph words be giv'n,
And pow'r on earth to plead the cause of Heav'n ;

The proud, the cold untroubled heart of stone, 185

That never mus'd on sorrow but its own,

Unlocks a generous store at thy command,

Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand. ⁶

The living lumber of his kindred earth,

Charm'd into soul, receives a second birth ; 190

Feels thy dread pow'r another heart afford,

Whose passion-touch'd harmonious strings accord

True as the circling spheres to Nature's plan ;

And man, the brother, lives the friend of man !

“ Bright as the pillar rose at Heav'n's command, 195

When Israel march'd along the desert land,

Blaz'd through the night on lonely wilds afar,

And told the path—a never-setting star :

So ! heav'nly Genius, in thy course divine,

Hope is thy star, her light is ever thine.” 200

Propitious Pow'r ! when rankling cares annoy
The sacred home of Hymenean joy ;
When doom'd to Poverty's sequester'd dell,
The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell,
Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame, 205
Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts the same—
Oh there, prophetic Hope ! thy smile bestow,
And chase the pangs that worth should never know—
There, as the parent deals his scanty store
To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more ; 210
Tell that his manly race shall yet assuage
Their father's wrongs, and shield his later age.
What though for him no Hybla sweets distill,
Nor bloomy vines wave radiant on the hill ;
Tell, that when silent years have pass'd away, 215
That when his eye grows dim, his tresses gray,
These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,
And deck with fairer flow'rs his little field ;

And call from Heav'n propitious dew to breathe
Arcadian beauty on the barren heath : 220

Tell, that while Love's spontaneous smile endears
The days of peace, the sabbath of his years,
Health shall prolong to many a festive hour
The social pleasures of his humble bow'r.

Lo ! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps, 225
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps ;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her little son with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy—

“ Sleep, image of thy father, sleep my boy : 230
No ling'ring hour of sorrow shall be thine ;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine ;
Bright as his manly sire, the son shall be
In form and soul ; but, ah ! more blest than he !

Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love at last, 235
Shall soothe this aching heart for all the past—
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.

“ And say, when summon'd from the world and thee,
I lay my head beneath the willow tree ; 240
Wilt *thou*, sweet mourner ! at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit ling'ring near ?
Oh, wilt thou come ! at ev'ning hour, to shed
The tears of Memory o'er my narrow bed ;
With aching temples on thy hand reclin'd, 245
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love, and all my woe ?”

So speaks affection, ere the infant eye
Can look regard, or brighten in reply ; 250

But when the cherub lip hath learnt to claim
A mother's ear by that endearing name ;
Soon as the playful innocent can prove
A tear of pity, or a smile of love,
Or cons his murm'ring task beneath her care, 255
Or lisps with holy look his ev'ning prayer,
Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear ;
How fondly looks admiring Hope the while,
At every artless tear, and every smile ; 260
How glows the joyous parent to descry
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy !

Where is the troubled heart consign'd to share
Tumultuous toils, or solitary care,
Unblest by visionary thoughts that stray 265
To count the joys of Fortune's better day !

Lo, nature, life, and liberty relume
The dim-ey'd tenant of the dungeon gloom,
A long lost friend, or hapless child restor'd,
Smile at his blazing hearth and social board ; 270
Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow,
And virtue triumphs o'er remember'd woe.

Chide not his peace, proud Reason ! nor destroy
The shadowy forms of uncreated joy,
That urge the lingering tide of life, and pour 275
Spontaneous slumber on his midnight hour.

Hark ! the wild maniac sings to chide the gale
That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail ;
She, sad spectatress, on the wint'ry shore
Watch'd the rude surge his shroudless corse that bore,
Knew the pale form, and, shreaking in amaze, 281
Claspt her cold hands, and fix'd her maddening gaze :

Poor widow'd wretch ! 'twas there she wept in vain

Till memory fled her agonizing brain ;—

But Mercy gave, to charm the sense of woe, 285

Ideal peace, that Truth could ne'er bestow :—

Warm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam,

And aimless Hope delights her darkest dream.

Oft when yon moon has climb'd the midnight sky,

And the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry, 290

Pil'd on the steep her blazing faggots burn

To hail the bark that never can return ;

And still she waits, but scarce forbears to weep

That constant love can linger on the deep.

And, mark the wretch, whose wand'rings never knew

The world's regard, that soothes, though half untrue, 296

Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,

But found not pity when it err'd no more.

Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye
Th' unfeeling proud one looks—and passes by, 300
Condemn'd on Penury's barren path to roam,
Scorn'd by the world, and left without a home—
Ev'n he, at evening, should he chance to stray
Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way,
Where round the cot's romantic glade, are seen 305
The blossom'd bean-field, and the sloping green,
Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while—
Oh! that for me some home like this would smile,
Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form,
Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm; 310
There should my hand no stinted boon assign
To wretched hearts with sorrows such as mine;—
That generous wish can soothe unpitied care,
And Hope half mingles with the poor man's pray'r.

Hope! when I mourn, with sympathizing mind, 315
The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,
Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see
The boundless fields of rapture yet to be ;
I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan,
And learn the future by the past of man. 320

Come, bright Improvement! on the car of Time,
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime :
Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,
Trace every wave, and culture every shore.
On Erie's banks, where tygers steal along, 325
And the dread Indian chaunts a dismal song,
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
And bathe in brains the murd'rous tomahawk ;
There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,
And shepherds dance at Summer's op'ning day ; 330

Each wand'ring genius of the lonely glen
Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men ;
And silence watch, on woodland heights around,
The village curfew, as it tolls profound.

In Lybian groves, where damned rites are done 335
That bathe the rocks in blood, and veil the sun,
Truth shall arrest the murd'rous arm profane,
Wild Obi flies⁷—the veil is rent in twain.

Where barb'rous hordes on Scythian mountains roam,
Truth, Mercy, Freedom, yet shall find a home ; 340
Where'er degraded Nature bleeds and pines,
From Guinea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines,⁸
Truth shall pervade th' unfathom'd darkness there,
And light the dreadful features of despair :—
Hark ! the stern captive spurns his heavy load, 345
And asks the image back that Heaven bestow'd !

Fierce in his eye the fire of valour burns,
And, as the slave departs, the man returns !

Oh ! sacred Truth ! thy triumph ceased awhile,
And Hope, thy sister, ceas'd with thee to smile, 350
When leagu'd Oppression pour'd to Northern wars
Her whisker'd pandours and her fierce hussars,
Wav'd her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet horn ;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van, 355
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man ! 9

Warsaw's last champion from her height survey'd,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—
Oh ! Heav'n ! he cried, my bleeding country save !—
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave ! 360
Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow men ! our country yet remains !

By that dread name we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live !—with her to die !

He said, and, on the rampart-heights, array'd 365
His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd ;
Firm-pac'd and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm ;
Low murm'ring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge, or death,—the watchword and reply ; 370
Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm !—

In vain, alas ! in vain, the gallant few !
From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew :—
Oh ! bloodiest picture in the book of Time, 375
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime ;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe !
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe !

Dropt from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,
Clos'd her bright eye, and curb'd her high career ;— 380
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd—as Kosciusko fell !

The sun went down, nor ceas'd the carnage there,
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow, 385
His blood-dy'd waters murm'ring far below ;—
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay !
Hark ! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call ! 290
Earth shook—red meteors flash'd along the sky,
And conscious Nature shudder'd at the cry !

Oh ! Righteous Heav'n ! ere Freedom found a grave,
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save ?

Where was thine arm, O vengeance ! where thy rod, 395
That smote the foes of Zion and of God,
That crush'd proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yok'd in wrath, and thunder'd from afar ?
Where was the storm that slumber'd till the host
Of blood-stain'd Pharaoh left their trembling coast, 400
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heav'd an ocean on their march below ?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead !
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled !
Friends of the world ! restore your swords to man, 405
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van !
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own :—
Oh ! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot Tell—the BRUCE OF BANNOCKBURN ! 410

Yes! thy proud lords, unpitied land! shall see
That man hath yet a soul—and dare be free!
A little while, along thy saddening plains,
The starless night of desolation reigns;
Truth shall restore the light by Nature given, 415
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heav'n!
Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurl'd,
Her name, her nature, wither'd from the world!

Ye that the rising morn invidious mark,
And hate the light—because your deeds are dark; 420
Ye that expanding truth invidious view,
And think, or wish the song of Hope untrue;
Perhaps your little hands presume to span
The march of Genius, and the pow'rs of man;
Perhaps ye watch, at Pride's unhallow'd shrine, 425
Her victims, newly slain, and thus divine:

“ Here shall thy triumph, Genius, cease, and here
Truth, Science, Virtue, close your short career.”

Tyrants ! in vain ye trace the wizard ring ;
In vain ye limit mind's unwearied spring ; 430
What ! can ye lull the winged winds asleep,
Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep ?
No :—the wild wave contemns your scepter'd hand ;—
It roll'd not back when Canute gave command !

Man ! can thy doom no brighter soul allow ? 435
Still must thou live a blot on Nature's brow ?
Shall War's polluted banner ne'er be furl'd ?
Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the world ?
What ! are thy triumphs, sacred Truth, belied ?
Why then hath Plato liv'd—or Sydney died ? 440

Ye fond adorers of departed fame,
Who warm at Scipio's worth, or Tully's name!
Ye that, in fancied vision, can admire
The sword of Brutus, and the Theban lyre!
Wrapt in historic ardour, who adore 445
Each classic haunt and well-remember'd shore,
Where valour tun'd, amid her chosen throng,
The Thracian trumpet and the Spartan song;
Or, wand'ring thence, behold the later charms
Of England's glory, and Helvetia's arms! 450
See Roman fire in Hampden's bosom swell,
And fate and freedom in the shaft of Tell!
Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore,
Hath valour left the world—to live no more?
No more shall Brutus bid a tyrant die, 455
And sternly smile with vengeance in his eye?
Hampden no more, when suffering Freedom calls,
Encounter fate, and triumph as he falls?

Nor Tell disclose, through peril and alarm,
The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm?

460

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

Yes ! there are hearts, prophetic Hope may trust, 465
That slumber yet in uncreated dust,
Ordain'd to fire the adoring sons of earth
With every charm of wisdom and of worth ;
Ordain'd to light with intellectual day,
The mazy wheels of Nature as they play,
Or warm with Fancy's energy, to glow,
And rival all but Shakspeare's name below !

And say, supernal Powers ! who deeply scan
Heav'n's dark decrees, unfathom'd yet by man,
When shall the world call down, to cleanse her shame, 475
That embryo spirit, yet without a name,—
That Friend of Nature, whose avenging hands
Shall burst the Lybian's adamantine bands ?
Who, sternly marking on his native soil,
The blood, the tears, the anguish, and the toil, 480
Shall bid each righteous heart exult to see
Peace to the slave, and vengeance on the free !

Yet, yet, degraded men ! the expected day
That breaks your bitter cup, is far away ;
Trade, wealth, and fashion, ask you still to bleed, 485
And holy men give scripture for the deed ;
Scourg'd and debas'd, no Briton stoops to save
A wretch, a coward ; yes, because a slave !—

Eternal Nature ! when thy giant hand
Had heav'd the floods, and fix'd the trembling land, 490
When life sprung startling at thy plastic call,
Endless her forms, and man the lord of all !
Say, was that lordly form inspir'd by thee,
To wear eternal chains, and bow the knee ?
Was man ordain'd the slave of man to toil, 495
Yok'd with the brutes, and fetter'd to the soil ;
Weigh'd in a tyrant's balance with his gold ?
No !—Nature stamp'd us in a heav'nly mould !
She bade no wretch his thankless labour urge,
Nor, trembling, take the pittance and the scourge ! 500
No homeless Lybian, on the stormy deep,
To call upon his country's name and weep !—

Lo ! Once in triumph, on his boundless plain,
The quiver'd chief of Congo lov'd to reign ;

With fires proportioned to his native sky, 505
Strength in his arm, and light'ning in his eye;
Scour'd with wild feet his sun-illumin'd zone,
The spear, the lion, and the woods his own;
Or led the combat, bold without a plan,
An artless savage, but a fearless man! 510

The plunderer came:—alas! no glory smiles
For Congo's chief on yonder Indian isles;
For ever fallen! no son of Nature now,
With Freedom charter'd on his manly brow!
Faint, bleeding, bound, he weeps the night away, 515
And, when the sea-wind wafts the dewless day,
Starts, with a bursting heart, for evermore
To curse the sun that lights their guilty shore!

The shrill horn blew ¹c; at that alarum knell
His guardian angel took a last farewell! 520

That funeral dirge to darkness hath resign'd
The fiery grandeur of a generous mind!—
Poor fetter'd man! I hear thee whispering low
Unhallowed vows to Guilt, the child of Woe!
Friendless thy heart; and, canst thou harbour there 525
A wish but death—a passion but despair?

The widow'd Indian, when her lord expires,
Mounts the dread pile, and braves the funeral fires!
So falls the heart at Thraldom's bitter sigh!
So Virtue dies, the spouse of Liberty! 530

But not to Lybia's barren climes alone,
To Chili, or the wild Siberian zone,
Belong the wretched heart and haggard eye,
Degraded worth, and poor misfortune's sigh!—
Ye orient realms, where Ganges' waters run! 535
Prolific fields! dominions of the sun!

How long your tribes have trembled and obey'd !

How long was Timur's iron sceptre sway'd ! ¹¹

Whose marshall'd hosts, the lions of the plain,

From Scythia's northern mountains to the main, 540

Rag'd o'er your plunder'd shrines and alters bare,

With blazing torch and gory scymitar,—

Stunn'd with the cries of death each gentle gale,

And bath'd in blood the verdure of the vale !

Yet could no pangs th' immortal spirit tame, 545

When Brama's children perish'd for his name ;

The martyr smil'd beneath avenging pow'r,

And brav'd the tyrant in his torturing hour !

When Europe sought your subject realms to gain,

And stretch'd her giant sceptre o'er the main, 550

Taught her proud barks their winding way to shape,

And brav'd the stormy spirit of the Cape ; ¹²

Children of Brama ! then was mercy nigh
To wash the stain of blood's eternal dye ?
Did Peace descend, to triumph and to save, 555
When free-born Britons cross'd the Indian wave ?
Ah, no ! to more than Rome's ambition true,
The Nurse of Freedom gave it not to you !
She the bold route of Europe's guilt began,
And, in the march of nations, led the van ! 560

Rich in the gems of India's gaudy zone,
And plunder pil'd from kingdoms not their own,
Degenerate Trade ! thy minions could despise
The heart-born anguish of a thousand cries ;
Could lock, with impious hands, their teeming store, 565
While famish'd nations died along the shore ; ¹³
Could mock the groans of fellow men, and bear,
The curse of kingdoms peopled with despair ;

Could stamp disgrace on Nature's hollow name,

And barter, with their gold, eternal shame !

570

But, hark ! as bow'd to earth the Bramin kneels,

From heav'nly climes propitious thunder peals !

Of India's fate her guardian spirits tell,

Prophetic murmurs breathing on the shell,

And solemn sounds, that awe the list'ning mind,

575

Roll on the azure paths of ey'ry wind.

“ Foes of mankind ! (her guardian spirits say),

Revolving ages bring the bitter day,

When Heav'n's unerring arm shall fall on you,

And blood for blood these Indian plains bedew ;

580

Nine times have Brama's wheels of light'ning hurl'd

His awful presence o'er the prostrate world ;

Nine times hath Guilt, through all his giant frame,

Convulsive trembled, as the Mighty came ;

Nine times hath suffering Mercy spar'd in vain—¹⁴ 585
But Heav'n shall burst her starry gates again !
He comes ! dread Brama shakes the sunless sky
With murmuring wrath, and thunders from on high !
Heaven's fiery horse, beneath his warrior form,
Paws the light clouds, and gallops on the storm ! 590
Wide waves his flickering sword, his bright arms glow
Like summer suns, and light the world below !
Earth, and her trembling isles in Ocean's bed
Are shook ; and Nature rocks beneath his tread !

To pour redress on India's injur'd realm 595
The oppressor to dethrone, the proud to whelm ;
To chase destruction from her plunder'd shore
With arts and arms that triumph'd once before,
The tenth Avater comes ! at Heaven's command
Shall Seriswattee ¹⁵ wave her hallowed wand ! 600

And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime,
Shall bless with joy their own propitious clime !—
Come, Heav'nly Powers ! primeval peace restore !
Love !—Mercy !—Wisdom !—rule for evermore !

END OF PART FIRST.

THE

Pleasures of Hope.

PART SECOND.

Pleasures of Hope.

PART II.

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

5

There be, perhaps, who barren hearts avow,
Cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow;

There be, whose loveless wisdom never fail'd,

In self-adoring pride securely mail'd ;—

10

But, triumph not, ye peace-enamour'd few !

Fire, Nature, Genius, never dwelt with you !

For you no fancy consecrates the scene

Where rapture utter'd vows, and wept between ;

'Tis yours, unmov'd, to sever and to meet ;

15

No pledge is sacred, and no home is sweet !

Who that would ask a heart to dulness wed,

The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead ?

No ; the wild bliss of Nature needs alloy,

And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy !

20

And say, without our hopes, without our fears,

Without the home that plighted love endears,

Without the smile from partial beauty won,

Oh ! what were man ?—a world without a sun !

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour, 25
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bow'r !
In vain the viewless seraph ling'ring there,
At starry midnight, charm'd the silent air ;
In vain the wild-bird carol'd on the steep,
To hail the sun, slow-wheeling from the deep; 30
In vain, to sooth the solitary shade,
Aerial notes in mingling measure play'd ;
The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,
The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee—
Still slowly pass'd the melancholy day, 35
And still the stranger wist not where to stray,—
The world was sad !—the garden was a wild !—
And Man, the hermit, sigh'd—till Woman smil'd !

True ! the sad power to generous hearts may bring
Delirious anguish on his fiery wing ! 40

Barr'd from delight by Fate's untimely hand,
By wealthless lot, or pitiless command ;
Or doom'd to gaze on beauties that adorn
The smile of triumph, or the frown of scorn ;
While Memory watches o'er the sad review 45
Of joys that faded like the morning dew ;
Peace may depart—and life and nature seem
A barren path—a wildness, and a dream !

But, can the noble mind for ever brood,
The willing victim of a weary mood, 50
On heartless cares that squander life away,
And cloud young Genius bright'ning into day !—
Shame to the coward thought that e'er betray'd
The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade !—
If Hope's creative spirit cannot raise 55
One trophy sacred to thy future days,

Scorn the dull crowd that haunt the gloomy shrine

Of hopeless love, to murmur and repine !

But, should a sigh of milder mood express

Thy heart-warm wishes true to happiness, 60

Should Heav'n's fair harbinger delight to pour

Her blissful visions on thy pensive hour,

No tear to blot thy memory's pictur'd page,

No fears but such as Fancy can assuage ;

Though thy wild heart some hapless hour may miss 65

The peaceful tenor of unvaried bliss,

(For love pursues an ever devious race,

True to the winding lineaments of grace) ;

Yet still may Hope her talisman employ

To snatch from Heaven anticipated joy, 70

And all her kindred energies impart

That burn the brightest in the purest heart !

When first the Rhodian's mimic art array'd
The queen of Beauty in her Cyprian shade,
The happy master mingled on his piece 75
Each look that charm'd him in the fair of Greece;
To faultless Nature true, he stole a grace
From every finer form and sweeter face;
And, as he sojourn'd on the Ægean isles,
Woo'd all their love, and treasur'd all their smiles; 80
Then glow'd the tints, pure, precious, and refin'd,
And mortal charms seem'd heav'nly when combin'd!
Love on the picture smil'd! Expression pour'd
Her mingling spirit there—and Greece ador'd!

So thy fair hand, enamour'd Fancy! gleans 85
The treasur'd pictures of a thousand scenes!
Thy pencil traces on the Lover's thought
Some cottage-home, from towns and toil remote,

Where Love and Lore may claim alternate hours,
With Peace embosom'd in Idalian bow'rs ! 90
Remote from busy Life's bewilder'd way,
O'er all his heart shall Taste and Beauty sway !
Free on the sunny slope, or winding shore,
With hermit steps to wander and adore !
There shall he love, when genial morn appears, 95
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears,
To watch the bright'ning roses of the sky,
And muse on Nature with a poet's eye !—
And, when the sun's last splendour lights the deep,
The woods, and waves, and murm'ring winds asleep ; 100
When fairy harps th' Hesperian planet hail,
And the lone cuckoo sighs along the vale,
His path shall be where streamy mountains swell
Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell,
Where mouldering piles and forests intervene, 105
Mingling with darker tints the living green ;

No circling hills his ravish'd eye to bound,
Heaven, Earth, and Ocean, blazing all around !

The moon is up—the watch-tow'r dimly burns—
And down the vale his sober step returns ; 110
But pauses oft, as winding rocks convey
The still sweet fall of Music far away ;
And oft he lingers from his home awhile
To watch the dying notes !—and start, and smile !

Let Winter come ! Let polar spirits sweep 115
The dark'ning world, and tempest-troubled deep !
Though boundless snows the wither'd heath deform,
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm ;
Yet shall the smile of social love repay,
With mental light, the melancholy day ! 120
And, when its short and sullen noon is o'er,
The ice-chain'd waters slumbering on the shore,

How bright the faggots in his little hall
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictur'd wall !

How blest he names, in Love's familiar tone, 125
The kind fair friend, by Nature mark'd his own ;
And, in the waveless mirror of his mind,
Views the fleet years of pleasure left behind,
Since Anna's empire o'er his heart began !
Since first he call'd her his before the holy man ! 130

Trim the gay taper in his rustic dome,
And light the wint'ry paradise of home ;
And let the half-uncurtain'd window hail
Some way-worn man benighted in the vale !
Now, while the moaning night-wind rages high, 135
As sweep the shot-stars down the troubled sky,
While fiery hosts in Heaven's wide circle play,
And bathe in livid light the milky way,

Safe from the storm, the meteor, and the shower,
Some pleasing page shall charm the solemn hour— 140
With pathos shall command, with wit beguile,
A generous tear of anguish, or a smile—
Thy woes, Arion! and thy simple tale, ²
O'er all the heart shall triumph and prevail!
Charm'd as they read the verse too sadly true, 145
How gallant Albert, and his weary crew,
Heav'd all their guns, their foundering bark to save,
And toil'd—and shriek'd—and perish'd on the wave!

Yes, at the dead of night, by Lonna's steep,
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep: 150
There, on his funeral waters dark and wild,
The dying father blest his darling child!
Oh! Mercy, shield her innocence, he cried,
Spent on the prayer his bursting heart, and died!

Or will they learn how generous worth sublimes 155
The robber Moor ³, and pleads for all his crimes !
How poor Amelia kiss'd, with many a tear
His hand, bloodstain'd, but ever ever dear !
Hung on the tortur'd bosom of her lord,
And wept, and pray'd perdition from his sword ! 160
Nor sought in vain ! at that heart-piercing cry
The strings of nature crack'd with agony !
He, with delirious laugh, the dagger hurl'd,
And burst the ties that bound him to the world !

Turn from his dying words, that smite with steel, 165
The shuddering thoughts, or wind them on the wheel—
Turn to the gentler melodies that suit
Thalia's harp, or Pan's Arcadian lute ;
Or, down the stream of Truth's historic page,
From clime to clime descend, from age to age ! 170

Yet there, perhaps, may darker scenes obtrude
Than Fancy fashions in her wildest mood ;
There shall he pause, with horrent brow, to rate
What millions died—that Cæsar might be great ! 4
Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore, 5 175
March'd by their Charles to Dneiper's swampy shore,
Faint in his wounds, and shivering in the blast,
The Swedish soldier sunk—and groan'd his last !
File after file, the stormy showers benumb,
Freeze every standard-sheet, and hush the drum ! 180
Horseman and horse confess'd the bitter pang,
And arms and warriors fell with hollow clang !
Yet, ere he sunk in Nature's last repose,
Ere life's warm torrent to the fountain froze,
The dying man to Sweden turned his eye, 185
Thought of his home, and clos'd it with a sigh !
Imperial Pride look'd sullen on his plight,
And Charles beheld—nor shudder'd at the sight !

Oh! vainly wise, the moral Muse hath sung
That suasive Hope hath but a Syren tongue! 190
True; she may sport with life's untutor'd day,
Nor heed the solace of its last decay,
The guileless heart her happy mansion spurn,
And part like Ajut⁶—never to return!

But yet, methinks, when Wisdom shall assuage
The griefs and passions of our greener age,
Though dull the close of life, and far away
Each flow'r that hail'd the dawning of the day;
Yet o'er her lovely hopes, that once were dear,
The time-taught spirit, pensive, not severe, 200
With milder griefs her aged eye shall fill,
And weep their falsehood, though she love them still!

Thus, with forgiving tears, and reconcil'd,
The king of Judah mourn'd his rebel child!

Musing on days when yet the guiltless boy 205

Smil'd on his sire and fill'd his heart with joy !

My Absalom ! the voice of Nature cried !

Oh ! that for thee thy father could have died !

For bloody was the deed, and rashly done,

That slew my Absalom !—my son !—my son ! 210

Unfading Hope ! when life's last embers burn,

When soul to soul, and dust to dust return !

Heav'n to thy charge resigns the awful hour !

Oh ! then, thy kingdom comes ! Immortal Power !

What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly 215

The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye !

Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey

The morning dream of life's eternal day—

Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin !

And all the Phoenix spirit burns within ! 220

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave—oh ! leave—the light of hope behind !
What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel visits, few and far between ;
Her musing mood shall every pang appeas, 225
And charm—when pleasures loose the power to please !

Yes ! let each rapture, dear to Nature, flee ;
Close not the light of Fortune's stormy sea—
Mirth, music, friendship, Love's propitious smile,
Chase every care, and charm a little while, 230
Ecstatic throbs the fluttering heart employ,
And all her strings are harmoniz'd to Joy !—
But why so short is love's delighted hour ?
Why fades the dew on Beautie's sweeter flow'r ?
Why can no hymned charm of music heal 235
The sleepless woes impassion'd spirits feel ?
Can fancy's fairy hands no veil create,
To hide the sad realities of fate?—

No ! not the quaint remark, the sapient rule,
Nor all the pride of Wisdom's worldly school, 240
Have pow'r to sooth, unaided and alone,
The heart that vibrates to a feeling tone !
When stepdame Nature every bliss recal's,
Fleet as the meteor o'er the desert falls ;
When, reft of all, yon widow'd sire appears 245
A lonely hermit in the vale of years ;
Say, can the world one joyous thought bestow
To friendship, weeping at the couch of Woe ?
No ! but a brighter soothes the last adieu,—
Souls of impassion'd mould, she speaks to you ! 250
Weep not, she says, at Nature's transient pain,
Congenial spirits part to meet again !—

What plaintive sobs thy filial bosom drew,
What sorrow chok'd thy long and last adieu !
Daughter of Conrad ! when he heard his knell, 255
And bade his country and his child farewell !

Doom'd the lone isles of Sydney Cove to see,
The martyr of his crimes, but true to thee.
Thrice the sad father tore thee from his heart,
And thrice return'd to bless thee, and to part ; 260
Thrice from his trembling lips he murmur'd low
The plaint that own'd unutterable woe ;
Till Faith, prevailing o'er his sullen doom,
As bursts the morn on night's unfathom'd gloom,
Lur'd his dim eye to deathless hopes sublime, 265
Beyond the realms of Nature and of Time !

“ And weep not thus,” he cried, “ young Ellenor,
My bosom bleeds, but soon shall bleed no more ! 270
Short shall this half-extinguish'd spirit burn,
And soon these limbs to kindred dust return !
But not, my child ! with life's precarious fire,
The immortal ties of Nature shall expire ;
These shall resist the triumph of decay, 275
When times is o'er, and worlds have pass'd away ;

Cold in the dust this perish'd heart may lie,
But that which warm'd it once shall never die !
That spark unburied in its mortal frame,
With living light, eternal, and the same, 280
Shall beam on Joy's interminable years,
Unveil'd by darkness—unassuag'd by tears!

“ Yet, on the barren shore and stormy deep,
One tedious watch is Conrad doom'd to weep ;
But when I gain the home without a friend, 285
And press th' uneasy couch where none attend,
This last embrace, still cherish'd in my heart,
Shall calm the struggling spirit ere it part !
Thy darling form shall seem to hover nigh
And hush the groan of life's last agony ! 290

“ Farewell ! when strangers lift thy father's bier,
And place my nameless stone without a tear ;
When each returning pledge hath told my child
That Conrad's tomb is on the desert pil'd ;

And when the dream of troubled Fancy sees 295

Its lonely rank-grass waving in the breeze ;

Who then will soothe thy grief, when mine is o'er ?

Who will protect thee, helpless Ellenor ?

Shall secret scenes thy filial sorrows hide,

Scorn'd by the world, to factious guilt allied ! 300

Ah ! no ! methinks the generous and the good

Will woo thee from the shades of solitude !

O'er friendless grief compassion shall awake,

And smile on Innocence, for Mercy's sake !"

Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be, 305

The tears of love were hopeless but for thee !

If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,

If that faint murmur be the last farewell ;

If fate unite the faithful but to part,

Why is their memory sacred to the heart ? 310

Why does the Brother of my childhood seem
Restored awhile in every pleasing dream ?
Why do I joy the lonely spot to view,
By artless friendship blest when life was new ?

Eternal Hope ! when yonder spheres sublime 315
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of Time !
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.—
When all the sister planets have decay'd ;
When wrapt in fire the realms of either glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below ;
Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruin smile, 320
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile !

END OF THE SECOND PART.

NOTES ON PART I.

Note 1. And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore.

The following picture of his own distress, given by Byron in his simple and interesting Narrative, justifies the description in p. 10. After relating the barbarity of the Indian Cacique to his child, he proceeds thus:—"A day or two after, we put to sea again, and crossed the great bay I mentioned we had been at the bottom of, when we first hawled away to the westward. The land here was very low and sandy, and something like the mouth of a river which discharged itself into the sea, and which had

been taken no notice of by us before, as it was so shallow that the Indians were obliged to take every thing out of their canoes and carry it over land. We rowed up the river four or five leagues, and then took into a branch of it that ran first to the eastward and then to the northward : here it became much narrower, and the stream excessively rapid, so that we gained but little way, though we wrought very hard. At night we landed upon its banks, and had a most uncomfortable lodging, it being a perfect swamp ; and we had nothing to cover us, though it rained excessively. The Indians were little better off than we, as there was no wood here to make their wigwams ; so that all they could do was to prop up the bark, which they carry in the bottom of their canoes, and shelter themselves as well as they could to the leeward of it. Knowing the difficulties they had to encounter here, they had provided themselves with some seal ; but we had not a morsel to eat, after the heavy fatigues of the day, excepting a sort of root we saw the Indians make use of, which was very disagreeable to the taste. We laboured all next day against the stream, and fared as we had done the day before. The next day brought us to the carrying place. Here was plenty of wood, but nothing to be got

for sustenance. We passed this night as we had frequently done under a tree; but what we suffered at this time is not easy to be expressed. I had been three days at the oar without any kind of nourishment except the wretched root above mentioned. I had no shirt, for it had rotted off by bits. All my clothes consisted, of a short grieko (something like a bear-skin), a piece of red cloth which had once been a waistcoat, and a ragged pair of trowsers, without shoes or stockings."

Note 2. A Briton and a friend.] Don Patricio Gedd, a Scotch physician in one of the Spanish settlements, hospitably relieved Byron and his wretched associates, of which the Commodore speaks in the warmest terms of gratitude.

Note 3. Or yield the Lyre of Heav'n another string.

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

Note 4. The Swedish sage.] Linnæus.

Note 5.—Deep from his vaults the Loxian murmurs flow.

Loxius is a name frequently given to Apollo by Greek writers: it is met with more than once in the *Chæphoræ* of *Æschylus*.

Note 6.—Unlocks a generous store at thy command.

Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand.

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

Note 7. Wild Obi flies.] Among the negroes of the West Indies, Obi, or Obiah, is the name of a magical power, which is believed by them to affect the object of its malignity with dismal calamities. Such a belief must undoubtedly have been deduced from the superstitious mythology of their kinsmen on the coast of Africa. I have therefore personified Obi as the evil spirit of the African, although the history of the African tribes mentions the evil spirit of their religious creed by a different appellation.

Note 8. Sibir's dreary mines.] Mr. Bell of Antermoney, in his travels through Siberia, informs us that the name of the country is universally pronounced Sibir by the Russians.

Note 9.—Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

“ On the 10th of October 1794, a dreadful engagement took place between the Russians under General Fersen and the troops under Kosciusko. The Russians advanced twice to the attack, but were repulsed by the Poles, who however, unfortunately, not contented with the advantages they had gained, abandoned their favourable position on the heights, and pressed on to the attack in their turn. This movement threw the troops into some confusion; and the Russians, forming themselves anew, the route soon became general. The battle, which began at seven in the morning, did not end till noon. Kosciusko flew from rank to rank, and was continually in the hottest part of the engagement, in the course of which he had three horses killed under him. At length he fell; and a Cossack, who did not know him in the peasants dress, which he constantly wore, wounded him from behind with a lance. He recovered, and advanced a few steps,

but was again knocked down by another Cossack, who was preparing to give him a mortal blow, when his arm was stopped by a Russian officer, who is said to have been General Chronzazow, to whose wife Kosciusko had a short time before politely given leave of departure from Warsaw to join her husband. The unfortunate Kosciusko implored the officer, if he wished to render him a service, to allow the soldier to put an end to his existence; but the latter chose rather to make him a prisoner. The Polish infantry defended themselves with bravery proportioned to that of their general, and fought with a degree of valour almost approaching to fury.

The Russians under General Fersen soon afterwards summoned Warsaw to surrender; and on being refused, after the junction of the different corps under Fersen, Dernfeld, Denisow, and Suwarrow, they proceeded, on the 4th of November, to attack the suburb of Prague. In the mean time the generals Madalinski and Dambrowski threw themselves into Warsaw, and prepared for resistance. The suburb of Prague, separated from Warsaw by the Vistula, was defended by more than a hundred pieces of cannon, disposed upon thirty-three batteries. Little intimidated,

however, by so formidable a force, the ferocious Suwarrow commanded his soldiers to mount to the assault in the same manner they had done at Ismael, where the Russians entered by climbing over the dead and wounded bodies of their comrades, as well as of their enemies. His further orders were, that they should fight only with the sabre and bayonet. The Russians sprung to the charge with almost inconceivable impetuosity. They eagerly began to climb the works, and the six Russian columns, by singular good fortune, presented themselves at the same moment before the lines at Prague. Thus surrounded, the Polish generals found themselves unable to oppose, with 10,000 soldiers, which was the whole of their force, the united attack of 50,000 men; and, to add to their distress, the fire which they immediately commenced, from the darkness of the night, was so ill directed as to pass over the heads of the assailants. The cry raised by the successful columns penetrated to the entrenchments on the other side the Vistula, and added to the consternation of the Poles engaged with the other part of the Russian force; and they endeavoured to find safety by retiring into Warsaw, over a bridge. In their retreat they were met by another body of Russians, and a dreadful carnage ensued, in which a great part of the garrison of

Prague was miserably slaughtered. After a severe conflict of eight hours, the resistance on the part of the Poles ceased; but the massacre by the detestable Suwarrow, who, from his habitual cruelty, was selected for this service, continued for two hours longer; and the pillage lasted till noon on the following day. Five thousand Poles were computed to have been slain in the assault; the remainder were either imprisoned or dispersed. The citizens were compelled to lay down their arms, and their houses were plundered by the merciless Russians, who, after the battle had ceased nearly ten hours, about nine o'clock at night set fire to the town, and again began to massacre the inhabitants; nine thousand persons, unarmed men, defenceless women, and harmless infants, perished either in the flames or by the sword, and nearly the whole of the suburb was reduced to ashes. In the whole of this siege it is computed that not less than 30,000 of the Poles were inhumanly put to death. In this exigence, Count Potocki, the chief of the insurrection, proposed to treat with the Russians, and repaired to their head quarters with propositions of peace in name of the republic. He was received with extreme haughtiness by the infamous Suwarrow, who observed that the Empress was not at war with the republic; that his only object in coming

to Warsaw was to reduce the refractory subjects of Poland to obedience ; and he intimated that he should not treat with any insurgent, but only with such as, invested with legitimate authority, should come to speak in the name, and on the part of his Polish majesty. Deputies were dispatched from the magistracy of Warsaw to the Russian commander, who returned, after having been constrained to surrender the city at discretion, under the single condition of securing to the citizens their lives and property. The general insolently observed, that there was another article which, without doubt, they had forgotten to ask, but which he would accede to them, which was *pardon for the past*.

In consequence of this arrangement, the firing which had been kept up in the suburb of Prague ceased, and all the inhabitants were requested to surrender their arms. This was refused by the soldiers in the city, and their chief Wawrzecki, with many others of the supreme council, refused to take part in the capitulation. This impeded the close of the negociation ; but the military, who refused to lay down their arms, were allowed to leave Warsaw, not however without a declaration from Suwarrow that they might be sure of not escaping, and that, when taken, no quarter would be granted. On the morning of the 7th, the supreme council,

with the generalissimo Wawrzecki, remitted into the hands of the king the authority they had exercised. On the 9th the Russian general made his triumphal entry into Warsaw, in which the streets were lined with his troops, and the inhabitants, shut up in their houses, observed a melancholy silence. The chief magistrate delivered him the keys at the bridge of Prague; after which he received the compliments of the king; and on the 10th, went with much pomp to the castle to pay his respects to his majesty. To complete the whole of this execrable scene, ostentatious and solemn blasphemy was called in; and the 1st of December was set apart for a day of solemn thanksgiving, and *Te Deum* was sung for the triumph of powerful oppression over persecuted virtue, to the God of all mercies, whose altars had been stained by the blood of the innocent and helpless; and “whose praises were chanted by
“the voice of murderers, amidst the shrieks and groans of the victims.”

New Annual Register, 1794.

Note 10. “The shrill horn blew.”]—The negroes in the West Indies are summoned to their morning work by a shell or a horn.

Note 11. How long was Timur's iron sceptre swayed?—To elucidate this passage, I shall subjoin a quotation from the preface to *Letters from a Hindoo Rajah*, a work of elegance and celebrity.

“ The impostor of Mecca had established, as one of the principles of his doctrine, the merit of extending it, either by persuasion, or the sword, to all parts of the earth. How steadily this injunction was adhered to by his followers, and with what success it was pursued, is well known to all who are in the least conversant in history.

“ The same overwhelming torrent, which had inundated the greater part of Africa, burst its way into the very heart of Europe, and covered many kingdoms of Asia with unbounded desolation; directed its baleful course to the flourishing provinces of Hindostan. Here these fierce and hardy adventurers, whose only improvement had been in the science of destruction, who added the fury of fanaticism to the ravages of war, found the great end of their conquests opposed, by objects which neither the ardour of their persevering zeal, nor savage barbarity, could surmount. Multitudes were sacrificed by the cruel hand of religious persecution, and whole countries were deluged in blood, in the vain hope, that

by the destruction of a part, the remainder might be persuaded, or terrified into the profession of Mahomedism: but all these sanguinary efforts were ineffectual; and at length being fully convinced, that though they might extirpate, they could never hope to convert any number of the Hindoos, they relinquished the impracticable idea, with which they had entered upon their career of conquest, and contented themselves with the acquirement of the civil dominion and almost universal empire of Hindostan."

Letters from a Hindoo Rajah, by Eliza Hamilton.

Note 12. And braved the stormy spirit of the Cape.] See the description of the Cape of Good Hope, translated from Camoens, by Mickle.

Note 13. While famish'd nations died along the shore.

The following account of British conduct, and its consequences in Bengal, will afford a sufficient idea of the fact alluded to in this passage. After describing the monopoly of salt, betel nut, and tobacco, the historian proceeds thus: "Money in this current came but by drops; it could not quench the thirst of those who

waited in India to receive it. An expedient, such as it was remained to quicken its pace. The natives could live with little salt, but could not want food. Some of the agents saw themselves well situated for collecting the rice into stores; they did so. They knew the Gentoos would rather die than violate the principles of their religion by eating flesh. The alternative would therefore be between giving what they had, or dying. The inhabitants sunk;—they that cultivated the land, and saw the harvest at the disposal of others, planted in doubt, scarcity ensued. Then the monopoly was easier managed—sickness ensued. In some districts the languid living left the bodies of their numerous dead unburied.

Short History of the English Transactions,
in the East Indies, page 145.

Note 14. Nine times hath Brama's wheel's of lightning hurl'd,


His awful presence o'er the prostrate world!

Among the sublime fictions of the Hindoo mythology, it is one article of belief, that the Deity Brama has descended nine times upon the world in various forms, and that he is yet to appear a tenth time in the figure of a warrior upon a white horse to cut

off all incorrigible offenders. Avator is the word used to express his descent.

Note 15: And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime.] Camdeo is the God of Love in the mythology of the Hindoos. Ganesa and Seraswatee correspond to the Pagan deities, Janus and Minerva.

NOTES ON PART II.



Note 1. The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade!

Sacred to Venus is the myrtle shade. Dryden.

Note 2. Thy woes, Arion!] Falconer, in his poem, *The Shipwreck*, speaks of himself by the name of Arion. The passage at the conclusion of the last Canto, to which I have alluded, may be quoted.

Next, oh, unhappy chief! the eternal doom

Of Heav'n decreed thee to the briny tomb!

What scenes of misery torment thy view?

What painful struggles of thy dying crew,

Thy perish'd hopes all buried in the flood,
O'erspread with corpses red with human blood?
So pierced with anguish hoary Priam gaz'd,
While Troy's imperial domes in ruin blazed,
While he severest sorrow doom'd to feel
Expir'd beneath the victor's murdering steel;
Thus, with his hapless partners, till the last
Sad refuge, Albert hugs the floating mast;
His soul could yet sustain the mortal blow,
But droops, alas, beneath superior woe!
For now soft Nature's sympathetic chain,
Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful strain;
His faithful wife, forever doom'd to mourn
For him, alas, who never shall return!
To black Adversity's reproach expos'd,
With want and hardships unforeseen enclos'd;
Her youth and indigence set forth a prey
To lawless guilt that flatters to betray!—
While these reflections rack his feeling mind,
Rodmond, who clung behind, his grasp resign'd,

And, as the tumbling waters o'er him roll'd,
His outstretch'd arms the master's legs enfold;
Sad Albert feels the dissolution near,
And strives in vain his fetter'd limbs to clear;
For death bids every clenching joint adhere.
All faint to Heav'n he throws his dying eyes,
And, oh, protect my wife and child he cries!
The gushing streams roll back th' unfinish'd sound—
He gasps—he dies—and tumbles to the ground!

Falconer's Shipwreck, Canto III.

Note 3. The Robber Moor.

From Schiller's Tragedy of the Robbers I quote the following dialogue in one of the concluding scenes, to illustrate the lines that relate to Amelia's death.

MOOR.

(With a contemptuous smile.) Poor, impotent, and weak! *(He places Amelia, who is almost insensible, on a stone.)* Look up, my bride! No priest shall bless our union—no hallowed prayer be said!—I know what's better. *(Takes the handkerchief from Amelia's neck, and discovers her bosom.)* Gaze on this beauteous sight! if ye

be men! Felons! have ye hearts of stone?—Behold me here! I'm young—I've felt the power of love! I was belov'd! betroth'd! —I had reached the gate of paradise! (*In a tone of tender supplication*), and shall my brothers force me thence? (*The Robbers smile.*)—It is enough! (*With firmness.*) Thus far has Nature spoke!—Now the Man's part begins!—I am a murderer, like you!—a robber, and incendiary!—I am———(*advancing to the band with an air of inexpressible majesty*)—your Captain! and will ye thus, ye felons! sword in hand, thus treat, thus parley with your Captain? Down with your arms! it is your master who commands! (*They lay down their arms.*) There! what are you now but children, and I—am free!—Moor must be free, in order to be great! Now, I would not exchange this triumph for an elysium of love! (*He draws his sword.*) Poor wretches! your mean souls reach not this height.—What e'er is great seems frenzy in your eyes.—The spirit of despair outstrips your snail-paced wisdom. On deeds like these we pause not till they are done!—I'll think on this—hereafter!

(*He stabs Anelia.*)

THE ROBBERS.

(*Clapping their hands.*) Bravo! most worthy Captain! Thy honour is discharg'd!—Thou Prince of Robbers!

MOOR.

Now she is mine! She's mine!—Or that hereafter is but the dream of fools!—I have foil'd my destiny!—In spite of fate, I have brought home my bride:—And with this sword have sealed our wedding vows—Thousands of years shall pass, and seasons roll, e'er the bright sun shall witness such a deed.—(*To Amelia with tenderness.*) Was it not sweet, my Emily, to die thus by thy bridegroom's hand?

AMELIA.

(*Stretching out her hand to him.*) Oh most sweet! *She dies.*

Robbers, Scene V.

Note 4. What millions died that Cæsar might be great.

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

Note 5. Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore

March'd by their Charles to Dneiper's swampy shore.

In this extremity (says the Biographer of Charles XII. of Sweden, speaking of his military exploits before the battle of Pultowa), the memorable winter of 1709, which was still more remark-

able in that part of Europe than in France, destroyed numbers of his troops: for Charles resolved to brave the seasons as he had done his enemies, and ventured to make long marches during this mortal cold. It was in one of these marches that two thousand men fell down dead with cold before his eyes.

Note 6. And part like Ajut, never to return!] See the history of Ajut and Anningait in the Rambler.