

## XXXIX.

But this is from my theme,—yet what's a Poem  
Without an Episode as safety valve  
For pent-up thoughts, thro' which the Muse can blow 'em  
Sky high :—my metaphor I'm loth to halve.  
Should critics carp at this, mayhap I'll show 'em  
A thing or two that their blind eyes will falve.  
Should any Momus mock my humour native,  
I'll tip him a slight Irish hint, the cuttiff.

## XL.

Your pardon, Reader !—'tis the rhyme, the rhyme,  
Not reason that thus makes my verse profane ;—  
I must avoid the like for future time,  
And shall adopt a sober serious strain,  
With here and there a touch of the sublime,  
But nought to give the gentle reader pain.  
So here it goes.—Lo ! dread Vesuvius raises  
On high its awful brow begirt with blazes.

## XLI.

Pierce flames aloft, begirt with glare of hell ;  
Bala's far tide is all one crimson glow ;  
The heavens are hot with fumes insufferable ;  
Like blood you lay red rolls its waves below ;  
With sanguine fiery flush the skies rebel,  
And, glaring grim, congenial frowns bestow  
Upon that furious mount, whose blowing breath  
Suites the dim stars with paleness as of death.

## XLII.

Deep sleeps fair Naples at the midnight hour ;—  
Proximity to danger makes us calm—  
Constant, not casual, danger hath this power :—  
Turene\* might bow, the Turk makes no saluam  
When shots come close that make the bravest cow'r ;—  
For childish feelings Battle's breath is balm :—  
His head for aye so loose sits on his shoulders,  
His coolness in close quarters shocks beholders.

## XLIII.

"Pshaw !—he's a Fatalist,"—some one will say—  
"That's the true cause of all his apathy."—  
I don't believe it. Fatalism may  
Do middling well for a mere theory,—  
None act upon it but th' *insane*, for they  
Oft practise what they preach. The Turk is free  
As moral agent, spite the Koran's fables,  
And knows it—but what's this to do with Naples.

## XLIV.

'Tis dead of midnight ;—with horrid roar,  
The dread Volcano thunders in its might ;—  
Stupendous masses roll their volumes o'er  
The lurid heavens ; while forked flames make bright  
Yon murky mountain and the distant shore—  
Like demons' tongues outtolling, with their light  
Of Hell make hideous all the prospect round ;  
While Nature starts from her still sleep profound.

\* Turene, in one of his battles, perceiving a cannon shot *right thing* for his head, is said to have *duck'd*, with the observation, that, "he always made it a point to bow to gentlemen of that family." He was killed by a cannon shot notwithstanding.

## XLV.

Morn breaks ;—Galeta's distant headlands gleam  
With dawn's first ray. Calm, cloudless, is the morn ;  
The sun smiles down with an untroubled beam ;  
Vesuvius still fierce frowns as tho' in scorn  
Of Nature's smile and Earth's enraptur'd dream :  
Laugh the flow'rs from spring's young bosom  
born ;  
And o'er the lovely land—tho' empurpled sen,  
Sweet fragrance floats—Morn's breath of purity.

## XLVI.

Bright with the dew of dawn,—whose radiant gem  
Sparkles on ev'ry leaf, and bud, and blade,  
Lovelier than pearls of jewel'd diadem,—  
The full musk-rose with all her charms display'd  
Droops graceful on her green and slender stem,  
With her young offspring high. The groves array'd  
In vernal garb, with blushing blossoms crown'd,  
Sway'd by the breeze of morn shed odours round.

## XLVII.

With gardens overhung, with slopes and fields  
Vine-clad, and rich in all diversities  
Of loveliness that bounteous Nature yields,  
Back'd by blue hills see gorgeous Naples rise :  
Yon mountain range her matchless climate shields  
From the rude influence of stormy skies ;  
While the sweet West soft breathes o'er her still bay,  
Her fountains cool, green groves, and gardens gay.

## XLVIII.

How lovely is fair Naples—how doth she  
O'ergaze the thro' like some fair ruling queen,  
Youthful and proud, supreme in sovereignty,  
Thro'ld in her charms, amid those glorious scenes  
Elsewhere unroll'd ; earth and air and sea  
Lie hush'd in blissful trance, compos'd serene ;  
Save that stern sentinel, that ward doth keep,  
Like giant grim o'erwatching beauty's sleep.

## XLIX.

Luxuriant land ! how doth the spring pour forth  
Profusion round, of blossoms, buds and flow'rs  
To deck the bosom of reviving earth,  
And furnish fair her wreath of vernal hours ;  
While Nature thrills aloud her song of mirth,  
Resuscitate with all her genial pow'rs ;  
And one sweet hymn from all her tribes ascend  
To her blest Benefactor, Father, Friend.

## L.

Here may the pious heart forever dwell  
With grateful love on the Creator's praise ;  
'Neath Nature's smile, here may Religion swell  
With bliss benign, and her glad altar raise.  
All round is Paradise : ere Adam fell  
Such scenes begirt him in his sinless days ;  
And seems it that a realm, so bright, so blest,  
Might give us joys like what he once possess'd.

## LI.

But ah ! the taint, the deadly taint within,  
Embitters all, wherever we may rove ;  
Earth is no Eden, though her smile may win  
Our fond regard, nor ill deserve our love.  
Still when I enjoy her charms we would begin,  
Our ardent souls with bliss and pleasure prove,  
We ever find, as says the Royal Preacher,  
Much vanity commingled with the creature.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]