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Byron, George Gordon

Zwickau, 1825

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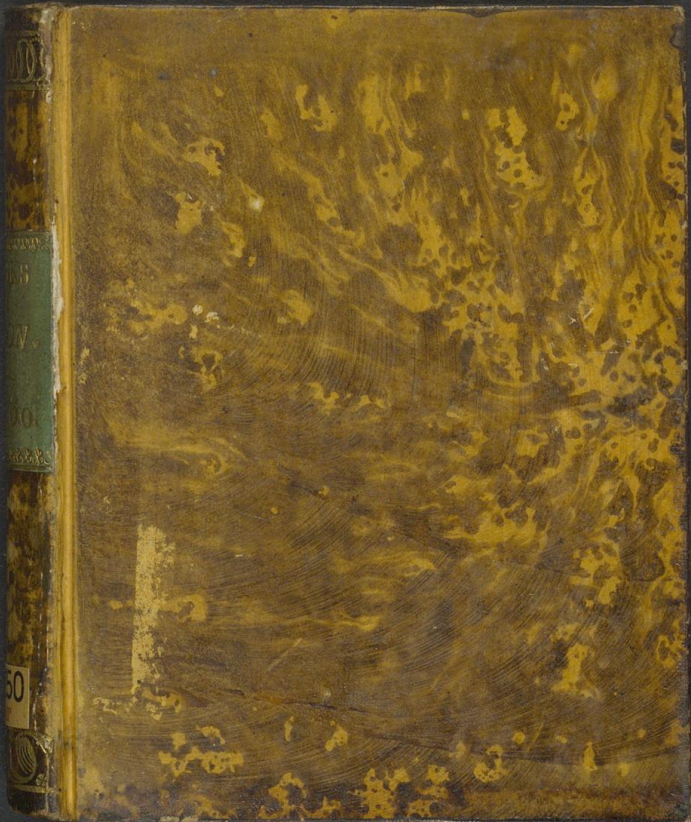
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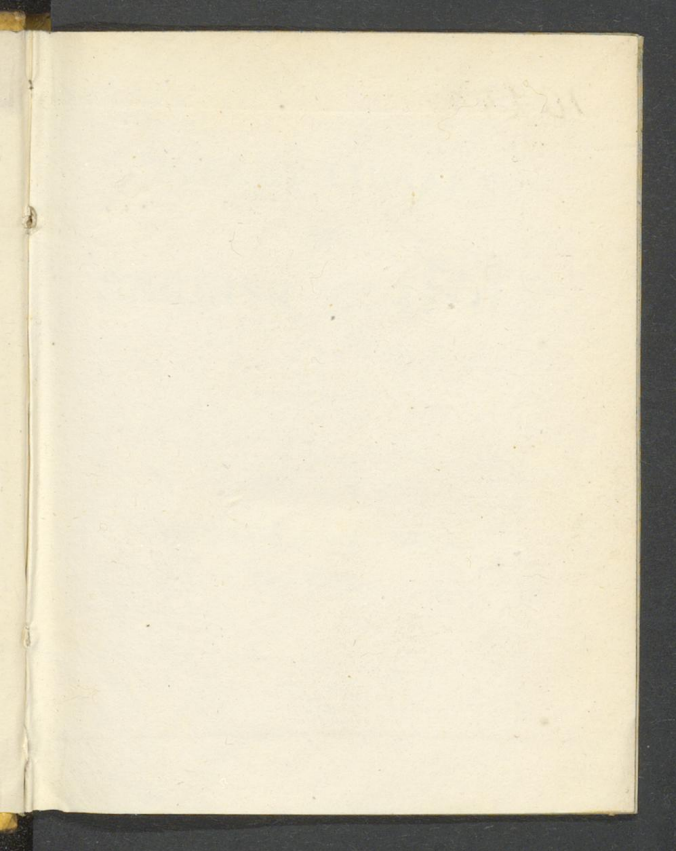
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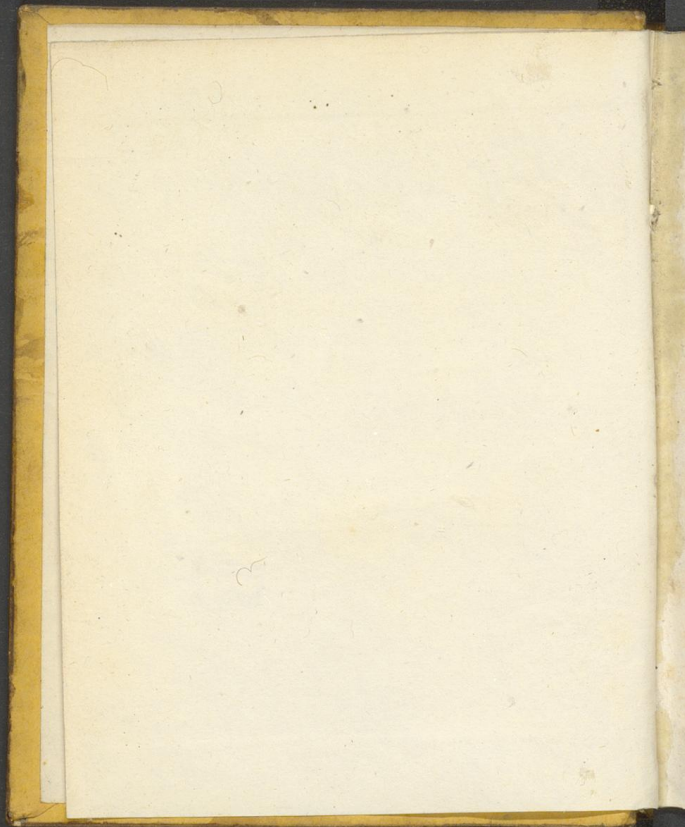


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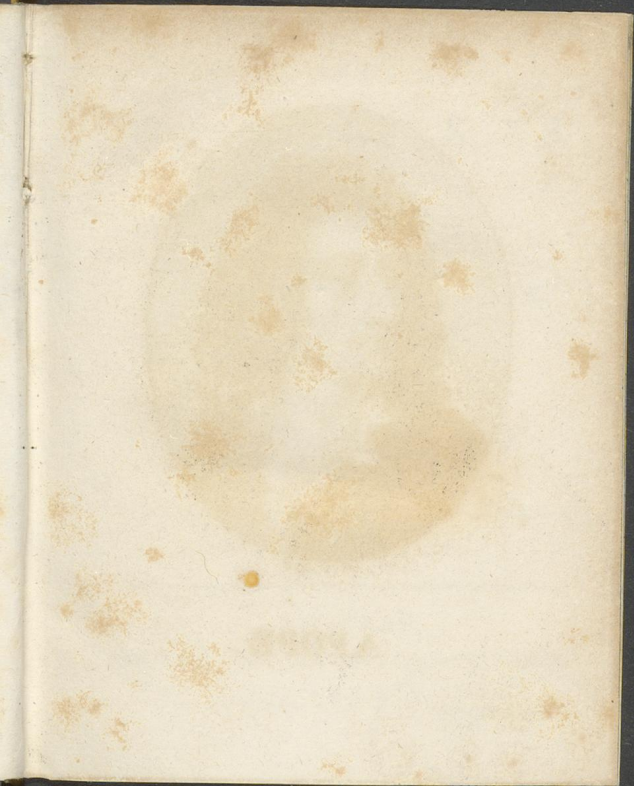
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THE WORKS OF LORD BYRON

VOL. XXIX





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THE

PARLIAMENTARY SPEECHES

OF

LORD BYRON

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PARLIAMENTARY SPEECHES
OF
LORD BYRON.

DEBATE ON THE FRAME WORK BILL, IN
THE HOUSE OF LORDS, FEBRUARY 27, 1812.

THE order of the day for the second reading of
this Bill being read,

LORD BYRON rose, and (for the first time)
addressed their Lordships as follows:

MY LORDS; the subject now submitted to your
Lordships for the first time, though new to the

House, is by no means new to the country. I believe it has occupied the serious thoughts of all descriptions of persons, long before its introduction to the notice of that legislature, whose interference alone could be of real service. As a person in some degree connected with the suffering county, though a stranger not only to this House in general, but to almost every individual whose attention I presume to solicit, I must claim some portion of your Lordships' indulgence, whilst I offer a few observations on a question in which I confess myself deeply interested.

To enter into any detail of the riots would be superfluous: the House is already aware that every outrage short of actual bloodshed, has been perpetrated, and that the proprietors of the Frames obnoxious to the rioters, and all persons supposed to be connected with them, have been liable to insult and violence. During the short time I recently passed in Nottinghamshire, not twelve hours elapsed without some fresh act of violence; and on the day I left the county I was informed that forty Frames had been broken the preceding

evening, as usual, without resistance and without detection.

Such was then the state of that county, and such I have reason to believe it to be at this moment. But whilst these outrages must be admitted to exist to an alarming extent, it cannot be denied that they have arisen from circumstances of the most unparalleled distress: The perseverance of these miserable men in their proceedings, tends to prove that nothing but absolute want could have driven a large, and once honest and industrious, body of the people, into the commission of excesses so hazardous to themselves, their families, and the community. At the time to which I allude, the town and county were burthened with large detachments of the military; the police was in motion, the magistrates assembled, yet all the movements, civil and military, had led to — nothing. Not a single instance had occurred of the apprehension of any real delinquent actually taken in the fact, against whom there existed legal evidence sufficient for conviction. But the police, however useless, were by no

means idle: several notorious delinquents had been detected; men, liable to conviction, on the clearest evidence, of the capital crime of Poverty; men, who had been nefariously guilty of lawfully begetting several children, whom, thanks to the times! they were unable to maintain. Considerable injury has been done to the proprietors of the improved Frames. These machines were to them an advantage, inasmuch as they superseded the necessity of employing a number of workmen, who were left in consequence to starve. By the adoption of one species of Frame in particular, one man performed the work of many, and the superfluous labourers were thrown out of employment. Yet it is to be observed, that the work thus executed was inferior in quality; not marketable at home, and merely hurried over with a view to exportation. It was called, in the cant of the trade, by the name of «Spider work.» The rejected workmen, in the blindness of their ignorance, instead of rejoicing at these improvements in arts so beneficial to mankind, conceived themselves to be sacrificed to improvements in me-

chanism. In the foolishness of their hearts they imagined, that the maintenance and well doing of the industrious poor, were objects of greater consequence than the enrichment of a few individuals by any improvement, in the implements of trade, which threw the workmen out of employment, and rendered the labourer unworthy of his hire. And it must be confessed that although the adoption of the enlarged machinery in that state of our commerce which the country once boasted, might have been beneficial to the master without being detrimental to the servant; yet, in the present situation of our manufactures, rotting in warehouses, without a prospect of exportation, with the demand for work and workmen equally diminished; Frames of this description tend materially to aggravate the distress and discontent of the disappointed sufferers. But the real cause of these distresses and consequent disturbances lies deeper. When we are told that these men are leagued together not only for the destruction of their own comfort, but of their very means of subsistence, can we forget that it is the bitter

policy, the destructive warfare of the last eighteen years, which has destroyed their comfort, your comfort, all men's comfort? That policy, which, originating with "great statesmen now no more," has survived the dead to become a curse on the living, unto the third and fourth generation! These men never destroyed their looms till they were become useless, worse than useless; till they were become actual impediments to their exertions in obtaining their daily bread. Can you, then, wonder that in times like these, when bankruptcy, convicted fraud, and imputed felony are found in a station not far beneath that of your Lordships, the lowest, though once most useful portion of the people, should forget their duty in their distresses, and become only less guilty than one of their representatives? But while the exalted offender can find means to baffle the law, new capital punishments must be devised, new snares of death must be spread for the wretched mechanic, who is famished into guilt. These men were willing to dig, but the spade was in other hands: they were not ashamed to beg, but there

was none to relieve them: their own means of subsistence were cut off, all other employments pre-occupied, and their excesses, however to be deplored and condemned, can hardly be subject of surprise.

It has been stated that the persons in the temporary possession of Frames connive at their destruction; if this be proved upon enquiry, it were necessary that such material accessories to the crime, should be principals in the punishment. But I did hope, that any measure proposed by his Majesty's government, for your Lordships' decision, would have had conciliation for its basis; or, if that were hopeless, that some previous enquiry, some deliberation would have been deemed requisite; not that we should have been called at once without examination, and without cause, to pass sentences by wholesale, and sign death-warrants blindfold. But, admitting that these men had no cause of complaint; that the grievances of them and their employers were alike groundless; that they deserved the worst; what inefficiency, what imbecility has been evinced in the method

chosen to reduce them! Why were the military called out to be made a mockery of, if they were to be called out at all? As far as the difference of seasons would permit, they have merely parodied the summer campaign of Major Sturgeon; and, indeed, the whole proceedings, civil and military, seemed on the model of those of the Mayor and Corporation of Garratt. — Such marchings and counter-marchings! from Nottingham to Bullwell, from Bullwell to Banford, from Banford to Mansfield! and when at length the detachments arrived at their destination, in all « the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war, » they came just in time to witness the mischief which had been done, and ascertain the escape of the perpetrators, to collect the « *spolia optima* » in the fragments of broken frames, and return to their quarters amidst the derision of old women, and the hootings of children. Now, though in a free country, it were to be wished, that our military should never be too formidable, at least to ourselves, I cannot see the policy of placing them in situations where they can only be made ridiculous.

As the sword is the worst argument that can be used, so should it be the last. In this instance it has been the first; but providentially as yet only in the scabbard. The present measure will, indeed, pluck it from the sheath; yet had proper meetings been held in the earlier stages of these riots, had the grievances of these men and their masters (for they also had their grievances) been fairly weighed and justly examined, I do think that means might have been devised to restore these workmen to their avocations, and tranquillity to the county. At present the county suffers from the double infliction of an idle military and a starving population. In what state of apathy have we been plunged so long, that now for the first time the House has been officially apprized of these disturbances? All this has been transacting within 130 miles of London, and yet we, "good easy men, have deemed full sure our greatness was a ripening," and have sat down to enjoy our foreign triumphs in the midst of domestic calamity. But all the cities you have taken, all the armies which have retreated before your leaders,

are but paltry subjects of self congratulation, if your land divides against itself, and your dragons and your executioners must be let loose against your fellow citizens. — You call these men a mob, desperate, dangerous, and ignorant; and seem to think that the only way to quiet the "*Bellua multorum capitum*" is to lop off a few of its superfluous heads. But even a mob may be better reduced to reason by a mixture of conciliation and firmness, than by additional irritation and redoubled penalties. Are we aware of our obligations to a mob? It is the mob that labour in your fields and serve in your houses, — that man your navy, and recruit your army, — that have enabled you to defy all the world, and can also defy you when neglect and calamity have driven them to despair. You may call the people a mob; but do not forget, that a mob too often speaks the sentiments of the people. And here I must remark, with what alacrity you are accustomed to fly to the succour of your distressed allies, leaving the distressed of your own country to the care of Providence or — the Parish.

When the Portuguese suffered under the retreat of the French, every arm was stretched out, every hand was opened, from the rich man's largess to the widow's mite, all was bestowed to enable them to rebuild their villages and replenish their granaries. And at this moment, when thousands of misguided but most unfortunate fellow-countrymen are struggling with the extremes of hardships and hunger, as your charity began abroad it should end at home. A much less sum, a tithe of the bounty bestowed on Portugal, even if those men (which I cannot admit without enquiry) could not have been restored to their employments, would have rendered unnecessary the tender mercies of the bayonet and the gibbet. But doubtless our friends have too many foreign claims to admit a prospect of domestic relief; though never did such objects demand it. I have traversed the seat of war in the Peninsula, I have been in some of the most oppressed provinces of Turkey, but never under the most despotic of infidel governments did I behold such squalid wretchedness as I have seen since my return in the very heart of a

Christian country. And what are your remedies? After months of inaction, and months of action worse than inactivity, at length comes forth the grand specific, the never-failing nostrum of all state physicians, from the days of Draco to the present time. After feeling the pulse and shaking the head over the patient, prescribing the usual course of warm water and bleeding, the warm water of your maukish police, and the lancets of your military, these convulsions must terminate in death, the sure consummation of the prescriptions of all political Sangrados. Setting aside the palpable injustice and the certain inefficiency of the Bill, are there not capital punishments sufficient in your statutes? Is there not blood enough upon your penal code, that more must be poured forth to ascend to Heaven and testify against you? How will you carry the Bill into effect? Can you commit a whole county to their own prisons? Will you erect a gibbet in every field and hang up men like scarecrows? or will you proceed (as you must to bring this measure into effect) by decimation? place the county under

martial law? depopulate and lay waste all around you? and restore Sherwood Forest as an acceptable gift to the crown, in its former condition of a royal chase and an asylum for outlaws? Are these the remedies for a starving and desperate populace? Will the famished wretch who has braved your bayonets, be appalled by your gibbets? When death is a relief, and the only relief it appears that you will afford him, will he be dragooned into tranquillity? Will that which could not be effected by your grenadiers, be accomplished by your executioners? If you proceed by the forms of law where is your evidence? Those who have refused to impeach their accomplices, when transportation only was the punishment, will hardly be tempted to witness against them when death is the penalty. With all due deference to the noble Lords opposite, I think a little investigation, some previous enquiry would induce even them to change their purpose. That most favourite state measure, so marvellously efficacious in many and recent instances, temporizing, would not be without its advantages in this. When

a proposal is made to emancipate or relieve, you hesitate, you deliberate for years, you temporize and tamper with the minds of men; but a death-bill must be passed off hand, without a thought of the consequences. Sure I am from what I have heard, and from what I have seen, that to pass the Bill under all the existing circumstances, without enquiry, without deliberation, would only be to add injustice to irritation, and barbarity to neglect. The framers of such a Bill must be content to inherit the honours of that Athenian lawgiver whose edicts were said to be written not in ink but in blood. But suppose it past; suppose one of these men, as I have seen them, — meagre with famine, sullen with despair, careless of a life which your Lordships are perhaps about to value at something less than the price of a stocking-frame — suppose this man surrounded by the children for whom he is unable to procure bread at the hazard of his existence, about to be torn for ever from a family which he lately supported in peaceful industry, and which it is not his fault that he can no longer to support — suppose this

man, and there are ten thousand such from whom you may select your victims, dragged into court, to be tried for this new offence, by this new law; still, there are two things wanting to convict and condemn him; and these are, in my opinion,—
 Twelve Butchers for a Jury, and a Jefferies for a Judge!

My Lords; the question before the House has been so frequently, fully and ably discussed, and never perhaps more ably than on this night; that it would be difficult to advance new arguments for or against it. But with each discussion, difficulties have been removed, objections have been canvassed and refuted, and some of the former opponents of Catholic Emancipation have at length conceded to the expediency of relieving the petitioners. In conceding this much; however, a new objection is started; it is not the time, say they, or it is an improper time, or there is time enough

DEBATE ON THE EARL OF DONOUGHMORE'S MOTION FOR A COMMITTEE ON THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CLAIMS, APRIL 21, 1812.

MY LORDS; the question before the House has been so frequently, fully and ably discussed, and never perhaps more ably than on this night, that it would be difficult to adduce new arguments for or against it. But with each discussion, difficulties have been removed, objections have been canvassed and refuted, and some of the former opponents of Catholic Emancipation have at length conceded to the expediency of relieving the petitioners. In conceding thus much however, a new objection is started; it is not the time, say they, or it is an improper time, or there is time enough

yet. In some degree I concur with those who say, it is not the time exactly; that time is passed; better had it been for the country, that the Catholics possessed at this moment their proportion of our privileges, that their nobles held their due weight in our councils, than that we should be assembled to discuss their claims. It had indeed been better

«Non tempore tali

«Cogere concilium cum muros obsidet hostis.»

The enemy is without, and distress within. It is too late to cavil on doctrinal points, when we must unite in defence of things more important than the mere ceremonies of religion. It is indeed singular, that we are called together to deliberate, not on the God we adore, for in that we are agreed; not about the king we obey, for to him we are loyal; but how far a difference in the ceremonials of worship, how far believing not too little, but too much (the worst that can be imputed to the Catholics), how far too much devo-

tion to their God, may incapacitate our fellow-subjects from effectually serving their king.

Much has been said, within and without doors, of Church and State, and although those venerable words have been too often prostituted to the most despicable of party purposes, we cannot hear them too often; all, I presume, are the advocates of Church and State, the Church of Christ, and the State of Great Britain; but not a state of exclusion and despotism, not an intolerant church, not a church militant, which renders itself liable to the very objection urged against the Romish communion, and in a greater degree, for the Catholic merely withholds its spiritual benediction (and even that is doubtful), but our Church, or rather our churchmen, not only refuse to the Catholic their spiritual grace, but all temporal blessings whatsoever. It was an observation of the great Lord Peterborough, made within these walls, or within the walls where the Lords then assembled, that he was for a «parliamentary king and a parliamentary constitution, but not a parliamentary God and a parliamentary religion.»

The interval of a century has not weakened the force of the remark. It is indeed time that we should leave off these petty cavils on frivolous points, these Lilliputian sophistries, whether our « eggs are best broken at the broad or narrow end.»

The opponents of the Catholics may be divided into two classes; those who assert that the Catholics have too much already, and those who allege that the lower orders, at least, have nothing more to require. We are told by the former, that the Catholics never will be contented: by the latter, that they are already too happy. The last paradox is sufficiently refuted by the present as by all past petitions; it might as well be said, that the negroes did not desire to be emancipated, but this is an unfortunate comparison, for you have already delivered them out of the house of bondage without any petition on their part, but many from their task-masters to a contrary effect; and for myself, when I consider this, I pity the Catholic peasantry for not having the good fortune to be born black. But the Catholics are

contented, or at least ought to be, as we are told; I shall therefore proceed to touch on a few of those circumstances which so marvellously contribute to their exceeding contentment. They are not allowed the free exercise of their religion in the regular army; the Catholic soldier cannot absent himself from the service of the Protestant clergyman, and unless he is quartered in Ireland, or in Spain, where can he find eligible opportunities of attending his own? The permission of Catholic chaplains to the Irish militia regiments was conceded as a special favour, and not till after years of remonstrance, although an act, passed in 1793, established it as a right. But are the Catholics properly protected in Ireland? Can the Church purchase a rood of land whereon to erect a chapel? No! all the places of worship are built on leases of trust or sufferance from the laity, easily broken and often betrayed. The moment any irregular wish, any casual caprice of the benevolent landlord meets with opposition, the doors are barred against the congregation. This has happened continually, but in no instance

more glaringly, than at the town of Newton-Barry, in the county of Wexford. The Catholics enjoying no regular chapel, as a temporary expedient, hired two barns; which being thrown into one, served for public worship. At this time, there was quartered opposite to the spot, an officer whose mind appears to have been deeply imbued with those prejudices which the Protestant petitions now on the table, proved to have been fortunately eradicated from the more rational portion of the people; and when the Catholics were assembled on the Sabbath as usual, in peace and goodwill towards men, for the worship of their God and yours, they found the chapel door closed, and were told that if they did not immediately retire (and they were told this by a yeoman officer and a magistrate), the riot act should be read, and the assembly dispersed at the point of the bayonet! This was complained of to the middle man of government, the secretary at the castle in 1806, and the answer was (in lieu of redress), that he would cause a letter to be written to the colonel, to prevent, if pos-

sible, the recurrence of similar disturbances. Upon this fact, no very great stress need be laid; but it tends to prove that while the Catholic church has not power to purchase land for its chapels to stand upon, the laws for its protection are of no avail. In the mean time, the Catholics are at the mercy of every "pelting petty officer," who may choose to play his "fantastic tricks before high heaven," to insult his God, and injure his fellow-creatures.

Every schoolboy, any foot-boy (such have held commissions in our service), any foot-boy who can exchange his shoulderknot for an epaulette, may perform all this and more against the Catholic by virtue of that very authority, delegated to him by his sovereign, for the express purpose of defending his fellow-subjects to the last drop of his blood, without discrimination or distinction between Catholic and Protestant.

Have the Irish Catholics the full benefit of trial by jury? They have not; they never can have until they are permitted to share the privi-

lege of serving as sheriffs and under-sheriffs. Of this, a striking example occurred at the last Enniskillen assizes. A yeoman was arraigned for the murder of a Catholic named Macvournagh; three respectable uncontradicted witnesses deposed that they saw the prisoner load, take aim, fire at, and kill the said Macvournagh. This was properly commented on by the judge; but to the astonishment of the bar, and indignation of the court, the Protestant jury acquitted the accused. So glaring was the partiality, that Mr. Justice Osborne felt it his duty to bind over the acquitted, but not absolved assassin, in large recognizances; thus for a time taking away his license to kill Catholics.

Are the very laws passed in their favour observed? They are rendered nugatory in trivial as in serious cases. By a late act, Catholic chaplains are permitted in jails, but in Fermanagh county the grand jury lately persisted in presenting a suspended clergyman for the office, thereby evading the statute, notwithstanding the most pressing remonstrances of a most respect-

able magistrate, named Fletcher, to the contrary. Such is law, such is justice, for the happy, free, contented Catholic!

It has been asked in another place, why do not the rich Catholics endow foundations for the education of the priesthood? Why do you not permit them to do so? Why are all such bequests subject to the interference, the vexatious, arbitrary, speculating interference of the Orange commissioners for charitable donations?

As to Maynooth college, in no instance, except at the time of its foundation, when a noble Lord (Camden), at the head of the Irish administration, did appear to interest himself in its advancement; and during the government of a noble Duke (Bedford), who, like his ancestors, has ever been the friend of freedom and mankind, and who has not so far adopted the selfish policy of the day as to exclude the Catholics from the number of his fellow-creatures; with these exceptions, in no instance has that institution been properly encouraged. There was indeed a time when the Catholic clergy were conciliated, while

the Union was pending, that Union which could not be carried without them, while their assistance was requisite in procuring addresses from the Catholic counties; then they were cajoled and caressed, feared and flattered, and given to understand that «the Union would do every thing;» but the moment it was passed, they were driven back with contempt into their former obscurity.

In the conduct pursued towards Maynooth, college, every thing is done to irritate and perplex — every thing is done to efface the slightest impression of gratitude from the Catholic mind; the very hay made upon the lawn, the fat and tallow of the beef and mutton allowed, must be paid for and accounted upon oath. It is true, this economy in miniature cannot sufficiently be commended, particularly at a time when only the insect defaulters of the Treasury, your Hunts and your Chinnerys, when only those «gilded bugs» can escape the microscopic eye of ministers. But when you come forward session after session, as your paltry pittance is wrung from you

with wrangling and reluctance, to boast of your liberality, well might the Catholic exclaim, in the words of Prior: —

«To John I owe some obligation,
 «But John unluckily thinks fit
 «To publish it to all the nation,
 «So John and I are more than quit.»

Some persons have compared the Catholics to the beggar in Gil Blas: Who made them beggars? Who are enriched with the spoils of their ancestors? And cannot you relieve the beggar when your fathers have made him such? If you are disposed to relieve him at all, cannot you do it without flinging your farthings in his face? As a contrast, however, to this beggarly benevolence, let us look at the Protestant Charter Schools; to them you have lately granted £41,000: thus are they supported, and how are they recruited? Montesquieu observes on the English constitution, that the model may be found in Tacitus, where the historian describes

the policy of the Germans, and adds, «this beautiful system was taken from the woods;» so in speaking of the charter schools, it may be observed, that this beautiful system was taken from the gypsies. These schools are recruited in the same manner as the Janissaries at the time of their enrolment under Amurath, and the gypsies of the present day with stolen children, with children decoyed and kidnapped from their Catholic connexions by their rich and powerful Protestant neighbours: this is notorious, and one instance may suffice to shew in what manner. — The sister of a Mr. Carthy (a Catholic gentleman of very considerable property) died, leaving two girls, who were immediately marked out as proselytes, and conveyed to the charter school of Coolgreny; their uncle, on being apprised of the fact, which took place during his absence, applied for the restitution of his nieces, offering to settle an independence on these his relations; his request was refused, and not till after five years struggle, and the interference of very high authority, could this Catholic gentle-

man obtain back his nearest of kindred from a charity charter school. In this manner are proselytes obtained, and mingled with the offspring of such Protestants as may avail themselves of the institution. And how are they taught? A catechism is put into their hands, consisting of, I believe, forty-five pages, in which are three questions relative to the Protestant religion; one of these queries is, «Where was the Protestant religion before Luther?» Answer, «In the Gospel.» The remaining forty-four pages and a half, regard the damnable idolatry of Papists!

Allow me to ask our spiritual pastors and masters, is this training up a child in the way which he should go? Is this the religion of the Gospel before the time of Luther? that religion which preaches «Peace on earth, and glory to God?» Is it bringing up infants to be men or devils? Better would it be to send them any where than teach them such doctrines; better send them to those islands in the South Seas, where they might more humanely learn to become cannibals; it would be less disgusting that

they were brought up to devour the dead, than persecute the living. Schools do you call them? call them rather dunghills, where the viper of intolerance deposits her young, that when their teeth are cut and their poison is mature, they may issue forth, filthy and venomous, to sting the Catholic. But are these the doctrines of the Church of England, or of churchmen? No, the most enlightened churchmen are of a different opinion. What says Paley? «I perceive no reason why men of different religious persuasions should not sit upon the same bench, deliberate in the same council, or fight in the same ranks, as well as men of various religious opinions, upon any controverted topic of natural history, philosophy, or ethics.» It may be answered, that Paley was not strictly orthodox; I know nothing of his orthodoxy, but who will deny that he was an ornament to the Church, to human nature, to Christianity?

I shall not dwell upon the grievance of tithes, so severely felt by the peasantry, but it may be proper to observe, that there is an addition to the

burthen, a per centage to the gatherer, whose interest it thus becomes to rate them as highly as possible, and we know that in many large livings in Ireland, the only resident Protestants are the tithe proctor and his family.

Amongst many causes of irritation, too numerous for recapitulation, there is one in the militia not to be passed over, I mean the existence of Orange lodges amongst the privates; can the officers deny this? And if such lodges do exist, do they, can they tend to promote harmony amongst the men, who are thus individually separated in society, although mingled in the ranks? And is this general system of persecution to be permitted, or is it to be believed that with such a system the Catholics can or ought to be contented? If they are, they belie human nature; they are then, indeed, unworthy to be anything but the slaves you have made them. The facts stated are from most respectable authority, or I should not have dared in this place, or any place, to hazard this avowal. If exaggerated, there are plenty as willing, as I believe them to be unable,

to disprove them. Should it be objected that I never was in Ireland, I beg leave to observe, that it is as easy to know something of Ireland without having been there, as it appears with some to have been born, bred, and cherished there, and yet remain ignorant of its best interests.

But there are, who assert that the Catholics have already been too much indulged; see (cry they) what has been done, we have given them one entire college, we allow them food and raiment, the full enjoyment of the elements, and leave to fight for us as long as they have limbs and lives to offer, and yet they are never to be satisfied! Generous and just declaimers! To this, and to this only, amount the whole of your arguments, when stript of their sophistry. Those personages remind me of a story of a certain drummer, who being called upon in the course of duty to administer punishment to a friend tied to the halberts, was requested to flog high, he did — to flog low, he did — to flog in the middle, he did — high, low, down the middle, and up again, but all in vain, the patient continued his complaints with the

most provoking pertinacity, until the drummer, exhausted and angry, flung down his scourge, exclaiming, «the devil burn you, there's no pleasing you, flog where one will!» Thus it is, you have flogged the Catholic high, low, here, there, and every where, and then you wonder he is not pleased. It is true, that time, experience, and that weariness which attends even the exercise of barbarity, have taught you to flog a little more gently, but still you continue to lay on the lash, and will so continue, till perhaps the rod may be wrested from your hands, and applied to the backs of yourselves and your posterity.

It was said by somebody in a former debate (I forget by whom, and am not very anxious to remember), if the Catholics are emancipated, why not the Jews? If this sentiment was dictated by compassion for the Jews, it might deserve attention, but as a sneer against the Catholic, what is it but the language of Shylock transferred from his daughter's marriage to Catholic emancipation —

« Would any of the tribe of Barrabbas
 « Should have it rather than a Christian. »

I presume a Catholic is a Christian, even in the opinion of him whose taste only can be called in question for his preference of the Jews.

It is a remark often quoted of Dr. Johnson (whom I take to be almost as good authority as the gentle apostle of intolerance, Dr. Duigenan), that he who could entertain serious apprehensions of danger to the Church in these times, would have « cried fire in the deluge. » This is more than a metaphor, for a remnant of these antediluvians appear actually to have come down to us, with fire in their mouths and water in their brains, to disturb and perplex mankind with their whimsical outcries. And as it is an infallible symptom of that distressing malady with which I conceive them to be afflicted (so any doctor will inform your Lordships), for the unhappy invalids to perceive a flame perpetually flashing

before their eyes, particularly when their eyes are shut (as those of the persons to whom I allude have long been), it is impossible to convince these poor creatures, that the fire against which they are perpetually warning us and themselves, is nothing but an *ignis fatuus* of their own drivelling imaginations. What rhubarb, senna, or «what purgative drug can scour that fancy thence?» — It is impossible, they are given over, theirs is the true

«Caput insanabile tribus Anticyris.»

These are your true Protestants. Like Bayle, who protested against all sects whatsoever, so do they protest against Catholic Petitions, Protestant Petitions, all redress, all that reason, humanity, policy, justice, and common sense, can urge against the delusions of their absurd delirium. These are the persons who reverse the fable of the mountain that brought forth a mouse; they are the mice who conceive themselves in labour with mountains.

To return to the Catholics, suppose the Irish were actually contented under their disabilities, suppose them capable of such a bull as not to desire deliverance, ought we not to wish it for ourselves? Have we nothing to gain by their emancipation? What resources have been wasted? What talents have been lost by the selfish system of exclusion? You already know the value of Irish aid; at this moment the defence of England is intrusted to the Irish militia; at this moment, while the starving people are rising in the fierceness of despair, the Irish are faithful to their trust. But till equal energy is imparted throughout by the extension of freedom, you cannot enjoy the full benefit of the strength which you are glad to interpose between you and destruction. Ireland has done much, but will do more. At this moment the only triumph obtained through long years of continental disaster has been achieved by an Irish general; it is true he is not a Catholic, had he been so, we should have been deprived of his exertions; but I presume no one will assert that his religion would have impaired his talents or

diminished his patriotism, though in that case he must have conquered in the ranks, for he never could have commanded an army.

But he is fighting the battles of the Catholics abroad, his noble brother has this night advocated their cause, with an eloquence which I shall not depreciate by the humble tribute of my panegyric, whilst a third of his kindred, as unlike as unequal, has been combating against his Catholic brethren in Dublin, with circular letters, edicts, proclamations, arrests and dispersions — all the vexatious implements of petty warfare that could be wielded by the mercenary guerillas of government, clad in the rusty armour of their obsolete statutes. Your Lordships will, doubtless, divide new honours between the Saviour of Portugal, and the Dispenser of Delegates. It is singular, indeed, to observe the difference between our foreign and domestic policy; if Catholic Spain, faithful Portugal, or the no less Catholic and faithful king of the one Sicily (of which, by the by, you have lately deprived him), stand

in need of succour, away goes a fleet and an army, an ambassador and a subsidy, sometimes to fight pretty hardly, generally to negotiate very badly, and always to pay very dearly for our Popish allies. But let four millions of fellow-subjects pray for relief, who fight and pay and labour in your behalf, they must be treated as aliens, and although their « father's house has many mansions, » there is no resting place for them. Allow me to ask, are you not fighting for the emancipation of Ferdinand the Seventh, who certainly is a fool, and consequently, in all probability, a bigot; and have you more regard for a foreign sovereign than your own fellow-subjects, who are not fools, for they know your interest better than you know your own; who are not bigots, for they return you good for evil; but who are in worse durance than the prison of a usurper, inasmuch as the fetters of the mind are more galling than those of the body.

Upon the consequences of your not acceding to the claims of the Petitioners, I shall not expa-

tiate; you know them, you will feel them, and your children's children when you are passed away. Adieu to that Union so called, as "*Lucus a non lucendo*," a Union from never uniting, which in its first operation gave a death-blow to the independence of Ireland, and in its last may be the cause of her eternal separation from this country. If it must be called a Union, it is the union of the shark with his prey; the spoiler swallows up his victim, and thus they become one and indivisible. Thus has Great Britain swallowed up the parliament, the constitution, the independence of Ireland, and refuses to disgorge even a single privilege, although for the relief of her swollen and distempered body politic.

And now, my Lords, before I sit down, will his Majesty's ministers permit me to say a few words, not on their merits, for that would be superfluous, but on the degree of estimation in which they are held by the people of these realms. The esteem in which they are held has been boasted of in a triumphant tone on a late

occasion within these walls, and a comparison instituted between their conduct, and that of noble Lords on this side of the House.

What portion of popularity may have fallen to the share of my noble friends (if such I may presume to call them), I shall not pretend to ascertain; but that of his Majesty's ministers it were vain to deny. It is, to be sure, a little like the wind, «no one knows whence it cometh or whither it goeth,» but they feel it, they enjoy it, they boast of it. Indeed, modest and unostentatious as they are, to what part of the kingdom, even the most remote, can they flee to avoid the triumph which pursues them? If they plunge into the midland counties, there will they be greeted by the manufacturers, with spurned petitions in their hands, and those halters round their necks recently voted in their behalf, imploring blessings on the heads of those who so simply, yet ingeniously, contrived to remove them from their miseries in this to a better world. If they journey on to Scotland, from Glasgow to Johnny Groat's, every

where will they receive similar marks of approbation. If they take a trip from Portpatrick to Donaghadee, there will they rush at once into the embraces of four Catholic millions, to whom their vote of this night is about to endear them for ever. When they return to the metropolis, if they can pass under Temple Bar without unpleasant sensations at the sight of the greedy niches over that ominous gateway, they cannot escape the acclamations of the livery, and the more tremulous, but not less sincere, applause, the blessings "not loud but deep" of bankrupt merchants and doubting stock-holders. If they look to the army, what wreaths, not of laurel, but of nightshade, are preparing for the heroes of Walcheren. It is true there are few living deponents left to testify to their merits on that occasion; but a "cloud of witnesses" are gone above from that gallant army which they so generously and piously dispatched, to recruit the "noble army of martyrs."

What if in the course of this triumphal career (in which they will gather as many pebbles as

Caligula's army did on a similar triumph, the prototype of their own), they do not perceive any of those memorials which a grateful people erect in honour of their benefactors; what although not even a sign-post will condescend to depose the Saracen's head in favour of the likeness of the conquerors of Walcheren, they will not want a picture who can always have a caricature; or regret the omission of a statue who will so often see themselves exalted in effigy. But their popularity is not limited to the narrow bounds of an island; there are other countries where their measures, and above all, their conduct to the Catholics, must render them pre-eminently popular. If they are beloved here, in France they must be adored. There is no measure more repugnant to the designs and feelings of Bonaparte than Catholic Emancipation; no line of conduct more propitious to his projects, than that which has been pursued, is pursuing, and, I fear, will be pursued, towards Ireland. What is England without Ireland, and what is Ireland without the Catholics? It is on the basis of your tyranny Napoleon

hopes to build his own. So grateful must oppression of the Catholics be to his mind, that doubtless (as he has lately permitted some renewal of intercourse) the next cartel will convey to this country cargoes of seve-china and blue ribbands (things in great request, and of equal value at this moment), blue ribbands of the Legion of Honour for Dr. Duigenan and his ministerial disciples. Such is that well-earned popularity, the result of those extraordinary expeditions, so expensive to ourselves, and so useless to our allies; of those singular enquiries, so exculpatory to the accused and so dissatisfactory to the people; of those paradoxical victories, so honourable, as we are told, to the British name, and so destructive to the best interests of the British nation: above all, such is the reward of a conduct pursued by ministers towards the Catholics.

I have to apologise to the House, who will, I trust, pardon one, not often in the habit of in-

truding upon their indulgence, for so long attempting to engage their attention. My most decided opinion is, as my vote will be, in favour of the motion.

DEBATE ON LORD BIRTON'S MOTION
 LORD BIRTON rose and said, I now hold for
 the purpose of presenting to the House, as
 one which I humbly conceive requires the par-
 ticular attention of your Lordships, a motion
 as, though slighted but by a single individual, it
 contains statements which (if not disproved) im-
 pugnate most serious interests. The extent
 and of which the performance complained of
 neither selfish nor imaginary. It is not his
 own only, for it has been, and is still being
 numbers. No one without these walls, can be
 deed within, but may tomorrow be made liable
 to the same insult and obstruction, in the dis-

DEBATE ON MAJOR CARTWRIGHT'S PETITION, JUNE 1, 1813.

LORD BYRON rose and said:

MY LORDS, the Petition which I now hold for the purpose of presenting to the House, is one which I humbly conceive requires the particular attention of your Lordships, inasmuch as, though signed but by a single individual, it contains statements which (if not disproved) demand most serious investigation. The grievance of which the petitioner complains, is neither selfish nor imaginary. It is not his own only, for it has been, and is still felt by numbers. No one without these walls, nor indeed within, but may to-morrow be made liable to the same insult and obstruction, in the dis-

charge of an imperious duty for the restoration of the true constitution of these realms, by petitioning for reform in parliament. The petitioner, my Lords, is a man whose long life has been spent in one unceasing struggle for the liberty of the subject, against that undue influence which has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished; and whatever difference of opinion may exist as to his political tenets, few will be found to question the integrity of his intentions. Even now oppressed with years, and not exempt from the infirmities attendant on his age, but still unimpaired in talent, and unshaken in spirit — *«frangas non flectes»* — he has received many a wound in the combat against corruption; and the new grievance, the fresh insult of which he complains, may inflict another scar, but no dishonour. The Petition is signed by John Cartwright, and it was in behalf of the people and parliament, in the lawful pursuit of that reform in the representation, which is the best service to be rendered both to parliament and people, that he encountered the wanton outrage which forms

the subject matter of his Petition to your Lordships. It is couched in firm, yet respectful language — in the language of a man, not regardless of what is due to himself, but at the same time, I trust, equally mindful of the deference to be paid to this House. The petitioner states, amongst other matter of equal, if not greater importance, to all who are British in their feelings, as well as blood and birth, that on the 21st January, 1813, at Huddersfield, himself and six other persons, who, on hearing of his arrival, had waited on him merely as a testimony of respect, were seized by a military and civil force, and kept in close custody for several hours, subjected to gross and abusive insinuation from the commanding officer, relative to the character of the petitioner; that he (the petitioner) was finally carried before a magistrate and not released till an examination of his papers proved that there was not only no just, but not even statutable charge against him; and that, notwithstanding the promise and order from the presiding magistrates of a copy of the warrant against your

petitioner, it was afterwards withheld on divers pretexts, and has never until this hour been granted. The names and condition of the parties will be found in the Petition. To the other topics touched upon in the Petition, I shall not now advert, from a wish not to encroach upon the time of the House; but I do most sincerely call the attention of your Lordships to its general contents — it is in the cause of the parliament and people that the rights of this venerable freeman have been violated, and it is, in my opinion, the highest mark of respect that could be paid to the House, that to your justice, rather than by appeal to any inferior court, he now commits himself. Whatever may be the fate of his remonstrance, it is some satisfaction to me, though mixed with regret for the occasion, that I have this opportunity of publicly stating the obstruction to which the subject is liable, in the prosecution of the most lawful and imperious of his duties, the obtaining by Petition reform in parliament. I have shortly stated his complaint; the petitioner has more fully expressed it. Your

Lordships will, I hope, adopt some measure fully to protect and redress him, and not him alone, but the whole body of the people insulted and aggrieved in his person, by the interposition of an abused civil, and unlawful military force between them and their right of petition to their own representatives.

His Lordship then presented the Petition from Major Cartwright, which was read, complaining of the circumstances at Huddersfield, and of interruptions given to the right of petitioning, in several places in the northern parts of the kingdom, and which his Lordship moved should be laid on the table.

Several Lords having spoken on the question,

LORD BYRON replied, that he had, from motives of duty, presented this Petition to their Lordships' consideration. The noble Earl had contended, that it was not a Petition but a speech; and that, as it contained no prayer, it should not be received. What was the necessity of a prayer? If that word were to be used in its proper sense, their Lordships could not ex-

pect that any man should pray to others. He had only to say, that the Petition, though in some parts expressed strongly perhaps, did not contain any improper mode of address, but was couched in respectful language towards their Lordships; he should therefore trust their Lordships would allow the Petition to be received.

that they should pay to others. He
 had only to say that the nation
 was a free country, and that
 contained the property of others, and was
 entitled in respect of property towards their
 neighbors, to hold the same as their Lord-
 ships would allow the Nation to be treated.

The second part of the paper
 was a list of names of the
 members of the Council of State
 and of the Council of Regency
 who were appointed by the
 Convention on the 21st of
 September 1792. The names
 were as follows:

The Council of State consisted
 of the following members:

The Council of Regency consisted
 of the following members:

The names of the members of
 the Council of State and of the
 Council of Regency were
 printed in the paper.

LETTER

TO



ON THE

REV. W. L. BOWLES' STRICTURES

ON THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF POPE.

BY THE RIGHT HON. LORD BYRON.

„I'll play at *Bowls* with the sun and moon.“

OLD SONG.

„My mither's auld, Stir, and she has rather forgotten hersel in speaking to my Leddy, that canna weel bide to be contradickit, (as I ken naebody likes it, if they could help themsels.)“

TALES OF MY LANDLORD, *Old Mortality*,

vol. ii. p. 163.

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LETTER.

RAVENNA, February 7th, 1821.

DEAR SIR,

IN the different pamphlets which you have had the goodness to send me, on the Pope and Bowles' controversy, I perceive that my name is occasionally introduced by both parties. Mr. Bowles refers more than once to what he is pleased to consider "a remarkable circumstance," not only in his letter to Mr. Campbell, but in his reply to the Quarterly. The Quarterly also and Mr. Gilchrist have conferred on me the dangerous honour of a quotation; and

Mr. Bowles indirectly makes a kind of appeal to me personally, by saying, «Lord Byron, *if he remembers* the circumstance, will *witness*» — (*witness* IN ITALICS, an ominous character for a testimony at present.)

I shall not avail myself of a «non mi ricordo» even after so long a residence in Italy; — I *do* «remember the circumstance,» — and have no reluctance to relate it (since called upon so to do) as correctly as the distance of time and the impression of intervening events will permit me. In the year 1812, more than three years after the publication of «English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,» I had the honour of meeting Mr. Bowles in the house of our venerable host of «Human Life, etc.» the last Argonaut of classic English poetry, and the Nestor of our inferior race of living poets. Mr. Bowles calls this «soon after» the publication; but to me three years appear a considerable segment of the immortality of a modern poem. I recollect nothing of «the rest of the company going into another room» — nor, though I well remember the to-

pography of our host's elegant and classically furnished mansion, could I swear to the very room where the conversation occurred, though the « taking down the poem » seems to fix it in the library. Had it been « taken up » it would probably have been in the drawing-room. I presume also that the « remarkable circumstance » took place *after* dinner, as I conceive that neither Mr. Bowles's politeness nor appetite would have allowed him to detain « the rest of the company » standing round their chairs in the « other room » while we were discussing « the Woods of Madeira » instead of circulating its vintage. Of Mr. Bowles's « good humour » I have a full and not ungrateful recollection; as also of his gentlemanly manners and agreeable conversation. I speak of the *whole*, and not of particulars; for whether he did or did not use the precise words printed in the pamphlet, I cannot say, nor could he with accuracy. Of « the tone of seriousness » I certainly recollect nothing: on the contrary, I thought Mr. Bowles rather disposed to treat the subject lightly; for he said.

(I have no objection to be contradicted if incorrect), that some of his good-natured friends had come to him and exclaimed, «Eh! Bowles! how came you to make the Woods of Madeira?» etc. etc. and that he had been at some pains and pulling down of the poem to convince them that he had never made «the Woods» do any thing of the kind. He was right, and *I was wrong*, and have been wrong still up to this acknowledgment; for I ought to have looked twice before I wrote that which involved an inaccuracy capable of giving pain. The fact was, that although I had certainly before read «the Spirit of Discovery,” I took the quotation from the review. But the mistake was mine, and not the *review's*, which quoted the passage correctly enough, I believe. I blundered — God knows how — into attributing the tremors of the lovers to the «Woods of Madeira,” by which they were surrounded. And I hereby do fully and freely declare and asseverate, that the Woods did *not* tremble to a kiss, and that the lovers did. I quote from memory —

A kiss

Stole on the listening silence, etc. etc.

They (the lovers) trembled, even as if the
power, etc.

And if I had been aware that this declaration would have been in the smallest degree satisfactory to Mr. Bewles, I should not have waited nine years to make it, notwithstanding that "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" had been suppressed some time previously to my meeting him at Mr. Rogers's. Our worthy host might indeed have told him as much, as it was at his representation that I suppressed it. A new edition of that lampoon was preparing for the press, when Mr. Rogers represented to me, that "I was now acquainted with many of the persons mentioned in it, and with some on terms of intimacy;" and that he knew "one family in particular to whom its suppression would give pleasure." I did not hesitate one moment, it was cancelled instantly; and it is no fault of mine that it has ever been republished. When I left England,

in April, 1816, with no very violent intentions of troubling that country again, and amidst scenes of various kinds to distract my attention — almost my last act, I believe, was to sign a power of attorney, to yourself, to prevent or suppress any attempts (of which several had been made in Ireland) at a republication. It is proper that I should state, that the persons with whom I was subsequently acquainted, whose names had occurred in that publication, were made my acquaintances at their own desire, or through the unsought intervention of others. I never, to the best of my knowledge, sought a personal introduction to any. Some of them to this day I know only by correspondence; and with one of those it was begun by myself, in consequence, however, of a polite verbal communication from a third person.

I have dwelt for an instant on these circumstances, because it has sometimes been made a subject of bitter reproach to me to have endeavoured to *suppress* that satire. I never shrunk, as those who know me know, from any personal

consequences which could be attached to its publication. Of its subsequent suppression, as I possessed the copy-right, I was the best judge and the sole master. The circumstances which occasioned the suppression I have now stated; of the motives, each must judge according to his candour or malignity. Mr. Bowles does me the honour to talk of « noble mind, » and « generous magnanimity; » and all this because « the circumstance would have been explained had not the book been suppressed. » I see no « nobility of mind » in an act of simple justice; and I hate the word « *magnanimity,* » because I have sometimes seen it applied to the grossest of impostors by the greatest of fools; but I would have « explained the circumstance, » notwithstanding « the suppression of the book, » if Mr. Bowles had expressed any desire that I should. As the « gal-
lant Galbraith » says to « Baillie Jarvie, » « Well, the devil take the mistake and all that occasioned it. » I have had as great and greater mistakes made about me personally and poetically, once a month for these last ten years, and never

cared very much about correcting one or the other, at least after the first eight and forty hours had gone over them.

I must now, however, say a word or two about Pope, of whom you have my opinion more at large in the unpublished letter *on* or *to* (for I forget which) the editor of "Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine;" — and here I doubt that Mr. Bowles will not approve of my sentiments.

Although I regret having published "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," the part which I regret the least is that which regards Mr. Bowles with reference to Pope. Whilst I was writing that publication, in 1807 and 1808, Mr. Hobhouse was desirous that I should express our mutual opinion of Pope, and of Mr. Bowles's edition of his works. As I had completed my outline, and felt lazy, I requested that *he* would do so. He did it. His fourteen lines on Bowles's Pope are in the first edition of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;" and are quite as severe and much more poetical than my own in the

second. On reprinting the work, as I put my name to it, I omitted Mr. Hobhouse's lines, and replaced them with my own, by which the work gained less than Mr. Bowles. I have stated this in the preface to the second edition. It is many years since I have read that poem; but the Quarterly Review, Mr. Octavius Gilchrist, and Mr. Bowles himself, have been so obliging as to refresh my memory, and that of the public. I am grieved to say, that in reading over those lines, I repent of their having so far fallen short of what I meant to express upon the subject of Bowles's edition of Pope's Works. Mr. Bowles says, that "Lord Byron *knows* he does *not* deserve this character." I know no such thing. I have met Mr. Bowles occasionally, in the best society in London; he appeared to me an amiable, well informed, and extremely able man. I desire nothing better than to dine in company with such a mannered man every day in the week: but of "his character" I know nothing personally; I can only speak to his manners, and these have my warmest approbation. But I never

judge from manners, for I once had my pocket picked by the civilest gentleman I ever met with; and one of the mildest persons I ever saw was Ali Pacha. Of Mr. Bowles's «*character*» I will not do him the *injustice* to judge from the edition of Pope, if he prepared it heedlessly; nor the *justice*, should it be otherwise, because I would neither become a literary executioner, nor a personal one. Mr. Bowles the individual, and Mr. Bowles the editor, appear the two most opposite things imaginable.

«And he himself one — antithesis.»

I won't say «vile,» because it is harsh; nor «mistaken,» because it has two syllables too many: but every one must fill up the blank as he pleases.

What I saw of Mr. Bowles increased my surprise and regret that he should ever have lent his talents to such a task. If he had been a fool, there would have been some excuse for him; if he had been a needy or a bad man, his conduct

would have been intelligible: but he is the opposite of all these; and thinking and feeling as I do of Pope, to me the whole thing is unaccountable. However, I must call things by their right names. I cannot call his edition of Pope a "candid" work; and I still think that there is an affectation of that quality not only in those volumes, but in the pamphlets lately published.

«Why *yet* he doth *deny* his prisoners.»

Mr. Bowles says, that «he has seen passages in his letters to Martha Blount which were never published by me, and I *hope never will* be by others; which are so *gross* as to imply the *grossest* licentiousness.» Is this fair play? It may, or it may not be that such passages exist; and that Pope, who was not a monk, although a catholic, may have occasionally sinned in word and deed with woman in his youth; but is this a sufficient ground for such a sweeping denunciation? Where is the unmarried Englishman

of a certain rank of life, who (provided he has not taken orders) has not to reproach himself between the ages of sixteen and thirty with far more licentiousness than has ever yet been traced to Pope? Pope lived in the public eye from his youth upwards; he had all the dunces of his own time for his enemies, and, I am sorry to say, some, who have not the apology of dulness for detraction, since his death; and yet to what do all their accumulated hints and charges amount? — to an equivocal *liaison* with Martha Blount, which might arise as much from his infirmities as from his passions; to a hopeless flirtation with Lady Mary W. Montagu; to a story of Cibber's; and to two or three coarse passages in his works. *Who* could come forth clearer from an invidious inquest on a life of fifty-six years? Why are we to be officiously reminded of such passages in his letters, provided that they exist. Is Mr. Bowles aware to what such rummaging among "letters" and "stories" might lead? I have myself seen a collection of letters of another eminent, nay,

pre-eminent, deceased poet, so abominably gross, and elaborately coarse, that I do not believe that they could be paralleled in our language. What is more strange, is, that some of these are couched as *postscripts* to his serious and sentimental letters, to which are tacked either a piece of prose, or some verses, of the most hyperbolic indecency. He himself says, that if «obscenity (using a much coarser word) be the sin against the Holy Ghost, he most certainly cannot be saved.» These letters are in existence, and have been seen by many besides myself; but would his *editor* have been «*candid*» in even alluding to them? Nothing would have even provoked *me*, an indifferent spectator, to allude to them, but this further attempt at the depreciation of Pope.

What should we say to an editor of Addison, who cited the following passage from Walpole's letters to George Montagu? «Dr. Young has published a new book, etc Mr. Addison sent for the young Earl of Warwick, as he was dying, to show him in what peace a Christian

could die; unluckily he died of *brandy*: nothing makes a Christian die in peace like being maudlin! but don't say this in Gath where you are." Suppose the editor introduced it with this preface: "One circumstance is mentioned by Horace Walpole, which, if true, was indeed *flagitious*. Walpole informs Montagu that Addison sent for the young Earl of Warwick, when dying, to show him in what peace a Christian could die; but unluckily he died drunk, etc. etc." Now, although there might occur on the subsequent, or on the same page, a faint show of disbelief, seasoned with the expression of "the *same candour*" (the *same* exactly as throughout the book), I should say that this editor was either foolish or false to his trust; such a story ought not to have been admitted, except for one brief mark of crushing indignation, unless it were *completely proved*. Why the words "*if true?*" that "*if*" is not a peace-maker. Why talk of "Cibber's testimony" to his licentiousness? to what does this amount? that Pope when very young was *once* decoyed by some no-

bleman and the player to a house of carnal recreation. Mr. Bowles was not always a clergyman; and when he was a very young man, was he never seduced into as much? If I were in the humour for story-telling, and relating little anecdotes, I could tell a much better story of Mr. Bowles than Cibber's, upon much better authority, viz. that of Mr. Bowles himself. It was not related by *him* in my presence, but in that of a third person, whom Mr. Bowles names oftener than once in the course of his replies. This gentleman related it to me as a humorous and witty anecdote; and so it was, whatever its other characteristics might be. But should I, for a youthful frolic, brand Mr. Bowles with a "libertine sort of love," or with "licentiousness?" is he the less now a pious or a good man, for not having always been a priest? No such thing; I am willing to believe him a good man, almost as good a man as Pope, but no better.

The truth is, that in these days the grand "*primum mobile*" of England is *cant*; *cant* po-

litical, cant poetical, cant religious, cant moral; but always cant, multiplied through all the varieties of life. It is the fashion, and while it lasts will be too powerful for those who can only exist by taking the tone of the time. I say *cant*, because it is a thing of words, without the smallest influence upon human actions; the English being no wiser, no better, and much poorer, and more divided amongst themselves, as well as far less moral, than they were before the prevalence of this verbal decorum. This hysterical horror of poor Pope's not very well ascertained, and never fully proved amours, (for even Cibber owns that he prevented the somewhat perilous adventure in which Pope was embarking), sounds very virtuous in a controversial pamphlet; but all men of the world who know what life is, or at least what it was to them in their youth, must laugh at such a ludicrous foundation of the charge of «a libertine sort of love;» while the more serious will look upon those who bring forward such charges upon an insulated fact, as fanatics or hypocrites,

perhaps both. The two are sometimes compounded in a happy mixture.

Mr. Octavius Gilchrist speaks rather irreverently of a « second tumbler of *hot* whitewine negus.» What does he mean? Is there any harm in negus? or is it the worse for being *hot*? or does Mr. Bowles drink negus? I had a better opinion of him. I hoped that whatever wine he drank was neat; or at least that like the ordinary in Jonathan Wild, «he preferred *punch*, the rather as there was nothing against it in Scripture.» I should be sorry to believe that Mr. Bowles was fond of negus; it is such a «candid» liquor, so like a wishy-washy compromise between the passion for wine and the propriety of water. But different writers have divers tastes. Judge Blackstone composed his «Commentaries» (he was a poet too in his youth) with a bottle of port before him. Addison's conversation was not good for much till he had taken a similar dose. Perhaps the prescription of these two great men was not inferior to the very different one of a soi-disant poet of this

day, who, after wandering amongst the hills, returns, goes to bed, and dictates his verses, being fed by a bystander with bread and butter during the operation.

I now come to Mr. Bowles's «invariable principles of poetry.» These Mr. Bowles and some of his correspondents pronounce «unanswerable;» and they are «unanswered,» at least by Campbell, who seems to have been astounded by the title. The sultan of the time being, offered to ally himself to a king of France, because «he hated the word league;» which proves that the Padishan understood French. Mr. Campbell has no need of my alliance, nor shall I presume to offer it; but I do hate that word «*invariable.*» What is there of *human*, be it poetry, philosophy, wit, wisdom, science, power, glory, mind, matter, life, or death, which is «*invariable?*» Of course I put things divine out of the question. Of all arrogant baptisms of a book, this title to a pamphlet appears the most complacently conceited. It is Mr. Campbell's part to answer the contents of this performance,

and especially to vindicate his own «Ship," which Mr. Bowles most triumphantly proclaims to have struck to his very first fire.

«Quoth he, there was a *Ship*;
Now let me go, thou grey-haired loon,
Or my staff shall make thee skip.»

It is no affair of mine, but having once begun (certainly not by my own wish, but called upon by the frequent recurrence to my name in the pamphlets), I am like an Irishman in a «row," «any body's customer." I shall therefore say a word or two on the «Ship.»

Mr. Bowles asserts that Campbell's «Ship of the Line» derives all its poetry not from «art," but from «nature." «Take away the waves, the winds, the sun, etc. etc. *one* will become a stripe of blue bunting; and the other a piece of coarse canvas on three tall poles." Very true; take away the «waves," «the winds," and there will be no ship at all, not only for poetical, but for any other purpose; and take away

« the sun, » and we must read Mr. Bowles's pamphlet by candle-light. But the « poetry » of the « Ship » does *not* depend on « the waves, » etc.; on the contrary, the « Ship of the Line » confers its own poetry upon the waters, and heightens *theirs*. I do not deny, that the « waves and winds, » and above all « the sun, » are highly poetical; we know it to our cost, by the many descriptions of them in verse: but if the waves bore only the foam upon their bosoms, if the winds wafted only the sea-weed to the shore, if the sun shone neither upon pyramids, nor fleets, nor fortresses, would its beams be equally poetical? I think not: the poetry is at least reciprocal. Take away « the Ship of the Line » « swinging round » the « calm water, » and the calm water becomes a somewhat monotonous thing to look at, particularly if not transparently *clear*; witness the thousands who pass by without looking on it at all. What was it attracted the thousands to the launch? they might have seen the poetical « calm water » at Wapping, or in the « London Dock, » or in the Paddington

Canal, or in a horse-pond, or in a slop-basin, or in any other vase. They might have heard the poetical winds howling through the chinks of a pigstye, or the garret window; they might have seen the sun shining on a footman's livery, or on a brass warming-pan; but could the « calm water, » or the « wind, » or the « sun, » make all, or any of these « poetical? » I think not. Mr. Bowles admits « the Ship » to be poetical, but only from those accessories: now if they *confer* poetry so as to make one thing poetical, they would make other things poetical; the more so, as Mr. Bowles calls a « ship of the line » without them, that is to say, its « masts and sails and streamers, » « blue bunting, » and « coarse canvas, » and « tall poles. » So they are; and porcelain is clay, and man is dust, and flesh is grass, and yet the two latter at least are the subjects of much poesy.

Did Mr. Bowles ever gaze upon the sea? I presume that he has, at least upon a sea-piece. Did any painter ever paint the sea *only*, without the addition of a ship, boat, wreck, or some

such adjunct? Is the sea itself a more attractive, a more moral, a more poetical object, with or without a vessel, breaking its vast but fatiguing monotony? Is a storm more poetical without a ship? or, in the poem of the Shipwreck, is it the storm or the ship which most interests? both *much* undoubtedly; but without the vessel, what should we care for the tempest? It would sink into mere descriptive poetry, which in itself was never esteemed a high order of that art.

I look upon myself as entitled to talk of naval matters, at least to poets: — with the exception of Walter Scott, Moore, and Southey, perhaps, who have been voyagers, I have *swam* more miles than all the rest of them together now living ever *sailed*, and have lived for months and months on ship-board; and, during the whole period of my life abroad, have scarcely ever passed a month out of sight of the ocean: besides being brought up from two years till ten on the brink of it. I recollect, when anchored off Cape Sigeum in 1810, in an English

frigate, a violent squall coming on at sunset, so violent as to make us imagine that the ship would part cable, or drive from her anchorage. Mr. Hobhouse and myself, and some officers, had been up the Dardanelles to Abydos, and were just returned in time. The aspect of a storm in the Archipelago is as poetical as need be, the sea being particularly short, dashing, and dangerous, and the navigation intricate and broken by the isles and currents. Cape Sigeum, the tumuli of the Troad, Lemnos, Tenedos, all added to the associations of the time. But what seemed the most «*poetical*» of all at the moment, were the numbers (about two hundred) of Greek and Turkish craft, which were obliged to «cut and run» before the wind, from their unsafe anchorage, some for Tenedos, some for other isles, some for the main, and some it might be for eternity. The sight of these little scudding vessels, darting over the foam in the twilight, now appearing and now disappearing between the waves in the cloud of night, with their peculiarly *white* sails, (the Levant sails

not being of "*coarse canvas*," but of white cotton), skimming along as quickly, but less safely than the sea-mews which hovered over them; their evident distress, their reduction to fluttering specks in the distance, their crowded succession, their *littleness*, as contending with the giant element, which made our stout forty-four's *teak* timbers, (she was built in India), creak again; their aspect and their motion, all struck me as something far more "poetical" than the mere broad, brawling, shipless sea, and the sullen winds, could possibly have been without them.

The Euxine is a noble sea to look upon, and the port of Constantinople the most beautiful of harbours, and yet I cannot but think that the twenty sail of the line, some of one hundred and forty guns, rendered it more "poetical" by day in the sun, and by night perhaps still more, for the Turks illuminate their vessels of war in a manner the most picturesque, and yet all this is *artificial*. As for the Euxine, I stood upon the Symple-gades — I stood by the broken altar

still exposed to the winds upon one of them — I felt all the “*poetry*” of the situation, as I repeated the first lines of *Medea*; but would not that “*poetry*” have been heightened by the *Argo*? It was so even by the appearance of any merchant vessel arriving from Odessa. But Mr. Bowles says, “why bring your ship off the stocks?” for no reason that I know, except that ships are built to be launched. The water, etc. undoubtedly HEIGHTENS the poetical associations, but it does not *make* them; and the ship amply repays the obligation: they aid each other; the water is more poetical with the ship — the ship less so without the water. But even a ship, laid up in dock, is a grand and a poetical sight. Even an old boat, keel upwards, wrecked upon the barren sand, is a “poetical” object; (and Wordsworth, who made a poem about a washingtub and a blind boy, may tell you so as well as I), whilst a long extent of sand and unbroken water, without the boat, would be as like dull prose as any pamphlet lately published.

What makes the poetry in the image of the «*marble waste of Tadmor,*» or Grainger's «*Ode to Solitude,*» so much admired by Johnson? Is it the «*marble,*» or the «*waste,*» the *artificial* or the *natural* object? The «*waste,*» is like all other *wastes*; but the «*marble,*» of Palmyra makes the poetry of the passage as of the place.

The beautiful but barren Hymettus, the whole coast of Attica, her hills and mountains, Pentelicus, Anchesmus, Philopappus, etc. etc., are in themselves poetical, and would be so if the name of Athens, of Athenians, and her very ruins, were swept from the earth. But am I to be told that the «*nature*» of Attica would be *more* poetical without the «*art*» of the Acropolis? of the Temple of Theseus? and of the still all Greek and glorious monuments of her exquisitely artificial genius? Ask the traveller what strikes him as most poetical, the Parthenon, or the rock on which it stands? The COLUMNS of Cape Colonna, or the Cape itself? The rocks at the foot of it, or the recollection that Falconer's *ship* was bulged upon them? There are

a thousand rocks and capes, far more picturesque than those of the Acropolis and Cape Sunium in themselves; what are they to a thousand scenes in the wilder parts of Greece, of Asia Minor, Switzerland, or even of Cintra in Portugal, or to many scenes of Italy, and the Sierras of Spain? But it is the «*art*,» the columns, the temples, the wrecked vessel, which give them their antique and their modern poetry, and not the spots themselves. Without them, the *spots* of earth would be unnoticed and unknown; buried, like Babylon and Nineveh, in indistinct confusion, without poetry, as without existence; but to whatever spot of earth these ruins were transported, if they were *capable* of transportation, like the obelisk, and the sphinx, and the Memnon's head, *there* they would still exist in the perfection of their beauty, and in the pride of their poetry. I opposed, and will ever oppose, the robbery of ruins from Athens, to instruct the English in sculpture; but why did I do so? The *ruins* are as poetical in Piccadilly as they were in the Parthenon; but the Parthenon

and its rock are less so without them. Such is the poetry of art.

Mr. Bowles contends again that the pyramids of Egypt are poetical, because of « the association with boundless deserts, » and that a « pyramid of the same dimensions » would not be sublime in « Lincoln's Inn Fields: » not so poetical certainly; but take away the « pyramids, » and what is the « *desert?* » Take away Stonehenge from Salisbury plain, and it is nothing more than Hounslow heath, or any other unclosed down. It appears to me that St. Peter's, the Coliseum, the Pantheon, the Palatine, the Apollo, the Laocoon, the Venus di Medicis, the Hercules, the dying Gladiator, the Moses of Michel Angelo, and all the higher works of Canova, (I have already spoken of those of ancient Greece, still extant in that country, or transported to England), are as *poetical* as Mont Blanc or Mount Ætna, perhaps still more so, as they are direct manifestations of mind, and *presuppose* poetry in their very conception; and have moreover, as being such, a something of

actual life, which cannot belong to any part of inanimate nature, unless we adopt the system of Spinoza, that the world is the Deity. There can be nothing more poetical in its aspect than the city of Venice: does this depend upon the sea, or the canals? —

«The dirt and sea-weed whence proud Venice
rose?»

Is it the canal which runs between the palace and the prison, or the «Bridge of Sighs,» which connects them, that render it poetical? Is it the «Canal' Grande,» or the Rialto which arches it, the churches which tower over it, the palaces which line, and the gondolas which glide over the waters, that render this city more poetical than Rome itself? Mr. Bowles will say perhaps, that the Rialto is but marble, the palaces and churches only stone, and the gondolas a «coarse» black cloth, thrown over some planks of carved wood, with a shining bit of fantastically formed

iron at the prow, « *without* » the water. And I tell him that without these, the water would be nothing but a clay-coloured ditch, and whoever says the contrary, deserves to be at the bottom of that, where Pope's heroes are embraced by the mud nymphs. There would be nothing to make the canal of Venice more poetical than that of Paddington, were it not for the artificial adjuncts above mentioned, although it is a perfectly natural canal, formed by the sea, and the innumerable islands which constitute the site of this extraordinary city.

The very Cloaca of Tarquin at Rome are as poetical as Richmond Hill; many will think more so: take away Rome, and leave the Tibur and the seven hills, in the nature of Evander's time. Let Mr. Bowles, or Mr. Wordsworth, or Mr. Southey, or any of the other « *naturals*, » make a poem upon them, and then see which is most poetical, their production, or the commonest guide-book, which tells you the road from St. Peter's to the Coliseum and informs you what you will see by the way. The ground

interests in Virgil, because it *will* be *Rome*, and not because it is Evander's rural domain.

Mr. Bowles then proceeds to press Homer into his service, in answer to a remark of Mr. Campbell's that «Homer was a great describer of works of art.» Mr. Bowles contends that all his great power, even in this, depends upon their connexion with nature. The «shield of Achilles derives its poetical interest from the subjects described on it.» And from what does the *spear* of Achilles derive its interest? and the helmet and the mail worn by Patroclus, and the celestical armour, and the very brazen greaves of the well-booted Greeks? Is it solely from the legs, and the back, and the breast, and the human body, which they enclose? In that case, it would have been more poetical to have made them fight naked; and Gulley and Gregson, as being nearer to a state of nature, are more poetical boxing in a pair of drawers than Hector and Achilles in radiant armour, and with heroic weapons.

Instead of the clash of helmets, and the

rushing of chariots, and the whizzing of spears, and the glancing of swords, and the cleaving of shields, and the piercing of breast-plates, why not represent the Greeks and Trojans like two savage tribes, tugging and tearing, and licking, and biting, and gnashing, foaming, grinning, and gouging, in all the poetry of martial nature, unincumbered with gross, prosaic artificial arms, an equal superfluity to the natural warrior, and his natural poet. Is there any thing unpoetical in Ulysses striking the horses of Rhesus with *his bow*, (having forgotten his thong), or would Mr. Bowles have had him kick them with his foot, or smack them with his hand, as being more unsophisticated?

In Gray's Elogy, is there an image more striking than his «shapeless sculpture?» Of sculpture in general, it may be observed, that it is more poetical than nature itself, inasmuch as it represents and bodies forth that ideal beauty and sublimity which is never to be found in actual nature. This at least is the general opinion. But, always excepting the Venus di

Medicis, I differ from that opinion, at least as far as regards female beauty; for the head of Lady Charlemont, (when I first saw her nine years ago), seemed to possess all that sculpture could require for its ideal. I recollect seeing something of the same kind in the head of an Albanian girl, who was actually employed in mending a road in the mountains, and in some Greek, and one or two Italian, faces. But of *sublimity*, I have never seen any thing in human nature at all to approach the expression of sculpture, either in the Apollo, the Moses, or other of the sterner works of ancient or modern art.

Let us examine a little further this « babble of green fields » and of bare nature in general as superior to artificial imagery, for the poetical purposes of the fine arts. In landscape painting, the great artist does not give you a literal copy of a country, but he invents and composes one. Nature, in her actual aspect, does not furnish him with such existing scenes as he requires. Even where he presents you with some famous city, or celebrated scene from mountain or

other nature, it must be taken from some particular point of view, and with such light, and shade, and distance, etc. as serve not only to heighten its beauties, but to shadow its deformities. The poetry of Nature alone, *exactly* as she appears, is not sufficient to bear him out. The very sky of his painting is not the *portrait* of the sky of Nature; it is a composition of different *skies*, observed at different times, and not the whole copied from any *particular* day. And why? Because Nature is not lavish of her beauties; they are widely scattered, and occasionally displayed, to be selected with care, and gathered with difficulty.

Of sculpture I have just spoken. It is the great scope of the sculptor to heighten Nature into heroic beauty, *i. e.* in plain English, to surpass his model. When Canova forms a statue, he takes a limb from one, a hand from another, a feature from a third, and a shape, it may be, from a fourth, probably at the same time improving upon all, as the Greek of old did in embodying his Venus.

Ask a portrait painter to describe his agonies in accommodating the faces with which Nature and his sitters have crowded his painting-room to the principles of his art: with the exception of perhaps ten faces in as many millions, there is not one which he can venture to give without shading much and adding more. Nature, exactly, simply, barely Nature, will make no great artist of any kind, and least of all a poet — the most artificial, perhaps, of all artists in his very essence. With regard to natural imagery, the poets are obliged to take some of their best illustrations from *art*. You say that a «fountain is as clear or clearer than *glass*,” to express its beauty —

«O fons Blandusiæ, splendidior vitro!»

In the speech of Mark Antony, the body of Cæsar is displayed, but so also is his *mantle*:

«You all do know this *mantle*,” etc.

“Look! in this place ran Cassius’ *dagger* through.”

If the poet had said that Cassius had run his *fi*st through the rent of the mantle, it would have had more of Mr. Bowles’s “nature” to help it; but the artificial *dagger* is more poetical than any natural *hand* without it. In the sublime of sacred poetry, “Who is this that cometh from Edom? with *dyed garments* from Bozrah?” Would “the comer” be poetical without his “*dyed garments?*” which strike and startle the spectator, and identify the approaching object.

The mother of Sisera is represented listening for the “*wheels of his chariot.*” Solomon, in his Song, compares the nose of his beloved to “a tower,” which to us appears an eastern exaggeration. If he had said, that her stature was like that of a “tower,” it would have been as poetical as if he had compared her to a tree.

“The virtuous Marcia *towers* above her sex”

is an instance of an artificial image to express a *moral* superiority. But Solomon, it is probable, did not compare his beloved's nose to a "tower" on account of its length, but of its symmetry; and making allowance for eastern hyperbole, and the difficulty of finding a discreet image for a female nose in nature, it is perhaps as good a figure as any other.

Art is *not* inferior to nature for poetical purposes. What makes a regiment of soldiers a more noble object of view than the same mass of mob? Their arms, their dresses, their banners, and the *art* and artificial symmetry of their position and movements. A Highlander's plaid, a Mussulman's turban, and a Roman toga, are more poetical than the tattooed or untattooed buttocks of a New Sandwich savage, although they were described by William Wordsworth himself like the "idiot in his glory."

I have seen as many mountains as most men, and more fleets than the generality of landsmen: and to my mind, a large convoy with a

few sail of the line to conduct them, is as noble and as poetical a prospect as all that inanimate nature can produce. I prefer the «mast of some great admiral,» with all its tackle, to the Scotch fir or the alpine tannen; and think that *more* poetry *has been* made out of it. In what does the infinite superiority of «Falconer's Shipwreck» over all other shipwrecks consist? In his admirable application of the terms of his art; in a poet-sailor's description of the sailor's fate. These *very terms*, by his application, make the strength and reality of his poem. Why? because he was a poet, and in the hands of a poet *art* will not be found less ornamental than nature. It is precisely in general nature, and in stepping out of his element, that Falconer fails; where he digresses to speak of ancient Greece, and «such branches of learning.»

In Dyer's Grongar Hill, upon which his fame rests, the very appearance of nature herself is moralised into an artificial image:

"Thus is nature's *vesture* wrought,
 To instruct our wandering thought;
 Thus she *dresses green and gay*,
 To disperse our cares away."

And here also we have the telescope, the
 misuse of which, from Milton, has rendered
 Mr. Bowles so triumphant over Mr. Campbell:

"So we mistake the future's face,
 Eyed through Hope's deluding *glass*."

And here a word en passant to Mr. Camp-
 bell:

"As yon summits, soft and fair,
 Clad in colours of the air,
 Which to those who journey near
 Barren, brown, and rough appear,
 Still we tread the same coarse way —
 The present's still a cloudy day."

Is not this the original of the far-famed —

«'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue?»

To return once more to the sea. Let any one look on the long wall of Malamocco, which curbs the Adriatic, and pronounce between the sea and its master. Surely that Roman work, (I mean *Roman* in conception and performance), which says to the ocean, «thus far shalt thou come, and no further,» and is obeyed, is not less sublime and poetical than the angry waves which vainly break beneath it.

Mr. Bowles makes the chief part of a ship's poesy depend upon the «*wind*:» then why is a ship under sail more poetical than a hog in a high wind? The hog is all nature, the ship is all art, «coarse canvas,» «blue bunting,» and «tall poles;» both are violently acted upon by the wind, tossed here and there, to and fro, and yet nothing but excess of hunger could make me look upon the pig as the more poetical of the two, and then only in the shape of a griskin.

Will Mr. Bowles tell us that the poetry of an aqueduct consists in the *water* which it conveys? Let him look on that of Justinian, on those of Rome, Constantinople, Lisbon and Elvas, or even at the remains of that in Attica.

We are asked, «what makes the venerable towers of Westminster Abbey more poetical, as objects, than the tower for the manufactory of patent shot, surrounded by the same scenery?» I will answer — the *architecture*. Turn Westminster Abbey, or Saint Paul's, into a powder magazine, their poetry, as objects, remains the same; the Parthenon was actually converted into one by the Turks, during Morosini's Venetian siege, and part of it destroyed in consequence. Cromwell's dragoons stalled their steeds in Worcester cathedral; was it less poetical as an object than before? Ask a foreigner on his approach to London, what strikes him as the most poetical of the towers before him: he will point out Saint Paul's and Westminster Abbey, without, perhaps, knowing the names or associations of either, and pass over the «tower

for patent shot," not that for any thing he knows to the contrary, it might not be the mausoleum of a monarch, or a Waterloo column, or a Trafalgar monument, but because its architecture is obviously inferior.

To the question, "whether the description of a game of cards be as poetical, supposing the execution of the artists equal, as a description of a walk in a forest?" it may be answered, that the *materials* are certainly not equal; but that "the *artist*," who has rendered the "game of cards poetical," is *by far the greater* of the two. But all this "ordering" of poets is purely arbitrary on the part of Mr. Bowles. There may or may not be, in fact, different "orders" of poetry, but the poet is always ranked according to his execution, and not according to his branch of the art.

Tragedy is one of the highest presumed orders. Hughes has written a tragedy, and a very successful one; Fenton another; and Pope none. Did any man, however, — will even Mr. Bowles himself, rank Hughes and Fenton as

poets above *Pope*? Was even Addison, (the author of *Cato*), or Rowe, (one of the higher order of dramatists as far as success goes), or Young, or even Otway and Southerne, ever raised for a moment to the same rank with Pope in the estimation of the reader or the critic, before his death or since? If Mr. Bowles will contend for classifications of this kind, let him recollect that descriptive poetry has been ranked as among the lowest branches of the art, and description as a mere ornament, but which should never form «the subject» of a poem. The Italians, with the most poetical language, and the most fastidious taste in Europe, possess now five *great* poets, they say, Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso, and lastly Alfieri; and whom do they esteem one of the highest of these, and some of them the very highest? Petrarch the *sonneteer*: it is true that some of his *Canzoni* are *not less* esteemed, but *not* more; who ever dreams of his Latin Afrika?

Were Petrarch to be ranked according to the «order» of his compositions, where would the

best of sonnets place him? with Dante and the others? no; but, as I have before said, the poet who *executes* best, is the highest, whatever his department, and will ever be so rated in the world's esteem.

Had Gray written nothing but his Elegy, high as he stands, I am not sure that he would not stand higher; it is the corner-stone of his glory: without it, his odes would be insufficient for his fame. The depreciation of Pope is partly founded upon a false idea of the dignity of his order of poetry, to which he has partly contributed by the ingenuous boast,

«That not in fancy's maze he wandered long,
But *stoop'd* to truth, and moralized his song.»

He should have written «rose to truth.» In my mind the highest of all poetry is ethical poetry, as the highest of all earthly objects must be moral truth. Religion does not make a part of my subject; it is something beyond human powers, and has failed in all human hands

except Milton's and Dante's, and even Dante's powers are involved in his delineation of human passions, though in supernatural circumstances. What made Socrates the greatest of men? His moral truth — his ethics. What proved Jesus Christ the Son of God hardly less than his miracles? His moral precepts. And if ethics have made a philosopher the first of men, and have not been disdained as an adjunct to his Gospel by the Deity himself, are we to be told that ethical poetry, or didactic poetry, or by whatever name you term it, whose object is to make men better and wiser, is not the *very first order* of poetry; and are we to be told this too by one of the priesthood? It requires more mind, more wisdom, more power, than all the "forests" that ever were "walked" for their "description," and all the epics that ever were founded upon fields of battle. The Georgics are indisputably, and, I believe, *undisputedly* even a finer poem than the Æneid. Virgil knew this; he did not order *them* to be burnt.

“The proper study of mankind is man.”

It is the fashion of the day to lay great stress upon what they call “imagination” and “invention,” the two commonest of qualities: an Irish peasant with a little whiskey in his head will imagine and invent more than would furnish forth a modern poem. If Lucretius had not been spoiled by the Epicurean system, we should have had a far superior poem to any now in existence. As mere poetry, it is the first of Latin poems. What then has ruined it? His ethics. Pope has not this defect; his moral is as pure as his poetry is glorious.

In speaking of artificial objects, I have omitted to touch upon one which I will now mention. Cannon may be presumed to be as highly poetical as art can make her objects. Mr. Bowles will, perhaps, tell me that this is because they resemble that grand natural article of sound in heaven, and simile upon earth — thunder. I shall be told triumphantly, that Milton made sad work with his artillery, when he armed his

devils therewithal. He did so; and this artificial object must have had much of the sublime to attract his attention for such a conflict. He *has* made an absurd use of it; but the absurdity consists not in using *cannon* against the angels of God, but any *material* weapon. The thunder of the clouds would have been as ridiculous and vain in the hands of the devils, as the "villainous saltpetre:" the angels were as impervious to the one as to the other. The thunderbolts became sublime in the hands of the Almighty not as such, but because *he* deigns to use them as a means of repelling the rebel spirits; but no one can attribute their defeat to this grand piece of natural electricity: the Almighty willed, and they fell; his word would have been enough; and Milton is as absurd, (and in fact, *blasphemous*), in putting material lightnings into the hands of the God-head, as in giving him hands at all.

The artillery of the demons was but the first step of his mistake, the thunder the next, and it is a step lower. It would have been fit for

Jove, but not for Jehovah. The subject altogether was essentially unpoetical; he has made more of it than another could, but it is beyond him and all men.

In a portion of his reply, Mr. Bowles asserts that Pope « envied Phillips » because he quizzed his pastorals in the Guardian, in that most admirable model of irony, his paper on the subject. If there was any thing enviable about Phillips, it could hardly be his pastorals. They were despicable, and Pope expressed his contempt. If Mr. Fitzgerald published a volume of sonnets, or a « Spirit of Discovery, » or a « Missionary, » and Mr. Bowles wrote in any periodical journal an ironical paper upon them, would this be « envy ? » The authors of the « Rejected Addresses » have ridiculed the sixteen or twenty « first living poets » of the day; but do they « envy » them ? « Envy » writhes, it don't laugh. The authors of the Rejected Addresses may despise some, but they can hardly « envy » any of the persons whom they have parodied; and Pope could have no more envied Phillips than

he did Welsted, or Theobalds, or Smedley, or any other given hero of the Dunciad. He could not have envied him, even had he himself *not* been the greatest poet of his age. Did Mr. Ings «*envy*» Mr. Phillips when he asked him, «how came your Pyrrhus to drive oxen and say, I am *goaded* on by love?» This question silenced poor Phillips; but it no more proceeded from «*envy*» than did Pope's ridicule. Did he envy Swift? Did he envy Bolingbroke? Did he envy Gay the unparalleled success of his «*Beggar's Opera*?» We may be answered that these were his friends — true; but does *friendship* prevent *envy*? Study the first woman you meet with, or the first scribbler, let Mr. Bowles himself (whom I acquit fully of such an odious quality), study some of his own poetical intimates: the most envious man I ever heard of is a poet, and a high one; besides, it is an *universal* passion. Goldsmith envied not only the puppets for their dancing, and broke his shins in the attempt at rivalry, but was seriously angry because two pretty women received

more attention than he did. *This is envy*; but where does Pope show a sign of the passion? In that case Dryden envied the hero of his Mac Flecknoe. Mr. Bowles compares, when and where he can, Pope with Cowper (the same Cowper whom in his edition of Pope he laughs at for his attachment to an old woman, Mrs. Unwin; search and you will find it; I remember the passage, though not the page); in particular he re-quotes Cowper's Dutch delineation of a wood, drawn up like a seedsman's catalogue*,

* I will submit to Mr. Bowles's own judgment a passage from another poem of Cowper's, to be compared with the same writer's Sylvan Sampler. In the lines to Mary,

“Thy *needles*, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused; and shine no more,
My Mary,”

contain a simple, household, “*indoor*,” artificial and ordinary image; I refer Mr.

with an affected imitation of Milton's style, as burlesque as the «Splendid Shilling.» These two writers, for Cowper is no poet, come into comparison in one great work, the translation of Homer. Now, with all the great, and ma-

Bowles to the stanza, and ask if these three lines about «needles» are not worth all the boasted twaddling about trees, so triumphantly re-quoted? and yet in *fact* what do they convey? A homely collection of images and ideas, associated with the darning of stockings, and the hemming of shirts, and the mending of breeches; but will any one deny that they are eminently poetical and pathetic as addressed by Cowper to his nurse? The trash of trees reminds me of a saying of Sheridan's. Soon after the «Rejected Address» scene, in 1812, I met Sheridan. In the course of dinner, he said, «Lord Byron, did you know that, amongst the writers of addresses, was Whitbread himself?» I answered by an inquiry of what sort of an address he had made. «Of that,» replied Sheridan, «I remember little, except that there was a *Phoenix* in it.» «A Phoenix!!

nifest, and manifold, and reprov'd, and acknowledged, and uncontroverted faults of Pope's translation, and all the scholarship, and pains, and time, and trouble, and blank verse of the other, who can ever read Cowper? and

Well, how did he describe it?" "*Like a poulterer;*" answered Sheridan; "it was green, and yellow, and red, and blue: he did not let us off for a single feather." And just such as this poulterer's account of a phœnix is Cowper's a stick-picker's detail of a wood, with all its petty minutiae of this, that, and the other.

One more poetical instance of the power of art, and even its *superiority* over nature, in poetry; and I have done: — the bust of *Antinous!* Is there any thing in nature like this marble, excepting the Venus? Can there be more *poetry* gathered into existence than in that wonderful creation of perfect beauty? But the poetry of this bust is in no respect derived from nature, nor from any association of moral exaltedness; for what is there in common with moral nature, and the male minion of Adrian? The very

who will ever lay down Pope, unless for the original? Pope's was «not Homer, it was Spondanus;» but Cowper's is not Homer, either, it is not even Cowper. As a child I first read Pope's Homer with a rapture which no subsequent work could ever afford, and children are not the worst judges of their own language. As a boy I read Homer in the original, as we have all done, some of us by force, and a few by

execution is *not natural*, but *super-natural*, or rather *super-artificial*, for nature has never done so much.

Away, then, with this cant about nature, and «invariable principles of poetry!» A great artist will make a block of stone as sublime as a mountain, and a good poet can imbue a pack of cards with more poetry than inhabits the forests of America. It is the business and the proof of a poet to give the lie to the proverb, and sometimes to «*make a silken purse out of a sow's ear;*» and to conclude with another homely proverb, «a good workman will not find fault with his tools.»

favour; under which description I come is nothing to the purpose, it is enough that I read him. As a man I have tried to read Cowper's version, and I found it impossible. Has any human reader ever succeeded?

And now that we have heard the Catholic reproached with envy, duplicity, licentiousness, avarice — what was the Calvinist? He attempted the most atrocious of crimes in the Christian code, viz. Suicide — and why? because he was to be examined whether he was fit for an office which he seems to wish to have made a sinecure. His connexion with Mrs. Unwin was pure enough, for the old lady was devout, and he was deranged; but why then is the infirm and then elderly Pope to be reprov'd for his connexion with Martha Blount; Cowper was the almoner of Mrs. Throgmorton; but Pope's charities were his own, and they were noble and extensive, far beyond his fortune's warrant. Pope was the tolerant yet steady adherent of the most bigoted of sects; and Cowper the most bigoted and despondent sectary that ever anticipated damna-

tion to himself or others. Is this harsh? I know it is, and I do not assert it as my opinion of Cowper *personally*, but to *show what might* be said, with just as great an appearance of truth and candour, as all the odium which has been accumulated upon Pope in similar speculations. Cowper was a good man, and lived at a fortunate time for his works.

Mr. Bowles, apparently not relying entirely upon his own arguments, has in person or by proxy brought forward the names of Southey and Moore. Mr. Southey « agrees entirely with Mr. Bowles in his *invariable* principles of poetry.” The least that Mr. Bowles can do in return is to approve the « invariable principles of Mr. Southey.” I should have thought that the word « *invariable*” might have stuck in Southey’s throat, like Macbeth’s « Amen ! ” I am sure it did in mine, and I am not the least consistent of the two, at least as a voter. Moore (*et tu, Brute!*) also approves, and a Mr. J. Scott. There is a letter also of two lines from a gentleman in asterisks, who, it seems, is a poet of « the

highest rank" — who *can* this be? not my friend, Sir Walter, surely. Campbell it can't be; Rogers it won't be.

"You have *hit the nail in the head*, and * * * * [Pope, I presume] *on the head also.*"

I remain yours, affectionately,

(Four *Asterisks.*)

And in asterisks let him remain. Whoever this person may be, he deserves, for such a judgment of Midas, that "the nail" which Mr. Bowles has "hit *in the head*" should be driven through his own ears; I am sure that they are long enough.

The attempt of the poetical populace of the present day to obtain an ostracism against Pope is as easily accounted for as the Athenian's shell against Aristides; they are tired of hearing him always called "the Just." They are also fighting for life; for if he maintains his station, they will reach their own by falling. They have raised a mosque by the side of a Grecian temple of the purest architecture; and, more barbarous

than the barbarians from whose practice I have borrowed the figure, they are not contented with their own grotesque edifice, unless they destroy the prior and purely beautiful fabric which preceded, and which shames them and theirs for ever and ever. I shall be told that amongst those I *have* been (or it may be, still *am*) conspicuous — true, and I am ashamed of it. I *have* been amongst the builders of this Babel, attended by a confusion of tongues, but *never* amongst the envious destroyers of the classic temple of our predecessor. I have loved and honoured the fame and name of that illustrious and unrivalled man, far more than my own paltry renown, and the trashy jingle of the crowd of «Schools» and upstarts, who pretend to rival, or even surpass him. Sooner than a single leaf should be torn from his laurel, it were better that all which these men, and that I, as one of their set, have ever written, should

«Line trunks, clothe spice, or, fluttering in
a row,

Befringe the rails of Bedlam, or Soho!»

There are those who will believe this, and those who will not. You, sir, know how far I am sincere, and whether my opinion, not only in the short work intended for publication, and in private letters which can never be published, has or has not been the same. I look upon this as the declining age of English poetry; no regard for others, no selfish feeling, can prevent me from seeing this, and expressing the truth. There can be no worse sign for the taste of the times than the depreciation of Pope. It would be better to receive for proof Mr. Cobbet's rough but strong attack upon Shakspeare and Milton, than to allow this smooth and « candid » undermining of the reputation of the most *perfect* of our poets, and the purest of our moralists. Of his power in the *passions*, in description, in the mock-heroic, I leave others to descant. I take him on his strong ground, as an *ethical* poet: in the former none excel; in the mock-heroic and the ethical, none equal him; and in my mind, the latter is the highest of all poetry, because it does that in *verse*, which the greatest

of men have wished to accomplish in prose. If the essence of poetry must be a *lie*, throw it to the dogs, or banish it from your republic, as Plato would have done. He who can reconcile poetry with truth and wisdom, is the only true "poet" in its real sense, "the maker," "the creator" — why must this mean the "liar," the "feigner," the "tale teller?" A man may make and create better things than these.

I shall not presume to say that Pope is as high a poet as Shakspeare and Milton, though his enemy, Warton, places him immediately under them. I would no more say this than I would assert in the mosque (once Saint Sophia's), that Socrates was a greater man than Mahomet. But if I say that he is very near them, it is no more than has been asserted of Burns, who is supposed

"To rival all but Shakspeare's name below."

I say nothing against this opinion. But of what "order," according to the poetical aristocracy,

are Burns's poems? There are his *opus magnum*, «Tam O'Shanter,» a *tale*, the «Cotter's Saturday Night,» a descriptive sketch; some others in the same style; the rest are songs. So much for the *rank* of his *productions*; the *rank* of *Burns* is the very first of his art. Of Pope I have expressed my opinion elsewhere, as also of the effect which the present attempts at poetry have had upon our literature. If any great national or natural convulsion could or should overwhelm your country in such sort, as to sweep Great Britain from the kingdoms of the earth, and leave only that, after all the most living of human things, a *dead language*, to be studied and read, and imitated by the wise of future and far generations, upon foreign shores; if your literature should become the learning of mankind, divested of party cabals, temporary fashions, and national pride and prejudice; an Englishman, anxious that the posterity of strangers should know that there had been such a thing as a British Epic and Tragedy, might wish for the preservation of Shakspeare and Milton;

but the surviving world would snatch Pope from the wreck, and let the rest sink with the people. He is the moral poet of all civilisation; and as such, let us hope that he will one day be the national poet of mankind. He is the only poet that never shocks; the only poet whose *faultlessness* has been made his reproach. Cast your eye over his productions; consider their extent, and contemplate their variety: — pastoral, passion, mock-heroic, translation, satire, ethics, — all excellent, and often perfect. If his great charm be his *melody*, how comes it that foreigners adore him even in their diluted translation? But I have made this letter too long. Give my compliments to Mr. Bowles.

Yours ever, very truly,

BYRON.

To J. Murray, Esq.

Post scriptum. — Long as this letter has grown, I find it necessary to append a post-script; if possible, a short one. Mr. Bowles denies that he has accused Pope of « a sordid

money-getting passion ;" but, he adds, "if I had ever done so, I should be glad to find any testimony that might show he was *not* so." This testimony he may find to his heart's content in Spence and elsewhere. First, there is Martha Blount, who, Mr. Bowles charitably says, "probably thought he did not save enough for her as legatee." Whatever she *thought* upon this point, her words are in Pope's favour. Then there is Alderman Barber; see Spence's Anecdotes. There is Pope's cold answer to Halifax when he proposed a pension; his behaviour to Craggs and to Addison upon like occasions, and his own two lines —

"And, thanks to Homer, since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no prince or peer alive;"

written when princes would have been proud to pension, and peers to promote him, and when the whole army of dunces were in array against him, and would have been but too happy to deprive him of this boast of independence.

But there is something a little more serious in Mr. Bowles's declaration, that he «*would* have spoken» of his «noble generosity to the outcast, Richard Savage,» and other instances of a compassionate and generous heart, «*had they occurred to his recollection when he wrote.*» What! is it come to this? Does Mr. Bowles sit down to write a minute and laboured life and edition of a great poet? Does he anatomise his character, moral and poetical? Does he present us with his faults and with his foibles? Does he sneer at his feelings, and doubt of his sincerity? Does he unfold his vanity and duplicity? and then omit the good qualities which might, in part, have «covered this multitude of sins?» and then plead that «*they did not occur to his recollection?*» Is this the frame of mind and of memory with which the illustrious dead are to be approached? If Mr. Bowles, who must have had access to all the means of refreshing his memory, did not recollect these facts, he is unfit for his task; but if he *did* recollect, and omit them, I know not what he is fit for, but I know

what would be fit for him. Is the plea of «not recollecting» such prominent facts to be admitted? Mr. Bowles has been at a public school, and as I have been publicly educated also, I can sympathise with his predilection. When we were in the third form even, had we pleaded on the Monday morning, that we had not brought up the Saturday's exercise, because «we had forgotten it,» what would have been the reply? And is an excuse, which would not be pardoned to a schoolboy, to pass current in a matter which so nearly concerns the fame of the first poet of his age, if not of his country? If Mr. Bowles so readily forgets the virtues of others, why complain so grievously that others have a better memory for his own faults? They are but the faults of an author; while the virtues he omitted from his catalogue are essential to the justice due to a man.

Mr. Bowles appears indeed to be susceptible beyond the privilege of authorship. There is a plaintive dedication to Mr. Gifford, in which

he is made responsible for all the articles of the Quarterly. Mr. Southey, it seems, «the most able and eloquent writer in that Review,» approves of Mr. Bowles's publication. Now it seems to me the more impartial, that notwithstanding that the great writer of the Quarterly entertains opinions opposite to the able article on Spence, nevertheless that essay was permitted to appear. Is a review to be devoted to the opinions of any *one* man? Must it not vary according to circumstances, and according to the subjects to be criticised? I fear that writers must take the sweets and bitters of the public journals as they occur, and an author of so long a standing as Mr. Bowles might have become accustomed to such incidents; he might be angry, but not astonished. I have been reviewed in the Quarterly almost as often as Mr. Bowles, and have had as pleasant things said, and some as *unpleasant*, as could well be pronounced. In the review of «The Fall of Jerusalem» it is stated, that I have devoted «my powers, etc. to the

worst parts of Manicheism," which being interpreted, means that I worship the devil. Now, I have neither written a reply, nor complained to Gifford. I believe that I observed in a letter to you, that I thought «that the critic might have praised Milman without finding it necessary to abuse me;» but did I not add at the same time, or soon after (apropos, of the note in the book of Travels), that I would not, if it were even in my power, have a single line cancelled on my account in that nor in any other publication. Of course, I reserve to myself the privilege of response when necessary. Mr. Bowles seems in a whimsical state about the author of the article on Spence. You know very well that I am not in your confidence, nor in that of the conductor of the journal. The moment I saw that article, I was morally certain that I knew the author «by his style.» You will tell me that I do *not* know him: that is all as it should be; keep the secret, so shall I, though no one has ever entrusted it to me.

He is not the person whom Mr. Bowles denounces. Mr. Bowles's extreme sensibility reminds me of a circumstance which occurred on board of a frigate in which I was a passenger and guest of the captain's for a considerable time. The surgeon on board, a very gentlemanly young man, and remarkably able in his profession, wore a *wig*. Upon this ornament he was extremely tenacious. As naval jests are sometimes a little rough, his brother officers made occasional allusions to this delicate appendage to the doctor's person. One day a young lieutenant, in the course of a facetious discussion, said, "Suppose now, doctor, I should take off your *hat*." "Sir," replied the doctor, "I shall talk no longer with you; you grow *scurrilous*." He would not even admit so near an approach as to the hat which protected it. In like manner, if any body approaches Mr. Bowles's laurels, even in his outside capacity of an *editor*, "they grow *scurrilous*." You say that you are about to prepare an edition of

Pope; you cannot do better for your own credit as a publisher, nor for the redemption of Pope from Mr. Bowles, and of the public taste from rapid degeneracy.

THE END.

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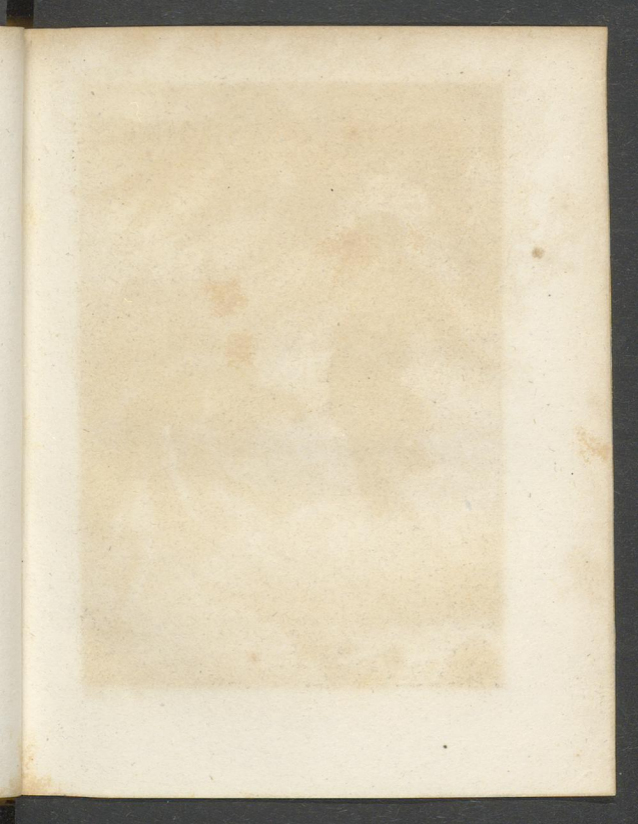
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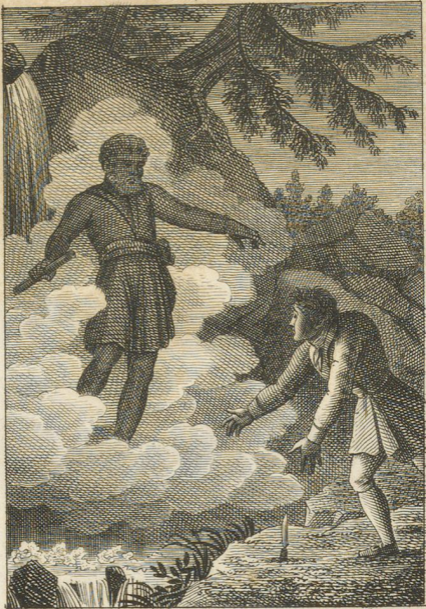
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THE
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L O R D B Y R O N.

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*This production is founded partly on the story
of a Novel, called "The White Brothers," by
M. de La Harpe, and partly on the story of the
"Famille de la Peste" by the great Voltaire. The
present publication contains the first two Parts
only, and the other two will be issued. The
real story perhaps appears hereafter.*

THE

DEFORMED TRANSFORMED.

A DRAMA.

THE

DEFORMED TRANSFORMED

A DRAMA

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

This production is founded partly on the story of a Novel, called «The Three Brothers," published many years ago, from which M. G. Lewis's «Wood Demon" was also taken — and partly on the «Faust" of the great Goëthe. The present publication contains the first two Parts only, and the opening chorus of the third. The rest may perhaps appear hereafter.

*Spirits, Soldiers, Citizens of Rome, Priests,
Peasants, &c.*

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Stranger, afterwards Cæsar.

Arnold.

Bourbon.

Philibert.

Cellini.

Bertha.

Olimpia.

*Spirits, Soldiers, Citizens of Rome, Priests,
Peasants, etc.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Stranger, afterwards Caesar.

Arnold.

Bowden.

Philbert.

Collin.

Bertha.

Olympia.

Spirits, Soldiers, Citizens of Rome, Friends,
Parents, etc.

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THE  
DEFORMED TRANSFORMED.

~~~~~

PART I,

SCENE I. — *A Forest.*

Enter Arnold and his mother Bertha.

Bertha.

Out, hunchback!

Arnold.

I was born so, mother!

Bertha.

Out!

Thou Incubus! Thou Nightmare! Of seven sons
The sole abortion!

Arnold.

Would that I had been so,
And never seen the light!

Bertha.

I would so too!
But as thou *hast* — hence, hence — and do
thy best.
That back of thine may bear its burthen; 'tis
More high, if not so broad as that of others.

Arnold.

It bears its burthen; — but, my heart! Will it
Sustain that which you lay upon it, mother?
I love, or at the least, I loved you: nothing,
Save you, in nature, can love aught like me.
You nursed me — do not kill me.

Bertha.

Yes — I nursed thee,
Because thou wert my first-born, and I knew not
If there would be another unlike thee,
That monstrous sport of nature. But get hence,
And gather wood!

Arnold.

I will: but when I bring it,
Speak to me kindly. Though my brothers are
So beautiful and lusty, and as free

As the free chase they follow, do not spurn me:
Our milk has been the same.

Bertha.

As is the hedgehog's,
Which sucks at midnight from the wholesome dam
Of the young bull, until the milkmaid finds
The nipple next day sore and udder dry.
Call not thy brothers brethren! Call me not
Mother; for if I brought thee forth, it was
As foolish hens at times hatch vipers, by
Sitting upon strange eggs. Out, urchin, out!

(Exit Bertha.)

Arnold (solus).

Oh mother! — She is gone, and I must do
Her bidding; — wearily but willingly
I would fulfil it, could I only hope
A kind word in return. What shall I do?

*(Arnold begins to cut wood: in doing
this he wounds one of his hands.)*

My labour for the day is over now.
Accursed be this blood that flows so fast;
For double curses will be my meed now
At home. — What home? I have no home,
no kin,
No kind — not made like other creatures, or
To share their sports or pleasures. Must I bleed
too

Like them? Oh that each drop which falls to
 earth
 Would rise a snake to sting them, as they
 have stung me!
 Or that the devil, to whom they liken me,
 Would aid his likeness! If I must partake
 His form, why not his power? Is it because
 I have not his will too? For one kind word
 From her who bore me, would still reconcile me
 Even to this hateful aspect. Let me wash
 The wound.

*(Arnold goes to a spring and stoops to
 wash his hand: he starts back.)*

They are right; and Nature's mirror shows me
 What she hath made me. I will not look on it
 Again, and scarce dare think on't. Hideous wretch
 That I am! The very waters mock me with
 My horrid shadow — like a demon placed
 Deep in the fountain to scare back the cattle
 From drinking therein. *(He pauses.)*

And shall I live on,
 A burthen to the earth, myself, and shame
 Unto what brought me into life? Thou blood,
 Which flowest so freely from a scratch, let me
 Try if thou wilt not in a fuller stream
 Pour forth my woes for ever with thyself
 On earth, to which I will restore at once
 This hateful compound of her atoms, and

Resolve back to her elements, and take
 The shape of any reptile save myself,
 And make a world for myriads of new worms!
 This knife! now let me prove if it will sever
 This wither'd slip of nature's nightshade — my
 Vile form — from the creation, as it hath
 The green bough from the forest.

(*Arnold places the knife in the ground,
 with the point upwards.*)

Now 'tis set,
 And I can fall upon it. Yet one glance
 On the fair day, which sees no foul thing like
 Myself, and the sweet sun, which warmed me,
 but

In vain. The birds — how joyously they sing!
 So let them, for I would not be lamented:
 But let their merriest notes be Arnold's knell;
 The falling leaves my monument; the murmur
 Of the near fountain my sole elegy.
 Now, knife, stand firmly, as I fain would fall!

(*As he rushes to throw himself upon the
 knife, his eye is suddenly caught by the
 fountain, which seems in motion.*)

The fountain moves without a wind: but shall
 The ripple of a spring change my resolve?
 No. Yet it moves again! The waters stir,
 Not as with air, but by some subterrane

And rocking power of the internal world.
 What's here? A mist! No more? —

*[A cloud comes from the fountain. He stands
 gazing upon it: it is dispelled, and a tall
 black man comes towards him.]*

Arnold.

What would you? Speak!
 Spirit or man?

Stranger.

As man is both, why not
 Say both in one?

Arnold.

Your form is man's, and yet
 You may be devil.

Stranger.

So many men are that
 Which is so called or thought, that you may
 add me |
 To which you please, without much wrong to
 either.
 But come: you wish to kill yourself; — pursue
 Your purpose.

Stranger.

Were I to taunt a buffalo with this
 Cloven foot of thine, or the swift dromedary
 With thy sublime of humps, the animals
 Would revel in the compliment. And yet
 Both beings are more swift, more strong, more
 mighty
 In action and endurance than thyself,
 And all the fierce and fair of the same kind
 With thee. Thy form is natural: 'twas only
 Nature's mistaken largess to bestow
 The gifts which are of others upon man.

Arnold.

Give me the strength then of the buffalo's foot,
 When he spurns high the dust, beholding his
 Near enemy; or let me have the long
 And patient swiftness of the desert-ship,
 The helm-less dromedary; — and I'll bear
 Thy fiendish sarcasm with a saintly patience.

Stranger.

I will.

Arnold (with surprise).

Thou canst?

Stranger.

Perhaps. Would you aught else?

Arnold.

Thou mockest me.

Stranger.

Not I. Why should I mock
What all are mocking? That's poor sport me-
thinks.

To talk thee in human language (for
Thou canst not yet speak mine), the forester
Hunts not the wretched coney, but boar,
Or wolf, or lion, leaving paltry game
To petty burghers, who leave once a year
Their walls, to fill their household caldrons with
Such scullion prey. The meanest gibe at thee, —
Now *I* can mock the mightiest.

Arnold.

Then waste not
Thy time on me: I seek thee not.

Stranger.

Your thoughts
Are not far from me. Do not send me back:
I am not so easily recalled to do
Good service.

Arnold.

What wilt thou do for me?

Stranger:

Change
Shapes with you, if you will, since yours so
irks you;
Or form you to your wish in any shape.

Arnold.

Oh! then you are indeed the demon, for
Nought else would wittingly wear mine.

Stranger.

I'll show thee
The brightest which the world e'er bore, and
give thee
Thy choice.

Arnold.

On what condition?

Stranger.

There's a question
An hour ago you would have given your soul
To look like other men, and now you pause
To wear the form of heroes.

Arnold.

No; I will not:
I must not compromise my soul.

Stranger. What soul,
Worth naming so, would dwell in such a
carcass?

Arnold.

'Tis an aspiring one, whate'er the tenement
In which it is mislodged. But name your
compact:
Must it be signed in blood?

Stranger.

Not in your own.

Arnold.

Whose blood then?

Stranger.

We will talk of that hereafter.
But I'll be moderate with you, for I see
Great things within you. You shall have no bond
But your own will, no contract save your deeds.
Are you content?

Arnold.

I take thee at thy word.

Stranger.

Now then! —

[*The Stranger approaches the fountain, and turns to Arnold.*

A little of your blood.

Arnold.

For what?

Stranger.

To mingle with the magic of the waters,
And make the charm effective.

Arnold (holding out his wounded arm).

Take it all.

Stranger.

Not now. A few drops will suffice for this.

[*The Stranger takes some of Arnold's blood in his hand, and casts it into the fountain.*

Shadows of Beauty!

Shadows of Power!

Rise to your duty —

This is the hour!

Walk lovely and pliant

From the depth of this fountain,

As the cloud-shapen giant

Bestrides the Hartz mountain.*
 Come as ye were,
 That our eyes may behold
 The model in air
 Of the form I will mould,
 Bright as the Iris
 When ether is spann'd; —
 Such *his* desire is, [*Pointing to Arnold.*
 Such my command!
 Demons heroic —
 Demons who wore
 The form of the Stoic
 Or Sophist of yore —
 Or the shape of each Victor,
 From Macedon's boy
 To each high Roman's picture,
 Who breathed to destroy —
 Shadows of Beauty!
 Shadows of Power!
 Up to your duty —
 This is the hour!

[*Various Phantoms arise from the waters,
 and pass in succession before the Stranger
 and Arnold.*

* This is a well-known German superstition —
 a gigantic shadow produced by reflection on
 the Brocken.

Arnold.

What do I see?

Stranger.

The black-eyed Roman, with
The eagle's beak between those eyes which ne'er
Beheld a conqueror, or look'd along
The land he made not Rome's, while Rome
became
His, and all theirs who heir'd his very name.

Arnold.

The Phantom's bald; my quest is beauty. Could I
Inherit but his fame with his defects!

Stranger.

His brow was girt with laurels more than hairs.
You see his aspect — choose it or reject.
I can but promise you his form; his fame
Must be long sought and fought for.

Arnold.

I will fight too,
But not as a mock Cæsar. Let him pass;
His aspect may be fair, but suits me not.

Stranger.

Then you are far more difficult to please
Than Cato's sister, or than Brutus' mother,

Or Cleopatra at sixteen — an age
 When love is not less in the eye than heart.
 But be it so! Shadow, pass on!

[*The Phantom of Julius Cæsar disappears.*

Arnold.

And can it
 Be, that the man who shook the earth is gone
 And left no footstep?

Stranger.

There you err. His substance
 Left graves enough, and woes enough, and fame
 More than enough to track his memory;
 But for his shadow, 'tis no more than yours,
 Except a little longer and less crooked
 I' the sun. Behold another!

[*A second Phantom passes.*

Arnold.

Who is he?

Stranger.

He was the fairest and the bravest of
 Athenians. Look upon him well.

Arnold.

He is
 More lovely than the last. How beautiful

Stranger.

Such was the curled son of Cinias; — would'st
 thou
 Invest thee with his form?

Arnold.

Would that I had
 Been born with it! But since I may choose fur-
 ther,
 I will look further.

[*The Shade of Alcibiades disappears.*

Stranger.

Lo! Behold again!

Arnold.

What! that low, swarthy, short-nosed, round-
 eyed satyr,
 With the wide nostrils and Silenus' aspect,
 The splay feet and low stature! I had better
 Remain that which I am.

Stranger.

And yet he was
 The earth's perfection of all mental beauty,
 And personification of all virtue.
 But you reject him?

Arnold.

If his form could bring me
That which redeemed it — no.

Stranger.

I have no power
To promise that; but you may try, and find it
Easier in such a form, or in your own.

Arnold.

No. I was not born for philosophy,
Though I have that about me which has need
Let him fleet on. on't.

Stranger.

Be air, thou hemlock-drinker!

[*The Shadow of Socrates disappears: another rises.*]

Arnold.

What's here? whose broad brow and whose curly
beard

And manly aspect look like Hercules,
Save that his jocund eye hath more of Bacchus
Than the sad Purger of the infernal world,
Leaning dejected on his club of conquest,
As if he knew the worthlessness of those
For whom he had fought.

Which he wears as the Sun his rays — a so-
 mething
 Which shines from him, and yet is but the
 flashing
 Emanation of a thing more glorious still:
 Was he e'er human only?

Stranger.

Let the earth speak,
 If there be atoms of him left, or even
 Of the more solid gold that formed his urn.

Arnold.

Who was this Glory of mankind?

Stranger.

The shame
 Of Greece in peace, her thunderbolt in war —
 Demetrius the Macedonian and
 Taker of cities.

Arnold.

Yet one shadow more.

Stranger (addressing the Shadow).

Get thee to Lamia's lap!

[*The Shade of Demetrius Poliorcetes vanishes:
 another rises.*]

Stranger.

I'll fit you still,
 Fear not, my Hunchback. If the shadows of
 That which existed please not your nice taste,

I'll animate the ideal marble, till
Your soul be reconciled to her new garment.

Arnold.

Content! I will fix here.

Stranger.

I must commend
Your choice. The god-like son of the Sea-goddess,
The unshorn boy of Peleus, with his locks
As beautiful and clear as the amber waves
Of rich Pactolus rolled o'er sands of gold,
Softened by intervening crystal, and
Rippled like flowing waters by the wind,
All vowed to Sperchius as they were — behold
them!

And *him* — as he stood by Polixena,
With sanctioned and with softened love, before
The altar, gazing on his Trojan bride,
With some remorse within for Hector slain
And Priam weeping, mingled with deep passion
For the sweet downcast virgin, whose young
hand

Trembled in *his* who slew her brother. So
He stood i' the temple! Look upon him as
Greece look'd her last upon her best, the instant
Ere Paris' arrow flew.

Arnold.

I gaze upon him
As if I were his soul, whose form shall soon
Envelope mine.

Stranger.

You have done well. The greatest
Deformity should only barter with
The extremest beauty, if the proverb's true
Of mortals, that extremes meet.

Arnold.

Come! Be quick!

I am impatient.

Stranger.

As a youthful beauty
Before her glass. *You both* see what is not,
But deem it is what must be.

Arnold.

Must I wait?

Stranger.

No; that were pity. But a word or two:
His stature is twelve cubits: would you so far
Outstep these times, and be a Titan? Or
(To talk canonically) wax a Son
Of Anak?

Arnold.

Why not?

Stranger.

Glorious ambition!

I love thee most in dwarfs! A mortal of
Philistine stature would have gladly pared
His own Goliath down to a slight David;
But thou, my manikin, would'st soar a show

Rather than hero. Thou shalt be indulg'd,
 If such be thy desire; and yet, by being
 A little less removed from present men
 In figure, thou canst sway them more; for all
 Would rise against thee now, as if to hunt
 A new found mammoth; and their cursed engines,
 Their culverins and so forth, would find way
 Through our friend's armour there, with greater
 ease
 Than the adulterer's arrow through his heel:
 Which Thetis had forgotten to baptise
 In Styx.

Arnold.

Then let it be as thou deem'st best.

Stranger.

Thou shalt be beauteous as the thing thou see'st,
 And strong as what it was, and —

Arnold.

I ask not
 For valour, since deformity is daring.
 It is its essence to o'ertake mankind
 By heart and soul, and make itself the equal—
 Aye, the superior of the rest. There is
 A spur in its halt movements, to become
 All that the others cannot, in such things
 As still are free to both, to compensate.

Which makes me lonely. Nay, I could have
borne

It all, had not my mother spurned me from
her.

The she-bear licks her cubs into a sort
Of shape; — my dam beheld my shape was
hopeless.

Had she exposed me, like the Spartan, ere
I knew the passionate part of life, I had
Been a clod of the valley, — happier nothing
Than what I am. But even thus, the lowest,
Ugliest, and meanest of mankind, what courage
And perseverance could have done, perchance
Had made me something — as it has made
heroes

Of the same mould as mine. You lately saw
me

Master of my own life, and quick to quit it;
And he who is so, is the master of
Whatever dreads to die.

Stranger.

Decide between

What you have been, or will be.

Arnold.

I have done so.

You have open'd brighter prospects to my eyes,
And sweeter to my heart. As I am now,

I might be feared, admired, respected, loved
 Of all save those next to me, of whom I
 Would be beloved. As thou showest me
 A choice of forms, I take the one I view.
 Haste! haste!

Stranger.

And what shall *I* wear?

Arnold.

Who can command all forms, will choose the
 highest,
 Something superior even to that which was
 Pelides now before us. Perhaps *his*
 Who slew him, that of Paris: or—still higher—
 The poet's God, clothed in such limbs as are
 Themselves a Poetry.

Stranger.

Less will content me;
 For I too love a change.

Arnold.

Your aspect is
 Dusky, but not uncomely.

Stranger.

If I chose,

I might be whiter; but I have a penchant
 For black — it is so honest, and besides
 Can neither blush with shame nor pale with
 fear:

But I have worn it long enough of late,
 And now I'll take your figure.

Arnold.

Mine!

Stranger.

Yes. You
 Shall change with Thetis' son, and I with Bertha
 Your mother's offspring. People have their tastes;
 You have yours — I mine.

Arnold.

Dispatch! dispatch!

Stranger.

Even so.

*(The stranger takes some earth and moulds
 it along the turf. And then addresses
 the Phantom of Achilles.)*

Beautiful Shadow
 Of Thetis's boy!
 Who sleeps in the meadow
 Whose grass grows o'er Troy:

From the red earth, like Adam,*
 Thy likeness I shape,
 As the Being who made him,
 Whose actions I ape.
 Thou clay, be all glowing,
 Till the rose in his cheek
 Be as fair as, when blowing,
 It wears its first streak!
 Ye violets, I scatter,
 Now turn into eyes!
 And thou sunshiny water,
 Of blood take the guise!
 Let these hyacinth boughs
 Be his long, flowing hair,
 And wave o'er his brows,
 As thou wavest in air!
 Let his heart be this marble
 I tear from the rock!
 But his voice as the warble
 Of birds on yon oak!
 Let his flesh be the purest
 Of mould, in which grew
 The lily-root surest,
 And drank the best dew!
 Let his limbs be the lightest
 Which clay can compound!

* Adam means «*red earth*,» from which the first man was formed.

And his aspect the brightest
 On earth to be found!
 Elements, near me,
 Be mingled and stirred,
 Know me, and hear me,
 And leap to my word!
 Sunbeams, awaken
 This earth's animation!
 'Tis done! He hath taken
 His stand in Creation!

(Arnold falls senseless; his soul passes into the shape of Achilles, which rises from the ground; while the Phantom has disappeared, part by part, as the figure was formed from the earth.

Arnold (in his new form).

I love, and I shall be beloved! Oh life!
 At last I feel thee! Glorious spirit!

Stranger.

Stop!

What shall become of your abandoned garment,
 Your hump, and lump, and clod of ugliness,
 Which late you wore, or were?

Arnold.

Who cares! Let wolves
 And vultures take it, if they will.

Stranger.

And if
They do, and are not scared by it, you'll say
It must be peace-time, and no better fare
Abroad i' the fields.

Arnold.

Let us but leave it there,
No matter what becomes on 't.

Stranger.

That's ungracious,
If not ungrateful. Whatso'er it be,
It hath sustained your soul full many a day.

Arnold.

Aye as the dunghill may conceal a gem
Which is now set in gold, as jewels should be.

Stranger.

But if I give another form, it must be
By fair exchange, not robbery. For they
Who make men without women's aid, have long
Had patents for the same, and do not love
Your interlopers. The Devil may take men,
Not make them, — though he reap the benefit
Of the original workmanship: — and therefore
Some one must be found to assume the shape
You have quitted.

Arnold.

Who would do so?

Stranger.

That I know not,

And therefore I must.

Arnold.

You!

Stranger.

I said it ere

You inhabited your present dome of beauty.

Arnold.

True. I forget all things in the new joy
Of this immortal change.

Stranger.

In a few moments

I will be as you were, and you shall see
Yourself for ever by you, as your shadow.

Arnold.

I would be spared this.

Stranger.

But it cannot be.

What! shrink already, being what you are,
From seeing what you were?

Arnold.

Do as thou wilt.

Stranger (to the late form of Arnold, extended on the earth).

Clay! not dead, but soul-less!

Though no man would choose thee,
An immortal no less

Designs not to refuse thee.

Clay thou art; and unto spirit

All clay is of equal merit.

Fire! *without* which nought can live;Fire! but *in* which nought can live,

Save the fabled salamander,

Or immortal souls which wander,

Praying what doth not forgive,

Howling for a drop of water,

Burning in a quenchless lot:

Fire! the only element

Where nor fish, beast, bird, nor worm,

Save the worm which dieth not,

Can preserve a moment's form,

But must with thyself be blent:

Fire! man's safeguard and his slaughter:

Fire! Creation's first-born daughter,

And Destruction's threatened son,

When Heaven with the world hath done:

Fire! assist me to renew

Life in what lies in my view

Stiff and cold!
 His resurrection rests with me and you!
 One little, marshy spark of flame —
 And he again shall seem the same;
 But I his spirit's place shall hold!

(*An Ignis-fatuus flits through the wood, and rests on the brow of the body. The Stranger disappears: the body rises.*)

Arnold (in his new form).

Oh! horrible!

Stranger (in Arnold's late shape).

What! tremblest thou?

Arnold.

Not so —

I merely shudder. Where is fled the shape
 Thou lately worest!

Stranger.

To the world of shadows.
 But let us thread the present. Whither wilt
 thou?

Arnold.

Must thou be my companion?

Stranger.

Wherefore not?
Your betters keep worse company.

Arnold.

My betters!

Stranger.

Oh! you wax proud, I see, of your new form:
I'm glad of that. Ungrateful too! That's well;
You improve apace: — two changes in an in-
stant,

And you are old in the world's ways already.
But bear with me: indeed you'll find me useful
Upon your pilgrimage. But come, pronounce
Where shall we now be errant?

Arnold.

Where the world
It thickest, that I may behold it in
Its workings.

Stranger.

That's to say where there is war
And woman in activity. Let's see!
Spain — Italy — the new Atlantic world —
Afric with all its Moors. In very truth,
There is small choice; the whole race are just
now
Tugging as usual at each other's hearts.

Arnold.

I have heard great things of Rome.

Stranger.

A goodly choice —
And scarce a better to be found on earth,
Since Sodom was put out. The field is wide too;
For now the Frank, and Hun, and Spanish scion
Of the old Vandals are at play along
The sunny shores of the world's garden.

Arnold.

How

Shall we proceed?

Stranger.

Like gallants, on good coursers.
What ho! my chargers! Never yet were better,
Since Phaeton was upset into the Po.
Our Pages too!

Enter two Pages, with four coal-black Horses.

Arnold.

A noble sight!

Stranger.

And of

A nobler breed. Match me in Barbary,

Or your Kochlani race of Araby,
With these!

Arnold.

The mighty stream, which volumes high,
From their proud nostrils, burns the very air;
And sparks of flame, like dancing fire-flies,
wheel
Around their manes, as common insects swarm
Round common steeds towards sunset.

Stranger.

Mount, my Lord;
They and I are your servitors.

Arnold.

And these,
Our dark-eyed pages — what may be their names?

Stranger.

You shall baptise them.

Arnold.

What! in holy water?

Stranger.

Why not! The deeper sinner, better saint.

Arnold.

They are beautiful, and cannot, sure, be demons?

Arnold.

Why, that name
Belongs to empires, and has been but borne
By the world's Lords.

Stranger.

And there fore fittest for
The Devil in disguise — since so you deem me,
Unless you call me Pope instead.

Arnold.

Well then,
Cæsar thou shalt be. For myself, my name
Shall be plain Arnold still.

Cæsar.

We'll add a title —
«Count Arnold:» it hath no ungracious sound,
And will look well upon a billet-doux.

Arnold.

Or in an order for a battle-field.

Cæsar sings.

To horse! to horse! my coal-black steed
Paws the ground and snuffs the air!
There's not a foal of Arab's breed
More knows whom he must bear!
On the hill he will not tire,
Swifter as it waxes higher;

In the marsh he will not slacken,
 On the plain he overtaken;
 In the wave he will not sink,
 Nor pause at the brook's side to drink;
 In the race he will not pant,
 In the combat he'll not faint;
 On the stones he will not stumble,
 Time nor toil shall make him humble;
 In the stall he will not stiffen,
 But be winged as a Griffin,
 Only flying with his feet:
 And will not such a voyage be sweet?
 Merrily! merrily! never unsound,
 Shall our bonny black horses skim over the
 ground!
 From the Alps to the Caucasus, ride we, or fly!
 For we'll leave them behind in the glance of
 an eye.

[They mount their horses, and disappear.

SCENE II.

A Camp before the Walls of Rome.

Arnold and Cæsar.

Cæsar.

You are well entered now.

Arnold.

Aye; but my path
Has been o'er carcasses: mine eyes are full
Of blood.

Cæsar.

Then wipe them, and see clearly. Why!
Thou art a conqueror; the chosen knight
And free companion of the gallant Bourbon,
Late Constable of France; and now to be
Lord of the city which hath been Earth's lord
Under its Emperors, and — changing sex,
Not sceptre, an hermaphrodite of empire —
Lady of the Old World.

Arnold.

How *old*? What! are there
New worlds?

Cæsar.

To *you*. You'll find there are such shortly,
By its rich harvests, new disease, and gold;
From one *half* of the world named a *whole*
new one,
Because you know no better than the dull
And dubious notice of your eyes and ears.

Arnold.

I'll trust them.

Cæsar.

Do! They will deceive you sweetly,
And that is better than the bitter truth.

Arnold.

Dog!

Cæsar.

Man!

Arnold.

Devil!

Cæsar.

Your obedient, humble servant.

Arnold.

Say *Master* rather. Thou hast lured me on,
Through scenes of blood and lust, still I am here.

Cæsar.

And where would'st thou be?

Arnold.

Oh, at peace — in peace!

Cæsar.

And where is that which is so? From the star
To the winding worm, all life is motion; and
In life *commotion* is the extremest point
Of life. The planet wheels till it becomes

Of joy (as once of torture unto him,
God and God's Son, man's sole and only refuge).

Cæsar.

'Tis there, and shall be.

Arnold.

What?

Cæsar.

The Crucifix

Above, and many altar shrines below.
Also some culverins upon the walls,
And harquebusses, and what not, besides
The men who are to kindle them to death
Of other men.

Arnold.

And those scarce mortal arches,
Pile above pile of everlasting wall,
The theatre where emperors and their subjects
(Those subjects *Romans*) stood at gaze upon
The battles of the monarchs of the wild
And wood, the lion and his tusky rebels
Of the then untamed desert, brought to joust
In the arena; (as right well they might,
When they had left no human foe unconquered;)
Made even the forest pay its tribute of
Life to their amphitheatre, as well

As Dacia men to die the eternal death
 For a sole instant's pastime, and «Pass on
 To a new gladiator!» — Must it fall?

Cæsar.

The city or the amphitheatre?
 The church, or one, or all? for you confound
 Both them and me.

Arnold.

To-morrow sounds the assault
 With the first cock-crow.

Cæsar.

Which, if it end with
 The evening's first nightingale, will be
 Something new in the annals of great sieges:
 For men must have their prey after long toil.

Arnold.

The Sun goes down as calmly, and perhaps
 More beautifully, than he did on Rome
 On the day Remus leapt her wall.

Cæsar.

I saw him.

Arnold.

You!

Cæsar.

Yes, sir. You forget I am or was
 Spirit, till I took up with your cast shape
 And a worse name. I'm Cæsar and a hunch-
 back

Now. Well! the first of Cæsars was a bald-
 head,

And loved his laurels better as a wig
 (So history says) than as glory. Thus
 The world runs on, but we'll be merry still.
 I saw your Romulus (simple as I am
 Slay his own twin, quick-born of the same
 womb,

Because he leapt a ditch ('twas then no wall,
 Whate'er it now be); and Rome's earliest
 cement

Was brother's blood; and if its native blood
 Be spilt till the choked Tiber be as red
 As e'er 'twas yellow, it will never wear
 The deep hue of the Ocean and the Earth,
 Which the great robber sons of Fratricide
 Have made their never-ceasing scene of slaughter
 For ages.

Arnold.

But what have these done, their far
 Remote descendants, who have lived in peace,
 The peace of heaven, and in her sushine of
 Piety?

Cæsar.

And what had *they* done, whom the old
Romans o'erswept? — Hark!

Arnold.

They are soldiers singing
A reckless roundelay, upon the eve
Of many deaths, it may be of their own.

Cæsar.

And why should they not sing as well as swans?
They are black ones, to be sure;

Arnold.

So, you are learn'd,
I see, too.

Cæsar.

In my grammar, certes. I
Was educated for a monk of all times,
And once I was well versed in the forgotten
Etruscan letters, and — were I so minded —
Could make their hieroglyphics plainer than
Your alphabet.

Arnold.

And wherefore do you not?

Cæsar.

It answers better to resolve the alphabet
 Back into hieroglyphics. Like your statesman,
 And prophet, pontiff, doctor, alchymist,
 Philosopher, and what not, they have built
 More Babels without new dispersion, than
 The stammering young ones of the Flood's dull
 ooze,
 Who failed and fled each other. Why? why,
 marry,
 Because no man could understand his neighbour.
 They are wiser now, and will not separate
 For nonsense. Nay, it is their brotherhood,
 Their Shibboleth, their Koran, Talmud, their
 Cabala; their best brick-work wherewithal
 They build more —

Arnold.

(interrupting him).

Oh, thou everlasting sneerer!
 Be silent! How the soldiers' rough strain seems
 Softened by distance to a hymn-like cadence!
 Listen!

Cæsar.

Yes. I have heard the Angels sing.

Arnold.

And Demons howl.

Caesar.

And Man too. Let us listen:

I love all music.

Song of the Soldiers within.

The Black Bands came over
 The Alps and their snow,
 With Bourbon, the rover,
 They past the broad Po.
 We have beaten all foemen,
 We have captured a king,
 We have turned back on no men,
 And so let us sing!
 Here's the Bourbon for ever!
 Though penniless all,
 We'll have one more endeavour
 At yonder old wall.
 With the Bourbon we'll gather
 At day-dawn before
 The gates, and together
 Or break or climb o'er
 The wall: on the ladder
 As mounts each firm foot,
 Our shout shall grow gladder,
 And death only be mute.
 With the Bourbon we'll mount o'er
 The walls of old Rome,

And who then shall coun't o'er
The spoils of each dome?
Up! up! with the lily!
And down with the keys!
In old Rome, the Seven-hilly,
We'll revel at ease.
Her streets shall be gory,
Her Tiber all red,
And her temples so hoary
Shall clang with our tread.
Oh, the Bourbon! the Bourbon!
The Bourbon for aye!
Of our song bear the burthen!
And fire, fire away!
With Spain for the vanguard,
Our varied host comes?
And next to the Spaniard
Beat Germany's drums;
And Italy's lances
Are couched at their mother;
But our leader from France is,
Who warred with his brother.
Oh, the Bourbon! the Bourbon!
Sans country or home,
We'll follow the Bourbon,
To plunder old Rome.

Cæsar.

An indifferent song
For those within the walls, methinks, to hear.

Arnold.

Yes, if they keep to their chorus. But here
comes
The General with his chiefs and men of trust.
A goodly rebel!

Enter the Constable Bourbon, "cum suis,"
etc. etc. etc.

Philibert.

How now, noble Prince,
You are not cheerful?

Bourbon.

Why should I be so?

Philibert.

Upon the eve of conquest, such as ours,
Most men would be so.

Bourbon.

If I were secure!

Philibert.

Doubt not our soldiers. Were the walls of adamant,
They'd crack them. Hunger is a sharp artillery.

Bourbon.

That they will falter is my least of fears.
That they will be repulsed, with Bourbon for
Their chief, and all their kindled appetites
To marshal them on — were those hoary walls
Mountains, and those who guard them like the
Gods
Of the old fables, I would trust my Titans; —
But now —

Philibert.

They are but men who war with mortals.

Bourbon.

True: but those walls have girded in great ages,
And sent forth mighty spirits. The past earth
And present Phantom of imperious Rome
Is peopled with those warriors; and methinks
They flit along the eternal city's rampart,
And stretch their glorious, gory, shadowy hands,
And beckon me away!

Philibert.

So let them! Wilt thou
Turn back from shadowy menaces of shadows?

Bourbon.

A thousand years have manned the walls
 With all their heroes, — the last Cato stands
 And tear his bowels, rather than survive
 The liberty of that I would enslave.
 And the first Cæsar with his triumphs flits
 From battlement to battlement.

Philibert.

Then conquer
 The walls for which he conquered, and be greater!

Bourbon.

True: so I will, or perish.

Philibert.

You can not.
 In such an enterprise to die is rather
 The dawn of an eternal day, than death.

Count Arnold and Cæsar advance.

Cæsar.

And the mere men — do they too sweat beneath
 The noon of this same ever-scorching glory?

Bourbon.

Ah!
 Welcome the bitter Hunchback! and his Master,

The beauty of our host, and brave as beauteous,
 And generous as lovely. We shall find
 Work for you both ere morning.

Cæsar.

You will find,
 So please your Highness, no less for yourself.

Bourbon.

And if I do, there, will not be a labourer
 More forward, Hunchback!

Cæsar.

You may well say so,
 For *you* have seen that back — as general,
 Placed in the rear in action — but your foes
 Have never seen it.

Bourbon.

That's a fair retort,
 For I provoked it: — but the Bourbon's breast
 Has been, and ever shall be, far advanced
 In danger's face as yours, were you the *Devil*.

Cæcar.

And if I were, I might have saved myself
 The toil of coming here.

Philibert.

Why so?

Cæsar.

One half

Of your brave bands of their own bold accord
Will go to him, the other half be sent,
More swiftly, not less surely.

Bourbon.

Arnold, your

Slight crooked friend's as snake-like in his
words

As his deeds.

Cæsar.

Your Highness much mistakes me.
The first snake was a flatterer — I am none;
And for my deeds, I only sting when stung.

Bourbon.

You are brave, and that's enough for me; and
quick
In speech as sharp in action — and that's more.
I am not alone a soldier, but the soldiers'
Comrade.

Cæsar.

They are but bad company, your Highness;
And worse even for their friends than foes, as
being
More permanent acquaintance.

Philibert.

How now, fellow!
 Thou waxest insolent, beyond the privilege
 Of a buffoon.

Cæsar.

You mean, I speak the truth.
 I'll lie — it is as easy: then you'll praise me
 For calling you a hero.

*Bourbon.**Philibert!*

Let him alone; he's brave, and ever has
 Been first with that swart face and mountain
 shoulder

In field or storm, and patient in starvation;
 And for his tongue, the camp is full of licence,
 And the sharp stinging of a lively rogue
 Is, to my mind, far preferable to

The gross, dull, heavy, gloomy execration
 Of a mere famished, sullen, grumbling slave,
 Whom nothing can convince save a full meal,
 And wine, and sleep, and a few maravedis,
 With which he deems him rich.

Cæsar.

It would be well
 If the Earth's princes asked no more.

Bourbon.

Be silent!

Cæsar.

Aye, but not idle. Work yourself with words!
You have few to speak.

Philibert.

What means the audacious prater?

Cæsar

To prate, like other prophets.

Bourbon.

Philibert!

Why will you vex him? Have we not enough
To think on? Arnold! I will lead the attack
To-morrow.

Arnold.

I have heard as much, my Lord.

Bourbon.

And you will follow?

Arnold.

Since I must not lead.

Bourbon.

That which it was;

Cæsar.

In Alaric's time?

Bourbon.

No, slave! In the first Cæsar's,
Whose name you bear like other curs.

Cæsar.

And kings.

'Tis a great name for bloodhounds.

Bourbon.

There's a demon

In that fierce rattle-snake thy tongue. Wilt never
Be serious?

Cæsar.

On the eve of battle, no; —
That were not soldier-like. 'Tis for the General
To be more pensive: we adventurers
Must be more cheerful. Wherefore should we
think?

Our tutelar deity, in a leader's shape,
Takes care of us. Keep thought aloof from hosts!
If the knaves take to thinking, you will have
To crack those walls alone.

Bourbon.

You may sneer, since
'Tis lucky for you that you fight no worse for't.

Cæsar.

I thank you for the freedom; 'tis the only
Pay I have taken in your Highness' service.

Bourbon.

Well, sir, to-morrow you shall pay yourself.
Look on those towers; they hold my treasury.
But, Philibert, we'll in to council. Arnold,
We would request your presence.

Arnold.

Prince! my service
Is yours, as in the field.

Bourbon.

In both, we prize it,
And yours will be a post of trust at day-break.

Cæsar.

And mine?

Bourbon.

To follow glory with the Bourbon.
Good night!

Arnold (to Cæsar).

Prepare our armour for the assault,
And wait within my tent.

(Ezeunt Bourbon, Arnold, Philibert, etc.

Cæsar (solus).

Within thy tent!
Think'st thou that I pass from thee with my presence?

Or that this crooked coffer, which contained
Thy principle of life, is aught to me
Except a mask? And these are Men, forsooth!
Heroes and chiefs, the flower of Adam's bastards!
This is the consequence of giving Matter
The power of Thought. It is a stubborn substance,

And thinks chaotically, as it acts,
Ever relapsing into its first elements.

Well! I must play with these poor puppets:
'tis

The Spirit's pastime in his idler hours.

When I grow weary of it, I have business
Amongst the stars, which these poor creatures
deem

Were made for them to look at. 'Twere a jest
now

To bring one down amongst them, and set
fire

Unto their ant hill: how the pismires then
 Would scamper o'er the scalding soil, and, cea-
 sing
 From tearing down each others' nests, pipe forth
 One universal orison! Ha! ha! (*Exit Cæsar.*)

PART III

SCENE I

Before the Palace of Rome, The annual
 exam in motion, with leaders to sustain
 walks, however, with a white staff over his
 shoulder, forgoes

the horse of spirits in the air
 and the

'Tis the more, but dim and dark
 Whither flies the silent fates?
 Whither strikes the clouded sun?
 Is the day faded before?
 Nature's eye is dimly
 O'er the city and holy
 But without there is a day
 Should move the stars, which
 And revive the people when
 Round which fellow their

 P A R T II.

S C E N E I.

Before the Walls of Rome. The assault; the army in motion, with ladders to scale the walls; BOURBON, with a white scarf over his armour, foremost.

Chorus of Spirits in the air.

1.

'Tis the morn, but dim and dark.
 Whither flies the silent lark?
 Whither shrinks the clouded sun?
 Is the day indeed begun?
 Nature's eye is melancholy
 O'er the city high and holy:
 But without there is a din
 Should arouse the Saints within,
 And revive the heroic ashes
 Round which yellow Tiber dashes.

Oh ye seven hills! awaken,
Ere your very base be shaken!

2.

Hearken to the steady stamp!
Mars is in their every tramp!
Not a step is out of tune,
As the tides obey the moon!
On they march, though to self-slaughter,
Regular as rolling water,
Whose high waves o'ersweep the border
Of huge moles, but keep their order,
Breaking only rank by rank.
Hearken to the armour's clank!
Look down o'er each frowning warrior,
How he glares upon the barrier:
Look on each step of each ladder,
As the stripes that streak an adder.

3.

Look upon the bristling wall,
Mann'd without an interval!
Round and round, and tier on tier,
Cannon's black mouth, shining spear,
Lit match, bell-mouth'd musquetoon,
Gaping to be murderous soon.

All the warlike gear of old,
 Mix'd with what we now behold,
 In this strife 'twixt old and new,
 Gather like a locusts' crew.
 Shade of Remus! 'tis a time
 Awful as thy brother's crime!
 Christians war against Christ's shrine: —
 Must its lot be like to thine?

4:

Near — and near — nearer still,
 As the earthquake saps the hill,
 First with trembling, hollow motion,
 Like a scarce-awaken'd ocean,
 Then with stronger shock and louder,
 Till the rocks are crush'd to powder, —
 Onward sweeps the rolling host!
 Heroes of the immortal boast!
 Mighty Chiefs! Eternal Shadows!
 First flowers of the bloody meadows
 Which encompass Rome, the mother
 Of a people without brother!
 Will you sleep when nations' quarrels
 Plough the root up of your laurels?
 Ye who wept o'er Carthage burning,
 Weep not — *strike!* for Rome is mourning!¹

* Scipio, the second Africanus, is said to

5.

Onward sweep the varied nations!
 Famine long hath dealt their rations.
 To the wall, with Hate and Hunger,
 Numerous as wolves, and stronger,
 On they sweep. Oh! glorious city,
 Must thou be a theme for pity!
 Fight, like your first sire, each Roman!
 Alaric was a gentle foeman,
 Match'd with Bourbon's black banditti!
 Rouse thee, thou eternal City!
 Rouse thee! Rather give the porch
 With thy own hand to thy torch,
 Than behold such hosts pollute
 Your worst dwelling with their foot.

6.

Ah! behold yon bleeding Spectre!
 Ilion's children find no Hector;
 Priam's offspring loved their brother;
 Roma's sire forgot his mother,
 When he slew his gallant twin,
 With inexpiable sin.

have repeated a verse of Homer and wept
 o'er the burning of Carthage. He had better
 have granted it a capitulation.

See the giant Shadow stride
 O'er the ramparts high and wide!
 When he first o'erleapt thy wall,
 Its foundation mourn'd thy fall.
 Now, though towering like a Babel,
 Who to stop his steps are able?
 Stalking o'er thy highest dome,
 Remus claims his vengeance, Rome!

7.

Now they reach thee in their anger:
 Fire, and smoke, and hellish clangor
 Are around thee, thou world's Wonder!
 Death is in thy walls and under.
 Now the meeting steel first clashes;
 Downward then the ladder crashes,
 With its iron load all gleaming,
 Lying at its foot blaspheming!
 Up again! for every warrior
 Slain, another climbs the barrier.
 Thicker grows the strife: thy ditches
 Europe's mingling gore enriches.
 Rome! Although thy wall may perish,
 Such manure thy fields will cherish,
 Making gay the harvest-home;
 But thy hearths, alas! oh, Rome! —

Yet be Rome amidst thine anguish,
Fight as thou wast wont to vanquish!

8.

Yet once more, ye old Penates!
Let not your quenched hearths be Ate's!
Yet again, ye shadowy heroes,
Yield not to these stranger Neroes!
Though the Son who slew his mother,
Shed Rome's blood, he was your brother:
'Twas the Roman curb'd the Roman; —
Brennus was a baffled foeman.
Yet again, ye Saints and Martyrs,
Rise, for yours are holier charters.
Mighty Gods of temples falling,
Yet in ruin still appalling!
Mightier founders of those altars,
True and Christian, — strike the assaulters!
Tiber! Tiber! let thy torrent
Show even Nature's self abhorrent.
Let each breathing heart dilated
Turn, as doth the lion baited!
Rome be crush'd to one wide tomb,
But be still the Roman's Rome!

Bourbon, Arnold, Cæsar, and others, arrive at the foot of the wall. Arnold is about to plant his ladder.

Bourbon.

Hold, Arnold! I am first.

Arnold.

Not so, my Lord.

Bourbon.

Hold, sir, I charge you! Follow! I am proud
Of such a follower, but will brook no leader.

(Bourbon plants his ladder, and begins to mount.)

Now, boys! On! on!

(A shot strikes him, and Bourbon falls.)

Cæsar.

And off!

Arnold.

Eternal powers!
The host will be appalled. — But vengeance!
vengeance!

Bourbon.

'Tis nothing — lend me your hand.

(*Bourbon takes Arnold by the hand and rises; but as he puts his foot on the step, falls again.*)

Arnold! I am sped.
Conceal my fall — all will go well — conceal it!
Fling my cloak o'er what will be dust anon;
Let not the soldiers see it.

Arnold.

You must be
Removed; the aid of —

Bourbon.

No, my gallant boy;
Death is upon me. But what is *one* life?
The Bourbon's spirit shall command them still.
Keep them yet ignorant that I am but clay,
Till they are conquerors — then do as you may.

Cæsar.

Would not your Highness choose to kiss the
cross?

We have no priest here, but the hilt of sword
May serve instead: — it did the same for Bayard.

Bourbon.

Thou bitter slave! to name *him* at this time!
But I deserve it.

Arnold (to Cæsar.)

Villain, hold your peace!

Cæsar.

What, when a Christian dies? Shall I not offer
A Christian «Vade in pace?»

Arnold.

Silence! Oh!

Those eyes are glazing, which o'erlook'd the
world,

And saw no equal.

Bourbon.

Arnold, should'st thou see
France — But hark! hark! the assault grows
warmer — Oh!
For but an hour, a minute more of life
To die within the wall! Hence, Arnold! hence!
You lose time — they will conquer Rome
without thee.

Arnold.

And without thee!

Bourbon.

Not so; I'll lead them still
In spirit. Cover up my dust, and breathe not
That I have ceased to breathe. Away! and be
Victorious!

Arnold.

But I must not leave thee thus.

Bourbon.

You must — farewell — Up! up! the world is
winning.

(Bourbon dies.)

Cæsar (to Arnold).

Come, Count, to business.

Arnold.

True. I'll weep hereafter.

*(Arnold covers Bourbon's body with a mantle
and mounts the ladder, crying*

The Bourbon! Bourbon! On boys! Rome is
ours!

Cæsar.

Good night, Lord Constable! thou wert a man.

*(Cæsar follows Arnold; they reach the battle-
ment;*

Arnold and Cæsar are struck down.

A precious somerset! Is your Countship injured?

Arnold.

No.

(Remounts the ladder.

Cæsar.

A rare blood-hound, when his own is heated!
 And 'tis no boy's play. Now he strikes them down!
 His hand is on the battlement — he grasps it
 As though it were an altar; now his foot
 Is on it, and — What have we here, a Roman?

(*A man falls.*

The first bird of the covey! he has fall'n
 On the outside of the nest. Why, how, now,
 fellow?

The wounded Man.

A drop of water!

Cæsar.

Blood's the only liquid
 Nearer than Tiber.

Wounded Man.

I have died for Rome. (*Dies.*

Cæsar.

And so did Bourbon, in another sense.
 Oh these immortal men! and their great motives!
 But I must after my young charge. He is
 By this time i' the forum. Charge! charge!

(*Cæsar mounts the ladder; the scene closes.*

SCENE II.

The City. — Combats between the Besiegers and Besieged in the streets. Inhabitants flying in confusion.

Enter Cæsar.

Cæsar.

I cannot find my hero; he is mixed
With the heroic crowd that now pursue
The fugitives, or battle with the desperate.
What have we here? A Cardinal or two
That do not seem in love with martyrdom.
How the old red-shanks scamper! Could they
doff

Their hose as they have doffed their hats,
'twould be

A blessing, as a mark the less for plunder.
But let them fly, the crimson kennels now
Will not much stain their stockings, since the
mire

Is of the self-same purple hue.

Enter a party fighting — Arnold at the head of the Besiegers.

He comes,
Hand in hand with the mild twins — Gore
and Glory.

Holla! hold, Count!

Arnold.

Away! they must not rally.

Cæsar.

I tell thee, be not rash; a golden bridge
Is for a flying enemy. I gave thee
A form of beauty, and an
Exemption from some maladies of body,
But not of mind, which is not mine to give.
But though I gave the form of Thetis' son,
I dipt thee not in Stix; and 'gainst a foe
I would not warrant thy chivalric heart
More than Pelides' heel; why then, be cautious;
And know thyself a mortal still.

Arnold.

And who
With aught of soul would combat if he were
Invulnerable? That were pretty sport.
Think'st thou I beat for hares when lions roar?

(Arnold rushes into the combat.)

Cæsar.

A precious sample of humanity!
Well, his blood's up, and if a little's shed,
'Twill serve to curb his fever.

(*Arnold engages with a Roman, who retires towards a portico.*)

Arnold.

Yield thee, slave!

I promise quarter.

Roman.

That's soon said.

Arnold.

And done —

My word is known.

Roman.

So shall be my deeds.

(*They re-engage. Cæsar comes forward,*

Cæsar.

Why, Arnold! Hold thine own; thou hast in
hand

A famous artizan, a cunning Sculptor;

Also a dealer in the sword and dagger.

Not so, my musqueteer; 'twas he who slew

The Bourbon from the wall.

Arnold.

Aye, did he so?

Then he hath carved his monument.

Roman.

May live to carve your betters. I yet

Cæsar.

Well said, my man of marble! Benvenuto,
Thou hast some practice in both ways; and he
Who slays Cellini, will have work'd as hard
As e'er thou didst upon Carrara's blocks.

(*Arnold disarms and wounds Cellini, but
slightly; the latter draws a pistol and
fires; then retires and disappears through
the portico.*)

Cæsar.

How farest thou? Thou hast a taste, methinks,
Of red Bellona's banquet.

Arnold (staggers).

'Tis a scratch.

Lend me thy scarf. He shall not not 'scape me
thus.

Cæsar:

Where is it?

Arnold.

In the shoulder, not the sword arm —
And that's enough. I am thirsty: would I had
A helm of water!

Cæsar.

That's a liquid now
In requisition, but by no means easiest
To come at.

Arnold.

And my thirst increases; — but
I'll find a way to quench it.

Cæsar.

Or be quench'd
Thyself?

Arnold.

The chance is even; we will throw
The dice thereon. But I lose time in prating;
Prithee be quick. *Cæsar binds on the scarf.*
And what do'st thou so idly?
Why dost not strike?

Cæsar.

Your old philosophers
Beheld mankind, as mere spectators of
The Olympic games. When I behold a prize
Worth wrestling for, I may be found a Milo.

Arnold.

Aye, 'gainst an oak.

SCENE III.

*St. Peter's. The Interior of the Church.
The Pope at the Altar. Priests, etc. crowd-
ing in confusion, and Citizens flying for
refuge, pursued by Soldiery. — Enter Cæsar.*

A Spanish Soldier.

Down with them, comrades seize upon those lamps!
Cleave yon bald-pated shaveling to the chine!
His rosary's of gold!

Lutheran Soldier.

Revenge! Revenge!
Plunder hereafter, but for vengeance now —
Yonder stands Anti-Christ!

Cæsar (interposing).

How now, Schismatic!
What would'st thou?

Lutheran Soldier.

In the holy name of Christ,
Destroy proud Anti-Christ. I am a Christian.

Cæsar.

Yea, a disciple that would make the Founder

Of your belief renounce it, could he see
Such proselytes. Best stint thyself to plunder.

Lutheran Soldier.

I say he is the Devil.

Cæsar.

Hush! keep that secret,
Lest he should recognize you for his own.

Lutheran Soldier.

Why would you save him? I repeat he is
The Devil, or the Devil's Vicar upon Earth.

Cæsar.

And that's the reason; would you make a quarrel
With your best friends? You had far best be
quiet;
His hour is not yet come.

Lutheran Soldier.

That shall be seen!

(*The Lutheran Soldier rushes forward; a
shot strikes him from one of the Pope's
Guard's, and he falls at the foot of the Altar.*)

Cæsar (to the Lutheran):

I told you so,

Lutheran Soldier.

And will you not avenge me?

Cæsar.

Not I! You know that «Vengeance is the Lord's:»
You see he loves no interlopers.

Lutheran (dying).

Oh!

Had I but slain him, I had gone on high,
Crowned with eternal glory! Heaven, forgive
My feebleness of arm that reach'd him not,
And take thy servant to thy mercy. 'Tis
A glorious triumph still; proud Babylon's
No more; the Harlot of the Seven Hills
Hath changed her scarlet raiment for sackcloth
And ashes!

(The Lutheran dies.)

Cæsar:

Yes, thine own amidst the rest.
Well done, old Babel!

*(The Guards defend themselves desperately,
while the Pontiff escapes, by a private pas-
sage, to the Vatican and the Castle of St.
Angelo.)*

Cæsar.

Ha! right nobly battled!

Now, Priest! now, Soldier! the two great professions,
 Together by the ears and hearts! I have not
 Seen a more comic pantomime since Titus
 Took Jewry. But the Romans had the best then;
 Now they must take their turn.

Soldiers.

He hath escaped!

Follow;

Another Soldier.

They have barred the narrow passage up,
 And it is clogged with dead even to the door.

Cæsar.

I am glad he hath escaped: he may thank me
 for't

In part. I would not have his Bulls abolished—
 'Twere worth one half our empire: his Indul-
 gences

Demand some in return; — no, no, he must
 not

Fall; — and besides, his now escape may
 furnish

A future miracle, in future proof
 Of his infallibility. (*To the Spanish Soldier*)

Well, Cut-throats!

What do you pause for? If you make not haste,

There will not be a link of pious gold left.
 And *you* too, Catholics! Would ye return
 From such a pilgrimage without a relic?
 The very Lutherans have more true devotion:
 See how they strip the shrines!

Soldier.

By holy Peter!
 He speaks the truth; the heretics will bear
 The best away.

Cæsar.

And that were shame! Go to!
 Assist in their conversion.
 (*The Soldiers disperse; many quit the Church,
 others enter.*)

Cæsar.

They are gone,
 And others come: so flows the wave on wave
 Of what these creatures call eternity,
 Deeming themselves the breakers of the ocean,
 While they are but its bubbles, ignorant
 That foam is their foundation. So, another!

*Enter Olimpia, flying from the pursuit —
 She springs upon the Altar.*

Soldier.

She's mine.

Another Soldier (opposing the former.)

You lie, I track'd her first; and, were she
The Pope's niece, I'll not yield her. (*They fight.*)

Third Soldier (advancing towards Olimpia).

You may settle
Your claims; I'll make mine good.

Olimpia.

Infernal slave!

You touch me not alive.

Third Soldier.

Alive or dead!

Olimpia (embracing a massive crucifix).

Respect your God!

Third Soldier.

Yes, when he shines in gold.
Girl, you but grasp your dowry.

(*As he advances, Olimpia, with a strong
and sudden effort, casts down the crucifix;
it strikes the Soldier, who falls.*)

Third Soldier.

Oh, great God!

Olimpia.

Ah! now you recognize him.

Third Soldier.

My brain's crushed!
Comrades, help ho! All's darkness! (*He dies.*)

Other Soldiers (coming up).

Slay her, although she had a thousand lives:
She hath killed our comrade.

Olimpia.

Welcome such a death!
You have no life to give, which the worst slave
Would take. Great God! though thy redeeming
Son,
And thy Son's Mother, now receive me as
I would approach thee, worthy her, and him,
and thee!

*Enter Arnold.**Arnold.*

What do I see? Accursed Jackalls!
Forbear!

Cæsar (aside and laughing).

Ha! ha! here's equity! The dogs
Have as much right as he. But to the issue!

Soldiers.

Count, she hath slain our comrade.

Arnold.

With what weapon?

Soldier.

The cross, beneath which he is crushed; behold
 him
 Lie there, more like a worm than man; she
 cast it
 Upon his head.

Arnold.

Even so; there is a woman
 Worthy a brave man's liking. Were ye such,
 Ye would have honoured her. But get ye hence,
 And thank your meanness, other God you have
 none,
 For your existence. Had you touched a hair
 Of those dishevelled locks, I would have thinned
 Your ranks more than the enemy. Away!
 Ye Jackalls! gnaw the bones the lion leaves,
 But not even these till he permits.

A Soldier (murmuring).

The Lion
 Might conquer for himself then.

Arnold (cuts him down).

Mutineer!

Rebel in Hell — you shall obey on earth!

(The Soldiers assault Arnold.

Arnold.

Come on! I'm glad on't! I will show you,
slaves,

How you should be commanded, and who led
you

First o'er the wall you were as shy to scale,
Until I waved my banners from its height,
As you are bold within it.

*(Arnold mows down the foremost; the rest
throw down their arms.*

Soldiers.

Mercy! mercy!

Arnold.

Then learn to grant it. Have I taught you *who*
Led you o'er Rome's eternal battlements?

Arnold (to Olimpia).

Lady! you are safe.

Olimpia.

I should be so,
Had I a knife even; but it matters not —
Death hath a thousand gates; and on the marble,
Even at the altar foot, whence I look down
Upon destruction, shall my head be dash'd,
Ere thou ascend it. God forgive thee, man!

Arnold.

I wish to merit his forgiveness, and
Thine own, although I have not injured thee.

Olimpia.

No! Thou hast only sacked my native land, —
No injury! — and made my father's house
A den of thieves — No injury! — this temple —
Slippery with Roman and holy gore.
No injury! And now thou would preserve me,
To be — but that shall never be!

*(She raises her eyes to Heaven, folds her robe
round her, and prepares to dash herself down
on the side of the Altar opposite to that where
Arnold stands.)*

Arnold.

Hold! hold!

I swear.

Olimpia.

Spare thine already forfeit soul
A perjury for which even Hell would loathe thee.
I know thee.

Arnold.

No, thou know'st me not; I am not
Of these men, though —

Olimpia.

I judge thee by thy mates;
It is for God to judge thee as thou art.
I see thee purple with the blood of Rome;
Take mine, 'tis all thou e'er shalt have of me!
And here, upon the marble of this temple,
Where the baptismal font baptised me God's,
I offer him a blood less holy
But not less pure (pure as it left me then,
A redeemed infant) than the holy water
The Saints have sanctified!

[*Olimpia waves her hand to Arnold with
disdain, and dashes herself on the pave-
ment from the Altar.*

Arnold.

Eternal God!
I feel thee now! Help! help! She's gone.

Cæsar (approaches).

I am here.

Arnold.

Thou! but oh, save her!

Cæsar (assisting him to raise Olimpia).

She hath done it well;
The leap was serious.

Arnold.

Oh! she is lifeless!

Cæsar.

If
She be so, I have nought to do with that:
The resurrection is beyond me.

Arnold.

Slave!

Cæsar.

Aye, slave or master, 'tis all one: methinks
Good words however are as well at times.

Arnold.

Words! — Canst thou aid her?

Cæsar.

I will try. A sprinkling
Of that same holy water may be useful.

[*He brings some in his helmet from the font.*

Arnold.

'Tis mixed with blood.

Cæsar.

There is no cleaner now
In Rome.

Arnold.

How pale! how beautiful! how lifeless!
Alive or dead, thou essence of all beauty,
I love but thee!

Cæsar.

Even so Achilles lov'd
Penthesilea; with his form it seems
You have his heart, and yet it was no soft one.

Arnold.

She breathes! But no, 'twas nothing, or the last
Faint flutter life disputes with death.

Cæsar.

She breathes.

Arnold.

Thou say'st it? Then 'tis truth.

Cæsar.

You do me right —
The Devil speaks truth much oftener than he's
deemed :

He hath an ignorant audience.

Arnold (without attending to him).

Yes! her heart beats.

Alas! that the first beat of the only heart
I ever wish'd to beat with mine, should vibrate
To an assassin's pulse.

Cæsar.

A sage reflexion,
But somewhat late i'the day. Where shall we
bear her?
I say she lives.

Arnold.

And will she live?

Cæsar.

As much

As dust can.

Arnold.

Then she is dead!

Cæsar.

Bah! bah! You are so,
And do not know it. She will come to life —
Such as you think so, such as you now are;
But we must work by human means.

Arnold.

We will

Convey her unto the Colonna palace,
Where I have pitched my banner.

Cæsar.

Come then! raise her up!

Softly!

Arnold.

Cæsar.

As softly as they bear the dead,
Perhaps because they cannot feel the jolting.

Arnold.

But doth she live indeed?

Cæsar.

Nay, never fear!
But if you rue it after, blame not me.

Arnold.

Let her but live!

Cæsar.

The spirit of her life
Is yet within her breast, and may revive.
Count! Count! I am your servant in all things,
And this is a new office: — 'tis not oft
I am employed in such; but you perceive
How stanch a friend is what you call a fiend.
On earth you have often only fiends for friends;
Now I desert not mine. Soft! bear her hence,
The beautiful half-clay, and nearly spirit!

I am almost enamoured of her, as
Of old the Angels of her earliest sex.

Arnold.

Thou!

Cæsar.

I. But fear not. I'll not be your rival.

Arnold.

Rival!

Cæsar.

I could be one right formidable;
But since I slew the seven husbands of
Tobia's future bride (and after all
'Twas sucked out by some incense) I have laid
Aside intrigue: 'tis rarely worth the trouble
Of gaining, or — what is more difficult —
Getting rid of your prize again; for there's
The rub! at least to mortals.

Arnold.

Prithee, peace!

Softly! methinks her lips move, her eyes open!

Cæsar.

Like stars, no doubt; for that's a metaphor
For Lucifer and Venus.

Arnold.

To the palace
Colonna, as I told you!

Cæsar.

Oh! I know
My way through Rome.

Arnold.

Now onward, onward! Gently!
[*Exeunt, bearing Olimpia. — The scene
closes.*]

P A R T III.

S C E N E I.

A Castle in the Apennines, surrounded by a wild but smiling country. Chorus of Peasants singing before the Gates.

Chorus.

1.

The wars are over,
The spring is come;
The bride and her lover
Have sought their home:
They are happy, we rejoice;
Let their hearts have an echo in every voice!

2.

The spring is come; the violet's gone,
The first-born child of the early sun;
With us she is but a winter's flower,
The snow on the hills cannot blast her bower,

And she lifts up her dewy eye of blue
To the youngest sky of the self-same hue.

3.

And when the spring comes with her host
Of flowers, that flower beloved the most
Shrinks from the crowd that may confuse
Her heavenly odour and virgin hues.

4.

Pluck the others, but still remember
Their Herald out of dim December —
The morning-star of all the flowers,
The pledge of day-light's lengthen'd hours;
Nor, 'midst the roses, e'er forget
The virgin, virgin Violet.

Enter Cæsar.

Cæsar (singing).

The wars are all over,
Our swords are all idle,
The steed bites the bridle,
The casque's on the wall.
There's rest for the rover;
But his armour is rusty,
And the veteran grows crusty,
As he yawns in the hall.

He drinks — but what's drinking?
 A mere pause from thinking!
 No bugle awakes him with life-and-death-call.

Chorus.

But the hound bayeth loudly,
 The boar 's in the wood,
 And the falcon longs proudly
 To spring from her hood:
 On the wrist of the noble
 She sits like a crest,
 And the air is in trouble
 With birds from their nest.

Cæsar.

Oh! Shadow of glory!
 Dim image of war!
 But the chase hath no story,
 Her hero no star,
 Since Nimrod, the founder
 Of empire and chase,
 Who made the woods wonder,
 And quake for their race.
 When the Lion was young,
 In the pride of his might,
 Then 'twas sport for the strong
 To embrace him in fight;

To go forth, with a pine
 For a spear, 'gainst the Mammoth,
 Or strike through the ravine
 At the foaming Behemoth,
 While Man was in stature
 As towers in our time,
 The first-born of Nature,
 And, like her, sublime!

Chorus.

But the wars are over,
 The spring is come;
 The bride and her lover
 Have sought their home;
 They are happy, and we rejoice;
 Let their hearts have an echo from every voice!

[Exeunt the Peasantry, singing.]

THE END.

To go forth, with a plume
For a spear, against the Mammoth
Or strike through the resistless
At the loaming behemoth

While Man was in stature
As towers in our time,
The first-born of Nature,
Add, like her, nothing

But the wars are over
The spring is come
The pride and her lover
Have sought their home
They are happy, and we rejoice!

Let their hearts have an echo from every voice!

Exeunt the Warriors, singing

THE
VISION OF JUDGMENT.

BY QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.

SUGGESTED BY THE COMPOSITION SO ENTITLED BY THE
AUTHOR OF «WAT TYLER.»

*«A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.»*

THE
VISION OF JUDGMENT.
BY GUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.

SUGGESTED BY THE COMMISSIONER OF THE BUREAU OF THE
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"A Daniel come to judgment, yes, a Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching us that word."

THE
VISION OF JUDGMENT.

I.

SAINT Peter sat by the celestial gate,
 His keys were rusty, and the lock was dull,
 So little trouble had been given of late;
 Not that the place by any means was full,
 But since the Gallic era «eighty-eight,”
 The devils had ta'en a longer, stronger pull,
 And «a pull altogether,” as they say
 At sea — which drew most souls another way.

II.

The angels all were singing out of tune,
 And hoarse with having little else to do,
 Excepting to wind up the sun and moon,
 Or curb a runaway young star or two,

Or wild colt of a comet, which too soon
 Broke out of bounds o'er the ethereal blue,
 Splitting some planet with its playful tail,
 As boats are sometimes by a wanton whale.

III.

The guardian seraphs had retired on high,
 Finding their charges past all care below;
 Terrestrial business fill'd nought in the sky
 Save the recording angel's black bureau;
 Who found, indeed, the facts to multiply
 With such rapidity of vice and woe,
 That he had stripp'd off both his wings in
 quills,
 And yet was in arrear of human ills.

IV.

His business so augmented of late years,
 That he was forced, against his will, no
 doubt
 (Just like those cherubs, earthly ministers),
 For some resource to turn himself about,
 And claim the help of his celestial peers,
 To aid him ere he should be quite worn out
 By the increased demand for his remarks;
 Six angels and twelve saints were named his
 clerks.

V.

This was a handsome board — at least for
heaven;

And yet they had even then enough to do,
So many conquerors' cars were daily driven,
So many kingdoms fitted up anew;
Each day, too, slew its thousands six or seven,
Till at the crowning carnage, Waterloo,
They threw their pens down in divine disgust —
The page was so besmear'd with blood and
dust.

VI.

This by the way; 'tis not mine to record
What angels shrink from: even the very devil
On this occasion his own work abhorr'd,
So surfeited with the infernal revel;
Though he himself had sharpen'd every sword,
It almost quench'd his innate thirst of evil.
(Here Satan's sole good work deserves insertion —
'Tis, that he has both generals in reversion.)

VII.

Let's skip a few short years of hollow peace,
Which peopled earth no better, hell as wont,

And heaven none — they form the tyrant's lease,
 With nothing but new names subscribed
 upon 't;
 'Twill one day finish: meantime they increase,
 "With seven heads and ten horns," and all
 in front,
 Like Saint John's foretold beast; but ours are
 born
 Less formidable in the head than horn.

VIII.

In the first year of freedom's second dawn
 Died George the Third; although no tyrant,
 one
 Who shielded tyrants, till each sense withdrawn
 Left him nor mental nor external sun:
 A better farmer ne'er brush'd dew from lawn,
 A worse king never left a realm undone!
 He died — but left his subjects still behind,
 One half as mad — and t'other no less blind.

IX.

He died! — his death made no great stir on
 earth;
 His burial made some pomp; there was pro-
 fusion

Of velvet, gilding, brass, and no great dearth
 Of aught but tears — save those by col-
 lusion;
 For these things may be bought at their true
 worth:

Of elegy there was the due infusion —
 Bought also; and the torches, cloaks, and ban-
 ners,
 Heralds, and relies of old Gothic manners,

X.

Form'd a sepulchral melo-drame. Of all
 The fools who flock'd to swell or see the
 show,
 Who cared about the corpse? The funeral
 Made the attraction, and the black the woe.
 There throbb'd not there a thought which pier-
 ced the pall;

And when the gorgeous coffin was laid low,
 It seem'd the mockery of hell to fold
 The rottenness of eighty years in gold.

XI.

So mix his body with the dust! It might
 Return to what it *must* far sooner, were
 The natural compound left alone to fight
 Its way back into earth, and fire, and air;

But the unnatural balsams merely blight
 What nature made him at his birth, as bare
 As the mere million's base unmummied clay —
 Yet all his spices but prolong decay.

XII.

He's dead — and upper earth with him has
 done:

He's buried; save the undertaker's bill,
 Or lapidary scrawl, the world is gone
 For him, unless the left a German will;
 But where's the proctor who will ask his son?
 In whom his qualities are reigning still,
 Except that household virtue, most uncommon,
 Of constancy to a bad, ugly woman.

XIII.

“God save the king!” It is a large economy
 In God to save the like; but if he will
 Be saving, all the better; for not one am I
 Of those who think damnation better still:
 I hardly know too if not quite alone am I
 In this small hope of bettering future ill
 By circumscribing, with some slight restriction,
 The eternity of hell's hot jurisdiction.

XIV.

I know this is unpopular; I know
 'Tis blasphemous; I know one may be damn'd
 For hoping on one else may e'er be so;
 I know my catechism; I know we are cramm'd
 With the best doctrines till we quite o'erflow;
 I know that all save England's church have
 sham'd,
 And that the other twice two hundred churches
 And synagogues have made a damn'd bad pur-
 chase.

XV.

God help us all! God help me, too! I am,
 God knows, as helpless as the devil can wish,
 And not a whit more difficult to damn
 Than is to bring to land a late-hook'd fish,
 Or to the butcher to purvey the lamb;
 Not that I'm fit for such a noble dish
 As one day will be that immortal fry
 Of almost every body born to die.

XVI.

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate,
 And nodded o'er his keys; when lo! there
 came

A wonderous noise he had not heard of late —
 A rushing sound of wind, and stream, and
 flame; *I know I know I know*
 In short, a roar of things extremely great,
 Which would have made aught save a saint
 exclaim; *I know I know I know*
 But he, with first a start and then a wink,
 Said, "There's another star gone out, I think!"

XVII.

But ere he could return to his repose,
 A cherub flapp'd his right wing o'er his eyes —
 At which Saint Peter yawn'd, and rubb'd his
 nose:
 "Saint porter," said the Angel, "prithee
 rise!" *God knows*
 Waving a goodly wing, which glow'd, as glows
 An earthly peacock's tail, with heavenly dyes;
 To which the Saint replied, "Well, what's the
 matter; *Not that I'm such a noble dish*
 "Is Lucifer come back with all this clatter?" *Of almost every body here to die*

XVIII.

"No," quoth the Cherub; "George the Third
 is dead."
 "And who is George the Third?" replied the
 Apostle;

“*What George?*” *what Third?*” “The King of
England,” said

The Angel. “Well! he wont find kings to
jostle

“Him on his way; but does he wear his head?”

“Because the — we saw here had a tussle,
“And ne’er would have got into heaven’s good
graces,

“Had he not flung his head in all our faces.

XIX.

“He was, if I remember, king of —

“That head of his, which could not keep a
crown

“On earth, yet ventured in my face to advance

“A claim to those of martyrs — like my own:
“If I had had my sword, as I had once

“When I cut ears off, I had cut him down;
“But having but my *keys*, and not my brand,
“I only knock’d his head from out his hand.

XX.

“And then he set up such a headless howl,

“That all the saints came out, and took
him in;

XXIII.

While thus they spake, the angelic caravan,
 Arriving like a rush of mighty wind,
 Cleaving the fields of space, as doth the swan
 Some silver stream (say Ganges, Nile, or Inde,
 Or Thames, or Tweed), and midst them an
 old man

With an old soul, and both extremely blind,
 Halted before the gate, and in his shroud
 Seated their fellow-traveller on a cloud.

XXIV.

But bringing up the rear of this bright host,
 A Spirit of a different aspect waved
 His wings, like thunder-clouds above some coast
 Whose barren beach with frequent wrecks is
 paved;

His brow was like the deep when tempest-tost;
 Fierce and unfathomable thoughts engraved
 Eternal wrath on his immortal face,
 And *where* he gazed a gloom pervaded space.

XXV.

As he drew near, he gazed upon the gate,
 Ne'er to be enter'd more by him or sin,

With such a glance of supernatural hate,
 As made Saint Peter wish himself within;
 He potter'd with his keys at a great rate,
 And sweated through his apostolic skin:
 Of course his perspiration was but ichor,
 Or some such other spiritual liquor.

XXVI.

The very cherubs huddled altogether,
 Like birds when soars the falcon; and they felt
 A tingling to the tip of every feather,
 And form'd a circle, like Orion's belt
 Around their poor old charge, who scarce knew
 whither
 His guards had led him, though they gently
 dealt
 With royal manes (for, by many stories,
 And true, we learn the angels all are Tories).

XXVII.

As things were in this posture, the gate flew
 Asunder, and the flashing of its hinges
 Flung over space an universal hue
 Of many-colour'd flame, until its tinges
 Reach'd even our speck of earth, and made a
 new
 Aurora borealis spread its fringes

O'er the North Pole; the same seen, when ice-
 bound,
 By Captain Parry's crews, in «Melville's Sound.»

XXVIII.

And from the gate thrown open issued beaming
 A beautiful and mighty Thing of Light,
 Radiant with glory, like a banner streaming
 Victorious from some world-o'erthrowing fight:
 My poor comparisons must needs be teeming
 With earthly likenesses, for here the night
 Of clay obscures our best conceptions, saving
 Johanna Southcote, or Bob Southey raving.

XXIX.

'Twas the archangel Michael: all men know
 The make of angels and archangels, since
 There's scarce a scribbler has not one to
 show,
 From the fiends' leader to the angels' prince.
 There also are some altar-pieces, though
 I really can't say that they much evince
 One's inner notions of immortal spirits;
 But let the connoisseurs explain *their* merits.

Such was their power, that neither could forget
 His former friend and future foe; but still
 There was a high, immortal, proud regret
 In either's eye, as if 'twere less their will
 Than destiny to make the eternal years
 Their date of war, and their «Champ Clos»
 the spheres.

XXXIII.

But here they were in neutral space: we know
 From Job, that Satan hath the power to pay
 A heavenly visit thrice a year or so;
 And that «the Sons of God,» like those of
 clay,
 Must keep him company; and we might show,
 From the same book, in how polite a way
 The dialogue is held between the Powers
 Of Good and Evil — but 'twould take up
 hours.

XXXIV.

And this is not a theologic tract,
 To prove with Hebrew and with Arabic
 If Job be allegory or a fact,
 But a true narrative; and thus I pick

XXXIX.

«Michael!» replied the Prince of Air, «even
here,

«Before the gate of him thou servest, must
«I claim my subject; and will make appear

«That as he was my worshipper in dust,
«So shall he be in spirit, although dear

«To thee and thine, because nor wine nor
lust

«Were of his weaknesses! yet on the throne
«He reign'd o'er millions to serve me alone.

XL.

«Look to *our* earth, or rather *mine*; it was,

«*Once, more* thy master's: but I triumph
not

«In this poor planet's conquest, nor, alas!

«Need he thou servest envy me my lot:

«With all the myriads of bright worlds which
pass

«In worship round him, he may have forgot
«Yon weak creation of such paltry things;
«I think few worth damnation save their kings,

XLV.

- «He ever warr'd with freedom and the free:
 «Nations as men, home subjects, foreign
 foes,
 «So that they utter'd the word 'Liberty!'
 «Found George the Third their first opponent.
 Whose
 «History was ever stain'd as his will be
 «With national and individual woes?
 «I grant his household abstinence; I grant
 «His neutral virtues, which most monarchs
 want;

XLVI.

- «I know he was a constant consort; own
 «He was a decent sire, and middling lord.
 «All this is much, and most upon a throne;
 «As temperance, if at Apicius' board,
 «Is more than at an anchorite's supper shown.
 «I grant him all the kindest can accord;
 «And this was well for him, but not for
 those
 «Millions who found him what oppression
 chose.

XLVII.

- «The new world shook him off; the old yet
 groans
 «Beneath what he and his prepared, if not
 «Completed: he leaves heirs on many thrones
 «To all his vices, without what begot
 «Compassion for him — his tame virtues;
 drones
 «Who sleep, or despots who have now
 forgot
 «A lesson which shall be re-taught them, wake
 «Upon the throne of Earth; but let them
 quake!

XLVIII.

- «Five millions of the primitive, who hold
 «The faith which makes ye great on earth,
 implored
 «A *part* of that vast *all* they held of old, —
 «Freedom to worship — not alone your
 Lord,
 «Michael, but you, and you, Saint Peter! Cold
 «Must be your souls, if you have not abhorr'd
 «The foe to Catholic participation
 «In all the license of a Christian nation.

XLIX.

“True! he allow’d them to pray God; but, as

“A consequence of prayer, refused the law
 “Which would have placed them upon the
 same base

“With those who did not hold the saints in
 awe.”

But here Saint Peter started from his place,

And cried, “You may the prisoner withdraw:
 “Ere Heaven shall ope her portals to this
 Guelf,

“While I am guard, may I be damn’d myself!

L.

“Sooner will I with Cerberus exchange

“My office (and *his* is no sinecure)

“Than see this royal Bedlam bigot range

“The azure fields of heaven, of that be
 sure!”

“Saint!” replied Satan, “you do well to
 avenge

“The wrongs he made your satellites en-
 dure;

“And if to this exchange you should be given,

“I’ll try to coax *our* Cerberus up to heaven.”

LI.

Here Michael interposed: «Good saint! and
devil!

«Pray not so fast; you both out-run discretion.
«Saint Peter! you were wont to be more civil:

«Satan! excuse this warmth of his expres-
sion,

«And condescension to the vulgar's level:

«Even saints sometimes forget themselves in
session.

«Have you got more to say?» — «No!» — «If
you please,

«I'll trouble you to call your witness.»

LII.

Then Satan turn'd and waved his swarthy
hand,

Which stirr'd with its electric qualities
Clouds farther off than we can understand,
Although we find him sometimes in our
skies;

Infernal thunder shook both sea and land

In all the planets, and hell's batteries
Let off the artillery, which Milton mentions
As one of Satan's most sublime inventions.

LIII.

This was a signal unto such damn'd souls
 As have the privilege of their damnation
 Extended far beyond the mere controls
 Of worlds past, present, or to come; no
 station
 In theirs particularly in the rolls
 Of hell assigned; but where their inclina-
 tion
 Or business carries them in search of game,
 They may range freely — being damn'd the
 same.

LIV.

They are proud of this — as very well they
 may,
 It being a sort of knighthood, or gilt key
 Stuck in their loins; or like to an "entré"
 Up the back stairs, or such free masonry:
 I borrow my comparisons from clay,
 Being clay myself. Let not those spirits be
 Offended with such base low likenesses;
 We know their posts are nobler far than these.

LV.

When the great signal ran from heaven to
 hell, —
 About ten million times the distance reckon'd
 From our sun to its earth, as we can tell
 How much time it takes up, even to a se-
 cond,
 For every ray that travels to dispel
 The fogs of London; through which, dimly
 beacon'd,
 The weathercocks are gilt, some thrice a year,
 If that the *summer* is not too severe: —

LVI.

I say that I can tell — 'twas half a minute;
 I know the solar beams take up more time
 Ere, pack'd up for their journey, they begin it;
 But then their telegraph is less sublime,
 And if they ran a race, they would not
 win it
 'Gainst Satan's couriers bound for their own
 clime.
 The sun takes up some years of every ray
 To reach its goal — the devil not half a day.

LVII.

Upon the verge of space, about the size
 Of half-a-crown, a little speck appear'd
 (I've seen a something like it in the skies
 In the Ægean; ere a squall); it neared,
 And, growing bigger, took another guise;
 Like an aërial ship it tack'd, and steer'd
 Or *was* steer'd, (I am doubtful of the grammar
 Of the last phrase, which makes the stanza
 stammer; —

LVIII.

But take your choice); and then it grew a
 cloud,
 And so it was — a cloud of witnesses.
 But such a cloud! No land e'er saw a crowd
 Of locusts numerous as the heavens saw
 these;
 They shadow'd with their myriads space; their
 loud
 And varied cries were like those of wild-
 geese
 (If nations may be liken'd to a goose),
 And realized the phrase of "hell broke loose."

LIX.

Here crash'd a sturdy oath of stout John Bull,
 Who damn'd away his eyes, as heretofore:
 There Paddy brogued «by Jasus!» — «What's
 your wull?»

The temperate Scot exclaim'd: the French
 ghost swore
 In certain terms I shant translate in full,
 As the first coachman will; and 'midst the
 war

The voice of Jonathan was heard to express,
 «Our President is going to war, I guess.»

LX.

Besides, there were the Spaniard, Dutch, and
 Dane;

In short, an universal shoal of shades
 From Otaheite's Isle to Salisbury Plain,
 Of all climes and professions, years and
 trades,
 Ready to swear against the good king's reign,
 Bitter as clubs in cards are against spades:
 All summon'd by this grand «subpœna,» to
 Try if kings mayn't be damn'd, like me or
 you.

LXI.

When Michael saw this host, he first grew
pale,

As angels can; next, like Italian twilight,
He turn'd all colours — as a peacock's tail,
Or sunset streaming through a Gothic skylight
In some old abbey, or a trout not stale,

Or distant lightning on the horizon *by* night,
Or a fresh rainbow, or a grand review,
Of thirty regiments in red, green, and blue.

LXII.

Then he address'd himself to Satan: "Why —
"My good old friend, for such I deem you,
though

"Our different parties make us fight so shy,

"I ne'er mistake you for a *personal* foe;

"Our difference is *political*, and I

"Trust that, whatever may occur below,

"You know my great respect for you; and this

"Makes me regret whate'er you do amiss —

LXIII.

"Why, my dear Lucifer, would you abuse

"My call for witnesses? I did not mean

«That you should half of earth and hell produce;
 «'Tis even superfluous, since two honest,
 clean,
 «True testimonies are enough: we lose
 «Our time, nay, our eternity, between
 «The accusation and defence: if we
 «Hear both, 'twill stretch our immortality.»

LXIV.

Satan replied, «To me the matter is
 «Indifferent, in a personal point of view:
 «I can have fifty better souls than this
 «With far less trouble than we have gone
 through
 «Already; and I merely argued his
 «Late Majesty of Britain's case with you
 «Upon a point of form: you may dispose
 «Of him; I've kings enough below, God
 knows!»

LXV.

Thus spoke the Demon (late call'd «multifaced»
 By multo-scribbling Southey). «Then we'll
 call

«One or two persons of the myriads placed
 «Around our congress, and dispense with all
 «The rest,” quoth Michael: «Who may be so
 graced
 «As to speak first? there’s choice enough —
 who shall
 «It be?” Then Satan answer’d, «There are
 many;
 «But you may choose Jack Wilkes as well as
 any.”

LXVI.

A merry, cock-eyed, curious looking Sprite,
 Upon the instant started from the throng,
 Dress’d in a fashion now forgotten quite;
 For all the fashions of the flesh stick long
 By people in the next world; where unite
 All the costumes since Adam’s, right or
 wrong,
 From Eve’s fig-leaf down to the petticoat,
 Almost as scanty, of days less remote.

LXVII.

The Spirit look’d around upon the crowds
 Assembled, and exclaim’d, «My friends of all

«The spheres, we shall catch cold amongst
these clouds;

«So let's to business: why this general call?
«If those are freeholders I see in shrouds,

«A'nd tis for an election that they bawl,
«Behold a candidate with unturn'd-coat!

«Saint Peter, may I count upon your vote?»

LXVIII.

«Sir,» replied Michael, «you mistake: these
things

«Are of a former life, and what we do
«Above is more august; to judge of kings

«Is the tribunal met; so now you know.»
«Then I presume those gentlemen with wings,»

Said Wilkes, «are cherubs; and that soul
below

«Looks much like George the Third; but to my
mind

«A good deal older — Bless me! is he blind?»

LXIX.

«He is what you behold him, and his doom
«Depends upon his deeds,» the Angel said.

“If you have aught to arraign in him, the
tomb

“Gives license to the humblest beggar’s head
“To lift itself against the loftiest.” — “Some,”

Said Wilkes, “don’t wait to see them laid
in lead,

“For such a liberty — and I, for one,

“Have told them what I thought beneath the
sun.”

LXX.

“*Above* the sun repeat, then, what thou hast
“To urge against him,” said the Archangel.

“Why,”

Replied the Spirit, “since old scores are past,

“Must I turn evidence? In faith, not I.

“Besides, I beat him hollow at the last,

“With all his Lords and Commons: in the sky

“I don’t like ripping up old stories, since

“His conduct was but natural in a prince.

LXXI.

“Foolish, no doubt, and wicked, to oppress

“A poor unlucky devil without a shilling;

«But then I blame the man himself much less
 «Than Bute and Grafton, and shall be un-
 willing
 «To see him punish'd here for their excess,
 «Since they were both damn'd long ago,
 and still in
 «Their place below; for me, I have forgiven,
 «And vote his 'habeas corpus' into heaven.»

LXXII.

«Wilkes,» said the Devil, «I understand all
 this;
 «You turn'd to half a courtier ere you died,
 «And seem to think it would not be amiss
 «To grow a whole one on the other side
 «Of Charon's ferry; you forget that *his*
 «Reign is concluded; whatso'er betide,
 «He won't be sovereign more: you've lost your
 labour,
 «For at the best he will but be your neighbour.

LXXIII.

«However, I knew what to think of it,
 «When I beheld you, in your jesting way,

Quick in its motions, with an air of vigour,
 But nought to mark its breeding or its
 birth:

Now it wax'd little, then again grew bigger,
 With now an air of gloom, or savage mirth;
 But as you gazed upon its features, they
 Changed every instant — to *what*, none could
 say.

LXXVI.

The more intently the ghosts gazed, the less
 Could they distinguish whose the features
 were;
 The Devil himself seem'd puzzled even to guess;
 They varied like a dream — now here, now
 there;
 And several people swore from out the press,
 They knew him perfectly; and one could
 swear
 He was his father; upon which another
 Was sure he was his mother's cousin's brother:

LXXXVII.

Another, that he was a duke, or knight,
 An orator, a lawyer, or a priest,

A nabob, a man-midwife; but the wight
 Mysterious changed his countenance at least
 As oft as they their minds: though in full
 sight

He stood, the puzzle only was increased;
 The man was a phantasmagoria in
 Himself — he was so volatile and thin!

LXXVIII.

The moment that you had pronounced him
one,

Presto! his face changed, and he was an-
 other;

And when that change was hardly well put on,

It varied, till I don't think his own mother
 (If that he had a mother) would her son

Have known, he shifted so from one to
 t'other,

Till guessing from a pleasure grew a task,

At this epistolary «iron mask.»

LXXIX.

For sometimes he like Cerberus would seem —

«Three gentlemen at once» (as sagely says

Them written without heads; and books we see
 Are fill'd as well without the latter too:

And really till we fix on somebody

For certain sure to claim them as his due,
 Their author, like the Niger's mouth, will
 bother

She world to say if *there* be mouth or author.

LXXXII.

«And who and what art thou?» the Archangel
 said.

«For *that*, you may consult my title-page,»
 Replied this mighty Shadow of a Shade:

«If I have kept my secret half an age,
 «I scarce shall tell it now.» — «Canst thou
 upbraid,»

Continued Michael, «George Rex, or allege
 «Aught further?» Junius answer'd, «You had
 better

«First ask him for *his* answer to my letter:

LXXXIII.

«M charges upon record will outlast

«The brass of both his epitaph and tomb.»

The devil Asmodeus to the circle made
 His way, and look'd as if his journey cost
 Some trouble. When his burden down he
 laid,

“What's this?” cried Michael; “why, 'tis
 not a ghost?”
 “I know it,” quoth the incubus; “but he
 “Shall be one, if you leave the affair to me.

LXXXVI.

“Confound the Renegado! I have sprain'd
 “My left wing, he's so heavy; one would
 think
 “Some of his works about his neck were
 chain'd.
 “But to the point: while hovering o'er the
 brink
 “Of Skiddaw (where, as usual, it still rain'd),
 “I saw a taper, far below me, wink,
 “And, stooping, caught this fellow at a libel —
 “No less on History than the Holy Bible.

LXXXVII.

“The former is the devil's scripture, and
 “The latter yours, good Michael; so the affair

«Belongs to all of us, you understand.

«I snatch'd him up just as you see him
there,

«And brought him off for sentence out of hand:

«I've scarcely been ten minutes in the air —

«At least a quarter it can hardly be:

«I dare say that his wife is still at tea.»

LXXXVIII.

Here Satan said, «I know this man of old,

«And have expected him for some time here;

«A sillier fellow you will scarce behold,

«Or more conceited in his petty sphere:

«But surely it was not worth while to fold

«Such trash below your wing, Asmodeus dear!

«We had the poor wretch safe (without being
bored

«With carriage) coming of his own accord.

LXXXIX.

«But since he's here, let's see what he has
done.»

«Done!» cried Asmodeus, «he anticipates

"The very business you are now upon,
 "And scribbles as if head clerk to the Fates.
 "Who knows to what his ribaldry may run,
 "When such an ass as this, like Balaam's,
 prates?"
 "Let's hear," quoth Michael, "what he has
 to say;
 "You know we're bound to that in every way."

XC.

Now the Bard, glad to get an audience, which
 By no means often was his case below,
 Began to cough, and hawk, and hem; and
 pitch

His voice into that awful note of woe
 To all unhappy hearers within reach
 Of poets when the tide of rhyme's in flow;
 But stuck fast with his first hexameter,
 Not one of all whose gouty feet would stir.

XCI.

But ere the spavin'd dactyls could be spurr'd
 Into recitative, in great dismay
 Both cherubim and seraphim were heard
 To murmur loudly through their long array;

I mean — the *slaves hear now*), some cried
 «off, off,»

As at a farce; till grown quite desperate,
 The Bard Saint Peter pray'd to interpose
 (Himself an author) only for his prose.

XCIV.

The varlet was not an ill-favour'd knave;
 A good deal like a vulture in the face,
 With a hook nose and a hawk's eye, which
 gave

A smart and sharper looking sort of grace
 To his whole aspect, which, though rather
 grave,

Was by no means so ugly as his case;
 But that indeed was hopeless as can be,
 Quite a poetic felony «*de se.*»

XCV.

Then Michael blew his trump, and still'd the
 noise

With one still greater, as is yet the mode
 On earth besides; except some grumbling voice,
 Which now and then will make a slight
 inroad

«In two octavo volumes, nicely bound,
 «With notes and preface, all that most ab-
 lures
 «The pious purchaser; and there's no ground
 «For fear, for I can choose my own review-
 ers:
 «So let me have the proper documents,
 «That I may add you to my other saints."

C.

Satan bow'd, and was silent. «Well, if you,
 «With amiable modesty, decline
 «My offer, what says Michael? There are few
 «Whose memoirs could be render'd more
 divine.
 «Mine is the pen of all work; not so new
 «As it was once, but I would make you
 shine
 «Like your own trumpet; by the way, my
 own
 «Has more of brass in it, and is as well blown.

CI.

«But talking about trumpets, here's my Vision!
 «Now you shall judge, all people; yes, you
 shall

«Judge with my judgment! and by my decision
 «Be guided who shall enter heaven or fall!
 «I settle all these things by intuition,
 «Times present, past, to come, heaven, hell,
 and all,
 «Like King Alfonso! * When I thus see double,
 I save the Deity some worlds of trouble.»

CII.

He ceased, and drew forth an MS. ; and no
 Persuasion on the part of devils, or saints,
 Or angels, now could stop the torrent; so
 He read the first three lines of the contents;
 But at the fourth, the whole spiritual show
 Had vanish'd with variety of scents,
 Ambrosial and sulphureous, as they sprang,
 Like lightning, off from his «melodious twang.»**

* King Alfonso, speaking of the Ptolomean system, said, that «had he been consulted at the creation of the world, he would have spared the Maker some absurdities.»

** See Aubrey's account of the apparition which disappeared «with a curious perfume and a melodious twang;» or see the Anti-quary, vol. I.

For all corrupted things are made, like
The cork,

By their own rottenness, light as an ell,
Or wisp, that this or a morsel; he takes
It may be still, the dall'hook on a stick,
In his own den, to scrawl some 'like' or
The
As Wallborn says - 'the devil's in a spect'

Howe'er you're ready to laugh at my tale,
I have seen the eye of a man, I saw
The

As for the rest, to come to the conclusion
Of this true dream, the telescope is gone
Which kept my optics free from all delusion,
And show'd me what I in my turn have

When I saw further in the last conclusion,
Was that King George's ship'd into heaven,
And when the thought expanded to a dream,
I left him grasping the bottom of the

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THE
CURSE OF MINERVA.

A POEM.

BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
LORD BYRON.

— *Pallas te hac vulnere, Pallas
Immolat, et pœnam scelerato ex sanguine sumit.*

THE
CURSE OF MINERVA

A POEM

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LORD BYRON

Printed by G. G. and J. B. Nichols, in Pall-mall, London.

THE
CURSE OF MINERVA.

Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea's hills the setting sun:
Not as in Northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light!
O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows:
On old Ægina's rock, and Idra's isle,
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile;
O'er his own regions ling'ring loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.
Descending fast the mountain shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulph, unconquer'd Salamis!
Their azure arches through the long expanse
More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,

And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
 Mark his gay course and own the hues of heaven;
 Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
 Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.

On such an eve, his palest beam he cast,
 When — Athens! here thy wisest look'd his
 last.

How watch'd thy better sons his farewell ray,
 That closed their murder'd * sage's latest day!
 Not yet — not yet — Sol pauses on the hill —
 The precious hour of parting lingers still;
 But sad his light to agonizing eyes,
 And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes:
 Gloom o'er the lovely land he seem'd to pour,
 The land where Phæbus never frown'd before,
 But ere he sunk below Cithæron's head,
 The cup of woe was quaff'd — the spirit fled;
 The soul of him that scorn'd to fear or fly —
 Who liv'd and died, as none can live or die!

* Socrates drank the hemlock a short time
 before sunset (the hour of execution), not-
 withstanding the entreaties of his disciples
 to wait till the sun went down.

Near Theseus' fane yon solitary palm,
 All tinged with varied hues arrest the eye —
 And dull were his that passed them heedless by.

Again the Ægean, heard no more afar,
 Lulls his chaf'd breast from elemental war;
 Again his waves in milder tints unfold
 Their long array of sapphire and of gold,
 Mix'd with the shades of many a distant isle,
 That frown — where gentler ocean seems to
 smile.

As thus within the walls of Pallas' fane
 I mark'd the beauties of the land and main,
 Alone and friendless, on the magic shore
 Whose arts and arms but live in poet's lore;
 Oft as the matchless dome I turn'd to scan,
 Sacred to gods, but not secure from man,
 The past return'd, the present seem'd to cease,
 And glory knew no clime beyond her Greece.
 Hours roll'd along, and Dian's orb on high
 Had gain'd the centre of her softest sky,
 And yet unwearied still my footsteps trod
 O'er the vain shrine of many a vanish'd god;
 But chiefly, Pallas! thine, when Hecate's glare,
 Check'd by thy columns, fell more sadly fair
 O'er the chill marble, where the startling tread

Thrills the lone heart like echoes from the
dead.

Long had I mus'd, and measur'd every trace
The wreck of Greece recorded of her race,
When, lo! a giant form before me strode,
And Pallas hail'd me in her own abode.
Yes, 'twas Minerva's self, but ah! how changed
Since o'er the Dardan field in arms she ranged!
Not such as first, by her divine command,
Her form appeared from Phidias' plastic hand;
Gone were the terrors of her awful brow,
Her idle Ægis bore no Gorgon now;
Her helm was deep indented, and her lance
Seem'd weak and shaftless, e'en to mortal
glance;

The olive branch, which still she deign'd to
clasp,
Shrunk from her touch and wither'd in her
grasp:

And ah! though still the brightest of the sky,
Celestial tears bedimm'd her large blue eye;
Round the rent casque her owlet circled slow,
And mourn'd his mistress with a shriek of woe.

«Mortal! ('twas thus she spake) that blush of
shame

«Proclaims thee Briton — once a noble name —

"Th' insulted wall sustains his hated name.*
 "For Elgin's fame thus grateful Pallas pleads,
 "Below, his name — above, behold his deeds!
 "Be ever hail'd with equal honour here
 "The Gothic Monarch and the Pictish Peer.
 "Arms gave the first his right, the last had none,

* It is related by a late oriental traveller, that when the wholesale spoliator visited Athens, he caused his own name, with that of his wife, to be inscribed on a pillar of one of the principal temples. This inscription was executed in a very conspicuous manner, and deeply engraved in the marble, at a very considerable elevation. Notwithstanding which precautions, some person, (doubtless inspired by the Patron Goddess) has been at the pains to get himself raised up to the requisite height, and has obliterated the name of the laird, but left that of the lady untouched. The traveller in question accompanied this story by a remark, that it must have cost some labour and contrivance to get at the place, and could only have been effected by much zeal and determination.

«Till burst at length each watery head o'er-
 flows,
 «Foul as their soil and frigid as their snows :
 «Ten thousand schemes of petulance and pride
 «Despatch her scheming children far and wide ;
 «Some East, some West, some — every where
 but North !
 «In quest of lawless gain they issue forth ;
 «And thus, accursed be the day and year,
 «She sent a Pict to play the felon here.
 «Yet Caledonia claims some native worth,
 «As dull Bœotia gave a Pindar birth —
 «So may her few, the letter'd and the brave,
 «Bound to no clime, and victors o'er the grave,
 «Shake off the sordid dust of such a land,
 «And shine like children of a happier strand.
 «As once of yore, in some obnoxious place,
 «Ten names (if found) had saved a wretched
 race !”
 «Mortal,” the blue-ey'd maid resum'd, «once
 more,
 «Bear back my mandate to thy native shore ;
 «Though fall'n, alas ! this vengeance still is
 mine,
 «To turn my counsels far from lands like thine.
 «Hear then in silence Pallas' stern behest ;

«That art and nature may compare their styles;
 «While brawny brutes in stupid wonder stare,
 «And marvel at his Lordship's *stone shop* there.*
 «Round the throng'd gate shall sauntering cox-
 combs creep,
 «To lounge and lucubrate, to prate and peep:
 «While many a languid maid, with longing
 sigh,
 «On giant statues casts the curious eye;
 «The room with transient glance appears to
 skim,
 «Yet marks the mighty back and length of
 limb,
 «Mourns o'er the difference of *now* and *then*;
 «Exclaims, 'these Greeks indeed were proper
 men;
 «Draws slight comparisons of *these* with *those*,
 «And envies Lais all her Attic beaux:
 «When shall a modern maid have swains like
 these?
 «Alas! Sir Harry is no Hercules!
 «And last of all, amidst the gaping crew

* Poor Crib was sadly puzzled when exhibited
 at Elgin house; — he asked if it was not
 «a stone shop»: he was right, it is a shop.

“Some calm spectator, as he takes his view,*
 “In silent indignation mix’d with grief,
 Admires the plunder, but abhors the thief.”

* Alas! all the monuments of Roman magnificence, all the remains of Grecian taste, so dear to the Artist, the Historian, the Antiquary, all depend on the will of an arbitrary sovereign; and that will is influenced too often by interest or vanity, by a nephew or a sycophant. Is a new palace to be erected (at Rome) for an upstart family? the Coliseum is stripped to furnish materials. Does a foreign minister wish to adorn the bleak walls of a northern castle with antiquities? the Temples of Theseus or Minerva must be dismantled, and the works of Phidias or Praxiteles be torn from the shattered frieze. That a decrepid uncle, wrapped up in the religious duties of his age and station, should listen to the suggestions of an interested nephew, is natural: and that an oriental despot should undervalue the masterpieces of Grecian art, is to be expected; though in both cases the consequences of such weakness are much to be lamented —

«Loathed throughout life — scarce pardon'd in
the dust,
«May hate pursue his sacrilegious lust!

but that the minister of a nation, famed for its knowledge of the language, and its veneration for the monuments of ancient Greece, should have been the prompter and the instrument of these destructions is almost incredible. Such rapacity is a crime against all ages and all generations; it deprives the past of the trophies of their genius and the title deeds of their fame; the present, of the strongest inducements to exertion, the noblest exhibitions that curiosity can contemplate; the future, of the masterpieces of art, the models of imitation. To guard against the repetition of such depredations is the wish of every man of genius, the duty of every man in power, and the common interest of every civilized nation. *Eustace's Classical Tour through Italy*, p. 269.

This attempt to transplant the temple of Vesta from Italy to England, may, perhaps, do honour to the late Lord Bristol's patrio-

«Link'd with the fool who fired th'Ephesian
dome,

«Shall vengeance follow far beyond the tomb;

«Erostratus and Elgin e'er shall shine

«In many a branding page and burning line!

«Alike condemned for aye to stand accurs'd,

«Perchance the second viler than the first:

«So let him stand, thro' ages yet unborn,

«Fixed statue on the pedestal of scorn!

«Though not for him alone revenge shall wait,

«But fits thy country for her coming fate:

«Hers were the deeds that taught her lawless

son

«To do, what oft Britannia's self had done.

«Look to the Baltic blazing from afar,

«Your old ally yet mourns perfidious war:

«Not to such deeds did Pallas lend her aid,

«Or break the compact which herself had made;

«Far from such councils, from the faithless

field

«She fled — but left behind her Gorgon shield;

«A fatal gift that turned your friends to stone,

tism or to his magnificence; but it cannot
be considered as an indication of either taste
or judgment. *Ibid*, p. 419.

- «And left lost Albion hated and alone.
 «Look to the East, where Ganges' swarthy race
 «Shall shake your usurpation to its base;
 «Lo! there rebellion rears her ghastly head,
 «And glares the Nemesis of native dead,
 «Till Indus rolls a deep purpureal flood,
 «And claims his long arrear of northern blood.
 «So may ye perish! Pallas, when she gave
 «Your free-born rights, forbade ye to enslave.
 «Look on your Spain, she clasps the hand she
 hates,
 «But coldly clasps and thrusts you from her
 gates.
 «Bear witness bright Barrossa, thou canst tell,
 «Whose were the sons that bravely fought and
 fell.
 «While Lusitania, kind and dear ally,
 «Can spare a few to fight and sometimes fly.
 «Oh glorious field! by Famine fiercely won;
 «The Gaul retires for once, and all is done!
 «But when did Pallas teach that one retreat
 «Retriev'd three long Olympiads of defeat
 «Look last at home, ye love not to look there,
 «On the grim smile of comfortless despair;
 «Your city saddens, loud though revel howls,
 «Here famine faints, and yonder rapine prowls:
 «See all alike of more or less bereft,
 «No misers tremble when there's nothing left:

" 'Blest paper credit,' * who shall dare to sing?
 " It clogs like led Corruption's weary wing:
 " Yet Pallas pluck'd each Premier by the ear
 " Who gods and men alike disdain'd to hear;
 " But one, repentant o'er a bankrupt state,
 " On Pallas calls, but calls, alas! too late:
 " Then raves for ***; † to that Mentor bends,
 " Though he and Pallas never yet were friends:
 " Him senates hear whom never yet they heard,
 " Contemptuous once, and now no less absurd:
 " So once of yore each reasonable frog
 " Swore faith and fealty to his sovereign log;
 " Thus hail'd your rulers their Patrician clod,
 " As Egypt chose an onion for a god.

" Now fare ye well, enjoy your little hour;
 " Go, — grasp the shadow of your vanish'd power;
 " Gloss o'er the failure of each fondest scheme,
 " Your strength a name, your bloated wealth a dream.

* Blest paper credit, last and best supply,
 That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly.

POPE.

† The Deal and Dover traffickers in specie.

“Wide o’er the realm they wave their kindling
brands

“And wring her vitals with their fiery hands.

“But one convulsive struggle still remains,

“And Gaul shall weep ere Albion wear her chains.

“The bannered pomp of war, the glittering files,

“O’er whose gay trappings stern Bellona smiles;

“The brazen trump, the spirit-stirring drum,

“That bid the foe defiance ere they come;

“The hero bounding at his country’s call,

“The glorious death that decorates his fall,

“Swell the young heart with visionary charms,

“And bid it antedate the joys of arms.

“But know, a lesson you may yet be taught,

“With death alone are laurels cheaply bought;

“Not in the conflict Havoc seeks delight,

“His day of mercy is the day of fight;

“But when the field is fought, the battle won,

“Though drench’d with gore, his woes are but
begun;

“His deeper deeds ye yet know but by name, —

“The slaughter’d peasant and the ravish’d dame,

“The rifled mansion and the foe-reap’d field,

“Ill suit with souls at home untaught to yield.

“Say with what eye, along the distant down?

“Would flying burghers mark the blazing town,

“How view the column of ascending flames

“Shake his red shadow o’er the startled Thames?

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