

IV.

" Yet, Lordling*—though ' but yesterday a King,
 Throneless, I died,'—yet nations sobb'd my knell!
 And still I live, and reign, no nameless thing!
 I fell, 'tis true—I failed; and thou canst tell
 That any wretch alive may say I fell.
 Of worth convicted, and the glorious sin
 That wreck'd the angels, now I owe and pay,
 To wealth and power's pretended Jacobin,
 Scorn for thy glory, laughter for the lay
 That won the flatteries of an abject day.
 When Meanness taught her helots to be proud,
 Because the breaker of their bonds was gone;
 Didst thou, too, join, magnanimous and loud,
 The yell of millions o'er the prostrate one?
 What cat out-mew'd the Cat of Halicon?
 Yes, thou didst soothe my sorrows with an ode,
 When stunn'd I lay beneath Destruction's wing,
 And realms embattled o'er their conqueror rode.
 Yes, when a world combined with fate to fling
 A cruel sunshine on each vulgar King;
 When fall'n, deserted, blasted, and alone,
 Silent he press'd his bed of burning stone,
 What caitiff aim'd at greatness in despair,
 Th' immortal shaft that pierc'd Prometheus there?
 Cat, and not vulture! couldst not thou refrain,
 The laureate vile of viler things to be?
 When ' Timour's Captive's' cage was rock and main,
 What was ' proud Austria's mournful flower' to thee,
 Thou soulless torturer of Captivity?
 And what to thee, mean Homager of Thrones,
 The sleepless pang that stung him till he died?
 Tortur'd, he perish'd—but who heard his groans?
 Chain'd through the soul, the ' throneless homicide,'
 Mantled his agony in stoic pride.
 While souls guilt-clotted watch'd, with other's eyes,
 And from afar, with other's feet, repair'd
 To count, and weigh, and quaff his agonies—
 Like Phidian marble he endur'd, and dared
 The Universe to shake what Fate had spared.
 How fare the lands he lov'd, and fought to save?
 Oh, Hun and Goth! your new born hope is gone!
 Thou, Italy, art glory's spacious gr ,
 Through which the stream of my renown flows on,

* If it be objected to these lines that the great bard is dead, so, I answer, is also the great warrior; and he who has honest and useful thoughts to express of either, or both of them, should do his duty Briton-like.