

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

THE SPINGARN COLLECTION
OF
CRITICISM AND LITERARY THEORY
PRESENTED BY
J. E. SPINGARN

✓
THE
LIBERAL.

VERSE AND PROSE FROM THE
SOUTH.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

LONDON, 1822:
PRINTED BY AND FOR JOHN HUNT,
22, OLD BOND STREET.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
274047A
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1936 L

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

CONTENTS.

	Page
Preface	5
The Vision of Judgment, by QUEVEDO REVIV'ED	15
A Letter to the Editor of "My Grandmother's Review"	41
The Florentine Lovers	51
Rhyme and Reason, or a New Proposal to the Public re- specting Poetry in Ordinary	81
A German Apologue	91
Letters from Abroad. Letter I.—Pisa	97
May-day Night; a Poetical Translation from Goethe's Faust	191
Ariosto's Episode of Cloridan, Medoro, and Angelica	159
The Country Maiden	161
Epigram of Alfieri	168
Epigrams on Lord Castlereagh	164

ERRATA.

Page 6, line 6, instead of "a worse king never left a realm undone," read "a weaker king ne'er left a realm undone."

Page 7, line 16, instead of "a bad ugly woman," read "an unhandsome woman."

Page 20, line 5, for "dwell," read "well."

Page 23, line 6, instead of "amidst the war," read "amidst the rear."

Page 38, in the note, for "body," read "bottom."

Page 62, lines 29 and 30—and page 68, line 15, for "*Signora* Veronica," read "*Gossip* Veronica."

Page 109, line 10, for "about the size of Stratford Place," read "about half the size."

ADVERTISEMENT
TO THE SECOND EDITION.

It is necessary to explain the omission in the first edition of the Preface to the *Vision of Judgment*, as well as the cause of those mistakes, obviously too considerable for mere errors of the press, which are noticed in the *errata*. The fact is, that Mr. Murray the bookseller, who was to have been the original publisher of the *Vision*, sent the present publisher a copy *not* corrected by the author, and also wanting the Preface,—from which copy the first edition was consequently printed. It was not till after the First Number of the *Liberal* had appeared, that the Publisher was informed there *was* a Preface, and that the copy of the poem sent to him to print from, was not the proper one with the necessary corrections by the Author. The only mode left of repairing this mischief, was to print the Preface and the corrections for the poem in a Second Edition, which is now done, and would have been done sooner, but for the time lost,—first, in endeavouring (though unsuccessfully) to obtain the corrected copy, which had passed through the Author's hands,—afterwards in procuring his corrections a second time from abroad. The reader need hardly be told, that the Author can with no more justice be held responsible for the mistakes in the first edition, than if his poem had been published at once from his MS. without the proofs being submitted to his revision. And it should be mentioned as aggravating the evil in this case, that the writings of the Author of the *Vision of Judgment* were mostly printed from the *rough and only manuscripts*—and that consequently he relied on seeing the proof-sheets, in order both to correct the errors of the printer, and to make such alterations as more mature consideration might suggest. This circumstance made it a particular duty in the publisher to take every possible care of the proofs corrected by the Author, and especially to see that those proofs alone were followed in the final printing.

January 1st, 1823.

P R E F A C E.

We are not going to usher in our publication with any pomp of prospectus. We mean to be very pleasant and ingenious, of course ; but decline proving it beforehand by a long common-place. The greater the flourish of trumpets now-a-days, the more suspicious what follows. Whatever it may be our luck to turn out, we at least wave our privilege of having the way prepared for us by our own mouth-pieces,—by words with long tails, and antitheses two and two. If we succeed, so much the better. If not, we shall at all events not die of the previous question, like an honest proposal in Parliament.

But we are forced to be prefatory, whether we would or no : for others, it seems, have been so anxious to furnish us with something of this sort, that they have blown the trumpet for us ; and done us the honour of announcing, that nothing less is to ensue, than a dilapidation of all the outworks of civilized society. Such at least, they say, is our intention ; and such would be the consequences, if they, the trumpeters, did not take care, by counterblasts, to puff the said outworks up again. We should be more sensible of this honour, if it did not arise from a confusion of ideas. They say that we are to cut up religion, morals, and everything that is legitimate ;—a pretty carving. It only shews what they really think of their own opinions on those subjects. The other day a ministerial paper said, that “ robes and coronations were

the strong-holds of royalty." We do not deny it; but if such is their strength, what is their weakness? If by religion they meant anything really worthy of divine or human beings; if by morals, they meant the only true morals, justice and beneficence; if by everything legitimate, they meant but half of what their own laws and constitutions have provided against the impudent pretensions of the despotic,—then we should do our best to leave religion and morals as we found them, and shew their political good faith at least half as much respect as we do. But when we know,—and know too from our intimacy with various classes of people,—that there is not a greater set of hypocrites in the world than these pretended teachers of the honest and inexperienced part of our countrymen;—when we know that their religion, even when it is in earnest on any point (which is very seldom) means the most ridiculous and untenable notions of the DIVINE BEING, and in all other cases means nothing but the Bench of Bishops;—when we know that their morals consist for the most part in a secret and practical contempt of their own professions, and for the least and best part, of a few dull examples of something a little more honest, clapped in front to make a show and a screen, and weak enough to be made tools against all mankind;—and when we know, to crown all, that their "legitimacy," as they call it, is the most unlawful of all lawless and impudent things, tending, under pretence that the whole world are as corrupt and ignorant as themselves, to put it at the mercy of the most brute understandings among them,—men by their very education in these pretensions, rendered the least fit to sympathize with their fellow men, and as unhappy, after all, as the lowest of their slaves;—when we know all this, and see nine-tenths of all the intelligent men in the world alive to it, and as resolved as we are to oppose it, then indeed we are willing to accept the title of enemies to religion, morals, and legitimacy, and hope to do our duty with all becoming profaneness accordingly. God defend us from the piety of thinking him a monster! God defend us from the morality of slaves and turncoats, and from the legitimacy

of half a dozen lawless old gentlemen, to whom, it seems, human nature is an estate in fee.

The object of our work is not political, except inasmuch as all writing now-a-days must involve something to that effect, the connexion between politics and all other subjects of interest to mankind having been discovered, never again to be done away. We wish to do our work quietly, if people will let us,—to contribute our liberalities in the shape of Poetry, Essays, Tales, Translations, and other amenities, of which kings themselves may read and profit, if they are not afraid of seeing their own faces in every species of inkstand. Italian Literature, in particular, will be a favourite subject with us; and so was German and Spanish to have been, till we lost the accomplished Scholar and Friend who was to share our task; but perhaps we may be able to get a supply of the scholarship, though not of the friendship. It may be our good fortune to have more than one foreign correspondent, who will be an acquisition to the reader. In the meantime, we must do our best by ourselves; and the reader may be assured he shall have all that is in us, clear and candid at all events, if nothing else; for

We love to pour out all ourselves as plain
As downright SHIPPEN or as old MONTAIGNE.

There are other things in the world besides kings, or even sycophants. There is one thing in particular with which we must help to bring the polite world acquainted, which is NATURE. Life really does not consist, entirely, of clubs and ball-rooms, of a collar made by Wilkins, and of the west end of a town. We confess we have a regard for the Dandies, properly so called; not the spurious race who take their title from their stays; we mean the pleasant and pithy personages who began the system, and who had ideas as well as bibs in their head. But it was on that account. We liked them, because they partook of the ETHERIDGES and SUCKLINGS of old: and why were the ETHERIDGES and SUCKLINGS better than their neighbours, but because they inherited from Old Mother Wit as well as Mother West-end, and

partook of the prerogatives of Nature? We have a regard for certain modern Barons, as well as those who got the Great Charter for us; but is it for those who would keep or for those who would give up the Charter? Is it for those who identify themselves with every feeble King John, or for those who have some of "GOD ALMIGHTY'S Nobility" in them as well as their own? Assuredly for the latter,—assuredly for those, who have something in them "which surpasses show," and which the breath of a puffing and blowing legitimate cannot unmake.

Be present then, and put life into our work, ye Spirits, not of the GAVESTONES and the DESPENSERS, but of the JOHN O' GAUNTS, the WICKLIFFES, and the CHAUCERS;—be present, not the slaves and sycophants of King HENRY the Eighth (whose names we have forgotten) but the HENRY HOWARDS, the SURREYS, and the WYATTS;—be present, not ye other rascallions and "booing" slaves of the court of King JAMIE, but ye BUCHANANS and ye WALTER RALEIGHS;—be present, not ye bed-chamber lords, flogging-boys, and mere soldiers, whosoever ye are, from my Lord THINGUMEE in King CHARLES's time, down to the immortal Duke of WHAT'S-HIS-NAME now flourishing; but the HERBERTS, the HUTCHINSONS, the LOCKES, the POPES, and the PETERBOROUGHs;—be present, not ye miserable tyrants, slaves, bigots, or turncoats of any party, not ye LAUDS or ye LAUDERDALES, ye Legitimate Pretenders (for so ye must now be called) ye TITUS OATESES, BEDLOWS, GARDINERS, SACHEVERELLES, and SOUTHEYS; but ye MILTONS and ye MARVELLS, ye HOADLEYS, ADDISONS, and STEELES, ye SOMERSES, DORSETS, and PRIORS, and all who have thrown light and life upon man, instead of darkness and death; who have made him a thing of hope and freedom, instead of despair and slavery; a being progressive, instead of a creeping creature retrograde:—if we have no pretensions to your genius, we at least claim the merit of loving and admiring it, and of longing to further its example.

We wish the title of our work to be taken in its largest acceptation, old as well as new,—but always in the same spirit of

admiring and assisting, rather than of professing. We just as much disclaim any assumption in it before the wise, as we disclaim any false modesty before all classes. All that we mean is, that we are advocates of every species of liberal knowledge, and that, by a natural consequence in these times, we go the full length in matters of opinion with large bodies of men who are called LIBERALS. At the same time, when we say the full length, we mean something very different from what certain pretended Liberals, and all the Illiberals, will take it to be; for it is by the very reason of going to that length, in its most liberal extreme—“ Ay, ay,” interrupts some old club-house Gentleman, in a buff waistcoat and red-face,—“ Now you talk sense. Extremes meet. *Verbum sat.* I am a Liberal myself, if you come to that, and devilish liberal I am. I gave for instance five guineas out of the receipts of my sinecure to the Irish sufferers; but that is between ourselves. You mean, that there are good hearty fellows in all parties, and that the great business is to balance them properly;—to let the people talk, provided they do no harm, and to let Governments go on as they do, have done, and will do for ever. Good,—good. I'll take in your journal myself;—here's to the success of it;—only don't make it too violent, you rogues;—don't spoil the balance. (God! I've spilt my bumper!) Cut up SOUTHEY as much as you please. We all think him as great a coxcomb as you do, and he bores us to death; but spare the King and the Ministers and all that, particularly Lord CASTLEREAGH and the Duke of WELLINGTON. D—d gentlemanly fellow, CASTLEREAGH, as you know; and besides he's dead. Shocking thing—shocking. It was all nonsense about his being so cold-hearted, and doing Ireland so much harm. He was the most gentlemanly of men. Wars must be carried on; Malthus has proved that millions must be slaughtered from time to time. The nonsense about that is as stupid as the cry about the game-laws and those infernal villains the poachers, who ought all to be strung up like hares: and as to Ireland, it is flying in the face of Providence to think that such horrible things could happen there, and

be prevented by *earthly* means,—*earthly* means, sir. Lord CASTLEREAGH himself referred us to Providence in all these unavoidable matters, and he was right;—but to think of his cutting his own throat—Good God! so very gentlemanly a man, and in the height of his power! It is truly shocking! As to WELLINGTON, he's not so gentlemanly a man, certainly; but then neither is CANNING, if you come to that. He cannot make speeches, I own; but no more can the King or my Lord MARYBOROUGH, or a hundred other eminent characters; and he does not make such cursed awkward blunders as poor CASTLEREAGH used to do. He has not got a very wise look, they say; but—I don't know,—it's soldier-like, I think; and if you come to that, what a strange fellow old BLUCHER looked, and SUWARROW, and all those; and between ourselves, the reigning Monarchs are a set of as common-looking gentry, as you'd wish to see in a summer's day; so I don't know what people would have. No—no—you really mustn't speak against WELLINGTON. Besides, he prosecutes."

We beg the reader's pardon in behalf of our worthy interrupter. Whatever may be his right estimation of his friends, we need not say that he misinterprets our notions of liberality, which certainly do not consist either in making the sort of confusion, or keeping the sort of peace, which he speaks of. There are, if he pleases, very silly fellows to be found in most parties, and these may be good enough to be made tools of by the clever ones; but to confound all parties themselves with one another, which is the real end of these pretended liberalities, and assume that none of them are a jot better or worse than the other, and may contain just as good and generous people,—this is to confound liberality with illiberality, narrow views with large, the instincts of a selfish choice with those of a generous one, and in the best and most imposing instances, the mere amenities and ordinary virtues of private life (which may be only a graceful selfishness, unless they go farther) with the noblest and boldest sympathies in behalf of the human race. It is too late in the day to be taken in with this kind of cant, even by the jolliest of placemen in all the benevolence of

his bumpers. The Duke of WELLINGTON is a great officer, "after his kind." We do not mean at court, where he is a very little officer, and condescends to change his Marshal's staff for the stick of a Lord in Waiting. But he is a good hunting captain,—a sort of human setter. We allow him all his praise in that respect, and only wish he had not confounded the rights of nations with those of a manor. What does he mean too by treating public meetings with contempt? and above all, what did he mean by that extremely odd assumption of the didactic, about teaching a "great moral lesson!" As to Lord CASTLEREAGH, he was one of the most illiberal and vindictive of statesmen, if we must use that word for every petty retainer, whom a bad system swells for a time into a part of its own unnatural greatness. Look at his famous Six Acts! Look at his treatment of BONAPARTE, his patronage of such infamous journals as the *Beacon*, his fondness for imprisoning, and for what his weak obstinacy calls his other strong measures. But he is dead, and people are now called upon to be liberal! Let us be so, in God's name, in the general sense we have of the infirmities of human nature; but it is one thing to be liberal in behalf of the many, and another thing to be exclusively so in behalf of the few. Have the consequences of Lord CASTLEREAGH's actions died with him? Are the Six Acts dead? Are thousands of the Irish *living*? We will give a specimen of the liberality of these new demanders of liberality. The other day, when one of the noblest of human beings, PERCY SHELLEY, who had more religion in his very differences with religion, than thousands of your church-and-state men, was lost on the coast of Italy, the *Courier* said, that "Mr. PERCY SHELLEY, a writer of *infidel poetry*, was drowned." Where was the liberality of this canting insinuation? Where was the decency, or, as it turned out, the common sense of it? Mr. SHELLEY's death by the waves was followed by Lord CASTLEREAGH's by his own hand; and then the cry is for liberal constructions! How could we not turn such a death against the enemies of Mr. SHELLEY, if we could condescend to affect a moment's agreement with their hypocrisy? But the least we can do

is to let these people see, that we know them, and to warn them how they assail us. The force of our answers will always be proportioned to the want of liberality in the assailant. This is a liberality, at all events, upon which our readers may reckon. The rest, which we were going to say, is this;—that although we condemn by wholesale certain existing demands upon our submission and credulity, we are not going to discover every imaginative thing even in a religion to be nonsense, like a semi-liberalized Frenchman; nor, on the other hand, to denounce all levity and wit to be nonsense and want of feeling, like a semi-liberalized German. If we are great admirers of VOLTAIRE, we are great admirers also of GOETHE and SCHILLER. If we pay our homage to DANTE and MILTON, we have tribute also for the brilliant sovereignties of ARIOSTO and BOCCACCIO.

Wherever, in short, we see the mind of man exhibiting powers of its own, and at the same time helping to carry on the best interests of human nature,—however it may overdo the matter a little on this side or on that, or otherwise partake of the common frailty through which it passes,—there we recognise the demigods of liberal worship;—there we bow down, and own our lords and masters;—there we hope for the final passing away of all obscene worships, however formalized,—of all monstrous sacrifices of the many to the few, however “legitimized” and besotted.

THE
LIBERAL.

No. I.

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."

PREFACE.

It hath been wisely said, that "One fool makes many;"
and it hath been poetically observed,

"That fools rush in where angels fear to tread."—*Pope.*

If Mr. Southey had not rushed in where he had no business, and where he never was before, and never will be again, the following poem would not have been written. It is not impossible that it may be as good as his own, seeing that it cannot, by any species of stupidity, natural or acquired, be *worse*. The gross flattery, the dull impudence, the renegado intolerance and impious cant of the poem by the author of *Wat Tyler*, are something so stupendous as to

form the sublime of himself—containing the quintessence of his own attributes.

So much for his poem—a word on his preface. In this preface it has pleased the magnanimous Laureate to draw the picture of a supposed “Satanic School,” the which he doth recommend to the notice of the legislature, thereby adding to his other laurels the ambition of those of an informer. If there exists anywhere, excepting in his imagination, such a school, is he not sufficiently armed against it by his own intense vanity? The truth is, that there are certain writers whom Mr. S. imagines, like Scrub, to have “talked of *him*; for they laughed consumedly.”

I think I know enough of most of the writers to whom he is supposed to allude, to assert, that they, in their individual capacities, have done more good in the charities of life to their fellow-creatures in any one year, than Mr. Southey has done harm to himself by his absurdities in his whole life; and this is saying a great deal. But I have a few questions to ask.

1stly. Is Mr. Southey the author of *Wat Tyler*?

2ndly. Was he not refused a remedy at law by the highest Judge of his beloved England, because it was a blasphemous and seditious publication?

3dly. Was he not entitled by William Smith, in full Parliament, “a rancorous Renegade?”

4thly. Is he not Poet Laureate, with his own lines on *Martin the Regicide* staring him in the face?

And, 5thly. Putting the four preceding items together, with what conscience dare he call the attention of the laws to the publications of others, be they what they may?

I say nothing of the cowardice of such a proceeding; its meanness speaks for itself; but I wish to touch upon the *motive*, which is neither more nor less, than that Mr. S. has

been laughed at a little in some recent publications, as he was of yore in the "Anti-jacobin" by his present patrons. Hence all this "skimble scamble stuff" about "Satanic," and so forth. However, it is worthy of him—"Qualis ab incepto."

If there is any thing obnoxious to the political opinions of a portion of the public, in the following poem, they may thank Mr. Southey. He might have written hexameters, as he has written every thing else, for aught that the writer cared—had they been upon another subject. But to attempt to canonize a Monarch, who, whatever were his household virtues, was neither a successful nor a patriot king,—inasmuch as several years of his reign passed in war with America and Ireland, to say nothing of the aggression upon France,—like all other exaggeration, necessarily begets opposition. In whatever manner he may be spoken of in this new "Vision," his *public* career will not be more favourably transmitted by history. Of his private virtues (although a little expensive to the nation) there can be no doubt.

With regard to the supernatural personages treated of, I can only say that I know as much about them, and (as an honest man) have a better right to talk of them than Robert Southey. I have also treated them more tolerantly. The way in which that poor insane creature, the Laureate, deals about his judgments in the next world, is like his own judgment in this. If it was not completely ludicrous, it would be something worse. I don't think that there is much more to say at present.

QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.

P.S.—It is possible that some readers may object, in these objectionable times, to the freedom with which saints,

angels, and spiritual persons, discourse in this "Vision." But for precedents upon such points I must refer him to Fielding's "Journey from this World to the next," and to the Visions of myself, the said Quevedo, in Spanish or translated. The reader is also requested to observe, that no doctrinal tenets are insisted upon or discussed; that the person of the Deity is carefully withheld from sight, which is more than can be said for the Laureate, who hath thought proper to make him talk; not "like a school divine," but like the unscholarlike Mr. Southey. The whole action passes on the outside of Heaven; and Chaucer's Wife of Bath, Pulci's Morgante Maggiore, Swift's Tale of a Tub, and the other works above referred to, are cases in point of the freedom with which "saints, &c. may be permitted to converse in works not intended to be serious.

Q. R.

[* * Mr. Southey, being, as he says, a good Christian and vindictive, threatens, I understand, a reply to this our answer. It is to be hoped that his visionary faculties will in the mean time have acquired a little more judgment, properly so called: otherwise he will get himself into new dilemmas. These apostate jacobins furnish rich rejoinders. Let him take a specimen. Mr. Southey laudeth grievously "one Mr. Landor," who cultivates much private renown in the shape of Latin verses; and not long ago, the Poet Laureate dedicated to him, it appeareth, one of his fugitive lyrics, upon the strength of a poem called *Gebir*. Who would suppose, that in this same *Gebir*, the aforesaid Savage Landor (for such is his grim cognomen) putteth into the infernal regions no less a person than the hero of his friend Mr. Southey's heaven,—yea, even George the Third! See also how personal Savage becometh, when he hath a mind. The following is his portrait of our late gracious Sovereign:—

Prince Gebir having descended into the infernal regions, the shades of his royal ancestors are, at his request, called up to his view, and he exclaims to his ghostly guide)—

VISION OF JUDGMENT.

"Aroar, what wretch that nearest us? what wretch
Is that with eyebrows white and slanting brow?
Listen! him yonder, who, bound down supine,
Shrinks yelling from that sword there, engine-kung.
He too amongst my ancestors! I hate
The despot, but the dastard I despise.
Was he our countryman?"

"Alas, O King!

Iberia bore him, but the breed accurst
Inclement winds blew blighting from north-east."
"He was a warrior then, nor fear'd the gods?"
"Gebir, he fear'd the Demons, not the Gods,
Though them indeed his daily face ador'd;
And was no warrior, yet the thousand lives
Squander'd, as stones to exercise a sling!
And the tame cruelty and cold caprice—
Oh madness of mankind! address, adored!"—*Gebir*, p. 28.

I omit noticing some edifying Ithyphallics of Savagius, wishing to keep the proper veil over them, if his grave but somewhat indiscreet worshipper will suffer it; but certainly these teachers of "great moral lessons" are apt to be found in strange company.]

THE VISION OF JUDGMENT.

I.

SAIN**T** 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.

THE VISION OF JUDGMENT.

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 stripped 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 profusion
 Of velvet, gilding, brass, and no great dearth
 Of aught but tears—save those shed by collusion;
 For these things may be bought at their true worth:
 Of elegy there was the due infusion—
 Bought also; and the torches, cloaks, and banners,
 Heralds, and relics 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 throb'd not there a thought which pierced 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 unummied 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 he 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 no 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'm'd,
 And that the other twice two hundred churches
 And synagogues have made a *damn'd* bad purchase.

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 wond'rous noise he had not heard of late—
 A rushing sound of wind, and stream, and flame ;
 In short, a roar of things extremely great,
 Which would have made aught save a saint exclaim ;
 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 !”
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 ?
“ Is Lucifer come back with all this clatter ?”

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 last 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 France ;

“ 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 ;
 " And there he sits by St Paul, cheek by jowl ;
 " That fellow Paul—the parvenu ! The skin
 " Of Saint Bartholomew, which makes his cowl
 " In heaven, and upon earth redeem'd his sin
 " So as to make a martyr, never sped
 " Better than did this weak and wooden head.

XXI.

" But had it come up here upon its shoulders,
 " There would have been a different tale to tell :
 " The fellow feeling in the saints beholders
 " Seems to have acted on them like a spell,
 " And so this very foolish head heaven solders
 " Back on its trunk : it may be very well,
 " And seems the custom here to overthrow
 " Whatever has been wisely done below."

XXII.

The Angel answer'd, " Peter ! do not pout ;
 " The king who comes has head and all entire,
 " And never knew much what it was about—
 " He did as doth the puppet—by its wire,
 " And will be judged like all the rest, no doubt :
 " My business and your own is not to inquire
 " Into such matters, but to mind our cue—
 " Which is to act as we are bid to do."

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-coloured 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.

XXX.

Michael flew forth in glory and in good ;
 A goodly work of him from whom all glory
 And good arise ; the portal past—he stood ;
 Before him the young cherubs and saint hoary,
 (I say *young*, begging to be understood
 By looks, not years ; and should be very sorry
 To state, they were not older than Saint Peter,
 But merely that they seem'd a little sweeter.)

XXXI.

The cherubs and the saints bow'd down before
 That arch-angelic Hierarch, the first
 Of Essences angelical, who wore
 The aspect of a god ; but this ne'er nurst
 Pride in his heavenly bosom, in whose core
 No thought, save for his Maker's service, durst
 Intrude, however glorified and high ;
 He knew him but the viceroy of the sky.

XXXII.

He and the sombre silent Spirit met—

They knew each other both for good and ill ;
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 Sathan 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
From out the whole but such and such an act

As sets aside the slightest thought of trick.

'Tis every tittle true, beyond suspicion,

And accurate as any other vision.

XXXV.

The spirits were in neutral space, before
 The gate of heaven ; like eastern thresholds is
 The place where Death's grand cause is argued o'er,
 And souls despatched to that world or to this ;
 And therefore Michael and the other wore
 A civil aspect : though they did not kiss,
 Yet still between his Darkness and his Brightness
 There passed a mutual glance of great politeness.

XXXVI.

The Archangel bowed, not like a modern beau,
 But with a graceful Oriental bend,
 Pressing one radiant arm just where below
 The heart in good men is supposed to tend.
 He turned as to an equal, not too low,
 But kindly ; Sathan met his ancient friend
 With more hauteur, as might an old Castilian
 Poor noble meet a mushroom rich civilian.

XXXVII.

He merely bent his diabolic brow
 An instant ; and then raising it, he stood
 In act to assert his right or wrong, and show
 Cause why King George by no means could or should
 Make out a case to be exempt from woe
 Eternal, more than other kings endued
 With better sense and hearts, whom history mentions,
 Who long have " paved hell with their good intentions."

XXXVIII.

Michael began : " What wouldst thou with this man,
 " Now dead, and brought before the Lord? What ill
 " Hath he wrought since his mortal race began,
 " That thou can'st claim him? Speak! and do thy will,
 " If it be just : if in this earthly span
 " He hath been greatly failing to fulfil :
 " His duties as a king and mortal, say,
 " And he is thine ; if not, let him have way."

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,

XLI.

“ And these but as a kind of quit-rent, to
 “ Assert my right as lord ; and even had
 “ I such an inclination, ’twere (as you
 “ Well know) superfluous ; they are grown so bad,
 “ That hell has nothing better left to do
 “ Than leave them to themselves : so much more mad
 “ And evil by their own internal curse,
 “ Heaven cannot make them better, nor I worse.

XLII.

“ Look to the earth, I said, and say again :
 “ When this old, blind, mad, helpless, weak, poor worm,
 “ Began in youth’s first bloom and flush to reign,
 “ The world and he both wore a different form,
 “ And much of earth and all the watery plain
 “ Of ocean call’d him king : through many a storm
 “ His isles had floated on the abyss of Time ;
 “ For the rough virtues chose them for their clime.

LXIII.

“ He came to his sceptre, young ; he leaves it, old :
 “ Look to the state in which he found his realm,
 “ And left it ; and his annals too behold,
 “ How to a minion first he gave the helm ;
 “ How grew upon his heart a thirst for gold,
 “ The beggar’s vice, which can but overwhelm
 “ The meanest hearts ; and for the rest, but glance
 “ Thine eye along America and France !

XLIV.

- " 'Tis true, he was a tool from first to last ;
 " (I have the workmen safe) ; but as a tool
 " So let him be consumed ! From out the past
 " Of ages, since mankind have known the rule
 " Of monarchs—from the bloody rolls amass'd
 " Of sin and slaughter—from the Cæsar's school,
 " Take the worst pupil ; and produce a reign
 " More drench'd with gore, more cumber'd with the slain !

LXV.

- " 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 licence 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 Sathan, " you do dwell to avenge
 " The wrongs he made your satellites endure ;
 " 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 want to be more civil :
 " Sathan! excuse this warmth of his expression,
 " 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 witnesses."

LII.

Then Sathan turn'd and wav'd 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 Sathan'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
 Is theirs particularly in the rolls
 Of hell assigned; but where their inclination
 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 second,
 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 Sathan's couriers bound for their own clime.
 The sun takes up some years for 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 near'd,
 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 ere 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."

LVIX.

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 sha'nt 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."

XL.

Besides there were the Spaniard, Dutch, and Dane;
 In short, an universal shoal of shades
 From Otabeite'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 turned 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 Sathan : " 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.

Sathan 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 Sathan answered, "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,
 Drest 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,
 "And '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 ought to arraign in him, the tomb
 " Gives licence 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 unwilling
 " 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; whatsoe'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
 " Flitting and whispering round about the spit
 " Where Belial, upon duty for the day,
 " With Fox's lard was basting William Pitt,
 " His pupil; I knew what to think, I say:
 " That fellow even in hell breeds farther ills;
 " I'll have him *gagg'd*—'twas one of his own bills.

LXXIV.

"Call Junius!" From the crowd a Shadow stalk'd,
 And at the name there was a general squeeze,
 So that the very ghosts no longer walk'd
 In comfort, at their own aerial ease,
 But were all ramm'd, and jamm'd (but to be balk'd,
 As we shall see) and jostled hands and knees,
 Like wind compress'd and pent within a bladder,
 Or like a human cholic, which is sadder.

LXXV.

The Shadow came! a tall, thin, gray-hair'd figure,
 That look'd as it had been a shade on earth;
 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:

LXXVII.

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 another;
 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
 Good Mrs. Malaprop;) then you might deem
 That he was not even *one*; now many rays
 Were flashing round him; and now a thick steam
 Hid him from sight—like fogs on London days:
 Now Burke, now Tooke, he grew to people's fancies,
 And certes often like Sir Philip Francis.

LXXX.

I've an hypothesis—'tis quite my own;
 I never let it out till now, for fear
 Of doing people harm about the throne,
 And injuring some minister or peer
 On whom the stigma might perhaps be blown;
 It is—my gentle public, lend thine ear!
 'Tis, that what Junius we are wont to call,
 Was *really, truly*, nobody at all.

LXXXI.

I don't see wherefore letters should not be
 Written without hands, since we daily view
 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
 The 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.

" My charges upon record will outlast
 " The brass of both his epitaph and tomb."
 " Repent'st thou not," said Michael, " of some past
 " Exaggeration? something which may doom
 " Thyself, if false, as him if true? Thou wast
 " Too bitter—is it not so? in thy gloom
 " Of passion?" " Passion!" cried the Phantom dim,
 " I loved my country, and I hated him.

LXXXIV.

" What I have written, I have written: let
 " The rest be on his head or mine!" So spoke
 Old " Nominis Umbra;" and while speaking yet,
 Away he melted in celestial smoke.
 Then Satan said to Michael, " Don't forget
 " To call George Washington, and John Horne Tooke,
 " And Franklin:"—but at this time there was heard
 A cry for room, though not a phantom stirr'd.

LXXXV.

At length with jostling, elbowing, and the aid
 Of cherubim appointed to that post,
 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 Sathan 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;
 And Michael rose ere he could get a word
 Of all his founder'd verses under way,
 And cried, "For God's sake stop, my friend! 'twere best—
 "*Non Di, non homines*—" you know the rest."

XCII.

A general bustle spread throughout the throng,
 Which seem'd to hold all verse in detestation ;
 The angels had of course enough of song
 When upon service ; and the generation
 Of ghosts had heard too much in life, not long
 Before, to profit by a new occasion ;
 The Monarch, mute till then, exclaim'd, "What! what!
 " *Pye* come again? No more—no more of that!"

XCIII.

The tumult grew, an universal cough
 Convulsed the skies, as during a debate,
 When Castlereagh has been up long enough,
 (Before he was first minister of state,
 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
 Upon decorous silence, few will twice
 Lift up their lungs when fairly overcrow'd;
 And now the Bard could plead his own bad cause,
 With all the attitudes of self-applause.

XCVI.

He said—(I only give the heads)—he said,
 He meant no harm in scribbling; 'twas his way
 Upon all topics; 'twas, besides, his bread,
 Of which he butter'd both sides; 'twould delay
 Too long the assembly (he was pleased to dread)
 And take up rather more time than a day,
 To name his works—he would but cite a few—
 Wat Tyler—Rhymes on Blenheim—Waterloo.

XCVII.

He had written praises of a regicide;
 He had written praises of all kings whatever;
 He had written for republics far and wide,
 And then against them bitterer than ever;
 For pantisocracy he once had cried
 Aloud, a scheme less moral than 'twas clever;
 Then grew a hearty antijacobin—
 Had turn'd his coat—and would have turn'd his skin.

XCVIII.

He had sung against all battles, and again
 In their high praise and glory; he had call'd
 Reviewing* "the ungentle craft," and then
 Become as base a critic as ere crawl'd—
 Fed, paid, and pamper'd by the very men
 By whom his muse and morals had been maul'd:
 He had written much blank verse, and blanker prose,
 And more of both than any body knows.

XCIX.

He had written Wesley's life:—here, turning round
 To Sathan, "Sir, I'm ready to write yours,
 "In two octavo volumes, nicely bound,
 "With notes and preface, all that most allures
 "The pious purchaser; and there's no ground
 "For fear, for I can choose my own reviewers:
 "So let me have the proper documents,
 "That I may add you to my other saints."

C.

Sathan 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 a 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.

* See "Life of H. Kirke White."

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."†

CIII.

Those grand heroics acted as a spell:
 The angels stopp'd their ears and plied their pinions;

* 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 Antiquary, Vol. I.

The devils ran howling, deafen'd, down to hell ;
 The ghosts fled, gibbering, for their own dominions—
 (For 'tis not yet decided where they dwell,
 And I leave every man to his opinions ;))
 Michael took refuge in his trump—but lo !
 His teeth were set on edge, he could not blow !

CIV.

Saint Peter, who has hitherto been known
 For an impetuous saint, upraised his keys,
 And at the fifth line knock'd the Poet down ;
 Who fell like Phaeton, but more at ease,
 Into his lake, for there he did not drown,
 A different web being by the Destinies
 Woven for the Laureate's final wreath, whene'er
 Reform shall happen either here or there.

CV.

He first sunk to the bottom—like his works,
 But soon rose to the surface—like himself ;
 For all corrupted things are buoy'd, like corks*,
 By their own rottenness, light as an elf,
 Or wisp that flits o'er a morass : he lurks,
 It may be, still, like dull books on a shelf,
 In his own den, to scrawl some "Life" or "Vislon,"
 As Wellborn says—"the devil turn'd precisian."

* A drowned body lies at the bottom till rotten ; it then floats, as most people know.

CVI.

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 shown :
All I saw farther in the last confusion,
Was, that King George slipp'd into heaven for one ;
And when the tumult dwindled to a calm,
I left him practising the hundredth psalm.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF "MY GRANDMOTHER'S REVIEW."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BRITISH REVIEW.

MY DEAR ROBERTS,

As a believer in the Church of England—to say nothing of the State—I have been an occasional reader, and great admirer of, though not a subscriber to, your Review, which is rather expensive. But I do not know that any part of its contents ever gave me much surprise till the eleventh article of your twenty-seventh number made its appearance. You have there most vigorously refuted a calumnious accusation of bribery and corruption, the credence of which in the public mind might not only have damaged your reputation as a barrister and an editor, but, what would have been still worse, have injured the circulation of your journal; which, I regret to hear, is not so extensive as the "purity (as you well observe) of its," &c. &c. and the present taste for propriety, would induce us to expect. The charge itself is of a solemn nature, and, although in verse, is couched in terms of such circumstantial gravity, as to induce a belief little short of that generally accorded to the thirty-nine articles, to which you so frankly subscribed on taking your degrees. It is a charge the most revolting to the heart of man, from its frequent occurrence; to the mind of a lawyer, from its occa-

sional truth; and to the soul of an editor, from its moral impossibility. You are charged then in the last line of one octave stanza, and the whole eight lines of the next, viz. 209th and 210th of the first canto of that "pestilent poem," Don Juan, with receiving, and still more foolishly acknowledging the receipt of, certain monies, to eulogize the unknown author, who by this account must be known to you, if to nobody else. An impeachment of this nature, so seriously made, there is but one way of refuting; and it is my firm persuasion, that whether you did or did not (and *I* believe that you did not) receive the said monies, of which I wish that he had specified the sum, you are quite right in denying all knowledge of the transaction. If charges of this nefarious description are to go forth, sanctioned by all the solemnity of circumstance, and guaranteed by the veracity of verse (as Counsellor Phillips would say) what is to become of readers hitherto implicitly confident in the not less veracious prose of our critical journals? what is to become of the reviews? And, if the reviews fail, what is to become of the editors? It is common cause, and you have done well to sound the alarm. I myself, in my humble sphere, will be one of your echoes. In the words of the tragedian Liston, "I love a row," and you seem justly determined to make one.

It is barely possible, certainly improbable, that the writer might have been in jest; but this only aggravates his crime. A joke, the proverb says, "breaks no bones;" but it may break a bookseller, or it may be the cause of bones being broken. The jest is but a bad one at the best for the author, and might have been a still worse one for you, if your copious contradiction did not certify to all whom it may concern your own indignant innocence, and the immaculate purity of the *British Review*. I do not doubt your word, my dear Roberts,

yet I cannot help wishing that in a case of such vital importance, it had assumed the more substantial shape of an affidavit sworn before the Lord Mayor.

I am sure, my dear Roberts, that you will take these observations of mine in good part; they are written in a spirit of friendship not less pure than your own editorial integrity. I have always admired you; and not knowing any shape which friendship and admiration can assume more agreeable and useful than that of good advice, I shall continue my lucubrations, mixed with here and there a monitory hint as to what I conceive to be the line you should pursue, in case you should ever again be assailed with bribes, or accused of taking them. By the way, you don't say much about the poem, except that it is "flagitious." This is a pity—you should have cut it up; because, to say the truth, in not doing so, you somewhat assist any notions which the malignant might entertain on the score of the anonymous asseveration which has made you so angry.

You say, no bookseller "was willing to take upon himself the publication, though most of them disgrace themselves by selling it." Now, my dear friend, though we all know that those fellows will do any thing for money, methinks the disgrace is more with the purchasers; and some such, doubtless, there are, for there can be no very extensive selling (as you will perceive by that of the *British Review*) without buying. You then add, "what can the critic say?" I am sure I don't know; at present he says very little, and that not much to the purpose. Then comes, "for praise, as far as regards the *poetry*, many passages might be exhibited; for condemnation, as far as regards the morality, all." Now, my dear good Roberts, I feel for you and for your reputation; my heart bleeds for both; and I do ask you, whether or not such language does not come positively under the

description of "the puff collusive," for which see Sheridan's farce of "The Critic" (by the way, a little more facetious than your own farce under the same title) towards the close of scene second, act the first.

The poem is, it seems, sold as the work of Lord Byron; but you feel yourself "at liberty to suppose it not Lord B.'s composition." Why did you ever suppose that it was? I approve of your indignation—I applaud it—I feel as angry as you can; but perhaps your virtuous wrath carries you a little too far, when you say that "no misdemeanour, not even that of sending into the world obscene and blasphemous poetry, the product of studious lewdness and laboured impiety, appears to you in so detestable a light as the acceptance of a present by the editor of a review, as the condition of praising an author." The devil it doesn't!—Think a little. This is being critical overmuch. In point of Gentile benevolence or Christian charity, it were surely less criminal to praise for a bribe, than to abuse a fellow creature for nothing; and as to the assertion of the comparative innocence of blasphemy and obscenity, confronted with an editor's "acceptance of a present," I shall merely observe, that as an editor you say very well, but as a Christian barrister, I would not recommend you to transplant this sentence into a brief.

And yet you say, "the miserable man (for miserable he is, as having a soul of which he cannot get rid)"—But here I must pause again, and inquire what is the meaning of this parenthesis. We have heard of people of "little soul," or of "no soul at all," but never till now of "the misery of having a soul of which we cannot get rid;" a misery under which you are possibly no great sufferer, having got rid apparently of some of the intellectual part of your own when you penned this pretty piece of eloquence.

But to continue. You call upon Lord Byron, always supposing him *not* the author, to disclaim "with all gentlemanly haste," &c. &c. I am told that Lord B. is in a foreign country, some thousand miles off it may be; so that it will be difficult for him to hurry to your wishes. In the mean time, perhaps you yourself have set an example of more haste than gentility; but "the more haste the worse speed."

Let us now look at the charge itself, my dear Roberts, which appears to me to be in some degree not quite explicitly worded:

"I bribed my *Grandmother's Review*, the British."

I recollect hearing, soon after the publication, this subject discussed at the tea-table of Mr. S. the poet, who expressed himself, I remember, a good deal surprised that you had never reviewed his epic poem, nor any of his six tragedies, of which, in one instance, the bad taste of the pit, and in all the rest, the barbarous repugnance of the principal actors, prevented the performance. Mrs. and the Misses S. being in a corner of the room perusing the proof sheets of some new poems on Italy (I wish, by the by, Mrs. S. would make the tea a little stronger) the male part of the *conversazione* were at liberty to make a few observations on the poem and passage in question, and there was a difference of opinion. Some thought the allusion was to the "British Critic;" others, that by the expression, "my Grandmother's Review," it was intimated that "my grandmother" was not the reader of the review, but actually the writer; thereby insinuating, my dear Roberts, that you were an old woman; because, as people often say, "Jeffrey's Review," "Gifford's Review," in lieu of *Edinburgh and Quarterly*; so "my Grandmother's Review" and Roberts's might be also synonymous. Now, whatever colour this insinuation might derive from the cir-

cumstance of your wearing a gown, as well as from your time of life, your general style, and various passages of your writings,—I will take upon myself to exculpate you from all suspicion of the kind, and assert, without calling Mrs. Roberts in testimony, that if ever you should be chosen Pope, you will pass through all the previous ceremonies with as much credit as any pontiff since the parturition of Joan. It is very unfair to judge of sex from writings, particularly from those of the British Review. We are all liable to be deceived; and it is an indisputable fact, that many of the best articles in your journal, which were attributed to a veteran female, were actually written by you yourself; and yet to this day there are people who could never find out the difference. But let us return to the more immediate question.

I agree with you that it is impossible Lord Byron should be the author, not only because, as a British peer, and a British poet, it would be impracticable for him to have recourse to such facetious fiction, but for some other reasons which you have omitted to state. In the first place, his lordship has no grandmother. Now the author—and we may believe him in this—doth expressly state that the “British” is his “Grandmother’s Review;” and if, as I think I have distinctly proved, this was not a mere figurative allusion to your supposed intellectual age and sex, my dear friend, it follows, whether you be she or no, that there is such an elderly lady still extant. And I can the more readily credit this, having a sexagenary aunt of my own, who perused you constantly, till unfortunately falling asleep over the leading article of your last number, her spectacles fell off and were broken against the fender, after a faithful service of fifteen years, and she has never been able to fit her eyes since; so that I have been forced to read you aloud to her; and this is in fact the way in which I became acquainted with the sub-

ject of my present letter, and thus determined to become your public correspondent.

In the next place, Lord B.'s destiny seems in some sort like that of Hercules of old, who became the author of all unappropriated prodigies. Lord B. has been supposed the author of the "Vampire," of a "Pilgrimage to Jerusalem," "To the Dead Sea," of "Death upon the Pale Horse," of odes to "La Valette," to "Saint Helena," to the "Land of the Gaul," and to a sucking child. Now he turned out to have written none of these things. Besides, you say, he knows in what a spirit of, &c. you criticise—Are you sure he knows all this? that he has read you like my poor dear aunt? They tell me he is a queer sort of a man; and I would not be too sure, if I were you, either of what he has read or of what he has written. I thought his style had been the serious and terrible. As to his sending you money, this is the first time that ever I heard of his paying his reviewers in *that coin*; I thought it was rather in *their own*, to judge from some of his earlier productions. Besides, though he may not be profuse in his expenditure, I should conjecture that his reviewer's bill is not so long as his tailor's.

Shall I give you what I think a prudent opinion? I don't mean to insinuate, God forbid! but if, by any accident, there should have been such a correspondence between you and the unknown author, whoever he may be, send him back his money: I dare say he will be very glad to have it again: it can't be much, considering the value of the article and the circulation of the journal; and you are too modest to rate your praise beyond its real worth.—Don't be angry,—I know you won't,—at this appraisalment of your powers of eulogy; for on the other hand, my dear friend, depend upon it your abuse is worth, not its own weight,—that's a feather,—but *your weight* in gold. So don't spare it: if he has bargained for *that*,

give it handsomely, and depend upon your doing him a friendly office.

But I only speak in case of possibility; for, as I said before, I cannot believe in the first instance, that you would receive a bribe to praise any person whatever; and still less can I believe that your praise could ever produce such an offer. You are a good creature, my dear Roberts, and a clever fellow; else I could almost suspect that you had fallen into the very trap set for you in verse by this anonymous wag, who will certainly be but too happy to see you saving him the trouble of making you ridiculous. The fact is, that the solemnity of your eleventh article does make you look a little more absurd than you ever yet looked, in all probability, and at the same time does no good; for if any body believed before in the octave stanzas, they will believe still, and you will find it not less difficult to prove your negative, than the learned Partridge found it to demonstrate his not being dead, to the satisfaction of the readers of almanacs.

What the motives of this writer may have been for (as you magnificently translate his quizzing you) "stating, with the "particularity which belongs to fact, the forgery of a groundless fiction," (do pray, my dear R., talk a little less "in King Cambyses' vein") I cannot pretend to say; perhaps to laugh at you, but that is no reason for your benevolently making all the world laugh also. I approve of your being angry; I tell you I am angry too; but you should not have shown it so outrageously. Your solemn "if somebody per-
"sonating the Editor of the," &c. &c. "has received from "Lord B. or from any other person," reminds me of Charley Incedon's usual exordium when people came into the tavern to hear him sing without paying their share of the reckoning — "If a maun, or *ony* maun, or *ony other* maun," &c. &c.;

you have both the same redundant eloquence. But why should you think any body would personate you? Nobody would dream of such a prank who ever read your compositions, and perhaps not many who have heard your conversation. But I have been inoculated with a little of your prolixity. The fact is, my dear Roberts, that somebody has tried to make a fool of you, and what he did not succeed in doing, you have done for him and for yourself.

With regard to the poem itself, or the author, whom I cannot find out (can you?) I have nothing to say; my business is with you. I am sure that you will, upon second thoughts, be really obliged to me for the intention of this letter, however far short my expressions may have fallen of the sincere good will, admiration, and thorough esteem, with which I am ever, my dear Roberts,

Most truly yours,

WORTLEY CLUTTERBUCK.

Sept. —, —.
Little Piddington.

P.S. My letter is too long to revise, and the post is going. I forget whether or not I asked you the meaning of your last words, "the forgery of a groundless fiction." Now, as all forgery is fiction, and all fiction a kind of forgery, is not this tautological? The sentence would have ended more strongly with "forgery;" only it hath an awful Bank of England sound, and would have ended like an indictment, besides sparing you several words, and conferring some meaning upon the remainder. But this is mere verbal criticism. Good bye—once more yours truly,

W. C.

P. S. 2nd.—Is it true that the Saints make up the losses of the review?—It is very handsome in them to be at so great an expence—Pray pardon my taking up so much of your time from the bar, and from your clients, who I hear are about the same number with the readers of your journal. *Twice more yours,*

W. C.

THE FLORENTINE LOVERS. •

At the time when Florence was divided into the two fierce parties of Guelfs and Ghibelines, there was great hostility between two families of the name of Bardi and Buondelmonti. It was seldom that love took place between individuals of houses so divided; but, when it did, it was proportionately vehement, either because the individuals themselves were vehement in all their passions, or because love, falling upon two gentle hearts, made them the more pity and love one another, to find themselves in so unnatural a situation.

Of this latter kind was an affection that took place between a young lady of the family of the Bardi, called Dianora d'Amerigo, and a youth of the other family, whose name was Ippolito. The girl was about fifteen, and in the full flower of her beauty and sweetness. Ippolito was about three years older, and looked two or three more, on account of a certain gravity and deep regard in the upper part of his face. You might know by his lips that he could love well, and by his eyes that he could keep the secret. There was a likeness, as sometimes happens, between the two lovers; and perhaps this was no mean help to their passion; for as we find painters often giving their own faces to their heroes, so the more ex-

* The groundwork of this story is in a late Italian publication called the *Florentine Observer*, descriptive of the old buildings and other circumstances of local interest in the capital of Tuscany.

cusable vanity of lovers delights to find that resemblance in one another, which Plato said was only the divorced half of the original human being rushing into communion with the other.

Be this as it may (and lovers in those times were not ignorant of such speculations) it needed but one sight of Dianora d'Amerigo to make Ippolito fall violently in love with her. It was in church on a great holiday. In the South the church has ever been the place where people fall in love. It is there that the young of both sexes oftenest find themselves in each other's company. There the voluptuous that cannot fix their thoughts upon heaven find congenial objects, more earthly, to win their attention; and there, the most innocent and devotional spirits, voluptuous also without being aware of it, and not knowing how to vent the grateful pleasure of their hearts, discover their tendency to repose on beings that can shew themselves visibly sensible to their joy. The paintings, the perfumes, the music, the kind crucifix, the mixture of aspiration and earthly ceremony, the draperies, the white vestments of young and old, the boys' voices, the giant candles, typical of the seraphic ministrants about God's altar, the meeting of all ages and classes, the echoings of the aisles, the lights and shades of the pillars and vaulted roofs, the very struggle of day-light at the lofty windows, as if earth were at once present and not present,—all have a tendency to confuse the boundaries of this world and the next, and to set the heart floating in that delicious mixture of elevation and humility, which is ready to sympathize with whatever can preserve to it something like its sensations, and save it from the hardness and definite folly of ordinary life. It was in a church that Boccaccio, not merely the voluptuous Boccaccio, who is but half-known by the half-witted, but Boccaccio, the future painter of the Falcon

and the Pot of Basil, first saw the beautiful face of his Fiammetta. In a church, Petrarch felt the sweet shadow fall on him that darkened his life for twenty years after. And the fond gratitude of the local historian for a tale of true love, has left it on record, that it was in the church of St. Giovanni at Florence, and on the great day of Pardon, which falls on the 13th of January, that Ippolito de' Buondelmonte became enamoured of Dianora d'Amerigo. [How delicious it is to repeat these beautiful Italian names, when they are not merely names. We find ourselves almost unconsciously writing them in a better hand than the rest; not merely for the sake of the printer, but for the pleasure of lingering upon the sound.]

When the people were about to leave church, Ippolito, in turning to speak to an acquaintance, lost sight of his unknown beauty. He made haste to plant himself at the door, telling his companion that he should like to see the ladies come out; for he had not the courage to say which lady. When he saw Dianora appear, he changed colour, and saw nothing else. Yet though he beheld, and beheld her distinctly, so as to carry away every feature in his heart, it seemed to him afterwards that he had seen her only as in a dream. She glided by him like a thing of heaven, drawing her veil over her head. As he had not had the courage to speak of her, he had still less the courage to ask her name; but he was saved the trouble. "God and St. John bless her beautiful face!" cried a beggar at the door; "she always gives double of any one else."—"Curse her!" muttered Ippolito's acquaintance; "she is one of the Bardi." The ear of the lover heard both these exclamations, and they made an indelible impression. Being a lover of books and poetry, and intimate with the most liberal of the two parties, such as Dante Alighieri (afterwards so famous) and Guido Cavalcanti, Ippolito,

though a warm partisan himself, and implicated in a fierce encounter that had lately taken place between some persons on horseback, had been saved from the worst feelings attendant on political hostility; and they now appeared to him odious. He had no thought, it is true, of forgiving one of the old Bardi, who had cut his father down from his horse; but he would now have sentenced the whole party to a milder banishment than before; and to curse a female belonging to it, and that female Dianora!—he differed with the stupid fellow that had done it whenever they met afterwards.

It was a heavy reflection to Ippolito to think that he could not see his mistress in her own house. She had a father and mother living as well as himself, and was surrounded with relations. It was a heavier still that he knew not how to make her sensible of his passion; and the heaviest of all, that being so lovely, she would certainly be carried off by another husband. What was he to do? He had no excuse for writing to her; and as to serenading her under her window, unless he meant to call all the neighbours to witness his temerity and lose his life at once in that brawling age, it was not to be thought of. He was obliged to content himself with watching, as well as he could, the windows of her abode, following her about whenever he saw her leave it, and with pardonable vanity trying to catch her attention by some little action that should give her a good thought of the stranger; such as anticipating her in giving alms to a beggar. We must even record, that on one occasion he contrived to stumble against a dog and tread on his toes, in order that he might ostentatiously help the poor beast out of the way. But his day of delight was church-day. Not a fast, not a feast did he miss; not a Sunday, nor a saints'-day. "The devotion of that young gentleman," said an old widow-lady, her aunt, who was in the habit of accompanying Dianora, "is indeed edifying;

“and yet he is a mighty pretty youth, and might waste his
“time in sins and vanities with the gayest of them.” And
the old widow lady sighed, doubtless out of a tender pity for
the gay. Her recommendation of Ippolito to her niece’s
notice would have been little applauded by her family; but,
to say the truth, she was not responsible. His manœuvres
and constant presence had already gained Dianora’s atten-
tion; and, with all the unaffected instinct of an Italian, she
was not long in suspecting who it was that attracted his
devotions, and in wishing very heartily that they might con-
tinue. She longed to learn who he was, but felt the same
want of courage as he himself had experienced. “Did you
“observe,” said the aunt, one day after leaving church,
“how the poor boy blushed, because he did but catch my
“eye? Truly, such modesty is very rare.” “Dear aunt,”
replied Dianora, with a mixture of real and affected archness,
of pleasure and of gratitude, “I thought you never wished
“me to notice the faces of young men.” “Not of young men,
“niece,” returned the aunt, gravely; “not of persons of
“twenty-eight, or thirty or so, nor indeed of youths in
“general, however young; but then this youth is very dif-
“ferent; and the most innocent of us may look, once in a
“way or so, at so very modest and respectful a young gen-
“tleman. I say respectful, because when I gave him a slight
“curtesy of acknowledgment, or so, for making way for me
“in the aisle, he bowed to me with so solemn and thankful
“an air as if the favour had come from me, which was ex-
“tremely polite; and if he is very handsome, poor boy, how
“can he help that? Saints have been handsome in their
“days, aye, and young, or their pictures are not at all like,
“which is impossible; and I am sure St. Dominic himself at
“in the wax-work, God forgive me! hardly looks sweeter e’she
“humbler at the Madonna and Child, than he did at been two

“ you, as we went by.” “ Dear aunt,” rejoined Dianora, “ I did not mean to reproach you; I’m sure; but, sweet aunt, we do not know him, you know; and you know—” “ Know,” cried the old lady, “ I’m sure I know him as well as if he were my own aunt’s son, which might not be impossible, though she is a little younger than myself; and if he were my own, I should not be ashamed.” “ And who then,” inquired Dianora, scarcely articulating her words, “ who then is he?” “ Who?” said the aunt; “ why the most edifying young gentleman in all Florence, that’s who he is; and it does not signify what he is else, manifestly being a gentleman as he is, and one of the noblest, I warrant; and I wish you may have no worse husband, child, when you come to marry, though there is time enough to think of that. Young ladies, now-a-days, are always for knowing who every body is, who he is, and what he is, and whether he is this person or that person, and is of the Grand Prior’s side, or the Archbishop’s side, and what not; and all this before they will allow him to be even handsome, which, I am sure, was not so in my youngest days. It is all right and proper, if matrimony is concerned, or they are in danger of marrying below their condition, or a profane person, or one that’s hideous, or a heretic; but to admire an evident young saint, and one that never misses church, Sunday or saints-day, or any day for aught that I see, is a thing that, if any thing, shews we may hope for the company of young saints hereafter; and if so very edifying a young gentleman is also respectful to the ladies, was not the blessed St. Francis himself of his opinion in that matter? And did not the seraphical St. Teresa admire him the more for it? And does not St. Paul, in his very epistles, send his best respects to the ladies Tryphena and Tryphosa? And was there ever woman in the New

“ Testament (with reverence be it spoken, if we may say
“ women of such blessed females) was there ever woman, I
“ say, in the New Testament, not even excepting Madonna
“ Magdalen who had been possessed with seven devils (which
“ is not so many by half as some ladies I could mention) nor
“ Madonna, the other poor lady, whom the unforgiving
“ hypocrites wanted to stone” (and here the good old lady
wept, out of a mixture of devotion and gratitude) “ was
“ there one of all these women, or any other, whom our
“ Blessed Lord himself” (and here the tears came into the
gentle eyes of Dianora) “ did not treat with all that sweet-
“ ness, and kindness, and tenderness, and brotherly love,
“ which like all his other actions, and as the seraphical Fa-
“ ther Antonio said the other day in the pulpit, proved him
“ to be not only from heaven, but the truest of all nobles on
“ earth, and a natural gentleman born?”

We know not how many more reasons the good old lady would have given, why all the feelings of poor Dianora's heart, not excepting her very religion, which was truly one of them, should induce her to encourage her affection for Ippolito. By the end of this sentence they had arrived at their home, and the poor youth returned to his. We say “ poor” of both the lovers, for by this time they had both become sufficiently enamoured to render their cheeks the paler for discovering their respective families, which Dianora had now done as well as Ippolito.

A circumstance on the Sunday following had nearly discovered them, not only to one another, but to all the world. Dianora had latterly never dared to steal a look at Ippolito, for fear of seeing his eyes upon her; and Ippolito, who was less certain of her regard for him than herself, imagined that he had somehow offended her. A few Sundays before she had sent him home bounding for joy. There had been two

places empty where he was kneeling, one near him, and the other a little farther off. The aunt and the niece, who came in after him, and found themselves at the spot where he was, were perplexed which of the two places to chuse; when it seemed to Ippolito, that by a little movement of her arm, Dianora decided for the one nearest him. He had also another delight. The old lady, in the course of the service, turned to her niece, and asked her why she did not sing as usual. Dianora bowed her head, and in a minute or two afterwards, Ippolito heard the sweetest voice in the world, low indeed, almost to a whisper, but audible to him. He thought it trembled; and he trembled also. It seemed to thrill within his spirit, in the same manner that the organ thrills through the body. No such symptom of preference occurred afterwards. The ladies did not come so near him, whatever pains he took to occupy so much room before they came in, and then make room when they appeared. However, he was self-satisfied as well as ingenious enough in his reasonings on the subject, not to lay much stress upon this behaviour, till it lasted week after week, and till he never again found Dianora looking even towards the quarter in which he sat: for it is our duty to confess, that if the lovers were two of the devoutest of the congregation, which is certain, they were apt also, at intervals, to be the least attentive; and, furthermore, that they would each pretend to look towards places at a little distance from the desired object, in order that they might take in, with the sidelong power of the eye, the presence and look of one another. But for some time Dianora had ceased even to do this; and though Ippolito gazed on her the more steadfastly, and saw that she was paler than before, he began to persuade himself that it was not on his account. At length, a sort of desperation urged him to get nearer to her, if she would not condescend to

come near himself; and, on the Sunday in question, scarcely knowing what he did, or how he saw, felt, or breathed, he knelt right down beside her. There was a pillar next him, which luckily kept him somewhat in the shade; and, for a moment, he leaned his forehead against the cold marble, which revived him. Dianora did not know he was by her. She did not sing; nor did the aunt ask her. She kept one unaltered posture, looking upon her mass-book, and he thought she did this on purpose. Ippolito, who had become weak with his late struggles of mind, felt almost suffocated with his sensations. He was kneeling side by side with her; her idea, her presence, her very drapery, which was all that he dared to feel himself in contact with, the consciousness of kneeling with her in the presence of him whom tender hearts implore for pity on their infirmities, all rendered him intensely sensible of his situation. By a strong effort, he endeavoured to turn his self-pity into a feeling entirely religious; but when he put his hands together, he felt the tears ready to gush away so irrepressibly, that he did not dare it. At last the aunt, who had in fact looked about for him, recognized him with some surprise, and more pleasure. She had begun to suspect his secret; and though she knew who he was, and that the two families were at variance, yet a great deal of good nature, a sympathy with pleasures of which no woman had tasted more, and some considerable disputes she had lately with another old lady, her kinswoman, on the subject of politics, determined her upon at least giving the two lovers that sort of encouragement, which arises not so much from any decided object we have in view, as from a certain vague sense of benevolence, mixed with a lurking wish to have our own way. Accordingly, the well-meaning old widow-lady, without much consideration, and loud enough for Ippolito to hear, whispered her niece to

“let the gentleman next her read in her book, as he seemed to have forgotten to bring his own.” Dianora, without lifting her eyes, and never suspecting who it was, moved her book sideways, with a courteous inclination of the head, for the gentleman to take it. He did so. He held it with her. He could not hinder his hand from shaking; but Dianora’s reflections were so occupied upon one whom she little thought so near her, that she did not perceive it. At length the book tottered so in his hand, that she could not but notice it. She turned to see if the gentleman was ill; and instantly looked back again. She felt that she herself was too weak to look at him, and whispering to her aunt, “I am very unwell,” the ladies rose and made their way out of the church. As soon as she felt the fresh air she fainted, and was carried home; and it happened, at the same moment, that Ippolito, unable to keep his feelings to himself, leaned upon the marble pillar at which he was kneeling, and groaned aloud. He fancied she had left him in disdain. Luckily for him, a circumstance of this kind was not unknown in a place where penitents would sometimes be overpowered by a sense of their crimes; and though Ippolito was recognized by some, they concluded he had not been the innocent person they supposed. They made up their minds in future, that his retired and bookish habits, and his late evident suffering, were alike the result of some dark offence; and among these persons, the acquaintance who had cursed Dianora when he first beheld her, was glad to be one; for without knowing his passion for her, much less her return of it, which was more than the poor youth knew himself, he envied him for his accomplishments and popularity.

Ippolito dragged himself home, and after endeavouring to move about for a day or two, and to get as far as Dianora’s abode,—an attempt he gave up for fear of being unable to

come away again,—was fairly obliged to take to his bed. What a mixture of delight, with sorrow, would he have felt, had he known that his mistress was almost in as bad a state! The poor aunt, who soon discovered her niece's secret, now found herself in a dreadful dilemma; and the worst of it was, that being on the female side of the love, and told by Dianora that it would be the death of her if she disclosed it to "*him*," or any body connected with him, or, indeed, any body at all, she did not know what steps to take. However, as she believed that at least death might possibly ensue if the dear young people were not assured of each other's love, and certainly did not believe in any such mortality as her niece spoke of, she was about to make her first election out of two or three measures which she was resolved upon taking, when, luckily, for the salvation of Dianora's feelings, she was surprised by, a visit from the person, whom of all persons in the world she wished to see,—Ippolito's mother.

The two ladies soon came to a mutual understanding, and separated with comfort for their respective patients. We need not wait to describe how a mother came to the knowledge of her son's wishes; nor will it be necessary to relate how delighted the two lovers were to hear of one another, and to be assured of each other's love. But Ippolito's illness now put on a new aspect; for the certainty of his being welcome to Dianora, and the easiness with which he saw his mother give way to his inclinations, made him impatient for an interview. Dianora was afraid of encountering him as usual in public; and he never ceased urging his mother, till she consented to advise with Dianora's aunt upon what was to be done. Indeed, with the usual weakness of those, who take any steps, however likely to produce future trouble, rather than continue a present uneasiness, she herself thought it high time to do something for the poor boy; for the house began to remark

on his strange conduct. All his actions were either too quick, or too slow. At one time he would start up to perform the most trivial office of politeness, as if he were going to stop a conflagration; at another, the whole world might move before him without his noticing. He would now leap on his horse, as if the enemy were at the city-gates; and next day, when going to mount it, stop on a sudden, with the reins in his hands, and fall a musing. "What is the matter with the boy?" said his father, who was impatient at seeing him so little his own master; "has he stolen a box of jewels?" for somebody had spread a report that he gambled, and it was observed that he never had any money in his pocket. The truth is, he gave it all away to the objects of Dianora's bounty, particularly to the man who blessed her at the church-door. One day his father, who loved a bitter joke, made a young lady, who sat next him at dinner, lay her hand before him instead of the plate; and upon being asked why he did not eat, he was very near taking a piece of it for a mouthful. "Oh, the gallant youth!" cried the father; and Ippolito blushed up to the eyes; which was taken as a proof that the irony was well-founded. But Ippolito thought of Dianora's hand, how it held the book with him when he knelt by her side; and, after a little pause, he turned and took up that of the young lady, and begged her pardon with the best grace in the world. "He has the air of a prince," thought his father, "if he would but behave himself like other young men." The young lady thought he had the air of a lover; and as soon as the meal was over, his mother put on her veil, and went to seek a distant relation called Signora Veronica.

Signora Veronica was in a singular position with regard to the two families of Bardi and Buondelmonti. She happened to be related at nearly equal distances to them both; and she hardly knew whether to be prouder of the double relationship,

or more annoyed with the evil countenances they shewed her, if she did not pay great attention to one of them, and no attention to the other. The pride remained uppermost, as it is apt to do; and she hazarded all consequences for the pleasure of inviting now some of the young de' Bardi, and now some of the young de' Buondelmonti; hinting to them when they went away, that it would be as well for them not to say that they had heard any thing of the other family's visiting her. The young people were not sorry to keep the matter as secret as possible, because their visits to Gossip Veronica were always restrained for a long time, if anything of the sort transpired; and thus a spirit of concealment and intrigue was sown in their young minds, which might have turned out worse for Ippolito and Dianora, if their hearts had not been so good.

But here was a situation for Gossip Veronica! Dianora's aunt had been with her some days, hinting that something extraordinary, but as she hoped not unpleasant, would be proposed to the good Gossip, which for her part had her grave sanction; and now came the very mother of the young Buondelmonte to explain to her what this intimation was, and to give her an opportunity of having one of each family in her house at the same time! There was a great falling off in the beatitude, when she understood that Ippolito's presence was to be kept a secret from all her visitors that day, except Dianora; but she was reconciled on receiving an intimation that in future the two ladies would have no objection to her inviting whom she pleased to her house, and upon receiving a jewel from each of them as a pledge of their esteem. As to keeping the main secret, it was necessary for all parties.

Gossip Veronica, for a person in her rank of life, was rich, and had a pleasant villa at Monticelli, about half a mile from the city. Thither, on a holiday in September, which was

kept with great hilarity by the peasants, came Dianora d'Amerigo de' Bardi, attended by her aunt Madonna Lucrezia, to see, as her mother observed, that no "improper persons" were there;—and thither, before daylight, let in by Signora Veronica herself, at the hazard of her reputation and of the furious jealousy of a young vine-dresser in the neighbourhood, who loved her good things better than any thing in the world except her waiting-maid, came the young Ippolito Buondelmonte de' Buondelmonti, looking, as she said, like the morning star.

The morning-star hugged and was hugged with great goodwill by the kind Gossip, and then twinkled with impatience from a corner of her chamber window till he saw Dianora. How his heart beat when he beheld her coming up through the avenue! Veronica met her near the garden-gate, and pointed towards the window, as they walked along. Ippolito fancied she spoke of him, but did not know what to think of it, for Dianora did not change countenance, nor do any thing but smile good-naturedly on her companion, and ask her apparently some common question. The truth was, she had no suspicion he was there; though the Gossip, with much smirking and mystery, said she had a little present there for her, and such as her lady-mother approved. Dianora, whom, with all imaginable respect for her, the Gossip had hitherto treated, from long habit, like a child, thought it was some trifle or other, and forgot it next moment. Every step which Ippolito heard on the stair-case he fancied was her's, till it passed the door, and never did morning appear to him at once so delicious and so tiresome. To be in the same house with her, what joy! But to be in the same house with her, and not to be able to tell her his love directly, and ask her for her's, and fold her into his very soul, what impatience and misery! Two or three times there was a knock of some one.

to be let in; but it was only the Gossip, come to inform him that he must be patient, and that she did not know when Madonna Lucrezia would please to bring Dianora, but most likely after dinner, when the visitors retired to sleep a little. Of all impertinent things, dinner appeared to him the most tiresome and unfit. He wondered how any thinking beings, who might take a cake or a cup of wine by the way, and then proceed to love one another, could sit round a great wooden table, patiently eating of this and that nicety; and, above all, how they could sit still afterwards for a moment, and not do any thing else in preference,—stand on their heads, or toss the dishes out of window. Then the Festival! God only knew how happy the peasantry might chuse to be, and how long they might detain Dianora with their compliments, dances, and songs. Doubtless, there must be many lovers among them; and how they could bear to go jigging about in this gregarious manner, when they must all wish to be walking two by two in the green lanes, was to him inexplicable. However, Ippolito was very sincere in his gratitude to Gossip Veronica, and even did his best to behave handsomely to her cake and wine; and after dinner his virtue was rewarded.

It is unnecessary to tell the reader, that he must not judge of other times and countries by his own. The real fault of those times, as of most others, lay, not in people's loves, but their hostilities; and if both were managed in a way somewhat different from our own, perhaps neither the loves were less innocent, nor the hostilities more ridiculous. After dinner, when the other visitors had separated here and there to sleep, Dianora, accompanied by her aunt and Veronica, found herself, to her great astonishment, in the same room with Ippolito; and in a few minutes after their introduction to each other, and after one had looked this way, and the other that,

and one taken up a book and laid it down again, and both looked out of the window, and each blushed, and either turned pale, and the gentleman adjusted his collar, and the lady her sleeve, and the elder ladies had whispered one another in a corner, Dianora, less to her astonishment than before, was left in the room with him alone. She made a movement as if to follow them, but Ippolito said something she knew not what, and she remained. She went to the window, looking very serious and pale, and not daring to glance towards him. He intended instantly to go to her, and wondered what had become of his fierce impatience; but the very delay had now something delicious in it. Oh, the happiness of those moments! oh, the sweet morning-time of those feelings! the doubt which is not doubt, and the hope which is but the coming of certainty! Oh, recollections enough to fill faded eyes with tears of renovation, and to make us forget we are no longer young, the next young and innocent beauty we behold! Why do not such hours make us as immortal as they are divine? Why are we not carried away, literally, into some place where they can last for ever, leaving those who miss us to say, "they were capable of loving, and they are gone to heaven!"

Reader. But, sir, in taking these heavenly flights of yours, you have left your two lovers.

Author. Surely, madam, I need not inform you that lovers are fond of being left—at least to themselves.

Reader. But, sir, they are Italians; and I did not think Italian lovers were of this bashful description. I imagined that the moment your two Florentines beheld one another, they would spring into each others arms, sending up cries of joy, and—and—

Author. Tumbling over the two old women by the way. It is a very pretty imagination, madam; but Italians partake

of all the feelings common to human nature; and modesty is really not confined to the English, even though they are always saying it is.

Reader. But I was not speaking of modesty, sir, I was only alluding to a sort of,—what shall I say—a kind of irrepressible energy, that which in the Italian character is called violence.

Author. I meant nothing personal, madam, believe me, in using the word modesty. You are too charitable, and have too great a regard for my lovers. I was not speaking myself of modesty in any particular sense, but of modesty in general; and all nations, not excepting our beloved and somewhat dictatorial countrymen, have their modesties and immodesties too, from which perhaps their example might instruct one another. With regard to the violence you speak of, and which is energy sometimes, and the weakest of weaknesses at others, according to the character which exhibits it, and the occasion that calls it forth, the Italians, who live in an ardent climate, have undoubtedly shewn more of it than most people; but it is only where their individual character is most irregular, and education and laws at their worst. In general it is nothing but pure self-will, and belongs to the two extremes of the community—the most powerful whose passions have been indulged, and the poorest whose passions have never been instructed. True energy manifests itself, not in violence, but in strength and intensity; and intensity is by its nature discerning, and not to be surpassed in quietness, where quietness is becoming. Besides, in the age we are writing of, there was as much refinement in love matters with some, as there was outrage and brutality with others. All the faculties of humanity, bad and good, may be said to have been making their way at that period, and trying for the mastery; and if on the one hand we are

presented with horrible spectacles of lust, tyranny, and revenge; on the other we find philosophy and even divinity refining upon the passion of love, and emulating the most beautiful subtleties of Plato in rendering it a thing angelical.

Reader. You have convinced me, sir; pray let us proceed.

Author. Your *us*, madam, is flattering; I fancy we are beholding the two lovers in company. We are like Don Cleofas and his ghostly friend, in the Devil on Two Sticks, when they saw into the people's houses; I, of course, the devil; and you the young student, only feminine—Donna Cleofasia, studying humanity.

Reader. Well, sir, as you please; only let us proceed.

Author. Madam, your sentiments are engaging to the last degree; so I proceed with pleasure.

We left our two lovers, madam, standing in Signora Veronica's bed-chamber, one at the window, the other at a little distance. They remained in this situation about the same space of time in which we have been talking. Oh! how impossible it is to present to ourselves two grave and happy lovers trembling with the approach of their mutual confessions, and not feel a graver and happier sensation than levity resume its place in one's thoughts!

Ippolito went up to Dianora. She was still looking out of the window, her eyes fixed upon the blue mountains in the distance, but conscious of nothing outside the room. She had a light green and gold net on her head, which enclosed her luxuriant hair without violence, and seemed as if it took it up that he might admire the white neck underneath. She felt his breath upon it; and beginning to expect that his lips would follow, raised her hands to her head, as if the net required adjusting. This movement, while it disconcerted him, presented her waist in a point of view so impossible not to touch, that taking it gently in both his hands, he pressed one

at the same time upon her heart, and said, "It will forgive me, even for doing this." He had reason to say so, for he felt it beat against his fingers, as if it leaped. Dianora, blushing and confused, though feeling abundantly happy, made another movement with her hands as if to remove his own, but he only detained them on either side. "Messer Ippolito," said Dianora, in a tone as if to remonstrate, though suffering herself to remain a prisoner, "I fear you must think me"—"No, no," interrupted Ippolito, "you can fear nothing that I think, or that I do. It is I that have to fear your lovely and fearful beauty, which has been ever at the side of my sick bed, and I thought looked angrily upon me—upon me alone of the whole world." "They told me you had been ill," said Dianora in a very gentle tone, "and my aunt perhaps knew that I—thought that I—Have you been very ill?" And without thinking, she drew her left hand from under his, and placed it upon it. "Very," answered Ippolito; "do not I look so?" and saying this, he raised his other hand, and venturing to put it round to the left side of her little dimpled chin, turned her face towards him. Dianora did not think he appeared so ill, by a good deal, as he did in the church; but there was enough in his face, ill or well, to make her eyesight swim as she looked at him; and the next moment her head was upon his shoulder, and his lips descended, welcome, upon hers.

There was a practice in those times, generated, like other involuntary struggles against wrong, by the absurdities in authority, of resorting to marriages, or rather plightings of troth, made in secret, and in the eye of heaven. It was a custom liable to great abuse, as all secrecies are; but the harm of it, as usual, fell chiefly on the poor, or where the condition of the parties was unequal. Where the families were powerful and on an equality, the hazard of violating the

engagement was, for obvious reasons, very great, and seldom encountered; the lovers either foregoing their claims on each other upon better acquaintance, or adhering to their engagement the closer for the same reason, or keeping it at the expense of one or the other's repentance for fear of the consequences. The troth of Ippolito and Dianora was indeed a troth. They plighted it on their knees, before a picture of the Virgin and Child, in Veronica's bed-room, and over a mass-book which lay open upon a chair. Ippolito then, for the pleasure of revenging himself of the pangs he suffered when Dianora knelt with him before, took up the mass-book and held it before her, as she had held it before him, and looked her entreatingly in the face; and Dianora took and held it with him as before, trembling as then, but with a perfect pleasure; and Ippolito kissed her twice and thrice out of a sweet revenge.—[We find we are in the habit of using a great number of *ands* on these occasions. We do not affect it, though we are conscious of it. It is partly, we believe, owing to our recollections of the good faith and simplicity in the old romances, and partly to a certain sense of luxury and continuance which these *ands* help to link together. It is the fault of "the accursed critical spirit," which is the bane of these times, that we are obliged to be conscious of the matter at all. But we cannot help not having been born six hundred years ago, and are obliged to be base and *reviewatory* like the rest. To affect not to be conscious of the critical in these times, would itself be a departure from what is natural; but we notice the necessity only to express our hatred of it, and hereby present the critics (ourselves included, as far as we belong to them) with our hearty discommendations.]

The thoughtless old ladies, Donna Lucrezia and the other (for old age is not always the most considerate thing in the

world, especially the old age of one's aunts and gossips) had now returned into the room where they left the two lovers ; but not before Dianora had consented to receive her bridegroom in her own apartment at home, that same night, by means of that other old good-natured go-between, yclept a ladder of ropes. The rest of the afternoon was spent, according to laudable custom, in joining in the diversions of the peasantry. They sung, they danced, they eat the grapes that hung over their heads, they gave and took jokes and flowers, they flaunted with all their colours in the sun, they feasted with all their might under the trees. You could not say which looked the ripest and merriest, the fruit or their brown faces. In Tuscany they have had from time immemorial little rustic songs or stanzas that turn upon flowers. One of these, innocently addressed to Dianora by way of farewell, put her much out of countenance—"Voi siete un bel fiore," sung a peasant girl, after kissing her hand :—

You are a lovely flower. What flower? The flower
That shuts with the dark hour :—
Would that to keep you awake were in my power!

Ippolito went singing it all the way home, and ran up against a hundred people.

Ippolito had noticed a ladder of ropes which was used in his father's house for some domestic purposes. To say the truth, it was an old servant, and had formerly been much in request for the purpose to which it was now about to be turned by the old gentleman himself. He was indeed a person of a truly orthodox description, having been much given to intrigue in his younger days, being consigned over to avarice in his older, and exhibiting great submission to every thing established, always. Accordingly, he was considered as a personage equally respectable for his virtues, as

important from his rank and connexions; and if hundreds of ladders could have risen up in judgment against him, they would only have been considered as what are called in England "wild oats;"—wild ladders, which it was natural for every gentleman to plant.

Ippolito's character, however, being more principled, his privileges were not the same; and on every account he was obliged to take great care. He waited with impatience till midnight, and then letting himself out of his window, and taking the ropes under his cloak, made the best of his way to a little dark lane which bordered the house of the Bardi. One of the windows of Dianora's chamber looked into the lane, the others into the garden. The house stood in a remote part of the city. Ippolito listened to the diminishing sound of the guitars and revellers in the distance, and was proceeding to inform Dianora of his arrival by throwing up some pebbles, when he heard a noise coming. It was some young men taking a circuit of the more solitary streets, to purify them, as they said, from sobriety. Ippolito slunk into a corner. He was afraid, as the sound opened upon his ears, that they would turn down the lane; but the hubbub passed on. He stepped forth from his corner, and again retreated. Two young men, loiterers behind the rest, disputed whether they should go down the lane. One, who seemed intoxicated, swore he would serenade "the little foe," as he called her, if it was only to vex the old one, and "bring him out with his cursed long sword." "And a lecture twice as long," said the other. "Ah, there you have me," quoth the musician; "his sword is—a sword; but his lecture's the devil: reaches the other side of the river—never stops till it strikes one sleepy. But I must serenade." "No, no," returned his friend; "remember what the Grand Prior said, and don't let us commit ourselves in a petty brawl. We'll have it out of

their hearts some day." Ippolito shuddered to hear such words, even from one of his own party. "Don't tell me," said the pertinacious drunken man; "I remember what the Grand Prior said. He said, I must serenade; no, he didn't say I must serenade—but *I* say it; the Grand Prior said, says he,—I remember it as if it was yesterday—he said—gentlemen, said he, there are three good things in the world, love, music, and fighting; and then he said a cursed number of other things by no means good; and all to prove, philosophically, you rogue, that love was good, and music was good, and fighting was good, philosophically, and in a cursed number of paragraphs. So I must serenade." "False logic, Vanni," cried the other; "so come along, or we shall have the enemy upon us in a heap, for I hear another party coming, and I am sure they are none of ours." "Good again," said the musician, "love and fighting, my boy, and music; so I'll have my song before they come up." And the fellow began roaring out one of the most indecent songs he could think of, which made our lover ready to start forth and dash the guitar in his face; but he repressed himself. In a minute he heard the other party come up. A clashing of swords ensued, and to his great relief the drunkard and his companion were driven on. In a minute or two all was silent. Ippolito gave the signal—it was acknowledged; the rope was fixed; and the lover was about to ascend, when he was startled with a strange diminutive face, smiling at him over a light. His next sensation was to smile at the state of his own nerves; for it was but a few minutes before, that he was regretting he could not put out a lantern that stood burning under a little image of the Virgin. He crossed himself, offered up a prayer for the success of his true love, and again proceeded to mount the ladder. Just as his hand reached the window, he thought he heard other steps. He

looked down towards the street. Two figures evidently stood at the corner of the lane. He would have concluded them to be the two men returned, but for their profound silence. At last one of them said out loud, "I am certain I saw a shadow of somebody by the lantern, and now you find we have not come back for nothing. Who's there?" added he, coming at the same time down the lane with his companion. Ippolito descended rapidly, intending to hide his face as much as possible in his hood and escape by dint of fighting, but his foot slipped in the ropes, and he was at the same instant seized by the strangers. The instinct of a lover, who above all things in the world cared for his mistress's reputation, supplied our hero with an artifice as quick as lightning. "They are all safe," said he, affecting to tremble with a cowardly terror, "I have not touched one of them." "One of what?" said the others; "what are all safe?" "The jewels," replied Ippolito; "let me go for the love of God, and it shall be my last offence, as it was my first. Besides, I meant to restore them." "Restore them!" cried the first spokesman; "a pretty jest truly. This must be some gentleman gambler by his fine would-be conscience; and by this light we will see who he is, if it is only for your sake, Filippo, eh?" For his companion was a pretty notorious gambler himself, and Ippolito had kept cringing in the dark. "Curse it," said Filippo, "never mind the fellow; he is not worth our while in these stirring times, though I warrant he has cheated me often enough." To say the truth, Messer Filippo was not a little afraid the thief would turn out to be some inexperienced desperado, whom he had cheated himself, and perhaps driven to this very crime; but his companion was resolute, and Ippolito finding it impossible to avoid his fate, came forward into the light. "By all the saints in the calendar," exclaimed the enemy, "a Buondelmonte! and

no less a Buondelmonte than the worthy and very magnificent Messer Ippolito Buondelmonte! Messer Ippolito, I kiss your hands; I am very much your humble servant and thief-taker. By my faith, this will be fine news for to-morrow."

To-morrow was indeed a heavy day to all the Buondelmonti, and as merry a one to all the Bardi, except poor Dianora. She knew not what had prevented Ippolito from finishing his ascent up the ladder; some interruption it must have been; but of what nature she could not determine, nor why he had not resumed his endeavours. It could have been nothing common. Was he known? Was *she* known? Was it all known? And the poor girl tormented herself with a thousand fears. Madonna Lucrezia hastened to her the first thing in the morning, with a full, true, and particular account. Ippolito de' Buondelmonti had been seized, in coming down a rope-ladder from one of the front windows of the house, with a great drawn sword in one hand and a box of jewels in the other. Dianora saw the whole truth in a moment, and from excess of sorrow, gratitude, and love, fainted away. Madonna Lucrezia guessed the truth too, but was almost afraid to confess it to her own mind, much more to speak of it aloud; and had not the news, and the bustle, and her niece's fainting, furnished her with something to do, she could have fainted herself very heartily, out of pure consternation. Gossip Veronica was in a worse condition when the news reached her; and Ippolito's mother, who guessed but too truly as well as the others, was seized with an illness, which joining with the natural weakness of her constitution, threw her into a stupor, and prevented her from attending to any thing. The next step of Madonna Lucrezia, after seeing Dianora out of her fainting fit, and giving the household to understand that the story of the robber had alarmed her, was to go to Gossip Veronica and concert measures of

concealment. The two women wept very sincerely for the poor youth, and admired his heroism in saving his mistress's honour; but with all their good-nature, they agreed that he was quite in the right, and that it would be but just to his magnanimity, and to their poor dear Dianora, to keep the secret as closely. Madonna Lucrezia then returned home, to be near Dianora, and help to baffle enquiry; while Gossip Veronica kept close in doors, too ill to see visitors, and alternately praying to the saint her namesake, and taking reasonable draughts of Montepulciano.

In those days there were too many wild young men of desperate fortunes to render Ippolito's confession improbable. Besides, he had been observed of late to be always without money; reports of his being addicted to gambling had arisen; and his father was avaricious. Lastly, his groaning in the church was remembered, under pretence of pity; and the magistrate (who was of the hostile party) concluded, with much sorrow, that he must have more sins to answer for than they knew of, which in so young a man was deplorable. The old gentleman had too much reason to know, that in elder persons it would have been nothing remarkable.

Ippolito, with a grief of heart which only served to confirm the bye-standers in their sense of his guilt, waited in expectation of his sentence. He thought it would be banishment, and was casting in his mind how he could hope some day or other to get a sight of his mistress, when the word Death fell on him like a thunderbolt. The origin of a sentence so severe was but too plain to every body; but the Bardi were uppermost that day; and the city, exhausted by some late party excesses, had but too much need of repose. Still it was thought a dangerous trial of the public pulse. The pity felt for the tender age of Ippolito was increased by the anguish which he found himself unable to repress. " Good

“God!” cried he, “must I die so young? And must I never see—must I never see the light again, and Florence, and my dear friends?” And he fell into almost abject intreaties to be spared; for he thought of Dianora. But the bystanders fancied that he was merely afraid of death; and by the help of suggestions from the Bardi partisans, their pity almost turned into contempt. He prostrated himself at the magistrate’s feet; he kissed his knees; he disgusted his own father; till finding every thing against him, and smitten at once with a sense of his cowardly appearance and the necessity of keeping his mistress’s honour inviolable, he declared his readiness to die like a man, and at the same time stood wringing his hands, and weeping like an infant. He was sentenced to die next day.

The day came. The hour came. The Standard of Justice was hoisted before the door of the tribunal, and the trumpet blew through the city, announcing the death of a criminal. Dianora, to whom the news had been gradually broken, heard it in her chamber, and would have burst forth and proclaimed the secret but for Madonna Lucrezia, who spoke of her father, and mother, and all the Bardi, and the inutility of attempting to save one of the opposite faction, and the dreadful consequences to *every* body if the secret were betrayed. Dianora heard little about every body; but the habit of respecting her father and mother, and dreading their reproaches, kept her, moment after moment, from doing anything but listen and look pale; and, in the meantime, the procession began moving towards the scaffold.

Ippolito issued forth from the prison, looking more like a young martyr than a criminal. He was now perfectly quiet, and a sort of unnatural glow had risen into his cheeks, the result of the enthusiasm and conscious self-sacrifice into which he had worked himself during the night. He had only

prayed, as a last favour, that he might be taken through the street in which the house of the Bardi stood; for he had lived, he said, as every body knew, in great hostility with that family, and he now felt none any longer, and wished to bless the house as he passed it. The magistrate, for more reasons than one, had no objection; the old confessor, with tears in his eyes, said that the dear boy would still be an honour to his family, as surely as he would be a saint in heaven; and the procession moved on. The main feeling of the crowd, as usual, was that of curiosity, but there were few, indeed, in whom it was not mixed with pity; and many females found the sight so intolerable, that they were seen coming away down the streets, weeping bitterly, and unable to answer the questions of those they met.

The procession now began to pass the house of the Bardi. Ippolito's face, for an instant, turned of a chalky whiteness, and then resumed its colour. His lips trembled, his eyes filled with tears; and thinking his mistress might possibly be at the window, taking a last look of the lover that died for her, he bowed his head gently, at the same time forcing a smile, which glittered through his watery eyes. At that instant the trumpet blew its dreary blast for the second time. Dianora had already risen on her couch, listening, and asking what noise it was that approached. Her aunt endeavoured to quiet her with her excuses; but this last noise aroused her beyond controul; and the good old lady, forgetting herself in the condition of the two lovers, no longer attempted to stop her. "Go," said she, "in God's name, my child, and Heaven be with you."

Dianora, her hair streaming, her eye without a tear, her cheek on fire, burst, to the astonishment of her kindred, into the room where they were all standing. She tore them aside from one of the windows with a preternatural strength, and,

stretching forth her head and hands, like one inspired, cried out, "Stop! stop! it is my Ippolito! my husband!" And, so saying, she actually made a movement as if she would have stepped to him out of the window; for every thing but his image faded from her eyes. A movement of confusion took place among the multitude. Ippolito stood rapt on the sudden, trembling, weeping, and stretching his hands towards the window, as if praying to his guardian angel. The kinsmen would have prevented her from doing any thing further; but, as if all the gentleness of her character was gone, she broke from them with violence and contempt, and rushing down stairs into the street, exclaimed, in a frantic manner, "People! Dear God! Countrymen! I am a Bardi; he is a Buondelmonte; he loved me; and that is the whole crime!" and, at these last words, they were locked in each other's arms.

The populace now broke through all restraint. They stopped the procession; they bore Ippolito back again to the seat of the magistracy, carrying Dianora with him; they described in a peremptory manner the mistake; they sent for the heads of the two houses; they made them swear a treaty of peace, amity, and unity; and in half an hour after the lover had been on the road to his death, he set out upon it again, the acknowledged bridegroom of the beautiful creature by his side.

Never was such a sudden revulsion of feeling given to a whole city. The women who had retreated in anguish, came back the gayest of the gay. Every body plucked all the myrtles they could find, to put into the hands of those who made the former procession, and who now formed a singular one for a bridal; but all the young women fell in with their white veils; and instead of the funeral dirge, a song of thanksgiving was chaunted. The very excess of their sensations enabled

the two lovers to hold up. Ippolito's cheeks, which seemed to have fallen away in one night, appeared to have plumped out again faster; and if he was now pale instead of high coloured, the paleness of Dianora had given way to radiant blushes which made up for it. He looked, as he ought,—like the person saved; she, like the angelic saviour.

Thus the two lovers passed on, as if in a dream tumultuous but delightful. Neither of them looked on the other; they gazed hither and thither on the crowd, as if in answer to the blessings that poured upon them; but their hands were locked fast; and they went like one soul in a divided body.

RHYME AND REASON ;

OR A NEW PROPOSAL TO THE PUBLIC RESPECTING POETRY
IN ORDINARY.

A FRIEND of ours the other day, taking up the miscellaneous poems of Tasso, read the title-page into English as follows:—"The Rhimes of the Lord Twisted Yew, Amorous, Bosky, and Maritime."* The Italians exhibit a modesty worthy of imitation in calling their Miscellaneous Poems, Rhimes. Twisted Yew himself, with all his genius, has put forth an abundance of these terminating blossoms, without any fruit behind them: and his countrymen of the present day do not scruple to confess, that their living poetry consists of little else. The French have a game at verses, called Rhymed Ends (*Bouts Rimees*) which they practise a great deal more than they are aware; and the English, though they are a more poetical people, and lay claim to the character of a less vain one, practise the same game to a very uncandid extent, without so much as allowing that the title is applicable to any part of it.

Yet how many "Poems" are there among all these nations, of which we require no more than the Rhymes, to be acquainted with the whole of them? You know what the rogues have done, by the ends they come to. For instance,

* Rime del Signor Torquato Tasso, Amoroſe, Boſchereccie, Marittime, &c.

what more is necessary to inform us of all which the following gentleman has for sale, than the bell which he tinkles at the end of his cry? We are as sure of him, as of the muffin-man.

Grove,	Heart	Kiss
Night,	Prove,	Blest
Rove,	Impart,	Bliss
Delight.	Love.	Rest.

Was there ever per-oration more eloquent? Ever a series of catastrophes more explanatory of their previous history? Did any Chinese gentleman ever shew the amount of his breeding and accomplishments more completely, by the nails which he carries at his fingers' ends?

The Italian Rimatori are equally comprehensive. We no sooner see the majority of their rhymes, than we long to save the modesty of their general pretensions so much trouble in making out their case. Their *cores* and *amores* are not to be disputed. Cursed is he that does not put implicit reliance upon their *fedeltà*!—that makes inquisition why the possessor *più superbo va*. They may take the oaths and their seat at once. For example—

Ben mio	Fuggito
Oh Dio	Rapito
Da me	La fe.

And again—

Amata
Sdegnata
Turbata
Irata
Furore
Dolore
Non so.

With—

O Cielo
 Dal gielo
 Tradire
 Languire
 Morire
 Soffrire
 Non può.

Where is the dull and inordinate person that would require these rhymes to be filled up? If they are brief as the love of which they complain, are they not pregnant in conclusions, full of a world of things that have past, infinitely retrospective, embracing, and enough? If not "vast," are they not "voluminous?"

It is doubtless an instinct of this kind that has made so many modern Italian poets intersperse their lyrics with those frequent single words, which are at once line and rhyme, and which some of our countrymen have in vain endeavoured to naturalize in the English opera. Not that they want the same pregnancy in our language, but because they are neither so abundant nor so musical; and besides, there is something in the rest of our verses, however common-place, which seems to be laughing at the incursion of these vivacious strangers, as if it were a hop suddenly got up, and unseasonably. We do not naturally take to any thing so abrupt and saltatory.

This objection however does not apply to the proposal we are about to make. Our rhymers *must* rhyme; and as there is a great difference between single words thus mingled with longer verses, and the same rhymes in their proper places, it has struck us, that a world of time and paper might be saved to the ingenious *rimatore*, whether Italian or English,

by foregoing at once all the superfluous part of his verses; that is to say, all the rest of them; and confining himself, entirely, to these very sufficing terminations. We subjoin some specimens in the various kinds of poetry; and inform the intelligent bookseller, that we are willing to treat with him for any quantity at a penny the hundred; which considering our characters, and how much more is obtained by the Laureate, and divers other tinkling old gentlemen about town, we trust will not be reckoned presuming.

A PASTORAL.

Dawn	Each	Fair	Me	Ray
Plains	Spoke	Mine	Too	Heat
Lawn	Beech	Hair	Free	Play
Swains.	Yoke.	Divine.	Woo.	Sweet.
Tune	Fields	Shades	Adieu	Farewell
Lays	Bowers	Darts	Flocks	Cows
Moon	Yields	Maids	Renew	Dell
Gaze.	Flowers.	Hearts.	Rocks.	Boughs.

Here, without any more ado, we have the whole history of a couple of successful rural lovers comparing notes. They issue forth in the morning; fall into the proper place and dialogue; record the charms and kindness of their respective mistresses; do justice at the same time to the fields and shades; and conclude by telling their flocks to wait as usual, while they renew their addresses under yonder boughs. How easily is all this gathered from the rhymes! and how worse than useless would it be in two persons, who have such interesting avocations, to waste their precious time and the reader's in a heap of prefatory remarks, falsely called verses!

Of Love-songs we have already had specimens; and by the bye, we did not think it necessary to give any French examples of our involuntary predecessors in this species of writing. The *yeux* and *dangereux*, *moi* and *foi*, *charmes* and *larmes*, are two well-known as well as too numerous to mention. We proceed to lay before the reader a Prologue; which, if spoken by a pretty actress, with a due sprinkling of nods and becks, and a judicious management of the pauses, would have an effect equally novel and triumphant. The reader is aware that a Prologue is generally made up of some observations on the drama in general, followed by an appeal in favour of the new one, some compliments to the nation, and a regular climax in honour of the persons appealed to. We scarcely need observe, that the rhymes should be read slowly, in order to give effect to the truly understood remarks in the intervals.

PROLOGUE.

Age	Fashion	Applause
Stage	British Nation.	Virtue's Cause
Mind		Trust
Mankind	Young	Just
Face	Tongue	Fear
Trace	Bard	Here
Sigh	Reward	Stands
Tragedy	Hiss	Hands
Scene	Miss	True
Spleen	Dare	You.
Pit	British fair	
Wit		

Here we have some respectable observations on the advan-

tages of the drama in every age, on the wideness of its survey, the different natures of tragedy and comedy, the vicissitudes of fashion, and the permanent greatness of the British empire. Then the young bard, new to the dramatic art, is introduced. He disclaims any hope of reward for any merit of his own, except that which is founded on a proper sense of the delicacy and beauty of his fair auditors, and his zeal in the cause of virtue. To this, at all events, he is sure his critics will be just; and though he cannot help feeling a certain timidity, standing where he does, yet upon the whole, as becomes an Englishman, he is perfectly willing to abide by the decision of his countrymen's hands, hoping that he shall be found

—— to sense, if not to genius, true,
And trusts his cause to virtue, and — to You.

Should the reader, before he comes to this explication of the Prologue, have had any other ideas suggested by it, we will undertake to say, that they will at all events be found to have a wonderful general similitude; and it is to be observed, that this very flexibility of adaptation is one of the happiest and most useful results of our proposed system of poetry. It comprehends all the possible common-places in vogue; and it also leaves to the ingenious reader something to fill up; which is a compliment, that has always been held due to him by the best authorities.

The next specimen is what, in a more superfluous condition of metre, would have been entitled *Lines on Time*. It is much in that genteel didactic taste, which is at once thinking and non-thinking, and has a certain neat and elderly dislike of innovation in it, greatly to the comfort of the seniors who adorn the circles.

ON TIME.

Time	Child	Race	Hold
Sublime	Beguil'd	Trace	Old
Fraught	Boy	All	Sure
Thought	Joy	Ball	Endure
Power	Man	Pride	Death
Devour	Span	Deride	Breath
Rust	Sire	Aim	Forgiven
Dust	Expire.	Same	Heaven.
Glass		Undo	
Pass	So	New	
Wings	Go		
Kings.			

We ask any impartial reader, whether he could possibly want a more sufficing account of the progress of this author's piece of reasoning upon Time? There is first the address to the hoary god, with all his emblems and consequence about him, the scythe excepted; that being an edge-tool to rhymers, which they judiciously keep inside the verse, as in a sheath. Then we are carried through all the stages of human existence, the caducity of which the writer applies to the world at large, impressing upon us the inutility of hope and exertion, and suggesting of course the propriety of thinking just as he does upon all subjects, political and moral, past, present, and to come. We really expect the thanks of the blue-stocking societies for this new-old piece of ethics, or at least of one of Mr. Southey's deputations of old women.

In Acrostics, the utility of our system would be too obvious to mention. But in nothing would it be more felicitous than in matters of Satire and Lampoon. Contempt is brief. Bitterness and venom are the better for being concentrated. A generous indignation wishes to save itself trouble:—a scan-

dal-monger would save himself detection and a beating; and every one would willingly be as safe as possible from the law. Now what can be briefer and more contemptuous than the mode in question? What a more essential salt or vitriolic acid, distilling in solitary and biting drops? What less exhausting to the writer's feeling? What more baffling to scrutiny, because able to dispense with all that constitutes style and peculiarity? What safer from the law, as far as any thing can be safe that is not supremely unlawful? Upon principles equally obvious it will be the same with flattery and panegyric, epithalamiums, odes on birth-days, &c. For instance—

A PANEGYRICAL ADDRESS TO A CERTAIN HOUSE.

What	Tools	Backs	Seat
Use	Host	Throne	Sell
Rot	Fools	Tax	Complete
Abuse.	Most.	Alone.	Hell.
Part	Reform	Hire	Set
Vocation	Within	Breath	About
" Start	Storm	Tire	Get
Indignation."	Begin.	Death.	Out.

A CAT-O'-NINE-TAILS FOR LORD C.

Packing	Washy	Loathing
Hacking	Splashy	Frothing
Racking.	Flashy.	Nothing.

ANOTHER, WITH KNOTS IN IT.

Hydrophoby	Turn about on	Go get your
Of troops	Yourselves,	Self taught
Quoth the looby,	Quoth the spout on,	Beat your feature,
The booby.	The doat on.	You creature.

A SOLILOQUY, BY THE SAME.

Folk	Say	Fate
Zoun's!	Blunder;	So
Smoke	Nay,	Great
Nouns :	Dunder!	Low.
Else	Hammer	Curse 'em
Miracles.	Grammar.	Disperse 'em.

A GERMAN APOLOGUE.

THE other day Jupiter gave Mercury a remarkable commission. Whether the God had grown older since the times of Plato and of Horace, or that the tempers of Diana and Minerva had not sweetened, or that there was something in the existing state of the world which alarmed him for the continuance of his authority, we know not; but certain it is, that great complaints had been made for some time past against three persons, whose names will surprise the reader, in conjunction with such a circumstance; to wit, the Graces.

One body of persons represented, that they were grown much too philosophic for their taste: another (which seemed odd) that they were much too vivacious. A third asserted (which was still more singular, considering they are goddesses) that they had no religion. Another admitted they might have some little religion, because they are the same as the Charities; but that there was nothing vital in it, and that they had been heard to speak ill of Pluto. A number of old ladies and gentlemen declared that there were no longer any such things as Graces. But the most remarkable sight was to see all the puritans and debauchees assembled together, and maintaining that the Graces were no longer modest.

By way of counter-petition to all this, a numerous body of persons, dressed in the extremest point of the fashion, declared that they knew the Graces very well, that they were the best good-natured creatures in the world, and had helped

them to dress that morning. We are sorry to say, that this petition was rejected as frivolous and vexatious. The presenters however did not appear to be disconcerted. They smiled in a manner which seemed to say that conviction ought to follow it; and their smile, like that of the whole assembly, was changed into a convulsion of laughter by a poor crazy poet, who half stalking and half tottering forward, with an old laurel on his head, asserted that he could settle the whole matter at once; and being asked in what way, replied, "*I am the three Graces.*"

The Graces were then called into court, but nobody came. Again they were called; but a dead silence prevailed over the vast assembly. Some old prophecies made Jupiter look uneasy. After waiting as long as he well could, he had them called, more solemnly, a third time. Not a Grace was to be seen. The old ladies and gentlemen could not help chuckling at this, as a proof of what they had said; but one of the most ancient of the females coming forward, and swearing she had seen them, and now saw them, in the likeness of three beautiful women of her own age, in stomachers and toupees, the laugh was turned in favour of the young ones. The laugh seemed to be echoed at a great distance by three of the most charming laughs in the world; which made somebody cry out, "*There are the Graces!*" upon which he was fined in a great passion by Mr. Justice Minos, for interrupting business. Indeed all the Judges, but one, seemed to be in a great passion; which was thought to be owing to a loyal interest they took in the anxiety of the King of Gods and Men. The one in question was in so great a passion, that he seemed to be in none at all. He was only considering all the while, how he should put the Graces to the torture, if ever he caught them.

At length Jupiter, not knowing what was to be done,

asked the opinion of the great men present, particularly of three ordinary looking persons, who though not of the priesthood, piqued themselves upon being the holiest of his vice-gerents. Their opinion was (and it was also the unanimous opinion of the judges, of the most orthodox of the priests, of the female writers on Tartarus, and indeed of every one who had a right to give an opinion; that is to say, who had a respectable superfluity of possession, particularly of nonsense) that the three goddesses, hitherto known by the name of the Graces, ought to be deprived of their name and offices, and other three ladies, properly deified for the occasion, appointed in their stead. The warrant was accordingly drawn up by three commissioners instantly nominated for that purpose; to wit, the dispassionate Judge above-mentioned, one of the female writers on Tartarus, and an old Scotch lord, whose past profligacy of life, and extreme filthiness of conversation, did not hinder him from knowing what was quite right and delicate in his old age, and having a becoming zeal for it. The warrant was drawn up with a rapidity proportionate to the zeal. It purported, that whereas the three very irregular, anti-Tartar, and indecorous personages, the Charities, better known by the style and title of the Three Graces, had utterly lost, ruined, and abolished their reputations, as well by certain wicked compliances with pretended humanists and philosophers, as by certain other abominable non-compliances with their right lords, masters, and mistresses,—the said Three Graces, commonly so called, are from this day forward, in their own persons and existence, utterly abolished, done away, *va-viad*, driven out with uplifted hands and eyes, reprobated, non-elected, and altogether nihilivili-pilified,—any apparent life, vitality, beauty, or entity of theirs notwithstanding:—And in the room of the said Three Graces, commonly so called, three certain other

Graces, hereafter to be more especially nominated, are to prevail and be received with all due worship in their stead, and to preside in particular over all elegancies, proprieties, decorums, withdrawing-rooms, female influences, prudes, prostitutes (for their better undoing) old generals, nice distinctions, in short, all that exquisite moral order of things genteel, which, in the midst of every vice, maintains, as it were, every virtue, and by the mere strength of a close, thick, and hard-grained integrity in the few, would suffice, if necessary, for the utter rottenness of virtue and felicity in all the rest:—The said three new Graces to be of equal heights, bearings and accomplishments, like the former ones; only to be dressed, instead of undressed, except when they go to court; and to be undeniably beautiful, unexceptionably orthodox, and irreversibly chaste.

For the discovery of these requisite trinal triplicities, Mercury was immediately dispatched on his travels. We luckily need not accompany him, for he sought every where, like the Squire of Dames; and though he was not in a dilemma, so extremely one and indivisible, as that in which the Squire is represented by the courtly poet who has related his adventures,* yet he was hampered quite enough. He could not for the life of him meet with the three ultra-qualified perfections altogether. Many ladies were undeniably beautiful, but not unexceptionably orthodox. The lovelier their style of beauty, the more heterodox they were as Tartars. A great number were undeniably beautiful, but by no means irreversibly chaste. Some who claimed the merit of being irreversibly chaste, as well as unexceptionably orthodox, were a great way off indeed from being undeniably beautiful,—not to say truly *what* they were. In short, the young

* See Faerie Queene, Book 3rd.

deity, who carried his scrupulosity of proof somewhat further, we suspect, than his employers intended, found plenty of women who pretended to all the qualifications, but none who completely stood the test of investigation. In direct proportion to their claims in some respects, they were apt to fail in others; and even when they made no pretensions at all, but were at once unaffectedly beautiful, virtuous, and chaste, Mercury found that in proportion to the trusting simplicity of their goodness, the *irreversible* part of the business stood very awkwardly in the way.

At length, to his great joy, he had accounts which he could rely on, of three persons who completely answered the description in request. Without further delay, he wrote about them to Jupiter, and proceeded to the place they lived in to claim them: when unluckily he had the mortification to find, that they had been taken away by Pluto the day before, for the Three Furies.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

LETTER I.—PISA.

WE have adopted the present form of communication with the reader for these articles, because we found the use of one's plural privileges inconvenient in travelling. An author must reverse on these occasions the custom of his legitimate brother *we's*, and travel *cognito*; otherwise his personal experiences will sometimes have a very ludicrous and inconsistent effect. He will not be able to move about with so much freedom, or give the results of his impressions and encounters with such vivacity, as if he were unhampered with a body corporate. It is not every body, like Cerberus or a king, who can be "three gentlemen at once," and at the same time lose nothing of his loco-motion. Therefore, be it known once for all, that when we travel, though in company, we are one, and shall use the first person accordingly; being, nevertheless, at all other times, more than one, and ready to prove it beyond a doubt upon the head of any one else, who shall dispute our miscellaneousness.

Pisa, one of the oldest cities in Europe, and supposed to have originated in a colony from its Grecian namesake, was at one time the most flourishing city in Tuscany. But the sea deserted it; and with the sea gradually departed all its modern importance. What it retained longest, and up to a late period, was its renown as a place of learning and education. But even that has departed now. It has indeed an

university, whose name is loth to abandon it; and the education, to those who are very much in earnest about it, is worth procuring, because private tuition, of a very attentive kind, is to be had for a trifle; and the university lectures may be attended gratuitously.* The science most in request is medicine, or rather surgery. The name of Professor Vaccà (a man in the prime of life, with an intelligent and pleasing countenance) is known all over Europe. There is also another liberality, truly becoming the study of letters, and worth the imitation of countries that pique themselves on their advances beyond superstition:—men of any sect or religion can take all the degrees in the university, except those in divinity or canonical law. One of the most interesting sights now in Pisa is a venerable Greek Archbishop, who takes his walk on the Lungarno every evening. It is understood that he is superintending the education of some Greek youths, and that he puts the receipts of his office to the noble purpose of assisting it. Prince Alexander Mavrocordato, who joined his countrymen last year in their great struggle, and to whom Mr. Shelley has dedicated his *Hellas*, was studying here when his glorious duty called him off. I know not on what errand a rich Russian comes to the same place; but the other evening, in the cathedral, I saw one of the sons of the late Marshal S. His semi-barbarous, fair, active-looking, and not ill-natured face, formed a curious contrast with the procession of dark southern heads, that was passing him up the middle of the church. His brother, who is said to be handsome, is here also. I was told they

* The writer of this article, for some weeks, had the pleasure of interchanging some English and Italian reading with the Abate Giuliani, an elegant scholar; and there is a young man of the name of Giannetti, who made a very kind and attentive master to his children, and promises to be an excellent instructor.

had been in Pisa about a year, and were *ricchissimi* (very rich)—a word which an Italian utters with a peculiar gravity.

What renders Pisa interesting now, and will continue to render it so as long as it exists, is its being left to a comparative solitude, and its containing one of the most singular, and many of the most ancient specimens of the arts, in Italy. It now stands five miles from the sea, and so completely out of the ordinary roads of communication, that the writers of elaborate works upon Italy do not think it incumbent upon them to notice it. Such however as have a true taste for their subject, cannot be well satisfied with themselves for the omission. Let the reader imagine a small white city, with a tower also white, leaning very distinctly in the distance at one end of it, trees on either side, and blue mountains for the back-ground. Such is the first sight of Pisa, as the traveller sees it in coming from Leghorn. Add to this, in summer-time, fields of corn on all sides, bordered with hedge-row trees, and the festoons of vines, of which he has so often read, hanging from tree to tree; and he may judge of the impression made upon an enthusiastic admirer of Italy, who is in Tuscany for the first time. It looks like a thing you have dreamt of, and answers most completely to the imagination.

In entering the city, the impression is beautiful. What looked white in the distance remains as pure and fair on closer acquaintance. You cross a bridge, and cast your eye up the whole extent of the city one way, the river Arno (the river of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio) winding through the middle of it under two more bridges; and fair elegant houses of good size bordering the wide pavement on either side. This is the Lung'arno, or street along the Arno. The mountains, in which you now discover the look of their marble veins (for it is from these that the marble of Carrara comes)

tower away beautifully at the further end, and seem much nearer than they are. The Arno, which is about as wide perhaps as the Isis at Oxford, is sandy coloured, and in the summer-time shrunken; but still it is the river of the great Tuscan writers, the visible possessor of the name we have all heard a thousand times, and we feel what a true thing is that which is called ideal.

The first novelty that strikes you, after your dreams and matter-of-fact have recovered from the surprise of their introduction to one another, is the singular fairness and new look of houses that have been standing hundreds of years. This is owing to the Italian atmosphere. Antiquity every where refuses to look ancient; it insists upon retaining its youthfulness of aspect. The consequence at first is a mixed feeling of admiration and disappointment; for we miss the venerable. The houses seem as if they ought to have sympathized more with humanity, and were as cold and as hard-hearted as their materials. But you soon find that Italy is the land, not of the venerable, but the beautiful; and cease to look for old age in the chosen country of the Apollo and the Venus. The only real antiquities are those in Dante and the oldest painters, who treat of the Bible in an ancient style. Among the mansions on the Lungarno is one entirely fronted with marble, and marble so pure and smooth that you can see your face in it. It is in a most graceful style of architecture, and has a curious symbol and motto over the door, which is the second Pisan mystery. The symbol is an actual fetter, attached with great nicety of taste to the middle stone over the door-way: the motto, *Alla Giornata* (For the Day, or the Day's Work). The allusion is supposed to be to some captivity undergone by one of the Lanfreducci family, the proprietors: but nobody knows. Further up on the same side of the way, is the old ducal palace,

said to be the scene of the murder of Don Garcia by his father, which is the subject of one of Alfieri's tragedies: and between both, a little before you come to the old palace, is the mansion still belonging to the family of the Lanfranchi, formerly one of the most powerful in Pisa. Part of the inside is said to have been built by Michael Angelo. The Lanfranchi were among the nobles, who conspired to pull down the traitorous ascendancy of Count Ugolino, and wreaked that more infamous revenge on him and his young children. I need not remind the reader of the passage in Dante; but perhaps he is not aware, that Chaucer has worthily related the story after him, referring, with his usual modesty, for a more sufficing account, to "the grete poete of Itaille." See the Monk's Tale, part the last, entitled "Hugelin of Pise." The tower in which Ugolino was starved, was afterwards called the Tower of Famine. Chaucer, who is supposed to have been in Italy, says that it stood "a littel out" of Pisa; Villani says, in the Piazza of the Anziani. It is understood to be no longer in existence, and even its site is disputed. It is curious to feel oneself sitting quietly in one of the old Italian houses, and think of all the interests and passions that have agitated the hearts of so many generations of its tenants; all the revels and the quarrels that have echoed along its walls; all the guitars that have tinkled under its windows; all the scuffles that have disputed its doors. Along the great halls, how many feet have hurried in alarm! how many stately beauties have drawn their quiet trains! how many huge torches have ushered magnificence up the staircases! how much blood perhaps been shed! The ground-floors of all the great houses in Pisa, as in other Italian cities, have iron bars at the windows, evidently for security in time of trouble. The look is at first very gloomy and prison-like, but you get used to it. The bars

also are thin, round, and painted white, and the interstices large; and if the windows are towards a garden, and bordered with shrubs and ivy, as in the Casa Lanfranchi, the imagination makes a compromise with their prison-like appearance, and persuades itself they are guards only in time of war, but trellises during a peace-establishment. All the floors are made for separate families, it having been the custom in Italy from time immemorial for fathers and mothers, sons and daughters-in-law, or vice versa, with as many other relations as might be "agreeable," to live under the same roof. Spaciousness and utility were the great objects with the builder; and a stranger is sometimes surprised with the look of the finest houses outside, particularly that of the ground-floor. The stables used often to be there, and their place is now as often occupied by shops. In the inside of the great private houses there is always a certain majestic amplitude; but the entrances of the rooms and the staircase on the ground floor are often placed irregularly, so as to sacrifice everything to convenience. In the details there is sure to be a noble eye to proportion. You cannot look at the elevation of the commonest door-way, or the ceiling of a room appropriated to the humblest purposes, but you recognize the land of the fine arts. You think Michael Angelo has been at the turning of those arches,—at the harmonizing of those beautiful varieties of shape, which by the secret principles common to all the arts and sciences, affect the mind like a sort of inaudible music. The very plasterer who is hired to give the bare walls of some old unused apartment an appearance of ornament, paints his door-ways, his pilasters, and his borders of leaves, in a bold style of relief and illusion, which would astonish the doubtful hand of many a gentleman "in the higher walks of art." It must be observed however, that this is a piece of good

taste which seems to have survived most others, and to have been kept up by the objects upon which it works; for the arts are at present lying fallow in Italy, waiting for more strenuous times.

I was so taken up, on my arrival at Pisa, with friends and their better novelties, that I forgot even to look about me for the Leaning Tower. You lose sight of it on entering the town, unless you come in at the Lucca gate. On the Sunday following however I went to see it, and the majestic spot in which it stands, with Mr. Shelley. Good God! what a day that was, compared with all that have followed it! I had my friend with me, arm-in-arm, after a separation of years: he was looking better than I had ever seen him—we talked of a thousand things—we anticipated a thousand pleasures — — — I must plunge again into my writing, that I may try to forget it.

The Leaning Tower stands in a solitary quarter of the city, but in illustrious company. Mr. Forsythe, a late traveller of much shrewdness and pith, (though a want of ear, and an affectation of ultra good sense, render him sometimes extremely unfit for a critic on Italy,—as where he puts music and perfumery on a level,) has been beforehand with the spot itself in putting this idea in my head. "Pisa," says he, "while the capital of a republic, was celebrated for its profusion of marble, its patrician towers, and its grave magnificence. It still can boast some marble churches, a marble palace, and a marble bridge. Its towers, though no longer a mark of nobility, may be traced in the walls of modernized houses. Its gravity pervades every street; but its magnificence is now confined to one sacred corner. There stand the Cathedral, the Baptistery, the Leaning Tower, and the Campo Santo; all built of the same marble, all varieties of the same architecture, all venerable with

“ years, and fortunate both in their society and in their solitude.”—Forsythe’s Italy, 1801.

I know not whether my first sensation at the sight of the Leaning Tower, was admiration of its extreme beauty, or its threatening attitude. I remember being exceedingly struck with both. Its beauty has never been sufficiently praised. Its overhanging aspect seems to menace the houses near it with instant destruction. The inclination is fourteen feet out of the perpendicular, and has singularly escaped the exaggerations of travellers and pictures. We wonder that people should build houses underneath it, till we recollect that it has probably stood thus ever since it was built, that is to say, for nearly six hundred and fifty years; and that habit reconciles us to any thing. “The Leaning Tower at first sight,” says Mr. Matthews, in his *Diary of an Invalid*, “is quite terrific, and exceeds expectation. There is, I believe, no doubt of the real history of this tower. The foundation-ground gave way during the progress of the building, and the architect completed his work in the direction thus accidentally given to it. Accordingly, we find in the construction of the upper part, that the weight is supported in a way to support the equilibrium.” He means, that something of a curve backwards is given to it. Mr. Forsythe seems to ridicule opinions to this effect; but I can only say, that such was the impression on my own eyes, before I called to mind anything that had been said about it. The structure was begun by a German artist, William of Inspruck, and finished by Italians. Several other towers in Pisa, including the Observatory, have a very visible inclination, owing to the same cause,—the sinking of the soil, which is light, sandy, and full of springs; and surely nothing is more probable than an attempt on the part of the builders of so beautiful a structure to counteract the consequences of

the foundation's having given way. The tower is a campanile or belfry to the Cathedral. It was the custom in Italy to make the belfry a separate building, and the custom was a good one; for it afforded variety, and prevented barbarism. The height of the tower is about 150 feet, but it looks more, on account of its happy situation and the lowness of the houses near it. Let the reader imagine the Monument of London sheathed in an open work of eight stories of little columns, and leaning in a fine open situation, and he will have some idea of this noble cylinder of marble. The sheath is its great beauty, and gives it an extraordinary aspect of richness and simplicity.

With regard to the company in which it stands, let the reader suppose the new square at Westminster Abbey, converted into a broad grass walk, and standing in a much more solitary part of the town. Let him suppose at one end of this walk the Leaning Tower, with some small but elegant houses on one side of it, looking down the grass plot; the Baptistery, a rotunda, standing by itself at the opposite end; the public hospital, an extremely neat and quiet building, occupying the principal length of the road which borders the grass plot on one side; on the other side, and on the grass itself, the Cathedral, stretching between the Leaning Tower and the Baptistery; and lastly, at the back of the Cathedral, and visible between the openings at its two ends, the Campo Santo or Burial Ground, a set of walled marble cloisters full of the oldest paintings in Italy. All these buildings are detached; they all stand in a free, open situation; they all look as if they were built but a year ago; they are all of marble; the whole place is kept extremely clean,—the very grass in a state of greenness not common to turf in the South; and there are trees looking upon it over a wall next the Baptistery. Let the reader add to this scene a few boys playing

about, all ready to answer your questions in pure Tuscan,—women occasionally passing with veils or bare heads, or now and then a couple of friars; and though finer individual sights may be found in the world, it will be difficult to come upon an assemblage of objects more rich in their communion.

The Baptistery is a large rotunda, richly carved, and appropriated solely to the purpose after which it is christened. It is in a mixed style, and was built in the twelfth century. Mr. Forsythe, who is deep in arches and polygons, objects to the crowd of unnecessary columns; to the “hideous tunnel which conceals the fine swell of the cupola;” and to the appropriation of so large an edifice to a christening. The “tunnel” may deserve his wrath; but his architectural learning sometimes behaves as ill as the tunnel, and obscures his better taste. A christening, in the eyes of a good Catholic, is at least as important an object as a rotunda; and there is a religious sentiment in the profusion with which ornament is heaped upon edifices of this nature. It forms a beauty of itself, and gives even mediocrity a sort of abundance of intention that looks like the wealth of genius. The materials take leave of their materiality, and crowd together into a worship of their own. It is no longer, “let every thing,” only, “that has *breath*, praise the Lord;” but let every thing else praise him, and take a meaning and life accordingly. Let column obscure column, as in a multitude of men; let arch strain upon arch, as if to ascend to heaven; let there be infinite details, conglomerations, mysteries, lights, darkneses; and let the birth of a new soul be well and worthily celebrated in the midst of all.

The Cathedral is in the Greek style of the middle ages, a style which Mr. Forsythe thinks should rather be called the Lombard, “as it appeared in Italy first under the Lombard princes.” He says, that it includes “whatever was grand or

“ beautiful in the works of the middle ages;” and that “ this was perhaps the noblest of them all.” He proceeds to find fault with certain incongruities, amongst which are some remains of Pagan sculpture left standing in a Christian church; but he enthusiastically admires the pillars of oriental granite that support the roof. The outside of the building consists of mere heaps of marble, mounting by huge steps to the roof; but their simplicity as well as size gives them a new sort of grandeur; and Mr. Forsythe has overlooked the extraordinary sculpture of the bronze doors, worthy of the same hand that made those others at Florence, which Michael Angelo said were fit to be the gates of Paradise. It is divided into compartments, the subjects of which are taken from Scripture; and if the doors at Florence surpass it, they must be divine indeed. The relief is the most graceful and masterly conceivable; the perspective astonishing, as if in a drawing; and equal justice is done to the sharp monstrosities of the devil with his bat-wings, and the gentle graces of the Saviour. There is a great number of pictures in the Cathedral, good enough to assist rather than spoil the effect, but not remarkable. I have not been present when the church-service has been at its best; but the leader does not seem to rely much on his singers, by the noise which he makes in behalf of time. His vehement roll of paper, sounds like the lashing of a whip. One evening, in August, I saw the whole inside of the Cathedral lit up with wax in honour of the Assumption. The lights were disposed with much taste, but soon produced a great heat. There was a gigantic picture of the Virgin displayed at the upper end, who was to be supposed sitting in heaven, surrounded with the celestial ardours; but she was “ dark with excess of bright.” It is impossible to see this profusion of lights, especially when one knows their symbolical meaning, without being struck

with the source from which Dante took his idea of the beatified spirits. His heaven, filled with lights, and lights too arranged in figures, which glow with lustre in proportion to the beatitude of the souls within them, is clearly a sublimation of a Catholic church. And it is not the worse for it, that nothing escapes the look of definiteness and materiality like fire. It is so airy, joyous, and divine a thing, when separated from the idea of pain and an ill purpose, that the language of happiness naturally adopts its terms, and can tell of nothing more rapturous than burning bosoms and sparkling eyes. The Seraph of the Hebrew theology was a Fire. But then the materials of heaven and hell are the same? Yes; and a very fine piece of moral theology might be made out of their sameness, always omitting the brute injustice of eternal punishment. Is it not by our greater or less cultivation of health and benevolence, that we all make out our hells and heavens upon earth? by a turning of the same materials and passions of which we are all composed, to different accounts? Burning now in the horrors of hell with fear, hatred, and uncharitableness, and now in the joys or at least the happier sympathies of heaven, with good effort, courage, gratitude, generosity, love? When Dante was asked where he found his hell, *he* answered, "upon earth." He found his heaven in the same place; and no disparagement either to a future state. If it is impossible for the mass of matter to be lost, or even diminished, it seems equally impossible for the mass of sensations to be lost; and it is surely worth while, whatever our creeds may be, to take as much care as possible that what we have to do with it, may be done well, and rendered worth the chance of continuance.*

* See an ingenious article on this subject in Tucker's *Light of Nature*, which however is not imagined as highly as it might be, or illustrated with as much as he could reasonably have deduced from nature.

The crowning glory of Pisa is the Campo Santo. I entered for the first time at twilight, when the indistinct shapes, colours, and antiquity of the old paintings wonderfully harmonized with the nature of the place. I chose to go towards evening, when I saw it again; and though the sunset came upon me too fast to allow me to see all the pictures as minutely as I could have wished, I saw enough to warrant my giving an opinion of them; and I again had the pleasure of standing in the spot at twilight. It is an oblong inclosure, about the size of Stratford Place, and surrounded with cloisters wider and lighter than those of Westminster. At least, such is my impression. The middle is grassed earth, the surface of which, for some depth, is supposed to have been brought from Palestine at the time of the crusades, and to possess the virtue of decomposing bodies in the course of a few hours. The tradition is, that Ubaldo Lanfranchi, Archbishop of Pisa, who commanded the forces contributed by his countrymen; brought the earth away with him in his ships; but though such a proceeding would not have been impossible, the story is now, I believe, regarded as a mere legend. The decomposition of the bodies might have been effected by other means. Persons are buried both in this enclosure and in the cloisters, but only persons of rank or celebrity. Most of the inscriptions for instance (of which there are some hundreds, all on marble, and mixed with busts and figures) are to the memory of Pisans in the rank of nobility; but there are several also to artists and men of letters. The most interesting grave is that of Benozzo, one of the old painters, who lies at the foot of his own works. Here is a handsome monument, with a profile, to Algarotti, erected by Frederick of Prussia. Pignotti, the fabulist, has another; and Fabroni, the late eulogist of eminent Italians on handsome paper, has a bust so good-natured and full of

a certain jolly gusto, that we long to have eat olives with him. In truth, these modern gettings up of renown, in the shape of busts and monuments to middling men of talent, appear misplaced, when you come to notice them. They look in the way. But the old pictures, which they seem to contradict and interfere with, reconcile them at last. Any thing and every thing mortal has its business here. The pretensions of mediocrity are exalted into the claims of the human being. One blushes to deny the writers of amiable books what one would demand for one's own common nature; or to think of excluding a man for doing better than hundreds of the people there, merely because he has not done so well as some who are not there. Pignotti and Algarotti, at last, even harmonize with some sprightly figures who play their harps and their love-songs in the pictures, and who flourished hundreds of years ago, as their readers flourish now; and even the bustling and well-fed amenity of Monsignor Fabroni is but a temporary contradiction, which will be rendered serious some day by the crumbling away of his marble cheeks, or the loss of some over-lively feature. Let him, for God's sake, live in inscription, and look treats in stone.

Besides these modern pieces of sculpture, there has been for some years a collection of ancient marbles, chiefly urns and sarcophagi, together with some fragments of the early Italian school. It is so impossible to pay proper attention to any large collection of art, without repeated visits, that I do not pretend to have given it to the old pictures, much less to the marbles. The first impression is not pleasant,—their orderly array, the numerals upon them, and the names of the donors upon the walls behind, giving the whole too much the air of a shew-room or common gallery. The pictures form part of the sentiment of the place as a burial

ground, and would certainly be better by themselves; but the antiquity of the marbles reconciles us at last. From the glance I took at them, many appear to be poor enough, but several very good. I noticed in particular one or two sarcophagi with reliefs of Bacchus and Ariadne, and a head supposed to be that of a Roman Emperor, and looking quite brutal enough. As to the Paganism, I do not quarrel, like Mr. Forsythe, with the presence of things Pagan in a Christian edifice; not only because the Pagan and Catholic religions have much that is in common externally, their draperies, altars, incense, music, winged genii, &c.; but because from a principle which the author of a new Comment on Dante has noticed, there is in fact an identity of interests and aspirations in all these struggles of mortal man after a knowledge of things supernatural.*

The paintings on the walls, the great glory of Pisa, are by Orgagna, Simon Memmi, Giotto, Buffalmacco, Benozzo, and others,—all more or less renowned by illustrious pens; all, with more or less gusto, the true and reverend harbingers of the greatest painters of Italy. Simon Memmi is the artist celebrated by Petrarch for his portrait of Laura; Buffalmacco is the mad wag (grave enough here) who cuts such a figure in the old Italian novels; and Giotto, the greatest of them all, is the friend of Dante, the hander down of his like-

* See a "Comment on the Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri," just published. It is written in the style of one who has been accustomed to speak another language, and ventures upon some singularly gratuitous assumptions respecting the doctrine of eternal punishment: but the poetical reader will consider it a valuable addition to the stock of criticism on Dante, and wish that the author may continue it. It contains some happy local illustrations, a complete account of the real history of Paulo and Francesca, a settlement of the question respecting Beatrice, and a variety of metaphysico-theological remarks in as good and deep a taste as those above-mentioned are idle.

ness to posterity, and himself the Dante of his art. High as this eulogy is, nobody will think it too high who has seen his works in the Campo Santo: They are of the same fine old dreaming character, the same imaginative mixture of things familiar with things unearthly, the same strenuous and (when they choose) gentle expression,—in short, the same true discernment of the “differences of things,” now grappling with a fiend or a fierce thought, now sympathising with fear and sorrow, now setting the muscles of grim warriors, now dissolving in the looks and flowing tresses of women, or setting a young gallant in an attitude to which Raphael might have traced his cavaliers. And this is more or less the character of the very oldest pictures in the Campo Santo. They have the germs of beauty and greatness, however obscured and stiffened, the struggle of true pictorial feeling with the inexperience of art. As you proceed along the walls, you see gracefulness and knowledge gradually helping one another, and legs and arms, lights, shades, and details of all sorts taking their proper measures and positions, as if every separate thing in the world of painting had been created with repeated efforts, till it answered the original and always fair idea. They are like a succession of quaint dreams of humanity during the twilight of creation.

I have already mentioned that the pictures are painted on the walls of the four cloisters. They occupy the greater part of the elevation of these walls, beginning at top and finishing at a reasonable distance from the pavement. The subjects are from the Old Testament up to the time of Solomon, from the legends of the middle ages, particularly St. Ranieri (the patron saint of Pisa) and from the history of the Crucifixion, Resurrection, &c. with the Day of Judgment. There is also a Triumph of Death. The colours of some of them, especially of the sky and ship in the voyage of St. Ranieri, are

wonderfully preserved. The sky looks as intensely blue as the finest out of doors. But others are much injured by the sea air, which blows into Pisa; and it is a pity that the windows of the cloisters in these quarters are not glazed, to protect them from further injury. The best idea perhaps which I can give an Englishman of the general character of the paintings, is by referring him to the engravings of Albert Durer, and the serious parts of Chaucer. There is the same want of proper costume—the same intense feeling of the human being, both in body and soul—the same bookish, romantic, and retired character—the same evidences, in short, of antiquity and commencement, weak (where it is weak) for want of a settled art and language, but strong for that very reason in first impulses, and in putting down all that is felt. An old poet however always has the advantage of an old painter, because he is not obliged to a literal description of arms, legs, and attitudes, and thus escapes half his quaintness. But they truly illustrate one another. Chaucer's *Duke Theseus*, clothed and behaving accordingly—his yawning courtiers, who thank king Cambuscan for dismissing them to bed—his god Janus keeping Christmas with his fire-side and his dish of brawn, &c.—exhibit the same fantastic alternations of violated costume and truth of nature. The way in which he mingles together personages of all times, nations, and religions, real and fictitious, Samson and Turnus with Socrates, Ovid with St. Augustin, &c. and his descriptions of actual “purtreyings on a wall,” in which are exhibited at once, Narcissus, Solomon, Venus, Cræsus, and “the porter Idleness,” resemble the manner in which some of the painters of the Campo Santo defy all perspective, and fill one picture with twenty different solitudes. There is a painting for instance devoted to the celebrated anchorites or hermits of the desert. They are represented according to their seve-

ral legends—reading, dying, undergoing temptations, assisted by lions, &c. At first they all look like fantastic actors in the same piece; but you dream, and are reconciled. The contempt of every thing like interval, and of all which may have happened in it, makes the ordinary events of life seem of as little moment; and the mind is exclusively occupied with the sacred old men and their solitudes, all at the same time, and yet each by himself. The manner in which some of the hoary saints in these pictures pore over their books and carry their decrepit old age, full of a bent and absorbed feebleness—the set limbs of the warriors on horseback—the sidelong unequivocal looks of some of the ladies playing on harps, and conscious of their ornaments—the people of fashion, seated in rows, with Time coming up unawares to destroy them—the other rows of elders and doctors of the church, forming part of the array of heaven—the uplifted hand of Christ denouncing the wicked at the Day of Judgment—the daring satires occasionally introduced against hypocritical monks and nuns—the profusion of attitudes, expressions, incidents, broad draperies, ornaments of all sorts, visions, mountains, ghastly looking cities, fiends, angels, sybilline old women, dancers, virgin brides, mothers and children, princes, patriarchs, dying saints;—it is an injustice to the superabundance and truth of conception in all this multitude of imagery, not to recognise the real inspirers as well as harbingers of Raphael and Michael Angelo, instead of confining the honour to the Massacios and Peruginos. The Massacios and Peruginos, for all that ever I saw, meritorious as they are, are no more to be compared with them, than the sonnetteers of Henry the Eighth's time are to be compared with Chaucer. Even in the very rudest of the pictures, where the souls of the dying are going out of their mouths in the shape of little children, there are passages not unworthy of Dante or Mi-

chael Angelo,—angels trembling at the blowing of trumpets, men in vain attempting to carry their friends into heaven; and saints, who have lived ages of temperance, sitting in calm air upon hills far above the triumphant progress of Death, who goes bearing down the great, the luxurious, and the young. The picture by Titian, in which he has represented the three great stages of existence, bubble-blowing childhood, love-making manhood, and death-contemplating old age, is not better conceived, and hardly better made out, than some of the designs of Orgagna and Giotto. Since I have beheld the Campo Santo, I have enriched my day-dreams and my stock of the admirable, and am thankful that I have names by heart, to which I owe homage and gratitude. Tender and noble Orgagna, be thou blessed beyond the happiness of thine own heaven! Giotto, be thou a name to me hereafter, of a kindred brevity, solidity, and stateliness, with that of thy friend Dante!*

The air of Pisa is soft and balmy to the last degree. Mr. Forsythe thinks it too moist, and countenance is given to his opinion by the lowness and flatness of the place, which lies in a plain full of springs and rivers, between the Apennines and the sea. The inhabitants also have a proverb,—*Pisa pesa a chi posa*,—which may be translated,

Pisa sits ill
On those who sit still.

To me the air seemed as dry as it is soft; and most people will feel oppressed every where, if they do not take exercise. The lower rooms of the houses are reckoned how-

* There is a good description of the pictures in the Campo Santo, written by Professor Rosini, of Pisa, and enriched with some criticisms by his friend the Cavaliere de Rossi.

ever too damp in winter, at least on the Lungarno; though the winter season is counted delicious, and the Grand Duke always comes here to spend two months of it. The noon-day sun in summer-time is formidable, resembling more the intense heat struck from burning metal, than any thing we can conceive of it in England. But a sea-breeze often blows of an evening, when the inhabitants take their exercise. A look out upon the Lungarno at noon-day is curious. A blue sky is overhead—dazzling stone underneath—the yellow Arno gliding along, generally with nothing upon it, sometimes a lazy sail; the houses on the opposite side, sleeping with their green blinds down; and nobody passing but a few labourers, carmen, or countrywomen in their veils and handkerchiefs, hastening with bare feet, but never too fast to forget a certain air of strut and stateliness. Dante, in one of his love poems, praises his mistress for walking like a peacock, nay even like a crane, *strait above herself*:—

Soave a guisa va di un bel pavone,
Diritta sopra se, coma una grua.

Sweetly she goes, like the bright peacock; strait
Above herself, like to the lady crane.

This is the common walk of Italian women, rich and poor. The step of Madame Vestris on the stage resembles it. To an English eye at first it seems wanting in a certain modesty and moral grace; but you see what the grave poet has to say for it, and it is not associated in an Italian mind with any such deficiency: that it has a beauty of its own is certain.

Solitary as Pisa may look at noon-day, it is only by comparison with what you find in very populous cities. Its desolate aspect is much exaggerated. The people, for the most part, sit in shade at their doors in the hottest weather, so

that it cannot look so solitary as many parts of London at the same time of the year; and though it is true that grass grows in some of the streets, it is only in the remotest. The streets, for the most part, are kept very neat and clean, not excepting the poorest alleys, a benefit arising not only from the fine pavement which is every where to be found, but from the wise use to which criminals are put. The punishment of death is not kept up in Tuscany. Robbers, and even murderers, are made to atone for the ill they have done by the good works of sweeping and keeping clean. A great murderer on the English stage used formerly to have a regular suit of brick-dust. In Tuscany, or at least in Pisa, robbers are dressed in a red livery, and murderers in a yellow. A stranger looks with a feeling more grave than curiosity at these saffron-coloured mysteries, quietly doing their duty in the open streets, and not seeming to avoid observation. But they look just like other men. They are either too healthy by temperance and exercise to exhibit a conscience, or think they make up very well by their labour for so trifling an ebullition of animal spirits. And they have a good deal to say for themselves, considering their labour is in chains and for life.

The inhabitants of Pisa in general are not reckoned a favourable specimen of Tuscan looks. You are sure to meet fine faces in any large assembly, but the common run is certainly bad enough. They are hard, prematurely aged, and what expression there is, is worldly. Some of them have no expression whatever, but are as destitute of speculation and feeling as masks. The bad Italian face and the good Italian face are the extremes of insensibility and the reverse. But it is rare that the eyes are not fine, and the females have a profusion of good hair. Lady Morgan has justly remarked the promising countenances of Italian

children, compared with what they turn out to be as they grow older; and adds with equal justice, that it is an evident affair of government and education. You doubly pity the corruptions of a people, who besides their natural genius, preserve in the very midst of their sophistication a frankness distinct from it, and an entire freedom from affectation. An Italian annoys you neither with his pride like an Englishman, nor with his vanity like a Frenchman. He is quiet and natural, self-possessed without wrapping himself sulkily in a corner, and ready for cheerfulness without grimace. His frankness sometimes takes the air of a simplicity, at once singularly misplaced and touching. A young man who exhibited a taste for all good and generous sentiments, and who, according to the representation of his friends, was a very worthy as well as ingenious person, did not scruple to tell me one day, as a matter of course, that he made a point of getting acquainted with the rich families, purely to be invited to their houses and partake of their good things. Many an Englishman would undoubtedly do this, but he would hardly be so frank about it to a stranger; nor would an Englishman of the same tastes in other respects be easily found to act so. But it is the old story of "following a multitude to do evil," and is no doubt accounted a mere matter of necessity and good sense.

The Pisans claim the merit of speaking as pure Italian, if not purer, as any people in Tuscany; and there is a claim among the poorer orders in this part of Italy, which has been too hastily credited by foreigners, of speaking a language quite as pure as the educated classes. It is certainly not true, whatever may be claimed for their Tuscan as ancient or popular Tuscan. The Pisans in general also seem to have corrupted their pronunciation, and the Florentines too, if report is to be believed. They use a soft aspirate

instead of the C, as if their language was not genteel and tender enough already. *Casa* is *hasa*,—*cuoco* (a cook) *hoho*,—*locando*, *lohando*,—*cocomero*, *hohomero*,—and even *crazie* (a sort of coin) *hrazie*. But they speak well out, trolling the words clearly over the tongue. There seems a good deal of talent for music among them, which does not know how to make its way. You never hear the poorest melody, but somebody strikes in with what he can muster up of a harmony. Boys go about of an evening, and parties sit at their doors, singing popular airs, and hanging as long as possible on the last chord. It is not an uncommon thing for gentlemen to play their guitars as they go along to a party. I heard one evening a voice singing past a window, that would not have disgraced an opera; and I once walked behind a common post-boy, who in default of having another to help him to a harmony, contrived to make chords of all his notes, by rapidly sounding the second and treble one after the other. The whole people are bitten with a new song, and hardly sing any thing else till the next: there were two epidemic airs of this kind, when I was there, which had been imported from Florence, and which the inhabitants sung from morning till night, though they were nothing remarkable. And yet Pisa is said to be the least fond of music of any city in Tuscany.

I must not omit a great curiosity which is in the neighbourhood of Pisa, towards the sea;—namely, the existence of a race of camels, which was brought from the East during the crusades. I have not seen them out of the city, though the novelty of the sight in Europe, the sand of the sea-shore, and the vessels that sometimes combine with the landscape in the distance, are said to give it a look singularly Asiatic. They are used for agricultural purposes, and may be some-

times met within the walls. The forest between Pisa and another part of the sea-shore, is extensive and woody.

Pisa is a tranquil, an imposing, and even now a beautiful and stately city. It looks like the residence of an university : many parts of it seem made up of colleges ; and we feel as if we ought to " walk gowned." It possesses the Campo Santo, rich above earthly treasure ; its river is the river of Tuscan poetry, and furnished Michael Angelo with the subject of his cartoon ; and it disputes with Florence the birth of Galileo. Here at all events he studied and he taught : here his mind was born, and another great impulse given to the progress of philosophy and Liberal Opinion.

MAY-DAY NIGHT.

[THE following is a translation by Mr. Shelley of the *May-day Night* scene in the tragedy of *Faust*. A few passages were not filled up in the manuscript; and one or two others, perhaps of a like nature, have been omitted, not out of an idle squeamishness, but that the true spirit of them might not be mistaken for want of being accompanied by the context of the whole work. The scene is the first specimen, we believe, of a poetical English translation of that extraordinary production, to which no man was better able to do justice than our lamented friend. The poetical reader will feel with what vivacity he has encountered the ghastly bustle of the revellers, —with what apprehensiveness of tact, yet strength of security, he has carried us into the thick of “the witch element.” These are strong terms of praise for a translation; but Mr. Shelley went to his work in a kindred spirit of genius, and Goëthe has so completely made his work a work of creation, it seems a thing so involuntarily growing out of the world he has got into, like the animated rocks and crags which he speaks of,—that a congenial translator in one’s own language seems to step into his place as the abstract observer, and to leave but two images present to one’s mind, the work and himself. In other words, he is the true representative of his author. This is the very highest triumph both of poetry and translation.

Webster and Middleton would have liked this scene. Every body will like it, who can feel at all what the poet feels most, the secret analogies that abound in all things,—the sympathies, of which difference and even antipathy cannot get rid. How we pity *Faust* in this play, who refines and hardens himself out of his faith in things good, and acquires the necessity of inordinate excitement! How we congratulate even the Devil, who, having got a pitch still further, discovers a kind of faith in faithlessness itself, and extracts a good, wretched as it is, out of his laughing at every thing! And how delightful, is it not, to see the blankest scepticism itself thus brought round to poetry and imagination by the very road which seemed to lead

farthest from it, and the misfortune of worldly-mindedness inculcated by the very charities which the poet finds out in its behalf!

We have sometimes thought of attempting a work, in which beasts and birds should speak, not as in Æsop, but as they might be supposed to talk, if they could give us the result of their own actual perceptions and difference of organization. Goethe would handle such a subject to perfection.]

MAY-DAY NIGHT.

SCENE—*The Hartz Mountain, a desolate Country.*

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

Meph. Would you not like a broomstick? As for me
I wish I had a good stout ram to ride ;
For we are still far from the appointed place.

Faust. This knotted staff is help enough for me,
Whilst I feel fresh upon my legs. What good
Is there in making short a pleasant way?
To creep along the labyrinths of the vales,
And climb those rocks where ever-babbling springs
Precipitate themselves in waterfalls,
Is the true sport that seasons such a path.
Already Spring kindles the birchen spray,
And the hoar pines already feel her breath :
Shall she not work also within our limbs ?

Meph. Nothing of such an influence do I feel.
My body is all wintry, and I wish
The flowers upon our path were frost and snow.
But see how melancholy rises now,
Dimly uplifting her belated beam,
The blank unwelcome round of the red moon,
And gives so bad a light, that every step
One stumbles 'gainst some crag. With your permission,
I'll call an Ignis-fatuus to our aid :
I see one yonder burning jollily.
Halloo, my friend! may I request that you

Would favour us with your bright company?
 Why should you blaze away there to no purpose?
 Pray be so good as light us up this way.

Ignis-f. With reverence be it spoken, I will try
 To overcome the lightness of my nature;
 Our course you know is generally zig-zag.

Meph. Ha, ha! your worship thinks you have to deal
 With men. Go strait on, in the Devil's name,
 Or I will blow your flickering life out.

Ignis-f. Well,
 I see you are the master of the house;
 I will accommodate myself to you.
 Only consider, that to-night this mountain
 Is all enchanted, and if Jack-a-lantern
 Shews you his way, though you should miss your own,
 You ought not to be too exact with him

(Faust, Mephistopheles, and Ignis-fatuus, in alternate chorus.)

The limits of the sphere of dream,
 The bounds of true and false, are past.
 Lead us on, thou wandering Gleam,
 Lead us onward, far and fast,
 To the wide, the desert waste.

But see how swift advance, and shift,
 Trees behind trees, row by row,—
 How, clift by clift, rocks bend and lift
 Their fawning foreheads as we go.
 The giant-snouted crags, ho! ho!
 How they snort and how they blow!

Through the mossy sods and stones
 Stream and streamlet hurry down —

A rushing throng! A sound of song
Beneath the vault of Heaven is blown!
Sweet notes of love, the speaking tones
Of this bright day, sent down to say
That Paradise on Earth is known,
Resound around, beneath, above.
All we hope and all we love
Finds a voice in this blithe strain,
Which wakens hill, and wood, and rill,
And vibrates far o'er field and vale,
And which echo, like the tale
Of old times, repeats again.

To whoo! to whoo! Near, nearer now
The sound of song, the rushing throng!
Are the screech, the lapwing, and the jay,
All awake as if 'twere day?
See, with long legs and belly wide,
A salamander in the lake!
Every root is like a snake,
And along the loose hill side,
With strange contortions through the night,
Curls, to seize or to affright;
And, animated, strong, and many,
They dart forth polypus-antennæ,
To blister with their poison spume
The wanderer. Through the dazzling gloom
The many-coloured mice, that thread
The dewy turf beneath our tread,
In troops each others motions cross,
Through the heath and through the moss;
And, in legions intertangled,

The fire-flies flit, and swarm, and throng,
Till all the mountain depths are spangled.

Tell me, shall we go or stay?
Shall we onward? Come along!
Every thing around is swept
Forward, onward, far away!
Trees and masses intercept
The sight, and wisps on every side
Are puffed up and multiplied.

Meph. Now vigorously seize my skirt, and gain
This pinnacle of isolated crag.
One may observe with wonder from this point,
How Mammon glows among the mountains.

Faust. Aye—

And strangely through the solid depth below
A melancholy light, like the red dawn,
Shoots from the lowest gorge of the abyss
Of mountains, lightning hitherward: there rise
Pillars of smoke, here clouds float gently by;
Here the light burns soft as the enkindled air,
Or the illumined dust of golden flowers;
And now it glides like tender colours spreading,
And now bursts forth in fountains from the earth;
And now it winds, one torrent of broad light,
Through the far valley with a hundred veins;
And now once more within that narrow corner
Masses itself into intensest splendour.
And near us, see! sparks spring out of the ground,
Like golden sand scattered upon the darkness;
The pinnacles of that black wall of mountains
That hems us in, are kindled.

Meph. Rare, in faith!
 Does not Sir Mammon gloriously illuminate
 His palace for this festival . . . it is
 A pleasure which you had not known before.
 I spy the boisterous guests already.

Faust. Now
 The children of the wind rage in the air!
 With what fierce strokes they fall upon my neck!
Meph. Cling tightly to the old ribs of the crag,
 Beware! for if with them thou warrest
 In their fierce flight towards the wilderness,
 Their breath will sweep thee into dust, and drag
 Thy body to a grave in the abyss.

A cloud thickens the night.

Hark! how the tempest crashes through the forest!

The owls fly out in strange affright;
 The columns of the evergreen palaces
 Are split and shattered;
 The roots creak, and stretch, and groan;
 And ruinously overthrown,
 The trunks are crushed and shattered
 By the fierce blast's unconquerable stress.
 Over each other crack and crash they all
 In terrible and intertangled fall;
 And through the ruins of the shaken mountain
 The airs hiss and howl.

It is not the voice of the fountain,
 Nor the wolf in his midnight prowl.

Dost thou not hear?

Strange accents are ringing

Aloft, afar, anear;

The witches are singing!

The torrent of a raging wizard song
Streams the whole mountain along.

Chorus of Witches.

The stubble is yellow, the corn is green,
Now to the Brocken the witches go;
The mighty multitude here may be seen
Gathering, wizard and witch, below.
Sir Urean is sitting aloft in the air;
Hey over stock! and hey over stone!
"Twixt witches and incubi, what shall be done?
Tell it who dare! tell it who dare!

A Voice.

Upon a sow swine, whose farrows were nine,
Old Baubo rideth alone.

Chorus.

Honour her to whom honour is due,
Old mother Baubo; honor to you!
An able sow, with old Baubo upon her,
Is worthy of glory, and worthy of honour!
The legion of witches is coming behind,
Darkening the night, and outspeeding the wind.

A Voice.

Which way comest thou?

A Voice.

Over Ilsenstein;
The owl was awake in the white moon-shine;
I saw her at rest in her downy nest,
And she stared at me with her broad, bright eye.

Voices.

And you may now as well take your course on to Hell,
Since you ride by so fast on the headlong blast.

A Voice.

She dropt poison upon me as I past.
Here are the wounds——

Chorus of Witches.

Come away! come along!

The way is wide, the way is long,
 But what is that for a bedlam throng?
 Stick with the prong, and scratch with the broom.
 The child in the cradle lies strangled at home,
 And the mother is clapping her hands.

Semi-Chorus of Wizards I.

We glide in

Like snails, when the women are all away;
 And from a house once given over to sin
 Woman has a thousand steps to stray.

Semi-Chorus II.

A thousand steps must a woman take,
 Where a man but a single spring will make.

Voices above:

Come with us, come with us, from Felumee.

Voices below.

With what joy would we fly through the upper sky!
 We are washed, we are 'nointed, stark naked are we;
 But our toil and our pain is for ever in vain.

Both Chorusses.

The wind is still, the stars are fled,
 The melancholy moon is dead;
 The magic notes, like spark on spark,
 Drizzle, whistling through the dark.

Come away!

Voices below.

Stay, oh, stay!

Voices above.

Out of the crannies of the rocks,
 Who calls?

Voices below.

Oh, let me join your flocks!
I three hundred years have striven
To catch your skirt and mount to Heaven,—
And still in vain. Oh, might I be
With company akin to me!

Both Chorusses.

Some on a ram, and some on a prong,
On poles and on broomsticks we flutter along;
Forlorn is the wight who can rise not to-night.

A Half-witch below.

I have been tripping this many an hour:
Are the others already so far before?
No quiet at home, and no peace abroad!
And less methinks is found by the road.

Chorus of Witches.

Come onward, away! aoint thee, aoint!
A witch to be strong must anoint—anooint—
Then every trough will be boat enough;
With a rag for a sail we can sweep through the sky,
Who flies not to-night, when means he to fly?

Both Chorusses.

We cling to the skirt, and we strike on the ground;
Witch legions thicken around and around;
Wizard swarms cover the heath all over.

(They descend.)

Mephistopheles.

What thronging, dashing, raging, rustling;
What whispering, babbling, hissing, bustling;
What glimmering, spurting, stinking, burning,
As Heaven and Earth were overturning.
There is a true witch element about us.
Take hold on me, or we shall be divided.
Where are you?

Faust. (*From a distance.*)—Here!

Meph. I must exert my authority in the house.
Place for young Voland! pray make way, good people.
Take hold on me, doctor, and with one step
Let us escape from this unpleasant crowd:
They are too mad for people of my sort.
Just there shines a peculiar kind of light—
Something attracts me in those bushes. Come
This way; we shall slip down there in a minute.

Faust. Spirit of Contradiction! Well, lead on—
'Twere a wise feat indeed to wander out
Into the Brocken upon May-day night,
And then to isolate oneself in scorn,
Disgusted with the humours of the time.

Meph. See yonder, round a many coloured flame
A merry club is huddled all together:
Even with such little people as sit there
One would not be alone.

Faust. Would that I were
Up yonder in the glow and whirling smoke,
Where the blind million rush impetuously
To meet the evil ones; there might I solve
Many a riddle that torments me!

Meph. Yet
Many a riddle there is tied anew
Inextricably. Let the great world rage!
We will stay here safe in the quiet dwellings.
'Tis our old custom. Men have ever built
Their own small world in the great world of all.
I see young witches naked there, and old ones
Wisely attired with greater decency.
Be guided now by me, and you shall buy
A pound of pleasure with a dram of trouble.

I hear them tune their instruments—one must
 Get used to this damned scraping. Come, I'll lead you
 Among them; and what you there do and see,
 As a fresh compact 'twixt us two shall be.
 How say you now? this space is wide enough—
 Look forth, you cannot see the end of it—
 An hundred bonfires burn in rows, and they
 Who throng around them seem innumerable:
 Dancing and drinking, jabbering, making love,
 And cooking, are at work. Now tell me, friend,
 What is there better in the world than this?

Faust. In introducing us, do you assume
 The character of wizard, or of devil?

Meph. In truth, I generally go about
 In strict incognito; and yet one likes
 To wear one's orders upon gala days.
 I have no ribbon at knee; but here
 At home the cloven foot is honourable.
 See you that snail there?—she comes creeping up,
 And with her feeling eyes has smelt out something.
 I could not, if I would, mask myself here.
 Come now, we'll go about from fire to fire:
 I'll be the pimp, and you shall be the lover.

*(To some old women, who are sitting round a heap of
 glimmering coals.)*

Old gentlewomen, what do you do out here?
 You ought to be with the young rioters
 Right in the thickest of the revelry—
 But every one is best content at home.

General.

Who dare confide in night or a just claim?
 So much as I had done for them! and now—
 With women and the people 'tis the same,

Youth will stand foremost ever,—age may go
To the dark grave unhonoured.

Minister.

Now-a-days
People assert their rights: they go too far;
But as for me, the good old times I praise;
Then we were all in all, 'twas something worth
One's while to be in place and wear a star;
That was indeed the golden age on earth.

*Parvenu.**

We too are active, and we did and do
What we ought not, perhaps; and yet we now
Will seize, whilst all things are whirled round and round,
A spoke of Fortune's wheel, and keep our ground.

Author.

Who now can taste a treatise of deep sense
And wonderous volume? 'tis impertinence
To write what none will read, therefore will I
To please the young and thoughtless people try.

Meph. (Who at once appears to have grown very old.)

I find the people ripe for the last day,
Since I last came up to the wizard mountain;
And as my little cask runs turbid now,
So is the world drained to the dregs.

Pedlar-Witch. Look here,
Gentlemen; do not hurry on so fast
And lose the chance of a good pennyworth.
I have a pack full of the choicest wares
Of every sort, and yet in all my bundle
Is nothing like what may be found on earth;
Nothing that in a moment will make rich.

* A sort of fundholder.

Men and the world with fine malicious mischief—
 There is no dagger drunk with blood ; no bowl
 From which consuming poison may be drained
 By innocent and healthy lips ; no jewel
 The price of an abandoned maiden's shame ;
 No sword which cuts the bond it cannot loose,
 Or stabs the wearer's enemy in the back ;
 No——

Meph. Gossip, you know little of these times.
 What has been, has been ; what is done, is past.
 They shape themselves into the innovations,
 They breed, and innovation drags us with it.
 The torrent of the crowd sweeps over us :
 You think to impel, and are yourself impelled.

Faust. Who is that yonder ?

Meph. Mark her well. It is
 Lilith.

Faust. Who ?

Meph. Lilith, the first wife of Adam.
 Beware of her fair hair, for she excels
 All women in the magic of her locks ;
 And when she winds them round a young man's neck,
 She will not ever set him free again.

Faust. There sit a girl and an old woman—they
 Seem to be tired with pleasure and with play.

Meph. There is rest to night for any one :
 When one dance ends another is begun ;
 Come, let us to it ! We shall have rare fun.

*(Faust dances and sings with a girl, and Mephistopheles
 with an old woman.)*

Brocto-phantsmist. What is this cursed multitude about ?

Have we not long since proved to demonstration
That ghosts move not on ordinary feet?
But these are dancing just like men and women.

The Girl. What does he want then at our ball?

Faust. Oh! ha

Is far above us all in his conceit:
Whilst we enjoy, he reasons of enjoyment;
And any step which in our dance we tread,
If it be left out of his reckoning,
Is not to be considered as a step.
There are few things that scandalize him not:
And when you whirl round in the circle now,
As he went round the wheel in his old mill,
He says that you go wrong in all respects,
Especially if you congratulate him
Upon the strength of the resemblance.

Broct. Fly!

Vanish! Unheard of impudence! What, still there!
In this enlightened age too, since you have been
Proved not to exist!—But this infernal brood
Will hear no reason and endure no rule.
Are we so wise, and is the *pond* still haunted?
How long have I been sweeping out this rubbish
Of superstition, and the world will not
Come clean with all my pains!—it is a case
Unheard of!

The Girl. Then leave off teasing us so.

Broct. I tell you spirits, to your faces now,
That I should not regret this despotism
Of spirits, but that mine can wield it not.
To night I shall make poor work of it,
Yet I will take a round with you, and hope

Before my last step in the living dance
To beat the poet and the devil together.

Meph. At last he will sit down in some foul puddle;
That is his way of solacing himself;
Until some leech, diverted with his gravity,
Cures him of spirits and the spirit together.

(To Faust, who has seceded from the dance.)

Why do you let that fair girl pass from you,
Who sung so sweetly to you in the dance?

Faust. A red mouse in the middle of her singing
Sprung from her mouth.

Meph. That was all right, my friend.
Be it enough that the mouse was not grey.
Do not disturb your hour of happiness
With close consideration of such trifles.

Faust. Then saw I—

Meph. What?

Faust. Seest thou not a pale
Fair girl, standing alone, far, far away?
She drags herself now forward with slow steps,
And seems as if she moved with shackled feet:
I cannot overcome the thought that she
Is like poor Margaret.

Meph. Let it be—pass on—
No good can come of it—it is not well
To meet it—it is an enchanted phantom,
A lifeless idol; with a numbing look,
It freezes up the blood of man; and they
Who meet its ghastly stare are turned to stone,
Like those who saw Medusa.

Faust. Oh, too true!
Her eyes are like the eyes of a fresh corpse

Which no beloved hand has closed, alas!
That is the heart which Margaret yielded to me—
Those are the lovely limbs which I enjoyed!

Meph. It is all magic, poor deluded fool!
She looks to every one like his first love.

Faust. Oh, what delight! what woe! I cannot turn
My looks from her sweet piteous countenance.
How strangely does a single blood-red line,
Not broader than the sharp edge of a knife,
Adorn her lovely neck!

Meph. Aye, she can carry
Her head under her arm upon occasion;
Perseus has cut it off for her. These pleasures
End in delusion.—Gain this rising ground,
It is as airy here as in a []
And if I am not mightily deceived,
I see a theatre—What may this mean?

Attendant. Quite a new piece, the last of seven, for 'tis
The custom now to represent that number.
'Tis written by a Dilettante, and
The actors who perform are Dilettanti;
Excuse me, gentlemen; but I must vanish.
I am a Dilettante curtain-lifter.

ARIOSTO'S EPISODE OF CLORIDAN, MEDORO, AND ANGELICA.

It is no great boast to say, that this is perhaps the first time an English reader has had any thing *like* a specimen given him of the Orlando Furioso. Harrington, the old translator, wrote with a crab-stick, and Hoole with a rule. (The rhyme is lucky for him, and perhaps for our gentilities; for he provokes one of some sort.) The characteristics of Ariosto's style are great animal spirits, great ease and flow of versification, and great fondness for natural and strait-forward expressions, particularly in scenes of humour and tenderness. What approaches Harrington makes to these with his sapless crutches, or Hoole with his conventional stilts, let those discover who can. Harrington has perhaps twenty good stanzas in his whole work; and he is to be preferred to Hoole, because he has at all events an air of greater good faith in what he does. Hoole is a mere bundle of common-places. He understood nothing of his author but the story. He sometimes apologizes for the difficulty he feels in "raising the style," and when he comes to a passage more than usually familiar, thinks that the most "tolerable" way of rendering it is by doing away all its movement and vivacity. "Most tolerable" it is certainly, and "not to be endured." Yet a friend once quoted to us one good line out of Hoole. "It was something," he said, "about

"Neptune's white herds lowing o'er the deep."

He had mended the version unconsciously. Hoole could hardly, by any chance, have given a line of such deep and varied intonation, particularly as he was obliged to have *rove* and *wave* in a passage about a storm. His line is—

And Neptune's white herds low above the wave;

which is very different. It does justice neither to the sound of the original, nor to the idea of extent suggested by the word *mare*, or *deep*; not to mention that Ariosto says nothing about Neptune, but leaves you to that indefinite and mysterious sense of the resemblance between roaring white billows and something animated, which strikes every one who has been at sea, and doubtless suggested the ancient popular superstition to which he may also allude. But it is doing too much honour to Hoole to find fault with him for a particular passage. Let the reader, if he has any curiosity, only dip into his first book, and he may judge of all the rest by a few of his *hearts* and *smarts*,—*man*, *span*,—*side*, *spy'd*, &c.

“The beautiful and pathetic tale of the two friends “Medoro and Cloridano,” says Dr. Wharton, speaking of this episode, “is an artful and exact copy of the Nisus and “Euryalus of Virgil; yet the author hath added some “original beauties to it, and in particular hath assigned a more “interesting motive for this midnight excursion, than what “we find in Virgil; for Medoro and Cloridan venture into “the field of battle to find out among the heaps of slain “the body of their lord. This perhaps is one of the most “excellent passages in this wild and romantic author, who “yet abounds in various beauties, the merit of which ought not “to be tried by the established rules of classical criticism.” *Postscript to his Virgil, quoted by Hoole.* Hoole further observes on his own part (for he sometimes writes a respect-

able note) that in Virgil "the attempt of exploring the enemy's camp is first suggested by Nisus, and that the young Euryalus takes fire at the proposal; but in Ariosto the youth is the first mover, instigated by love, and gratitude to his dead prince, which circumstance greatly elevates his character and adds to the pathos of the story."—It may be added, that Ariosto has contrived to write the story of Angelica with that of Medoro in a manner singularly new and beautiful, and to reward the youth's virtue with life and love, without depriving the episode of its pathos. The danger also into which Medoro is brought by refusing to throw aside his master's dead body, and save himself by flight, is a circumstance exquisitely touching. On the other hand, if these are great additions, Virgil has one or two circumstances extremely natural and dramatic; which Ariosto seems to have thought it as well for his new incidents to omit; such as the discovery of Euryalus by means of the glittering belt he had carried off:—then the care he takes to provide for his mother before he sets out on the adventure, and her introduction after his death, where she gazes on his exposed head in a state of distraction; are both in the best style of the pathetic: and in short, if Virgil had been more improved upon by Ariosto than he has been, his merits would have been on a level with him, because he invented the episode. To say the truth, in comparing two good things, we are never very anxious to lean to this side or that. We are better pleased to relish them both to the full; and to like what they differ in, as well as what they have in common. Our great object is to make others sensible of the merits of as many good things as possible.

ALL night, the Saracens, in their battered stations,
Feeling but ill secure, and sore distressed,
Gave way to tears, and groans, and lamentations,
Only as hushed as possible, and suppressed ;
Some for the death of friends and of relations
Left on the field ; others for want of rest,
Who had been wounded, and were far from home ;
But most for dread of what was yet to come.

Among the rest, two Moorish youths were there,
Born of a lowly stock in Ptolemais ;
Whose story furnishes a proof so rare
Of perfect love, that it must find a place.
Their names Medoro and Cloridano were.
They had shewn Dardinel the same true face,
Whatever fortune waited on his lance,
And now had crossed the sea with him to France.

The one, a hunter used to every sky,
Was of the rougher look, but prompt and fleet :
Medoro had a cheek of rosy die,
Fair, and delightful for its youth complete :
Of all that came to that great chivalry,
None had a face more lively or more sweet.
Black eyes he had, and sunny curls of hair ;
He seemed an angel, newly from the air.

These two with others, where the ramparts lay,
Were keeping watch to guard against surprise,
What time the night, in middle of its way,
Wonders at heaven with its drowsy eyes.
Medoro there, in all he had to say,
Could not but talk, in melancholy wise,

Of Dardinel his master, and complain
That he had won no honour that campaign.

Turning at last, he said, " O Cloridan,
I cannot tell thee how it swells my blood
To think our lord lies left upon the plain
To wolves and crows ; alas, too noble food !
When I reflect how pleasant and humane
He always was to me, I feel I could
Let out this life that he might not be so,
And yet not pay him half the debt I owe.

I will go forth,—I will,—and seek him yet,
That he may want not a grave's covering:
And God perhaps will please that I shall get
Even to the quiet camp of the great king.
Do thou remain ; for if my name is set
For death in heav'n, thou mayst relate the thing :
So that if fate cuts short the glorious part,
The world may know, at least, I had the heart.

Struck with amaze was Cloridan to see
Such heart, such love, such nobleness in a youth ;
And laboured (for he loved him tenderly)
To turn a thought so dangerous to them both ;
But no—a sorrow of that high degree
Is no such thing to comfort or to soothe.
Medoro was disposed, either to die,
Or give his lord a grave wherein to lie.

Seeing that nothing bent him or could move,
Cloridan cried, " My road then shall be thine :—

I too will join in such a work of love;
 I too would clasp a death-bed so divine.
 Life—pleasure—any thing—what would it behove,
 Remaining without thee, Medoro mine!
 Such death with thee would better far become me,
 Than die for grief, shouldst thou be taken from me.

Thus both resolv'd, they put into their place
 The next on guard, and slip from the redoubt.
 They cross the ditch, and in a little space
 Enter our quarters, looking round about.
 So little dream we of a Saracen face,
 Our camp is hush'd, and every fire gone out.
 Twixt heaps of arms and carriages they creep,
 Up to the very eyes in wine and sleep.

Cloridan stopp'd a while, and said, "Look here!
 We must not lose this opportunity:
 Some of the race who cost our lord so dear,
 Surely, Medoro, by this arm must die.
 Do thou meanwhile keep watch, all eye and ear,
 Lest any one should come:—I'll push on, I,
 And lead the way, and make through bed and board
 A bloody passage for thee with my sword."

He said; and hushing, push'd directly through
 The tent where Alpheus lay, a learned Mars,
 Who had but lately come to court, and knew
 Physic, and magic, and a world of stars.
 This was a cast they had not help'd him to:
 Indeed their flatteries had been all a farce;
 For he had found, that after a long life
 He was to die, poor man, beside his wife:

And now the careful Saracen has put
 His sword, as true as lancet, in his weasand.
 Four mouths close by are equally well shut,
 Before they can find time to ask the reason.
 Their names are not in Turpin; and I cut
 Their lives as short, not to be out of season.
 Next Palidon died, a man of snug resources,
 Who had made up his bed between two horses.

They then arrived, where pillowing his head
 Upon a barrel, lay unhappy Grill.
 Much vow'd had he, and much believ'd indeed,
 That he, that blessed night, would sleep his fill.
 The reckless Moor beheads him on his bed,
 And wastes his blood and wine at the same spill:
 For he held quarts; and in his dreams that very
 Moment had fill'd, but found his glass miscarry.

Near Grill, a German and a Greek there lay,
 Andropono and Conrad, who had pass'd
 Much of the night *al fresco*, in drink and play;
 A single stroke a-piece made it their last.
 Happy, if they had thought to play away
 Till daylight on their board his eye had cast!
 But fate determines all these matters still,
 Let us forecast them for her as we will.

Like as a lion in a fold of sheep,
 Whom desperate hunger has made gaunt and spare,
 Kills, bleeds, devours, and mangles in a heap
 The feeble flock collected meekly there;
 So the fierce Pagan bleeds us in our sleep,
 And lays about, and butchers every where:

And now Medoro joins the dreadful sport,
But scorns to strike among the meaner sort.

Upon a duke he came, Labrett, who slept
Fast in his lady's arms, embrac'd and fix'd ;
So close they were, so fondly had they kept,
That not the air itself could get betwixt.
O'er both their necks at once the faulchion swept.
O happy death! O cup too sweetly mix'd!
For as their bosoms and their bodies were,
Ev'n so, I trust, their souls went clasp'd in air.

Malindo and Ardalico next are slain,
Sons of the prince, of whom the Flemings held:
They had been just made knights by Charlemagne,
And had the lilies added to their shield,
Because, the hardest day of the campaign,
He saw them both turn blood-red in the field.
Lands too he said he'd give; and would have done it,
Had not Medoro put his veto on it.

The wily sword was reaching now the ring,
Which the pavilions of the Paladins
Made round the high pavilion of the King.
They were his guard by turns. The Saracens
Here make a halt, and think it fit to bring
Their slaughter to a close, and get them hence;
Since it appears impossible to make
So wide a circuit, and find none awake.

They might have got much booty if they chose,
But save themselves, and they'll have done their good.
Cloridan leads as heretofore, and goes

Picking the safest way out that he could.
At last they come, where, amidst shields and bows,
And swords, and spears, in a red, splash of blood,
Lie poor and rich, the monarch and the slave,
And men and horses heap'd without a grave.

The horrible mixture of the bodies there,
(For all the field was reeking round about)
Would have made vain their melancholy care
Till day-time, which 'twas best to do without,
Had not the moon, at poor Medoro's prayer,
Put from a darksome cloud her bright horn out.
Medoro to the beam devoutly raised
His head, and thus petitioned as he gazed:—

“ O holy queen, who by our ancestors
Justly wert worshipp'd by a triple name;
Who shew'st in heav'n, and earth, and hell, thy powers
And beauteous eye, another and the same;
And who in forests, thy old favourite bowers,
Art the great huntress, following the game;
Shew me, I pray thee, where my sovereign lies,
Who while he lived found favour in thine eyes.”

At this, whether 'twas chance or faith, the moon
Parted the cloud, and issued with a stoop,
Fair, as when first she kissed Endymion,
And to his arms gave herself naked up.
The city, at that light, burst forth and shone,
And both the camps, and all the plain and slope,
And the two hills that rose on either quarter,
Far from the walls, Montlery and Montmartre.

Most brilliantly of all the lustre showered
Where lay the son of great Almontes, dead.
Medoro, weeping, went to his dear lord,
Whom by his shield he knew, part white and red.
The bitter tears bathed all his face, and poured
From either eye, like founts along their bed.
So sweet his ways, so sweet his sorrows were,
They might have stopt the very winds to hear.

But low he wept, and scarcely audible;
Not that he cared what a surprise might cost,
From any dread of dying; for he still
Felt a contempt for life, and wished it lost;
But from the dread, lest ere he could fulfil
His pious business there, it might be crost.
Raised on their shoulders is the crowned load;
And shared between them thus, they take their road.

With the dear weight they make what speed they may,
Like an escaping mother to a birth;
And now comes he, the lord of life and day,
To take the stars from heav'n, the shade from earth;
When the young Scottish prince, who never lay
Sleeping, when things were to be done of worth,
After continuing the pursuit all night,
Came to the field with the first morning light.

And with him came, about him and behind,
A troop of knights, whom they could see from far,
All met upon the road, in the same mind
To search the field for precious spoils of war.
" Brother," said Cloridan, " we must needs, I find,

" Lay down our load, and see how fleet we are.
 " It would be hardly wise to have it said,
 " We lost two living bodies for a dead.

And off he shook his burden, with that word,
 Fancying Medoro would do just the same;
 But the poor boy, who better loved his lord,
 Took on his shoulders all the weight that came.
 The other ran, as if with one accord,
 Not guessing what had made his fellow lame.
 Had he, he would have dared, not merely one,
 But heaps of deaths, rather than fled alone.

The knights, who were determined that those two
 Should either yield them prisoners or die,
 Disperse themselves, and without more ado
 Seize every pass which they might issue by.
 The chief himself rode on before, and drew
 Nearer and nearer with an earnest eye;
 For seeing them betray such marks of fear,
 He plainly saw that enemies were there.

There was an old forest there in those days,
 Thick with o'ershadowing trees and underwood,
 Which, like a labyrinth, ran into a maze
 Of narrow paths, and was a solitude.
 The pagans reckoned on its friendly ways,
 For giving them close covert while pursued:—
 But he that loves these chaunts of mine in rhyme,
 May chuse to hear the rest another time.*

* Here the 18th Canto ends, and the 19th begins.

NONE knows the heart in which he may confide,
 As long as he sits high on Fortune's wheel;
 For friends of all sorts then are by his side,
 Who shew him all the self-same face of zeal:
 But let the goddess roll him from his pride,
 The flattering set are off upon their heel;
 And he who loved him in his heart alone
 Stands firm, and will, even when life is gone.

If eyes could see the heart as well as face,
 Many a great man at court who tramples others,
 And many an humble one in little grace,
 Would change their destiny for one another's;
 This would mount up into the highest place—
 That go and help the scullions and their mothers.
 But turn we to Medero, good and true,
 Who lov'd his lord, whatever fate could do.

The unhappy youth, now in the thickest way
 Of all the wood, would fain have hidden close;
 But the dead weight that on his shoulders lay,
 Hampers his path, whichever side he goes.
 Strange to the country too, he goes astray,
 And turns and tramples 'midst the breaks and boughs.
 Meanwhile his friend, less burdened for the race,
 Has got in safety to a distant place.

Cloridan came to where he heard no more
 The hue and cry that sent him like a dart;
 But when he turned about and missed Medore,
 He seemed to have deserted his own heart.
 " Good God !" he cried; " not to see this before !

“ How could I be so mad! How could I part
With thee, Medoro, and come driving here,
And never dream I left thee, when or where!”

So saying, he returns in bitter wise
Into the tangled wood, by the same path,
And keeps it narrowly with yearning eyes,
And treads with zeal the track of his own death.
And all the while, horses he hears, and cries,
And threatening voices that take short his breath:
And last of all he hears, and now can see,
Medoro, press’d about with cavalry.

They are a hundred, and all round him. He,
While the chief cries to take him prisoner,
Turns like a wheel, and faces valiantly
All that would seize him, leaping here and there,
Now to an elm, an oak, or other tree,
Nor ever parts he with his burden dear.
See!—he has laid it on the ground at last,
The better to controul and keep it fast.

Like as a bear, whom men in mountains start
In her old stony den, and dare, and goad,
Stands o’er her children with uncertain heart,
And roars for rage and sorrow in one mood:
Anger impels her, and her natural part,
To use her nails and bathe her lips in blood;
Love melts her, and for all her angry roar,
Holds her eyes back to look on those she bore.

Cloridan knows not how to give his aid,
And yet he must, and die too:—that he knows:

But ere he changes from alive to dead,
 He casts about to settle a few foes.
 He takes an arrow,—one of his best made,—
 And works so well in secret, that it goes
 Into a Scotchman's head, right to the brains,
 And jerks his lifeless fingers from the reins.

The horsemen in confusion turn about,
 To see by what strange hand their fellow died,
 When a new shaft's in middle of the rout,
 And the man tumbles by his fellow's side.
 He was just wondering, and calling out,
 And asking questions, fuming as he cried;
 The arrow comes, and dashes to his throat,
 And cuts him short in middle of his note.

Zerbin, the leader of the troop, could hold
 His rage no longer at this new surprise,
 But darting on the boy, with eyes that roll'd,
 " You shall repent this insolence," he cries;
 Then twisting with his hand those locks of gold,
 He drags him back, to see him as he dies;
 But when he set his eyes on that sweet face,
 He could not do it, 'twas so hard a case.

The youth betook him to his prayers, and said,
 " For God's sake, sir, be not so merciless
 " As to prevent my burying the dead:
 " 'Tis a king's body that's in this distress:
 " Think not I ask, from any other dread;
 " Life could give me but little happiness.
 " All the life now which I desire to have,
 " Is just enough to give my lord a grave.

“ If you’ve a Theban heart, and birds of prey
“ Must have their food before your rage can cool,
“ Feast then on me; only do let me lay
“ His limbs in earth, that has been used to rule.”
So spake the young Medoro, in a way
To turn a rock, it was so beautiful.
As for the prince, so deeply was he moved,
That all at once he pardoned and he loved

A ruffian, at this juncture, of the band,
Little restrain’d by what restrain’d the rest,
Thrust with his lance across the suppliant’s hand,
And pierc’d his delicate and faithful breast.
The act,—in one too under his command,—
Displeas’d the princely chief, and much distress’d;
The more so, as the poor boy dropp’d his head,
And fell so pale, that all believ’d him dead.

Such was his grief, and such was his disdain,
That crying out, “ The blood be on his head !”
He turned in wrath to give the thrust again ;
But the false villain, ere the words were said,
Put spurs into his horse and fled amain,
Stooping his rascal shoulders, as he fled.
Cloridan, when he sees Medoro fall,
Leaps from the wood, and comes defying all ;

And casts away his bow, and almost mad,
Goes slashing round among his enemies,
Rather for death, than any hope he had
Of cutting his revenge to its fit size.
His blood soon coloured many a dripping blade,
And he perceives with pleasure that he dies ;

And so his strength being fairly at an end,
He lets himself fall down beside his friend.

The troop then follow'd where their chief had gone,
Pursuing his stern chase along the trees,
And leave the two companions there alone,
One surely dead, the other scarcely less.
Long time Medoro lay without a groan,
Losing his blood in such large quantities,
That life would surely have gone out at last,
Had not a helping hand been coming past.

There came, by chance, a damsel passing there,
Dress'd like a shepherdess in lowly wise,
But of a royal presence, and an air
Noble as handsome, with sweet maiden eyes.
'Tis so long since I told you news of her,
Perhaps you know her not in this disguise.
This, you must know then, was Angelica,
Proud daughter of the Khan of great Cathay.

You know the magic ring and her distress ?
Well, when she had recovered this same ring,
It so increased her pride and haughtiness,
She seem'd too high for any living thing.
She goes alone, desiring nothing less
Than a companion, even though a king :
She even scorns to recollect the flame
Of one Orlando, or his very name.

But above all she hates to recollect
That she had taken to Rinaldo so ;
She thinks it the last want of self-respect,

Pure degradation, to have looked so low:
"Such arrogance," said Cupid, "must be checked."
The little God betook him with his bow,
To where Medoro lay, and standing by,
Held the shaft ready with a lurking eye.

Now when the princess saw the youth all pale,
And found him grieving, with his bitter wound,
Not for what one so young might well bewail,
But that his king should not be laid in ground,
She felt a something, strange and gentle, steal
Into her heart by some new way it found,
Which touched its hardness, and turned all to grace;
And more so, when he told her all his ease.

And calling to her mind the little arts
Of healing, which she learnt in India,
(For 'twas a study valued in those parts,
Even for those who were in sovereign sway,
And yet so easy too, that like the heart's,
'Twas more inherited than learnt, they say)
She cast about, with herbs and balmy juices,
To save so fair a life for all its uses.

And thinking of an herb that caught her eye
As she was coming, in a pleasant plain,
(Whether 'twas panacea, dittany,
Or some such herb accounted sovereign,
For staunching blood, quickly and tenderly,
And winning out all spasm and bad pain)
She found it not far off, and gathering some,
Returned with it to save Medoro's bloom.

In coming back she met upon the way
A shepherd, who was riding through the wood
To find a heifer, that had gone astray,
And been two days about the solitude.
She took him with her where Medoro lay,
Still feebler than he was, with loss of blood :
So much he lost, and drew so hard a breath,
That he was now fast fading to his death.

Angelica got off her horse in haste,
And made the shepherd get as fast from his ;
She ground the herbs with stones, and then expressed
With her white hands the balmy milkiness ;
Then dropped it in the wound, and bathed his breast,
His stomach, feet, and all that was amiss :
And of such virtue was it, that at length
The blood was stopped, and he looked round with strength.

At last he got upon the shepherd's horse,
But would not quit the place till he had seen
Laid in the ground his lord and master's corse ;
And Cloridan lay with it, who had been
Smitten so fatally with sweet remorse.
He then obeys the will of the fair queen ;
And she, for very pity of his lot,
Goes and stays with him at the shepherd's cot.

Nor would she leave him, she esteem'd him so,
Till she had seen him well with her own eye ;
So full of pity did her bosom grow,
Since first she saw him faint and like to die.
Seeing his manners now, and beauty too,

She felt her heart yearn somehow inwardly ;
She felt her heart yearn somehow, till at last
'Twas all on fire, and burning warm and fast.

The shepherd's house was good enough, and neat,
A little shady cottage in a dell :
The man had just rebuilt it all complete,
With room to spare, in case more births befell.
There with such knowledge did the lady treat
Her handsome patient, that he soon grew well ;
But not before she had, on her own part,
A secret wound much greater in her heart.

Much greater was the wound, and deeper far,
The invisible arrow made in her heart-strings ;
'Twas from Medoro's lovely eyes and hair ;
'Twas from the naked archer with the wings.
She feels it now ; she feels, and yet can bear
Another's less than her own sufferings.
She thinks not of herself : she thinks alone
How to cure him, by whom she is undone.

The more his wound recovers and gets ease,
Her own grows worse, and widens day by day.
The youth gets well ; the lady languishes,
Now warm, now cold, as fitful fevers play.
His beauty heightens like the flowering trees ;
She, miserable creature, melts away
Like the weak snow, which some warm sun has found
Fall'n, out of season, on a rising ground.

And must she speak at last, rather than die ?
And must she plead, without another's aid ?

She must, she must ;—the vital moments fly—
 She lives—she dies, a passion-wasted maid.
 At length she bursts all ties of modesty ;
 Her tongue explains her eyes ; the words are said ;
 And she asks pity underneath that blow,
 Which he perhaps that gave it did not know.

O County Orlando ! O King Sacripant !
 That fame of yours, say, what avails it ye ?
 That lofty honour, those great deeds ye vaunt,
 Say, what's their value with the lovely she ?
 Shew me—recal to memory (for I can't)—
 Shew me, I beg, one single courtesy
 That ever she vouchsafed ye, far or near,
 For all you've done and have endured for her.

And you, if you could come to life again,
 O Agrican, how hard 'twould seem to you,
 Whose love was met by nothing but disdain,
 And vile repulses, shocking to go through !
 O Ferragus ! O thousands, who in vain
 Did all that loving and great hearts could do,
 How would ye feel, to see, with all her charms,
 This thankless creature in a stripling's arms !

The young Medoro had the gathering
 Of the world's rose, the rose untouched before ;
 For never, since that garden blush'd with spring,
 Had human being dared to touch the door.
 To sanction it,—to honestize the thing,*
 The priest was called to read the service o'er,
 (For without marriage what can come but strife ?)
 And the bride-mother was the shepherd's wife.

* Per onestar la cosa.

All was performed, in short, that could be so
In such a place, to make the nuptials good ;
Nor did the happy pair think fit to go,
But spent the month and more, within the wood.
The lady to the stripling seemed to grow.
His step her step, his eyes her eyes pursued ;
Nor did her love lose any of its zest,
Though she was always hanging on his breast.

In doors and out of doors, by night, by day,
She had the charmer by her side for ever :
Morning and evening they would stroll away,
Now by some field, or little tufted river ;
They chose a cave in middle of the day,
Perhaps not less agreeable or clever
Than Dido and Æneas found to screen them,
When they had secrets to discuss between them.

And all this while there was not a smooth tree,
That stood by stream or fountain with glad breath,
Nor stone less hard than stones are apt to be,
But they would find a knife to carve it with ;
And in a thousand places you might see,
And on the walls about you and beneath,
ANGELICA AND MEDORO, tied in one,
As many ways as lovers' knots can run.

And when they thought they had out-spent their time,
Angelica the royal took her way,
She and Medoro, to the Indian clime,
To crown him king of her fair realm, Cathay.

THE COUNTRY MAIDEN.

FROM POLITIAN.

LA pastorella si leva per tempo
Menando le caprette a pascere fuora ;
Di fuora, fuora, la traditora
Co suoi begli occhi la m' innamora,
E fa di mezza notte apparir giorno.

Poi se ne giva a spasso a la fontana
Calpestando l'erbette tenerelle,
(O) tenerelle, galanti e belle,
Sermollin fresco, fresche mortelle,
E 'l grembo ha pien di rose e di viole.

Poi si sbraccia e si lava il suo bel viso,
Le man, la gamba, il suo pulito petto,
Pulito petto, con gran diletto,
Con bianco aspetto,
Che ride intorno intorno (o) le campagne.

E qualche volta canta una canzona,
Che le pecore balla e gli agnelletti :
E gli agnelletti fanno i scambietti,
Così le capre con li capretti,
E tutti fanno a gara (o) le lor danze.

E qualche volta in sur un verde prato
 La tesse ghirlandette (o) di bei fiori,
 (O) di bei fiori, di bei colori,
 Così le ninfe con li pastori,
 E tutti imparan da la pastorella.

Poi la sera ritorna a la sua stanza
 Con la vincastra in man discinta e scalza,
 Discinta le scalza
 Ride e saltella per agni balza.
 Così la pastorella passa il tempo.

TRANSLATION.

THE sweet country maiden she gets up betimes,
 Taking her kids to feed out on the grass,—
 On the grass, on the grass,—ah! the sly little lass,
 Her eyes make me follow with mine as they pass;
 I am sure they'd make day in the middle of night.

Then she goes, the first thing, to the fountain hard by,
 Treading the turf with her fresh naked feet,—
 Naked feet, naked feet,—O so light and so sweet,
 Through the thyme and the myrtles they go so complete,
 And she makes up a lap, which she fills full of flowers.

Then she tucks up her sleeve to wash her sweet face,
 And her hands, and her legs, and her bosom so white,—
 Her bosom so white,—with a gentle delight;
 I never beheld such a beautiful sight,
 It makes the place smile, wheresoever it turns.

And sometimes she sings a rustical song,
 Which makes the kids dance, and the sheep also—

The sheep also,—they hark, and they go ;
 The goats with the kids, all so merrily O !
 You would think they all tried to see who could dance best.

And sometimes, upon a green meadow, I've seen her
 Make little garlands of beautiful flowers,—
 O, most beautiful flowers,—which last her for hours,
 And the great ladies make them for their paramours,
 But all of them learn from my sweet country lass.

And then in the evening she goes home to bed,
 Bare-footed, and loos'ning her laces and things,—
 Her laces and things,—and she laughs and she sings,
 And leaps all the banks with one of her springs ;
 And thus my sweet maiden she passes her time.

EPIGRAM OF ALFIERI,

UPON THE TREATMENT OF THE WORD "CAPTAIN" BY
 THE ITALIANS, FRENCH, AND ENGLISH.

Capitano è parola
 Sonante, intera, e nell' Italia nata ;
Capitèn, già sconcola,
 Nasalmente dai Galli smozzicata ;
Keptn poi dentro gola
 De' Britanni aspri sen sta straspolpata.

IMITATED AND ANSWERED.

Poor Italy, one needs must own,
 Has the word "Captain," and the word alone ;

France had the man, but gave him those
 Whom he had taken for her by the nose ;
 England had her's, and has him still,
 Who'll cut her own throat for her, if she will

EPIGRAMS ON LORD CASTLEREAGH.

Oh, CASTLEREAGH ! thou art a patriot now ;
 Cato died for his country, so did'st thou ;
 He perish'd rather than see Rome enslav'd,
 Thou cut'st thy throat, that Britain may be sav'd.

So CASTLEREAGH has cut his throat !—The worst
 Of this is,—that his own was not the first.

So *He* has cut his throat at last !—He ! Who ?
 The man who cut his country's long ago.
