

9.—ON THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind !
 Brightest in dungeons, Liberty ! thou art,
 For there thy habitation is the heart—
 The heart which love of thee alone can bind ;
 And when thy sons to fetters are consigned— 5
 To fetters and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
 Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
 And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
 Chillon ! thy prisor is a holy place,
 And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod, 10
 Until his very steps have left a trace
 Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
 By Bonnivard ! May none those marks efface !
 For they appeal from tyranny to God.

—Byron.

10.—A SONNET OF CAMOËNS.

Meek spirit, who so early didst depart,
 Thou art at rest in Heaven ! I linger here,
 And feed the lonely anguish of my heart ;
 Thinking of all that made existence dear.
 All lost ! If in the happy world above 5
 Remembrance of this mortal life endure,
 Thou wilt not then forget the perfect love
 Which still thou seest in me.—O spirit pure !
 And if the irremediable grief,
 The woe, which never hopes on earth relief, 10
 May merit ought of thee ; prefer thy prayer
 To God, who took thee early to his rest,
 That it may please him soon amid the blest
 To summon me, dear maid ! to meet thee there.

—Translated by Southey.