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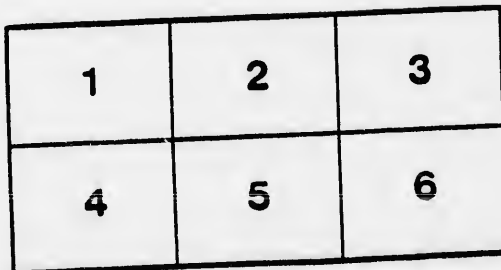
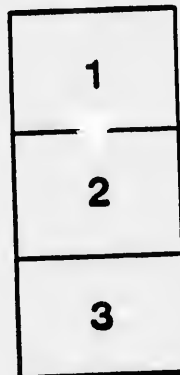
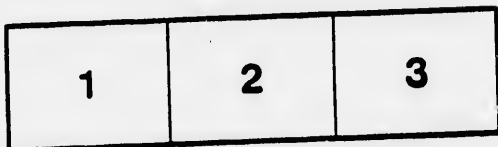
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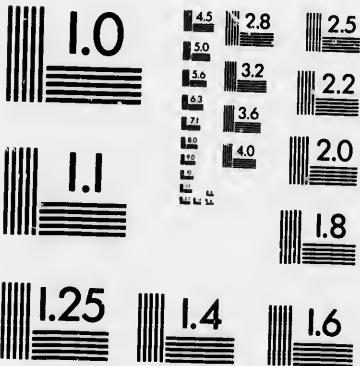
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Bright Star would I were stedfast as thou art
Not in lone splendor hung aloft the night
And watching with eternal lids apart
Like nature's patient, sleepless Eternite
The moring waters at their prestake back
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft fallen masque
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors.
No - yet still stedfast, still unchangeable,
Borrow upon my fair loves ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft swell and fall,
As ake for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender taken breath,
And so live ~~over~~^{ever} - or else swoon to death.

Facsimile of Keats's Last Sonnet.

Bright Star would I were steadfast as thou art -
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night
And watching with eternal lids apart
Like nature's patient, sleepless Diemide
The more my waters at their furthest haste
Of pure oblivion round smother human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft fallen matter
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors
No - yet still steadfast, still unchangeable
Believe me when my furrowed sowing breast
To feel for ever its soft smelt and fall,
Are able for me in a sweet mist,
Still able to hear her tender taken breath,
And so live ~~on~~ ^{on} or else swoon to death.

1800

855.

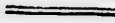
SELECT POEMS

GOLDSMITH, WORDSWORTH, SCOTT,
KEATS, SHELLEY, BYRON

*EDITED FROM AUTHORS' EDITIONS,
WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND ANNOTATIONS,*

BY

FREDERICK HENRY SYKES, M.A., PH.D.
Professor in the Western University of London, Ont.



Toronto

THE W. J. GAGE COMPANY (LTD.)

1896

How art
glit
shoes,
moors
bush
at,
earth,
to death

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PREFACE.

THIS edition of *Select Poems of Goldsmith, Wordsworth, Scott, Keats, Shelley, Byron* is designed as an aid to the study of English literature, and is especially intended for those students preparing for University Matriculation and the higher examinations of the Education Departments of various Provinces of the Dominion. The present volume, like its predecessors, the *Select Poems of Tennyson* and the *Select Poems of Coleridge, Wordsworth, etc.*, endeavours, by bringing together from many quarters whatever critical apparatus elementary students will require, to make possible for such as use it a serious and intelligent study of the poetry it contains.

The text of these Selections has been taken in every instance from authoritative editions,—those issued by the authors themselves (in some cases, trustworthy reprints of these) or, in the case of postumous poems, by the best editors. As far as possible the history of the text through its revisions has been given by means of a list of variant readings, which are of interest to readers and of use in the study of literary expression. Care has been taken to cite, at times, the sources of poetical passages, not only that a clearer sense of poetic excellence may be attained, but also that an insight may be afforded into some phases of poetic composition.

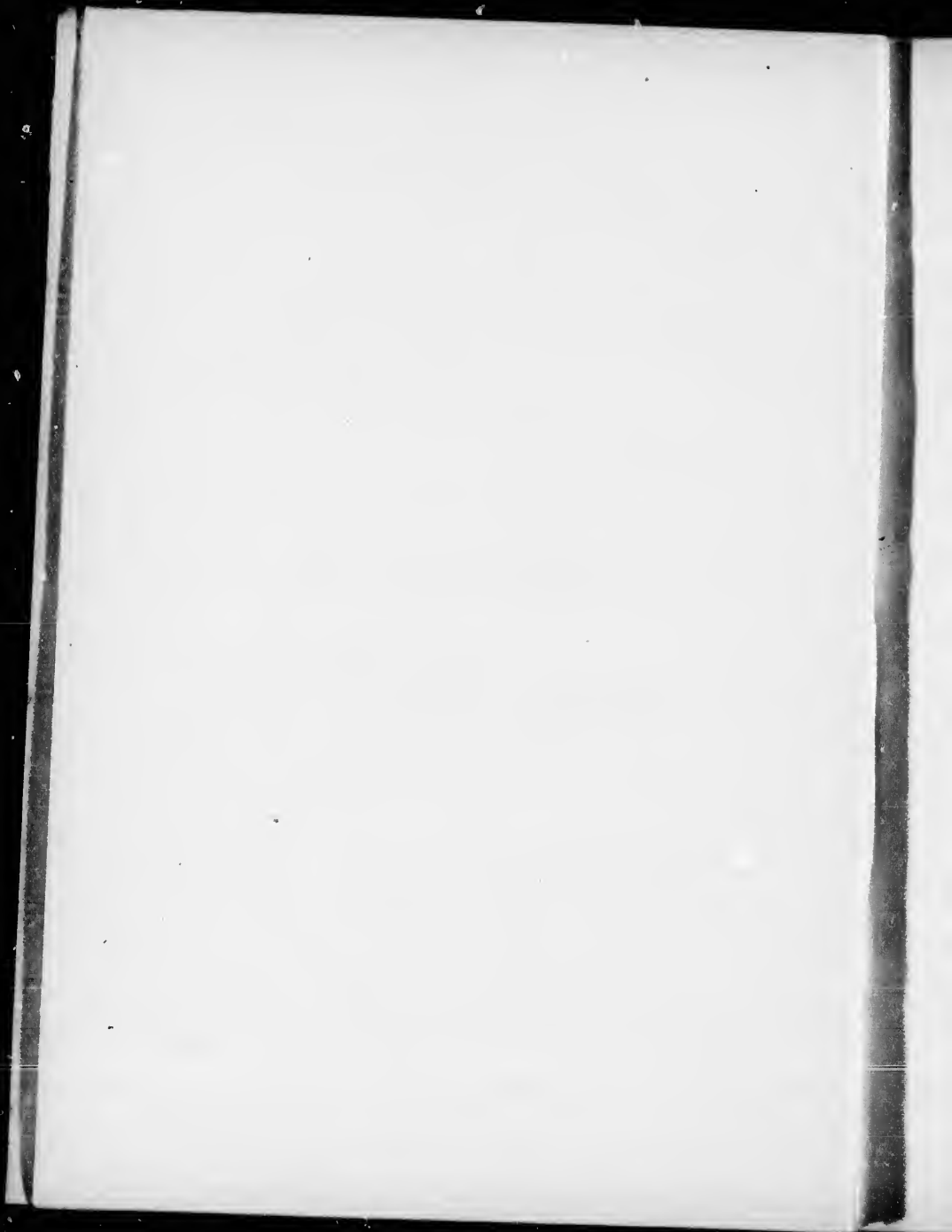
The Appendix contains many poems that will serve as useful comparisons to the Selections; in the main, however, it is designed merely as a collection of poetry suitable for literary study, without the aid of notes or other critical apparatus.

It is a pleasure to acknowledge here the kindness of the Librarian of Harvard University, through which the editor was enabled to photograph from its precious Shelley MS. volume the pages of *To a Skylark*, a facsimile of which accompanies our text of the poem. To Dr. J. W. Tupper the editor's thanks are due for very careful collations of many original editions in the libraries of Boston. To the Librarian of the Toronto Public Library he is especially grateful for the use of the many facilities of that institution, and to his patient assistants.

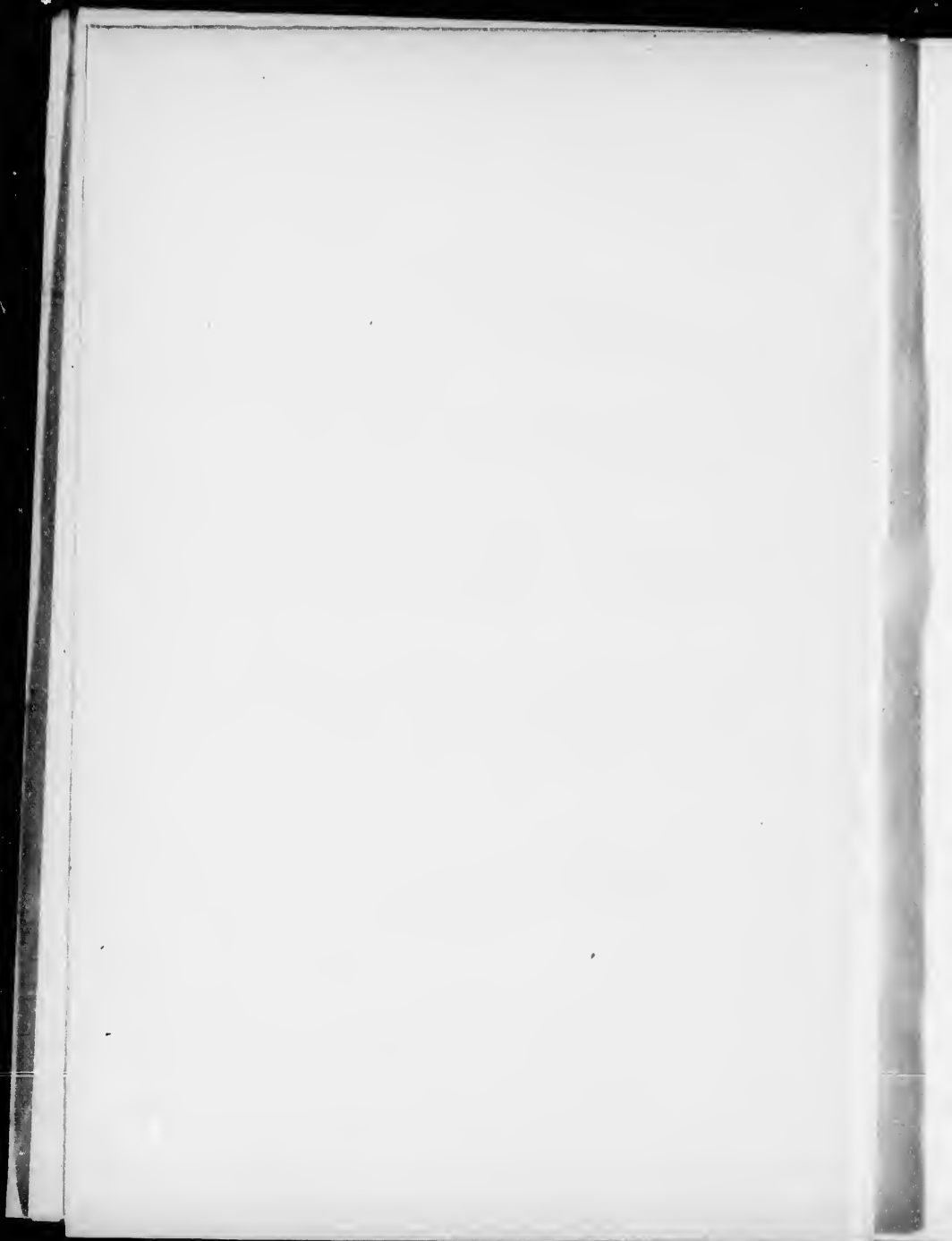
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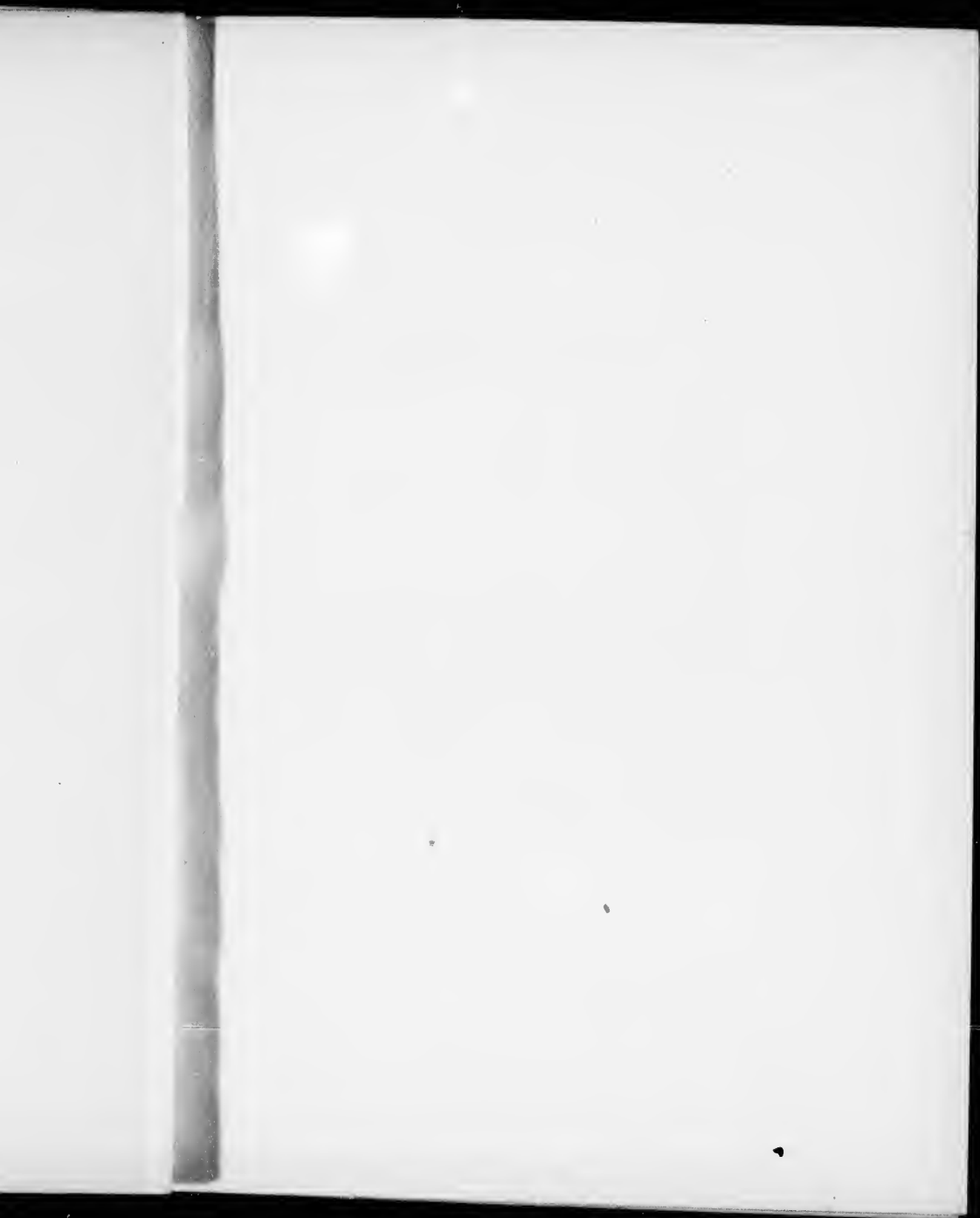
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INTRODUCTIONS.







OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

INTRODUCTIONS.

BY JAMES GILLESPIE SMITH.

(1874.)

The first of these books, and, frequently reprinted, is the "Introduction to the Study of the History of the English Language," which has been translated into French, German, and Italian. The second is the "Introduction to the Study of the History of the English Language," which has been translated into French, German, and Italian. The third is the "Introduction to the Study of the History of the English Language," which has been translated into French, German, and Italian.

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W. S. HOLDSWORTH

INTRODUCTIONS.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[1728-1774.]

[The Percy Memoir, in *Miscellaneous Works*, 1801, frequently reprinted in subsequent years; Mitford's Introduction to the old Aldine ed.; Prior's *Life of Goldsmith*, 1837; Irving's *Goldsmith*, 1844; Foster, *Life and Adventures of Goldsmith*, 1848-1852 (the chief authority); Macaulay, *Ency. Brit.*; Thackeray, *English Humorists*; Black's *Goldsmith*, "*English Men of Letters*"; Dobson's *Goldsmith*, "*Great Writers*"; Dobson's Introduction to *Selected Poems*, Clarendon Press. The best editions are Cunningham, 1854, four vols.; Gibbs, "*Bohn's Library*," five vols.; Masson, one vol., Macmillan; Dobson, *Poems*, in new Aldine ed. and Dent's ed. Annotated editions chiefly used in the notes to this volume are: the editions of Mitford and Prior, Sankey's *Traveller* and *Deserted Village*, Rolfe's *Select Poems*, Dobson's *Selected Poems*, Birkbeck Hill's *Traveller*.]

Pope died in 1744 without any one disputing his sway over English poetry. While he lived, it was thought that English poetry had reached a height which it was impossible to go a wink beyond. When he died, the school of poetry of which he was the great exemplar continued for almost fifty years to number among its members the most distinguished names in literature. To the group of poets who dominated the first half of the century—Addison, Prior, Pope, Swift—succeeded in the second half of the century another group—Johnson, Churchill, Goldsmith—who have the same ear-marks of style and much the same range of sympathies as their predecessors. If politics and the newspaper brought the writers of the Queen Anne period to London, and centred their movements in the coffee-house and the club, the writers of George

III.'s reign were likewise drawn to London and found their most congenial meeting-place in the Literary Club. If the literatures of France and Rome were the supreme authority in taste for the earlier writers, the classical writers were likewise the standard of taste with which Johnson reviewed the English poets. If Pope wrote almost everyone of his works in the heroic couplet, the heroic couplet was likewise the measure of Churchill, Johnson, and Goldsmith. This measure, so significant a mark of the literature of the eighteenth century, deserves special note, though its history can be only outlined here.

The modern heroic couplet (the five-accent iambic rimed couplet), as distinct from a similar metre in Chaucer, takes its rise in the poems of Sandys and of Waller, more especially in those of the latter. From Waller there is a clear line of descent. Denham, his first successor, displayed in his *Cooper's Hill*, 1642, his early mastery of the form in such lines as this apostrophe to the Thames:—

O could I flow like thee, and make my stream
My great example, as it is my theme;
Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

And Denham, in this very poem, speaks of Waller as "the best of poets." Dryden in his Dedication of the *Rival Ladies* declared that "the excellence and dignity of rime were never fully known till Mr. Waller taught it; but this sweetness in his lyric poesie was afterwards followed in the epic by Sir John Denham, in his *Cooper's Hill*, a poem which . . . for the majesty of the style is and ever will be, the exact standard of good writing." Dryden in his *Absalom and Achitophel* and *Mac Fleecnoe* established for all time the supreme suitability of the rimed heroic verse for satirical poetry. Leaving out of

consideration the so-called Pindaric ode, invented by Cowley and used by Dryden in his *Alexander's Feast* and by Pope in his *St. Cecilia's Day*, the metrical genius of English poetry, which had disported in so many forms of lyric beauty throughout the Elizabethan period down to Herrick, sank into the bonds of this commonplace metre. With a growing number of exceptions, important as tending by the end of the century to overthrow the rule, the heroic couplet continued to be the measure of English poetry till 1800.

Oliver Goldsmith, the greatest poet of the second group of eighteenth century writers, was born on the 10th of November, 1728, in the hamlet of Pallas, Longford, Ireland, the fifth of a family of eight children. His father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, was at the time a curate passing rich on forty pounds a year, but a few years later a more lucrative cure fell to him, when he removed to the neighbouring village of Lissoy, Westmeath, the Deserted Village immortalized by the poet.

The child's training was confided first to a serving-maid, and to Thomas Byrne, the village school-master. Thence he passed to Elphin, to Athlone, to Edgeworthstown, finally in his fifteenth year to Trinity College, Dublin. The general verdict on his school-days was summed up in Dr. Streaton's words, that he was "a stupid, heavy, blockhead." But he was more, or Peggy Golden would not have sung him to tears, or Byrne's campaign stories filled his mind with visions of travel; nor would he have had his early reputation for repartee. Possibly his ungainly person and pock-marked face contributed to the mental picture, and he suffered like Coleridge for his ugliness.

Goldsmith went up to Trinity College as a sizar, paying

for his tuition by menial services. His life there was riotous rather than studious, the most hopeful sign being his writing of street ballads which he would steal out at night to hear sung. In 1749 he took his degree, and returned to his mother, now widowed and living at Ballymahon.

There was in Goldsmith a great deal of the Tony Lumpkin, an equal share of the Moses Primrose, with a large and saving remnant of genius. It was Tony that drank and sang in Conway's Inn at Ballymahon, and Moses that presented himself for ordination to the ministry in scarlet breeches. It was both who spent the one purse Goldsmith was given to seek his fortune in America, and the other with which he was to begin the study of the law. Finally in 1752 he reached Edinburgh, purposing to study medicine.

Here probably the secret promptings of genius asserted themselves. He set out after eighteen months for Leyden, where the great Albinus and the learned Gaubius were the alleged attractions. In reality it was to make the grand tour, but on foot. How he begged or played, starved or feasted, and, no doubt, was happy, in this tour, we have no details. But setting out, flute in hand and a guinea in his pocket, he succeeded in traversing Holland, crossing the Rhine and the Alps, and finally reaching Padua and Louvain where, he asserted, he took a degree of bachelor of medicine.

He returned to London in February, 1756, a stranger, poor, uncouth, ready to do everything he could and to try much that he could not do. An assistant to an apothecary, a medical practitioner without a practice, a proof-reader, an usher in a school, a hack-writer to Griffiths, an usher once more, and an applicant for a medical

appointment to the Coromandel Coast: these are his metamorphoses during three years of struggle.

The Coromandel application was to be strengthened by his composition of a learned treatise. The application was abortive, but the treatise, *Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe*, was published in 1759, beginning Goldsmith's career as an original writer. Bookseller Wilkie enlisted his services then as sole contributor to *The Bee*, which lived through eight numbers. Bookseller Newbery engaged him as a bi-weekly contributor to his *Public Ledger*, which resulted in a series of letters now best known in their collected form as *The Citizen of the World*, a clever and humorous review of English-manners and civilization from the assumed point of view of a Chinese, a device borrowed from Dufresny and Montesquieu. When the rigor of this and similar hack-work sent him off with ill-health to Tunbridge Wells and Bath to recover, he quickly found literary copy of a good-natured sort for his *Life of Richard Nash*, a biography of the master of ceremonies and potentate of fashion of the latter city.

By this time (1762) Goldsmith had reached a recognized place among London writers. He had become intimate with the Great Cham of literature, Dr. Johnson, and with Garrick, Percy, Beauclerc, Langton—an intimacy strengthened in 1764 by Reynolds's founding of the Literary Club. The year 1764 had, however, a gloomy episode. Tony Lumpkin had been uppermost in Goldsmith's life, and his landlady without any thought of posterity's good opinion, had him arrested for debt. Dr. Johnson fortunately intervened. He carried off to the publisher some marketable MSS., which not only satisfied the demands of Mrs. Fleming but gave the author a tolerable claim on

posterity. Thus it was that *The Traveller* in 1764 and *The Vicar of Wakefield* in 1766 came to be published.

The Traveller, as Macaulay has pointed out, is in design at once simple and noble. "An English wanderer, seated on a crag among the Alps, near the point where the three countries meet, looks down on a boundless prospect, reviews his long pilgrimage, recalls the varieties of scenery, of climate, of government, of religion, of national character he has observed, and comes to the conclusion, just or unjust, that our happiness depends little on political institutions, and much on the temper and regulation of our own minds." (*Ency. Brit.*) That the happiness of the individual is independent of government and climate is a proposition no one will seriously contend for to-day. Yet, though we have a different point of view in sociology, we still can find pleasure in the more important element of Goldsmith's poetry. While the *Traveller* is making his beautiful contrasts and close-packed criticism of men and manners, we even lend a poetical assent to his main proposition. The poem, in truth, though intended as a philosophical poem, charms us for very different reasons. The panoramic display of nations, the gentle music of the verse reinforcing at times the monotonous accents of the couplet with new harmonies,—

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,—

the epigrammatic value of many a line, the steadfast tendency of the verse towards the noblest ideals and most helpful emotions,—these are of more value for poetry than a principle of happiness. On the other hand the faults of the poem—its rhetorical cast, the device of antithesis as a basis of expression for every scene and for very many ideas, the abstract character of its phraseology, its

frequent borrowings not only of imagery but of thought and phraseology—make it difficult to admire warmly, even when we know that in the main these are faults of the literary school to which the poet was born.

The success of *The Traveller* and *The Vicar* carried Goldsmith on a mounting wave. Through Garrick, one of the Club, he put his hand to comedy in *The Good Natur'd Man*, which gave him 500*l* to squander. The booksellers crowded work upon him,—compilations of *Poems for Young Ladies*, an *English Grammar*, a *Roman History*, a *Natural History of Animals*, a *History of England*,—and paid handsomely for the pen of this versatile author. No wonder Goldsmith could say of his poetry that it kept, or would have kept, him poor,—

Thou found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so.

“I cannot afford,” he told Lord Lisburn, “to court the draggle-tail muses, my lord; they would let me starve; but by my other labours I can make shift to live, and drink, and have good clothes.”

Passing over, therefore, the ballad of *Edwin and Angelina*, written under Percy's influence, and the humorous verse of *Retaliation* and *The Haunch of Venison* there is only one other poem, and his greatest, that claims our attention.

The circumstances attending the composition of *The Deserted Village* are elsewhere considered (pp. 205ff). If one needed an antidote to the philosophy of *The Traveller* we should find it in this poem, which shows that the individual may suffer even where Britain courts the western spring. But here, too, the philosophy of the poem—the evil effect of the concentration of wealth in the hands of the few—scarcely attracts the attention compared with the interest of those pictures of village

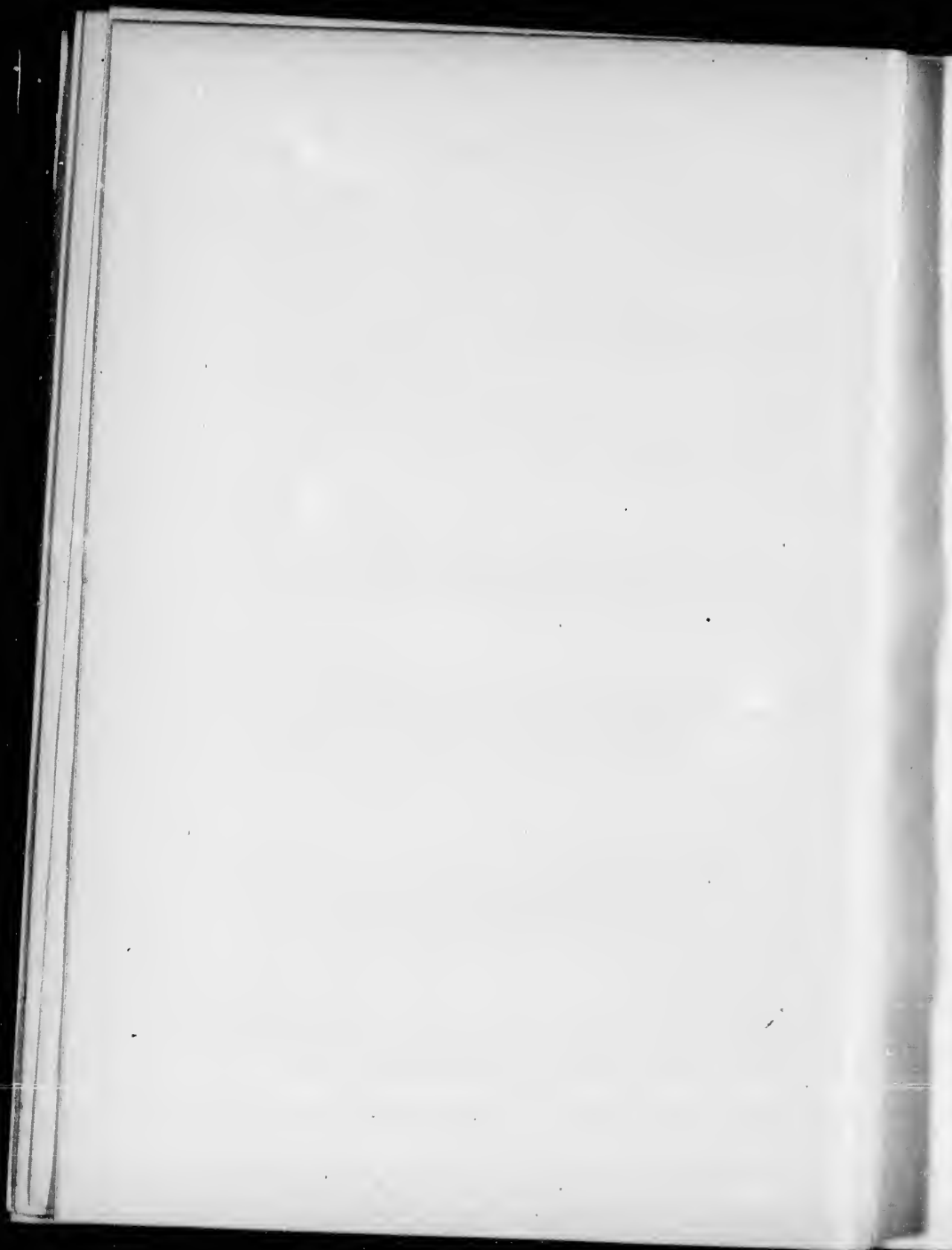
life, unrolled with even more melodious verse, less pointed and more flowing than that of *The Traveller*, and viewed through the softening mist of a tender humanity and the pathos of inevitable change.

One special point, the growth of a more genuine poetic spirit in his verse, calls for remark. His ballad of *Edwin and Angelina*, poor imitation though it be, his relations to Percy, his growing fondness for melodious American names in poetic allusions, the deepening of subjective feeling in *The Deserted Village*, the observation and record of aspects of nature* (cf. *D. V.* ll. 41-46, 196), and of humble life (ll. 128-136),—these are significant of at least some share, and a growing share, in the romantic movement represented by his contemporaries, Thomson, Gray, and Beattie. Goldsmith remained attached to the older school, but it is clear that his heart was inclining to the newer, and that his later work shows in him many marks of a poet of a transition age.

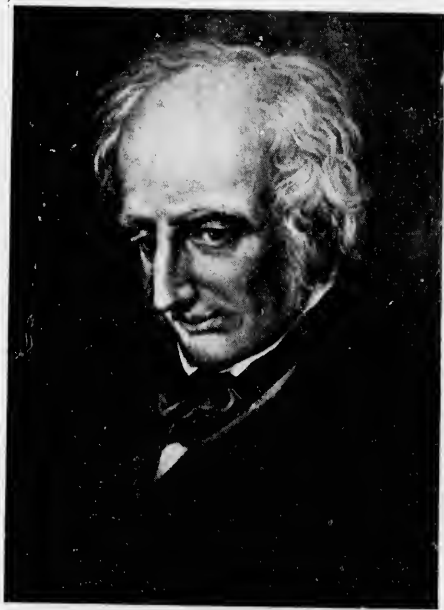
His last great work, and his greatest in comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*, was written in 1773. On April 4th, 1774, Goldsmith died, troubled in mind and sunk in debt, and was buried by Temple Church. He has left works that give him a high mark, though not a supreme one, in four departments of literature, in the essay, the drama, the novel, and in poetry,—a versatility of genius few can equal. For his life, "Let not his frailties be remembered: he was a very great man." Time is fulfilling

* I venture to believe that Goldsmith's description of the lark's singing is not less true to nature and poetic feeling than Wordsworth's. "Nothing... can be more pleasing than to see the lark warbling on the wing; raising its note as it soars, until it seems lost in the immense heights above us; the note continuing, the bird itself unseen; to see it then descending with a swell as it comes from the clouds, yet sinking by degrees as it approaches its nest, the spot where all its affections are centred, the spot that has prompted all this joy."—*An. Nature*, ii. 152.

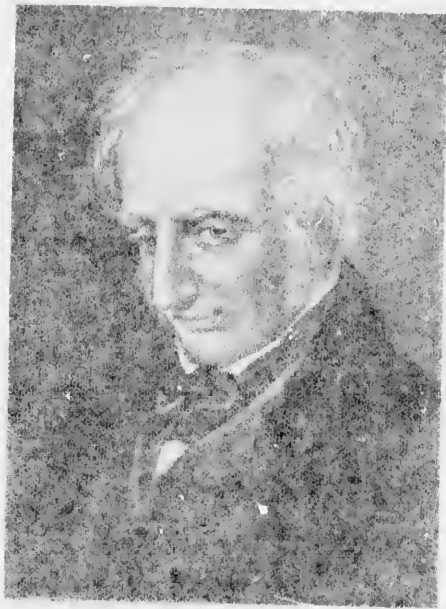
this charge of Dr. Johnson, as it is confirming the epitaph inscribed on his monument in Westminster Abbey: Poetæ, Physici, Historici, qui nullum fere scribendi genus non tetigit, nullum quod tetigit non ornavit: sive risus essent movendi, sive lacrymæ, affectuum potens, at lenis dominator; ingenio sublimis, vividus, versatilis; oratione grandis, nitidus, venustus: hoc monumento memoriam coluit Sodalium amor. Amicorum fides, Lectorum veneratio.







WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

[1770-1850.]

[Wordsworth's *Prelude and Autobiography*; C. Wordsworth, *Memoirs of W. W.*, 1851; Searle, *Memoirs of W. W.*, 1852; Coleridge, *Biogr. Lit.*; De Quincey, *Lake Poets*; Hazlitt, *First Acquaintance with Poets*; Kulight, *Life of W. W.* (vols. ix., x., xi. of *Works*), *Memoirs of Coleorton*, 1887; *Proceed. Words. Soc.* (six vols., selections of which are in *Wordsworthiana*; Myers, *Wordsworth, "Eng. Men of Letters"*; Symington, *William Wordsworth*, 1881; Sutherland, *William Wordsworth*, 2nd ed., 1892; Elizabeth Wordsworth, *William Wordsworth*, 1894. Essays and criticisms by Arnold (*Selections of W. W.*), Stopford Brooke, Church (*Dante*, etc.), Dowden (*Studies in Literature*), Morley (*Works*), Pater (*Appreciations*), Sarrazin (*Renaissance de la poésie anglaise*). Scherer (tr. Saintsbury), Shalrp, etc. The best editions are Knight, eleven vols., 1887-1889; Dowden, seven vols., 1892-3; Morley, one vol., 1891; annotated editions of selected poems, Rolfe (Harpers), Rowe and Webb (Macmillan). For the general aspects of early Romanticism, Phelps, *English Romantic Movement*; of later Romanticism, Courthope, *Liberal Movement in English Literature*.]

The classical style, as the eighteenth century wore on, became less and less effective as a means of poetic expression. Men grew tired of the monotony of form and expression in literature, just as they grew tired of formal, urban life and a narrow range of feeling and experience. Reaching out for relief from the heroic couplet, they resumed old forms of versification, the blank verse of Milton, the epic stanza of Spenser, the ode, the ballad, and the sonnet. In place, too, of a narrow horizon of civic life, they lifted up their eyes and saw either a glorious past or an enchanting future. The chivalric ages, viewed beneath the glamour of Spenser; the northern nations, with their ancient mythology and misty mountain scenery, brought within range by Macpherson's Ossian and Gray's Odes; the very life of

the people, expressed in the traditional poetry of England and Scotland and made accessible by the publication of numerous collections of ballads; even the supernatural, not unknown to the ballad, but specially cultivated by tales of mystery and spectral romance transplanted from Germany; the aspects of nature, not the cool grotto and trim hedges, but the mountain, the storm, the winter landscape: these were the objects filling the new horizon that opened to men's minds; and to this fresh world they came with minds increasingly sensitive. All Europe was stirring with new emotion. The ecstasies of *Werther* met with 'vehement acceptance' everywhere. Rousseau was an apostle of the feelings. The Revolution in men's minds was in progress, realized before the end of the century in Political Revolution.

This movement of humanity towards the picturesque past, towards nature and the supernatural, towards emotion, towards beauty, constitutes the Romantic Movement, to which in this nineteenth century we owe our best literature.

With the beginning of the full glory of English Romanticism two names are indissolubly associated,—Wordsworth and Coleridge. Others prepared the way; others revealed more or less tentatively some of the characteristics of the Movement. Traces of it may be found in Thomson, whose *Seasons* were completed in 1730; traces of it may be found in Gray, who died in 1771, and whose *Journal in the Lakes* displays a spirit kindred to that of the poet of Grasmere; traces of it may be found in Burns, in whom tender feeling and passion join with appreciation of the beauty possible in the meanest flower and the humblest life. Cowper, too, felt the thrill of communion with Nature, and had a heart

that went out to all weak and helpless creatures. Thomson, Gray, Burns, and Cowper, then, all felt the impulse of a new life; but this new life was manifested clearly and unmistakably first in two names, Wordsworth and Coleridge.

William Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth, Cumberland, April 7th, 1770, the second son of John Wordsworth, solicitor to Sir James Lowther, and of Anne Wordsworth, daughter of William Cookson, mercer of Penrith. His childhood truly showed that in him at least the boy was father to the man. Cockermouth is near the Derwent, that blent

A murmur with my nurse's song,
And sent a voice
That flowed along my dreams.

Bathing in the mill-race, plundering the raven's nest, skating, nutting, fishing, such were the golden days of happy boyhood; and the activities of boyhood lived on in the man. Wordsworth, Elizabeth Wordsworth says, could cut his name in the ice when quite an elderly man. The effect on his spirits of this free open life, lighted up by a passion for the open air, may be read in his early *Lines on Leaving School*.

His schooldays at Hawkshead, Lancashire, were happy, though he described himself as being 'of a stiff, moody, violent temper.' Fielding, Cervantes, Le Sage, and Swift were his first favourite authors. His father interested himself in his training, and through his guidance Wordsworth as a boy could repeat by heart much of Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton.

His father having died in 1773, Wordsworth was sent to Cambridge by his uncles. He entered St. John's College in October, 1787, and took his degree in January, 1791.

On the whole he took little interest in academic pursuits, yet read classics diligently, studied Italian and the older English poets, and 'sauntered, played, or rioted' with his fellow-students. His vacations were spent in the country; in one of them he traversed on foot France, Switzerland, and Northern Italy.

During another of these vacation rambles, returning at early dawn from some frolic,

The morning rose, in memorable pomp;
 The sea lay laughing at a distance; near
 The solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds;
 And in the meadows and the lower grounds
 Was all the sweetness of a common dawn—
 Dews, vapours, and the melodies of birds,
 And labourers going forth to till the fields.
 Ah! need I say, dear Friend! that to the brim
 My heart was full; I made no vows, but vows
 Were then made for me; bond unknown to me
 Was given, that I should be, else serving greatly,
 A dedicated spirit. On I walked
 In thankful blessedness, which yet survives.

Wordsworth's first long poem, *An Evening Walk*, 1789, shows the spirit of nature striving against the bondage of Pope.

Unable to decide on a profession, Wordsworth went to France in November, 1791, where he stayed thirteen months studying French, and watching with beating heart the emancipation of human life and spirit in the Revolution. He returned to England with his choice of a profession yet unmade, and in 1793 published his first volumes of verses, *An Evening Walk* and *Descriptive Sketches*, the value of which no one but Coleridge appreciated. He spent a month in the Isle of Wight, wandered about Salisbury Plain, and along the Wye to North Wales. One of his rambles with his sister Dorothy led him from Kendal to Grasmere, and from Grasmere to Kes-

wick, — “the most delightful country we have ever seen,” she said. He projected a monthly miscellany, and was completely out of money when his good friend Raisley Calvert died, leaving him a legacy of 900*l.* This was the turning point of his life. Inspired by his sister, Wordsworth resolved to take up that plain life of high thought which was to result in a pure and lasting fame. Wordsworth never was ungrateful to that noblest of women, his sister Dorothy. In the midst of troubles she never flagged, in the moments of literary aspiration she was by his side with sympathetic heart and equal mind.

She whispered still that brightness would return,
She, in the midst of all, preserved me still
A poet, made me seek beneath that name,
And that alone, my office upon earth.

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares, and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
And love, and thought, and joy,

The brother and sister settled in Racedown Lodge, Crewkerne, Dorset, in a delightful country, with “charming walks, a good garden, and a pleasant home.” There Wordsworth wrote his *Imitations of Juvenal, Salisbury Plain*, and commenced the *Borderers*. Henceforth he was dedicated to poetry.

Meantime, Coleridge, the son of a Devonshire clergyman, had passed through Christ's Hospital and Cambridge, and had entered on matrimony and authorship. He had first settled at Clevedon, near Bristol, where he eked out a poor living with hack-work, lecturing, tutoring, varied by some attempts at publishing periodicals and poetry. Early in 1797 he removed to Nether Stowey.

Nether Stowey lies at the foot of the Quantocks. Somersetshire, a few miles from the Bristol Channel, in a

country of clear brooks and wooded hills. In June, 1797, Coleridge visited the Wordsworths at Racedown. The two poets read their compositions to each other,—Coleridge his tragedy of *Oscario*, and Wordsworth his tragedy of *The Borderers*. Thus began the friendship of these two men, a friendship that meant much for themselves, much for English literature. Charmed by the scenery of the Quantocks and the opportunity of being near Coleridge, Wordsworth took up his abode at Alfoxden, some three miles distant from Stowey and two from the Bristol Channel. The period of companionship and mutual stimulus that ensued was marked by the production of poems that are the unmistakable manifestations of the presence of that new spirit of poetry which was to dominate the first half of the century to come.

In the spring of 1798 the two poets planned a pedestrian tour to Linton, purposing to defray its cost by a joint composition, *The Ancient Mariner*, which after discussion fell entirely into Coleridge's hands. The project of one poem expanded into a volume of poems, to which Coleridge contributed a few pieces dealing with the supernatural, and Wordsworth the main body of poems depicting nature and humble life under the modifying colours of the imagination. This memorable volume, opening with *The Ancient Mariner* and closing with *Tintern Abbey*, was called *Lyrical Ballads*, and published in 1798.

Its immediate influence was very slight. The *Monthly Review* considered the *Ancient Mariner* the strangest cock and bull story, a rhapsody of unintelligible wildness and incoherence, though admitting exquisite poetical touches, and in general called upon the author of the volume to write on more elevated subjects and in a more cheerful disposition. Cottle parted with most of his five

hundred copies at a loss, and on going out of business returned the copyright to Wordsworth as valueless. De Quincey and John Wilson were perhaps alone in recognizing the value of the volume. Originality, it has been said, must create the taste by which it is to be appreciated, and it was some years before taste for the new poetry was created.

At Alfoxden, then, *Lyrical Ballads* was written, and there, too, *The Borderers* was finished. The latter was Wordsworth's one effort at dramatic composition. It was rejected by the Covent Garden Theatre; upon which the poet remarked that "the moving accident is not my trade." Lamb and Hazlitt, who came down to see Coleridge, were taken of course to see Wordsworth. Hazlitt, hearing Coleridge read some of his friend's poems, "felt the sense of a new style and a new spirit of poetry come over him."

On the publication of *Lyrical Ballads*, Coleridge and Wordsworth were enabled through the generosity of the Wedgwoods, sons of the great potter, to carry out a long-cherished project of a pilgrimage to Germany, then the shrine of literary devotion. Coleridge parted company with the Wordsworths on reaching the Continent, passing on to Ratzeburg and Göttingen, while the latter buried themselves in Goslar, on the edge of the Hartz Forest. Wordsworth got little pleasure from German society, literature, climate, or tobacco. Driven back upon himself, he took inspiration from the memories of Alfoxden life, and wrote some of his best lyrics, *Nutting*, *The Poet's Epitaph*, *The Fountain*, *Two April Mornings*, *Ruth*, and the five poems grouped about the name of Lucy. There, too, to depict the history of his mind and of his calling to poetry, he began *The Prelude*. His stay

in Germany ended in July, 1799. In the autumn of that year the brother and sister made excursions through Cumberland and Westmoreland, and were so taken with the natural beauty of these shires that they settled in Grasmere, December, 1799.

Gray has described the Grasmere scenery and De Quincey the Wordsworth cottage—a little white cottage sheltered in trees, overhung by the lofty mountain ascending behind it; beneath the broad basin of Grasmere water, and the low promontory on which rests the village with its embowered houses: all about, the encircling eternal hills, and in their bosom, in those days, quiet peace.

During 1800 the poet wrote *Poems on the Naming of Places*, *The Brothers*, *The Pet Lamb*, *Michael*, etc. In 1802 he paid a flying visit to France, the memorials of which are the group of sonnets that includes *On Westminster Bridge* (see p. 234), and the sonnets at London. The same year he married Mary Hutchinson, a school-mate of his childhood, a wife worthy of her husband and his sister, and of the poem, *She was a Phantom of Delight*, depicting that perfect woman nobly planned (see p. 243).

In Dove Cottage until 1813, then in a larger house at Rydal Mount, but always by Grasmere lake, Wordsworth lived his long life. Friends were about him. Coleridge was at times in Keswick, fifteen miles away (they loved to walk such distances in those days), where Southey also was living; De Quincey took the Dove Cottage when Wordsworth moved to Rydal Mount; "Christopher North" was at Elleray, nine miles distant; Dr. Arnold built himself a house at Ambleside, an hour's walk from Rydal Mount. Occasionally the poet left home to make long trips to the Continent or to Scotland and Wales,

steadily composing under the influences of suggestive scenes. *Memorials of a Tour in Scotland* (1814), *On the Continent* (1820), *In Italy* (1837), are collections of poems due to these excursions. His sonnets, many of which are gems of lyrical beauty unsurpassed, are chiefly in three series, *Ecclesiastical Sketches*, *On the River Duddon*, and *Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty*. Of his other chief works, *Peter Bell*, written in 1798, was not published till 1819; the *Excursion*, composed in 1795-1814, was published in 1814; *The White Doe of Rylstone*, written in 1807, was issued in 1815; while *The Prelude*, begun in 1799 and finished in 1805, was printed only after his death.

About 1830 the years of neglect and ridicule that Wordsworth had borne with serene mind changed for years of honour and fame. Oxford bestowed on him a doctor's degree; the nation, with one voice, on the death of Southey in 1843, crowned him with the laurel, "as the just due of the first of living poets"; and the best minds of England, such as Arnold, George Eliot, Mill, acknowledged the strength and blessedness of his influence. When he died, April 23rd, 1850, the greatest English poet of this century, greatest in original force, sincerity, and beauty of thought, greatest as the interpretative voice of Nature, greatest in power of transfiguring human life with the glory of imagination, had passed away from the world and from the Grasmere that guards his grave.

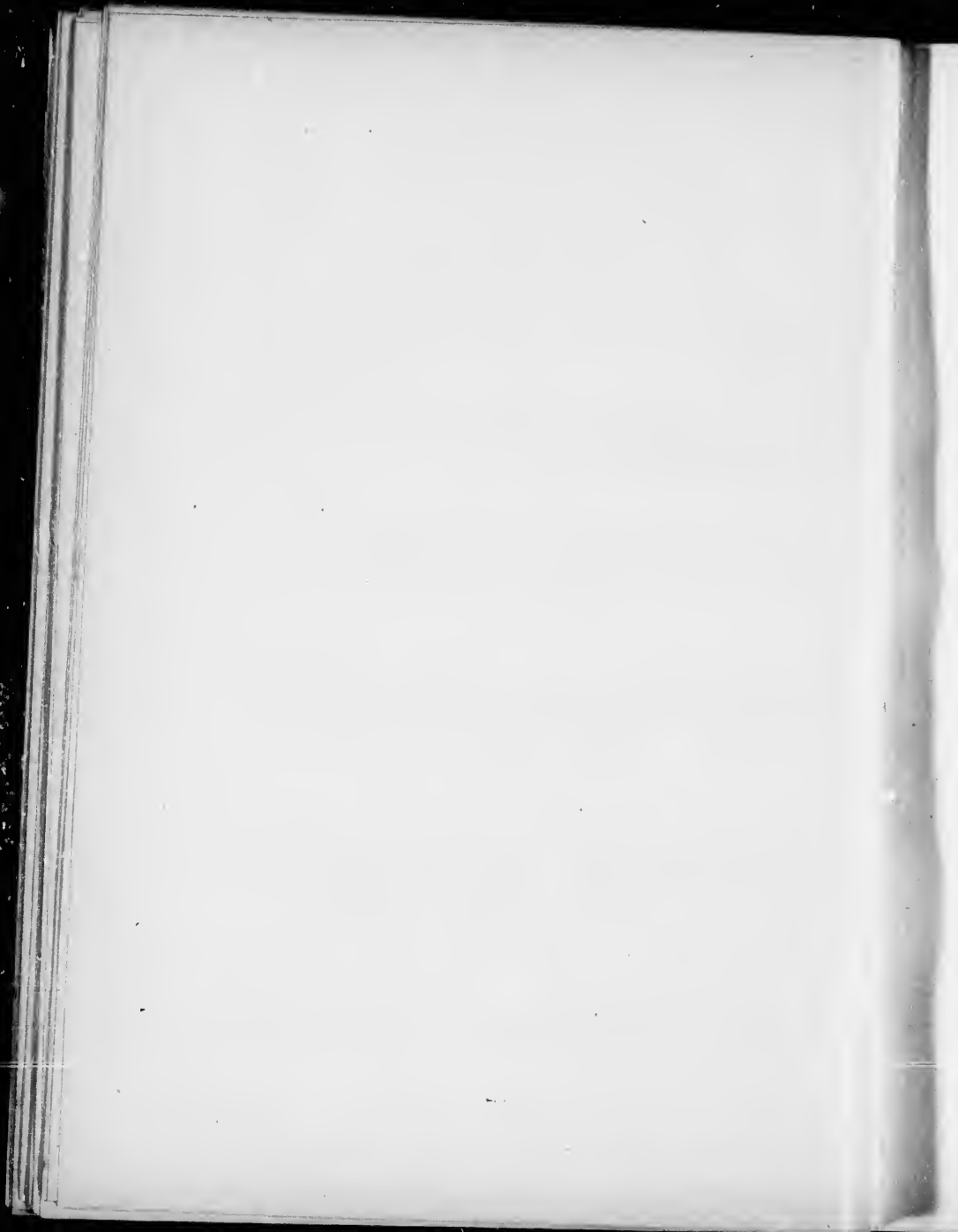
The best personal sketch of the poet is that of Thomas Carlyle, about the year 1840:—"He talked well in his way; with veracity, easy brevity, and force... His voice was good, frank, and sonorous, though practically clear, distinct, and forcible rather than melodious; the tone of him business-like, sedately confident, no discourtesy, yet no anxiety about being courteous; a fine wholesome

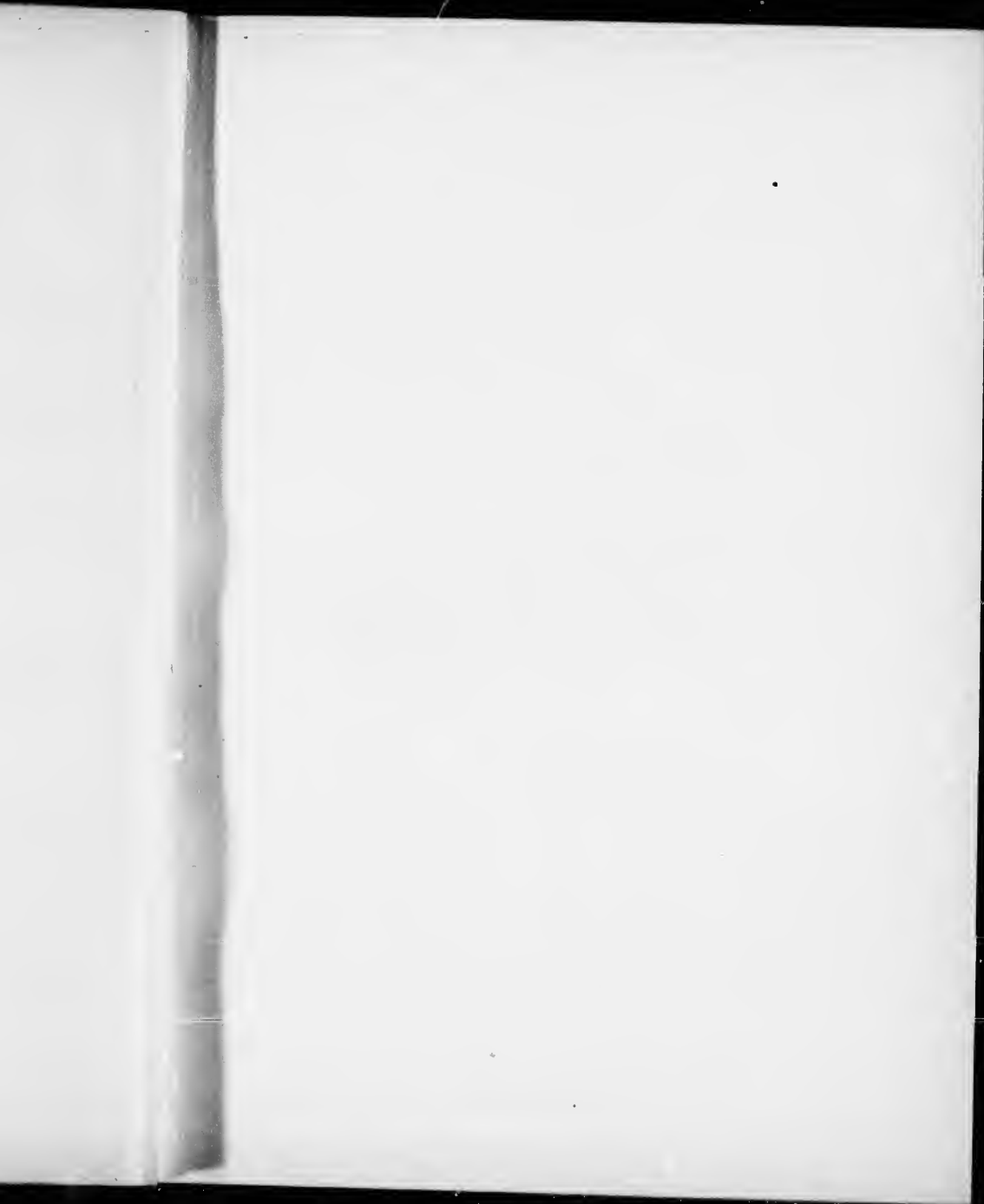
rusticity, fresh as his mountain breezes, sat well on the stalwart veteran, and on all he said and did. You would have said he was a usually taciturn man, glad to unlock himself, to audience sympathetic and intelligent, when such offered itself. His face bore marks of much, not always peaceful, meditation; the look of it not bland or benevolent, so much as close, impregnable, and hard; a man *multa tacere loquive paratus*, in a world where he had experienced no lack of contradictions as he strode along! The eyes were not brilliant, but they had a quiet clearness; there was enough of brow, and well shaped; rather too much cheek ('horse-faced,' I have heard satirists say), face of a squarish shape and decidedly longish as I think the head itself was (*its* length, going *horizontal*): he was large-boned, lean, but still firm-knit, tall and strong-looking when he stood; a right good old steel-gray figure, a veracious *strength* looking through him which might have suited one of the old steel-gray *Margravs*."

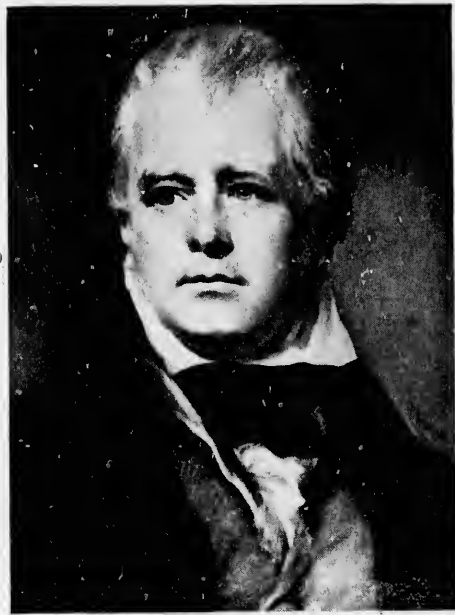
Wordsworth's genius has had no finer interpreter than Coleridge. It is not the friend merely, but the keen critic of literature who, in dark days of neglect, could bravely stand forth to proclaim his friend's greatness. Wordsworth's excellences are, he says:—"First, an austere purity of language... Second, a corresponding weight and sanity of the thoughts and sentiments—won, not from books, but from the poet's own meditative observation. They are fresh, and have the dew upon them... Even throughout his smaller poems there is scarcely one which is not rendered valuable by some just and original reflection... Third, the sinewy strength and originality of single lines and paragraphs; the frequent *curiosa felicitas* of his diction... Fourth, the perfect

truth of nature in his images and descriptions, as taken immediately from nature. . . Fifth, a meditative pathos, a union of deep and subtle thought with sensibility ; a sympathy with man as man ; the sympathy indeed of a contemplator rather than a fellow-sufferer or co-mate. . . Last, and preeminently, I challenge for this poet the gift of imagination. . . In the play of fancy, Wordsworth, to my feelings, is not always graceful, and is sometimes recondite. The likeness is occasionally too strange. . . But in imaginative power he stands nearest of all modern writers to Shakespeare and Milton. To employ his own words. . . he does indeed, to all thoughts and to all objects, —

Add the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration, and the poet's dream."







SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON

1797

(Lectures on the History of the English Language, 1791, 2 vols. 8vo. London, W. Strahan, 1791.)
 Critical Dissertation on the English Language, 1795, 8vo. London, W. Strahan, 1795.
 Essay on the History of the English Language, 1797, 8vo. London, W. Strahan, 1797.
 and in English Literature, 1797, 8vo. London, W. Strahan, 1797.
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The following is a list of the works of Samuel Johnson, as far as they are known to me. It is not intended to be a complete list, but only to give an idea of the extent of his literary labours. The works are arranged in chronological order, as far as possible. The dates are given in the margin, and the titles in the body of the text. The works are arranged in the following order: 1. The Life of Samuel Johnson, 1791. 2. The History of the English Language, 1791. 3. The Critical Dissertation on the English Language, 1795. 4. The Essay on the History of the English Language, 1797. 5. The and in English Literature, 1797.

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SIR WALTER SCOTT

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[1771-1832.]

[Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, the chief authority; Hutton, *Sir Walter Scott*, "*English Men of Letters*"; Yonge, *Scott*, "*Great Writers*," Criticism is voluminous: Hazlitt, *Spirit of the Age*; Carlyle in his *Essays*; Palgrave, *Memoir* in the *Globe* ed.; Courthope, *Liberal Movement in English Literature*; Mrs. Oliphant, *Literary History of Great Britain*. The best editions are: Lockhart's ed. 1833-1834, twelve vols.; Palgrave, *Globe* ed., one vol.; annotated editions of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* are by Rolfe (Harpers) and Stuart (Macmillan); a special treatment of *Rosebelle* is in Hales, *Longer English Poems*.]

THE romantic movement which showed itself in Wordsworth in the application of a sensitive mind to the impressions of nature and human life, turned with Walter Scott to the picturesque past. Scott's descent from a fighting clan, his early associations, his taste for ballad literature, which he memorized with prodigious facility, all contributed to give his mind its permanent bent towards the age of chivalry and romance.

He was born on the 15th of August, 1771, the ninth of the twelve children of Walter Scott, an Edinburgh attorney, connected 'with ancient families both on my father's and mother's side.' Scott has recorded in his autobiography the circumstances of his early life (Lockhart's *Life*, ch. i.), and it is certain that with him as with Wordsworth childhood moulded the character of the man. The tales of his grandfather, the accounts of the depredations of his Border ancestors narrated by his grandmother, the ballads read him by his aunt, his lying out among the sheep on the hillside of his grandfather's farm, the stories of the German wars of veteran Dalgetty, his mother's warm inclination to poetry,—all

these took their share in making the great minstrel. The first books he read were ballads, Pope's translation of Homer, and the songs of Allan Ramsay's collections. At the High School Scott did not make any great figure; but, he tells us, his tales used to assemble an admiring audience round Lucky Brown's fireside, and 'happy was he who could sit next to the inexhaustible narrator.' He gained some recognition for metrical versions of the classics; and "in the intervals of my schoolhours," he says, "I . . . perused with avidity such books of history or poetry or voyages and travels as chance presented to me—not forgetting the usual, or ten times the usual, quantity of fairy tales, eastern stories, romances." Through an old friend he became acquainted with Ossian and Spenser, and memorized enormous quantities of the latter's verse. "My memory," said Scott, "seldom failed to preserve most tenaciously a favourite passage of poetry, a play-house ditty, or above all, a Border-raid ballad."

On leaving school Scott's reading extended to Hoole's Tasso and Percy's *Reliques of Early English Poetry*, which latter was read and re-read with constant and intense interest. The same period was noteworthy for the awakening of his taste in natural scenery, fostered by the romantic neighbourhood of the Tweed and the Teviot. Natural beauty, especially when associated with romantic or religious antiquities, became for Scott 'an insatiable passion.' Of his college work the poet spoke regretfully. He forswore classics, neglected mathematics, and made some progress only in ethics and history. College life ended in 1785, when he entered on an apprenticeship to the law in the office of his father. His ruling passion was still strong. French literature and Italian literature were his steady devotion, and the old songs and romances,

which he 'fastened on like a tiger.' Finally came a stiff course of reading for his examinations, and in 1792 Scott was honourably enrolled as a member of the Scottish bar. In 1800 he was appointed sheriff of Selkirkshire, and in 1806 he obtained the reversion of the clerkship of the sessions.

For Scott's introduction to authorship we have again recourse to his own testimony, given in the preface to *Border Minstrelsy* and the introduction to *The Lay of Last Minstrel*.

In 1788 Henry Mackenzie lectured to the Royal Society of Edinburgh on German literature. Enthusiastic minds at once seized on this intimation of a new literature, full of passion, mediævalism, and romance. Scott and others became diligent students of German. Their enthusiasm was strengthened by the success of George Henry Lewis's *Monk*, published in 1795, which introduced into English the weird and supernatural elements of the prose and, in its interspersed verse, the form and manner of the ballad poetry, of contemporary Germany. The notion seized Scott of attempting something similar to the verses of *The Monk*. He accordingly translated Bürger's *Lenore*, *The Wild Huntsman*, and other German ballads, which were published in 1796. His acquaintance with German was extended until he became familiar with the great masters of Germany, Schiller and Goethe. In 1799 he published a translation of *Götz von Berlichingen* of the latter author. From translation to imitation is but a step, and the ballad of *Glenfinlas* was his first attempt at original poetry. This and *The Eve of St. John* and *The Gray Brother* the poet contributed to Lewis's *Tales of Wonder*, 1801. He collected meanwhile the ancient and modern ballads of the Border districts, following in the

line of Percy's *Reliques*, and in 1802 published the first edition of his successful *Border Minstrelsy*.

Feeling that ballad writing was out of fashion, and the ballad form a very slender pipe whose music is soon exhausted, Scott cast about for a new measure and new material. The measure he found in the free eight-syllable rimed couplet of Coleridge's *Christabel*; the subject he got from the Countess of Buccleuch, who enjoined on him a ballad on the story of Gilpin Horner. But the ballad became an epic, and *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, published in 1805, began the series of Scott's metrical tales with a popularity nothing hitherto had equalled. He was henceforth a professional author, moving steadily towards the aim of his life. *Marmion*, 1808, *The Lady of the Lake*, 1810, *Don Roderick*, 1811, *The Bridal of Triermain* and *Rokeby*, 1813, *The Lord of the Isles*, 1815, and *Harold the Dauntless*, 1817, make up the well-known series of his poems. In 1822, in the full tide of other successes, Scott bade farewell to his muse,

Vain thy enchantments, O queen of wild numbers,
To a bard when the reign of his fancy is o'er.

Still better known than his poetry and possessing much higher power in the delineation of manners, in the creation of character, in Shakspearian pictures of humour and sympathy, and in wide and living learning, are the series of novels begun by *Waverley*, 1814, and ended only by Scott's death in 1832.

The circumstances that precipitated that calamity can only be briefly touched on. In 1809 Scott became interested as a partner in the printing firm of Ballantyne and Co., whose speculative business rapidly involved the careless author in hopeless insolvency. He had no sooner satisfied his proud dream of founding a family estate by

the purchase of Abbotsford than the clouds of financial embarrassment settled over him. With unrivalled power, industry, and resolution Scott fought with his pen the long battle against insolvency. When the crash came in 1825, Scott found himself responsible for 117,000*l.* In two years he had earned by his novels one-third of the sum, in five years his liabilities were reduced one-half. But paralysis had struck the valiant and overburdened man, and the night fell upon an unfinished but heroic labour.

Scott's poetry, as has been seen, was a natural and easy development of his interest,—a hearty, practical, imaginative interest,—in the ballad literature of Germany and Great Britain. His ballads under the influence of the longer works of chivalry, of Italy especially, developed into metrical tales, written with a facility and spontaneity only equalled by his contemporary Byron. Aiming at vigour, picturesqueness, general effect, Scott was curiously negligent of the minute graces of composition. He had none of that feeling for the rare and happy phrase, which is one of the gifts of Keats. There is none of that inevitableness which Matthew Arnold finds is the mark of poetry of the highest order. If he touches nature, he describes it with a perfect eye for colour and form and local truth, but without recognition of any infinite and pervading spirit. In character what interests him is the picturesque chivalric soldier or highland chief or well-born beauty, whose adventures are such as befall those living in ruder and more unsettled times, among the Highlands or on the Border. Of modern analysis of motive, the human tragedies that are enacted only within the theatre of the mind, which after all most deeply move, Scott gives us nothing. Never is there any touch of the

·fine phrenzy' of poetry. Wholesome, helpful verse it is, redeeming a mediocre beauty by vigour, virility, movement, and picturesqueness. Scott's poetry, indeed, was but a preparation for his greater novels. Great as these were, his life, it must be remembered, was equal to them: —“God bless, thee, Walter, my man! Thou hast risen to be great, but thou wert always good!”

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Haydon's Pen Sketch of Keats,
in his Journal, November, 1816. [Slightly reduced.]

"That bold and masterly sketch stands the test well.... The intense eagerness of the fixed eye.... is the central idea of Haydon's conception."
—B. FORMAN, *Keats's Works*, i. v.

JOHN KEATS

[Milnes (Lord Broughton), *Life of Keats*, 1840; Leitch, *Keats*, 1841; (the chief authority; Hutton, *Keats*, 1846; Joseph Hart, *Autobiography*, 1847; Clarke, *Keats*, 1850; Elton, *Keats*, 1851; Colvin, *Keats*, 1852; excellent; *Life of Keats*, 1853; *Keats*, 1854; "Great Writers"; The best edition of his works is the one vol. ed. (includes the prose); Houghton, *Autobiography*, 1855; one vol. ed.); Patgrave, one vol. poems only; *Keats*, 1856; *Letters and Poems of J. K.*, in three vols., 1857; other works of value are: De Quincey, *The Keats*, 1858; Arnold, *Essays in Criticism*, 1858; *Keats*, 1859; Masson, *Wordsworth*, 1859; *Keats*, 1860.

KEATS lived only thirty-three years. Of these years, if we except some months of suffering, not more, in any sense given up to suffering, spent in suffering, were three were shadowed by the gloom that enveloped his youth, his passionate yearning for fame, his early death with for Keats, an inheritance that has steadily risen since his death.

He was born in London in 1795, the first child of Thomas Keats, head hostler and successor to his wife's place, a prosperous livery man. Keats's mother being dead, the boy was sent to a good school at Fulham, ten miles south of London, where he spent five years from 1806 to 1811. "The records of these years are more clearly marked as a noble, headstrong, independent, and energetic youth, above all prejudices. Keats was equal to anything that could be put upon him."

At the close of his school days, Keats, who had been a boy of "strong intellect," became an independent student of medicine in London. He had a high opinion of himself, and his "strong intellect" was the result of a "strong intellect" which he



John Smith by W. S. H.

Howe - P. a. S. 1. 170

The portrait is in the number 1816. (Slightly reduced.)

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W. S. H. R. a. S. 1. 170

JOHN KEATS.

[1795-1821.]

[Milnes (Lord Houghton), *Life, Letters and Literary Remains of J. K.* (the chief authority); Haydon's *Correspondence*, ii.; Leigh Hunt's *Autobiography*; C. C. Clarke, *Recollections of J. K. Gent. Mag.*, 1874; Colvin, *Keats* (most excellent), "*Eng. Men of Letters*"; Rossetti, *Keats. "Great Writers."* The best editions are Buxton Forman, four vols. (includes the prose); Houghton, Aldine ed., poems and dramas (the best one vol. ed.); Palgrave, one vol. (poems only), Macmillan; Speed, *Letters and Poems of J. K.*, in three vols. Additional critical articles of value are: De Quincey, *John Keats*; Swinburne, *Enc. Brit.*; M. Arnold, *Essays in Criticism*, 2nd ser.; Courthope, *Liberal Movement*; Masson, *Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats*, etc.]

KEATS lived only twenty-six years. Of these years, if we except some boyish effusions, only six were in any sense given up to poetry, and of these six years three were shadowed by the disease from which the poet died. His youth, his passionate love of beauty, his longing for fame, his early death win for Keats an interest that has steadily risen since his death.

He was born in London, in 1795, the first child of Thomas Keats, head hostler and successor to his wife's father, a prosperous livery-man. Keats's parents being well-to-do, the boy was sent to a good school at Enfield, ten miles north of London, where he spent the years from 1806 to 1810. The records of these years show him clearly enough as a noble, headstrong, passionate, loveable nature,—above all pugnacious,—“fighting was meat and drink to him.”

Towards the close of his school life, Keats, who had not been in the least devoted to books, became an indefatigable reader. Robertson's histories, Miss Edgeworth's tales, Lemprière's classical dictionary, “which he

appeared to learn," Virgil, whose *Æneid* he mostly translated and transcribed,—in short all the best books he could get from the school library or borrow from his friends were carefully perused.

At fourteen years of age, he was apprenticed to a surgeon at Edmonton; but as Enfield was only two miles away he could come over to the school every week "to have a good talk" with his best friend, Charles Cowden Clarke, son of the head-master. They were both enthusiasts in poetry, especially favouring Spenser, the maker of young English poets, who prompted Keats's first verses.

Now Morning from her orient chamber came,
And her first footsteps touched a verdant hill, etc.

—*Lines in Imitation of Spenser, 1813.*

When Keats came up to London in 1815 to finish his study of medicine at St. Thomas's Hospital, he hunted out Clarke who was living with a sister in Clerkenwell. Their meeting was "a memorable one," for out of it came *On First Looking into Chapman's Homer*, concerning which more is said elsewhere (see p. 269).

Clarke already was acquainted with Leigh Hunt, who lived at Hampstead Heath, just out of London. He took down to him some of his friend's poems, which gained an invitation from that important editor and poet. Keats's visit was made and repeated till he became a familiar the Hampstead household. By degrees his circle of friends widened. J. H. Reynolds, poet and critic, James Rice the lawyer—"dear, noble, generous," Haydon the painter, and Shelley. He had in 1815 successfully passed his examinations at Apothecaries' Hall, but Apothecaries' Hall was fading away before the magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas.

In 1817, he published his first volume—*Poems*, by John Keats. The volume was in the main a failure—“sham Spenserian and mock Wordsworthian,” says Swinburne; but for all it gave signs of genius—not only in the Chapman sonnet, which it contained, but in many a happy phrase or line:—

Here are sweet peas on tiptoe for a flight.

Mysterious, wild, the far-heard trumpet's tone;
Lovely the moon in ether, all alone.

As late I rambled in the happy fields,
What time the skylark shakes the tremulous dew
From his lush clover covert.

A dralulless shower

Of light is poesy; 'tis the supreme of power;
'Tis might half slumbering on its own right arm.

It clearly indicates, moreover, the beginning of one of Keats's happiest victories, the making over of the heroic couplet into a romantic measure full of all subtle harmonies and cadences:—

I stood tiptoe upon a little hill,
The air was cooling, and so very still,
That the sweet buds which with a modest pride
Pull droopingly, in slanting curve aside,
Their scanty-leaved, and finely-tapering stems.
Had not yet lost their stary diadems
Caught from the early sobbling of the morn.
The clouds were pure and white as flocks new-shorn.
And fresh from the clear brook; sweetly they slept
On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves.

On the personal side we see the poet's enthusiasm for his friends and for friendship, for poets and poetry, and for nature. On the subjective side of his art, it contains the most pronounced expression yet given of the spirit of romanticism protesting against the poetry of the eighteenth century.

INTRODUCTIONS.

Ah, dismal-soul'd I
 The winds of heaven blew, the ocean roll'd
 Its gathering waves—ye felt it not. The blue
 Bared its eternal bosom, and the dew
 Of summer night collected still to make
 The morning precious: Beauty was awake!
 Why were ye not awake? But ye were dead
 To things ye know not of,—were closely wed
 To musty laws lined out with wretched rule
 And compass vile...

Easy was the task:
 A thousand handicraftsmen wore the mask
 Of Poesy. Ill-fated, impious race!
 That blasphemed the bright Lyrist to his face,
 And did not know it,—no, they went about,
 Holding a poor decrepit standard out,
 Mark'd with most flimsy mottoes, and in large
 The name of one Boileau!

The publication of this first volume was expected by the little circle to be greeted with 'a rousing welcome!' It might, says Clarke, 'have emerged in Timbuctoo with far stronger chances of fame and approbation.' For most people it was enough that it was dedicated to Leigh Hunt, whose radicalism the government had tried to temper with imprisonment. "It was read," says the author, "by some dozen of my friends who liked it; and some dozen whom I was unacquainted with, who did not." One of these latter complained to the publishers that 'it was no better than a take-in.'

Shortly afterward, Keats went down to the Isle of Wight, more than ever resolute to write 'eternal poetry':—"I find I cannot do without poetry—without eternal poetry; half a day will not do—the whole of it. . . I had become all in a tremble from not having written anything of late: the Sonnet overleaf did me good. I slept the better for it last night. I shall forthwith begin my *Endymion*." So he wrote to Reynolds. At Margate, and at Hampstead with its—

Fine breathing prospects, its clump-wooded glades,
Dark plines, and white houses and long-alley'd shades.

Keats worked at his new poem. At times the labour of composition was lightened by excursions into the country and by intercourse with friends, to whose number were added Charles Dilke, afterward editor of the *Athenæum*, Charles Brown, critic and translator, and the painter Severn. In the spring of 1818, *Endymion, a Poetical Romance*, was published.

In this poem Keats turned to Greek mythology with the warmth of a kindred spirit, and gave the old myth of Diana and Endymion with all the richness—the bewildering richness—of incident, scene, detail, that the story became a path hardly visible amidst a tropical forest. The rare reader who makes his way through is not unrepaid for the toil, for of much he can say, with its opening lines—

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever :
Its loveliness increases ; it will never
Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

Blackwood's Magazine, in a series of articles attributed to Lockhart, had meanwhile been making a bitter attack on Leigh Hunt and the 'Cockney School' of poetry, the fourth article was given up to a bitter and ignorant criticism on Keats and *Endymion*. It was followed by an equally ignorant and unsympathetic article in the *Quarterly Review*.* Keats had just returned from a long walk-

* The article is included in Stevenson's collection of *Early Reviews* (Walter Scott), and is easily accessible. It is the article Byron refers to in his obtuse lines,—

'Tis strange the mind, that fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuff'd out by an article.

—*Don Juan*, xi. § 11.

ing tour through Scotland with Brown, to find his brother dying of consumption. His own throat had developed in Scotch mists some dangerous symptoms. It was a time when he might have been despondent. Friends came to his defence, and his own courage. "Praise or blame," he said, "has but a momentary effect on the man whose love of beauty in the abstract makes him a severe critic on his own works."

In the autumn of 1818 Tom Keats died, as his mother had died before him, of consumption. In this time it was a consolation to share home with Brown in Wentworth Place, Hampstead. It was at Hampstead that the poet met Fanny Brawne, and felt that passion, returned it is true, but not the less an anguish of spirit when Keats realized the progress of a rapidly fatal malady.

Keats's genius had reached its early maturity and was destined to bear only first fruits. In the winter of 1818 he composed *Isabella*, *The Eve of St. Agnes*, and parts of *Hyperion*; in the spring of 1819 most of his odes (see p. 275) were written; in midsummer and early autumn, at Shanklin and Winchester, *Lamia*, *Otho the Great*, *To Autumn*, and *St. Mark's Eve*. In an early poem Keats had cried,—

O for ten years, that I may overwhelm
Myself in poesy! so I may do the deed
That my own soul has to itself decreed!

It seems that the last months of 1818 and the beginning of 1819 were months of effort to anticipate approaching death, so rapid and so passionate were his compositions. In 1820 *Lamia*, *Isabella*, *The Eve of St. Agnes* and *Other Poems* was published—his greatest volume and his last.

In September, 1820, Keats embarked for Italy in the

hope of checking his consumption. On the 23rd of February, in spite of the best medical skill and the memorable devotion of his friend Severn, he died, desiring that on his tomb should be inscribed, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

"—Died, not young,—the life of a long life,
Distilled to a mere drop, falling like a tear
Upon the world's cold cheek to make it burn
Forever."

He was buried in the Protestant Cemetery in Rome, "under an open space among the ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies. It might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a spot."

Keats's character was essentially a manly one, though at times sensuous, melancholy, sentimental, lacking grip. As he became conscious of his vocation, his life steadied more and more to his purpose—"Get learning, get understanding." The road lies through application, study, and thought. I will pursue it." What this aim was is clear, not only from his poetry but from the words uttered as he was dying, "I have loved the principle of beauty in all things." Nothing commonplace, nothing mean ever entered his verse; the content of thought may at times be weak, but it never ceases to be poetic; at his best, his imaginative sweep, his perfection of execution, his fresh and passionate vision of beauty, carry him into the company of the greatest names of English poetry. In the beauty of rhythm Keats is the master of our modern muse. His Odes, which are his great achievement, are exquisite nocturnes in which the cadences and harmonies penetrate and subdue with more than Chopin-esque power.

Of these Odes, Swinburne remarks that "perhaps the two nearest to absolute perfection, to the triumphant achievement and accomplishment of the very utmost beauty possible in human words, may be that to Autumn and that on a Grecian Urn; the most radiant, fervent, and musical is that to a Nightingale; the most pictorial and perhaps the tenderest in its ardour of passionate fancy is that to Psyche; the subtlest in sweetness of thought and feeling is that on Melancholy. Greater lyrical poetry the world may have seen than is in these; lovelier it surely has never seen, nor can it possibly see."

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PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.



PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

[1792-1823.]

[Medwin, *Shelley Papers and Life of P. B. S.*; Trelawny, *Last Days of Shelley and Byron*; Hogg, *Life of S.*; *Shelley Memorials*, ed. Lady Shelley; Smith, *Critical Biography of S.*; Stoddart, *Anecdote Biography of S.*; Symonds, *Shelley*, "*Eng. Men of Letters*"; Jeaffreson, *The Real Shelley* (a disagreeable book); Dowden, *Life of Shelley* (the great authority); Sharp, *Life of P. B. S.*, "*Great Writers*"; Salt, *Shelley*, "*Dilettante Library*." The best essays are Mr. Arnold, *Essays in Criticism*, 2nd ser.; Swinburne, *Essays*; Masson, *Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats*. The best editions are B. Forman, eight volumes (includes the prose); Dowden, one vol. (Macmillan).]

Percy Bysshe Shelley was born on the 4th of August, 1792, at Field Place, the manor house of his family, in Horsham, Sussex. He was the eldest son of a man of wealth, the grandson of a baronet, the descendant of a county family of great antiquity. His father was a kind-hearted man, orthodox by habit, arbitrary and wrong-headed in practice. His mother was an excellent but rather narrow woman. Shelley's early years gave no promise of satisfying the hopes of parents such as these. As a child he was imaginative, inventing fables and personating spirits, addicted to the society of the great snake of the manor gardens. In his early school days he 'passed among his school-fellows as a strange and unsocial being,' given not to sports but to 'vague and undefined ideas.' Classics he learned with the ease of intuition, but anything that his 'tyrants knew or taught cared not to learn.' A kindly, loveable, brave lad, fond of his mother and sisters; in appearance slight, a fair oval face, surrounded with wavy brown hair and lighted up with eyes of 'a strange fixed beauty' and an

expression 'of exceeding sweetness and innocence': such is the Shelley as remembered by his school-mates.

No one could be less suited than this gentle and imaginative boy for the rough trials of Eton, to which he was sent in 1804. Amidst the floggings of the masters and the thrashings, the enforced faggings and tormentings of the older boys, to whom he was but "Mad Shelley," and "the atheist," there began to grow up in the youth a spirit of revolt. He heaped knowledge from 'forbidden mines of lore,' but it was to work

. . . linked armour for my soul, before
It might walk forth to war among mankind.

At Eton he read classics ardently, was devoted to chemical experiments and night rambles, and devoured all current literature,—Southey and Lewis, Godwin and Mrs. Radcliffe. His own literary talent began to appear in the composition of a rejected play and an accepted novel *Zastrozzi*. A volume of poems entitled *Original Poetry, by Victor and Cazire* was issued—but immediately withdrawn as not being entirely original, and its place taken by a second unreadable romance *St. Irvyne, or the Rosicrucian*, 1811.

By this time Shelley was in Oxford, immersed now in passionate and tireless reading of philosophy and speculative politics. Under the influence of Hume and the French materialists he became a disbeliever in Christian theology. His little tract on *The Necessity of Atheism* caused his expulsion from the university. When his friend Hogg remonstrated, he too was expelled. Shelley's father closed his door on his son, and stopped supplies.

Shelley had come up with Hogg to London, where his sisters were at school. Early in 1811 Shelley met one of their school friends, Harriet Westbrook, a beautiful girl

in whom he was much interested. She was harshly treated at home by her father, a prosperous coffee-house keeper, which was enough to win Shelley's sympathy. He himself was not recovered from a rejected affection for another Harriet, his cousin Harriet Grove. The young lady threw herself on Shelley's protection, and they were married. The *mésalliance* re-opened the closing breach with the poet's family, though afterwards both father and father-in-law gave an allowance to the young couple. They settled first in Edinburgh, then in York, where some months of happy companionship were passed. Then Harriet's sister Eliza descended on the domestic scene, and helped to break up the household.

Keswick was their next home, full of associations of the Lake poets. But Wordsworth took no notice of Shelley, and Southey Shelley grew to detest. To William Godwin he turned for inspiration and counsel.

Godwin was a disciple of the French philosophers, an ardent sympathizer with the French Revolution, author of *Political Justice* and novels, all well known to Shelley, — a force in London letters and politics. At this time Godwin's family was made up of various step-daughters, one of whom was to become Shelley's second wife. Shelley's intimacy with Godwin, limited at first to correspondence, was increased when Shelley after a quixotic attempt to regenerate Ireland and some months of wandering in Wales and England came up with his wife (and Eliza) to London.

At Godwin's Shelley met Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, whose charm of person and mind gave promise of a sympathy he lacked in his own marriage. Shelley and Mary Godwin, in July, 1814, fled to Switzerland. Mrs. Shelley took her children to her father, and declined

Shelley's invitation to join him abroad. The fugitives returned to London in the autumn for money, which the death of the poet's grandfather amply supplied, and lived in the summer and autumn of 1815 near Windsor Park. There Shelley began his real career as a poet, with the composition of *A Summer-evening Churchyard*, *Lechlade* and *Alastor*. The following May, Shelley and Mary set out for Switzerland, where they were joined by Byron. Six months afterwards Mrs. Shelley ended her unhappy marriage by suicide. Shelley, a month later, married Mary Godwin, and brought to an end this lamentable part of his life. He returned to England early in 1817 to carry on an unsuccessful suit in chancery for the custody of his children, and lived at Marlow. He devoted himself to composition—*Prince Athanase*, *Rosalind and Helen*, *Eun and Cynthia*—and to philanthropic work among the poor—

I am the friend of the unfriended poor.

In the spring of 1818 threatened with consumption Shelley with his wife and children set out for Italy, and saw England for the last time.

They lived successively in Lucca, Venice, Este, Rome, Naples, Florence, Leghorn, and finally settled in Pisa. Shelley wrote indefatigably wherever he was, and his great compositions belong to the few years of his life in Italy—*Julian and Maddalo*, *Prometheus Unbound*, *The Cenci*, *Epipsychidion*, his prose *Defence of Poetry*, *Adonais* (his elegy on Keats), and the drama of *Hellas*.

On the 8th of July, 1821, Shelley and his friend Williams sailed from Lerici on the gulf of Spezia to Leghorn to meet Leigh Hunt. Returning, his boat was run down by a felucca and overwhelmed in a sudden storm, and both Shelley and Williams were drowned.

Shelley's life and work are in the main a revolt against the established opinions of his day. They are in the main the protest of the individual against the shackles of custom and even of morality untouched by emotion. There can not be any doubt of the loftiness and unselfishness of his character. The mass of testimony is too direct and too abundant to admit doubt. The fidelity of many friends, his beneficence to the poor, the brave dreams for the regeneration of mankind that prompted his life and his work speak abundantly for a nature whose name was surely written as "one who loved his fellow men," and like that of Ben Adhem, "may lead all the rest.* Even his opinions, when they might be condemned as crude and erroneous, it must be remembered, ripened with age, and the author of *Queen Mab* must be forgotten in the author of *Adonais*,—

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
 Descends upon me; my spirit's bark is driven
 Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
 Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
 The massy earth and spheréd skies are riven!
 I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
 Whilst burning through the distant veil of Heaven
 The soul of Adonais, like a star,
 Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

But from the mistakes of his life, however we regard them, his poetry detaches itself pure and gleaming, with the promise that it shall never pass into nothingness.

In respect to nature Shelley stands as our finest painter of wildness and wonder, of scenes steeped in the 'gloom of earthquake and eclipse':—

* It is Salt, I think, who first noticed the appropriateness of Hunt's poem to Shelley.

There is a mighty rock
 Which has for unimaginable years
 Sustained itself with terror and with toil
 Over a gulf, and with the agony
 With which it clings seems slowly coming down.
 Even as a wretched soul hour after hour
 Clings to the mass of life : yet clinging, leans ;
 And leaning, makes more dark the dread abyss
 In which it fears to fall below

 You hear but see not the impetuous torrent
 Raging among the caverns.

In the milder scenes of nature and animal life, he does not find the homely human pleasure of Wordsworth, but the artist's and poet's pleasure in imagery, as in *The Ode to the Skylark* ; a subtle and ethereal fancy pervades *The Cloud*, verging in *The Sensitive Plant* on allegory and pantheism.

Like Byron he was fascinated by personification of revolt, and found in Prometheus the type of his own mind, fearlessness in convictions, hostility to authority, and, unlike Byron, passionate love of humanity. The *Cenci* is a strange contrast to the *Prometheus*, because entirely objective and impersonal. Though its plot precludes its representation on the stage, the *Cenci* rises in its tragic interest, in the powerful conception of character, in the tremendous vigour of language above every tragedy since Shakspeare.

As a lyric poet, Shelley excels, not as Keats in the nocture of passionate melancholy, but in gay joyous outburst as of the spirit of poetry itself. His lyrics are, for the most part, impersonal, belonging to the sphere of pure intellectual delight. With a word he swings himself into infinite distance,—

O World, O Life, O Time,
 On whose last steps I climb...

Criticism is gradually growing unanimous that among lyric poets Shelley takes the first place in the English pantheon. It was with wonderful fitness that the words of the song of Shakspeare's Ariel, with whose nature Shelley had much in common, were inscribed on his tomb beside the grave of Keats,—

Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.







LORD BYRON.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON,

(1788-1824)

The most important of Moore's (vol. 2) and other works of 1827; other author: *Life of R. B. C. Moore*, *My Recollections of Lord B.*; Preliminary *Remarks on the Works of Lord Byron*; *The Real Lord Byron* (1828); *Lord Byron and the English* (1828); *Nichol, Byron and the English* (1828); *Lord Byron* (1828); *Lord Byron* (1828). The best editions are those of Moore's *Works* (1828) and *Lord Byron* (1828) by Taylor (London, 1828). *Lord Byron* (1828) by Moore (Harpers). Critical estimates of *Lord Byron* (1828) by Moore (*Selections from Byron*); Southern (*My Lord Byron*); Macaulay

For his own country, perhaps, but certainly for the high increase of his fame and reputation, it is not surprising that Lord Byron's name has become a household word to every human heart. It is not only the name of a great poet, but of a man who has hurried his bright career to an untimely end. The judgment of Scott is true, yet it is not enough to have confirmed as the last great hero of the nation a full abhorrence of his contemporaries.

George Gordon, Lord Byron, was born in 1788, the only child of a spendthrift and dissipated father and a foolish mother. He was badly reared, his nature alternating between fondness and capriciousness, spoiled his passionate nature. He was born in Aberdeen, where his mother died, and he lived in a state of poverty. In 1794 he fell into the hands of a merchant but little known to him.

His family estates were largely dissipated, and he was sent to Nottingham, where he lived in a state of poverty. In Aberdeen, where he was born, he was sent to Harrow, where he was sent to Harrow, where he was sent to Harrow for mischief and idleness, careless of



LORD BYRON.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

[1788-1824.]

[The most important life is Moore's (vols. i.-vi. of collected works, ed. 1832-5); other authorities are Galt, *Life of B*; Guiccioli, *My Recollections of Lord B.*; Trelawny, *Recollections of Shelley and Byron*; Jeaffreson, *The Real Lord Byron*; Leigh Hunt, *Byron and his Contemporaries*; Nichol, *Byron, "Eng. Men of Letters"*; Leslie Stephen, *Dict. Nat. Biog.* The best editions are Moore, seventeen vols., 1832-5; Murray's, six vols., 1879; "Albion," one vol. ed.; annotated editions of *Childe Harold* are by Tozer (Clarendon Press), Keene (Bell's Classics), and Rolfe (Harpers). Critical estimates of value are M. Arnold, *Introd to Selections from Byron*; Swinburne, *Miscellanies*; Mazzini, *Essays*.]

"FOR his own misfortune, perhaps, but certainly to the high increase of his poetical character, nature had mixed in Lord Byron's system those passions which agitate the human heart with most violence, and which may be said to have hurried his bright career to an early close." This judgment of Scott, sober, yet sympathetic, time seems to have confirmed as the just mean between the adoration and abhorrence of his contemporaries.

George Gordon, Lord Byron, was born January 22nd, 1788, the only child of a spendthrift and dissolute father and a foolish mother. He was badly reared by the latter, whose nature alternating between fondness and temper quickly spoiled his passionate nature. His early life was spent at Aberdeen, where his mother lived some years in comfortable poverty. In 1794 he fell heir to the peerage, which brought but little improvement in their condition, as the family estates were heavily encumbered. Mrs. Byron settled at Nottingham, and her son, who had had some training in Aberdeen, was prepared for Harrow, where in 1801 he was sent. He won no reputation at school except for mischief and idleness, careless of

scholarship (cf. *C.H.P.* iv. 672-686) and desirous only of fame in athletics, from which his lameness did not entirely debar him. In 1802 he was desperately in love with Mary Chaworth, who however married elsewhere and unhappily. Byron entered Oxford in 1805, and in the dissipations of its fastest set consumed some years, ended in 1808 by his taking his M. A. degree. His chief friend during his college days, and one who proved to be a steadfast friend, was John Cam Hobhouse. In a desultory, fitful way he had read extensively, and had remembered much.

In 1806 Byron printed privately, and immediately suppressed, his *Fugitive Pieces*, which was issued the following year as *Poems on Various Occasions*. The same year the poems and translations called *Hours of Idleness*—his first public volume—were published. No great writer ever began worse. The *Edinburgh Review* fell foul of the volume in the first number of 1808, and held the author up to ridicule. Touched to the quick, Byron replied in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, the best satire written since Pope.

On leaving Cambridge, Byron lived a time in his ancestral hall of Newstead, which was in ruins, and in 1809 took his seat in the House of Lords. In July of that year, accompanied by Hobhouse he departed for the Continent. Their itinerary was from Lisbon to Cadiz, to Gibraltar, thence to Malta and Prevesa, then through Acarnania down to Athens, thence to Smyrna and Constantinople. Visiting the Troad, our modern Leander, but 'with much less love,' swam the Hellespont from Sestos to Abydos. Hobhouse returned to England, while Byron spent the winter in Athens and the Morea. In July, 1811, he too returned home.

Byron brought back with him two manuscripts, one that he preferred,—*Hints from Horace*, a poetical imitation of the *Ars Poetica*, and the other, two cantos of a poem in Spenserian stanza, *Childe Harold*, which he did not think would take. The latter, however, at the urgent requests of his friends, was given to the public in 1812. Byron, as he himself said, 'woke one morning and found himself famous.' The fascination attached to the life of the young nobleman, the tone of sentimental melancholy which had been long epidemic in Europe, but which rang with new vigour in this poem, the clear, powerful descriptions of foreign scenes at a time when travel was less common than at present: these are the chief reasons for the poem's popularity. The Romantic movement had uttered its supreme note of individualism and subjectivity.

Byron was feted by all, and by not a few women madly adored. In the midst of idolatry and dissipation, he gave forth with marvellous facility *The Giaour* and *The Bride of Abydos*, 1813, *The Corsair* and *Lara*, 1814, *Hebrew Melodies*, 1815, *The Siege of Corinth* and *Parisina*, 1816. But the tide of popularity was short-lived. On the 2nd of January, 1815, the poet in an unfortunate impulse married Anne Isabella Milbanke, heiress to a barony and mistress of a considerable fortune. In January of the following year Lady Byron separated from her husband for reasons that could only be surmised by the general public—insanity, cruelty, profligacy, were some of the rumors—but which occasioned a burst of indignation against the poet. On April 24th, 1816, Byron, wounded and indignant, left England for ever (cf. *C. H. P.* iv. §§ cxxxiff.).

In this second tour the poet visited Belgium and

Switzerland, where he joined the Shelleys. *The Prisoner of Chillon* and the Third Canto of *Childe Harold* belong to this period, the latter showing a splendid descriptive power (cf. §§ xviiff., xciiiff.) that marks the influence of Wordsworth.

From Switzerland Byron journeyed down with Hobhouse, in October, 1817, to Italy, and settled in Venice, living chiefly at La Mira. on the Brenta, and the Palazzo Mocenigo, on the Grand Canal. He passed a life of dissipation alternating with hard intellectual labour. Before the 1st of July, 1817 (see p. 502), he began the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold* and finished two-thirds of it in three weeks. *Beppo* and the first cantos of *Don Juan* were published in 1819, and at Ravenna in 1820 and 1821 he completed his dramas *Marino Faliero*, *Sardanapalus*, *The Two Foscari*, *Cain*, *The Deformed Transformed*, and *Werner*.

From this time till his death Byron was interested in politics. From Ravenna he headed a section of the Carbonari in an abortive attempt at insurrection against Austria. From Pisa he planned with Shelley and its editor, Leigh Hunt, a revolutionary paper *The Liberal*, in which he published *The Vision of Judgment* and *The Morgante Maggiore*. but which nevertheless died with the fourth number. In Venice, Pisa and Leghorn, Byron frequently met Shelley, but the poets were on too different moral planes to become intimate.

Meanwhile the Greek revolt against the Turkish occupation had broken out (1820). The Greek Committee in England, early in 1823, elected Byron a member. much to his gratification. Fitting out an expedition, he sailed from Genoa in July for Cephalonia. He reached Missolonghi at the end of the year, organized a force and

prepared to attack Lepanto. But his troops were undisciplined and ill provided. As the spring wore on, the marshes of Missolonghi quickly did their work on a constitution already shattered. On the 19th of April, 1824, Byron died of a fever.

Historically considered, Byron is one of the greatest names of the century. It was he, says Mazzini, who introduced English literature to Europe; it was his poetry that fostered the romantic movement in Germany, France and Italy. The French Revolution had rehabilitated man in his rights as an individual; it gave him a prospect of liberty, and the prospect was a passion, and realization a licence. Byron came to voice for Europe this individualism and subjectivity, this longing for freedom and even licence. The individualism of Byron is chiefly seen in the intrusion of himself, with monotonous iteration, into the characters of his works. It is seen to better advantage in his passionate advocacy of individual liberty, —

Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner torn, but flying,
Streams like the thunderstorm against the wind;

it is seen as well in those descriptions of nature where the human spirit is aroused to sympathy with the wildness of the storm or the infinite sweep of ocean.

Critical opinion of Lord Byron's verse was never lower than it now is. When the glamour of the poet's personality passed away, his poetry, it was found, had lost much of its former interest. The Byronic attitude, with its melancholy posturing, its unsatisfied and uncertain longings, in a few years became a by-word; and with the decline of sentimentality fell the many characters of his works conceived in that mould. The incessant presence of the Byronic ego became wearisome. In a clearer

light, too, the faults of hurry and carelessness and improvisation became evident. Style as distinct from the content of thought told against him.

Byron's contribution, then, to the awakening of the human spirit in this nineteenth century is a large and important contribution. When we look at his work even in these late days, we still feel the great genius that inspires them,—the Romantic satirist, whose Swiftian wit laid bare the hypocrisy of his time, the impassioned advocate of love and liberty, the singer of the daring and unconquerable spirit of man, the poet whose descriptive verse has added new and lasting glory to the greatest triumphs of architecture and art.

THE
TRAVELLER,
OR A
PROSPECT of SOCIETY.
A
P O E M.

INSCRIBED TO THE
REV. MR. HENRY GOLDSMITH.
BY
OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B.

L O N D O N :
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GOLDSMITH.

THE TRAVELLER;
OR,
A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

DEDICATION.

TO THE REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

DEAR SIR,—

I am sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a Dedication; and perhaps it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this Poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands that it is addressed to a man, who, despising Fame and Fortune, has retired early to Happiness and Obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year. 5 10

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great, and the labourers are but few; while you have left the field of Ambition, where the labourers are

many, and the harvest not worth carrying away. But of 15
all kinds of ambition, what from the refinement of the times,
from different systems of criticism, and from the divisions of
party, that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest.

Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished
nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refine- 20
ment, Painting and Music come in for a share. As these
offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at
first rival Poetry, and at length supplant her; they engross
all that favour once shown to her, and though but younger
sisters, seize upon the elder's birthright. 25

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful,
it is still in great danger from the mistaken efforts of the
learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard
of late in favour of blank verse, and Pindaric odes, choruses,
anapests and iambics, alliterative care and happy negligence! 30
Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it; and as he
is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say;
for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous, I
mean party. Party entirely distorts the judgment and de- 35
stroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this
disease, it can only find pleasure in what contributes to in-
crease the distemper. Like the tiger, that seldom desists from
pursuing man after having once preyed upon human flesh,
the reader, who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, 40
makes, ever after, the most agreeable feast upon murdered
reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted
thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the
character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name

of poet; his tawdry lampoons are called satires, his turbul- 45
ence is said to be force, and his frenzy fire.

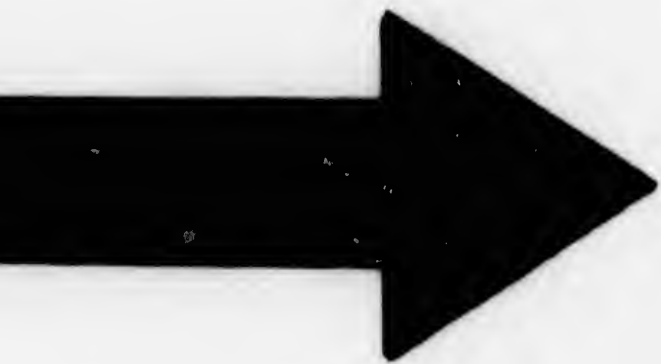
What reception a Poem may find, which has neither a abuse,
party, nor blank verse to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I
solicitous to know. My aims are right. Without espousing
the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the 50
rage of all. I have endeavoured to show, that there may be
equal happiness in states, that are differently governed from
our own; that every state has a particular principle of
happiness, and that this principle in each may be carried to
a mischievous excess. There are few can judge, better than 55
yourself, how far these positions are illustrated in this Poem.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate Brother,

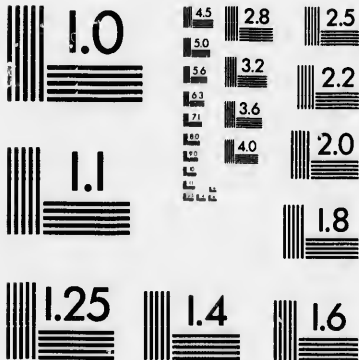
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.





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THE TRAVELLER ;
OR,
A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wandering Po ;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door :
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies, 5
A weary waste expanding to the skies :
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee ;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain. 10

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend ;
Bless'd be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil and trim their evening fire ;
Bless'd that abode, where want and pain repair, 15
And every stranger finds a ready chair ;
Bless'd be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail.
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale ; 20

THE TRAVELLER.

5

Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wand'ring spent and care,
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue 25
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view ;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies ;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own. 30

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend ;
And, plac'd on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear ; 10
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide, 35
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine ?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain 15
That good, which makes each humbler bosom vain ? 40
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man ;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd, 45

Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round,
 Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale,
 Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale,
 For me your tributary stores combine ;
 Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine ! 50

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
 Bends at his treasure, counts, re-counts it o'er ;
 Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
 Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still :
 Thus to my breast alternate passions rise, 55
 Pleas'd with each good that heaven to man supplies :
 Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
 To see the hoard of human bliss so small ;
 And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
 Some spot to real happiness consign'd, 60
 Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
 May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
 Who can direct, when all pretend to know ?
 The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid 7
 Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,
 Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
 And his long nights of revelry and ease ;
 The naked negro, panting at the line,
 Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine, 70
 Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,

And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
 Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
 His first, best country, ever is at home.
 And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare, 75
 And estimate the blessings which they share,
 Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
 An equal portion dealt to all mankind :
 As different good, by Art or Nature given,
 To different nations make their blessings even. 80

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
 Still grants her bliss at Labour's earnest call ;
 With food as well the peasant is supplied
 On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side ;
 And though the rocky-crested summits frown, 85
 These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
 From Art more various are the blessings sent ;
 Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
 Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
 That either seems destructive of the rest. 90
 Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails.
 And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
 Hence every state to one lov'd blessing prone,
 Conforms and models life to that alone.
 Each to the fav'rite happiness attends, 95
 And spurns the plan that aims at other ends ;
 Till carried to excess in each domain,
 This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
 And trace them through the prospect as it lies : 100
 Here for a while my proper cares resign'd,
 Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind,
 Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
 That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right where Apennine ascends, 105
 Bright as the summer, Italy extends ;
 Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
 Woods over woods in gay theatric pride ;
 Where oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
 With venerable grandeur mark the scene. 110

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
 The sons of Italy were surely blest.
 Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
 That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground ;
 Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear. 115
 Whose bright succession decks the varied year ;
 Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
 With vernal lives that blossom but to die ;
 These here disporting own the kindred soil,
 Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil ; 120
 While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
 To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
 And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.

THE TRAVELLER.

9

100 In florid beauty groves and fields appear, 125
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign ;
Though poor, luxurious ; though submissive, vain ;
Though grave, yet trifling ; zealous, yet untrue ;
105 And e'en in penance planning sins anew. 130
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind ;
For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state ;
110 At her command the palace learn'd to rise, 135
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies ;
The canvas glow'd beyond e'en Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teen'd with human form ;
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail ; 140
115 While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd and lords without a slave ;
And late the nation found with fruitless skill
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

120 Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied 145
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride ;
From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The paste-board triumph and the cavalcade ; 150
Processions form'd for piety and love,

A mistress or a saint in every grove.
 By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
 The sports of children satisfy the child ;
 Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control, 155
 Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul ;
 While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
 In happier meanness occupy the mind :
 As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
 Defac'd by time and tott'ring in decay, 160
 There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
 The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed ;
 And, wond'ring man could want the larger pile,
 Exults, and owns nis cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them ; turn we to survey 165
 Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
 Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
 And force a churlish soil for scanty bread ;
 No product here the barren hills afford,
 But man and steel, the soldier and his sword. 170
 No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
 But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May ;
 No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
 But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, e'en here, content can spread a charm, 175
 Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
 Though poor the peasant's hut, his feast though small,

He sees his little lot the lot of all ;
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
 To shame the meanness of his humble shed ; 180
 No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
 To make him loathe his vegetable meal ;
 But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
 Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
 Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose, 185
 Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes ;
 With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
 Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep ;
 Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
 And drags the struggling savage into day. 190
 At night returning, every labour spell,
 He sits him down the monarch of a shed ;
 Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
 His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze ;
 While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard, 195
 Displays her cleanly platter on the board :
 And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
 With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
 Imprints the patriot passion on his heart ; 200
 And e'en those ills that round his mansion rise,
 Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
 Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ;

And as a child, when scaring sounds molest, 205
 Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
 So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
 But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd ;
 Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd. 210
 Yet let them only share the praises due ;
 If few their wants, their pleasures are but few ;
 For every want that stimulates the breast
 Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
 Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies, 215
 That first excites desire, and then supplies ;
 Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
 To fill the languid pause with finer joy ;
 Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
 Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame. 220
 Their level life is but a smould'ring fire.
 Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire ;
 Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
 On some high festival of once a year,
 In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire, 225
 Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow :
 Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low ;
 For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
 Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run ; 230

205 And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
 Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
 Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
 May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest ;
 But all the gentler morals, such as play 235
 Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way,
 210 These, far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
 To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
 I turn ; and France displays her bright domain. 240
 Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
 215 Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
 How often have I led thy sportive choir,
 With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire ?
 Where shading elms along the margin grew, 245
 And freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew ;
 And haply, though my harsh touch, falt'ring still,
 But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill ;
 Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
 And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour. 250
 225 Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
 Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
 And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
 Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of threescore.

So bless'd a life these thoughtless realms display, 255
 Thus idly busy rolls their world away :

Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
 For honour forms the social temper here :
 Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
 Or e'en imaginary worth obtains, 200
 Here passes current ; paid from hand to hand,
 It shifts in splendid traffic round the land :
 From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
 And all are taught an avarice of praise,
 They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem, 265
 Till, seeming bless'd, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
 It gives their follies also room to rise ;
 For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
 Enfeebles all internal strength of thought ; 270
 And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
 Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
 Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
 Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart ;
 Here vanity assumes her pert grimace, 275
 And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace ;
 Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
 To boast one splendid banquet once a year ;
 The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws.
 Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause. 280

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
 Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.

Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
 Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
 And, sedulous to stop the coming tide, 285
 Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
 Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
 The firm-connected bulwark seems to grow :
 Spreads its long arms amidst the wat'ry roar.
 Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore. 290
 While the pent ocean rising o'er the pile,
 Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile :
 The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
 The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
 The crowded mart, the cultivated plain, 295
 A new creation rescu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
 Impels the native to repeated toil,
 Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
 And industry begets a love of gain. 300
 Hence all the good from opulence that springs.
 With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
 Are here displayed. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
 Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts ;
 But view them closer, craft and fraud appear, 305
 E'en liberty itself is barter'd here.
 At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
 The needy sell it, and the rich man buys ;
 A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,

Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
 And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
 Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

310

Heavens ! how unlike their Belgic sires of old !
 Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold ;
 War in each breast, and freedom on each brow ;
 How much unlike the sons of Britain now !

315

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
 And flies where Britain courts the western spring ;
 Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
 And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspes glide.

320

There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
 There gentle music melts on every spray ;
 Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
 Extremes are only in the master's mind !
 Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,

325

With daring aims irregularly great ;
 Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
 I see the lords of human kind pass by,
 Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
 By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand,

330

Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
 True to imagin'd right, above control ;
 While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
 And learns to venerate himself as man.

THE TRAVELLER.

17

310 Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here, 335
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear ;
Too bless'd, indeed, were such without alloy,
But foster'd ev'n by Freedom, ills annoy :
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie ; 340
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown ;
Here by the bonds of Nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar, 345
Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore,
Till over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or phrenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway, 350
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown ;
Till time may come, when, stripp'd of all her charms, 355
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die. 360

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
 I mean to flatter kings or court the great ;
 Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
 Far from my bosom drive the low desire ;
 And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel 365
 The rabble's rage and tyrant's angry steel ;
 Thou transitory flower, alike undone
 By proud contempt, or favour's fost'ring sun,
 Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
 I only would repress them to secure : 370
 For just experience tells, in every soil,
 That those who think must govern those that toil ;
 And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
 Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
 Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow, 375
 Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
 Who think it freedom when a part aspires !
 Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
 Except when fast-approaching danger warms : 380
 But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
 Contracting regal power to stretch their own ;
 When I behold a factious band agree
 To call it freedom when themselves are free ;
 Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw, 385
 Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law ;

The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
 Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home ;
 Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
 Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart ; 390
 Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
 I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
 When first ambition struck at regal power ;
 And thus polluting honour in its source, 395
 Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
 Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
 Her useful sons exchange'd for useless ore ?
 Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
 Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste ; 400
 Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
 Lead stern depopulation in her train,
 And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
 In barren solitary pomp repose ?
 Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call 405
 The smiling long-frequented village fall ?
 Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
 The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
 Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
 To traverse climes beyond the western main ; 410
 Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
 And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound ?

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
 'Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways ;
 Where beasts with man divided empire claim, 415
 And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim ;
 There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
 And all around distressful yells arise,
 The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
 To stop too fearful, and too faint to go, 420
 Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
 And bids his bosom sympathise with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
 That bliss which only centres in the mind :
 Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose, 425
 To seek a good each government bestows ?
 In every government, though terrors reign,
 Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
 How small, of all that human hearts endure,
 That part which laws or kings can cause or cure. 430
 Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
 Our own felicity we make or find :
 With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
 Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
 The lifted axe, the agonising wheel, 435
 Luke's iron crown, and Damiens' bed of steel,
 To men remote from power but rarely known,
 Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

DEDICATION.

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

DEAR SIR,

I can have no expectation in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest, therefore, aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this Poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I do not pretend to enquire; but I know you will object (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends, concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deplores is nowhere to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarcely make any other answer than that I sincerely believe what I have written; that I

have taken all possible pains, in my country excursions, for 20 these four or five years past, to be certain of what I allege; and that all my views and enquiries have led me to believe those miseries real, which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an inquiry, whether the country be depopulating or not; the discussion would take 25 up much room, and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries; and here also I expect 30 the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past, it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages; and all the wisdom of antiquity, in that particular, is erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, 35 and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states, by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed, so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that, merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be 40 in the right.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your sincere friend, and ardent admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET AUBURN ! loveliest village of the plain,
 Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
 And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd :
 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease, 5
 Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
 How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endear'd each scene ;
 How often have I paus'd on every charm,
 The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm, 10
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church that topp'd the neighbouring hill.
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
 For talking age and whispering lovers made ;
 How often have I bless'd the coming day, 15
 When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
 And all the village train, from labour free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree ;
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,
 The young contending as the old survey'd ; 20
 And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,

And sleights of art and feats of strength went round ;
 And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd ;
 The dancing pair that simply sought renown, 25
 By holding out to tire each other down ;
 The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
 While secret laughter titter'd round the place ;
 The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove. 30
 These were thy charms, sweet village ! sports like these,
 With sweet succession, taught even toil to please ;
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed ;
 These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn, 35
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn ;
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green :
 One only master grasps the whole domain,
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain ; 40
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
 But, chok'd with sedges, works its weedy way ;
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest ;
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies, 45
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
 Sunk are thy bowers, in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall ;

And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

50

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay :
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ;
A breath can make them, as a breath hath made ;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd can never be supplied.

55

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man ;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more :
His best companions, innocence and health ;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

60

But times are alter'd ; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain :
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose ;
And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green ;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

65

70

Sweet AUBURN ! parent of the blissful hour, 75
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
 Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
 Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
 And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
 Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew, 80
 Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
 In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
 I still had hopes my latest hours to crown, 85
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;
 To husband out life's taper at the close,
 And keep the flame from wasting by repose.
 I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
 Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill, 90
 Around my fire an evening group to draw,
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;
 And, as an hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
 I still had hopes, my long vexations pass'd, 95
 Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
 Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
 How happy he who crowns, in shades like these,
 A youth of labour with an age of ease ; 100

75 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly !
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep ;
 Nor surly porter stands in guilty state 105
 80 To spurn imploring famine from the gate ;
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending Virtue's friend ;
 Bends to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
 While Resignation gently slopes the way ; 110
 And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
 85 His Heaven commences ere the world be pass'd :

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ;
 There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow, 115
 90 The mingling notes came soften'd from below ;
 The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
 The sober herd that low'd to meet their young ;
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
 The playful children just let loose from school ; 120
 95 The watchdog's voice, that bay'd the whisp'ring wind,
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind ;
 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
 And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
 But now the sounds of population fail, 125
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
 100 No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,

For all the bloomy flush of life is fled :
 All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring ; 130
 She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
 To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn ;
 She only left of all the harmless train, 135
 The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild ;
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose. 140
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place ;
 Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for power, 145
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
 More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wanderings, but reliev'd their pain ; 150
 The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd ;

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay, 155
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;
 130 Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
 Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe ; 160
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 135 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And e'en his failings lean'd to Virtue's side ;
 But in his duty prompt at every call, 165
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all :
 140 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
 To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
 He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way. 170

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
 The reverend champion stood. At his control,
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise. 175
 150 And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His locks adorn'd the venerable place ;
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway.

And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray. 180
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
 Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
 And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
 His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd, 185
 Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd ;
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven :
 As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm, 190
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
 With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
 There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule, 195
 The village master taught his little school.
 A man severe he was, and stern to view,
 I knew him well, and every truant knew ;
 Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
 The day's disasters in his morning face ; 200
 Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
 Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
 Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd ;
 Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught, 205
 The love he bore to learning was in fault ;

The village all declar'd how much he knew ;
 'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too ;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
 And e'en the story ran that he could gauge. 210
 In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
 For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still ;
 While words of learned length and thundering sound
 Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around ;
 And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew, 215
 That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
 Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
 Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye, 220
 Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
 Where grey-beard mirth, and smiling toil retir'd,
 Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
 And news much older than their ale went round.
 Imagination fondly stoops to trace 225
 The parlour splendours of that festive place ;
 The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
 The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door ;
 The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ; 230
 The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;
 The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,

With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay ;
 While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show, 235
 Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain, transitory splendours ! could not all
 Relieve the tottering mansion from its fall !
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart ; 240
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear, 245
 Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear ;
 The host himself no longer shall be found
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round ;
 Nor the coy maid, half willing to be press'd,
 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest. 250

Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
 These simple blessings of the lowly train ;
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
 Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play, 255
 The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway ;
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind.
 Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin'd.
 But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,

235 With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd, 260
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;
 And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
 The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy.

240 Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey 265
 The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
 'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
 Between a splendid and a happy land.

Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
 And shouting Folly hails them from her shore ; 270
 Hoards, e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
 And rich men flock from all the world around.

245 Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
 That leaves our useful products still the same.
 Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride 275

250 Takes up a space that many poor supplied ;
 Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds :
 The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
 Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth ; 280

255 His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green ;
 Around the world each needful product flies,
 For all the luxuries the world supplies :
 While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure, all 285
 In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
 Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes ; 290
 But when those charms are pass'd, for charms are frail,
 When time advances, and when lovers fail,
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
 In all the glaring impotence of dress.
 Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd, 295
 In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
 But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise ;
 While, scourg'd by famine, from the smiling land
 The mournful peasant leads his humble band ; 300
 And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
 The country blooms—a garden, and a grave.

Where, then, ah ! where, shall poverty reside,
 To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?
 If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd, 305
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
 And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—what waits him there ?
 To see profusion that he must not share ; 310
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd

To pamper luxury, and thin mankind ;
 To see those joys the sons of pleasure knew
 Extorted from his fellow creature's woe.
 Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade, 315
 There the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;
 Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display
 There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
 The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign
 Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train ; 320
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
 Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy !
 Sure these denote one universal joy !
 Are these thy serious thoughts ? — Ah ! turn thine eyes 325
 Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
 She once, perhaps, in village plenty bless'd,
 Has wept at tales of innocence distress'd ;
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn ; 330
 Now lost to all ; her friends, her virtue fled,
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
 And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
 With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
 When idly first, ambitious of the town, 335
 She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet AUBURN, thine, the loveliest train,
 Do thy fair tribes participate her pain ?

E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread ! 340

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before. 345
The various terrors of that horrid shore ;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray.
And fiercely shed intolerable day ;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling ; 350
These poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around ;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake ;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey, 355
And savage men more murderous still than they :
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green, 360
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven ! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day
That call'd them from their native walks away ;

340 When the poor exiles, every pleasure past, 365
 Hung round their bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
 And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
 For seats like these beyond the western main ;
 And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
 Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep. 370
 The good old sire the first prepar'd to go
 345 To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe ;
 But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
 He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
 His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears, 375
 The fond companion of his helpless years,
 350 Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
 And left a lover's for a father's arms.
 With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
 And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose ; 380
 And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
 355 And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear :
 Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
 In all the silent manliness of grief.

360 O Luxury ! thou curs'd by Heaven's decree, 385
 How ill exchange'd are things like these for thee !
 How do thy potions, with insidious joy
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !
 Kingdoms, by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
 Boast of a florid vigour not their own ; 390
 At every draught more large and large they grow,

A bloated mass of rank, unwieldy woe;
 Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
 Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun, 395
 And half the business of destruction done;
 Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
 I see the rural virtues leave the land.
 Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
 That idly waiting flaps with every gale, 400
 Downward they move, a melancholy band,
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
 Contented toil, and hospitable care,
 And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
 And piety with wishes placed above, 405
 And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
 And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
 Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
 Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame; 410
 Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
 My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
 Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
 Thou found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
 Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel, 415
 Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
 Farewell, and Oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
 On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

39

Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow, 420
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime ;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain ;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain ;
Teach him, that states of native strength possess'd, 425
Though very poor, may still be very bless'd ;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away ;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky. 430

395

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415

WORDSWORTH.

UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE,
SEPT. 3, 1802.

EARTH has not anything to show more fair :
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty :
This City now doth like a garment wear

The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare, 5
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep 10
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill ;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !

The river glideth at his own sweet will :
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

THE GREEN LINNET.

BENEATH these fruit-tree boughs that shed
Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
With brightest sunshine round me spread
 Of spring's unclouded weather,
In this sequestered nook how sweet
 To sit upon my orchard-seat !
And birds and flowers once more to greet.
 My last year's friends together.

5

One have I marked, the happiest guest
In all this covert of the blest :
Hail to Thee, far above the rest
 In joy of voice and pinion !
Thou, Linnet ! in thy green array
Presiding Spirit here to-day
Dost lead the revels of the May ;
 And this is thy dominion.

10

15

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers,
Make all one band of paramours,
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers.
 Art sole in thy employment :

20

5

10

A Life, a Presence like the Air,
 Scattering thy gladness without care,
 Too blest with any one to pair ;
 Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid yon tuft of hazel trees 25
 That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
 Behold him perched in ecstasies,
 Yet seeming still to hover ;
 There! where the flutter of his wings
 Upon his back and body flings 30
 Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
 That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives,
 A Brother of the dancing leaves ;
 Then flits, and from the cottage-eaves 35
 Pours forth his song in gushes ;
 As if by that exulting strain
 He mocked and treated with disdain
 The voiceless Form he chose to feign,
 While fluttering in the bushes. 40

TO THE CUCKOO.

25 O BIRTH New-comer! I have heard,
 I hear thee and rejoice.
 O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
 Or but a wandering Voice?

30 While I am lying on the grass 5
 Thy twofold shout I hear;
 From hill to hill it seems to pass,
 At once far off, and near.

35 Though babbling only to the Vale
 Of sunshine and of flowers, 10
 Thou bringest unto me a tale
 Of visionary hours.

40 Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
 Even yet thou art to me
 No bird, but an invisible thing, 15
 A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my school-boy days
 I listened to; that Cry
 Which made me look a thousand ways
 In bush, and tree, and sky. 20

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green ;
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet ;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

25

O blessèd Bird ! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, faery place ;
That is fit home for Thee !

30

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

25
30
SHE was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight ;
A lovely Apparition. sent
To be a moment's ornament ;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair ; 5
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn ;
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay. 10

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too !
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty ;
A countenance in which did meet 15
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food ;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles. 20

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine ;
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveller between life and death ;
The reason firm, the temperate will, 25
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel-light. 30

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION
OF SWITZERLAND.

[ENGLAND AND SWITZERLAND, 1802.]

Two Voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty Voice:
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!

There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him; but hast vainly striven:
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.

Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft:
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left;
For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be

That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful Voice be heard by thee!

MOST SWEET IT IS WITH UNUPLIFTED EYES.

[THE INNER VISION.]

MOST sweet it is with unuplifted eyes
To pace the ground, if path be there or none,
While a fair region round the traveller lies
Which he forbears again to look upon ;

Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene, 5
The work of Fancy, or some happy tone
Of meditation, slipping in between
The beauty coming and the beauty gone.

If Thought and Love desert us, from that day
Let us break off all commerce with the Muse : 10
With Thought and Love companions of our way,

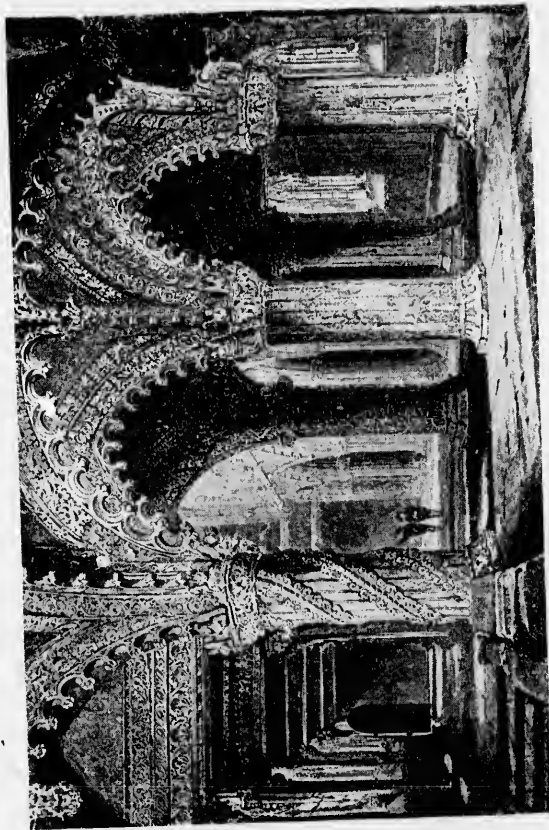
Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,
The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her dews
Of inspiration on the humblest law.

YES.

5

10

7.



ROSLIN CHAPEL.

SCOTT.

ROSABELLE.

O LI-REN, listen, ladies gay!

No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

— "Moor, moor the fairs, ye gallant crew!

And, gentle ladye, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

"The blackening wave is edged with white;

To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;
The fishers have heard the Water Sprite,
Whose screams forewarn that wreck is nigh.

Last night the gifted seer did view

A wet shroud swathed round lulye gay;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?"—



ROSEN CHAPEL

SCOTT.

ROSABELLE.

O LISTEN, listen, ladies gay !
No haughty feat of arms I tell ;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

—“ Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew ! 5
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay !
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

“ The blackening wave is edged with white ;
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly ; 10
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forbode that wreck is nigh.

“ Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay ;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch : 15
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day ? ”—

“’Tis not because Lord Lindesay’s heir
 To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
 But that my ladye-mother there
 Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

20

“’Tis not because the ring they ride,
 And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
 But that my sire the wine will chide,
 If ’tis not fill’d by Rosabelle.”—

O’er Roslin all that dreary night,
 A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;
 ’Twas broader than the watch-fire’s light,
 And redder than the bright moon-beam.

25

It glared on Roslin’s castled rock,
 It ruddied all the copse-wood glen ;
 ’Twas seen from Dryden’s groves of oak,
 And seen from cavern’d Hawthornden.

30

Seem’d all on fire that chapel proud,
 Where Roslin’s chiefs uncoffin’d lie,
 Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
 Sheathed in his iron panoply.

35

Seem’d all on fire within, around,
 Deep sacristy and altar’s pale ;
 Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
 And glimmer’d all the dead men’s mail.

40

20
Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

25
There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold 45
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

30
And each St. Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell; 50
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung,
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

35

40

SONG, "O, BRIGNALL BANKS."

[THE OUTLAW.]

O, BRIGNALL banks are wild and fair,
 And Greta woods are green,
 And you may gather garlands there,
 Would grace a summer queen.
 And as I rode by Dalton-hall, 5
 Beneath the turrets high,
 A Maiden on the castle wall
 Was singing merrily.—

CHORUS.

"O, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
 And Greta woods are green ; 10
 I'd rather rove with Edmund there,
 Than reign our English queen."

"If, Maiden, thou would'st wend with me,
 To leave both tower and town,
 Thou first must guess what life lead we, 15
 That dwell by dale and down ?
 And if thou canst that riddle read,
 And read full well you may,
 Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed
 As blithe as Queen of May."— 20

CHORUS.

Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,
 And Greta woods are green ;
 I'd rather rove with Edmund there,
 Than reign our English queen.

"I read you, by your bugle-horn 25
 And by your palfrey good,
 I read you for a Ranger sworn
 To keep the king's greenwood."—

5 "A Ranger, lady, winds his horn,
 And 'tis at peep of light ; 30
 His blast is heard at merry morn,
 And mine at dead of night."—

CHORUS.

10 Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,
 And Greta woods are gay ;
 I would I were with Edmund there, 35
 To reign his Queen of May !

15 "With burnish'd brand and musketoon,
 So gallantly you come,
 I read you for a bold Dragoon,
 That lists the tuck of drum."— 40

"I list no more the tuck of drum,
 No more the trumpet hear ;
 20 But when the beetle sounds his hum,
 My comrades take the spear.

CHORUS.

“And, O! though Brignall banks be fair, 45
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare,
Would reign my Queen of May!

“Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die; 50
The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead,
Were better mate than I!
And when I'm with my comrades met,
Beneath the greenwood bough,
What once we were we all forget, 55
Nor think what we are now.

CHORUS.

“Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen.” 60

SONG, "A WEARY LOT IS THINE."

[THE ROVER.]

"A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,

A weary lot is thine!

To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,

And press the rue for wine!

A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,

A feather of the blue,

A doublet of the Lincoln green,—

No more of me you knew,

My love!

No more of me you knew.

"This morn is merry June, I trow,

The rose is budding fain;

But she shall bloom in winter snow.

Ere we two meet again."

He turn'd his charger as he spake,

Upon the river shore,

He gave the bridle-reins a shake,

Said, "Adieu for evermore,

My love!

And adieu for evermore."—

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.

I.

“WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie?

Why weep ye by the tide?

I'll wed ye to my youngest son,

And ye sall be his bride :

And ye sall be his bride, ladie, 5

Sae comely to be seen”—

But aye she loot the tears down fa'

For Jock of Hazeldean.

II

“Now let this wilful grief be done,

And dry that cheek so pale ; 10

Young Frank is chief of Errington,

And lord of Langley-dale ;

His step is first in peaceful ha',

His sword in battle keen”—

But aye she loot the tears down fa' 15

For Jock of Hazeldean.

III.

“A chain of gold ye sall not lack,

Nor braid to bind your hair ;

Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk.

Nor palfrey fresh and fair ; 20

And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide, 25
The tapers glimmer'd fair ;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha' ;
The ladie was not seen ! 30
She's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

5

10

15

20

KEATS.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.

Oft of one wide expanse had I been told 5
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne ;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken ; 10
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes

He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

WHEN I HAVE FEARS THAT I MAY CEASE
TO BE.

[THE TERROR OF DEATH.]

WHEN I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
Before high-piled books, in charact'ry,
Hold like rich garners the full-ripen'd grain ;
When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face. 5
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance.
And think that I may never live to trace
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance ;
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour !
That I shall never look upon thee more. 10
Never have relish in the faery power
Of unreflecting love !—then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think,
Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.

ER.

5

10

THE HUMAN SEASONS.

FOUR Seasons fill the measure of the year ;
There are four seasons in the mind of man :
He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear
Takes in all beauty with an easy span :
He has his Summer, when luxuriously 5
Spring's honey'd cud of youthful thought he loves
To ruminare, and by such dreaming high
Is nearest unto heaven : quiet coves
His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
He furlerh close ; contented so to look 10
On mists in idleness—to let fair things
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.
He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,
Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

I.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness,—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singing of summer in full-throated ease.

II.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth.
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth !
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth ;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim :

III.

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs, 25
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies ;
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs ;
 Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow. 30

IV.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards :
 Already with thee! tender is the night, 35
 And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
 Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays ;
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown 39
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

V.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

63

But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild ; 45
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine ;
Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves ;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eyes 50

VI.

Darkling I listen ; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme.
To take into the air my quiet breath ;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die, 55
To cease upon the midnight with no pain.
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy !
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod. 60

VII.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird !
No hungry generations tread thee down ;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown :
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path 65
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,

She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

70

VIII.

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self !
 Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream
 Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades :
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?
 Fled is that music :—Do I wake or sleep ?

75

80

ODE TO AUTUMN.

I.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run ;
 To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees, 5
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core :
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease, 10
 For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

II.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ; 15
 Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
 Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers :
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook ; 20

Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozyngs hours by hours.

III.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day, 25
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn; 30
Hedge-cricketts sing; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

SHELLEY.

OZYMANDIAS.

I ~~met~~ a traveller from an antique land,
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command, 5
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed:
And on the pedestal these words appear:
"My name is OZYMANDIAS, king of kings: 10
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

TO A SKYLARK.

I.

HAIL to thee. blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert.
That from Heaven, or near it,
Poorest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art. 5

II.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest. 10

III.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun. 15

5
10
15
Better than all we can
do

of duty that we can do -

Nothing flows like the ocean

That in both air and

By skill to meet you - Then return of the year

At each you hold the gladness

That the train must have

Such harmonious madcap

From my lips that to you

She with words in her then - As I am in the year

[MS. OF SHELLEY'S "SKYLARK,"
reproduced from the autograph in the Harvard University Library.]

To ~~the~~ Skylark.

Hail to thee blithe Spirit!

Loud thou never wast,

That from Heaven or earth,

Downest thy full heart

In purple strains of unpremeditated

wast

In the golden high song
Of the Roubin Rose—

Downed they fell dead
In purple streams of unprepared to be and
most

In the golden high being
Of the number few -
Over which ^{now and} looms an bright wing
The ~~day~~ foot & arm;
Which are unfordid ~~of~~ where all is just began

The pale purple even
Meth around thy flight,
Like a star of Heaven.

In the broad daylight
I see not mean, - but yet I hear thy ~~death~~ ^{death}
shill

Now, as we
~~lay under the~~ the moon
Of that silent sphere,
Whose witness lamp beams
In the white dawn clear
Waked we hardly see — we feel that it is there.

2
Higher still & higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire
The blue deep thou wingest
And winging thill dost way to sunny ever wingest

All the earth & air —
With thy voice is loud,
As when Night is bare
Some one ^{or} lonely clings on
The more seem out the heaven & heaven is empty

What then art we know not
What is next to be there?
From the sun to us, how not —
Noble so bright to see
As from thy presence shines a rain of melody

So from thy purple shores a flow of memory

like a poet's miller
By the light of thought
Singing hymns and psalms
All the world is engaged
To sympathy with thee & fears it needs not -

like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Watching her love to die
Lately in secret gone, which
With musical ^{charms} ~~submits~~ is done - ~~at one's feet~~ her tower

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew
Scattering unbeckoned
Its aerial fire
Among the flowers & grass about them it flows
The way

with a soft burr
In its own green leaves -
By ~~the~~ ^{its} ~~own~~ ^{own} words defined -
Will the dew of your ~~face~~
Make ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~heart~~ ^{heart} ~~beat~~ ^{beat} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~heavy-eyes~~ ^{heavy-eyes} there

chord of several flowers
to the trembling grass, the
rain-washed flowers, or
all that ever was
Sown & clear & fresh, they measure do the surface.

Teach us, Spirit or Bird
What sweet thing of the air there is;
I am near, I am
I am of the air & rain
That points to the a form of light is down:

Chorus Hymn
My heart that cannot
Nations with things, with be all
That an empty heart
A thing, when we feel them is some hidden
scent

What spirit, are the fountain
Of the ~~source~~ ^{source} the sun
What fields or waves or mountains?
What shapes of life or place?
What line of time or kind? What ~~you~~ ^{you} or
of pain?

What line of music are kind? What is the
Spain?

With thy dear skin for ever
Languor cannot be -

Shadow of any eye

Never came near things
That best - but we know love's no safety.

Walking or asleep

Then of death's sweet dream,

Things more true or deep

Than we mortals dream

As how and why noted for in such a chrysalis
Then?

We look before & after

And find for what is not.

Our innocent say after

With some skin is brought

Our sweet things are there that tell of good and ill.

Yet if we could swim

State & pride & fear;

If we new things to form

Not to shed a tear

I know not how they give we love should ever see

Better than all we can
of duty that we should -

Prayer than all the rest
that we look on from

My child to meet you - How soon of the ground

What you had the gladness

What you have must be
such harmonious and deep

From my lips I thank you
for with I had in ten - as I am in ten

each part of the

from my lips thank you
I wish I had his tea then - as I am sitting now

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IV.

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight;
 Like a star of heaven,
 In the broad day-light
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight, 20

V.

Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear,
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there. 25

VI.

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As, when Night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed. 30

VII.

What thou art we know not:
 What is most like thee?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see,
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody. 35

VIII.

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not : 40

IX.

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower : 45

X.

Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering unbeholden
 Its ærial hue
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the
 view : 50

XI.

Like a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged
 thieves : 55

XII.

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass : 60

XIII.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine :
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine. 65

XIV.

Chorus Hymenæal
 Or triumphal chaunt,
 Matched with thine would be all
 But an empty vaunt,
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want. 70

XV.

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain ?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
 What shapes of sky or plain ?
 What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of pain ? 75

XVI.

With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be :
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee ;
 Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety. 80

XVII.

Waking or asleep,
 'Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream? 85

XVIII.

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not :
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught ;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought. 90

XIX.

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear ;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near 95

XX.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground ! 100

XXI.

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow.
The world should listen then, as I am listening now. 105

TO JANE—THE RECOLLECTION.

I.

Now the last day of many days,
 All beautiful and bright as thou,
 The loveliest and the last, is dead,
 Rise, Memory, and write its praise!
 Up to thy wonted work! come, trace 5
 The epitaph of glory fled,—
 For now the Earth has changed its face,
 A frown is on the Heaven's brow.

II.

We wandered to the Pine Forest
 That skirts the Ocean's foam, 10
 The lightest wind was in its nest,
 The tempest in its home.
 The whispering waves were half asleep,
 The clouds were gone to play,
 And on the bosom of the deep, 15
 The smile of Heaven lay;
 It seemed as if the hour were one
 Sent from beyond the skies,
 Which scattered from above the sun
 A light of Paradise! 20

III.

We paused amid the pines that stood
The giants of the waste,
Tortured by storms to shapes as rude
As serpents interlaced,
And soothed by every azure breath, 25
That under heaven is blown,
To harmonies and hues beneath,
As tender as its own ;
Now all the tree-tops lay asleep,
Like green waves on the sea, 30
As still as in the silent deep
The ocean woods may be.

IV.

How calm it was !—the silence there
By such a chain was bound
That even the busy woodpecker 35
Made stiller by her sound
The inviolable quietness ;
The breath of peace we drew
With its soft motion made not less
The calm that round us grew. 40
There seemed from the remotest seat
Of the white mountain waste,
To the soft flower beneath our feet,
A magic circle traced,—

A spirit interfused around, 45
 A thrilling silent life;
 To momentary peace it bound
 Our mortal nature's strife;—
 And still I felt the centre of
 The magic circle there
 Was one fair form that filled with love
 The lifeless atmosphere.

v.

We paused beside the pools that lie
 Under the forest bough,
 Each seemed as 'twere a little sky 55
 Gulphed in a world below;
 A firmament of purple light,
 Which in the dark earth lay,
 More boundless than the depth of night,
 And purer than the day— 60
 In which the lovely forests grew
 As in the upper air,
 More perfect both in shape and hue
 Than any spreading there.
 There lay the glade and neighbouring lawn, 65
 And through the dark green wood
 The white sun twinkling like the dawn
 Out of a speckled cloud.
 Sweet views which in our world above
 Can never well be seen, 70

TO JANE—THE RECOLLECTION.

77

45 Were imaged by the water's love
Of that fair forest green.
And all was interfused beneath
With an elysian glow,
An atmosphere without a breath, 75
A softer day below.
Like one beloved the scene had lent
To the dark water's breast
Its every leaf and lineament
With more than truth exprest ; 80
Until an envious wind crept by,
Like an unwelcome thought,
Which from the mind's too faithful eye
Blots one dear image out.
Though thou art ever fair and kind, 85
The forests ever green,
Less oft is peace in Shelley's mind,
60 Than calm in waters seen.

own,

65

70

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

BY LORD BYRON.

Visto ho Toscana, Lombardia, Romagna,
Quel Monte che divide, e quel che serra
Italia, e un mare e l'altro, che la bagna.
ARIOSO, Saura iii.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

1818.

[Facsimile of title-page of the first edition.]

MY DE
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BYRON.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

Venice, January 2, 1818.

TO

JOHN HOBHOUSE, ESQ., A.M., F.R.S.

&c. &c. &c.

MY DEAR HOBHOUSE,

AFTER an interval of eight years between the composition of the first and last cantos of Childe Harold, the conclusion of the poem is about to be submitted to the public. In parting with so old a friend, it is not extraordinary that I should recur to one still older and better,—to one who has beheld the birth and death of the other, and to whom I am far more indebted for the social advantages of an enlightened friendship, than—though not ungrateful—I can, or could be, to Childe Harold, for any public favour reflected through the poem on the poet,—to one whom I have known long and accompanied far, whom I have found wakeful over my sickness and kind in my sorrow, glad in my prosperity and firm in my adversity, true in counsel and trusty in peril,—to a friend often tried and never found wanting;—to yourself.

In so doing, I recur from fiction to truth; and in dedicat-¹⁵
ing to you, in its complete, or at least concluded state, a
poetical work which is the longest, the most thoughtful and
comprehensive of my compositions, I wish to do honour to
myself by the record of many years' intimacy with a man
of learning, of talent, of steadiness, and of honour. It is ²⁰
not for minds like ours to give or to receive flattery; yet the
praises of sincerity have ever been permitted to the voice of
friendship; and it is not for you, nor even for others, but to
relieve a heart which has not elsewhere, or lately, been
so much accustomed to the encounter of good-will as to ²⁵
withstand the shock firmly, that I thus attempt to com-
memorate your good qualities, or rather the advantages
which I have derived from their exertion. Even the
recurrence of the date of this letter, the anniversary of the
most unfortunate day of my past existence, but which can-³⁰
not poison my future while I retain the resource of your
friendship, and of my own faculties, will henceforth have a
more agreeable recollection for both, inasmuch as it will
remind us of this my attempt to thank you for an indefati-
gable regard, such as few men have experienced, and no one ³⁵
could experience without thinking better of his species and
of himself.

It has been our fortune to traverse together, at various
periods, the countries of chivalry, history, and fable—Spain,
Greece, Asia Minor, and Italy; and what Athens and Con-⁴⁰
stantinople were to us a few years ago, Venice and Rome
have been more recently. The poem also, or the pilgrim, or
both, have accompanied me from first to last; and perhaps
it may be a pardonable vanity which induces me to reflect

with complacency on a composition which in some degree connects me with the spot where it was produced, and the objects it would fain describe; and however unworthy it may be deemed of those magical and memorable abodes however short it may fall of our distant conceptions and immediate impressions, yet as a mark of respect for what is venerable, and of feeling for what is glorious, it has been to me a source of pleasure in the production, and I part with it with a kind of regret, which I hardly suspected that events could have left me for imaginary objects.

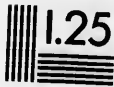
With regard to the conduct of the last canto, there will be found less of the pilgrim than in any of the preceding, and that little slightly, if at all, separated from the author speaking in his own person. The fact is, that I had become weary of drawing a line which every one seemed determined not to perceive: like the Chinese in Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," whom nobody would believe to be a Chinese, it was in vain that I asserted, and imagined that I had drawn, a distinction between the author and the pilgrim; and the very anxiety to preserve this difference, and disappointment at finding it unavailing, so far crushed my efforts in the composition, that I determined to abandon it altogether—and have done so. The opinions which have been, or may be, formed on that subject, are now a matter of indifference; the work is to depend on itself, and not on the writer; and the author, who has no resources in his own mind beyond the reputation, transient or permanent, which is to arise from his literary efforts, deserves the fate of authors.

In the course of the following Canto it was my intention.



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either in the text or in the notes, to have touched upon the 75
 present state of Italian literature, and perhaps of manners.
 But the text, within the limits I proposed, I soon found
 hardly sufficient for the labyrinth of external objects and
 the consequent reflections; and for the whole of the notes,
 excepting a few of the shortest, I am indebted to yourself, 80
 and these were necessarily limited to the elucidation of the
 text.

It is also a delicate, and no very grateful task, to dissert
 upon the literature and manners of a nation so dissimilar;
 and requires an attention and impartiality which would 85
 induce us,—though perhaps no inattentive observers, nor
 ignorant of the language or customs of the people amongst
 whom we have recently abode,—to distrust, or at least defer
 our judgment, and more narrowly examine our information.
 The state of literary, as well as political party, appears to 90
 run, or to *have* run, so high, that for a stranger to steer
 impartially between them is next to impossible. It may be
 enough, then, at least for my purpose, to quote from their
 own beautiful language—"Mi pare che in un paese tutto
 poetico, che vanta la lingua la più nobile ed insieme la più 95
 dolce, tutte tutte le *v* diverse si possono tentare, e che
 sinche la patria di Alfieri e di Monti non ha perduto l' antico
 valore, in tutte essa dovrebbe essere la prima." Italy has
 great names still—Canova, Monti, Ugo Foscolo, Pindemonti,
 Visconti, Morelli, Cicognara, Albrizzi, Mezzophanti, Mai, 100
 Mustoxidi, Aglietti, and Vacca, will secure to the present
 generation an honourable place in most of the departments
 of Art, Science, and Belles Lettres; and in some the very
 highest—Europe—the World—has but one Canova.

It has been somewhere said by Alfieri, that "La pianta 105
 uomo nasce più robusta in Italia che in qualunque altra
 terra—e che gli stessi atroci delitti che vi si commettono ne
 sono una prova." Without subscribing to the latter part of
 his proposition—a dangerous doctrine, the truth of which
 may be disputed on better grounds, namely, that the 110
 Italians are in no respect more ferocious than their neigh-
 bours—that man must be wilfully blind, or ignorantly heed-
 less, who is not struck with the extraordinary capacity of
 this people, or, if such a word be admissible, their *capa-*
bilities, the facility of their acquisitions, the rapidity of 115
 their conceptions, the fire of their genius, their sense of
 beauty, and amidst all the disadvantages of repeated revolu-
 tions, the desolation of battles, and the despair of ages,
 their still unquenched "longing after immortality"—the
 immortality of independence. And when we ourselves, in 120
 riding round the walls of Rome, heard the simple lament of
 the labourers' chorus, "Roma! Roma! Roma! Roma non
 è più come era prima," it was difficult not to contrast this
 melancholy dirge with the bacchanal roar of the songs of
 exultation, still yelled from the London taverns, over the 125
 carnage of Mont St. Jean, and the betrayal of Genoa,
 of Italy, of France, and of the world, by men whose conduct
 you yourself have exposed in a work worthy of the better
 days of our history. For me,—

"Non movero mai corda

130

"Ove la turba di sue ciance assorda."

What Italy has gained by the late transfer of nations, it
 were useless for Englishmen to inquire, till it becomes

ascertained that England has acquired something more than a permanent army and a suspended Habeas Corpus; it is¹³⁵ enough for them to look at home. For what they have done abroad, and especially in the South, "Verily they *will have* their reward," and at no very distant period.

Wishing you, my dear Hobhouse, a safe and agreeable return to that country whose real welfare can be dearer to¹⁴⁰ none than to yourself, I dedicate to you this poem in its completed state; and repeat once more how truly I am ever

Your obliged

And affectionate friend,

BYRON.

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us; it is 135
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YRON.



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS, VENICE.

CHILD HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO THE FIFTH.

I.

Upoon the Vulture, on the Eagle of Sobieski
I gazed, and I sprang on each hand
I saw from out the wave her structure's size
As from the stroke of the wheel, a thousand
A thousand years their doxy wings extend,
Around me, and a dying glory shines
O'er the far things, when a mighty storm is laid,
Look! to the winged Lion's nest of gold,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on the sea from east to west.

II.

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her train of proud towers,
In airy ascendance, with purple mountain,
To rule of the waters and the rocks;
And such she was, when once the gallant knights
In spoils of war on her exulted, thus
Proud in her lap and gems in sparkling stoucers,
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
The navies partook, and doubt'd their dignity increased.



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS, VENICE.

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CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

I.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs ;
A palace and a prison on each hand :
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand :
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand, 5
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles !

II.

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean, 10
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers :
And such she was ;—her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East 15
Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deem'd their dignity increased.

III.

In Venice, Tasso's echoes are no more,
 And silent rows the songless gondolier ;
 Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
 And music meets not always now the ear :
 Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here.
 States fall, arts fade—but Nature does not die.
 Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
 The pleasant place of all festivity,
 The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy !

IV.

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
 Her name in story, and her long array
 Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms descend
 Above the dogeless city's vanish'd sway ;
 Ours is a trophy which will not decay
 With the Rialto ; Shylock and the Moor.
 And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away—
 The keystones of the arch ! though all were o'er,
 For us re-peopled were the solitary shore.

V.

The beings of the mind are not of clay ;
 Essentially immortal, they create
 And multiply in us a brighter ray
 And more beloved existence : that which Fate

Prohibits to dull life, in this our state
 Of mortal bondage, by these spirits supplied,
 First exiles, then replaces what we hate ;
 Watering the heart whose early flowers have died,
 And with a fresher growth replenishing the void. 45

VI.

Such is the refuge of our youth and age,
 The first from Hope, the last from Vacaney ;
 And this worn feeling peoples many a page.
 And, may be, that which grows beneath mine eye :
 Yet there are things whose strong reality 50
 Outshines our fairy-land ; in shape and hues
 More beautiful than our fantastic sky,
 And the strange constellations which the Muse
 O'er her wild universe is skilful to diffuse :

VII.

I saw or dream'd of such,—but let them go— 55
 They came like truth, and disappear'd like dreams ;
 And whatsoever they were--are now but so :
 I could replace them if I would, still teems
 My mind with many a form which aptly seems
 Such as I sought for and at moments found ; 60
 Let these too go—for waking Reason deems
 Such overweening phantasies unsound,
 And other voices speak, and other sights surround.

VIII.

I've taught me other tongues—and in strange eyes
 Have made me not a stranger ; to the mind 65
 Which is itself, no changes bring surprise ;
 Nor is it harsh to make, nor hard to find
 A country with—ay, without mankind ;
 Yet was I born where men are proud to be,
 Not without cause ; and should I leave behind 70
 The inviolate island of the sage and free,
 And seek me out a home by a remoter sea,

IX.

Perhaps I loved it well : and should I lay
 My ashes in a soil which is not mine,
 My spirit shall resume it—if we may 75
 Unbodied choose a sanctuary. I twine
 My hopes of being remember'd in my line
 With my land's language : if too fond and far
 These aspirations in their scope incline,—
 If my fame should be, as my fortunes are, 80
 Of hasty growth and blight, and dull Oblivion bar

X.

My name from out the temple where the dead
 Are honour'd by the nations—let it be—
 And light the laurels on a loftier head !
 And be the Spartan's epitaph on me— 85

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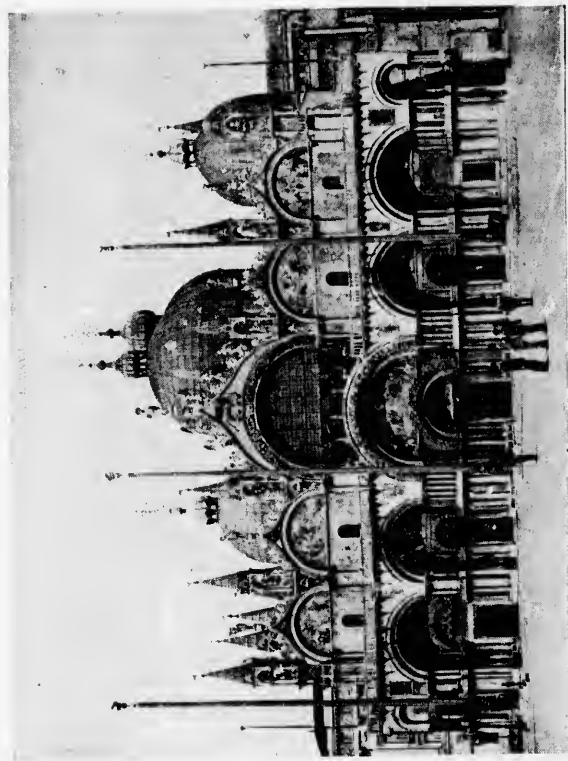
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ST. MARK'S, VENICE.

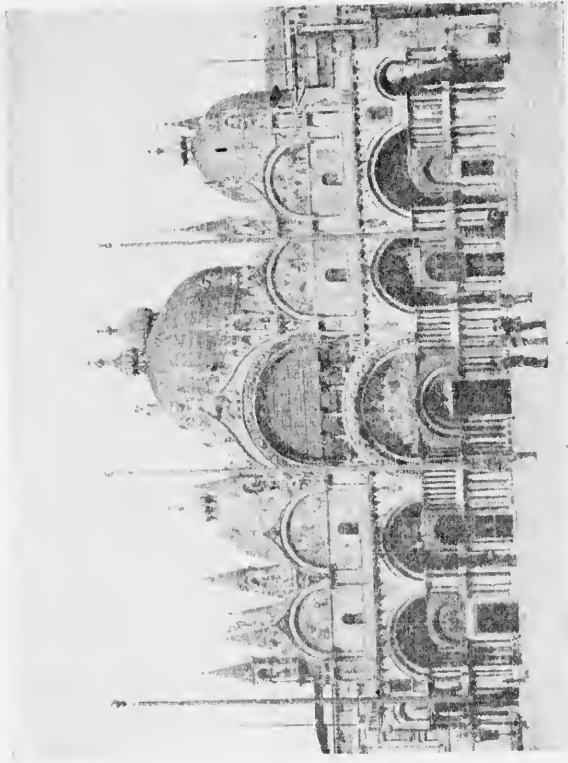
“Sparta hath many a worthier son than he.”
 Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need ;
 The thorns which I have reap'd are of the tree
 I planted.--they have torn me,—and I bleed :
 I should have known what fruit would spring from such
 a seed.

XI.

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her loss ;
 And annual marriage now no more renew'd,
 The Bucentaur lies rotting unbestor'd,
 Neglected garment of her widowhood
 St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood
 Stand, but in mockery of his wither'd power,
 Over the proud Place where an Emperor sued,
 And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour
 When Venice was a queen with an unequal'd dower.

XII.

The Saxon sued, and now the Austrian reigns-- 100
 An Emperor tramples where an Emperor knelt ;
 Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces, and chains
 Clank over sceptred cities ; nations melt
 From power's high pinnacle, when they have felt
 The sunshine for a while, and downward go 105
 Like lawine loosen'd from the mountain's belt ;
 Oh for one hour of blind old Dandolo !
 Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe



ST. MARK'S, VENICE.

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“Sparta hath many a worthier son than he.”
 Meantime I see no sympathies, nor need ;
 The thorns which I have reap'd are of the tree
 I planted,—they have torn me,—and I bleed :
 I should have known what fruit would spring from such
 a seed.

90

XI.

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord ;
 And, annual marriage now no more renew'd,
 The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored,
 Neglected garment of her widowhood !
 St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood
 Stand, but in mockery of his wither'd power,
 Over the proud Place where an Emperor sued,
 And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour
 When Venice was a queen with an unequal'd dower.

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XII.

The Suabian sued, and now the Austrian reigns—
 An Emperor tramples where an Emperor knelt ;
 Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces, and chains
 Clank over sceptred cities ; nations melt
 From power's high pinnacle, when they have felt
 The sunshine for a while, and downward go
 Like lawine loosen'd from the mountain's belt ;
 Oh for one hour of blind old Dandolo !
 Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe.

100

105

XIII.

Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,
 Their gilded collars glittering in the sun ; 110
 But is not Doria's menace come to pass ?
 Are they not *bridled* ?— Venice, lost and won,
 Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,
 Sinks, like a sea-weed, into whence she rose !
 Better be whelm'd beneath the waves, and shun, 115
 Even in destruction's depth, her foreign foes,
 From whom submission wrings an infamous repose.

XIV.

In youth she was all glory, — a new Tyre, —
 Her very by-word sprung from victory,
 The " Planter of the Lion," which through fire 120
 And blood she bore o'er subject earth and sea ;
 Though making many slaves, herself still free,
 And Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite ;
 Witness Troy's rival, Candia ! Vouch it, ye
 Immortal waves that saw Lepanto's fight ! 125
For ye are names no time nor tyranny can blight

XV.

Statues of glass — all shiver'd — the long file
 Of her dead Doges are declined to dust ;
 But where they dwell, the vast and sumptuous pile
 Bespeaks the pageant of their splendid trust ; 130

Their sceptre broken, and their sword in rust,
 Have yielded to the stranger : empty halls,
 Thin streets, and foreign aspects, such as must
 Too oft remind her who and what enthrals,
 Have flung a desolate cloud o'er Venice' lovely walls. 135

XVI.

When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse,
 And fetter'd thousands bore the yoke of war,
 Redemption rose up in the Attic Muse,
 Her voice their only ransom from afar :
 See! as they chant the tragic hymn, the car 140
 Of the o'ermaster'd victor stops, the reins
 Fall from his hands—his idle scimitar
 Starts from its belt—he rends his captive's chains,
 And bids him thank the bard for freedom and his strains.

XVII.

Thus, Venice, if no stronger claim were thine,
 Were all thy proud historic deeds forgot,
 Thy choral memory of the Bard divine,
 The love of Tasso, should have cut the knot
 Which ties thee to thy tyrants ; and thy lot
 Is shameful to the nations,—most of all, 150
 Albion ! to thee : the Ocean queen should not
 Abandon Ocean's children ; in the fall
 Of Venice think of thine, despite thy watery wall.

XVIII.

I loved her from my boyhood : she to me
 Was as a fairy city of the heart, 155
 Rising like water-columns from the sea,
 Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart ;
 And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakespeare's art
 Had stamp'd her image in me, and even so,
 Although I found her thus, we did not part ; 160
 Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,
 Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a show.

XIX.

I can repeople with the past—and of
 The present there is still for eye and thought,
 And meditation chasten'd down, enough ; 165
 And more, it may be, than I hoped or sought ;
 And of the happiest moments which were wrought
 Within the web of my existence, some
 From thee, fair Venice ! have their colours caught :
 There are some feelings Time can not benumb, 170
 Nor Torture shake, or mine would now be cold and dumb.

XX.

But from their nature will the tannen grow
 Loftiest on loftiest and least shelter'd rocks,
 Rooted in barrenness, where naught below
 Of soil supports them 'gainst the Alpine shocks 175

Of eddying storms ; yet springs the trunk, and mocks
 The howling tempest, till its height and frame
 Are worthy of the mountains from whose blocks
 Of bleak, gray, granite, into life it came, 179
 And grew a giant tree ;—the mind may grow the same.

XXI.

Existence may be borne, and the deep root
 Of life and sufferance make its firm abode
 In bare and desolate bosoms : mute
 The camel labours with the heaviest load,
 And the wolf dies in silence,—not bestow'd 185
 In vain should such example be ; if they,
 Things of ignoble or of savage mood,
 Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay
 May temper it to bear,—it is but for a day.

XXII.

All suffering doth destroy, or is destroy'd, 190
 Even by the sufferer ; and, in each event,
 Ends :—Some with hope replenish'd and rebuoy'd
 Return to whence they came— with like intent,
 And weave their web again ; some, bow'd and bent,
 Wax gray and ghastly, withering ere their time, 195
 And perish with the reed on which they leant ;
 Some seek devotion, toil, war, good or crime,
 According as their souls were form'd to sink or climb.

XXIII.

But ever and anon of griefs subdued
 There comes a token like a scorpion's sting, 200
 Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued ;
 And slight withal may be the things which bring
 Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
 Aside for ever : it may be a sound—
 A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring, 205
 A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
 Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly
 bound ;

XXIV.

And how and why we know not, nor can trace
 Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,
 But feel the shock renew'd, nor can efface 210
 The blight and blackening which it leaves behind,
 Which out of things familiar, undesign'd,
 When least we deem of such, calls up to view
 The spectre whom no exorcism can bind,—
 The cold—the changed—perchance the dead—anew, 215
 The mourn'd, the loved, the lost—too many!—yet how
 few !

XXV.

But my soul wanders ; I demand it back
 To meditate amongst decay, and stand
 A ruin amidst ruins ; there to track
 Fall'n states and buried greatness, o'er a land 220

Which *was* the mightiest in its old command,
 And *is* the loveliest, and must ever be
 The master-mould of Nature's heavenly hand,
 Wherein were cast the heroic and the free,
 The beautiful, the brave—the lords of earth and sea, 225

XXVI.

The commonwealth of kings, the men of Rome!
 And even since, and now, fair Italy!
 Thou art the garden of the world, the home
 Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree;
 Even in thy desert, what is like to thee? 230
 Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
 More rich than other climes' fertility;
 Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
 With an immaculate charm which cannot be defaced.

XXVII.

The moon is up, and yet it is not night— 235
 Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
 Of glory streams along the Alpine height
 Of blue Friuli's mountains; Heaven is free
 From clouds, but of all colours seems to be
 Melted to one vast Iris of the West, 240
 Where the Day joins the past Eternity;
 While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
 Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest!

XXVIII.

A single star is at her side, and reigns
 With her o'er half the lovely heaven ; but still 245
 Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
 Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rhetian hill,
 As Day and Night contending were, until
 Nature reclaim'd her order :—gently flows
 The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil 250
 The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
 Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd within it
 glows,

XXIX.

Fill'd with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
 Comes down upon the waters ; all its hues,
 From the rich sunset to the rising star, 255
 Their magical variety diffuse :
 And now they change ; a paler shadow strews
 Its mantle o'er the mountains ; parting day
 Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
 With a new colour as it gasps away, 260
 The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray.

XXX.

There is a tomb in Arqua ;—rear'd in air,
 Pillar'd in their sarcophagus, repose
 The bones of Laura's lover : here repair
 Many familiar with his well-sung woes, 265

The pilgrims of his genius. He arose
 To raise a language, and his land reclaim
 From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes :
 Watering the tree which bears his lady's name
 With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame. 270

XXXI.

They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died ;
 The mountain-village where his latter days
 Went down the vale of years ; and 'tis their pride—
 An honest pride—and let it be their praise,
 To offer to the passing stranger's gaze 275
 His mansion and his sepulchre ; both plain
 And venerably simple, such as raise
 A feeling more accordant with his strain
 Than if a pyramid form'd his monumental fame.

XXXII.

And the soft quiet hamlet where he dwelt 280
 Is one of that complexion which seems made
 For those who their mortality have felt,
 And sought a refuge from their hopes decay'd
 In the deep umbrage of a green hill's shade,
 Which shows a distant prospect far away 285
 Of busy cities, now in vain display'd,
 For they can lure no further ; and the ray
 Of a bright sun can make sufficient holiday,

XXXIII.

Developing the mountains, leaves, and flowers,
 And shining in the brawling brook, where-by, 290
 Clear as its current, glide the sauntering hours
 With a calm languour, which, though to the eye
 Idlesse it seem, hath its morality.
 If from society we learn to live,
 'Tis solitude should teach us how to die; 295
 It hath no flatterers; vanity can give
 No hollow aid; alone—man with his God must strive:

XXXIV.

Or, it may be, with demons, who impair
 The strength of better thoughts, and seek their prey
 In melancholy bosoms, such as were 300
 Of moody texture from their earliest day,
 And loved to dwell in darkness and dismay,
 Deeming themselves predestined to a doom
 Which is not of the pangs that pass away;
 Making the sun like blood, the earth a tomb, 305
 The tomb a hell, and hell itself a murkier gloom.

XXXV.

Ferrara! in thy wide and grass-grown streets,
 Whose symmetry was not for solitude,
 There seems as 'twere a curse upon the seats
 Of former sovereigns, and the antique brood 310

Of Este, which for many an age made good
 Its strength within thy walls, which was of yore
 Patron or tyrant, as the changing mood
 Of petty power impell'd, of those who wore
 The wreath which Dante's brow alone had worn before.

XXXVI.

And Tasso is their glory and their shame.
 Hark to his strain! and then survey his cell!
 And see how dearly earn'd Torquato's fame,
 And where Alfonso bade his poet dwell:
 The miserable despot could not quell
 The insulted mind he sought to quench, and blend
 With the surrounding maniacs, in the hell
 Where he had plunged it. Glory without end
 Scatter'd the clouds away—and on that name attend

XXXVII.

The tears and praises of all time, while thine
 Would rot in its oblivion—in the sink
 Of worthless dust, which from thy boasted line
 Is shaken into nothing; but the link
 Thou formest in his fortunes bids us think
 Of thy poor malice, naming thee with scorn:—
 Alfonso! how thy ducal pageants shrink
 From thee! if in another station born,
 Scarce fit to be the slave of him thou mad'st to mourn:

XXXVIII.

Thou! form'd to eat, and be despised, and die,
 Even as the beasts that perish, save that thou 335
 Hadst a more splendid trough, and wider sty :
He! with a glory round his furrow'd brow,
 Which emanated then, and dazzles now,
 In face of all his foes, the Cruscan quire ;
 And Boileau, whose rash envy could allow 340
 No strain which shamed his country's creaking lyre,
 That whetstone of the teeth—monotony in wire !

XXXIX.

Peace to Torquato's injured shade ! 'twas his
 In life and death to be the mark where Wrong
 Aim'd with her poison'd arrows ; but to miss. 345
 Oh, victor unsurpass'd in modern song !
 Each year brings forth its millions ; but how long
 The tide of generations shall roll on,
 And not the whole combined and countless throng
 Compose a mind like thine ? though all in one 350
 Condensed their scatter'd rays, they would not form a sun.

XL.

' Great as thou art, yet parallel'd by those,
 Thy countrymen, before thee born to shine,
 The Bards of Hell and Chivalry : first rose
 The Tuscan father's comedy divine ; 355

Then, not unequal to the Florentine,
 The Southern Scott, the minstrel who call'd forth
 A new creation with his magic line.

And, like the Ariosto of the North,
 Sang ladye-love and war, romance and knightly worth.

XLI.

The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust
 The iron crown of laurel's mimic'd leaves;
 Nor was the ominous element unjust,
 For the true laurel-wreath which Glory weaves
 Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves.

And the false semblance but disgraced his brow:
 Yet still, if fondly Superstition grieves.

Know, that the lightning sanctifies below
 Whate'er it strikes;—yon head is doubly sacred now

XLII.

Italia! oh Italia! thou who hast
 The fatal gift of beauty, which became
 A funeral dower of present woes and past.
 On thy sweet brow is sorrow plough'd by shame,
 And annals graved in characters of flame.

Oh God! that thou wert in thy nakedness
 Less lovely or more powerful, and could'st claim
 Thy right, and awe the robbers back, who press
 To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of thy distress;

XLIII.

Then might'st thou more appal ; or, less desired,
 Be homely and be peaceful, undeplord 380
 For thy destructive charms ; then, still untired,
 Would not be seen the armed torrents pour'd
 Down the deep Alps ; nor would the hostile horde
 Of many-nation'd spoilers from the Po
 Quaff blood and water ; nor the stranger's sword 385
 Be thy sad weapon of defence, and so,
 Victor or vanquish'd, thou the slave of friend or foe.

XLIV.

Wandering in youth, I traced the path of him,
 The Roman friend of Rome's least-mortal mind,
 The friend of Tully : as my bark did skim 390
 The bright blue waters with a fanning wind,
 Came Megara before me, and behind
 Ægina lay, Piræus on the right,
 And Corinth on the left ; I lay reclined
 Along the prow, and saw all these unite 395
 In ruin, even as he had seen the desolate sight ;

XLV.

For Time hath not rebuilt them, but uprear'd
 Barbaric dwellings on their shatter'd site,
 Which only make more mourn'd and more endear'd
 The few last rays of their far-scatter'd light, 400

And the crush'd relics of their vanish'd might.
 The Roman saw these tombs in his own age,
 These sepulchres of cities, which excite
 Sad wonder, and his yet surviving page
 The moral lesson bears, drawn from such pilgrimage. 405

XLVI.

That page is now before me, and on mine
His country's ruin added to the mass
 Of perish'd states he mourn'd in their decline,
 And I in desolation: all that *was*
 Of then destruction *is*; and now, alas! 410
 Rome—Rome imperial, bows her to the storm,
 In the same dust and blackness, and we pass
 The skeleton of her Titanic form,
 Wrecks of another world, whose ashes still are warm.

XLVII.

Yet, Italy! though every other land 415
 Thy wrongs should ring, and shall, from side to side;
 Mother of Arts! as once of arms, thy hand
 Was then our guardian, and is still our guide;
 Parent of our Religion! whom the wide
 Nations have knelt to for the keys of heaven! 420
 Europe, repentant of her parricide,
 Shall yet redeem thee, and, all backward driven,
 Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven.

XLVIII.

But Arno wins us to the fair white walls.
 Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps 425
 A softer feeling for her fairy halls.
 Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps
 Her corn, and wine, and oil, and Plenty leaps
 To laughing life, with her redundant horn.
 Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps 430
 Was modern Luxury of Commerce born,
 And buried Learning rose, redeem'd to a new morn.

XLIX.

There, too, the Goddess loves in stone, and fills
 The air around with beauty ; we inhale
 The ambrosial aspect, which, beheld, instils 435
 Part of its immortality ; the veil
 Of heaven is half undrawn ; within the pale
 We stand. and in that form and face behold
 What Mind can make, when Nature's self would fail ;
 And to the fond idolaters of old 440
 Envy the innate flash which such a soul could mould :

L.

We gaze and turn away, and know not where,
 Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart
 Reels with its fulness ; there—for ever there—
 Chain'd to the chariot of triumphal Art, 445

We stand as captives, and would not depart.
 Away!—there need no words, nor terms precise,
 The paltry jargon of the marble mart,
 425 Where Pedantry gulls Folly—we have eyes:
 Blood—pulse—and breast, confirm the Dardan Shepherd's
 prize. 450

LI.

430 Appear'dst thou not to Paris in this guise?
 Or to more deeply blest Anchises? or,
 In all thy perfect goddess-ship, when lies
 Before thee thy own vanquish'd Lord of War?
 And gazing in thy face as toward a star, 455
 Laid on thy lap, his eyes to thee upturn,
 Feeding on thy sweet cheek! while thy lips are
 435 With lava kisses melting while they burn,
 Shower'd on his eyelids, brow, and mouth, as from an
 urn!

LII.

Glowing, and circumfused in speechless love, 460
 Their full divinity inadequate
 That feeling to express, or to improve.
 The gods become as mortals, and man's fate,
 Has moments like their brightest; but the weight
 Of earth recoils upon us;—let it go! 465
 We can recall such visions, and create,
 From what has been, or might be, things which grow,
 445 Into thy statue's form, and look like gods below.

LIII.

I leave to learned fingers, and wise hands,
 The artist and his ape, to teach and tell - 470
 How well his connoisseurship understands
 The graceful bend, and the voluptuous swell :
 Let these describe the undescribable :
 I would not their vile breath should crisp the stream
 Wherein that image shall for ever dwell ; . 475
 The unruffled mirror of the loveliest dream
 That ever left the sky on the deep soul to beam.

LIV.

In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
 Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
 Even in itself an immortality, 480
 Though there were nothing save the past, and this,
 The particle of those sublimities
 Which have relapsed to chaos :—here repose
 Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,
 The starry Galileo, with his woes ; 485
 Here Machiavelli's earth return'd to whence it rose.

LV.

These are four minds, which, like the elements,
 Might furnish forth creation :—Italy !
 Time, which hath wrong'd thee with ten thousand rents
 Of thine imperial garment, shall deny, 490

And hath denied, to every other sky,
 Spirits which soar from ruin :—thy decay
 Is still impregnate with divinity,
 Which gilds it with revivifying ray ;
 Such as the great of yore, Canova is to-day. 495

LVI.

But where repose the all Etruscan three—
 Dante, and Petrarch, and, scarce less than they,
 The Bard of Prose, creative spirit ! he
 Of the Hundred Tales of love—where did they lay
 Their bones, distinguish'd from our common clay 500
 In death as life? Are they resolved to dust,
 And have their country's marbles nought to say ?
 Could not her quarries furnish forth one bust ?
 Did they not to her breast their filial earth entrust ?

LVII.

Ungrateful Florence ! Dante sleeps afar, 505
 Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore ;
 Thy factions, in their worse than civil war,
 Proscribed the bard whose name for evermore
 Their children's children would in vain adore
 With the remorse of ages ; and the crown 510
 Which Petrarch's laureate brow supremely wore,
 Upon a far and foreign soil had grown,
 His life, his fame, his grave, though rifled—not thine own.

LVIII.

Boccaccio to his parent earth bequeath'd
 His dust,—and lies it not her Great among, 515
 With many a sweet and solemn requiem breathed
 O'er him who form'd the Tuscan's siren tongue?
 That music in itself, whose sounds are song,
 The poetry of speech? No;—even his tomb
 Uptorn, must bear the hyæna bigot's wrong, 520
 No more amidst the meaner dead find room,
 Nor claim a passing sigh, because it told for *whom!*

LIX.

And Santa Croce wants their mighty dust;
 Yet for this want more noted, as of yore
 The Cæsar's pageant, shorn of Brutus' bust, 525
 Did but of Rome's best son remind her more:
 Happier Ravenna! on thy hoary shore,
 Fortress of falling empire! honour'd sleeps
 The immortal exile;—Arqua, too, her store
 Of tuneful relics proudly claims and keeps, 530
 While Florence vainly begs her banish'd dead and weeps.

LX.

What is her pyramid of precious stones?
 Of porphyry, jasper, agate, and all hues
 Of gem and marble, to encrust the bones
 Of merchant-dukes? the momentary dews 535

Which, sparkling to the twilight stars, infuse
 Freshness in the green turf that wraps the dead,
 Whose names are mausoleums of the Muse,
 Are gently prest with far more reverent tread 539
 Than ever paced the slab which paves the princely head.

LXI.

There be more things to greet the heart and eyes
 In Arno's dome of Art's most princely shrine,
 Where Sculpture with her rainbow sister vies ;
 There be more marvels yet—but not for mine ;
 For I have been accustom'd to entwine 545
 My thoughts with Nature rather in the fields,
 Than Art in galleries : though a work divine
 Calls for my spirit's homage, yet it yields
 525 Less than it feels, because the weapon which it wields

LXII.

Is of another temper, and I roam 550
 By Thrasimene's lake, in the defiles
 Fatal to Roman rashness, more at home ;
 For thee the Carthaginian's warlike wiles
 Come back before me, as his skill beguiles
 The host between the mountains and † shore. 555
 Where Courage falls in her despairing files,
 And torrents, swoll'n to rivers with their gore,
 Reek through the sultry plain, with legions scatter'd o'er,

LXIII.

Like to a forest fell'd by mountain winds ;
 And such the storm of battle on this day, 530
 And such the frenzy, whose convulsion blinds
 To all save carnage, that, beneath the fray,
 An earthquake reel'd unheededly away !
 None felt stern Nature rocking at his feet,
 And yawning forth a grave for those who lay 545
 Upon their bucklers for a winding-sheet ;
 Such is the absorbing hate when warring nations meet !

LXIV.

The Earth to them was as a rolling bark
 Which bore them to Eternity ; they saw
 The Ocean round, but had no time to mark 570
 The motions of their vessel ; Nature's law,
 In them suspended, reck'd not of the awe
 Which reigns when mountains tremble, and the birds
 Plunge in the clouds for refuge, and withdraw 574
 From their down-toppling nests ; and bellowing herds
 Stumble o'er heaving plains, and man's dread hath no
 words.

LXV.

Far other scene is Thrasimene now ;
 Her lake a sheet of silver, and her plain
 Rent by no ravage save the gentle plough ;
 Her aged trees rise thick as once the slain 580

Lay where their roots are ; but a brook hath ta'en—
 A little rill of scanty stream and bed—
 A name of blood from that day's sanguine rain ;
 And Sanguinetto tells ye where the dead
 Made the earth wet, and turn'd the unwilling waters red.

LXVI.

But thou, Clitumnus ! in thy sweetest wave
 Of the most living crystal that was e'er
 The haunt of river nymph, to gaze and lave
 Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou dost rear
 Thy grassy banks whereon the milk-white steer
 Grazes ; the purest god of gentle waters !
 And most serene of aspect, and most clear ;
 Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaughters,—
 A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughters !

LXVII.

And on thy happy shore a temple still
 Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,
 Upon a mild declivity of hill,
 Its memory of thee ; beneath it sweeps
 Thy current's calmness ; oft from out it leaps
 The finny darter with the glittering scales,
 Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps ;
 While, chance, some scatter'd water-lily sails
 Down where the shallower wave still tells its bubbling
 tales.

LXVIII.

Pass not unblest the Genius of the place !
 If through the air a zephyr more serene 605
 Win to the brow, 'tis his ; and if ye trace
 Along his margin a more eloquent green,
 If on the heart the freshness of the scene
 Sprinkle its coolness, and from the dry dust
 Of weary life a moment lave it clean 610
 With Nature's baptism,—'tis to him ye must
 Pay orisons for this suspension of disgust.

LXIX.

The roar of waters !—from the headlong height
 Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice ;
 The fall of waters ! rapid as the light 615
 The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss ;
 The hell of waters ! where they howl and hiss,
 And boil in endless torture ; while the sweat
 Of their great agony, wrung out from this
 Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet 620
 That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror sot,

LXX.

And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
 Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
 With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
 Is an eternal April to the ground, 625

Making it all one emerald:—how profound
 The gulf! and how the giant element
 From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
 Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent
 With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent

LXXI.

To the broad column which rolls on, and shows 631
 More like the fountain of an infant sea
 Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
 Of a new world, than only thus to be
 Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly, 635
 With many windings, through the vale:—Look back!
 Lo! where it comes like an eternity,
 As if to sweep down all things in its track.
 Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless cataract,

LXXII.

Horribly beautiful! but on the verge, 640
 From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
 An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
 Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn
 Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
 By the distracted waters, bears serene 645
 Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn:
 Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene.
 Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.

LXXIII.

Once more upon the woody Apennine,
 The infant Alps, which—had I not before 650
 Gazed on their mightier parents, where the pine
 Sits on more shaggy summits, and where roar
 The thundering lawine—might be worshipp'd more;
 But I have seen the soaring Jungfrau rear
 Her never-trodden snow, and seen the hoar 655
 Glaciers of bleak Mont-Blanc both far and near,
 And in Chimari heard the thunder-hills of fear,

LXXIV.

Th' Acroceraunian mountains of old name;
 And on Parnassus seen the eagles fly
 Like spirits of the spot, as 'twere for fame, 660
 For still they soar'd unutterably high:
 I've look'd on Ida with a Trojan's eye;
 Athos, Olympus, Ætna, Atlas, made
 These hills seem things of lesser dignity,
 All, save the lone Soracte's height, display'd. 665
 Not *now* in snow, which asks the lyric Roman's aid

LXXV.

For our remembrance, and from out the plain
 Heaves like a long-swept wave about to break,
 And on the curl hangs pausing: not in vain
 May he, who will, his recollections rake, 670

And quote in classic raptures, and awake
 The hills with Latian echoes; I abhorr'd
 Too much, to conquer for the poet's sake,
 The drill'd dull lesson, forced down word by word
 In my repugnant youth, with pleasure to record

LXXVI.

Aught that recalls the daily drug which turn'd
 My sickening memory; and, though Time hath taught
 My mind to meditate what then it learn'd,
 Yet such the fix'd inveteracy wrought
 By the impatience of my early thought,
 That, with the freshness wearing out before
 My mind could relish what it might have sought,
 If free to choose, I cannot now restore
 Its health; but what it then detested, still abhor.

LXXVII.

Then farewell, Horace; whom I hated so,
 Not for thy faults, but mine; it is a curse
 To understand, not feel thy lyric flow,
 To comprehend, but never love thy verse,
 Although no deeper Moralist rehearse
 Our little life, nor Bard prescribe his art,
 Nor livelier Satirist the conscience pierce,
 Awakening without wounding the touch'd heart,
 Yet fare thee well—upon Soracte's ridge we part.

LXXVIII.

O Rome! my country! city of the soul!
 The orphans of the heart must turn to thee, 695
 Lone mother of dead empires! and control
 In their shut breasts their petty misery.
 What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see
 The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
 O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, Ye! 700
 Whose agonies are evils of a day—
 A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

LXXIX.

The Niobe of Nations! there she stands,
 Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
 An empty urn within her wither'd hands, 705
 Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago;
 The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
 The very sepulchres lie tenantless
 Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
 Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness? 710
 Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress!

LXXX.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,
 Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride:
 She saw her glories star by star expire.
 And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride, 715

Where the car climb'd the capitol ; far and wide
 Temple and tower went down, nor left a site :—
 Chaos of ruins ! who shall trace the void,
 O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
 And say, " here was, or is," where all is doubly night ? 720

LXXXI.

The double night of ages, and of her,
 Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and wrap
 All round us ; but we feel our way to err :
 The ocean hath its chart, the stars their map,
 And Knowledge spreads them on her ample lap : 725
 But Rome is as the desert, where we steer
 Stumbling o'er recollections ; now we clap
 Our hands, and cry, " Eureka !" it is clear—
 When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

LXXXII.

Alas ! the lofty city ! and alas ! 730
 The trebly hundred triumphs ! and the day
 When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
 The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away !
 Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
 And Livy's pictured page !—but these shall be 735
 Her resurrection ; all beside—decay.
 Alas, for Earth, for never shall we see
 That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free !

LXXXIII.

O thou, whose chariot roll'd on Fortune's wheel,
 'Triumphant Sylla ! Thou, who didst subdue 740
 Thy country's foes ere thou wouldst pause to feel
 The wrath of thy own wrongs, or reap the due
 Of hoarded vengeance till thine eagles flew
 O'er prostrate Asia ;— thou, who with thy frown
 Annihilated senates—Roman, too, 745
 With all thy vices, for thou didst lay down
 With an atoning smile a more than earthly crown—

LXXXIV.

The dictatorial wreath,—couldst thou divine
 To what would one day dwindle that which made 750
 Thee more than mortal ? and that so supine
 By aught than Romans Rome should thus be laid ?
 She who was named Eternal, and array'd
 Her warriors but to conquer—she who veil'd
 Earth with her haughty shadow, and display'd,
 Until the o'er-canopied horizon fail'd, 755
 Her rushing wings— Oh ! she who was Almighty hail'd !

LXXXV.

Sylla was first of victors ; but our own,
 The sagest of usurpers, Cromwell ; he
 Too swept off senates while he hew'd the throne
 Down to a block—immortal rebel ! See 760

What crimes it costs to be a moment free
 And famous through all ages! but beneath
 His fate the moral lurks of destiny;
 His day of double victory and death 764
 Beheld him win two realms, and, happier, yield his breath.

LXXXVI.

The third of the same moon whose former course
 Had all but crown'd him, on the selfsame day
 Deposed him gently from his throne of force,
 And laid him with the earth's preceding clay.
 And show'd not Fortune thus how fame and sway. 770
 And all we deem delightful, and consume
 Our souls to compass through each arduous way,
 Are in her eyes less happy than the tomb?
 Were they but so in man's, how different were his doom!

LXXXVII.

And thou, dread statue! yet existent in 775
 The austerest form of naked majesty,
 Thou who beheldest, 'mid the assassins' din,
 At thy bathed base the bloody Cæsar lie
 Folding his robe in dying dignity,
 An offering to thine altar from the queen 780
 Of gods and men, great Nemesis! did he die,
 And thou, too, perish, Pompey? have ye been
 Victors of countless kings, or puppets of a scene?

LXXXVIII.

And thou, the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome !
 She-wolf ! whose brazen-imag'd dugs impart 785
 The milk of conquest yet within the dome
 Where, as a monument of antique art,
 Thou standest :—Mother of the mighty heart,
 Which the great founder suck'd from thy wild teat,
 Scorch'd by the Roman Jove's ethereal dart, 790
 And thy limbs black'd with lightning—dost thou yet
 Guard thine immortal cubs, nor thy fond charge forget ?

LXXXIX.

Thou dost ;—but all thy foster-babes are dead—
 The men of iron ; and the world hath rear'd
 Cities from out their sepulchres : men bled 795
 In imitation of the things they fear'd,
 And fought and conquer'd, and the same course steer'd,
 At apish distance ; but as yet none have,
 Nor could, the same supremacy have near'd,
 Save one vain man, who is not in the grave, 800
 But, vanquish'd by himself, to his own slaves a slave—

XC.

The fool of false dominion—and a kind
 Of bastard Cæsar, following him of old
 With steps unequal ; for the Roman's mind
 Was modell'd in a less terrestrial mould, 805

With passions fiercer, yet a judgment cold,
 And an immortal instinct which redeem'd
 The frailties of a heart so soft, yet bold,
 Alcides with the distaff now he seem'd
 At Cleopatra's feet,—and now himself he beam'd. 810

XCI.

And came—and saw—and conquer'd! But the man
 Who would have tamed his eagles down to flee.
 Like a train'd falcon, in the Gallic van,
 Which he, in sooth, long led to victory,
 With a deaf heart which never seem'd to be 815
 A listener to itself, was strangely framed;
 With but one weakest weakness—vanity,
 Coquettish in ambition, still he aim'd—
 At what? can he avouch—or answer what he claim'd?

XCII.

And would be all or nothing—nor could wait 820
 For the sure grave to level him; few years
 Had fix'd him with the Cæsars in his fate,
 On whom we tread: For *this* the conqueror rears
 The arch of triumph! and for *this* the tears
 And blood of earth flow on as they have flow'd. 825
 An universal deluge, which appears
 Without an ark for wretched man's abode,
 And ebbs but to reflow!-- Renew thy rainbow, God!

XCIII.

What from this barren being do we reap?
 Our senses narrow, and our reason frail, 830
 Life short, and truth a gem which loves the deep,
 And all things weigh'd in custom's falsest scale;
 Opinion an omnipotence, whose veil
 Mantles the earth with darkness, until right
 And wrong are accidents, and men grow pale 835
 Lest their own judgments should become too bright,
 And their free thoughts be crimes, and earth have too
 much light.

XCIV.

And thus they plod in sluggish misery,
 Rotting from sire to son, and age to age,
 Proud of their trampled nature, and so die, 840
 Bequeathing their hereditary rage
 To the new race of inborn slaves, who wage
 War for their chains, and rather than be free,
 Bleed gladiator-like, and still engage
 Within the same arena where they see 845
 Their fellows fall before, like leaves of the same tree.

XCV.

I speak not of men's creeds—they rest between
 Man and his Maker—but of things allow'd,
 Averr'd, and known,—and daily, hourly seen—
 The yoke that is upon us doubly bow'd, 850

And the intent of tyranny avow'd,
 The edict of Earth's rulers, who are grown
 The apes of him who humbled once the proud,
 And shook them from their slumbers on the throne;
 Too glorious, were this all his mighty arm had done.

XCVI.

Can tyrants but by tyrants conquer'd be,
 And Freedom find no champion and no child
 Such a, Columbia saw arise when she
 Sprung forth a Pallas, arm'd and undefiled?
 Or must such minds be nourish'd in the wild,
 Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the roar
 Of cataracts, where nursing Nature smiled
 On infant Washington? Has Earth no more
 Such seeds within her breast, or Europe no such shore?

XCVII.

But France got drunk with blood to vomit crime,
 And fatal have her Saturnalia been
 To Freedom's cause, in every age and clime;
 Because the deadly days which we have seen,
 And vile Ambition, that built up between
 Man and his hopes an adamant wall,
 And the base pageant last upon the scene,
 Are grown the pretext for the eternal thrall
 Which nips Life's tree, and dooms man's worst—his
 second fall.

XCVIII.

Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
 Streams like the thunder-storm *against* the wind; 875
 Thy trumpet-voice, though broken now and dying.
 The loudest still the tempest leaves behind;
 Thy tree hath lost its blossoms, and the rind,
 Chopp'd by the axe, looks rough and little worth.
 But the sap lasts,—and still the seed we find 880
 Sown deep, even in the bosom of the North;
 So shall a better spring less bitter fruit bring forth.

XCIX.

There is a stern round tower of other days,
 Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone,
 Such as an army's baffled strength delays, 885
 Standing with half its battlements alone,
 And with two thousand years of ivy grown,
 The garland of eternity, where wave
 The green leaves over all by time o'erthrown;—
 What was this tower of strength? within its cave 890
 What treasure lay so lock'd, so hid?—A woman's grave.

C.

But who was she, the lady of the dead,
 Tomb'd in a palace? Was she chaste and fair?
 Worthy a king's—or more—a Roman's bed?
 What race of chiefs and heroes did she bear? 895

What daughter of her beauties was the heir?
 How lived—how loved—how died she? Was she not
 So honour'd—and conspicuously there,
 Where meaner relics must not dare to rot,
 Placed to commemorate a more than mortal lot? 900

CI.

Was she as those who love their lords, or they
 Who love the lords of others? such have been,
 Even in the olden time, Rome's annals say.
 Was she a matron of Cornelia's mien,
 Or the light air of Egypt's graceful queen, 905
 Profuse of joy—or 'gainst it did she war,
 Inveterate in virtue? Did she lean
 To the soft side of the heart, or wisely bar
 Love from amongst her griefs?—for such the affections
 are.

CII.

Perchance she died in youth: it may be, bow'd 910
 With woes far heavier than the ponderous tomb
 That weigh'd upon her gentle dust, a cloud
 Might gather o'er her beauty, and a gloom
 In her dark eye, prophetic of the doom
 Heaven gives its favourites—early death; yet shed 915
 A sunset charm around her, and illumine
 With hectic light, the Hesperus of the dead,
 Of her consuming cheek the autumnal leaf-like red.

CIII.

Perchance she died in age—surviving all,
 Charms, kindred, children—with the silver gray 920
 On her long tresses, which might yet recall,
 It may be, still a something of the day
 When they were braided, and her proud array
 And lovely form were envied, praised, and eyed
 By Rome—But whither would Conjecture stray? 925
 Thus much alone we know—Metella died.
 The wealthiest Roman's wife: Behold his love or pride!

CIV.

I know not why—but standing thus by thee
 It seems as if I had thine inmate known,
 Thou tomb! and other days come back on me 930
 With recollected music, though the tone
 Is changed and solemn, like the cloudy groan
 Of dying thunder on the distant wind;
 Yet could I seat me by this ivied stone
 Till I had bodied forth the heated mind 935
 Forms from the floating wreck which Ruin leaves behind;

CV.

And from the planks, far shatter'd o'er the rocks,
 Built me a little bark of hope, once more
 To battle with the ocean and the shocks
 Of the loud breakers, and the ceaseless roar 940

Which rushes on the solitary shore
 Where all lies founder'd that was ever dear :
 But could I gather from the wave-worn store
 Enough for my rude boat, where should I steer? 911
 There woos no home, nor hope, nor life, save what is here.

CVI.

Then let the winds howl on! their harmony
 Shall henceforth be my music, and the night
 The sound shall temper with the owlets' cry,
 As I now hear them, in the fading light
 Dim o'er the bird of darkness' native site, 950
 Answering each other on the Palatine,
 With their large eyes, all glistening grey and bright,
 And sailing pinions.—Upon such a shrine
 What are our petty griefs?—let me number mine.

CVII.

Cypress and ivy, weed and wallflower grown 955
 Matted and mass'd together, hillocks heap'd
 On what were chambers, arch crush'd, column strown
 In fragments, choked up vaults, and frescos steep'd
 In subterranean damps, where the owl peep'd,
 Deeming it midnight:—Temples, baths, or halls? 960
 Pronounce who can; for all that Learning reap'd
 From her research hath been, that these are walls—
 Behold the Imperial Mount! 'tis thus the mighty falls.

CVIII.

There is the moral of all human tales ;
 'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past, 965
 First Freedom, and then Glory—when that fails,
 Wealth, vice, corruption,—barbarism at last.
 And History, with all her volumes vast,
 Hath but *one* page,—'tis better written here,
 Where gorgeous Tyranny hath thus amass'd 970
 All treasures, all delights, that eye or ear,
 Heart, soul could seek, tongue ask—Away with words !
 draw near,

CIX.

Admire, exult, despise, laugh, weep,—for here
 There is such matter for all feeling :—Man !
 Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear, 975
 Ages and realms are crowded in this span,
 This mountain, whose obliterated plan
 The pyramid of empires pinnae'd,
 Of Glory's gewgaws shining in the van
 Till the sun's rays with added flame were fill'd ! 980
 Where are its golden roofs? where those who dared to
 build?

CX.

Tully was not so eloquent as thou,
 'Thou nameless column with the buried base !
 What are the laurels of the Cæsar's brow ?
 Crown me with ivy from his dwelling-place. 985

Whose arch or pillar meets me in the face,
 Titus or Trajan's? No—'tis that of Time:
 Triumph, arch, pillar, all he doth displace
 Scoffing; and apostolic statues climb
 To crush the imperial urn, whose ashes slept sublime, 990

OXI.

Buried in air, the deep blue sky of Rome,
 And looking to the stars: they had contain'd
 A spirit which with these would find a home,
 The last of those who o'er the whole earth reign'd,
 The Roman globe, for after none sustain'd 995
 But yielded back his conquests:—he was more
 Than a mere Alexander, and, unstain'd,
 With household blood and wine, serenely wore
 His sovereign virtues—still we Trajan's name adore.

OXII.

Where is the rock of Triumph, the high place 1000
 Where Rome embraced her heroes? where the steep
 Tarpeian? fittest goal of Treason's race,
 The promontory whence the Traitor's Leap
 Cured all ambition. Did the conquerors heap
 Their spoils here? Yes; and in yon field below, 1005
 A thousand years of silenced factions sleep—
 The Forum, where the immortal accents glow,
 And still the eloquent air breathes—burns with Cicero!

CXIII.

The field of freedom, faction, fame, and blood :
 Here a proud people's passions were exhaled, 1010
 From the first hour of empire in the bud
 To that when further worlds to conquer fail'd ;
 But long before had Freedom's face been veil'd,
 And Anarchy assumed her attributes ;
 Till every lawless soldier who assail'd 1015
 Trod on the trembling senate's slavish mutes,
 Or raised the venal voice of baser prostitutes.

CXIV. .

Then turn we to her latest tribune's name,
 From her ten thousand tyrants turn to thee,
 Redeemer of dark centuries of shame— 1020
 The friend of Petrarch—hope of Italy—
 Rienzi ! last of Romans ! While the tree
 Of freedom's wither'd trunk puts forth a leaf,
 Even for thy tomb a garland let it be—
 The forum's champion, and the people's chief— 1025
 Her new-born Numa thou,—with reign, alas ! too brief.

CXV.

Egeria ! sweet creation of some heart
 Which found no mortal resting-place so fair
 As thine ideal breast ; whate'er thou art
 Or wert,—a young Aurora of the air, 1030

The nympholepsy of some fond despair ;
 Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,
 Who found a more than common votary there
 Too much adoring ; whatsoe'er thy birth,
 Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth. 1035

CXVI.

The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled
 With thine Elysian water-drops ; the face
 Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years unwrinkled,
 Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,
 Whose green, wild margin now no more erase 1040
 Art's works ; nor must the delicate waters sleep,
 Prison'd in marble, bubbling from the base
 Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap
 The oil runs o'er, and round, fern, flowers, and ivy, creep,

CXVII.

Fantastically tangled : the green hills 1045
 Are clothed with early blossoms, through the grass
 The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the bills
 Of summer-birds sing welcome as ye pass ;
 Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their class,
 Implore the pausing step, and with their dyes 1050
 Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass ;
 The sweetness of the violet's deep blue eyes,
 Kiss'd by the breath of heaven, seems colour'd by its skies.

CXVIII.

Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted cover,
 Egeria! thy all heavenly bosom beating 1055
 For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover;
 The purple Midnight veil'd that mystic meeting
 With her most starry canopy, and seating
 Thyself by thine adorer, what befell?
 This cave was surely shaped out for the greeting 1060
 Of an enamour'd Goddess, and the cell
 Haunted by holy Love—the earliest oracle!

CXIX.

And didst thou not, thy breast to his replying,
 Blend a celestial with a human heart;
 And Love, which dies as it was born, in sighing, 1065
 Share with immortal transports? could thine art
 Make them indeed immortal, and impart
 The purity of heaven to earthly joys,
 Expel the venom and not blunt the dart—
 The dull satiety which all destroys— 1070
 And root from out the sov! the deadly weed which cloy's?

CXX.

Alas! our young affections run to waste,
 Or water but the desert; whence arise
 But weeds of dark luxuriance, tares of haste,
 Rank at the core, though tempting to the eyes, 1075

Flowers whose wild odours breathe but agonies,
 And trees whose gums are poison ; such the plants
 Which spring beneath her steps as Passion flies
 O'er the world's wilderness, and vainly pants
 For some celestial fruit forbidden to our wants. 1080

CXXI.

Oh Love! no habitant of earth thou art—
 An unseen seraph, we believe in thee,
 A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart,
 But never yet hath seen, nor e'er shall see,
 The naked eye, thy form, as it should be ; 1085
 The mind hath made thee, as it peopled heaven,
 Even with its own desiring phantasy,
 And to a thought such shape and image given,
 As haunts the unquench'd soul—parch'd—wearied—wrung
 —and riven.

CXXII.

Of its own beauty is the mind diseased, 1090
 And fevers into false creation :—where,
 Where are the forms the sculptor's soul hath seized?
 In him alone. Can nature show so fair?
 Where are the charms and virtues which we dare
 Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men. 1095
 The unreach'd Paradise of our despair,
 Which o'er-informs the pencil and the pen,
 And overpowers the page where it would bloom again?

CXXIII.

Who loves, raves—'tis youth's frenzy— but the cure
 Is bitterer still ; as charm by charm unwinds 1100
 Which robbed our idols, and we see too sure
 Nor worth nor beauty dwells from out the mind's
 Ideal shape of such ; yet still it binds
 The fatal spell, and still it draws us on,
 Reaping the whirlwind from the oft-sown winds ; 1105
 The stubborn heart, its alchemy begun.
 Seems ever near the prize, — wealthiest when most undone.

CXXIV.

We wither from our youth, we gasp away—
 Sick—sick ; unfound the boon, unslaked the thirst,
 Though to the last, in verge of our decay, 1110
 Some phantom lures, such as we sought at first—
 But all too late, —so are we doubly curst.
 Love, fame, ambition, avaricé—'tis the same,
 Each idle—and all ill—and none the worst—
 For all are meteors with a different name, 1115
 And Death the sable smoke where vanishes the flame.

CXXV.

Few—none find what they love or could have loved.
 Though accident, blind contact, and the strong
 Necessity of loving, have removed
 Antipathies—but to recur, ere long, 1120

Envenom'd with irrevocable wrong ;
 And Circumstance, that unspiritual god
 And miscreator, makes and helps along
 Our coming evils with a crutch-like rod,
 Whose touch turns Hope to dust,—the dust we all have
 trod. 1125

CXXVI.

Our life is a false nature—'tis not in
 The harmony of things,—this hard decree,
 This uneradicable taint of sin,
 This boundless upas, this all-blasting tree,
 Whose root is earth, whose leaves and branches be 1130
 The skies which rain their plagues on men like dew—
 Disease, death, bondage—all the woes we see—
 And worse, the woes we see not—which throb through
 The inmedicable soul, with heart-aches ever new.

CXXVII.

Yet let us ponder boldly—'tis a base 1135
 Abandonment of reason to resign
 Our right of thought—our last and only place
 Of refuge ; this, at least, shall still be mine :
 Though from our birth the faculty divine
 Is chain'd and tortured—cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, 1140
 And bred in darkness, lest the truth should shine
 Too brightly on the unprepared mind,
 The beam pours in, for time and skill will couch the
 blind.

CXXVIII.

Arches on arches ! as it were that Rome,
 Collecting the chief trophies of her line, 1145
 Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
 Her Coliseum stands ; the moonbeams shine
 As 'twere its natural torches, for divine
 Should be the light which streams here, to illum
 This long-explored but still exhaustless mine 1150
 Of contemplation ; and the azure gloom
 Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

CXXIX.

Hues which have words, and speak to ye of heaven,
 Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument.
 And shadows forth its glory. There is given 1155
 Unto the things of earth, which time hath bent,
 A spirit's feeling, and where he had leant
 His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power
 And magic in the ruin'd battlement,
 For which the palace of the present hour 1160
 Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.

CXXX.

Oh Time ! the beautifier of the dead,
 Adorner of the ruin, comforter
 And only healer when the heart hath bled—
 Time ! the corrector where our judgment err, 1165

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CXXVIII.

Youngs on arches! as it were that Rome,
 Collecting the chief trophies of her line, 116
 Would build on all her triumphs one dome,
 Her Coliseum stand; the moon beams shine
 As sweet as any natural torch, or divine
 Should be the light which streams here, to illumine
 This long explored but still extinguisht mine 119
 Of contemplation, and the azure gloom
 Of an Italian night, whose soft depressions assume

CXXIX.

Haues which have woods, and speak to ye of heaven,
 Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,
 And shadows forth its glory. There is given 120
 Unto the fiercer of earth, which time hath bent
 A more fading, and where he had leant
 His head, he would have seen a power
 And beauty, which would have transfus'd
 For which the monuments of the present age 123
 Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.

CXXX.

Oh Time! the beautifier of the dead,
 Adorn'd of the vain, comforter
 And only helper when the great are dead—
 Time! the corrector who, ere judgment day,

THE COLISEUM, ROME.



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The test of truth, love,—sole philosopher,
 For all besides are sophists, from thy thrift,
 Which never loses though it doth defer—
 Time, the avenger ! unto thee I lift
 My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of thee a gift: 1170

CXXXI.

Amidst this wreck, where thou hast made a shrine
 And temple more divinely desolate,
 Among thy mightier offerings here are mine,
 Ruins of years: though few, yet full of fate:—
 If thou hast ever seen me too elate, 1175
 Hear me not ; but if calmly I have borne
 Good, and reserved my pride against the hate
 Which shall not overwhelm me, let me not have worn
 This iron in my soul in vain—shall *they* not mourn ?

CXXXII.

And thou, who never yet of human wrong 1180
 Left the unbalanced scale, great Nemesis !
 Here, where the ancient paid thee homage long—
 Thou, who didst call the Furies from the abyss,
 And round Orestes bade them howl and hiss
 For that unnatural retribution—just, 1185
 Had it but been from hands less near—in this
 Thy former realm, I call thee from the dust !
 Dost thou not hear my heart ?—Awake ! thou shalt, and
 must.

CXXXIII.

It is not that I may not have incurr'd
 For my ancestral faults or mine the wound 1190
 I bleed withal, and had it been conferr'd
 With a just weapon, it had flow'd unbound ;
 But now my blood shall not sink in the ground ;
 To thee I do devote it—*thou* shalt take
 The vengeance, which shall yet be sought and found, 1195
 Which if *I* have not taken for the sake—
 But let that pass—I sleep, but thou shalt yet awake.

CXXXIV.

And if my voice break forth, 'tis not that now
 I shrink from what is suffer'd : let him speak
 Who hath beheld decline upon my brow, 1200
 Or seen my mind's convulsion leave it weak ;
 But in this page a record will I seek.
 Not in the air shall these my words disperse,
 Though I be ashes ; a far hour shall wreak
 The deep prophetic fulness of this verse. 1205
 And pile on human heads the mountain of my curse !

CXXXV.

That curse shall be Forgiveness.—Have I not—
 Hear me, my mother Earth ! behold it, Heaven !—
 Have J not had to wrestle with my lot ?
 Have I not suffer'd things to be forgiven ? 1210

Have I not had my brain sear'd, my heart riven,
 Hopes sapp'd, name blighted, Life's life lied away?
 And only not to desperation driven,
 Because not altogether of such clay
 As rots into the souls of those whom I survey.

1215

CXXXVI.

From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy
 Have I not seen what human things could do?
 From the loud roar of foaming calumny
 To the small whisper of the as paltry few,
 And subtler venom of the reptile crew,

The Janus glance of whose significant eye,
 Learning to lie with silence, would *seem* true,
 And without utterance, save the shrug or sigh,
 Deal round to happy fools its speechless obloquy.

1220

CXXXVII.

But I have lived, and have not lived in vain :

My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,
 And my frame perish even in conquering pain ;
 But there is that within me which shall tire
 Torture and Time, and breathe when I expire ;
 Something unearthly, which they deem not of,

Like the remember'd tone of a mute lyre,
 Shall on their soften'd spirits sink, and move
 In hearts all rocky now the late remorse of love.

1225

1230

CXXXVIII.

The seal is set.—Now welcome, thou dread power !
 Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here 1235
 Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight hour
 With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear ;
 Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear
 Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene
 Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear 1240
 That we become a part of what has been,
 And grow unto the spot, all-seeing but unseen.

CXXXIX.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,
 In murmur'd pity, or loud-roar'd applause,
 As man was slaughter'd by his fellow-man. 1245
 And wherefore slaughter'd ? wherefore, but because
 Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,
 And the imperial pleasure.—Wherefore not ?
 What matters where we fall to fill the maws
 Of worms—on battle-plains or listed spot ? 1250
 Both are but theatres where the chief actors rot.

CXL.

I see before me the Gladiator lie :
 He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,
 And his droop'd head sinks gradually low— 1255

And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
 Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
 The arena swims around him—he is gone,
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch
 who won.

1260

CXXI.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
 Were with his heart, and that was far away;
 He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
 There were his young barbarians all at play,

There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
 Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday—
 All this rush'd with his blood—Shall he expire
 And unavenged?—Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!

1265

CXXII.

But here, where Murder breathed her bloody steam;

And here, where buzzing nations choked the ways,
 And roar'd or murmur'd like a mountain-stream
 Dashing or winding as its torrent strays;
 Here, where the Roman million's blame or praise
 Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd,

My voice sounds much—and fall the stars' faint rays
 On the arena void—seats crush'd—walls bow'd—
 And galleries, where my steps seem echoes strangely loud,

1275

CXLIII.

A ruin—yet what ruin ! from its mass
 Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been rear'd ; 1280
 Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,
 And marvel where the spoil could have appear'd.
 Hath it indeed been plunder'd, or but clear'd ?
 Alas ! developed, opens the decay,
 When the colossal fabric's form is near'd : 1285
 It will not bear the brightness of the day.
 Which streams too much on all years, man, have reft
 away.

CXLIV.

But when the rising moon begins to climb
 Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there ;
 When the stars twinkle through the loops of time, 1290
 And the low night-breeze waves along the air
 The garland-forest, which the grey walls wear,
 Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head :
 When the light shines serene but doth not glare,
 Then in this magic circle raise the dead : 1295
 Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust ye tread.

CXLV.

“ While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand ;
 “ When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall ;
 “ And when Rome falls—the World.” From our own
 land
 Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall 1300

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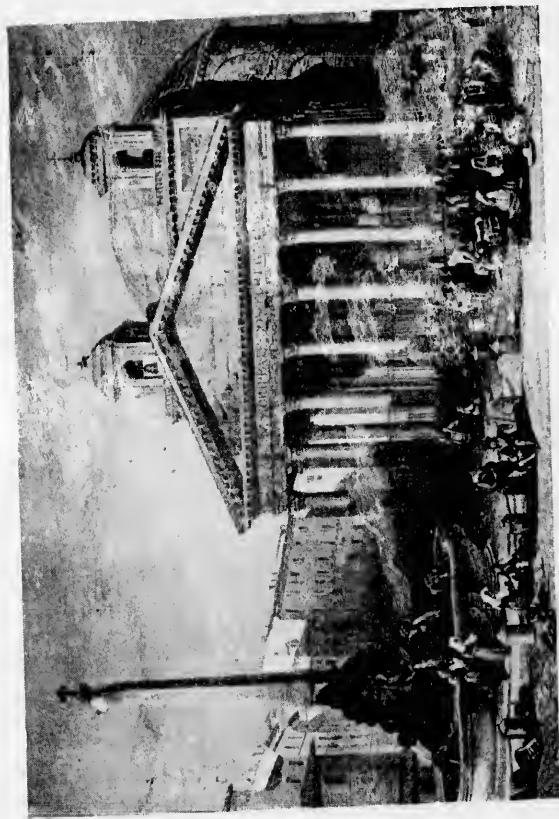
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THE PANTHEON, ROME.

In Saxon times, which we are wont to call
 Ancient; and these three mortal things are still
 In their foundations, and unalter'd all;
 And her Ruin pierc'd Redemption's fall,
 World, the same wide den of thieves, or what
 you will.

145

CXLVI.

Direct, severe, austere—Time's
 Of all saints and people of all gods,
 Love to Jesus—spared and blest by time;
 In tranquillity, while falls around
 The empire, each thing round thee, and man's
 Through thorns to ashes—glorious name
 Then not last?—Time's scythe and scimitar! Then
 Upon these—saints—
 On piety—Pau—

CXLVII

...ble days, and nobles of
 ...not perfect with the world's
 ...appealing to all hearts—
 ...and to him who made
 ...the sake of thee—Gory, die,
 ...through thy sole
 ...worship, here at
 ...who fed for genius, rest to
 ...honour'd forms, whose busts around them
 lose.

146

THE PANTHEON, ROME.





THE UNIVERSITY BUILDING

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In Saxon times, which we are wont to call
 Ancient ; and these three mortal things are still
 On their foundations, and unalter'd all ;
 Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill,
 The World, the same wide den—of thieves, or what ye
 will.

1305

CXLVI.

Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime—
 Shrine of all saints and temple of all gods,
 From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest by time ;
 Looking tranquillity, while falls or nods
 Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and man plods
 His way through thorns to ashes—glorious dome !
 Shalt thou not last ?—Time's scythe and tyrants' rods
 Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home
 Of art and piety—Pantheon !—pride of Rome !

CXLVII.

Relic of nobler days, and noblest arts !
 Despoil'd yet perfect, with thy circle spreads
 A holiness appealing to all hearts—
 To art a model ; and to him who treads
 Rome for the sake of ages, Glory sheds
 Her light through thy sole aperture ; to those
 Who worship, here are altars for their beads ;
 And they who feel for genius may repose
 Their eyes on honour'd forms, whose busts around them
 close.

1315

1320

CXLVIII.

There is a dungeon, in whose dim drear light
 What do I gaze on? Nothing: Look again! 1325
 Two forms are slowly shadow'd on my sight—
 Two insulated phantoms of the brain:
 It is not so; I see them full and plain—
 An old man, and a female young and fair,
 Fresh as a nursing mother, in whose vein 1330
 The blood is nectar:—but what doth she there,
 With her unmantled neck, and bosom white and bare?

CXLIX.

Full swells the deep pure fountain of young life,
 Where *on* the heart and *from* the heart we took
 Our first and sweetest nurture, when the wife, 1335
 Blest into mother, in the innocent look,
 Or even the piping cry of lips that brook
 No pain and small suspense, a joy perceives
 Man knows not, when from out its cradled nook
 She sees her little bud put forth its leaves— 1340
 What may the fruit be yet?—I know not—Cain was
 Eve's.

CL.

But here youth offers to old age the food,
 The milk of his own gift:—it is her sire
 To whom she renders back the debt of blood
 Born with her birth. No; he shall not expire 1345

While in those warm and lovely veins the fire
 Of health and holy feeling can provide
 Great Nature's Nile, whose deep stream rises higher
 Than Egypt's river:—from that gentle side
 Drink, drink and live, old man! Heaven's realm holds no
 such tide.

1350

CLI.

The starry fable of the milky way
 Has not thy story's purity; it is
 A constellation of a sweeter ray,
 And sacred Nature triumphs more in this
 Reverse of her decree, than in the abyss
 Where sparkle distant worlds:—Oh, holiest nurse!
 No drop of that clear stream its way shall miss
 To thy sire's heart, replenishing its source
 With life, as our freed souls rejoin the universe.

1355

CLII.

Turn to the Mole which Hadrian rear'd on high,
 Imperial mimic of old Egypt's piles,
 Colossal copyist of deformity,
 Whose travell'd fantasy from the far Nile's
 Enormous model, doom'd the artist's toils
 To build for giants, and for his vain earth,
 His shrunken ashes, raise this dome: How wiles
 The gazer's eye with philosophic mirth,
 To view the huge design which sprung from such a birth!

1360

1365

CLIII.

But lo! the dome—the vast and wondrous dome,
 To which Diana's marvel was a cell— 1370
 Christ's mighty shrine above his martyr's tomb!
 I have beheld the Ephesian's miracle—
 Its columns strow the wilderness, and dwell
 The hyæna and the jackal in their shade;
 I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell 1375
 Their glittering mass i' the sun, and have survey'd
 Its sanctuary the while the usurping Moslem pray'd;

CLIV.

But thou, of temples old, or altars new,
 Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—
 Worthiest of God, the holy and the true. 1380
 Since Zion's desolation, when that He
 Forsook his former city, what could be,
 Of earthly structures, in his honour piled,
 Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
 Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty, all are aisled 1385
 In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

CLV.

Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
 And why? it is not lessen'd; but thy mind.
 Expanded by the genius of the spot,
 Has grown colossal, and can only find

A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
 Thy hopes of immortality ; and thou
 Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,
 See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
 His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by his brow

CLVI.

Thou movest—but increasing with the advance.
 Like climbing some great Alp, which still doth rise.
 Deceived by its gigantic elegance ;
 Vastness which grows—but grows to harmonize—
 All musical in its immensities ;
 Rich marbles—richer painting—shrines where flame
 The lamp of gold—and haughty dome which vies
 In air with Earth's chief structures, though their frame
 Sits on the firm-set ground—and this the clouds must
 claim.

CLVII.

Thou seest not all ; but piecemeal thou must break.
 To separate contemplation, the great whole ;
 And as the ocean many bays will make,
 That ask the eye—so here condense thy soul
 To more immediate objects, and control
 Thy thoughts until thy mind hath got by heart
 Its eloquent proportions, and unroll
 In mighty graduations, part by part,
 The glory which at once upon thee did not dart,

CLVIII.

Not by its fault—but thine : Our outward sense
 Is but of gradual grasp—and as it is 1415
 That what we have of feeling most intense
 Outstrips our faint expression ; even so this
 Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice
 Fools our fond gaze, and greatest of the great
 Defies at first our Nature's littleness, 1420
 Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate
 Our spirits to the size of that they contemplate.

CLIX.

'Then pause, and be enlighten'd ; there is more
 In such a survey than the sating gaze
 Of wonder pleased, or awe which would adore 1425
 The worship of the place, or the mere praise
 Of art and its great masters, who could raise
 What former time, nor skill, nor thought could plan ;
 The fountain of sublimity displays
 Its depth, and thence may draw the mind of man 1430
 Its golden sands, and learn what great conceptions can.

CLX.

Or, turning to the Vatican, go see
 Laocoön's torture dignifying pain—
 A father's love and mortal's agony
 With an immortal patience blinding : —Vain 1435

The struggle ; vain, against the coiling strain
 And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,
 The old man's clench ; the long envenom'd chain
 Rivets the living links,—the enormous asp
 Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp. 1440

CLXI.

Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,
 The God of life, and poesy, and light—
 The Sun in human limbs array'd, and brow
 All radiant from his triumph in the fight ;
 The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright 1445
 With an immortal's vengeance ; in his eye
 And nostril beautiful disdain, and might,
 And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,
 Developing in that one glance the Deity. 1425

CLXII.

But in his delicate form—a dream of Love, 1450
 Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast
 Long'd for a deathless lover from above,
 And madden'd in that vision—are exprest
 All that ideal beauty ever bless'd
 The mind with in its most unearthly mood, 1455
 When each conception was a heavenly guest—
 A ray of immortality—and stood,
 Starlike, around, until they gather'd to a god ! 1435

CLXIII.

And if it be Prometheus stole from Heaven
 The fire which we endure, it was repaid 1460
 By him to whom the energy was given
 Which this poetic marble hath array'd
 With an eternal glory—which, if made
 By human hands, is not of human thought ;
 And 'Time himself hath hallow'd it, nor laid 1465
 One ringlet in the dust—nor hath it caught
 A tinge of years, but breathes the flame with which 'twas
 wrought.

CLXIV.

But where is he, the Pilgrim of my song,
 The being who upheld it through the past ?
 Methinks he cometh late and tarries long. 1470
 He is no more—these breathings are his last ;
 His wanderings done, his visions ebbing fast,
 And he himself as nothing :—if he was
 Aught but a phantasy, and could be class'd
 With forms which live and suffer—let that pass— 1475
 His shadow fades away into Destruction's mass.

CLXV.

Which gathers shadow, substance, life, and all
 That we inherit in its mortal shroud,
 And spreads the dim and universal pall
 Through which all things grow phantoms ; and the
 cloud 1480

1460 Between us sinks and all which ever glow'd,
 Till Glory's self is twilight, and displays
 A melancholy halo scarce allow'd
 To hover on the verge of darkness ; rays
 Sadder than saddest night, for they distract the gaze, 1485

CLXVI.

1465 And send us prying into the abyss,
 To gather what we shall be when the frame
 nich 'twas Shall be resolved to something less than this
 Its wretched essence ; and to dream of fame,
 And wipe the dust from off the idle name 1490
 We never more shall hear,—but never more,
 Oh, happier thought ! can we be made the same :
 1470 It is enough in sooth that *once* we bore
 These fardels of the heart—the heart whose sweat was
 gore.

CLXVII.

 Hark ! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds, 1495
 A long low distant murmur of dread sound,
 pass-- 1475 Such as arises when a nation bleeds
 s. With some deep and immedicable wound ;
 Through storm and darkness yawns the rending
 all ground,
 The gulf is thick with phantoms, but the chief 1500
 Seems royal still, though with her head discrown'd,
 And pale, but lovely, with maternal grief
 s ; and the She clasps a babe, to whom her breast yields no relief.
 1480

CLXVIII.

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou ?
 Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead ? 1505
 Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
 Some less majestic, less beloved head ?
 In the sad midnight, while thy heart still bled,
 The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,
 Death hush'd that pang for ever : with thee fled 1510
 The present happiness and promised joy
 Which fill'd the imperial isles so full it seem'd to cloy.

CLXIX.

Peasants bring forth in safety.—Can it be,
 Oh thou that wert so happy, so adored !
 Those who weep not for kings shall weep for thee, 1515
 And Freedom's heart, grown heavy, cease to hoard
 Her many griefs for ONE ; for she had poured
 Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head
 Beheld her Iris.—Thou, too, lonely lord,
 And desolate consort—vainly wert thou wed ! 1520
 The husband of a year ! the father of the dead !

CLXX.

Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment made ;
 Thy bridal's fruit is ashes : in the dust
 The fair-hair'd Daughter of the Isles is laid,
 The love of millions ! How we did entrust 1525

Futurity to her! and, though it must
 Darken above our bones, yet fondly deem'd
 Our children should obey her child, and bless'd
 Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise seem'd 1529
 Like stars to shepherds' eyes;—'twas but a meteor beam'd.

CLXXI.

Woe unto us, not her; for she sleeps well:
 The fickle reek of popular breath, the tongue
 Of hollow counsel, the false oracle,
 Which from the birth of monarchy hath rung
 Its knell in princely ears, till the o'erstrung 1535
 Nations have arm'd in madness, the strange fate
 Which tumbles mightiest sovereigns, and hath flung
 Against their blind omnipotence a weight
 Within the opposing scale, which crushes soon or late,—

CLXXII.

These might have been her destiny; but no, 1540
 Our hearts deny it: and so young, so fair,
 Good without effort, great without a foe;
 But now a bride and mother—and now *there!*
 How many ties did that stern moment tear!
 From thy Sire's to his humblest subject's breast 1545
 Is link'd the electric chain of that despair,
 Whose shock was as an earthquake's, and opprest
 The land which loved thee so that none could love thee
 best.

CLXXIII.

Lo, Nemi! navell'd in the woody hills
 So far, that the uprooting wind which tears 1550
 The oak from his foundation, and which spills
 The ocean o'er its boundary, and bears
 Its foam against the skies, reluctant spares
 The oval mirror of thy glassy lake;
 And, calm as cherish'd hate, its surface wears 1555
 A deep cold settled aspect nought can shake,
 All coil'd into itself and round, as sleeps the snake.

CLXXIV.

And near Albano's scarce divided waves
 Shine from a sister valley;—and afar
 The Tiber winds, and the broad ocean laves 1560
 The Latian coast where sprung the Epic war,
 “Arms and the Man,” whose reascending star
 Rose o'er an empire;—but beneath thy right
 Tully reposed from Rome;—and where yon bar
 Of girdling mountains intercepts the sight, 1565
 The Sabine farm was till'd, the weary bard's delight.

CLXXV.

But I forget.—My Pilgrim's shrine is won,
 And he and I must part, — so let it be, —
 His task and mine alike are nearly done;
 Yet once more let us look upon the sea; 1570

The midland ocean breaks on him and me,
 And from the Alban Mount we now behold
 Our friend of youth, that ocean, which when we
 Beheld it last by Calpe's rock unfold
 Those waves, we follow'd on till the dark Euxine roll'd

CLXXVI.

Upon the blue Symplegades : long years—
 Long, though not very many—since have done
 Their work on both ; some suffering and some tears
 Have left us nearly where we had begun :
 Yet not in vain our mortal race hath run,
 We have had our reward—and it is here ;
 That we can yet feel gladden'd by the sun,
 And reap from earth, sea, joy almost as dear
 As if there were no man to trouble what is clear.

CLXXVII.

Oh ! that the Desert were my dwelling-place,
 With one fair Spirit for my minister.
 That I might all forget the human race,
 And, hating no one, love but only her !
 Ye Elements !—in whose ennobling stir
 I feel myself exalted—can ye not
 Accord me such a being ? Do I err
 In deeming such inhabit many a spot ?
 Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.

CLXXVIII.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore, 1505
 There is society, where none intrudes,
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :
 I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before. 1600
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel
 That I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

CLXXIX.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control 1605
 Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into the depths with bubbling groan, 1610
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

CLXXX.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise,
 And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise, 1615

Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
 And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay. 1620

CLXXXI.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake.
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take 1625
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

CLXXXII.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee— 1630
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
 Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since: their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou, 1635
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
 Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow—
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

CLXXXIII.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time, 1640
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving ;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
 The image of Eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime 1645
 The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
 Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

CLXXXIV.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy 1650
 I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
 Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near, 1655
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

CLXXXV.

My task is done—my song hath ceased—my theme
 Has died into an echo ; it is fit
 The spell should break of this protracted dream.
 The torch shall be extinguish'd which hath lit 1660

My midnight lamp—and what is writ. . . writ,—
 Would it were worthier ! but I am ne . . . now
 That which I have been—and my visions flit
 Less palpably before me—and the glow
 Which in my spirit dwelt is fluttering, faint and low. 1665

CLXXXVI.

Farewell ! a word that must be, and hath been—
 A sound which makes us linger . . . yet—farewell !
 Ye ! who have traced the Pilg . . . o the scene
 Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
 A thought which once was his, if on ye swell 1670
 A single recollection, not in vain
 He wore his sandal-shoon and scallop-shell ;
 Farewell ! with *him* alone may rest the pain,
 If such there were—with *you*, the moral of his strain.



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NOTES.

GOLDSMITH.

THE TRAVELLER.

Circumstances of composition.—Goldsmith is frequently subjective and at times even autobiographical in his compositions. There is no doubt that *The Traveller* contains many of the experiences that the poet gained in that famous walking tour through Holland, France, Switzerland, and Italy, from which he returned in February, 1756. A part of the poem, he says in the Dedication, was actually written to his brother from Switzerland. In 1764 he was still writing. Reynolds relates that, visiting him in that year, he found his friend occupied at his desk, yet watching a little dog trying to sit upright. 'Occasionally he glanced his eye over his desk, and occasionally shook his finger at the unwilling pupil in order to make him retain his position; while on the page before him was written the couplet, with the ink of the second line still wet:—

'By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child.'

—Prior, *Goldsmith*, ch. xiv. This very year however was a dark one in the poet's fortunes. He was arrested for rent by his landlady, and escaped prison only through the intervention of Dr. Johnson, who carried off to Newbery, the publisher, Goldsmith's MSS. of *The Vicar of Wakefield* and *The Traveller*, and obtained for the novel an immediate advance of £60. Once in the publisher's hands, it was soon issued.

Publication.—On the 19th of December, 1764, the *Public Advertiser* announced that "This day is published, price one shilling and sixpence, *The Traveller*; or, a Prospect of Society, a Poem. By Oliver Goldsmith, M.B. Printed for J. Newbery in St. Paul's Church Yard." The title page of this first edition is reproduced in facsimile before our text. It was like all the early editions a quarto. Three other editions appeared in that year, and nine editions in all before the poet's death in 1774. The poem has been frequently reprinted since.

Text.—Goldsmith was a careful workman, and the later editions show the polishing hand. The text of the present edition is based upon the ninth edition, the last published in the author's lifetime (reprinted by Chapman, 1816), with collations of the first and third editions and the critical editions of Prior, Cunningham (reprinted by Rolfe), and Dobson. The variant readings have been made as complete as the accessible editions permitted.

Page 1. Title.—Foster states that Dr. Johnson suggested for the poem the title of *The Philosophical Wanderer*. Much may be said in favour of *The Wanderer*, though we could not tolerate the characteristic eighteenth century addition of *Philosophical*, for we have ceased to value the poem for its philosophy. But already the poet Savage had pre-empted the title, and the poem appeared under a name that scarcely represents the character of its author or the point of view from which the poem was composed.

The second title, *A Prospect of Society*, uses 'Prospect' in an old and frequent sense of 'View.'

The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills peer o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise.

—Pope, *Essay on Criticism*, ii. 32.

Dedication. The Rev. Henry Goldsmith.—Henry Goldsmith, the third child and eldest brother of Oliver, was born in 1722. He distinguished himself at Trinity College, but

married for love, and gave up ambition. "Henry followed his father's calling, and died as he had lived, a humble village preacher and schoolmaster [at Pallas, Ireland] in 1768" (Foster).

The reference to his income (l. 10) shows that both father and son merited the allusion in the famous line of *The Deserted Village*, l. 142 (cf. n.),

And passing rich with forty pounds a year.

l. 13.—**the harvest is great.** "The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few."—Luke x. 2.

Page 2. l. 15.—But of all kinds of ambitions... In the first edition: But of all kinds of ambition, as things are now circumstanced, perhaps that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest. What from the increased refinement of the times, from the diversity of judgments produced by opposing systems of criticism, and from the more prevalent divisions of opinion influenced by party, the strongest and highest efforts can expect to please but in a very narrow circle. Though the poet wore as sure of his aim as the imperial archer of antiquity [the Emperor Commodus], who boasted that he never missed the heart, yet would many of his shafts now fly at random, for the heart is often in the wrong place.

This passage was somewhat incongruous in a poem that was eagerly read in a very wide circle, and consequently was omitted from subsequent editions.

l. 16.—**refinement of the times.** What is now generally called 'progress of civilization.' Cf. l. 20 below.

l. 23f.—**they engross...to her.** First ed., They engross all favour to themselves.

l. 25.—**the elder's birthright.** The whole thought is in Dryden:

Our arts are sisters, though not twins in birth;
For hymns were sung in Eden's happy earth:
But on, the painter Muse, though last in place,
Has seized the blessing first, like Jacob's race.

—To Sir Godfrey Kneller.

1. 28ff.—**What criticisms... blank verse.** The poet here proclaims his school, setting himself against those new tendencies of his age which were in fulness of time to produce the Romantic literature of the 19th century. Milton was of course the great exemplar of blank verse, and his influence was sufficient to keep alive that form of versification even during the reign of the couplet. The chief poems in blank verse of the eighteenth century previous to the publication of *The Traveller* are: Philips's *Cyder* (1707), Thomson's *Seasons* (1726-1730), Mallet's *Excursion* (1728) and *Amyntor and Theodora* (1747), J. Warton's *Enthusiast* (1740), Young's *Night Thoughts* (1742-1745), Blair's *Grave* (1748), Akenside's *Pleasures of the Imagination* (1744), Dyer's *Fleece* (1757), Grainger's *Sugar Cane* (1764).

The thorough-going classicism of Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith did not relish the growing taste for a freer form of poetry. The former quotes with approval Mr. Lock's opinion that "blank verse seems verse only to the eye" (*Milton*). Goldsmith has a fling at blank verse in several places. In his *Present State of Polite Learning*, ch. xi., he says: "From a desire in the critic of grafting the spirit of ancient languages upon the English have proceeded of late several disagreeable instances of pedantry. Among the number I think we may reckon blank verse. Nothing but the greatest sublimity of subject can render such a measure pleasing; however, we now see it used upon the most trivial occasions." In the same chapter he condemns the public taste and its confused canons of criticism: "From this proceeds the affected security of our odes, the tuneless flow of our blank verse, the purposeless epithet, laboured diction, and every other deviation from common sense, which procures the poet the applause of the month."

Pindaric odes.—The English Pindaric Ode, of which Gray's *Bard* is the most eminent instance, was a form of structure set going by Cowley in pretended imitation of the odes of the Pindar (of Thebes, B.C. 522-473), and adopted by Dryden in

his *Alexander's Feast* and by Pope in his *St. Cecilia's Day*. Dr. Johnson refers mildly to the taste for this form of versification as an 'infatuation,' a 'folly,' a 'madness.' "Pindarism prevailed about half a century; but at last gradually died away, and other imitations supply its place."—*Life of Watts*. Strictly, however, we should look upon the taste for the rapid flights of thought and the quick-changing rhythms of the Pindaric ode as a desire for at freedom from the rimed couplet, and as making for the later Romanticism.

Gray is, however, the particular object of attack. He had published in 1757 his *Progress of Poesy* and *Bard*, two Pindaric odes which were in freedom of spirit and treatment in advance of the canons of public taste. They were criticised for obscurity, parodied, yet they grew in favour. Dr. Johnson did not yield. In his *Life of Gray* he ridiculed the odes. Specially referring to the 'alliterative care' of the *Bard*, he remarked: "The initial resemblances, or alliterations, 'ruin, ruthless, helm or hauberck,' are below the dignity of a poem that endeavours at sublimity."

l. 35.—party. Faction, of which the 18th century was pre-eminently the age. It will be remembered that the political strife centering in Wilkes's attack on the ministries of Bute and Grenville was going on. The most violent satires were called forth, for which Churchill (l. 42) achieved renown.

l. 42.—some half-witted thing.... The reference is to the poet Charles Churchill (1731-1764), author of the *Rosciad*, *Prophecy of Famine*, *Epistle to Hogarth*, and other satirical and political verse. Goldsmith agrees with Dr. Johnson in his condemnation of this poet. His poetry, the latter remarked, "had a temporary currency only from its audacity of abuse and being filled with living names, and... would sink into oblivion."—Boswell's *Johnson*, anno 1763.

The *St. James Chronicle* of Feb. 7-9, 1765, defends Churchill against the slur of his preface as a poet "whose talents... were as greatly and deservedly admired, that during his short reign, his merit in great measure eclipsed that of

others; and we think it no mean acknowledgement of the excellences of this poem [*The Traveller*] to say that, like the stars, they appear the more brilliant now the sun of our poetry is gone down."

Page 3. l. 45.—tawdry. Added in the 6th ed.

l. 52.—**equal happiness in states.** Cf. the close of the poem. Eighteenth century optimism appears here. In Dr. Johnson's conversation with Sir Adam Fergusson, the latter suggested that luxury corrupts a people, and destroys the spirit of liberty. At which Johnson remarked, "Sir, that is all visionary. I would not give half a guinea to live under one form of government rather than another. It is of no moment to the happiness of an individual. Sir, the danger of the abuse of power is nothing to a private man.—Boswell's *Johnson*, anno 1572.

Goldsmith had expressed himself on the subject already: "Every mind seems capable of entertaining a certain quantity of happiness, which no constitution can increase, no circumstances alter, and entirely independent of fortune."—*Citizen of World*, i. p. 185.

Page 4. l. 1.—Remote, unfriended... Epithets to 'I,' l. 7.

The poet here joins an unusual and effective opening—a characteristic of the best epic poetry—with the artistic use of a series of epithets. For the latter cf.

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd.

—Shakspeare, *Hamlet*, i. v.

Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

—Byron, *C. H. P.* iv. 1311.

Solus, inops, exspes, leto poenaeque relictus.

Alone, destitute, melancholy, to death and destruction given over.

—Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, xiv. 217.

Exsul, inops erres, alienaque limina lustres.

—Ovid, *Ibis*, 113.

The nearest parallel is :—

Solo e pensoso, i plu deserti campi
Vo misurando a passi tardi e lenti.

—Petrarch, Sonnet xxii.

Remote. Cf. *Tr.* 437, but rarely used of persons.

unfriended. A rare form. The *-ed* added to nouns, gives the adjectival force of 'supplied with,' which 'un' negatives, —friendless.

slow. "Mr. Goldsmith," asked Chamier at the Literary Club, "what do you mean by the last word in the first line of your *Traveller*. Do you mean tardiness of locomotion?" "Yes," answered Goldsmith. Dr. Johnson interposed,— "No, sir, you do not mean tardiness of locomotion; you mean, that sluggishness of mind which comes upon a man in solitude." "Ah!" said Goldsmith, "that was what I meant." (Boswell's *Johnson*, anno 1778, and Foster, iii. x.) Foster remarks, "Who can doubt that he also meant slowness of motion? The first point in the picture is *that*: the poet is moving slowly, his tardiness of gait measuring the weariness of heart, the pensive spirit, the melancholy, of which it is the outward expression and sign. Goldsmith ought to have added to Johnson's remark that he meant all that it said, and the other too; but no doubt fell into one of his old flurries."

1. 2.—**the lazy Scheldt.** The poet wrote Scheld, which is here changed to the ordinary modern spelling. The pronunciation is usually *skelt*, but frequently *sheld*. The river rises in the north of France, flowing through Belgium and Holland into the North Sea. Its lower part is sluggish, pent within embankments that defend the low-lying farms and villages.

wandering Po. The river has a tortuous course of 450 miles from its source in Mt. Viso to the Adriatic, distant only 270 miles.

1. 3.—**Carinthian boor.** Carinthia is a duchy of Austro-Hungary, near Italy and the Tyrol, chiefly Germanic in population.

Goldsmith visited Carinthia in 1755. He was asked why he singled out its people for censure, and gave as a reason his being once, after a fatiguing day's walk, obliged to quit a house he had entered for shelter, and pass part or the whole of the night in seeking another.—Prior's *Goldsmith*, xiv.

Foster regards the censure as hasty. Cunningham (1853) says Carinthia "still retains its character for inhospitality."

boor. In the old sense, here, of peasant (Dutch *boer*, husbandman, Ger. *Bauer*), but coarse and unmannerly.

ll. 3, 4.—**boor . . . door.** This is one of the six imperfect rhimes in the poem (Hill).

l. 5.—**Campania's plain.** The *Campagna* ('country extends for ninety miles by thirty or forty around Rome, an undulating, miasmatic, barren tract, uninhabitable in summer. "For miles and miles, there is nothing to relieve the terrible monotony, and of all kinds of country that could, by possibility, be outside the gates of Rome, this is the aptest and fittest burial-ground for the Dead City. So sad, so quiet, so sullen; so secret in its covering up of great masses of ruin, and hiding them: For two and twenty miles we went on and on, seeing nothing but now and then a lonely house, or a villanous-looking shepherd, with matted hair all over his face, and himself wrapped to the chin in a frowsy brown mantle, tending his sheep."—Dickens, *Pictures from Italy*.

l. 6.—**expanding.** 1st-3rd eds., expanded.

l. 8.—**untravell'd.** Here, not going abroad. The poet makes a characteristic contradiction in l. 10.

l. 9.—**Still.** Always, ever,—a sense now archaic. Cf. ll. 54, 77, 279, etc.

l. 10.—**a lengthening chain.** "*Celadon.* 'When I am with Florimel 't [my heart] is still your prisoner; it only draws a longer chain after it.'"—Dryden, *Secret Love*, v. i. "The farther I travel I feel the pain of separation with stronger force, those ties that bind me to my native country, and you, are still unbroken. By every remove, I only drag a

greater length of chain."—Goldsmith, *Citizen of the World*, letter iii. Cf. also Blackmore's *Arthur*, p. 212.

l. 11.—**my earliest friend**. A further reference to his eldest brother; Cf. *D. V.*, ll. 149-162.

l. 14.—**trim their evening fire**. "*Trim* is not used of a fire, so far as I know, by any author earlier than Goldsmith."—Hill.

The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,

And cheer'd his pensive guest.

—Goldsmith, *The Hermit*, ll. 276f.

l. 15.—**want and pain repair**. The frequent use of the abstract for the concrete is a mark of eighteenth century literature. Cf.

Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death.

—Pope, *Prologue to the Satires*.

Let observation with extensive view

Survey mankind, from China to Peru.

—Johnson, *Vanity of Human Wishes*.

Goldsmith's frequent use of the figure can be seen in *Tr.* ll. 38, 41, 91; *D. V.* ll. 3, 14, 68, etc.

The Romantic poetry of Scott, Wordsworth, Shelley, etc.—was less rhetorical, more concrete, more picturesque, and scarcely ever employs this figure. "The reader will find that personifications of abstract ideas rarely occur in these volumes, and are utterly rejected as an ordinary device to elevate the style and raise it above prose."—Wordsworth, Prof. to *Lyrical Ballads*.

l. 17.—**with simple plenty crown'd**. 1st-3rd odd., where mirth and peace abound.

Page 5. l. 22.—**the luxury of doing good**. Garth (1715) speaking of the Druids, gives them similar praise:

Hard was their lodging, homely was their food,

For all their luxury was doing good.

—Claremont, l. 1486.

l. 24.—**prime of life**. The time of freshness and strength (Lat. *prima*, first hour).

That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince.

—Shakspeare, *Richard III.*, i. ll. 248.

l. 27.—like the circle bounding. Cf. "Death, the only friend of the wretched, for a little while mocks the weary traveller with the view, and like his horizon, still flies before him."—*Vicar of Wakefield*, ch. x.

l. 30.—find no spot...my own. Prior [Prior] has the same thought:—

My destin'd miles I shall have gone,
By Thames or Maese, by Po or Rhone,
And found no foot of earth my own.

—In *Robe's Geography* (1700).

"When will my wanderings be at an end? When will my restless disposition give me leave to enjoy the present hour? When at Lyons, I thought all happiness lay beyond the Alps; when in Italy, I found myself still in want of something, and expected to leave solicitude behind me by going into Romelia, and now you find me turning back, still expecting ease everywhere but where I am."—Goldsmith, *The Bee*, i.

l. 32.—sit me down. The construction is due to a common confusion of the intransitive and reflexive verbs.

l. 33.—Above the storm's career. A common phenomenon in mountainous regions; cf. *D.V.* 189ff., and—

Though far below the forked lightnings play,
And at his feet the thunder dies away.

—Fogers, *Pleasures of Memory*.

l. 34.—an hundred realms. The poetical exaggeration was less marked before the petty principalities and powers of Germany, Switzerland and Italy had become more or less unified.

l. 35.—extending. 1st-3rd edd., extended.

l. 36.—pomp of kings, the shepherd's... Antithesis is a favourite device of eighteenth century poetry. The artistic effect of this figure is greatest in satire, as Pope has shown. Goldsmith's employment of it may be noticed in ll. 114, 118, 128f., 192, 256, etc.

ll. 38ff.—Amidst the store... The first ed. reads:—

Amidst the store, 'twere thankless to repine,
 'Twere affectation all, and school-taught pride,
 To spurn the splendid things by heaven supply'd.

l. 88.—should thankless pride repine? 1st ed., 'twere thankless to repine.

l. 41.—school-taught pride. 'School' in this sense means the college or university. It is pedantically proud, Goldsmith says, of its learning, philosophy, disputations, but ignorant of the real world of human life and feeling. The same reproach is in Pope's line:

And God the Father turns a school-divine.

—*Satires*, v. 102.

l. 43.—sympathetic. Having fellow-feeling (Gk. *sun*, with, *pathos*, feeling.)

l. 44.—Exults in all the good. "As I am a great lover of mankind, my heart naturally overflows with pleasure at the sight of a prosperous and happy multitude."—Addison, *Spectator*, No. 69, which gives much of the philosophy of *The Traveller*. Cf. also (Hill):—

Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto.

I am a man, and deem nothing human beyond my interest.

—Terence, *Heaut.* i. i. 25.

Page 6. l. 47.—busy gale. The epithet is in part transferred from the sailors, who are busy because of it.

The personification by means of the epithet should be noted as an eighteenth century touch: cf. "that proudly rise," l. 114; "the smiling land," l. 122.

Pope has almost the same phrase,—

Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.

Essay on Man, iii. 177.

l. 48.—bending swains. Stooping to their labour of 'dressing the vale.' Cf. *D. V.*, l. 2. The word *swain* was a common word for a farm labourer (A.S. *swān*, herdsman); and as such was freely used by Spenser and Shakspeare.

What, ho! thou jolly shepherd's swain.

—Spenser, *Shepherd's Calendar*, July.

But it was even then rather archaic, and so was adopted into the current phraseology of eighteenth century poets.

Let other swains attend the rural care.

—Pope, *Summer*, l. 35.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say.

—Gray, *Elegy*.

dress. Cf. Gen. ii. 15.

The prevalence of a poetic vocabulary such as "bending swain," "dress the flow'ry vale," "the zephyr," may be seen as well in Addison, Prior, Pope, Johnson. It received its death-blow from the precept and example of Wordsworth. "Abuses of this kind were imported from one nation to another, and with the progress of refinement this [poetic] diction became daily more and more corrupt, thrusting out of sight the plain humanities of natures by a motley masquerade of tricks, quaintnesses, hieroglyphics, and enigmas." —Append. to Pref. to *Lyrical Ballads*.

l. 50.—Creation's heir...the world is mine!

3rd ed. Creation's tenant, all the world is mine.

Cf. (Hill).

Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "Tis for mine!"
For me kind nature wakes her genial pow'r,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flower.

—Pope, *Essay on Man*, l. 131.

But the poet thinks rather of the right he has to all things by virtue of his understanding, appreciating, and enjoying them. The beauty of the landscape is the possession of the beholder.—

Though poor, perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.

—Cowper, *Winter Morning*, 739ff.

Cf. 1. Cor. iii. 22.

l. 55.—alternate passions. Pleasure at good (l. 55) and pain at the lack of it (l. 58).

l. 57.—prevails. Gets the mastery over pleasure (l. 56).

sorrows fall. 'Sorrows' for 'tears of sorrow' (Hales); 'sorrows fall upon or oppress the heart' (Sankey). The latter is in keeping with ll. 102, 104.

l. 58.—**hoard**. 1st ed., sum.

l. 60.—**real**. A dissyllable; cf. l. 259.

l. 66.—**Boldly proclaims**...

1st ed. Boldly asserts that country for his own.

l. 68.—**And his long nights**. 1st ed., And live-long nights.

l. 70.—**golden sands**. Cf. 'Gold Coast' and 'Guinea,' as indicating the rich product of the coast of Central Africa.

palmy wine. Palm-wine, or wine made from the sap of the palm-trees.

Page 7. l. 73.—**Such is**. 1st-3rd edd., Nor less.

l. 75ff.—**And yet, perhaps... blessing even**.

1st ed. And yet, perhaps, if states with states we scan,
Or estimate their bliss on Reason's plan,
Though patriots flatter, and though fools contend,
We still shall find uncertainty suspend,
Find that each good, by Art or Nature given,
To these or those, but makes the balance even:
Find that the bliss of all is much the same,
And patriotic boasting reason's shame!

l. 78.—**An equal portion dealt**. This is eighteenth century optimism. Cf.

One truth is clear, Whatever is right.
—Pope, *Essay on Man*, l. 289.

Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis nowhere to be found, or ev'rywhere.

—*id.*, *ib.* iv. 15.

Alike to all, the kind impartial Heaven
The sparks of truth and happiness has giv'n.
—Gray, *Education and Government*.

l. 82.—**bliss**. The frequent use of this word is almost a mannerism; cf. ll. 58, 123, 226, etc.

ll. 83f.—**With food... side**. This couplet is not in the 1st ed.

l. 84.—**Idra's cliffs**. It is doubtful what place Goldsmith had in mind. In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1767, pp. 251f.,

are two letters from Mr. Everard on the "Mines of Idra," "dreadful subterranean caverns where thousands are condemned to reside, shut out from all hopes of ever seeing the cheerful light of the sun...they are fed at the public's expense...and commonly in about two years expire." This Idra is Idria, in Carniola, Austria,—a town situated among mountains, famous for its quicksilver mines. References to the mines are in Goldsmith's *Animated Nature*. I believe the poet meant this place.

There is likewise a little mountain lake of Idro, west of Lake Garda in Northern Italy, with a town of Idro on its rocky sides, which Birbeck Hill holds is the poet's Idra. The allusion to the 'peasant' (l. 83) makes the latter reference possible.

Arno's shelvy side. The reference seems to be the terraced banks of the Arno, devoted to the vine.

l. 85.—**And though the rocky-crested....**

1st ed. And though rough rocks and gloomy summits frown,

l. 86.—**beds of down.** Cf.

The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down.

Shakspeare, *Othello*, i. iii.

l. 88.—**Wealth, commerce...** 1st-3rd edd., Wealth, splendours...

l. 90.—**either.** Improper use of either, one of two, for each.

ll. 91f.—**Where wealth and freedom...prevails.** Omitted in 1st-3rd edd.

l. 92.—**honour sinks.** A common complaint; cf.

Ennobling thoughts depart
When men change swords for ledgers, and desert
The student's bower for gold.

—Wordsworth, "*When I have borne in Memory*."

l. 93f.—**to one lov'd blessing prone.** Cf.

And hence one Master Passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows all the rest.

—Pope, *Essay on Man*, ii. 131f.

l. 98.—peculiar pain. An evil pertaining only to it. (L. *peculiaris*, one's own, special.)

Page 8. l. 99.—try. In its original sense of test, examine.

l. 101.—proper cares. Cares peculiar to myself. (L. *proprius*, one's own.) Cf.

Conceptions only proper to myself.

—Shakspeare, *Julius Cæsar*, i. ii. 41.

l. 105.—Apennine. The common poetic form for the Apennines. Cf. *Childe Harold*, iv. 649.

l. 108.—theatric pride. The scenic splendour displayed in the ever rising stages (like the tiers of a theatre). Cf.

Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view.

—Milton, *Paradise Lost*, iv. 141.

Or scoops in circling theatres the vale.

—Pope, *Moral Essays*, iv. 60.

The expression is classical. Cf. Lycophronis, *Cassandra*, v. 600; Virgil, *Æneid*, i. 164; v. 288.

l. 109.—tops. 1st-3rd edd., top, and 'marks' in l. 110.

l. 115.—blooms. Blossoms; flowers. (Conjectural A.S. form *blōma*, connected with blossom and to blow [of flowers]).

For the whole passage, cf. *Childe Harold*, iv. xxvi. (p. 97.)

l. 119.—own the kindred soil. 'Own' is here, not, I think, possess, but make manifest,—show that the soil is congenial, natural to their growth. Cf. l. 264, and *D. V.* 1. 76.

In the long sigh that sets the spirit free,
We own the love that calls us back to Thee.

—Holmes, *Pittsfield Cemetery*.

For 'kindred,' cf.

Still, where rosy pleasure leads,
See a kindred grief pursue.

—Gray, *Ode on Vicissitude*.

l. 121.—gelid (*jel'id*). Cold, icy; here, cool, refreshing. (L. *gelidus*, cool, cold.)

By gelid founts and careless rills to muse.

—Thomson, *Summer*, l. 205.

l. 122.—**winnow**. (A.S. *windwian*, hence to separate the chaff by means of the wind.) Disperse by fanning. Cf. (Hill),

Cool zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

—Gray, *On the Spring*.

l. 123.—**sense**. The senses as distinguished from the intellectual and moral nature.

l. 124.—**all the nation**. 1st ed., all this nation.

Page 9. l. 126.—**Man . . . dwindles here**. Cf. (Hill).

Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.

—Heber, *Missionary Hymn*.

Man seems. 1st-3rd edd., Men seem, and 'their' for his' in l. 127.

l. 127.—**manners**. Not knowledge of etiquette merely or necessarily, but heartfelt courtesy.

And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.

Wordsworth, *London*, 1802.

l. 128.—**Though poor, luxurious . . .** The line imitates Denham's famous description of the Thames :

Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet not dull.

—Denham, *Cooper's Hill*.

l. 129.—**zealous**. Zealous for religion. Cf. "I would have every zealous man examine his heart thoroughly, and, I believe, he will often find, that what he calls zeal for his religion, is either pride, interest, or ill-nature."—Addison, *Spectator*, No. 185.

l. 133.—**not**. 1st-3rd edd., nor.

not far remov'd the date. The references in ll. 133ff. are to the Italian republics of the middle ages—Venice, Florence, Pisa, Genoa. They began their prosperity in the thirteenth century, and their decadence set in in the fifteenth century. Venice lasted longest, but with the fall of Constantinople (1453) her glory diminished. The discovery of America and of the passage round the Cape of Good Hope

placed the commerce of the world in the hands of Portugal, Spain, Holland, and finally Great Britain.

The foremost city of the Italian commonwealths was Florence. From the thirteenth century to the fifteenth she was a city of princely wealth, due to her successful commerce. In the fifteenth century she was "the æsthetic capital of the world." Her leading citizens, such as the Medici, were patrons of letters and art. Her painters were such men as Cimabue, Giotto, Botticelli, Leonardo da Vinci, Michael-Angelo, Andrea del Sarto, Raphael; her sculptors were Nicolo Pisano, Donatello, Luc della Robbia, Michael-Angelo. Her palaces and churches were the work of Giotto, Arnolfo di Cambio, Brunelleschi, and others. Among her men of letters were Dante, Boccaccio, and Poliziano.

The decline of the city was due partly to licentiousness, partly to the fall of its free government through the rivalry of the great houses and wars with neighbouring powers.

l. 136.—**long-fall'n column.** A reference to the zeal of the Italians of the Renaissance to discover and restore the remains of antiquity. "The same munificence which had been displayed in palaces and temples, was directed with equal zeal to revive and emulate the labours of antiquity. Prostrate obelisks were raised from the ground, and erected in conspicuous places."—Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, lxxi., speaking of Rome after 1420.

l. 137.—**beyond e'en Nature warm.** Heightening the glow of beauty by the power of art, till the picture had life and colour beyond the reality it represented. Titian was especially famous for his warmth of colour. Cf.

Then marble soften'd, into life grew warm,
And yielding metal flow'd to human form.

—Pope, *Satires*, v. 148.

l. 138.—**pregnant quarry.** The devotion to sculpture was so great that every quarry seemed to be pregnant with human forms, which it gave forth abundantly under the sculptor's hand.

ll. 139f.—Till, more unsteady...

1st-3rd edd. But, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Soon Commerce turn'd on other shores her sail.

the southern gale. Allusion to the sudden and violent changes of tropical weather and winds.

l. 140.—on other shores. See l. 133. *n.*

ll. 141f.—While nought...slave. Not in the 1st ed.

l. 142.—towns unmann'd. Towns without inhabitants. The statement is an exaggeration. Modern Italy has not the population of the ancient Italy, whose capital had, about 400 A.D., an estimated number of twelve hundred thousand inhabitants (Gibbon, ch. xxxi.), as against one hundred and forty thousand in 1709. But the impoverishment and depopulation of Italy in the fifteenth century, through civil and foreign wars, though undoubtedly very great, by no means amounted to annihilation.

l. 143.—late. For, too late.

l. 144.—Its former strength.

1st ed. Their former strength was now plethoric ill.

plethoric ill. Plethora (Gk. *plethore*, fulness) is the evil of overfulness of blood due to over-eating and over-drinking. The nation swollen by prosperity is weaker for the wealth that congests its veins and impedes its activity. "In short the state resembled one of those bodies bloated with disease, whose bulk is only a symptom of its wretchedness."—Goldsmith, *Citizen of the World*.

ll. 145f.—Yet still the loss...

1st ed. Yet, though to fortune lost, here still abide
Some splendid arts, the wrecks of former pride;
From which...

l. 146.—arts, the splendid wrecks. After the death of Michel-Angelo (1564) Florentine art declined, and with it the glory of the Italian Renaissance was at an end.

l. 150.—paste-board triumph. Referring to the imitation castles, ships, etc., drawn through the streets of Rome, and to the masquerades and mummery of the carnival of Rome

and other Italian cities. These processions are in part a survival of the triumph, or glorious entry, granted by ancient Rome to her successful generals.

cavalcade. Properly a procession on horseback (Lat. *caballus*, a horse), but loosely used of a procession of carriages. The poet probably refers to the *gala corso* or processional driving of the finest horses and carriages, with the accompanying contests of flower-throwing.

1. 151.—**Processions.** "Happy country [Italy], where the pastoral age begins to revive! Where the wits even of Rome are united into a rural group of nymphs and swains, under the appellations of modern Arcadians. Where in the midst of porticos, processions, and cavalcades, abbés turned into shepherds, and shepherds without sheep, indulge their innocent *divertimenti*."—*Present State of Polite Learning*, ch. iv.

The processions are usually of a religious nature, in honour of a saint. Cf. (Hill),

Noon strikes,—here sweeps the procession! our Lady borne smiling and smart,

With a pink gauze gown all spangles, and seven swords stuck in her heart.

Bang, whang, whang, goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife.

—Browning, *Up at a Villa*.

The 'processions' of love have given us the serenade, etc.

Page 10. l. 153.—**By sports like these.** See note, p. 165.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.

—Pope, *Essay on Man*, ii. 275f.

1. 154.—**satisfy the child.** In 1st-3rd edd. then followed:

At sports like these, while foreign arms advance
In passive ease they leave the world to chance.

1. 155.—**Each nobler aim...**

1st ed. When struggling Virtue sinks by long controul,
She leaves at last, or feebly mans the soul.

2nd-5th edd. When noble aims have suffer'd long controul,
They sink at last, or feebly man the soul.

1. 156.—**mans.** Nerves, strengthens.

l. 158.—**happier meanness.** The oxymoron is a stylistic peculiarity of eighteenth century poetry; cf. "idly busy," l. 256; "diligently slow," l. 287, etc.

l. 159.—**domes.** Mansions or palaces (L. *domus*, house). Cf. *D. V.*, l. 319. Cf.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree.

—Coleridge, *Kubla Khan*.

Cæsars. The title Caesar was the official designation of the Emperors of Rome from Augustus to Hadrian, and afterwards the appellation of the heir-presumptive of the emperor (*New Eng. Dict.*). In modern usage it is the general name for all the Roman emperors.

l. 161.—**There in the ruin.** 1st-3rd edd., Amidst the ruin.

l. 164.—**owns.** Cf. l. 119.

l. 166.—**rougher climes.** "The sterility of the ground makes men industrious, sober, hardened to toil, courageous, apt for war; they must win what the soil refuses them."—Montesquieu, *Spirit of Laws*, xviii. 4f. (Hill).

The poet's view of Switzerland is most remarkable for what is not expressed. Comparing, for example, the Alps as they are to Byron (*Childe Harold*, canto iii.) with the 'barren hills' of Goldsmith, we see what a powerful element has entered into the texture of the human mind. The eighteenth century knew nothing of nature except as it could be viewed without effort in the suburbs of cities. Goldsmith gave up a Scottish tour because hills and rocks intercepted every prospect, while, he said, nothing could equal the beauty of the Dutch scenery about Leyden, which had "fine houses, elegant gardens, statues, grottos, vistas."—Macaulay, *Hist. of England*, xiii. Keats indignantly cried:

The winds of heaven blew, the ocean roll'd
The gathering waves—ye felt it not. The blue
Bared its eternal bosom, and the dew
Of summer night collected still to make
The morning precious. Beauty was awake.
Why were ye not awake? But ye were dead.

Thomson, Cowper, and Wordsworth had to live before a taste for the rougher aspects of nature could become general.

l. 167.—**mansion.** 1st-3rd edd., mansions. Here, region of abode (*L. manere*, to dwell).

l. 168.—**force a churlish soil.** In contrast to the spontaneity of Italian vegetation, ll. 119f.

l. 170.—**man and steel.** The soldier. The Swiss served as mercenaries in many of the armies of Europe. France alone from the time of Louis XI. to Louis XIV. drew a million of her guards from the cantons.

l. 171.—**No vernal blooms.** A poetical exaggeration. The Alpine flora is very extensive.

l. 173.—**zephyr.** *Lat. zephyrus*, the west wind; hence, any gentle wind; sometimes personified,—

Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes.

—Milton, *Paradise Lost*, v. 16.

sues. 1st-3rd edd., sooths.

l. 176.—**Redress the clime.** Mitigate its severities. Cf.

Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime.

D. V., l. 422.

l. 177.—**feast.** 1st-3rd edd., feasts.

Page II. l. 179.—**no contiguous palace.** Cf. *D. V.*, l. 304.

l. 181.—**No costly lord.** One lavish in expenditure.

One would have thought they paid enough before,

To curse the costly sex.

—Dryden, *Æneid*, ix. 177.

deal. A.S. *dalan*, to divide, distribute; cf. Isaiah, lviii. 7.

l. 184.—**Each wish contracting.** Another touch of eighteenth century philosophy. Cf. "I shall therefore recommend to the consideration of those who are always aiming after superfluous and imaginary enjoyments, and will not be at the trouble of contracting their desires, an excellent saying of Bion the philosopher; namely, That no man has so much care as he who endeavours after the most happiness."—Addison, *Spectator*, No. 574. Cf. also,—

*Contracto mellus parva cupidine
Vectigalia porrigam.*

I shall better extend my small income by contracting my desires.

—Horace, *Odes*, iii. xvi. 39f.

l. 186.—**Breasts.** This is the reading of 1st–3rd edd., and is preferred to that of the last edd.,—breathes—for its picturesque value.

l. 187.—**patient angle.** The transferred epithet is another rhetorical device of eighteenth century poetry; cf. l. 237.

angle. Properly the hook, but used of rod, hook and line.

Give me mine angle, we'll to the river."

—Shakspeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. v. 10.

finny deep. Lakes abounding in fish. Cf. 'warbling grove,' *D. V.*, l. 381.

l. 188.—**to the steep.** Sometimes explained, 'up the steep hillside,' but the epithet 'vent'rous' implies to the verge of the precipice.

l. 190.—**savage.** Wild beast—wolf or bear. Cf.

But if the savage [boar] turns his glaring eye,
They howl aloof, and round the forest fly.

—Pope, *Iliad*, xvii. 815.

When the grim savage [lion], to his rifled den
Too late returning, snuffs the track of men.

—*ib. id.* xviii. 373.

l. 191.—**sped.** Successfully accomplished.

ll. 193ff.—**At night returning.** The picture of humble domestic happiness is first found in Thomson's *Winter* (1730):—

In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their share.

Gray introduces it in *The Elegy* (1750). Later, Burns in *The Cotter's Saturday Night* and Wordsworth in *Michael* develop the theme.

l. 196.—**her cleanly platter.** 1st ed., the cleanly platter

l. 198.—**With many a tale.** Cf. *D. V.*, ll. 155f.

nightly. An unusual sense,—for the night.

To bless the doors from nightly harm.

—Milton, *Il Penseroso*, 81.

Cf. also "our daily bread" in the Lord's Prayer.

ll. 201f.—And e'en those hills. . . This couplet is not in the 1st ed.

mansion. An old sense,—dwelling place; here the peasant's hut. Cf. l. 167 and, "In my Father's house are many mansions," John xiv. 2.

l. 203.—Dear is that shed. Cf.

Those fields, those hills—what could they less? had laid
Strong hold on his affections, were to him
A pleasurable feeling of blind love,
The pleasure which there is in life itself.

—Wordsworth, *Michael*.

to which his soul conforms. Cf. l. 184.

Page 12. l. 205.—As a child 1st-3rd edd., as a babe.

l. 206.—close and closer. For,—closer and closer. A somewhat similar construction is,—

All things secure and sweetly he enjoys.

—Shakspeare, 3. *Henry VII.* ll. 5. 50.

l. 209.—Such are. 1st ed., These are.

l. 210.—wants but few. 1st-3rd edd., wants are few.

l. 211.—only share the praises. For,—share only the praises.

l. 213.—For every want. . . 1st-3rd edd., Since every want. Cf. "Every want becomes a means of pleasure in the redressing."—Goldsmith, *Animated Nature*.

The influence of luxury on happiness is discussed in *The Citizen of the World*, Let. xi. :—"Am I not better pleased in enjoyment than in the sullen satisfaction of thinking that I can live without enjoyment? The more various our artificial necessities, the wider is our circle of pleasure; for all pleasure consists in obviating necessities as they rise; luxury, therefore, as it increases our wants, increases our capacity for happiness."

l. 215.—Whence. 1st-3rd edd., Hence.

- l. 216.—**desires.** 1st-3rd edd., desire.
supplies. Supplies that which gratifies it. Cf. l. 214.
- l. 218.—**the languid pause.** The interval after sensual indulgence.
finer joy. The joys of more refined pleasures,—of music, painting,—of ‘those powers that raise the soul.’
- l. 221.—**Their level life.** ‘Level’ is monotonous, uneventful; cf. l. 359.
- l. 222.—**Unquenc’d by want.**
 1st-3rd edd. Nor quench’d by want, nor fan’d by strong desire.
- l. 225.—**vulgar breast.** ‘Vulgar,’ here, of the people (Lat. *vulgus*, common people).
- l. 230.—**the manners.** 1st-3rd edd., their manners.

Page 13. l. 231.—**finely.** Delicately wrought; therefore blunted upon coarse natures.

l. 232.—**indurated.** Hardened, rendered unfeeling. (L. *induratus*, p. part. of *indurare*, to harden.)

l. 234.—**cow’ring.** (Icel. *kūra*, to be quiet.) The word usually, but not here, suggests fear. Cf.

Our dame sits cow’ring o’er a kitchen fire.

—Dryden, *Fables*.

l. 236.—**charm the way.** 1st-3rd edd., our way.

l. 237.—**timorous pinions.** The figure keeps up the contrast of the falcons (l. 234) and the timid songsters of the garden paths of life.

ll. 239ff.—**To kinder skies.** The poet’s experiences of France form the substance likewise of part of the story of the Philosophic Vagabond in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, ch. xx. :—
 “I had some knowledge of music, with a tolerable voice; I now turned what was once my amusement into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be merry; for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant’s house, towards nightfall, I played one of my merriest tunes,

and that procured me not only a lodging but subsistence for the next day. I once or twice attempted to play for people of fashion; but they always thought my performance odious and never rewarded me even with a trifle."

The criticism of France is, like that of Switzerland, superficial. Voltaire was in the height of his influence, the *Encyclopedia* was in course of publication (1751-1772), Rousseau had published *The New Héloïse*, *Social Contract* and *Émile*, and the whole intellectual world was in a feverish excitement in which established opinions were going down like ninepins. The Revolution in men's minds was in progress, while Goldsmith sees nothing but the sportive choir by the murmuring Loire. In the *Citizen of the World*, lv., however, he prophetically noticed that "freedom had entered France in disguise."

l. 240.—I turn. 1st-3rd edd., we turn.

l. 241.—**sprightly**. *I.e.* witty and vivacious. (Spright, spirit, is Fr. *esprit*, L. *spiritus*.)

l. 243.—**have I led**. See Introduction I.

thy sportive choir. Choir is used here rather in its original sense of troop of dancers (Gk. *choros*).

l. 253.—**gestic lore**. 'Gestic,' pertaining to action, motion; 'lore,' that which has been learnt: hence, arts of dancing. Dobson says, 'traditional gestures or motions.' Scott, however, describing Fenella dancing before Charles II. writes, "He bore time to her motions with the movement of his foot—applauded with head and with hand—and seemed, like herself, carried way by the enthusiasm of the gestic art."—*Peveril of the Peak*, xxx.

l. 255.—**thoughtless**. Without anxious thought; cf. Matt. vi. 25.

l. 256.—**idly busy**. Cf.

Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er.

—Pope, *Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady*, 81.

The busy, idle blockheads of the ball.

—*id.*, *Satires*, viii. 203.

The phrase is classic: *operose nihil agentes* (Seneca), busily doing nothing.

Strenua nos exerceat inertia.

—Horace, *Epist.* I. ii. 28.

Page 14. l. 258.—honour forms the social temper. 'Honour' is used here of outward show, not the inner principle of action. The characteristic quality of their social life is the desire of others' praise. It depends for its gratification on the goodwill of others, needing to please and be pleased; social intercourse therefore endears mind to mind.

l. 262.—**traffic.** Interchange (not of goods, but of praise).

l. 263.—**camp.** Used loosely for army.

l. 264.—**avarice of praise.** This was Horace's charge concerning the Greeks:—

Praeter laudem nullius avaris

None avaricious except of praise.

—*Ars Poetica*, 324.

Vincet amor patriae laudemque immensa cupido.

—Virgil, *Æneid*, vi. 824.

ll. 265f.—**They please, are pleas'd.** . . . "There is perhaps no couplet in English rhyme more perspicuously condensed than those two lines of *The Traveller*, in which the author describes the at once flattering, vain, and happy character of the French."—Campbell, *British Poets*, vi. 262 (Prier). Cf.

Each willing to be pleased, and please.

—Pope, *Imitations of Horace*, ii. 139.

they give to get esteem. A classical phrase (Hill):
Sunt qui alios laudent laudentur ut ipsi.

l. 276.—**frieze.** Coarse woollen cloth.

Goldsmith doubtless pronounced the word,—which like the cloth, was well known in Ireland,—*friz*; cf.

See how the double nation lies,

Like a rich coat with skirts of frieze.

—Swift.

This pronunciation is still maintained, though not so common with Englishmen as *frēz*.

copper lace. Tinsel. It will be remembered that gold and silver lace was used in men's dress of the poet's day.

l. 279.—still. Ever, always; cf. l. 9. n.

l. 280.—solid worth of self-applause. Cf.

One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas.

—Pope, *Essay on Man*, iv. 255f.

l. 281.—my fancy flies. Italy, Switzerland and France were visible to him on his Alpine seat, but Holland only to the mind's eye.

l. 282.—in the deep where Holland lies. An interesting parallel to Goldsmith's description is Marvel's satire on Holland (Chambers's *Cyclopædia*, i. 286); cf. especially such lines as—

How they did rivet, with gigantic piles,
Thorough the centre their new-catched miles;
And to the stake a struggling country bound,
Where barking waves still bait the forced ground;
Building their watery Babel far more high
To reach the sea, than those to scale the sky.

"But we need scarce mention these, when we find that the whole kingdom of Holland seems to be a conquest upon the sea, and in a manner rescued from its bosom. The surface of the earth, in this country, is below the level of the sea; and I remember, upon approaching the coast, to have looked down upon it from the sea, as into a valley."—Goldsmith, *Animated Nature*, i. 276.

Goldsmith's picture is largely true. The soil to a great extent is lower than the surface of the water,—sea, canal or river. By the canals the meadows lie usually ten feet beneath, by the sea at high tide twenty-five feet or more.

Page 15. l. 283.—Methinks her patient sons... The figure of vision,—another instance of the rhetorical cast of eighteenth century poetry.

Methinks. A relic of the old impersonal verb *thyncean*, to seem,—it seems to me. Cf. *D. V.*, l. 402.

l. 284.—**broad ocean leans against the land.** Cf.

Et terris maria inclinata repellit.

—Statius, *Theb.* iv. 62.

And view the ocean leaning on the sky.

—Dryden, *Annus Mirabilis*, 654.

l. 285.—**sedulous.** Steadily industrious. (Lat. *sedulus*, from *sedeo*, to sit.)

l. 286.—**rampire.** An archaic form of rampart.

So down the rampires rolls the rocky shower.

—Pope, *Iliad*, xii. 180.

Here used figuratively of the dykes. The military language is justified. "Holland," says Amicis, "is a fortress, and her people live as in a fortress, on a war-footing with the the sea."—*Holland*, ch. i.

The extent of these dykes may be judged from an example. The West-Kappel dyke is 12,468 feet in length, 23 feet high, with a seaward slope of 300 feet, protected by piles and blocks of basalt. The ridge is 39 feet broad, used for a roadway and a railway.

l. 288.—**seems to grow.** 1st-3rd edd., seems to go.

l. 289.—**Spreads its long arms.**

1st ed. That spreads its arms amidst the watery roar.

Then follows l. 290; then come ll. 287-8.

l. 290.—**Scoops out.** By thrusting back the sea, the low land thus recovered having then the appearance of being scooped out.

shore. Between high and low water-mark.

l. 291.—**While the pent ocean.** 1st ed., while ocean pent.

l. 292.—**amphibious.** Strictly, having the power of living in two elements—under water and on land. (Gk. *amphi*, both, *bios*, life.)

l. 293.—**the yellow-blossom'd vale.** If Goldsmith had any definite flowers in mind, he would find a warrant for the epithet in the fields of Colza, and the gorse and broom flowering along the canals. Doughty, *Friesland Meres*, p.

73, speaks of "winding through flat meadows yellow with goat's beard."

1. 297.—**wave-subjected.** Subject to inundation.

1. 299.—**in each bosom reign.** 1st ed., in each breast obtain.

1. 302.—**With all those ills...** Cf. *D. V.*, 266ff.

1. 306.—**liberty itself is barter'd.** Mitford justifies the charge by stating:—"Slavery was permitted in Holland; children were sold by their parents for a certain number of years."

The reader will readily see that Goldsmith's statements are made with a view of giving an antithetical character to the description of each nation, so that the premises granted, the conclusion in ll. 423ff. may reasonably follow.

1. 307.—**All freedom flies.** Goldsmith had already made this charge against the Dutch: "No longer the sons of freedom, but of avarice; no longer asserters of their rights by courage but by negotiations; fawning on those who insult them, and crouching under the rod of every neighbouring power."—*Cit. of the World*, lv.

Something may be said in correction. Sir Joshua Child, in his *Discovery of Trade*, as early as 1688, enumerates among the blessings that Holland enjoyed, its just laws of inheritance, perfect toleration of all religions, cheap and expeditious law merchant. "The law of debtor and creditor," says McCullagh, *Free Nations*, ii. 304, "was beyond comparison the most lenient then in existence... In 1721, those confined for debt in Amsterdam were not more than five-and-twenty."

1. 308.—**The needy sell it...** Cf. l. 386. *n.*

1. 309.—**A land of the tyrants...** But already Goldsmith had found this a characteristic of the modern Persians.—"A nation famous for setting the world an example of freedom, is now become a land of tyrants and a den of slaves."—*Cit. of World*, let. xxxiv. In *The Bee*, No. 5, he had praised Holland,—"The best and most useful laws I

have ever seen are generally practised in Holland." Cf.
l. 307 n.

Page 16. l. 310.—seek dishonourable graves. So Cassius,—
And peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
—Shakspeare, *Julius Cæsar*, i. ii. 138.

l. 312.—lakes that slumber in the storm. The testimony
of travellers is against the truth of this. Cf. Davies,
Cruising in the Netherlands, p. 82; Brougham, *Friesland*
" *Broads*," p. 205, etc.

that slumber in. 1st-3rd edd., that sleep beneath.

l. 313.—Belgic sires of old. The bravery of these is
attested by Cæsar: "Of all these [Belgae, Aquitani, Celts],
the Belgae are the bravest."—*Gallic Wars*, i. i. The Belgic
Nervii "were a savage people and of great bravery."—
id. ib. ii. xv. Surely the history of the rise of the Dutch
Republic should plead against the censure of this line.

l. 317.—Fir'd at the sound... "We talked of Gold-
smith's *Traveller*, of which Dr. Johnson spoke highly;
and while I was helping him on with his great coat, he
repeated from it the character of the British nation, which
he did with such energy that the tear started into his
eye."—Boswell's *Johnson*, Oct. 23, 1773.

Cf. :—"The vernal softness of the air, the verdure of the
fields, the transparency of the streams, and the beauty of
the women... Here love might sport among painted lawns
and warbling groves, and carol upon gales, wafting at
once both fragrance and harmony."—*Cit. of World*, cxiii.

l. 318.—courts. 1st ed., broods.

l. 319.—lawns. Glades, open stretches of country, espe-
cially between woods.

Groves...Betwixt them lawns.

—Milton, *Paradise Lost*, iv. 252.

For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn.

—Pope, *Esscy on Man*, iii. 30.

that scorn Arcadian pride. Being of a fresher green
than the boasted lawns of Arcadia (Peloponnesus).

There is a touch here of the classical spirit that dominated eighteenth century poetry, in which classical references abounded. The influence in this case is that of Virgil (cf. *Ec.* vii. 4; x. 30) and especially the later Pastoral poets, who pictured the mountains of Arcadia as the ideal home of rural felicity.

l. 320.—**fam'd Hydaspes.** Cf.

Vel quae loca fabulosus Lambit Hydaspes.

Or those places that famed Hydaspes laves.

—Horace, *Odes*, i. 22. 7f.

Medus Hydaspes.—Virgil, *Georgics*, iv. 211.

Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams.

—Milton, *Paradise Lost*, iii. 435.

The classical Hydaspes or Bidaspes is the Sankrit Vitasta, now known as the Jelham, one of the five rivers of the Punjab. It runs through the beautiful valley of Kashmir, by snow-clad mountains, into the Chenab and the Indus.

The campaigns of Alexander the Great brought it into note, and it became the subject of many fabulous ('fam'd') stories.

l. 322.—**gentlest.** 1st-3rd edd., *gentle*.

melts. Awakens tender feelings. A favourite word with 18th century poets.

Where melting music steals upon the sky.

—Pope, *Rape of the Lock*, ii. 49.

l. 324.—**Extremes are only . . .** Mildness reigns throughout the natural scenes of England, but the men of England, its masters, are daring, proud, in the extreme. Cf. the description of Englishmen, *Cit. of the World*, xc. :—"They feel the slightest injuries with a degree of un-governed impatience, but resist the greatest calamities with surprising fortitude . . . His virtues seem to sleep in the calm, and are called out only to combat the kindred storm."

ll. 327f.—**Pride in their port . . . pass by.** The lines in this couplet were interchanged in the 1st ed.

port. Bearing; cf.

And bear the name and port of gentlemen.

—Shakspeare, 2 *Henry VI.*, iv. i. 19.

There seems here a touch of the "joy and pride with which," says Macaulay, "the nation was drunk" after Pitt "had made England the first country of the world" (Hill).

l. 330.—By forms unfashion'd. In keeping with 'irregularly great,' 'native hardiness,' etc. They are not creatures of conventionality, of routine, of a tyrant custom; their greatness is spontaneous, born of the native spirit within them. Sankey thinks this applies to their bodies, citing

Curs'd be the sickly forms that err from honest nature's rule.

—Tennyson, *Locksley Hall*.

l. 332.—imagin'd right.—Their conception or ideal of right.

l. 333.—boasts these rights to scan. "The lowest mechanic looks upon it as his duty to be a watchful guardian of his country's freedom, and often uses a language that might seem haughty, even in the mouth of the great Emperor who traces his ancestry to the moon."—Goldsmith, *Citizen of the World*, Letter iv.

Page 16. l. 340.—Keeps man from man. Johnson "had discernment enough to see, and candour enough to censure, the cold reserve too common among Englishmen towards strangers: 'Sir,' said he, 'two men of any other nation who are shown into a room together, at a house where they are both visitors, will immediately find some conversation. But two Englishmen will probably go each to a different window, and remain in obstinate silence. Sir, we as yet do not enough understand the common rights of humanity.'"—Boswell's *Johnson*, anno 1783.

ll. 341f.—The self-dependent lordlings. These ll. are not in 1st ed.

l. 342.—All claims...

3rd ed. All kindred claims that soften life unknown.

l. 343.—Here, by the bonds of nature.

1st ed. See, though by circling deeps together held,

The idea originally was, therefore, that the isolation that nature gave Britain as an island was a weak bond of human unity. This idea is the chief one in the text as it stands. Cf.

England, bound in with the triumphant sea.
Shakspeare, *Richard II.*, ll. 1.

l. 345.—**Ferments arise**... "It is extremely difficult to induce a number of free beings to co-operate for their mutual benefit; every possible advantage will necessarily be sought, and every attempt to procure it must be attended with a new fermentation."—*Citizen of the World*, cxx.

imprison'd factions. Carrying out the figure of 'the bonds of nature.' See p. 2. l. 35 n.

l. 346.—**Repress'd ambition . . . shore.** A probable allusion to the Jacobite plots directed from the Continent and especially from France. The 'repress'd' rebellion of 1745, it will be remembered, was not yet twenty years past.

l. 349.—**As nature's ties.** 1st-3rd edd., As social bonds.

l. 352.—**Still.** See l. 9 n.

l. 351.—**talent sinks, and merit weeps.** Johnson experienced the truth of this, which prompted his lines:—

Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd;
But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold.

—Johnson, *London*, ll. 121 ff.

l. 356.—**The land . . . the nurse.** 1st-3rd edd., That land . . . that nurse.

Cf. Gaunt's praise of England:—

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle...
This happy breed of men, this little world...
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings.

Shakspeare, *Richard II.*, ll. 1.

l. 358.—**And monarchs . . .**

1st-3rd edd. And monarchs toil, and poets pant for fame.

wrote.—For 'written.' Johnson, in his Dictionary,

gives both forms as perf. participles. They were so used in Shakspeare. Beattie has,—

I then had wrote,
What friends might flatter.
—*Night Thoughts*, li.

l. 359.—**level avarice.**

We bring to one dead level ev'ry mind.
—Pope, *Dunciad*, iv. 268.

Page 18. l. 361.—Yet think not... "In the things I have hitherto written I have neither allured the vanity of the great by flattery, nor satisfied the malignity of the vulgar by scandal, but I have endeavoured to get an honest reputation by liberal pursuits."—Goldsmith, *English History*, Pref. (Mitford.)

ll. 363-380.—**Ye powers of truth...** Not found in 1st ed., which has however the following couplet :

Perish the wish ; for, inly satisfied,
Above their poms I hold my ragged pride.

l. 368.—**proud contempt.** 3rd ed., cold contempt.

l. 374.—**loads on each.** Then in 3rd ed. follows :

Much on the low, the rest, as rank supplies,
Should in columnar diminution rise ;
While, etc.

ll. 375 f.—**one order... all below.** This conception of the ideal state is that of the eighteenth century, but not that of the Revolution whose motto was, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. Other expressions of this ideal are :

Heaven forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
—Pope, *Essay on Man*, il. 249ff.

Order is heaven's first law ; and this confess,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest.
—*id.*, *ib.*, iv. 49.

ll. 377 ff.—**O then how blind...** This dark contrast must have been written about the same time as chapter

xix. of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, which discusses the dangers of liberty in words that afford apt parallels to the lines of *The Traveller*. Cf. 386, 392 *nn*.

l. 378.—**Who think it freedom.** Cf. l. 382 *n*.

l. 381.—**contending chiefs blockade the throne.** See p. 2, l. 85 *n*. The power of the royal prerogative was a vital question about this time. Bute was in '762-3 the leader of a ministry that looked upon themselves as the humble instruments of royal authority. He had to make way for Grenville, who was displaced by the Marquis of Rockingham. See Green, *Short History*, chap. x.

l. 382.—**Contracting regal power.** See l. 392 *n*. "The constitution of England is at present possessed of the strength of its native oak, and the flexibility of the bending tamarisk; but should the people at any time, with a mistaken zeal, pant after an imaginary freedom, and fancy that abridging monarchy was increasing their privileges, they would be very much mistaken, since every jewel plucked from the crown of majesty would only be made use of as a bribe to corruption; it might come to a few who shared it among them, but would in fact impoverish the public. As the Roman senators... became masters of the people, yet still flattered them with a show of freedom, while themselves only were free."—*Citizen of the World*, xlix.

l. 383.—**factionis.** Addicted to party, cabal, organized and selfish opposition to government.

l. 385.—**Each wanton judge.** This is probably aimed, says Hill, against Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, who had charge of the drafting of new laws more strictly regulating marriages and public houses. We should note that Goldsmith elsewhere declares, "There is a spirit of mercy breathes through the laws of England." Yet "a mercenary magistrate desires to see penal laws increased, since he too frequently has it in his power to turn them into instruments of extortion."—*Citizen of the World*, Let. lxxix.

The penal laws were frightfully severe, there being no less than one hundred and sixty crimes punishable with death. One evil feature was that the judges had the power of inflicting punishment of a few months' imprisonment or death for one and the same offence" (Sydney, *18th Century*, ii. 267).

Goldsmith's line is then a protest against the multiplication of penal statutes that permitted the magistrates to oppress and rob the people.

l. 386.—**Laws grind the poor...** Cf. "What they may then expect, may be seen by turning our eyes to Holland, Genoa, or Venice, where the law governs the poor, and the rich govern the law. I am then for, and would die for, monarchy."—*Vicar of Wakefield*, ch. xix. (see l. 392 n.)

rich men rule the law. "There was a time even here when titles softened the rigour of the law; when dignified wretches were permitted to live."—*Citizen of the World*, i. 162.

Page 19. ll. 387f.—The wealth of climes... Pillag'd from slaves. The aspect of English life here depicted has especial reference to the Englishmen of the East India Company. Macaulay's *Clive* gives abundant details of this "new class of Englishmen, to whom their country now gave the name of Nabobs," who "raised the price of everything from fresh eggs to rotten boroughs," who had "pillaged the natives by monopoly of trade." "The India House was a lottery-office which invited every body to take a chance, and held out dual fortunes as the prizes for the successful few." Clive returned to England in 1760 with £40,000 a year, and used some of his wealth to purchase parliamentary dependents. Public indignation against the Nabobs was already aroused.

The phrase 'where savage nations roam' is more appropriate to America than India, but it seems only a picturesque license.

Cf. "The possessor of accumulated wealth...has no other

method to employ the superfluity of his fortune but in purchasing power... in making dependants by purchasing the liberty of the needy or the venal, of men who are willing to bear the mortification of contiguous tyranny for bread."—*Vicar of Wakefield*, ch. xix.

l. 392.—**I fly from petty tyrants.** Cf. "The generality of mankind also are of my way of thinking, and have unanimsly created one king, whose election at once diminishes the number of tyrants, and puts tyranny at the greatest distance from the greatest number of people. Now the great who were tyrants themselves before the election of one tyrant, are naturally averse to a power raised over them, and whose weight must ever lean heaviest on the subordinate orders. It is the interest of the great therefore to diminish kingly power as much as possible; because whatever they take from that is naturally restored to themselves."—*Vicar of Wakefield*, ch. xix.

Cf. also (Dobson),—

Let not a mob of tyrants seize the helm,
Nor titled upstarts league to rob the realm...
Let us, some comfort in our griefs to bring,
Be slaves to one, and be that one a king.

—Churchill, *The Farewell*, ll. 363 ff.

l. 395.—**honour in its source.** 'Honour' is used here, as in l. 258, in the sense of honourable recognition from others. Cf. (Hill) "The king is the fountain of honour."—Bacon, *Essays, Of a King*.

l. 396.—**Gave.** Allowed, enabled, gave leave to. Cf.

Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.

—Pope, *Essay on Man*, iv. 354.

ll. 397 ff.—**Have we not seen...** "In this and the subsequent lines to the end of the passage, may be traced the germ of the Deserted Village."—Prior.

l. 398.—**useful sons exchange'd.** Cf. *D. V.*, l. 269. Cf. "And what are the commodities which this colony, when established, is to produce in return? Why, raw silk, hemp, and tobacco. England, therefore, must take an

exchange of her best and bravest subjects for raw silk, hemp, and tobacco; her hardy veterans and honest tradesmen must be trucked for a box of snuff or a silk petticoat."—*Citizen of the World*, xvii.

1. 411.—**wild Oswego.** The reference is to the river Oswego of New York state, flowing from Lake Oneida to Ontario. The present town was in 1764 only represented by a fort garrisoned by the 55th Highlanders. The poet drew chiefly on his imagination for the swamps.—"The country upon the lake between Oswego and St. Lawrence is level and good for several miles from the lake."—Rogers's *Account of North America* (1765). Contemporary accounts speak of the thick forests of the Oswego. On the other hand, Clark mentions, "During the occupancy of the fort by the British, the cultivated grounds were extended above Bridge Street on the south, and easterly to an alder swamp, lying in the vicinity of Sixth street."—*Onondaga and Oswego*, ii. 375. The map of the Oswego in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, 1757, p. 79, marks "a large swamp" by the river. Cf.

Oh! let me fly a land that spurns the brave,
Oswego's dreary shores shall be my grave.

—Goldsmith, *Threnodia Augustalis*.

"It has been observed that Goldsmith was the first to introduce into English poetry sonorous American—or rather Indian—names."—Black, *Goldsmith*, ch. ix.

Niagara. The accent, it will be noted, is here *Ni-gar'a*. The name was that of a Seneca station at the mouth of the river, written On-gui-aah-ra in 1641. The river appears as Ongiara in Sanson's Map of Canada (Paris, 1656); as Niagara in Coronelli's map (Paris, 1688). The name in Seneca dialect was Ne-ah'-gü, in Tuscarora O-ne-ä'kara, in Onondaga O-ne-ah'-gü, in Oneida O-ne-ah'-güle, and in Mohawk, O-ne-ä'-gä-rä, or Nyah"-ga-rah'. The common English accentuation preserves the Indian accent. The usual note, "when Goldsmith wrote, the third syllable was rendered long; at present, it is more

usual to dwell upon the second. The former, however, is the native Indian pronunciation" (Prior), is not substantiated. Prior states with most of the gazetteers that the word means 'thunder-water,' but the significance of the word in Indian is probably 'the neck.' Morgan, *League of the Iroquois*, III. iii.; Marshall, *Historical Writings*, p. 283.

1. 416.—**And the brown Indian.**

1st ed., And the brown Indian takes a deadly aim.

1. 420.—**To stop too fearful.** "Dr. Johnson said of Goldsmith's 'Traveller,' which had been published in my absence, 'there had not been so fine a poem since Pope's time.' In the year 1783, he, at my request, marked with a pencil the lines which he had furnished, which are only line 420th,

To stop too fearful, and too faint to go;

and the concluding ten lines, except the last couplet but one." Boswell's *Johnson*, anno 1766, ch. xvii.

1. 421.—**long look.** 1st-3rd edd., fond look.

1. 432. **Our own felicity.** Cf.

The mind is its own place, and in itself,
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

—Milton, *Paradise Lost*, l. 254.

1. 434. **Glides the smooth current.**

Secretum iter et fallentis semita vitæ.
The hidden way and path of an unnoticed life.

—Horace, *Epistles*, xviii. 103.

1. 435. **The lifted axe.** Cf. (Mitford),—

Some the sharp axe, and some the painful wheel.

—Blackmore, *Eliza*.

The lifted axe.—*id.*, *Arthur*.

the agonizing wheel. A punishment consisting of binding a man to a carriage-wheel and breaking his limbs with blows from an iron bar as the wheel revolved.

1. 436.—**Luke's iron crown.** The peasants of Transylvania, summoned to bear arms against the Turks, revolted in 1514 against the nobility. They put at the head George Dosa, one of their number, proclaiming him king of Hungary. The revolt was suppressed. The leaders were put

to death with horrible tortures. George (not Luke) Dosa was put in a fiery iron throne; an iron sceptre was placed in his hand, and on his head an iron crown, both red hot. His brother, Luke Dosa, was then forced to drink his blood, and finally his roasted body was served to his famished companions. Hunger, flaying, or impaling ended the lives of the other leaders.

Goldsmith apparently got the story from the *Géographie Curieuse* where the name of the brothers is given as Zeck. Hence some editors print the line,

Zeck's iron crown, etc.

But Zeck was a misapprehension (Boswell, *anno* 1766, makes the same mistake) arising from the fact that the brothers belonged to that native race of Transylvania named Zecklers or Szecklers. (Foster, iii. x.)

Damiens' bed of steel. Robert Francis Damiens, a gloomy and partly insane lackey, conceived the idea of becoming the instrument of God to warn Louis XV. of his debauchery and the misery of the kingdom. He stabbed the king with a penknife. He was thought to be the agent of the Jansenists or Jesuits, and tortured. He was first burnt with hot pincers; then bruised in iron manacles; then stretched with rings and straps upon a bed. His legs were mangled; his right hand burnt in sulphur; boiling lead and oil were poured on him; he was broken on the wheel, and torn to pieces by horses. The torture lasted from the 5th of January, 1757, till his death on the 28th of March. The savage fury must have caused through Christendom a thrill that still breathes in these lines, written only a few years later.

Goldsmith wrote Damien's, taking his account from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1757, pp. 87, 151, where the name is given as "Damien, the assassin." "Dr. Goldsmith says," said Davies, "he meant by Damien's bed of steel, the rack, but I believe the newspapers informed us he was . . . obliged to lie on an iron bed" (Foster).

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Circumstances of composition.—The earliest trace of any part of this poem is found in a letter from Goldsmith to his brother in 1759, when he asks for his opinion of the design of the "heroicomical poem" sent him. "I intended," he wrote, "to introduce the hero of the poem as lying in a paltry alehouse. . . . The room in which he lies may be described :

The window, patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
That feebly show'd the state in which he lay.
The sandy floor, that grits beneath the tread;
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread;
The game of goose was there exposed to view,
And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew;
The seasons fram'd with listing found a place,
And Prussla's monarch shew'd his lamp-black face.
The morn was cold; he views, with keen desire,
A rusty grate unconscious of a fire.
An unpaid reck'ning on the freeze was scor'd,
And five crack'd teacups dress'd the chimney board. . . .

All this, you see, is taken from nature." This projected poem was never executed, but ten years later portions of this passage were incorporated in *The Deserted Village*.

The germ of this poem is, as we have already seen, contained in *The Traveller*, particularly in the passage dealing with the depopulation of Britain, ll. 393-422. We may suppose, therefore, that the success of *The Traveller* kept the project of a companion poem in the poet's mind during the six years when more pressing demands necessitated his essays, compilations, the comedy of *The Good-Natured Man*, and the *Roman History*. His brother Henry died in May, 1768, and the melancholy thought that thenceforth the village of his childhood was for him verily deserted, a thought which gives that tone of gentle pathos in which the quiet lines of the poem flow, must have been the immediate stimulus for the perfecting and accomplishing of the work.

Dr. Streaan, curate to Kilkenny West after the death of Henry Goldsmith, says, with much detail on the subject:—
 “The poem of *The Deserted Village* took its origin from the circumstance of General Robert Napper* (the grandfather of the gentleman who now lives in the house, within half a mile of Lissoy, and built by the General), having purchased an extensive tract of the country surrounding Lissoy, or Auburn; in consequence of which many families, here called cottiers, were removed, to make room for needed improvements of what was now to be the wide domain of a rich man, warm with the idea of changing the face of his new acquisition; and were forced ‘fainting steps’ to go in search of ‘torrid tracts’ and ‘distant climes.’ This fact alone might be sufficient to establish the seat of the poem; but there cannot remain a doubt in any unprejudiced mind when the following are added: viz., that the character of the village preacher, the above-named Henry is copied from nature. He is described exactly as he lived; and his ‘modest mansion’ as it existed. Burn, the name of the village master, and the site of his schoolhouse; and Catherine Giraghty, a lonely widow,

The wretched matron, forced, in age, for bread,
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,

(and to this day the brook and ditches near the spot where her cabin stood abound with cresses), still remain in the memory of the inhabitants. . . The pool, the busy mill, the house where ‘nut-brown draughts inspir’d,’ are still visited as the poetic scene; and the ‘hawthorn-bush,’ growing in an open space in front of the house, which I knew to have three trunks, is now reduced to one; the other two having been cut, from time to time, by persons carrying pieces of it away to be made into toys, etc., in honour of the bard, and of the celebrity of his poems. . .

* General Napier, who had grown rich at Vigo, Spain. The estate was purchased in 1736, of the Dillons.—*Goldsmith*, Aldine ed., lxxi.

The 'decent church,' which I attended for upwards of eighteen years, and which 'tops the neighbouring hill,' is exactly described as seen from Lissoy, the residence of the preacher."—Mangin, *Essay on Light Reading*, 1808, pp. 112 f.

To this it may be added that a Westmeath poet, whose works Goldsmith must have known in boyhood, had already written on the same theme of eviction as we find in *The Deserted Village*:—

Their native soil were foreed to quit,
So Irish landlords thought it fit. . .
How many villages they razed,
How many parishes laid waste. . .
Whole colonies to shun the fate
Of being oppress'd at such a rate,
By tyrants who still raise their rent
Sail'd to the Western Continent.

—Lawrence Whyte, *Works* (1741).

Publication.—The *Public Advertiser* of the 26th of May, 1770, announced the publication of the poem. "This day at 12 will be published, price two shillings, *The Deserted Village*, a Poem. By Doctor Goldsmith. Printed for W. Griffin, at Garrick's Head, in Catherine Street, Strand." This is the accepted first edition, a quarto. Recently (*Athenæum*, June 20th and 27th, 1896) copies of an 8vo. ed., 1770, have turned up, which has claims to be considered an earlier privately printed edition of the poem, issued in the last months of 1769. The first 4to was followed on the 7th of June by a second 4to without any material differences in the text; a third appeared June 14th; a revised fourth, June 28th; and before the year was ended two more editions were exhausted. A seventh appeared in 1772, and an eighth in 1773.

The present edition is based on the last editions of the poem. The second (or third), fourth, fifth, seventh (reprint, Springfield) and the critical editions of Goldsmith already referred to, have been closely compared for trustworthy text and variants.

Page 21.—Dedication. Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-1792).

The greatest of English portrait painters, first president of the Royal Academy. He was not only an artist but also an author, chiefly on subjects of art. The Literary Club was founded by him in 1764. Goldsmith depicts him in worthy lines elsewhere :—

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
 He has not left a better or wiser behind :
 His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand :
 His manners were gentle, complying, and bland ;
 Still born to improve us in every part,
 His pencils our faces, his manners our heart ;
 To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
 When they judg'd without skill he was still hard of hearing ;
 When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
 He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

—*Retaliation*, ll. 137-146.

Reynolds was not insensible to the honour of the Dedication and painted his picture of *Resignation*, had it engraved and dedicated to Goldsmith, from his 'sincere friend and admirer, Joshua Reynolds.'

l. 10.—**He is since dead.** In May, 1768 ; see *Tr.*, Dedication n.

Page 23. l. 1.—Auburn. The name was suggested by Bennet Langton, one of the Literary Club, who may have thought, says Prior, of the village of Aldbourn or Auburn in Wiltshire.

There are, however, so many recollections of Goldsmith's childhood in the description of the village and its people that from the first many attempts have been made, and with substantial success, to identify Auburn with Lissoy. That the picture is largely ideal is apparent, I think, from the language of the Preface and from such touches as the reference to the nightingale (l. 124), which never visits Ireland. Macaulay aptly says : "The village in its happy days is a true English village. The village in its decay is an Irish village. The felicity and misery which Goldsmith has brought close together belong to two different countries

and to two different stages in the progress of society. He had assuredly never seen in his native island such a rural paradise, such a seat of plenty, content and tranquillity as in 'Auburn.' He had assuredly never seen in England all the inhabitants of such a paradise turned out of their homes in one day and forced to emigrate, in a body, to America. The hamlet he had probably seen in Kent; the ejection he had probably seen in Munster." (*Ency. Brit.*)

Lissoy, or Lishoy, it might be added, is near Kilkenny West, in Westmeath, and eighteen miles N. of Athlone. Howitt, *Homes and Haunts of British Poets*, described it in 1847 as consisting "of a few common cottages by the roadside, on a flat and by no means interesting scene." The orchard and wild remains of a garden, enclosed with a high stone wall, alone marked the site of Goldsmith's early home.

l. 4.—**parting.** Departing; cf. 'parting life,' l. 171.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.

—Gray, *Elegy*.

delay'd. Lingered, loitered; cf.

O sweet new-year, delaying long;

Thou doest expectant nature wrong,

Delaying long, delay no more.

—Tennyson, *In Memoriam*, lxxx.

l. 5.—**bowers.** A trace of the old sense of dwelling, A.S. *būr*, dwelling, cottage, is here preserved. The modern use is usually poetic, for 'abode,' suggesting often a dwelling of rural beauty. The *New English Dict.* quotes this line in illustration of 'bower' as "a vague poetic word for an idealized abode, not realized in any actual dwelling."

l. 6.—**Seats of my youth.** Explained usually as 'where, as a youth, I sat,' but 'seat' is here used in the sense of abode.

when every sport could please. Cf. *Tr.* l. 154 n.

l. 12.—**The decent church.** 'Decent' (Lat. *decens*, becoming, fitting), modest in appearance and proper to its requirements. Cf. l. 114 n.

the neighbouring hill. "I had rather be placed on the little mount before Lissoy gate, and there take in for me the most pleasing horizon in nature."—Goldsmith to Daniel Hudson, Dec. 27, 1757.

l. 13.—The hawthorn bush. . . lovers. Burns found similar associations,—

'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.

—Colter's *Saturday Night*.

The bush was a reality; cf. note on p. 206. At an anniversary meeting at Ballymahon, 29th of Nov., 1828, a letter from John Hogan of Auburn was read, as follows: "When I settled on the spot, I attempted to replace some of the almost-forgotten identities that delighted me forty years since. I rebuilt his "Three Jolly Pigeons," restored his "Twelve Good Rules, and Royal Game of Goose," inclosed his "Hawthorn tree," now almost cut away by the devotion of literary pilgrims. . . ; also planted his favourite hill before Lissoy Gate—that spot which presented to his eye the most agreeable horizon in nature."—*Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xc. ii. 620.

ll. 17f.—the village train. sports. The villagers in a body went to take their pastimes beneath the spreading trees upon the village green.

l. 19.—many a pastime circled. Games, such as "Kiss in the ring," in which the players were formed into rings.

l. 21.—gambol frolick'd. A touch of the rhetorical style of the age; cf. "laughter titter'd," l. 28.

Page 24. l. 22.—sleights of arts. Dexterous feats, tricks. went round. Each taking his turn in the contest.

l. 29.—sidelong looks of love. Frequently noted by the poets as effective.

In sidelong glances from her downcast eye.

—Thomson, *Summer*

Nymph of the downward smile, and sidelong glance.

—Keats, *To G. A. W.*

She gives a side glance, and looks down,
Beware, beware!

—Long fellow, *Beware*.

l. 32.—**influence shed.** 'Influence' is primarily the power of the stars flowing in upon us (*L. in fluo*, I flow). Hence, in Milton, the ladies,—

Whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize.

L'Allegro, l. 121.

l. 34.—**weary way.** 1st-7th edd., weedy way.

l. 35.—**lawn.** See *Tr.* l. 319 *n.* The word is used loosely here, as is evident from l. 1.

l. 37.—**the tyrant's hand.** The "one only master" of l. 39. See note p. 206.

l. 40.—**half a tillage stints....** 'Stint,' here, restrict to scanty allowance. The partial cultivation of the fields prevents the soil from bringing forth the smiling harvests that it might produce.

l. 43.—**a solitary guest.** All birds that live in the vicinity of man are fled. Birds are the guests of the woods: Cf.

Vous êtes le phénix des hôtes de ces bois.

—Lafontaine, *Fables* i. 2.

l. 44.—**The hollow-sounding bittern.** "There is no sound so dismally hollow as the booming of the bittern... I remember in the place where I was a boy, with what terror this bird's note affected the whole village."—*Animated Nature*, vi. 2.

And the bittern sounds his drum
Booming from the sedgy shallow.

—Scott, *Lady of the Lake*, i. 31.

"The bittern dwells in the marshes, nocturnal in habits, rarely seen on the wing. Its 'boom' or love-song of the male is heard at all hours of the night during the breeding season, and never in the day. It is a weird, unearthly noise, not to be dignified with the name of a note, and may be heard at a considerable distance. The bird is so shy that the noise is instantly stopped on the slightest

alarm. Some writers have likened it to the bellowing of a bull, others think it resembles the neighing of a horse, whilst more imaginative ornithologists trace in it a resemblance to their ideal conception of demoniac laughter. It consists of two parts, one supposed to be produced as the bird inhales and the other as it exhales its breath. Naumann attempts to express it on paper by the syllables *ü-prump*, repeated slowly several times. The call-note, which is common to the two series, is a hoarse croak like the *ca-wak* of a Night-Heron...but the 'boom' is only heard from the reeds."—Seebohm, *British Birds*, ii. 504.

guards its nest. "The nest is very difficult to find. The marshes where it breeds are almost impenetrable... in the dark and sultry recesses of the reed-forest. The nest is built on the mud, and is composed of dead reeds and flags."—Seebohm, ii. 504.

Page 25. l. 53.—Ill fares... to hastening ills. Hales calls this one of the "negligences of style." It is rather a musical balance that has found favour with nineteenth century poets, especially Tennyson. Cf.

Mark the shower
Come streaming down the streaming panes.
—Wordsworth, *Village School at —*.

Which heaves but with the heaving deep.
—Tennyson, *In Memoriam*, xi.

l. 45.—lapwing. Or peewit. A kind of plover, taking its name from the slow flapping of its long wings. It inhabits wild districts, moors, swampy places. "The lapwing becomes particularly clamorous at night... At all hours its wild, expressive call may be heard, as it floats on ever-moving pinions above its favourite haunts. Its common note resembles the syllables *jee-weet*, or *weet-a-weet*, *pee-weet-weet*, from which is derived one of its best-known names. This note is modulated in various ways, especially by the male in the breeding-season."—Seebohm, *British Birds*, iii. 58.

Pope refers to the "clamorous lapwings" in *Windsor Forest*.

Page 25. l. 52.—Where wealth accumulates. "Wealth in all commercial states is found to accumulate; the very laws may contribute to the accumulation of wealth..."—*Vicar of Wakefield*, ch. xix.

ll. 53f.—Princes and lords may flourish. (Cf. Mitford),—

A kyng may spille (kill), a kyng may save,
A kyng may make a lorde a knave;
And of a knave a lorde also.

—Gower, *Confessio Amantis*.

l. 54.—A breath can make them. Cf.

Who pants for glory finds but short repose;
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.

—Pope, *Satires*, ll. 300.

Princes and lords are but the breath of kings.

—Burns, *Cotter's Saturday Night*.

Prior compares De Caux on an hour-glass,—

C'est un verre qui luit

Qu'un souffle peut détruire, et qu'un souffle a produit.

l. 57.—A time there was. "The farms in England are large and are becoming larger... But the condition of England in this respect was, a few centuries since, very different. No class of men in our early annals occupied a more prominent or honourable position than the yeomanry. Their praises have been sung by our greatest poets; their sturdy independence on many occasions preserved the liberty, and proved the courage of the English race. The tenant farmers of the present day differ essentially from the old yeomen of England."—Fawcett, *Polit. Economy*, p. 181.

The cause of the change is purely economic, it being found that "large farms are more productive than small farms, when land is cultivated not by its owner, but by a tenant."—Fawcett, p. 182. The social effect of this transformation of freeholders into tenants is rightly to be deplored. It is noteworthy that recent legislation—the

Irish Land Act, 1891, and the new Bill now before the English Parliament,—aims to restore the land to the tenant.

l. 67.—**opulence.** 1st ed., luxury.

l. 69.—**Those.** 1st-7th edd., These.

l. 70.—**calm desires.** Cf. (Mitford),—

Gentle thoughts and calm desires.

—Carew, *Disdain Returned*.

Page 26. l. 76.—**confess.** Cf. 'own,' *Tr.* l. 119 n.

ll. 77-80.—**Here, as I take...hawthorn grew.**

1st ed. Here as with doubtful, pensive steps I range,
Trace every scene, and wonder at the change,

l. 79.—**return to view.** Newell contended that the poet returned to Lissoy after his pedestrian tour and was then impressed with the havoc made among the favourite scenes of his youth, actually composing much of *D.V.* there.—*Goldsmith's Works*, p. 74. However, "there is no satisfactory evidence that Goldsmith ever revisited Ireland after he left it in 1752.—Dobson, *Goldsmith*, Dent's ed., i. 34.

l. 80.—**the cottage.** The 'modest mansion' of l. 140.

l. 84.—**In all my griefs...share.** Cf. (Prior),—

In all my griefs, a more than equal share.

—Collins, *Persian Eclogues*, *Hassan*.

l. 85.—**crown.** Finish, complete. Cf. *Tr.* l. 17 and *D.V.* l. 99. The Latin proverb shows this sense; *Finis coronat opus*. The end crowns the work.

l. 87.—**To husband out... To use sparingly.** Cf. 'to eke out.'

1st ed. My anxious day to husband near the close,
And keep life's flame from wasting by repose.

life's taper.

Out, out, brief candle! Life's but a walking shadow.

—Shakspeare, *Macbeth*, v.v. 23.

l. 93.—**whom hounds and horns pursue.** 'Whom' for 'which' is not rare in 18th century writers. Cf. (Rolfe),—

Whiles hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds.

—Shakspeare, *Timon of Athens*, ll. 3.

l. 96.—die at home at last. "There is something so seducing in that spot in which we first had existence, that nothing but it can please; whatever vicissitudes we experience in life, however we toil, or wheresoever we wander, our fatigued wishes still recur to home for tranquillity; we long to die in that spot which gave us birth, and in that pleasing expectation opiate every calamity."—*Citizen of the World*, cii. Cf. Waller's remark towards the end of his life, when buying a house at Colehill: "He should be glad to die, like the stag, where he was roused."—Johnson's *Waller*.

The poet's line is literally true of the running of the hunted hare (Sankey).

l. 99.—How happy he.

1st ed. How blest is he who crowns in shades like these.

Page 27. l. 102.—And, since 'tis hard... Cf. *The Bee*, No. 2: "By struggling with misfortunes, we are sure to receive some wounds in the conflict. The only method to come off victorious, is by running away."

l. 104.—tempt the dangerous deep. This use of 'tempt' is pronounced (Sankey) a Latinism (cf. "temptare Thetimidibus," to tempt Thetis (the Sea) in *sl.* 3—Virgil, *Ec.* iv. 32). Cf. 49. 8, and Milton,—

Who shall tempt with wandering feet,
The dark bottom'd infinite abyss.

—*Paradise Lost*, ii. 104.

l. 107.—his latter end. Cf. Numbers xxiii. 10, xxiv. 20, Deut. viii. 16, xxxii. 29, etc.

l. 109.—Sinks to. 2nd-7th ed., Bends to. The 1st 4to, and 1st 8vo. have, Sinks to.

unperceiv'd decay. Cf. (Dobson),—

An Age that melts in unperceiv'd Decay
And glides in modest innocence away.

—Johnson, *Vanity of Human Wishes*, ii. 292f.

ll. 110ff.—While Resignation... This conception was the basis of the picture of "Resignation," which, painted

by Sir Joshua Reynolds in 1771 and engraved by Watson, was dedicated by the artist to the poet with the words: "This attempt to express a character in *The Deserted Village* is dedicated to Dr. Goldsmith, by his sincere friend and admirer, Joshua Reynolds."

l. 114.—**Up yonder hill.** In front of Lissoy parsonage, as it existed in Goldsmith's time, rose the little hill of Knockaruadh, or Red Hill, known as early as 1811 as "Goldsmith's mount." See l. 187 *n.*

l. 117.—**responsive.** Answering in song (Lat. *respondeo*, I answer). Cf.

How often from the steep
Of echoing hill, or thicket, have we heard
Celestial voices, to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator.

—Milton, *Paradise Lost*, iv. 680ff.

l. 122.—**spoke the vacant mind.** 'Vacant' is here not contemptuous, but, in keeping with the context, free from care and thought. (Lat. *vacans*, empty, vacant.) Cf.

Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
Gets him to rest.

—Shakspeare, *Henry V.*, iv. i. 286.

The gay ideas crowd the vacant brain.

—Pope, *Rape of the Lock*, l. 83.

'Speak' is here used in the sense of testifying to, as if by speech, showing forth,—

Her very silence and her patience
Speak to the people.

—Shakspeare, *As You Like It*, i. iii. 81.

l. 124.—**each pause the nightingale.** "The nightingale's pausing song would be the proper epithet for that bird's music."—*Animated Nature*, i. See Keats's *Ode to a Nightingale*, Theme *n.*

The nightingale is never found in Ireland; see l. 1 *n.*

l. 126.—**fluctuate.** Rise and fall (L. *fluctus*, a wave). "Armstrong," says Goldsmith, "has used the word *fluctuate* with admirable efficacy.

'Oh! when the growing winds contend, and all
The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm.'"

—On *Metaphors*.

Page 28. l. 128.—**bloomy**. Some edd. read blooming, but 1st-7th edd. have bloomy,—and no doubt rightly; cf.

O nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray.

—Milton, *Sonnets*, i.

l. 130.—**plashy**. Abounding in puddles. Cf. (*Cent. Dict.*) "He...made way through hills, fast'nd and filled up un-sound and plashy fens."—Milton, *Hist. of England*, ii. The word is of a Romantic cast, and we expect to find it in the nature poetry of this century. Cf.

The dripping woods and plashy fields.

—Bryant, *Rain Dream*.

l. 131.—**She, wretched matron**. The reference is without doubt to Catherine Giraghty. See Introductory note, p. 206.

l. 133.—**wintry**. For the coming winter.

l. 135.—**train**. The use of this word, like 'bliss,' is almost a mannerism of the poet.

l. 136.—**The sad historian**. Whose poverty and loneliness speak the sorrowful history of the village.

pensive plain. The epithet is transferred from the observer to the desolate country.

l. 137.—**Near yonder copse**. "Behind the ruins of the house there are still the orchard and wild remains of a garden, enclosed with a high old stone wall... In truth, when the house was complete with its avenue of ash-trees, along which you look to the highway, and thence across the valley to the church of Kilkenny West, on a hill at about a mile distant, the abode of Goldsmith's boyhood must have been a very pleasant one. It is now as stripped of all its former attractions...and stands a white, bare, and solitary ruin."—Howitt's *Homes and Haunts of the Poets* (1847).

l. 140.—**The village preacher**. The reference is primarily to Goldsmith's brother Henry; cf. *Tr. Dedication*, and l.

9, and *D. V.*, Dedication, l. 10. It is applicable likewise to Goldsmith's father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, and, to a less extent, to his uncle Contarine. Catharine Hodson, Goldsmith's sister, held that "The Rev. Charles Goldsmith is allowed by all that knew him, to have been faithfully represented by his son in the character of the village preacher."—*Percy Memoir*. "The fact, perhaps, is, that he fixed upon no one individual, but borrowing, like all good poets and painters, a little from each, drew the character by the combination."—Prior.

This picture of the Village Preacher has been a favourite theme of English poets. Chaucer has the honour of first drawing the English ideal of the parish priest, in the Prologue to *The Canterbury Tales*, ll. 477-528. Chaucer's sketch was amplified by Dryden in his *Character of a Good Parson*. Pope vied with these in his Man of Ross, *Moral Essays*, iii. Goldsmith followed with the lines before us, and was himself succeeded by Cowper in *The Task*, ii. 326ff., 395ff. Wordsworth carried on the subject in the *Excursion*, v., and Longfellow in his *Evangeline*, i. 43ff.

mansion. Cf. l. 41 and *Tr.* l. 167 n.

l. 142.—*passing*. Surpassing, exceedingly.

She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange.

—Shakspeare, *Othello*, i. iii. 160.

forty pounds a year. The salary was not an uncommon one. Parson Adams in Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*, "at the age of fifty was provided with a handsome income of twenty-three pounds a year; which, however, he could not make any great figure with, because he lived in a dear country, and was a little incumbered with a wife and six children" (ch. iii.). Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield obtained a cure at fifteen pounds a year (chap. iii.). It is not unusual, Sankey says, "even now in parts of Cumberland and Westmoreland."

l. 143.—*Remote from towns*. Cf. *Tr.* l. 1 n., and "Remote from the polite, they still retained," etc., in which

the Vicar describes his cure of fifteen pounds a year.—
Vicar of Wakefeld, iv.

ran his godly race. The figure is from St. Paul,
1 Corinth. ix. 24; Phil. ii. 13f; cf. Heb. xii. i. Goldsmith
introduces the line into the *Vicar* :—

That still a godly race he ran
Whene'er he went to pray.

—*Elegy on a Mad Dog*.

l. 144.—Nor e'er had changed.

He sette nat his benefice to hyre,
And leet his sheep encombred in the myre,
And ran to London, unto : Gynt Poules.

—Chaucer, *Prolog. Cant. Tales*, 507ff.

l. 145.—Unpractis'd. 1st ed., Unskilful.

l. 146.—doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour. This
ideal was realized by the Vicar of Bray, who, whether the
original was Simon Alleyn, Pendleton, Simon Symonds,
or other, became a permanent portrait of literature in
Colonel Fuller's well-known song. Goldsmith was un-
doubtly familiar with the song, which was written in
George II's reign.

l. 148.—More skill'd. 1st ed., More bent.

l. 149.—vagrant. Here simply, wandering. (Lat. *vagor*,
I roam.)

l. 151.—long remember'd beggar. "The same persons
are seen for a series of years to traverse the same tract of
country at certain intervals, intrude into every house
which is not defended by the usual outworks of wealth, a
gate and a porter's lodge, exact their portion of the food of
the family, and even find an occasional resting-place for
the night, or from severe weather, in the chimney-corner
of respectable farmers."—Prior. Cf. (Sankey) the descrip-
tion of Edie Ochiltree, the Scotch Bluegown, or King's
Bedesman, in Scott's *Antiquary*, xxi.

l. 152.—Whose beard descending. Cf. (Mitford),—

Stay till my beard shall sweep mine aged breast.

—Hall's *Satires*, p. 79.

Page 29. l. 155.—broken. Enfeebled, exhausted by age and service,—the classical "fracti bello," Virgil, *Aeneid*, ii. 13. It will be remembered that Goldsmith's youth saw the veterans of the war of the Spanish Succession, and that the Seven Years' War was ended only in 1763.

l. 162.—pity...charity. The poet distinguishes here the instinctive impulse for the reasoned moral principle.

l. 165.—in his duty prompt. Cf.

Yet still he was at hand, without request,
To serve the sick, to succour the distress'd...
Still cheerful, ever constant to his call.

—Dryden, *Good Parson*, ll. 62f. and 129.

l. 170.—led the way. Cf.

This noble ensample to his sheep he gaf (gave),
That first he wroughte, and afterwards he taughte; . . .
But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taughte, and first he folwed it him-selve.

—Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*, Prol., 496ff.

l. 171.—parting. Cf. l. 4 n.

l. 173.—champion. Fighting as a leader in the Church Militant against the powers of evil.

l. 176.—accents. A favourite substitute in poetry for words, as numbers for verse; cf.

And breathe short-winded accents of new broils.

—Shakspeare, *1. Henry IV.*, i. i. 3.

ll. 177f.—At church . . . Cf.

His eyes diffus'd a venerable grace,
And charity itself was in his face.

—Dryden, *A Good Parson*, ll. 3f.

l. 179. Truth from his lips.

Though harsh the precept, yet the preacher charm'd,
For letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the sky.

—Dryden, *A Good Parson*.

Page 30.—l. 180.—Fools who came. . . Cf. (Prior),—

Our vows are heard betimes I and Heaven takes care
To grant, before we can conclude the prayer.
Preventing angels met it half the way,
And sent us back to praise, who came to pray.

—Dryden, *Britannia Rediviva*.

1. 183.—and pluck'd his gown. "The Anglican clergy were ordinarily attired in accordance with the seventy-fourth canon—that is to say, in cassocks, black stockings, knee breeches, gown and bands."—Sydney, *England in the Eighteenth Century*, i. 116.

1. 189.—As some tall cliff. "Perhaps the sublimest simile that English poetry can boast."—Gilbert Wakefield, *Memoirs* (Prior). The nearest parallel, and the probable source, is in Young:—

As some tall tow'r, or lofty mountain's brow,
 Detains the sun, illustrious from its height;
 While rising vapours, and descending shades,
 With damps, and darkness, drown the spacious vale;
 Undamp't by doubt, undarken'd by despair,
 Philander, thus, augustly rears his head,
 At that black hour, which gen'ral horror sheds
 On the low level of th' inglorious throng:
 Sweet peace, and heavenly hope, and humble joy,
 Divinely beam on his exalted soul;
 Destruction gild, and crown him for the skies,
 With incommunicable lustre, bright.

—Young, *Night Thoughts*, ii.

Wakefield quotes a parallel from Claudian, *de Mall. Theod. Cons.* 206ff, which is rendered:—

Olympus thus the rage of heaven divides
 White forky lightning plays around his sides:
 Eternally serene, no winter sees,
 Nor storms nor tempest interrupt his ease,
 Insults the wreck, and higher rears his head
 'Midst foaming deluges around him spread,
 Hears undisturb'd descending torrents flow,
 And spurns the thunder as it lays below.

—Warburton, tr. *Claudian on Theodoros*.

Lord Lytton thought Goldsmith plagiarized from the Abbé de Chaulieu (1639-1720):—

Tel qu'un rocher dont la tête,
 Égalant le Mont Athos,
 Voit à ses pieds la tempête
 Troubler le calme des flots,
 La mer autour bruit et gronde;
 Malgré ses émotions,
 Sur son front élevé règne une paix profonde.

John Scott (*Acad.*, Oct. 30, 1876) suggested the coincidence in the lines of Chapelain (1595-1674) to Richelieu :—

Dans un paisible mouvement
 Tu t'élèves au firmament
 Et laisses contre toi murmurer cette terre ;
 Ainsi le haut Olympe, à son pied sablonneux,
 Laisse fumer la foudre et grouder le tonnerre,
 Et garde son sommet tranquille et lumineux.

J. E. Sandys (*id.*, Nov. 13) points out that the figure is in Lucan, ii. 266-73, and a suggestion of the fact in the description of Olympus, *Odysey*, vi. 45.

l. 194.—**blossom'd furze.** Or gorse, having abundant bright yellow flowers among prickly leaves.

unprofitably gay. F. E. Hulme 'has clearly demonstrated' in *Familiar Wild Flowers*, v. 42ff., that the furze is not 'unprofitably gay,' but useful as a wind-break, as fodder, etc. But the poet means that it wastes its brightness on an uninhabited district.

l. 196.—**The village master.** A reference to Thomas Burn or Byrne. "Goldsmith," says his sister, "was instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic, by a school-master in his father's village, who had been a quarter-master in the army in Queen Anne's wars, in that detachment which was sent to Spain: having travelled over a considerable part of Europe and being of a very romantic turn, he used to entertain Oliver with his adventures; and the impressions these made on his scholar were believed by the family to have given him that wandering and unsettled turn, which so much appeared in his future life." —*Percy Memoir.*

l. 200.—**his morning face.** Cf.

The whitening school-boy, with his satchel
 And shining morning face.

—Shakspeare, *As You Like It*, ii. vii. 146.

ll. 205.—**ought... fault.** The word 'fault' first appears in English as 'faute' (Fr. *faute*), which is the spelling into the sixteenth century. At the end of the fifteenth century

the spelling begins to alter under the example of French, where *faute* was being spelt *faulte* from the influence of etymology (assumed Lat. *fallita*, from *fallere*, to fail.) The present spelling 'fault' is universal in English since the seventeenth century. The pronunciation has followed the spelling, but more slowly, so that even in 1755 Dr. Johnson in his Dictionary could say that "in conversation it [*l* in fault] is usually suppressed." Todd, editing the Dictionary (1818), remarks that anyone omitting the *l* "would expose himself to the charge of ignorance or affectation." Dialects still maintain the old pronunciation. (See *New Eng. Dict.*)

In Pope, *Essay on Man*, i. 69f., the rime is 'fault : ought.' Goldsmith rimes 'fault : sought' in *Edwin and Angelina*, st. 35, and in *Retaliation*, 73f., 'caught : fault.'

She own'd the wandering of her thoughts,
But he must answer for her faults.

—Swift, *Cadenus and Vanessa*.

Page 31. l. 209. —terms. The time in which courts of law sit, colleges are open; periods of leases, etc.

tides. Here the times and seasons, especially in the ecclesiastical year; as Eastertide, Whitsuntide, etc.

l. 210. —gauge. Estimate the contents of casks.

l. 213. —words of learned length. Cf.

his speech
In loftiness of sound was rich...
Words so debased and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on;
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em
The ignorant for current took 'em.

—Butler, *Hudibras*.

l. 218. —triumph'd. Cf. l. 212.

l. 219. —Near yonder thorn. See note, p. 206.

l. 221. —Low lies that house. "The scenery of the Ale-house was that of the habitations of most of the farmers in this neighbourhood... Every parlour floor was flagged, or sanded—had its 'bed by night, a chest of drawers by

day'; and exhibited, either on a chimney board, or in an open corner cup-board, a parcel of broken or unbroken pieces of china, glass, or stained earthenware; while the walls were covered with gun-racks, fishing-tackle, and homely prints."—*Gentleman's Magazine*, July, 1818, p. 20.

Many of the lines of this description were written as early as 1759; see p. 205. The original sketch was worked over into a *Description of an Author's Bed-chamber* in *The Citizen of the World*, Let. xxix. The best of it was finally incorporated here.

nut-brown draughts. Cf.

Then to the spicy nut-brown ale.

—Milton, *V'Allegro*, l. 100.

l. 230.—A bed by night... The poet imitates himself in this line; cf.

A cap by night—a stocking all the day.

—*An Author's Bed-chamber*.

l. 232.—The twelve good rules. These rules were printed in the form known as a broadside (a large sheet printed on only one side), surmounted by a picture of the execution of Charles I. They were said to have been found in the study of that unhappy king. They are as follows:—

1. Urge no healths; 2. Profane no divine ordinances; 3. Touch no state matters; 4. Reveal no secrets; 5. Pick no quarrels; 6. Make no comparisons; 7. Maintain no ill opinions; 8. Keep no bad company; 9. Encourage no vice. 10. Make no long meals; 11. Repeat no grievances; 12. Lay no wagers.

"A lady from the neighbourhood of Portglenone, in the county of Antrim... visited the Deserted Village in 1817; and was fortunate enough to find, in a cottage adjoining the ale-house, an old smoked print, which, she was credibly informed, was the identical 'Twelve good Rules' which had ornamented that rural tavern with the 'Royal Game of Goose,' when Goldsmith drew his fascinating description of it."—*Gentleman's Mag.*, vol. lxxxviii., July, 1818, p. 196.

royal game of goose. A game played on a board marked in sixty-two compartments. The player moves forward through these in accordance with his throws with the dice. Every fourth or fifth compartment, however, is marked with a goose; he doubles his throw if his counter reaches it. Various impediments—an alehouse, a fountain, a prison, etc., at different compartments retard his progress.

Page 32. l. 234.—aspens. The tremulous poplar.

fennel. A garden plant having yellow flowers and aromatic leaves.

l. 235.—broken tea-cups.

And five crack'd tea-cups dress'd the chimney board.

—Goldsmith, *Author's Bedchamber*.

l. 236.—o'er the chimney. *I.e.*, in a row along the mantelpiece.

l. 242.—To sweet oblivion. Cf.

There, leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book,
And there, in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town.

—Pope, *Imitations of Horace*, ii. 131.

l. 244.—woodman. Huntsman.

l. 248.—mantling bliss. Cf. l. 221.

And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.

—Pope, *Satires*, ii. 8.

l. 250.—kiss the cup. An old custom; cf.

The bride kiss'd the goblet: the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine and he threw down the cup.

—Scott, *Lochinvar*, *Marmion*, v. xli.

l. 251.—Yes! let the rich deride. Cf.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

—Gray, *Elegy* (1751).

l. 257.—vacant. Free from care, as in l. 122.

1. 258.—Unenvied, unmolested, . . . Cf. *Tr.* 1. n. and—

Unrespited, unpitied, unreplev'd.

—Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ii, 185.

Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

—*Lay of the Last Minstrel*, vi. 1.

1. 259.—pomp. The pompous train,—the original sense.
—L. *pompa*, Gk. *pompe*, procession. Cf. l. 317 and—

A pomp of winning Graces waited still.

—Milton, *Paradise Lost*, viii, 61.

O early lost! what tears the river shed
When the sad pomp along his banks was led!

—Pope, *Windsor Forest*, 273f.

the midnight masquerade. "All these forms of amusement paled their ineffectual fires before the prevailing mania for masquerades, which first became fashionable under the famous Heydegger (who is mentioned by Pope in the 'Dunciad') in the early part of the eighteenth century, where they were usually held during the season at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket"... Tradition asserts that it was the fascinations of masquerades that alone induced George I. to merge from his habitual shyness and reserve... On February 7, 1771, Mrs. Cornelys... held another masquerade, which was attended by the fashionable world of both sexes. The house was illuminated... in the most splendid and picturesque manner with nearly 4,000 wax lights, and 100 musicians were dispersed throughout the rooms."—Sydney, *England in the 18th Century*, i, 144 ff.

Page 33. 1. 268.—Between a splendid and a happy land.

"Too much commerce may injure a nation as well as too little; and there is a wide difference between a conquering and a flourishing empire."—*Citizen of the World*, Let. xxv.

1. 271.—beyond the miser's wish. Cf. *Tr.* ll. 51 ff.

1. 272.—rich men flock. Englishmen return home wealthy from all parts of the world.

1. 276.—**Takes up a space.** The same complaint was heard in antiquity:

Lo, those piles rising ! methinks, to the narrow
They will leave but few acres ; on every side around us
Vaster steep-pouls for fishes extend
Wider bounds than the Lake of Lucrinus.
—Horace, *Odes* ii. xv. (tr. Lytton).

So in Martial, *Epigrams*, i. ii., especially

Abstulerat miseris tecta superbus ager.
[One single mansion began to occupy the whole space of
the city. Here . . .] a proud lawn had deprived poor
wretches of their homes.

1. 278.—**equipage.** Here, carriages and attendants.

1. 280.—**Has robb'd the neighbouring fields.** . . . The cost of the silk robe was half the produce of the surrounding fields.

Page 34. 1. 287.—**As some fair female.** . . . Cf. "Lack of ornament is said to become women."—Cicero, *Orator* xxiii. 78.

In naked beauty more adorn'd.
—Milton, *Paradise Lost*, iv. 713.

Vell'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress ; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
—Thomson, *Autumn*, ii. 202ff.

female. The word was used from Wyclif to Scott as a synonym of woman. It is now vulgar in that sense or contemptuous.

plain Plainly, simply dressed.

1. 288.—**Secure to please.** (L. *securus*, safe, certain.) Sure of pleasing.

1. 291.—**charms are frail.** Cf. Prov. xxxi. 30.

1. 293.—**solicitous to bless.** Eager to favour her lovers.

1. 298.—**Its vistas strike.** Vista (Ital. *vista*, sight, view, Lat. *videre*, to see), a view, especially through an avenue of trees.

strike. Surprise, astonish. Cf.

Court virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate...
 In life's low vale, the soil the virtues like,
 They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
 —Pope, *Moral Essays*, i. 144.

l. 301.—**And while he sinks.** Cf. (Mitford),—

Sinks the poor babe, with not a hand to save.
 —Roscoe, *Nurse*, p. 63.

l. 304.—**contiguous pride.** Cf. *Tr.* l. 179.

ll. 305ff.—**common's fenceless limits.** The enclosure of the commons belonging to the village community has been for centuries a grievance of the poor. Cf. Green, *Short History*, ch. vi. § 3. In the present century J. S. Mill was still protesting against "the legalized spoliation" of the poor by means of Enclosure Acts. (*Dissertations and Discussions*, "The Claims of Labour," ii. 213).

l. 310.—**To see profusion . . . share.** "He only guards those luxuries he is not fated to share."—*Animated Nature*, iv. 43 (Mitford).

Page 35. l. 313.—**those joys.** 1st ed., each joy; changed in the 2nd 4to.

l. 315.—**brocade.** A fabric with a raised pattern originally of gold or silver. See Sydney, *England in the Eighteenth Century*, i. 119, describing a court marriage: George II. was in "a gold brocade turned up with silk, embroidered with large flowers in silver and colours"; the Dukes of Grafton, etc., were "in dresses of gold brocade, to the value of 500*l.* each"; the Duke of Marlborough "was in a white velvet and gold brocade."

l. 316.—**artist.** Archaic sense,—mechanic, artisan.

Then from his anvil the lame artist rose.
 —Pope, *Iliad*, xviii. 479.

l. 317.—**long-drawn pomps.** Very long processions; cf. l. 259 n., and

When through the long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults.
 —Gray, *Elegy*.

l. 318.—**the black gibbet.** Under the fearful laws of

England, the punishment of death could be meted out for each of one hundred and sixty crimes; cf. *Tr.* 385 n. London of the 18th century has been pronounced the "City of the Gallows" (Aschenholz, *Pictures of England*, 12). At Finchley Common, Tyburn, Purfleet, Woolwich, and on the heaths about London the gallows rose, many a one with its corpse swinging. The executions at Tyburn brought out holiday crowds of spectators on Oxford Street. See Sydney, ii., 266.

glooms. Rises dismal and gloomy.

l. 319.—**dome.** Cf. *Tr.* l. 159 n.

l. 322.—**chariots.** "Applied in the 18th century to a light four-wheeled carriage with only back seats, and differing from the post chaise in having a coach-box."—*New Eng. Dict.*

the torches glare. London of 1770 was dimly lighted till midnight by oil-lan ps. Link boys were constantly needed, who carried torches made of tow and pitch.

l. 326.—**the poor houseless shivering female.** "These poor shivering females have once seen happier days, and been flattered into beauty. They have been prostituted to the gay luxurious villain, and are now turned out to meet the severity of winter. Perhaps, now lying at the doors of their betrayers, they sue to wretches whose hearts are insensible, or debauchees, who may curse, but will not relieve them."—*Cit. of the World*, Let. cxvi. and *The Bee*, No. 4.

l. 330.—**primrose...beneath the thorn.** The beautiful yellow flower met with abundantly in rural scenes of Britain—woods, pastures, and on the banks beside the hedges. "There are," says Hulme, "few more beautiful or characteristically rural sights than a long stretching hedgerow or coppice starred over with thousands of these delicate blossoms. April and May are the best months, though in sheltered situations it may in mild winters be found in blossom even during the opening days of the year."—v. 39.

l. 336.—**robes of country brown.** The russet or reddish brown of her homespun.

Like a fair shepherdess in her country russet.

—Dryden, *Theocritus*.

wheel. The spinning-wheel.

l. 338.—**tribes.** The earlier sense (cf. *tribus*, a division of the Roman people),—the various families or classes of the village.

Page 36. l. 342.—**the convex world.**

Aspice convexo nutantem pondere mundum.

—Virgil, *Ecloques*, iv. 50.

l. 343.—**with fainting steps.** Cf. *Tr.* l. 420.

l. 344.—**wild Altama.** For, the Altamaha, a river of Georgia, flowing S. E. into the Atlantic. Almost all contemporary maps and accounts give the name correctly, but it must be said that the poet had justification for the form he used. There is a *Carte de la Caroline et Georgie* par M. B. Ing. de la Marine, giving the river as Altamaha; in Moll's map, 1720, it is Allatamaha.

l. 349.—**birds forget to sing.** The tropical birds are songless, but not the birds of Georgia. The poet, as Campbell did in *Gertrude of Wyoming*, drew on his imagination for the details of his fanciful picture. But Sankey explains it, "Overcome by the mid-day heat."

Cf. *Tr.* l. 322, *D.V.* l. 124. The various contrasts of the scene at home and the scene in exile are carefully worked out by the poet.

l. 350.—**bats in drowsy clusters.** Bats are largest and most numerous in the Tropics. They gather in great numbers when hibernating or resting, hanging head downward from the limbs of trees, etc.

l. 352.—**the dark scorpion.** The scorpion, a spider-like dark-coloured creature, with claws like a lobster for seizing its prey, and a tail terminating in a sting. Its poison is seldom fatal, but is very painful. In the Tropics the scorpion attains great length, 9 or 10 inches in Central Africa and South America.

l. 355.—**crouching tigers.** The tiger is a denizen only of Asia. Even the jaguar or American tiger does not come farther north than the borders of Texas. Campbell is in even worse error than Goldsmith:—

On Erie's banks where tigers steal along.

—*Pleasures of Hope.*

The puma, panther, or catamount would be found in Georgia, but it rarely attacks man.

l. 356.—**And savage men...** Cf.

To savage beasts who on the weaker prey,
Or human savages more wild than they.

—*Temple, v. Nicholls' Poems, ii. 80.*

l. 358.—**mingling.. landscape with the skies.** A classical phrase—*calum terramque miscere*—for universal confusion. Cf. Livy, iv. 3; Virgil, *Aeneid*, i. 134; etc.

l. 362.—**thefts of harmless love.** The hearts and kisses stolen under cover of the grove. Mitford compares:—

Thy shady groves
Only relieve the hearts, and cover loves,
Sheltering no other thefts or cruelties!

—*Nicholls' Poems, ii. 80.*

Often in amorous thefts of lawless love.

—*id. ib., ii. 278.*

l. 363.—**gloom'd.** Cf. l. 318 n.

Page 37. ll. 365ff.—**the poor exiles...** A similar picture, it has been pointed out, is in Quintilian, *Declam.* xiii.

l. 366.—**the bowers.** 1st ed., their bowers.

l. 367.—**a long farewell.** Cf.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness.

—Shakspeare, *Henry VIII.*, iii. ii. 350.

l. 368.—**seats.** Cf. l. 6 n.

l. 369.—**distant.** Wide.

l. 371.—**the good old sire.** Dryden used the phrase "the good old sire" in his Virgil; cf. also,—

The good old sire unconscious of decay.

—Goldsmith, *Threnodia Augustalis.*

1. 378.—conscious virtue. A classical phrase.

Et furilis agitata amor et conscia virtus.

—Virgil, *Æneid* xii. 668.

1. 378.—left a lover's . . . arms. Hales naturally asks, Was the lover never able to go, too? But cf. *Evangeline*, ll. 559 ff.

1. 378.—a father's. 1st ed., her father's.

1. 384.—silent. In the 1st ed., decent.

1. 385.—O Luxury! thou curs'd. Cf. Matt. xix. 23f., Luke xvi. 19ff.

1. 389.—to sickly greatness. Cf. *Tr.* l. 144 n.

Page 38. 1. 397.—Even now, methinks. Cf. *Tr.* l. 283 n.

1. 399.—anchoring. At anchor.

1. 402.—shore . . . strand. A distinction is made here between the land overlooking the sea and that at the water's edge.

1. 407.—And thou, sweet Poetry. Wither in *Shepherd's Hunting* makes a similar apostrophe:—

Therefore, thou best earthly bliss,

I will cherish thee for this—

Poesy, thou sweet'st content

That e'er heaven to mortals sent.

1. 415.—the nobler arts. The fine arts, music, painting, as distinguished from the manual arts.

1. 416.—Fare thee well. *Thee* is usually regarded here as a corruption of *thou*,—fare thou well,—corrupted under the influence of the reflexive verbs.

1. 418.—Torneo's cliffs. Cf. Campbell's line—

Cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow.

Tornea is a town and river at the boundary of Norway and Finland, N. of the Gulf of Bothnia. Bayard Taylor, who visited the district (*Northern Travels*, ch. vii.) comments on Campbell's line—"not a hill within sight, not a rock within a circuit of ten miles, but one unvarying level." Up the river, however, "There were low hills on either side." The little lake of Tornea, in northern Sweden, satisfies the line best, being situated among the mountains.

Some one of the various voyages to Lapland may have suggested to the poet the name, which is given as Torno, Torneo, and Tornea; cf. Pinkerton's *Voyages*, vol. i.

Pambamarca's side. That the poet was familiar with Ulloa (1716-1745) we learn from *Animated Nature*. He probably derived his knowledge of this place, therefore, from the *Voyage to South America* (1748) of Don George Juan and Don Antonio de Ulloa, of which a translation from the Spanish was made by John Adams, a second edition of which appeared in 1760.

Pambamarca, is a mountain in New Grenada, twenty miles N. of Quinto—'dreadful regions,' of 'cold and temperest.' See Pinkerton's *Voyages*, xiv. 427, 440. It was the chief station of the scientists who in 1739 measured one degree of the meridian under the equator.

Page 39. l. 419.—equinoctial. For, equatorial.

l. 422.—Redress the rigours. Cf. *Tr.* l. 176.

l. 424.—rage of gain. Seneca's "lucri furor" (Sankey).

l. 427.—trade's proud empire. Cf. *Tr.* l. 140.

l. 428.—the labour'd mole. Cf. *Tr.* l. 288.

l. 429.—self-dependent power. One growing, not out of foreign commerce, but out of the internal development of agriculture, mining, and manufactures. Sankey explains it as "not dependent on any foreign nations for the necessities (*sic*) of life"; but cf. l. 283.

l. 430.—sky. Weather; cf. the Lat. use of *cælum*.

"Dr. Johnson at the same time [in the year 1783] favoured me by marking the lines which he furnished to Goldsmith's *Deser'ed Village*, which are only the last four."—Boswell's *Johnson*, anno 1766.

WORDSWORTH.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE,
SEPT. 3, 1802.

Composition.—In 1802 Wordsworth and his sister Dora, who were living at Dove Cottage, Grasmere (see note, p. 237), made a flying visit to France. Dora Wordsworth's *Journal* gives the following details: "July 30th.—Left London between five and six o'clock of the morning outside of the Dover coach. A beautiful morning. The city, St. Paul's, with the river—a multitude of little boats, made a beautiful sight as we crossed Westminster Bridge; the houses not overhung by their clouds of smoke, and were spread out endlessly; yet the sun shone so brightly, with such a pure light, that there was something like the purity of one of Nature's own spectacles... Arrived at Calais at four in the morning of July 31st."

Wordsworth states, in his note to Miss Fenwick, that the poem was "written on the roof of a coach, on my way to France"; and dated the poem, inaccurately however, in all editions, 1807.

Publication. The sonnet appeared in *Poems*, 1807. Subsequent editions show no changes in the text.

Form of the sonnet. Wordsworth's eminence as a writer of Sonnets requires a special consideration of the form of this poem.

The word *sonnet* is derived, as is the best form of the thing itself, from the Italian,—*sonetto*, a short strain, abbreviation of *suono*, sound. The first Englishman to learn to use the sonnet structure were Wyatt (1503–1542) and Surrey (1517–1547), poets steeped in Italian literature.

* See Theodore Watts, *Encyc. Brit.*; William Sharp, *Sonnets of this Century*, Introduction, etc.

Among the Elizabethans, Spenser, Sidney and Shakspeare were pre-eminent as writers of sonnets, as at a later day Milton was among the Caroline poets.

Shakspeare's sonnets, however, differ essentially in structural character from the sonnets of Milton. The SHAKESPEARIAN SONNET arranges its rimes *abab cdcd efef gg*, and the whole rhythm progresses with almost even force through its fourteen lines till clinched and ended in the concluding couplet. The MILTONIC SONNET agrees with the Shakespearian in preserving an unbroken continuity of rhythm throughout, but differs from it in rime-structure. Its rimes are arranged *abba abba*, but the last six lines rime with great freedom, always however avoiding a final couplet. The normal Italian or PETRARCAN SONNET, while similar to the Miltonic sonnet in rime-order, differs from it and the Shakespearian sonnet in the peculiar movement of its rhythm. The poem is broken into a "octave" (first eight lines) and a "sestet" (last six lines), and the melody rising with the major part, subsides and dies away in the minor; so that it may be described:

A sonnet is a wave of melody:
 From heaving waters of the impassioned soul
 A billow of tidal music one and whole
 Flows in the "octave," then returning free,
 Its ebbing surges in the "sestet" roll
 Back to the deeps of Life's tumultuous sea.

—Theodore Watts.

These three forms—the Shakespearian, the Miltonic, and the Petrarcian Sonnet—are the standard forms of English sonnets. While they have formal differences, they agree in requiring that the poem be of fourteen decasyllabic lines, the evolution of one single thought or emotion, inevitable in its progress, full of thought, dignity, repose, and splendidly sonorous.

"Swelling loudly
 Up to its climax, and then dying proudly,"
 as Keats said.

For the Shakespearian sonnet-form cf. Keats's *When I*

Have Fears, p. 59, *The Human Seasons*, p. 60. Shelley's sonnet *Ozymandias*, p. 67, is amorphous. Other examples of the three kinds will be found in the Appendix.

Wordsworth's sonnets, it will be seen, bear the closest relationship to Milton's, though often the Petrarchean rhythm is observed. "In the cottage, Town-end, Grasmere," says the poet, "one afternoon in 1801, my sister read to me the Sonnets of Milton... I was particularly struck on that occasion by the dignified simplicity and majestic harmony that runs through most of them,—in character so totally different from the Italian, and still more so from Shakespeare's fine Sonnets. I took fire, if I may be allowed to say so, and produced three Sonnets the same afternoon, the first I ever wrote, except an irregular one at school."—Fenwick note to *Happy the Feeling*.

Page 40.—Title. *Westminster Bridge*. This bridge crossed the Thames almost before the river front of the Houses of Parliament; it was finished in 1750. The present bridge was constructed 1854–1862.

l. 4.—like a garment. "Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment."—*Psalms* civ. 2.

l. 10.—In his first splendour. The beauty of early sunrise in the country is here introduced to emphasize the beauty of sunrise in the city.

l. 14.—that mighty heart... still. This line sums up the impressive effect of power and vastness, as held in peace and rest. Cf. *Ozymandias*, p. 67,—

Boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

"Many years ago, I think it was in 1859, I chanced to be passing (in a pained and depressed state of mind, occasioned by the death of a friend) over Waterloo Bridge at half-past three on a lovely June morning. It was broad daylight, and I was alone. Never when alone in the

remotest recesses of the Alps, with nothing around me but the mountains, or upon the plains of Africa, alone with the wonderful glory of the southern night, have I seen anything to approach the solemnity—the soothing solemnity—of the city, sleeping under the early sun,—

'Earth has not anything to show more fair.'

It was this sonnet, I think, that first opened my eyes to Wordsworth's greatness as a poet. Perhaps nothing that he has written shows more strikingly that vast sympathy which is his peculiar dower."—R. S. Watson, quoted in Knight's *Wordsworth*, ii. 288.

THE GREEN LINNET.

Composition and publication. *The Green Linnet* is one of the many beautiful lyrics of the Grasmere period. "The cottage in which Wordsworth and his sister took up their abode, and which still retains the form it wore then, stands on the right hand, by the side of the coach-road from Ambleside to Keswick, as it enters Grasmere, or, as that part of the village is called, TOWN-END. The front of it faces the lake; behind is a small plot of orchard and garden ground, in which there is a spring, and rocks; the whole enclosure shelves upward toward the woody sides of the mountains above it."—*Memoirs of Wordsworth*, i. 157. "At the end of the orchard was a terrace, where an arbour or moss-hut was built by Wordsworth; in which he murmured out and wrote, or dictated many of his poems... The moss-hut is gone, and a stone seat now takes its place."—*Wordsworth Country*, pp. 61ff.

This poem was written in 1805. Wordsworth in his note to Miss Fenwick states that the poem was composed "in the orchard, Town-end, Grasmere, where the bird was often seen as here described."

Many of Wordsworth's poems are associated with this orchard—*Farewell, To a Butterfly, The Green Linnet, The*

Redbreast Chasing the Butterfly, The Kitten and the Falling Leaves, Lines in Thomson's Castle of Indolence. The *Green Linnet* has the closest associations of all, and "is as true to the spirit of the place in 1887 as it was eighty years ago" (Knight).

It was published in the second volume of *Poems*, 1807.

Theme. The Green Linnet. The Greenfinch or Green Linnet, is one of the commonest of British birds, though not found in America. "Its familiar haunts are in our gardens, shrubberies, and pleasure-grounds. . . Its song commences in April, at which time the birds also pair. There is nothing striking in its music—it is a song which bears some resemblance to that of an inferior Canary; and it is only when several birds are singing in chorus that their notes are at all attractive. In spring half a dozen cock-birds will sometimes be seen in a single tree; and when they are all warbling together, one against the other, the effect is very harmonious and pleasing.

"The adult male Greenfinch has the general colour of the plumage, bright yellowish green, brightest on the rump, and shading into slate-grey on the flanks and lower belly, and into yellowish white on the under tail-coverts. The crown, the sides of the head and neck, the throat and breast . . . slate-grey; the wings are brownish black."—Seeböhm, ii. 74ff.

Page 41. ll. 1-8.—Beneath these fruit-tree boughs...

1807. The May is come again;—how sweet
To sit upon my orchard-seat!
And Birds and Flowers once more to greet,
My last year's Friends together;
My thoughts they all by turns employ;
A whispering Leaf is now my joy,
And then a bird will be the toy
That doth my fancy tether.

1815 (l. 8) And Flowers and Birds once more to greet.

The present version of stanza i. appeared first in the 1827 ed.

l. 10.—**covert of the blest.** 'Covert' (O.F. *couvert*, per. part. of *couvrir*, to cover), hiding-place, shelter.

l. 15.—**the revels of the May.** A picture of the birds at spring-time taken from the rejoicings of the country folk on May-day. The festivities of May-day—gathering hawthorn-flowers, sports, and dancing round the May-pole, are called 'the May.'

l. 18.—**one band of paramours.** Birds and butterflies are pairing; in the fields,

'No sister flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother;'

but the Linnet is still alone (sole, L. *solus*, alone).

paramour. (O.F. *par amour*, with love, as a lover), lover, wooer—an archaic sense.

Page 42. l. 26.—**That sparkle to the gusty breeze.** Only Tennyson equals the picturesqueness of such a line as this; cf.

Below the chestnuts, when their buds
Were glistening to the breezy blue.

—*The Miller's Daughter.*

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver.

—*Lady of Shalott.*

l. 25.—**Amid yon tuft.** 1827 ed., Upon yon tuft.

ll. 33.—**My dazzled sight. . .**

1807. While thus before my eyes he gleams,
A Brother of the Leaves he seems;
When in a moment forth he teems
His little song in gushes;
As if it pleased him to disdain
The voiceless Form which he did feign,
While he was dancing with the train
Of leaves among the bushes.

1820 (l. 38). The voiceless Form he chose to feign.

1827 (ll. 33f.) My sight he dazzles, half deceives,
A bird so like the dancing leaves.
Then flits, etc. (as in our text).

1843. The Bird my dazzled sight deceives.

Our text is the reading of 1832, as finally adopted in 1846.

TO THE CUCKOO.

Composition and publication. As stated by Wordsworth, this poem was composed in the orchard at Town-end, Grasmere, 1804." According to Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal the poem must have been begun in 1802. On Friday, March 22nd and 25th of that year, she notes the mildness and beauty of the morning, adding, "William worked on the Cuckoo poem." It was published in the second volume of *Poems*, 1807.

Theme of the poem. The Cuckoo. "These birds frequent gardens, groves, and fields, in fact any localities where their insect food is abundant. . . In habits the Cuckoo is wild and shy, a tolerably swift bird on the wing, frequenting chiefly such places as are well covered with trees and groves; and so shy and watchful is it, that to approach within gun-range of it is generally most difficult. . . The note of the male is the well-known call which is generally heard, and consists of two syllables *uh, uh*, rather than *ku-ku*, which when the bird is greatly excited, is rendered *ku-ku-ku*."—Dresser, *Birds of Europe*, v. 197, 205.

The Cuckoo had an especial attraction for Wordsworth. He speaks of the 'thousand delightful feelings connected in my mind with the voice of the cuckoo.' His poems on this theme and the allusions in his works are very numerous. In 1801 he translated Chaucer's *The Cuckoo and The Nightingale*; in 1804 the present poem was composed. Two years later the impression of the cuckoo's song echoing among the mountains near Rydal Mere called forth "Yes, it was the Mountain Echo" (see Appendix). In 1827 the sonnet *To the Cuckoo* (see Appendix) voiced the gladness of the bird's song at Spring. While the poet was travelling in Italy in 1837, the familiar voice of the bird greeted him, and awakened the thoughts embodied in *The Cuckoo at Laverna*. In his last years the present of a

clock once more recalled the delights of childhood hours, and found an acknowledgement in *The Cuckoo-Clock*, 1845 (see Appendix).

Page 43. l. 4.—But a wandering Voice. Wordsworth describes it as a "vagrant voice" in *The Cuckoo at Laverna*. The phrase aptly describes the bird, which is heard and not seen. It is classical in origin; the nightingale being *vox, et præterea nihil*, which phrase is attributed to the Greeks. The story of Echo, who had only voice left, is parallel.—Ovid, *Met.* iii. 397.

ll. 5-10.—**While I am lying...** The reading of 1845.

1807. While I am lying on the grass,
I hear this restless shout:
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
About, and all about!

1815. While I am lying on the grass,
Thy loud note smites my ear!—
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near!

1820. While I am lying on the grass,
Thy loud note smites my ear!
It seems to fill the whole air's space,
At once far off and near!

1827. While I am lying on the grass,
Thy twofold shout I hear,
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.

1832. While I am lying on the grass,
Thy twofold shout I hear,
That seems to fill the whole air's space,
As loud far off as near.

l. 10.—**Thy twofold shout.** Cf.

Shout, cuckoo! let the vernal soul
Go with thee to the frozen zone;
Toll from the loftlest perch, lone bell-bird, toll
At the still hour to Mercy dear,
Mercy from her twilight throne
Listening to nun's faint throb of holy fear,
To sailor's prayer breathed from a darkening sea,
Or widow's cottage-lullaby.

—Wordsworth, *Power of Sound*, ll.

The cuckoo, straggling up to the hill tops,
Shouteth faint tidings of some gladder place.

—Wordsworth, *Excursion*, ii. 346 f.

l. 7.—**From hill to hill.** Cf.

The cuckoo told his name to all the hills.

—Tennyson, *The Gardener's Daughter*.

ll. 9–13.—**Though babbling.** This is the reading of 1827.

1807. To me, no Babbler with a tale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou tellest, Cuckoo! in the vale
Of visionary hours.

1815. I hear thee babbling to the Vale
Of sunshine and of flowers;
And unto me thou bring'st a tale
Of visionary hours.

1820 (l. 11). But unto me. . .

l. 12.—**Of visionary hours.** The suggestive and musical effect of a long word aptly used is a peculiarity of the poet. Cf.

Or hast thou been summoned to the deep,
Thou, thou and all thy mates, to keep
An incommunicable sleep.

—*The Affliction of Margaret*.

But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

—*She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways*.

Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

—*The Solitary Reaper*.

l. 15.—**no bird, but an invisible thing.** Tennyson imitated this happy turn in describing the bulbul or Eastern nightingale:

The living airs of middle night
Died round the bulbul as he sung;
Not he; but something which possess'd
The darkness of the world, delight,
Life, anguish death, immortal love,
Ceasing not, mingled, unrepress'd,
Apart from place, withholding time,
But flattering the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

—*Recollections of the Arabian Nights*.

l. 31. **unsubstantial.** Suggested possibly by Prospero's description of the earth's dissolution,—

And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.

—Shakspeare, *Tempest* iv. 1.

faery. A variant form of fairy. This spelling is preferred by the poets to exclude the undignified associations of the latter form;—resembling fairyland in its beautiful unsubstantial visionary character. Cf. Keats, *To a Nightingale*, l. 70.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

Composition and publication. As the Fenwick note states, this poem was "written at Town-end, Grasmere [1804]. The germ of this poem was four lines [probably ll. 1-4,—Knight] composed as a part of the verses on the Highland Girl. Though beginning in this way, it was written from my heart, as is sufficiently obvious." The vague hint in "written from my heart" is made clear by Christopher Wordsworth's note in the *Memoirs*, i. 204f., and the testimony of Chief Justice Coleridge giving the poet's own statement—(*Memoirs*, ii. 306.)

The poem was published in the first volume of *Poems*, 1807.

Theme. While Wordsworth was a school-boy at Penrith, a fellow-pupil of his was his cousin Mary Hutchinson. In 1789 while still a student at Cambridge, Wordsworth revisited Penrith, where his sister and Mary Hutchinson were living. When the poet returned from his visit to Germany in 1799, he went first to Sockburn where Mary Hutchinson was then living. At Dove Cottage she was a frequent visitor. On the 4th of October, 1802, the two were married. "There was," says Knight, "an entire absence of romance in Wordsworth's courtship... He loved Mary Hutchinson; he had always loved her; and

he loved her with an ever-increasing tenderness; but his engagement to her seemed somehow to be just the natural sequel to their early unromantic regard." De Quincey, who visited Dove Cottage in 1807, speaks of Mrs. Wordsworth with enthusiasm:—"The foremost [of the two ladies], a tallish young woman, with the most winning expression of benignity upon her features, advanced to me, presenting her hand with so frank an air that all embarrassment must have fled in a moment before the native goodness of her manner. . . She furnished remarkable proof how possible it is for a woman neither handsome nor even comely, according to the rigour of criticism—nay, generally pronounced very plain—to exercise all the practical fascination of beauty, through the mere compensatory charms of sweetness all but angelic, of simplicity the most entire, womanly self-respect and purity of heart speaking through all her looks, acts, and movements. . . Her words were few. . . Her intellect was not of an active order; but, in a quiescent, reposing, meditative way, she appeared always to have a genial enjoyment from her own thoughts. . . Indeed, all faults would have been neutralized by that supreme expression of her features, to that unity of which every lineament in the fixed parts, and every undulation in the moving parts of her countenance, concurred, viz., a sunny benignity—a radiant graciousness—such as in this world I never saw surpassed.—*Recollections of the Lake Poets*, ch. iii.

Wordsworth's own references to his wife are many beautiful tributes of affection. In the poem in which he bids farewell in his orchard-scenes before his marriage, he closes with the words:—

—A gentle Maid, whose heart is lowly bred,
Whose pleasures are in wild fields gather'd,
With joyousness, and with a thoughtful cheer,
Will come to you; to you herself will wed;
And love the blessed life that we lead here.

—*A Farewell*, 1802.

Then came two years after his marriage the most beautiful tribute ever paid to wife, the lines "*She was a Phantom of Delight.*" In the same strain are the lines in *The Prelude* :—

Thereafter came
 One whom with thee friendship had early paired;
 She came, no more a phantom to adorn
 A moment, but an inmate of the heart,
 And yet a spirit, there for me enshrined
 To penetrate the lofty and the low;
 Even as one essence of pervading light
 Shines, in the brightest of ten thousand stars
 And the meek worm that feeds her lonely lamp
 Couched in the dewy grass.

—Prelude, xiv.

The Dedication of *The White Doe of Rylstone*, 1807, commemorates the deep still affection binding the husband and wife, brought closer together by the loss of children. In 1824, two poems (see Appendix) addressed to his wife record the poet's deepest love and the sustaining help of her faith. In 1741, after thirty-six years of life together, the poet wrote from his heart :—

"O, my Beloved! I have done thee wrong,
 Conscious of blessedness, but, whence it sprung,
 Ever too heedless, as I now perceive:
 Morn into noon did pass, noon into eve,
 And the old day was welcome as the young,
 As welcome, and as beautiful—in sooth
 More beautiful as being a thing more holy:
 Thanks to thy virtues, to the eternal youth
 Of all thy goodness, never melancholy;
 To thy large heart and humble mind, that cast
 Into one vision, future, present, past.

Page 45. l. 5.—*eyes as stars of Twilight.* The star-like beauty of eyes has often been noted.

Or from star-like eyes doth seek.

—Carew, *Disdain Returned.*

The poet adds the milder radiance seen at twilight.

l. 8.—*From May-time . . . dawn.*

1836 ed. From May-time's brightest, loveliest dawn.

Cf.

She seem'd a part of Joyous spring.

—Tennyson, *Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere*.

ll. 15 6.—**A countenance. . as sweet.** “There are two passages of that poet who is distinguished, it seems to me, from all others—not by power, but by exquisite *rightness*—which point you to the cause, and describe to you, in a few syllables, the completion of womanly beauty. [The lines beginning,—

‘Three years she grew in sun and shower,’

are then quoted. See Appendix.]

“Take from the same poet, in two lines, a perfect description of womanly beauty—

‘A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet.’

“The perfect loveliness of a woman’s countenance can only consist in that majestic peace, which is founded in the memory of happy and useful years,—full of sweet records; and from the joining of this with that yet more majestic childishness, which is still full of change and promise;—opening always—modest at once, and bright, with hope of better things to be won, and to be bestowed. There is no old age where there is still that promise.”—*Sesame and Lilies*, II. §§ 70, 71.

Page 46. l. 22.—**pulse of the machine.** “The use of the word ‘machine’ in the third stanza has been much criticized. For a similar use of the term see the sequel to *The Waggoner* :—

Forgive me, then; for I had been
On friendly terms with this Machine.

The progress of mechanical industry in Britain since the beginning of the present century has given a more limited, and purely technical, meaning to the word than it bore when Wordsworth used it in these two instances.”—Knight, iii. 5. To this might be added that Wordsworth had Shakspeare’s authority for this sense of the word,—

Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him,
Hamlet.—*Hamlet*, II. II. 124.

l. 24.—**between.** In 1832 ed., betwixt.

l. 36.—**an angel-light.** This is the reading of 1836: that of 1807 is, an angel light; that of 1845, angelic light.

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION
OF SWITZERLAND.

Historical note.—The influence of France on Switzerland greatly increased during the eighteenth century. With the spread of revolutionary ideas, the tyrannical rule of the Cantons and the aristocracy was more and more resented by the people of the country districts. In January, 1798, the Pays de Vaud revolted, and France intervened in its favour against Bern. With the capture of that city on the 5th of March, 1798, the Swiss confederation—an alliance of the Cantons which had in part lasted from 1291—was at an end. The French Directory established, in place of the Confederacy, a Helvetic Republic, 1798, with a brand-new constitution. The old Cantonal boundaries were disregarded, and a new system of government and justice set up. Switzerland was looked upon as a conquest, and as such was dictated to and despoiled.

Different districts revolted against the 'dictates of the foreigner;' among which Midwalden was conspicuous with its two thousand men against sixteen thousand French. Its chief town, Stanz, was blotted out in smoke and blood; but the heroic struggle awoke admiration and pity through Germany and England. Switzerland, thus in French hands, became an outwork of France against Austria, and the military burdens placed on her were intolerable. The partizans of the old order kept up a struggle to the death. In November, 1798, Napoleon returned from Egypt, and began to plan the government of Switzerland. Finally in

1802 he withdrew French forces from the country in consequence of the treaty of Amiens. Civil war broke out. Napoleon offered his 'mediation,' and supported the offer by advancing forty thousand men. By the Act of Mediation, 1803, the Cantonal Government was restored, with a central Diet. But Switzerland was only a subject state, paying its tribute of 16,000 soldiers to the French army.

Wordsworth's politics.—The French Revolution at first found in Wordsworth a devoted champion. He had visited France in 1790, and again in 1791, when he remained in that country for thirteen months, witnessing some of the stormiest scenes of that stormy time. His early enthusiasm chronicled itself in the words,

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven!

But the September massacres, the execution of the king and queen, the deification of reason, the anarchy in the state tempered this early enthusiasm, though without shaking his confidence in the young Republic. Then, when the Revolution became a war of conquest, and the supremacy of Napoleon ended the aspirations of the people and threatened the liberty of Europe, Wordsworth turned from his republican sympathies to conservatism, and sought refuge from disappointed social ideals in poetry.

Composition and publication.—In the winter of 1806, Dove Cottage, Grasmere, having become too small for the poet's family, he took up his abode at Coleorton, in Leicestershire, occupying a farm-house on the estate of his friend, Sir George Beaumont. There he watched with intense interest the struggle against Napoleon, as is shown by this sonnet and that on Germany,—

High deeds, O Germans, are to come from you.

The present poem, as the Fenwick note tells, "was composed while pacing too and fro between the Hall of Coleorton, then rebuilding, and the principal Farm-house of the

Estate, in which we lived for nine or ten months." Written in 1807, it was published in *Poems*, 1807.

Page 47.—Title. The title in *The Golden Treasury*,—"England and Switzerland, 1802," is Mr. Palgrave's invention.

l. 5.—a Tyrant. Napoleon. See Historical note.

with holy glee. "In 1807, the whole of the Continent of Europe was prostrate under Napoleon. It is impossible to say to what special incident (if any in particular) he refers to in the phrase, 'with holy glee thou fought'st against him;' but, as the sonnet was composed at Coleorton in 1807—after Austerlitz and Jena, and Napoleon's practical mastery of Europe—our knowledge of the particular event or events would not add much to our understanding of the poem."—Knight, iv. 65.

l. 9.—Of one deep bliss.

The lordly Alps themselves,
Those rosy peaks, from which the morning looks
Abroad on many nations, are no more
For me that image of pure gladness
Which they were wont to be.

—Wordsworth, *Prelude*, xi.

l. 10.—cleave to that . . . left.

This last spot of earth, where Freedom now
Stands single in her only sanctuary.

—Wordsworth, *Prelude*, xi.

MOST SWEET IT IS WITH UNUPLIFTED EYES.

Composition and publication. This sonnet forms part (No. xlviii.) of a series of *Poems composed and suggested during a Tour in the Summer of 1833*, published in *Yarrow Revisited, and Other Poems*, 1835. The tour in question was to Staffa and Iona.

Page 48.—Title. The title "The Inner Vision," in *The Golden Treasury*, is Mr. Palgrave's invention.

l. 5.—Pleased rather. . . A MS. reading is

Pleased rather with that soothing after-tone
Whose seat is in the mind, occasion's Queen !
Else Nature's noblest objects were I ween
A yoke endured, a penance undergone.

l. 13.—The Mind's internal heaven. Wordsworth never tired of iterating this wholesome thought. Nature to him is not merely the pleasure of sense ; it is rather the scenes of nature called up before—

That inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.
—“ *I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud.*”

The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.
—*A Poet's Epitaph.*

SCOTT.

ROSABELLE.

Composition and publication.—*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, from which *Rosabelle* is taken,—canto vi. § xxiii.—grew out of the volumes of *Border Minstrelsy* Scott was collecting and publishing in 1802. It was immediately occasioned by the desire of the Countess of Dalkeith to have a poem on the legend of Gilpin Horner, and was composed “at the rate of about a canto per week... It was finally published in 1805, and may be regarded as the first work in which the writer, who has since been so voluminous, laid his claim to be an original author.”

Text. The text of *Rosabelle* is from the ed. of 1833, which represents the author's last version of the ed. of 1831. The original MS. is not preserved. Lockhart gives the readings of the 1st ed. Collations of various early editions—10th, 11th, 15th, etc., have been made, showing no differences but unimportant ones in spelling and punctuation.

Form of the poem. The form of the poem—the quatrain of iambic lines of four accents with alternate rhimes—is a favourite form of the old ballads, of which Scott was so devoted an admirer.

Its place in “The Lay.”—*The Lay of the Last Minstrel* is the story of border chivalry of the middle of the sixteenth century, as narrated by the last representative of the ancient minstrels. The main story, to which that of the Goblin Page is subordinated, is: Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, Lord of Branksome, slain in battle, left a beautiful daughter, Margaret, an infant son, and a widow Margaret, whose only fault is her devotion to the study of magic. Lord Cranstoun, at feud with the Scotts, loves

the daughter. The Goblin Page allures the young son into the power of the English troops, who demand in return the surrender of her knight Deloraine for march-treason. Deloraine offers trial by combat, but his place is taken, since he lies wounded, by Cranstoun. By his act of valour and friendship Margaret's heart is won over to his suit for her daughter's hand.

The sixth canto opens with the meeting of the Minstrels at Branksome Hall at the marriage festival of young Margaret. The first to sing was Albert Græme, who sang the ballad of the English lady's love of the Scottish knight. Fitztraver followed with the story of Surrey and Geraldine. Then, from his seat, rose Harold, bard of brave St. Clair,—

Harold was born where restless seas
Howl round the storm-swept Orcaes...
And thus had Harold, in his youth,
Learn'd many a Saga's rhyme uncouth...
With war and wonder all on flame,
To Roslin's bowers young Harold came,
Where, by sweet glen and greenwood tree,
He learn'd a milder minstrelsy;
Yet something of the Northern spell
Mix'd with the softer numbers well.

His song is the lay of Rosabelle. It is intended, as Scott hints, to represent the wild, picturesque style of the Sealdic bards, modified by the mild romanticism of the Southern minstrelsy. "Our readers," says Jeffrey, *Edinburgh Review*, April, 1805, p. 16, "will probably be struck with the poetical effect of the dramatic form into which it is thrown, and of the indirect description by which everything is most expressively told, without one word of distinct narrative."

The story of the poem, it may be added, is fictitious, though it gains a verisimilitude by the local colouring.

Page 49. Title. Rosabelle. The poem has no title in *The Lay*. Each song is introduced by the name of the singer.

l. 1.—**ladies gay.** The poem is addressed, because of its character, specially to the ladies of the company. Græme's song had been, in a sense, of feats of arms.

l. 4.—**Rosabelle.** The poet has chosen a family name of the St. Clairs. "Henry St. Clair, the second of the line, married Rosabelle, fourth daughter of the Earl of Strath-erne."—Scott.

l. 5.—"**Moor, moor the barge.**" Spoken, it is to be supposed, by the commander of the castle of Ravensraig. The next line shows he is a retainer of the St. Clairs.

l. 6.—**ladye.** The favourite spelling of the ballads, preserving the final letter of its original form, *hlæfdige*.

l. 7.—**Castle Ravensheuch.** *Heuch* is Gael. for crag, precipitous, steep. This castle, now ruinous, is between Dysart and Kirkealdy in Fife, on the north shore of the Firth of Forth. It came into the possessions of the St. Clairs in 1471 as a compensation for the earldom of Orkney, which had been taken over by the Crown.

l. 8.—**Nor tempt.** Cf. *D. V.*, l. 104 *n.*

the stormy firth. The Firth of Forth.

l. 9.—**the blackening wave.** The wave darkens from its own shadow, as it rises. The sky is likewise growing overcast (l. 16).

In this love of beauty, observe, that . . . the love of *colour* is a leading element, his [Scott's] healthy mind being incapable of losing, under any modern false teaching, its joy in brilliancy of hue. Though not so subtle a colourist as Dante, . . . he depends quite as much upon colour for his power and pleasure. And, in general, if he does not mean to say much about things, the one character which he will give is colour, using it with the most perfect mastery and faithfulness. . . For instance, if he has a sea-storm to paint in a single line, he does not, as a feebler poet would probably have done, use any expression about the temper or form of the waves; does not call them angry

or mountainous. He is content to strike them out with two dashes of Tintoret's favourite colours:—

'The blackening wave is edged with white;
To lurch and rock the sea-mews fly.'

There is no form in this. Nay, the main virtue of it is, that it gets rid of all form. The dark raging of the sea—what form has that? But out of the cloud of its darkness those lightning flashes of the foam, coming at their terrible intervals—you need no more."—Ruskin, *Modern Painters*, iii. iv. ch. xvi.

l. 10.—**inch.** Island (Gael. *innis*, island). Cf. "St. Colm's inch (Shakspeare, *Macbeth*, i. ii.) or Inchcolm, Inchkeith, Inchmickery, all in the Firth of Forth.

sea-mew. The sea-gull,—so named from its cry.

l. 11.—**the Water-Sprite.** Sprite, a variant form of spirit. The reference is to the Kelpie of Scotch superstition. The Kelpie appears usually in the form of a horse, often decoys travellers to a watery grave and even assists in drowning them. Its cry is heard in storms, foreboding evil to the mariner. See *Folk-Lore Soc.*, 1872, 280.

"The spirit of the waters, who... gives previous intimation of the destruction of those who perish within his jurisdiction, by preternatural lights and noises, and even assists in drowning them."

In pool or ford can nane be smur'd,
Gin Kelpie be nae there.

—*Border Minstrelsy*, iii. 331.

—Jamieson, *Scottish Dictionary*. See *The Water-Kelpie*, *Scott's Border Minstrelsy*, iv. 333ff.

l. 13f. **The gifted Seer.** That is, 'gifted with second sight.' Cf. Brian, in *The Lady of the Lake*, iii. § vi., and Lochiel, in Campbell's *Lochiel's Warning*.

"Second sight is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object, without any previous means used by the person that sees it for that end... When a shroud is perceived about one, it is a sure prognostic of death: the

time is judged according to the height of it about the person: ... as it is frequently seen to ascend towards the head, death is concluded to be at hand within a few days, in not hours."—Martin, *Western Isles*. Pinkerton, iii. 670.

l. 14.—swathed. 1st. ed., roll'd.

Page 50. l. 17.—Lord Lindesay's heir. The Lyndsays were lords of Glenesk, a district on the North Esk, above Rosslyn.

Rosabelle in excusing her eagerness to reach home in time for the ball discloses the romance that occupies her mind.

l. 19.—ladye-mother. The honorific title in speaking of her mother; cf. the Fr. *maman* *vo*tre *mère*.

Almost imperceptibly the tender relations of Rosabelle to father and mother are suggested. Cf. l. 23.

l. 21.—the ring they ride. The pastime of 'riding at the ring' was a favourite one on the decline of chivalry. The horseman riding at full speed aimed to carry off on his lance's point a ring suspended from a beam.

l. 25.—Roslin. The Castle and Chapel of Roslin, the chief seat of the St. Clairs, are situated seven miles south of Edinburgh, in the midst of the beautiful vale of the North Esk. Now usually written Rosslyn.

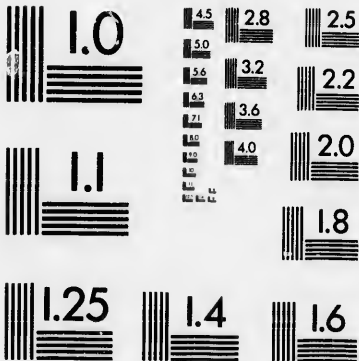
The castle was built on a promontory in the glen, approached by a high and narrow bridge. The date of its erection is unknown, but it was burnt in 1554 by the English troops, and nothing remains but the ruins of walls, and a large round tower or keep. To the north of the Castle, on higher ground, is the Gothic Chapel, erected in 1446, one of the glories of ecclesiastical architecture. Its arched roof is supported by two rows of elaborately carved pillars. The sculpture of the roof, keystones, capitals is exquisitely beautiful.

l. 26.—A wondrous blaze. "The Chapel is said to appear on fire previous to the death of any of his [its founder's] descendants. This superstition, noticed by Slezer in his



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Theatrum Scotiæ, and alluded to in the text, is probably of Norwegian derivation, and may have been imported by the Earls of Orkney into their Lothian dominions. The tomb-fires of the north are mentioned by most of the Sagas."—Author's note, ed. 1833, vi. 208.

l. 30.—**ruddied**. Reddened, which is the reading of the 1st ed.

l. 31.—**Dryden's groves of oak**. Dryden, a hamlet in Lasswade, about two miles directly north of Rosslyn.

l. 32.—**Hawthornden**. A glen and mansion on the north east, a mile or more below and north-east of Rosslyn. In the cliffs along the wooded glen are many ancient artificial caves connected by passages with the court-yard of the mansion. "Under the building two ranges of caves have been worked out of the rock...the entrance is in the side of a perpendicular rock of great height above the river: the descent to them is by twenty-seven steps formed in the rock."—Scott, *Border Antiquities*, ii. 124f.

l. 34.—**Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie**. "Between the base of the third and fourth pillars and the north wall is a large stone, covering the entrance to a vault in which ten Barons of Roslin were interred previous to 1690. These personages were buried in complete armour, without coffins, which was the family custom of the St. Clairs of Roslin...The sacristy, or vestry, a kind of crypt erected by the first Countess of the founder, is entered on the south-east corner of the chancel, near the site of the high altar, by a flight of twenty-four steps; and although this stair is subterraneous, the apartment is above ground on the margin of the bank...lighted by an arched window... It was long believed that on the night preceding the decease of the Barons of Roslin, or any member of their family, the Chapel appeared as if by supernatural agency enveloped in flames."—Lawson, *Scotland*, 165f.

l. 36.—**panoply**. Complete suit of armour. (Gk. *pan*, all, *hopla*, armour.)

l. 88.—**deep sacristy.** 1st ed., Both vaulted crypt. The sacristy is the apartment adjoining the church, in which the clergy and choir assemble, and where the vessels of the sacrament are kept.

altar's pale. The space railed off at the altar of the chapel.

l. 89.—**pillar foliage-bound.** A wreath of leaves and roses, carved in the stone, winds about some of the pillars.

Page 51. l. 41.—battlement. The indented parapet or raised wall with embrasures, surmounting the towers and walls.

pinnet. Pinnacle (dim. of L. *pinna*, pinnacle).

l. 42.—**rose-carved buttress.** The buttress is the projection of the wall, here within, giving it greater power of support. "Among the profuse carvings on the pillars and buttresses, the rose is frequently introduced, in allusion to the name, with which, however, the flower has no connection; the etymology being Rosslinnhe, the promontory of the linn, or water-fall."—Author's note, ed. 1833.

l. 46.—**chapelle.** This accentuation of the final syllable was the original one (Fr. *chapelle*). This French accentuation is common in older poetry, struggling with the English accentuation of first syllables. This ballad naturally imitates the older poetry. Cf.

Is this mine own countree ?

Coleridge, *Ancient Mariner*, 467.

But none was so comely as pretty Bessée.

Beggar's Daughter of Bednall Green, l. 4. (*Percy's Reliques*.)

l. 50.—**With candle, book, and with knell.** With candles surrounding the corpse, the service-book for the reading of the mass, the bell tolling the funeral peal,—the characteristic features of the burial service of the Roman Catholic church.

l. 51.—**But the sea-caves rung.**

1st ed. But the Kelpie rung and the Mermaids sung.

SONG, "O, BRIGNALL BANKS."

Composition. This song is from *Rokeby*, a poem inspired by the beauty of the valley of the Greta and the friendship of John Morritt, owner of the demesne of Rokeby. *Rokeby* was begun on the 15th of September, completed on the 31st of December, 1812, and published in 1813.

Text. The present edition of this song and the following one is from the 1833 ed. of Scott's works, collated with the 3rd, 4th, 6th edd., which show only unimportant variations of spelling and punctuation.

Place of the song. *Rokeby* is a story of the times of Marston Moor. Oswald Wycliffe had plotted to get possession of the lands of Philip Mortham by having him assassinated by Bertram Risingham. His son Wilfred loves Margaret, heiress of Rokeby, whose lord is with Eupert. He knows nothing of his father's crime. Bertram shot his leader Mortham at Marston Moor, and goes, accompanied by Wilfred, to seize his treasures. Wilfred learns of his act, fights him, and is saved from death by the intervention of Mortham, who was not slain. Risingham is pursued, and takes refuge with Guy Denzil and his outlaws in the caves of the Greta,—

Of old, the cavern strait and rude,
In slaty rock the peasant hew'd.

The third canto depicts the outlaws revelling; among them is the singer of the present song.

Some there are, whose brows retain
Less deeply stamp'd, her brand and stain.
See yon pale stripping! when a boy
A mother's pride, a father's joy!
Now, 'gainst the vault's rude walls reclined,
An early image fills his mind:
The cottage once his sire's, he sees,
Embower'd upon the banks of Tees;
He views sweet Winston's woodland scene,
And shares the dance on Gainford-green,
A tear is springing—but the zest

Of some wild tale, or brutal jest,
 Hath to loud laughter stirr'd the rest.
 On him they call, the aptest mate
 For jovial song and merry feat...
 With desperate merriment he sung,
 The cavern to the chorus rung;
 Yet mingled with his reckless glee
 Remorse's bitter agony.

Then follows Edmund's song, §§ xvi.-xviii.

Page 52. Title. In *Rokeby* the poem is simply called SONG. The title *The Outlaw* in the *Golden Treasury* is Mr. Palgrave's.

1. 1.—**Brignall Banks.** A beautiful wooded glen below Scargill, along the banks of the Greta, in North Yorkshire.

1. 2.—**Greta woods.** The Greta is a river of North Yorkshire, rising in Westmoreland and flowing into the Tees. The course of the stream is beautifully described in the second canto of *Rokeby*, especially in §§ viii.,—

Sinking mid Greta's thickets deep, etc.

"The river runs with very great rapidity over a bed of solid rock, broken by many shelving descents, down which the stream dashes with great noise and impetuosity... The banks partake of the same wild and romantic character, being chiefly lofty cliffs of limestone rock, whose grey colour contrasts admirably with the various trees and shrubs which find root among their crevices, as well as with the hue of the ivy, which clings round them in profusion, and hangs down their projections in long sweeping tendrils. At times the rocks give place to precipitous banks of earth, bearing large trees intermixed with copse-wood. In one spot the dell, which is elsewhere very narrow, widens for a space to leave room for a dark grove of yew-trees, intermixed here and there with aged pines of uncommon size."—Author's note, ed. 1833.

1. 4.—**Would grace.** For, That would grace. The omission of the relative pronoun in the nominative case is common, for example, in Shakspeare, but rare in literary English to-day. Cf. ll. 46, 59.

l. 5.—**Dalton-hall.** A baronial hall of the Hothams of Yorkshire. The old hall was a spacious mansion of brick, situated amidst a beautiful park, surrounded by a picturesque wooded country. "It consisted of a principal block, containing many large and lofty rooms connected by corridors with wings, the whole occupying three sides of a quadrangle."—Wheater, *Mansions of Yorkshire*, i. 73. It was renovated in 1873.

l. 11.—**Edmund.** Edmund of Winston, the name of the singer, described by Scott in the lines quoted in the Introductory note and in these lines subsequent to his second song:—

"What youth is this, your band among,
The best for minstrelsy and song?
In his wild notes seem aptly met
A strain of pleasure and regret."—
"Edmund of Winston is his name;
The hamlet sounded with the fame
Of early hopes his childhood gave,—
Now center'd all in Brignall cave!
I watch him well—his wayward course
Shows oft a tincture of remorse,
Some early love-shaft grazed his heart,
And oft the sear will ache and smart."

—*Rokeby*, iii. xxix.

l. 12.—**our English queen.** A general comparison,—not special to Queen Henrietta Maria.

l. 16.—**dale and down.** Valley and upland,—a common ballad phrase.

l. 17.—**that riddle read.** A.S. *radan* means to counsel, advise, to read. The former sense is preserved in this meaning of interpret.

"I'll read your dream, sister," he says,

"I'll read it into sorrow."

—*The Braes of Yarrow*, Child's Ballads, iii. 71.

Your riddle is hard to read.

—Tennyson, *Lady Clare*.

l. 19.—**the greenwood.** The favourite word for forest in the Robin Hood ballads; cf.

Until they came to the merry greenwood.

—*Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne*, Child's Ballads, v. 91, l. 8.

l. 20.—**Queen of May.** See *The Green Linnet*, 41. 15 n.

Page 53. l. 27.—Ranger. In England, formerly, a sworn officer of a forest, appointed by the king's letters patent, whose business it was to walk through the forest, watch the deer, prevent trespasses, etc.—*Cent. Dict.*

l. 28.—**the king's greenwood.** England and Scotland had many royal forests. Richmond was the chief royal forest of Yorkshire, where the scene of the poem is laid.

l. 29.—**winds.** Blows; pronounced *windz*,—keeping the old pronunciation of 'wind,' breath.

l. 37.—**brand.** Sword (from its flashing in the sunlight—cf. 'brand,' burning wood).

musketoon. A light and short hand-gun: in the 17th and 18th centuries a usual weapon of cavalry.—*Cent. Dict.*

l. 40.—**the tuck.** (Fr. *estoc*, O. Ital. *tocco*, cf. 'tucket.') Tap, beat. The word is Scotch.

With trumpets and with tuck of drum.

—*Battle of Harlow*, Child's Ballads, vii. 185.

l. 43.—**beetle sounds his hum.**

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,

And all the air a solemn stillness holds,

Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight.

—Gray, *Elegy*.

Page 54. l. 47.—mickle. (AS. *micel*, great). The Northern form corresponding to the Southern assimilated form *much*.

l. 51.—**The fiend, whose lantern...** A MS. reading is,—
The goblin-light on fen or mead.

The *ignis fatuus* or Will-o'-the-wisp, was regarded by the superstitious as due to the agency of the Evil one lurking travellers to destruction.

l. 53.—**and when I'm with...** A MS. reading is,—

And were I with my true love set,

Under the greenwood bough,

What once I was she must forget,

Nor think what I am now.

SONG, "A WEARY LOT IS THINE."

Place in Rokeby.—While the outlaws sing and drink (see note, p. 258), Risingham and Denzil sit apart. They have just laid a plot to rob the Castle when Edmund is again heard singing this song (canto iii. § xxviii.)

The subsequent story tells of the attack on Rokeby, from which Matilda is rescued by Wilfrid and Redmond O'Neale, rivals for her hand, but Denzil and the outlaws are captured by the returning veterans of Rokeby. Oswald, to force Matilda's marriage with his son Wilfred, imprisons the son of Rokeby, and with him Redmond O'Neale. Redmond is disclosed to be Mortham's son. Edmund hastens to warn Mortham of his peril. Wilfred refuses to force Matilda to marry him. Oswald is shot by Risingham, who is himself slain. Young Mortham marries Matilda. Edmund, we may believe, led a better life in the service of the lord of Mortham.

Page 55.—Title. The poem is called SONG by Scott. The title of *The Rover* in *The Golden Treasury* is Mr. Palgrave's.

1. 3.—pull the thorn... The 'crown of thorns' of a life of pain.

to braid. To weave into the hair.

Braid your locks with rosy twine.

—Milton, *Comus*, l. 105.

1. 4.—press the rue. Rue is an evergreen plant with very acrid leaves.

I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace.

—Shakspeare, *Richard II.*, iii. iv. 105.

1. 5.—A lightsome eye. A MS. reading is,—
A laughing eye, a dauntless mien.

1. 6.—a feather of the blue.—Blue is the Scotch national colour—the blue of the blue-bell.

1. 7.—doublet. A close-fitting body garment, usually with short skirts.

Lincoln green. Green was the favourite colour of foresters, as we see in Chaucer,—

The bawdrik was of grene ;

A forster was he, soothly, as I guess.

—Prologue, *Canterbury Tales*, l. 116.

The green cloth par excellence was dyed at Lincoln. Cf.

When they were clothed in Lyncolne grene.

Lytell Geste of Robyn Hoode, Child's Ballads, v. 117.

See Scott's *Ivanhoe*, ch. xiii. Kendal, too (ch. Falstaff's "three knaves in Kendal green,") was favoured.

l. 12.—*fain*. Gladly,—properly a pred. adj. A.S. *fægen*, glad. "*Fain*, in old English and Scotch, expresses, I think, a propensity to give and receive pleasurable emotions, a sort of fondness which may, without harshness, I think, be applied to a rose in the act of blooming. You remember, 'Jockey fow and Jenny fain.'"—Author's note.

ll. 15ff.—*He turned his charger, etc.* "The last verse of this song is taken from a fragment of an old Scottish ballad, of which I only recollected two verses when the first edition of *Rokeby* was published. Mr. Thomas Sheridan kindly pointed out to me an entire copy of this beautiful song, which seems to express the fortunes of some follower of the Stuart family :

It was a' for our rightful king	With, Adieu for evermore,
That we left fair Scotland's strand,	My dear,
It was a' for our rightful king	Adieu for evermore.
That we e'er saw Irish land,	The soldier frae the war returns,
My dear!	And the merchant frae the main,
That we e'er saw Irish land.	And I hae parted wi' my love,
Now all is done that man can do,	And ne'er to meet again,
And all is done in vain!	My dear,
My love! my native land, adieu!	And ne'er to meet again.
For I must cross the main,	When day is gone, and night is
My dear!	come
For I must cross the main.	And a' are boun' to sleep,
He turn'd him round and right	I think on them that's far awa'
about,	The lee-lang night, and weep,
All on the Irish shore,	My dear.
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,	The lee-lang night, and weep.

—Scott, *Rokeby*, 4th ed. p. 351.

l. 16.—*upon the river shore*. The MS. readings are,—
Upon the Greta (Scottish) shore.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.

Composition and publication.—This poem is founded on a popular ballad entitled *John of Hazelgreen*, which is found in various MSS. Scott wrote his poem from the first of two stanzas forming the fragment called the *E. MS.* in Child's *Ballads*, ix. 159 ff. The first stanza of the *MS.* varies from the poem only in the last line, in which the former reads,—

For John o Hazelgreen.

The second stanza is:—

'O whaten a man is Hazelgreen?
I pray thee tell to me;
O there's not a handsomer gentleman
In a' the South Countrie.
His arms are long, his shoulders broad,
Sae comely to be seen!
And aye she loot the tears down fa'
For John o Hazelgreen.

The *A. MS.* gives a short but complete version:—

Into a sweet May morning, As the sun clearly shone, I heard a propper damsell Making a heavy moan; Making a heavy moan, I marvelled what she did mean, And it was for a gentleman, Sir John of Hasllgreen.	'He is a propper Gentleman, Dwells in the South Countrie; With shoulders broad and arms long, And comely to be seen; His hairs are like the threads of gold, My pleasant Hasllgreen.'
'What alleth thee now, bony mald, To mourn so sore into the tide? O happy were the man,' he says, 'That had thee to his bride, To ly down by his side; Then he were not too mean; But still she let the tears fall For pleasant Hasllgreen.	'Now Hasllgreen is married, Let all this talking be.' 'If Hasllgreen be married, This day's then woe is me; For I may sigh and sob no more, But close my weeping een, And hold my peace and cry no more, But dy for Hasllgreen.'
'Oh, what for a man is Hasllgreen? Sweet heart, pray tell to me.'	

'Will you let Hasilgreen alone,
And go along with me?
I'll marry you on my eldest son,
Make you a gay lady.'
'Make me a gay lady?' she says,
'I am a maid too mean;
I'd rather stay at home,' she cries,
'And dy for Hasilgreen.'

He takes this pretty maid him
behind
And fast he spur'd the horse,
And they're away to Bigger town
Then in to Bigger Cross.
Their lodg'ng was far sought,
And so was it forseen;
But still she let the tears down fall
For pleasant Hasilgreen.

He's ta'en this pretty maid by the
hand,
And he is doun the town;
He bought for her a pretty coat,
Yea, and a tralling gown;
A silken kell fitt for her head,
Lald o'er with silver sheen;
But still she let the tears down fall
For pleasant Hasilgreen.

He's ta'en this bony mey him be-
hind,
And he is to the Place,

Where there was mirth and merry-
ness,
And ladyes fair of face;
And ladyes fair of face,
Right seemly to be seen.
But still she let the tears down fall
For pleasant Hasilgreen.

Young Hasilgreen ran hastille
To welcome his father dear;
He's ta'en that pretty maid in his
arms,
And kist off her falling tear:
'O bony mey, now for thy sake
I would be rent and rien;
I would give all my father's lands
To have thee in Hasilgreen.'

'O hold your tongue now, son,'
he says,
'Let no more talking be;
This maid has come right far from
home
This day to visit thee.
This day should been your wed-
ding-day,
It shall be thy brial-leen,
And thou's get all thy father's
lands,
And dwell in Hasilgreen.'

Jock of Hazeldean was first published in Campbell's *Albyn's Anthology*, 1816, and republished in *Miscellaneous Poems*, 1820. The present edition is from the 1833 ed.

The poem is stated to be written to the air, "A Border Melody," which involves an interesting error. Campbell, in whose *Anthology* Scott's song first appeared, had received an air, which he took to be a border melody, from Thomas Pringle, who had heard his mother sing it with the words afterward taken as the first stanza of Scott's poem. Scott, therefore, announced his poem as written to the air, "A Border Melody." But, as Chappell has pointed out, the

air is only a traditional version of the air of the song *In January Last*, of Durfey's play, *The Fond Husband*, 1676. Chappell gives the music of the song in *Popular Music*, ii. 576.

Page 56.—Title. Jock of Hazeldean. Jock is the Scotch form of Jack.

Hazeldean is in Teviotdale, on the river Teviot, north-east of Hawick. Cf.

In Hawick twinkled many a light;
Behld h'm soon they set in night;
And soon he spur'd his courser keen
Beneath the tower of Hazeldean.

—*Lay of the Last Minstrel*, i. § 25.

“The estate of Hazeldean, corruptly Hassendean, belonged formerly to a family of Scotts.”—Scott.

The geography of the piece understood, the situation—that of the English Border maid, who prefers her Scottish lover to the English lord—becomes clear.

1. 5.—**sall.** A common form in Scotch dialect of shall.

1. 6.—**Sac.** The A.S. long *a* (pr. *ah*), which in Standard English became *ō* (cf. *swā*, *so*), was preserved in Northern as *a* (pr. *ah*), then changing to *ā* (pr. *ay*), written *ae*. Cf. *wae* for woe, *tae* for toe, etc.

1. 7.—**loot.** A Scotch dialect form for let.

fa'. There was a general tendency in the Scottish dialect to weaken *l* before consonants and when final; cf. *ha'* (l. 13), *a'* (l. 21).

1. 11.—**Errington.** The home of the ancient family of Erringtons, near Erring-burn, Northumberland.

1. 12.—**Langley-dale.** Langley Dale is the wooded valley of Langley Beck, which enters the Tees on the north bank above Darlington, Durham.

As I down Raby Park did pass,
I heard a fair maid weep, and wail,
The chiefest of the song it was
Farewell the sweets of Langley Dale!

The bonny mavis cheers his love,
 The throistlecock slugs in the glen;
 But I must never hope to rove
 Within sweet Langley Dale again, etc.

—Surtees.

l. 19.—**managed hawk.** A hawk that has finished its *manège* or training for flying at game. Young used "the managed steed."

Page 57. l. 25.—kirk. The Scottish and Northern English form of A.S. *cyric* (*c=k*); Midland and Southern English assimilated *c* to *ch*,—church.

l. 29.—**bower and ha'.** 'Hull and bower' is a phrase frequently met with in older literature; the 'hall' is essentially the great living-room of the men, the 'bower' (A.S. *būr*, dwelling) is the apartment of the women.

The heroic wealth of hall and bower.

—Wordsworth, *London, 1802.*

KEATS.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

Circumstances of composition.—In 1815, Keats, then twenty years old, had come to London to complete his study of surgery in St. Thomas Hospital. Charles Cowden Clarke, his friend and counsellor, son of his old schoolmaster of Enfield, was likewise in London, in Clerkenwell. The two friends were soon together. Their first meeting, says Clarke, was "a memorable night in my life. A beautiful copy of the folio edition of Chapman's translation of Homer had been lent me. It was the property of Mr. Alsager...of the *Times* newspaper... Well, then, we were put in possession of the Homer of Chapman, and to work we went, turning to some of the 'famoussest' passages, as we had scrappily known them in Pope's version. There was, for instance, that perfect scene of the conversation on Troy wall of the old Senators with Helen...the Senator Antenor's vivid portrait of an orator in Ulysses [iii. 237ff.]...the shield and helmet of Diomed [iii.]...the prodigious description of Neptune's passage to the Achive ships [xiii.]. It was in the teeming wonderment of this, his first introduction, that, when I came down to breakfast the next morning, I found upon my table a letter with no other enclosure than his famous sonnet, *On First Looking into Chapman's Homer*. We had parted...at day-spring, yet he contrived that I should receive the poem from a distance of, may be, two miles by ten o'clock. In the published copy of this sonnet he made an alteration in the seventh line:—

Yet never did I breathe its pure serene,

The original which he sent me had the phrase,—

Yet could I never tell what men could mean;

which he said was bald, and too simply wondering. No

one could more earnestly chastise his thoughts than Keats."—C. C. Clarke, *Recollections of Keats, Gent. Mag.*, 1874, 188f.

F. Locker-Lampson possesses an autograph copy of the sonnet, entitled "On the First Looking into Chapman's Homer," dated 1816, with slight variants.

Publication.—The sonnet was first printed in Keats's first volume, *Poems*, 1817. "It is," says Rossetti, "the *only* excellent thing contained in his first volume of verse." The poem is here given from Palgrave's reprint of that edition.

Page 58.—Title. Chapman's Homer. George Chapman (1559[?]-1634), poet and dramatist of Elizabethan times. His best plays are *Eastward Hoe*, 1605, and *Bussy d'Ambois*, 1608. His chief glory, however, is his translation of Homer, of which seven books were first published in 1598, followed in the same year by the eighteenth book. Before 1609 twelve books had been completed. The complete *Iliad* was issued in 1611. Then he set to work on the *Odyssey*, which was finished in 1614. The two translations were printed in one folio volume, 1616, the edition referred to in the note above.

"Chapman's Homer is one of the great achievements of the Elizabethan age, a monument of skill and devotion. The mistranslations are many and grievous, and it is clear that Chapman's knowledge of Greek was not profound; but through the whole work there breathes a spirit of restless energy that amply atones."—A. H. Bullen, *Diet. Nat. Biog.*

—'There dld shine

A beam of Homer's soul in mine.'

1. 1.—**realms of gold.** The world of poetry, of which one definite 'realm' is singled out in l. 5. Cf.

How many bards gild the lapses of time.

—Keats, Sonnet, *How Many Bards.*

1. 3.—**western islands.** The western islands of Europe, —the Azores, the Canary Islands, and even Great Britain,

—shrouded as they were in mysterious distance were favourite allusions of the classical poets. The British poets have done full homage for their native isles.

1. 4.—**fealty**. Allusion to the feudal tenure of land. The poets hold landed dominion by virtue of their paying the dues of poetry—celebrating the beauty of their estates—to their lord Apollo.

Apollo. The Greek god of song and minstrelsy.

1. 6.—**deep-brow'd Homer**. No authentic representation of Homer's face exists. The epithet conveys the impression of the serene power and majesty of the poet's verse.

demesne. (Pr. *de mēn'*; O.F. *demaine*, cf. 'domain'.) Estates in land.

1. 7.—**Yet did I never breathe...**

Locker MS. Yet could I never judge what men could mean.

its pure serene. "It may be noticed, that to find in Chapman's Homer the 'pure serene' of the original the reader must bring with him the imagination of the youthful poet,—he must be 'a Greek himself,' as Shelley finely said of Keats."—Palgrave, *Golden Treasury*, *nn*.

1. 10.—**swims**. Perfect felicity of diction is the mark of Keats's poetry.

ken. Range of vision.

Losing ken of Albion's wished coast.

—Shakspeare, *2 Henry VI.*, iii. ii. 113.

At once, as far as Angel's ken, he views
The dismal situation.

—Milton, *Paradise Lost*, i. 59.

While here at home, my narrower ken
Somewhat of manners saw, and men.

—Scott, *Marmion*, iv. Intr.

1. 11.—**stout Cortez**. Hernando Cortes (1485–1547), the Spaniard whose daring won Mexico for Spain. As Tennyson, however, pointed out to Mr. Palgrave (*Golden Treasury*, *n*) history requires Balboa. Vasco de Balboa (1475–1517), another Spaniard, joined Enciso's expedition of colonization to Darien in 1510. Becoming commander of the

colony, he determined in 1513 to view an ocean of which he heard so many accounts. On September 25th, from a mountain-peak on the Isthmus of Panama, he was the first European to see the new ocean.

One of the last books of Keats's schooldays (Cowden Clarke, *Atlantic Monthly*, 1861, p. 87) was Robertson's *History of America*. It is there without doubt that he got the hint for the figure that appeals so strongly to the imagination in the closing lines of the sonnet. The passage in Robertson is as follows:—

"At length the Indians assured them, that from the top of the next mountain they should discover the ocean which was the object of their wishes. When, with infinite toil, they had climbed up the greater part of that steep ascent, Balboa commanded his men to halt, advanced alone to the summit, that he might be the first who should enjoy a spectacle which he had so long desired. As soon as he beheld the South Sea stretching in endless prospect before him, he fell on his knees, and lifting up his hands to heaven, returned thanks to God, who had conducted him to a discovery so beneficial to his country and so honourable to himself. His followers, observing his transports of joy, rushed forward to join in his wonder, exaltation, and gratitude."—ed. 1817, viii. 287.

l. 12.—*star'd*. "'Stared' has been thought by some too violent, but it is precisely the word required by the occasion. The Spaniard was too original and ardent a man, either to look, or to affect to look, coldly superior to it. His 'eagle eyes' are from life, as may be seen by Titian's portrait of him."—Leigh Hunt, *Imagination and Fancy*.

at the Pacific. The extra light syllable is frequently found after the cæsura. A very old established law; of.

And specially, from every shires ende
Of Engelond to Caunterbury they wende.

—Chaucer, *Prose Canterbury Tales*, li. 15f.

l. 14.—*Darien*. The isthmus is meant.

WHEN I HAVE FEARS THAT I SHALL CEASE TO BE.

Composition and publication.—"On the 31st January [1818], after a page of doggerel not worth transcription, he sent to Mr. Reynolds* the last sonnet he had written, and he never wrote one more beautiful or more affecting in its personal relations."—Houghton, *Life and Letters of Keats*. "There is a fair MS. dated 1817 in Sir Charles Dilke's copy of *Endymion*."—Buxton Forman, *Keats*, ii. 236.

This sonnet was first published, after the poet's death, in Lord Houghton's *Life and Letters of Keats*, 1848.

The poem should be compared with parts of *Sleep and Poetry*,—

O for ten years, that I may overwhelm
Myself in poesy! so I may do the deed
That my own soul has to itself decreed;

which shows the same eager longing to forestall the approach of death.

Page 59. Title. The sonnet is without title in Houghton's ed.; the title *The Terror of Death*, in the *Golden Treasury*, is Mr. Palgrave's.

l. 3.—**charact'ry.** Symbols of thoug'*. The MS. has charactry. Elsewhere Keats printed cl. ractery,—

Nor mark'd with any sign or charactery.

—*Endymion*, lii. 767.

Cf.

All my engagements I will construe, to thee
All the charactery of my sad brows.

—Shakspeare, *Julius Cæsar*, ii. i. 307 f.

l. 6.—**cloudy symbols.** That these lines reveal Keats's nature is clear from his *Epistle to my Brother George* :—

* J. H. Reynolds (1796-1852), author of *Softé*, poet and reviewer, friend and defender of Keats.

But there are times, when those that love the bay
 Fly from all sorrowing far, far, away;
 A sudden glow comes on them, nought they see
 In water, earth, or air, but poesy...
 In air he sees white coursers paw and prance,
 Bestriden of gay knights, in gay apparel,
 Who at each other tilt in playful quarrel...
 The Poet's eye can reach those golden halls,
 And view the glory of their festivals, etc.

This same power of fancy to read romance into the aspects of nature is expressed in Thomson:—

A sable, silent, forest stood,
 Where nought but shadowy forms were seen to move,
 As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood...
 A pleasing land of drowsy head it was
 Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
 And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
 For ever flushing round a summer-sky.

—*The Castle of Indolence*, v., vi.

l. 8.—**chance**. The poet's humility ascribes his faculty to a power without him. The Greeks ascribed it to the gods.

l. 10.—**thee**. The application is probably general. Apparently the sonnet, though sent to Reynolds, was not addressed to him. One naturally thinks of Miss Brawne, but Keats did not meet her till the year following its composition.

l. 12.—**faery**. See Wordsworth, *To the Cuckoo*, p. 44, l. 31.

THE HUMAN SEASONS.

Composition and publication.—“In his (Woodhouse's) copy of the letter to Bailey, written from Teignmouth, in Sept., 1818, the sonnet entitled *The Human Seasons* appears with very interesting variations” (B. Forman, *Poetry and Prose of Keats*, p. 23):—

Four seasons fill the measure of the year ;
 Four seasons are there in the mind of Man.
 He hath his vernal Spring, when Fancy clear
 Takes in all beauty with an easy span :
 He hath his Summer, when luxuriously
 He chews the honied cud of fair spring thoughts,
 Till in his Soul, dissolv'd, they come to be
 Part of himself: He hath his Autumn Ports
 And havens of repose, when his tired wings
 Are folded up, and he content to look
 On mists in idleness : to let fair things
 Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.
 He hath his winter, too, of pale misfeature,
 Or else he would forget his mortal nature.

This sonnet with another on Ailsa Rock were first published in the first number of Leigh Hunt's *Literary Pocket-Book; or, Companion for the Lover of Nature and Art*, 1819, with the signature I.

Page 60. l. 6.—Spring's honey'd cud. Cf.

Chewing the food [variant, cud] of sweet and bitter fancy.
 —Shakspeare, *As You Like It*, iv. iii. 102.

ll. 7f.—**by such dreaming high.** This is the reading of the Aldine ed. and Palgrave's ed. But the *Literary Pocket-Book* reads :—

By such dreaming nigh
 His nearest unto Heaven.

Forman says that the reading of our text "is certainly a more usual sense than that of the text as given above; but I should not venture to adopt it without knowing upon what manuscript authority, as the other seems to me the more characteristic in its strain after originality of expression. I take *nigh* to be a verb; and I think students will admit that *nigh his nearest unto heaven*, for *approach his nearest unto heaven*, is tame compared with some of the novelties of *Endymion*."—*Keats's Works*, ii. 247f.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

Composition.—"This poem was written," says Leigh Hunt, "in a house at the foot of Highgate Hill, on the border of the fields looking towards Hampstead. The poet then had his mortal illness upon him, and knew it. Never was the voice of death sweeter."—*Imagination and Fancy*. Keats was living with his friend Brown in Hampstead. The months of 1819 from January till June were months of inspiration rarely equalled, for almost all his odes were then written.—*On Indolence, On a Grecian Urn, Bards of Passion and of Mirth, To Psyche, To a Nightingale*. His mind was highly wrought; for not only was there the melancholy remembrance of his brother, whose death had taken place in the preceding autumn, but an intense and unhappy passion for Fanny Brawne had seized him.

"The death of his brother wounded him deeply, and it appeared to me from that hour he began to droop. He wrote his exquisite 'Ode to the Nightingale' at this time, and as we were walking in the Kilburn meadows he repeated it to me, before he put it to paper, in a low, tremulous undertone which affected me extremely."—Haydon, *Correspondence*, ii. 72.

The immediate occasion of the writing was as follows:—"The admirable 'Ode to a Nightingale' was suggested by the continual song of the bird that, in the spring of 1819, had built her nest close to the house, and which often threw Keats into a sort of trance of tranquil pleasure. One morning he took his chair from the breakfast-table, placed it on the grass-plot under a plum-tree, and sat there for two or three hours with some scraps of paper in his hands. Shortly afterwards Mr. Brown saw him thrusting them away, as waste paper, behind some books, and had considerable difficulty in putting together and arranging the stanzas of the Ode."—Houghton, *Life and Letters of Keats*. The last

particular is modified in Houghton's introduction to the poem:—"In the spring of 1819, a nightingale built her nest next Mr. Brown's house. Keats took great pleasure in her song...and one morning took his chair from the breakfast-table to their grass-plot under a plum-tree, where he remained between two and three hours. He then reached the house with some scraps of paper in his hand, which he soon put together in the form of this Ode."—Aldine ed. p. 237. The copy of the poem in Sir Charles Dilke's MSS. is dated May, 1819, and entitled *Ode to the Nightingale* (Forman).

Publication.—The Ode was first printed in the *Annals of the Fine Arts*, a quarterly magazine, edited by James Elmes, in No. xiii., 1819, or vol. iv., pp. 354-356, 1820. The title there is "Ode to the Nightingale," and has for signature only the sign †. It formed part of Keats's third volume of poetry, *Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St. Agnes, and other Poems*, London, 1820, pp. 107-112.

Our text follows the last edition as reprinted in Palgrave. Variants of the *Annals* are from the Peabody Library copy; of the MS. from Forman's readings.

The theme.—"The nightingale is a very skulking bird, frequenting the dense undergrowth, hopping restlessly about the cover, and when alarmed it instantly finds shelter among the tangled vegetation. Sometimes in the woods and coppices it is seen flitting across the path... The haunts of the Nightingale are woods and plantations in which the undergrowth is particularly thick and close. Tangled hedgerows and the thickly-wooded banks of streams are the favourite haunts of this bird... It sings incessantly from the pairing-time in April until the young are hatched in June. The song of the Nightingale has possibly been overpraised... The Nightingale does not always sing in the hours of night, as is very popularly believed to be the case; and it may be heard warbling at all hours of the day."—Seebohm, i. 277f.

The poets from Aristophanes to the present time have represented the song of the bird as passionately melancholy, which is, according to the naturalists, an instance of transferred emotion.

The pronunciation of the word, it may be added, is *nī'tin gāl*, and the derivation, A. S. *nihtegale*, night's singer.

Treatment of the theme.—The attitude of the poet, it will be noted, is that of describing the song of the bird, not directly, as perhaps Wordsworth might have done, but indirectly, by the expression of the thoughts and feelings awakened by it. The latter point of view is that followed by most of the poets, as, for instance, by Shelley in his *Sky-lark* and by Walt Whitman in his *Mocking-bird* (*Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking*).

Form of the poem. The Ode.—The word ode (Gk. *ode*, *aiedo*, I sing) was primarily applied to a chant sung to musical accompaniment. The term embraced the triumphal odes of Pindar as well as the simpler strains of lyric verse. The simpler varieties were favoured by Latin poets such as Horace and Catullus, and have been most generally imitated.

English odes began with Spenser's lofty *Epithalamium*, written under either Greek or Italian influence: but it was the classical spirit of Ben Jonson that made the manner popular. Herrick in the lighter vein, Milton in the grandiose (as in *The Nativity*), Cowley, Dryden and above all Gray, in their Pindaric odes (see pp. 168f.), Collins in his Horatian imitations (as in *Evening*; see Appendix) carried on the history of the ode through the 18th century.

With the Romantic revival the ode was eagerly seized on to embody the highest passion of an age of lyrical feeling. Abandoning all attempts to imitate the measures of antiquity, the new poets sought after subtle harmonies in cadence, variation in length of line and stanza, and in the order of the rimes. Coleridge's *France*, 1797, Words-

worth's *Intimations of Immortality*, 1803-6, Keats's *Nightingale*, 1819, Shelley's *Skylark*, 1820, all show the varied form of the ode, at the same time that they show the common element,—the “strain of enthusiastic and exalted lyrical verse, directed to a fixed purpose, and dealing progressively with one dignified theme.” Mr. Gosse, from whose *English Odes* this definition is quoted, remarks that “Keats resolved the ode into a group of stanzas, each exactly following the preceding, and each more or less like one movement of an ode of Pindar, but without any attempt to reproduce the choral interchanges.”

Page 61. 1. 2.—**hemlock.** The plant of the order Umbelliferae (*conium maculatum*) from whose leaves, flowers, and berries a violent alkaloid poison, called conium, is distilled. The symptoms of conium poisoning are weakness and staggering gait, passing into paralysis and death (Chambers). In Greece ‘drinking the hemlock’ was the extreme penalty of the law.

1. 3.—**opiate.** (L. *opium*.) Narcotic, sleep-producing draught.

1. 4.—**Lethe-wards.** Lethe (Gk. *lethe*, oblivion) was the river of oblivion, one of the five rivers of Hades.

Far off from these, a slow and silent stream,
 Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
 Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks
 Forthwith his former state and being forgets—
 Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.

—Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 583ff.

1. 7.—**Dryad.** Strictly, a minor deity of Greek mythology. The dryads were the guardians of the great forest trees (Gk. *drus*, oak).

1. 9.—**beechn green.** Verdure of the beech-trees. Cf.

West winds, with musky wing,
 About the cedarn alley fling.

—Milton, *Comus*, l. 989f.

ll. 11f.—**O, for a draught.** “Of Keats’s partiality for claret enough and too much has been made; but with his

delightful list of desiderata given in a letter, now before me, to his sister, it is impossible to resist citing, as a prose parallel to these two splendid lines of poetry, the words, 'and, please heaven, a little claret wine cool out of a cellar a mile deep.'—B. Forman, ii. 110.

hath. MS. and *Annals*, has.

l. 13.—**Flora.** The goddess of flowers in classical antiquity; here for flowers generally.

l. 14.—**Provençal mirth.** (The *ç* is the Fr. *s* sound of *c* before *a*.) Referring to the gay, sprightly life of Provence, where love, chivalry, and troubadour song reigned for three centuries in the courts of the counts of Provence.

l. 15.—**beaker.** A large drinking vessel with a wide mouth, an open cup or goblet. (Now chiefly in literary use)—*New English Dict.*

l. 16.—**the true, the blushful.** The MS. and *Annals*, the true and blushful.

Hippocrene. (Gk. *hippos*, horse; *krone*, fountain.) A fountain in Mt. Helicon, Bœotia, which bubbled up from the hoof-stroke of Pegasus during the singing contest of the Muses and the daughters of Pieros; sacred to the Muses.

To Keats the ruddy wine is the 'true' draught of inspiration.

l. 20.—**And with thee fade away.** This line, it will be noted, is an Alexandrine (twelve-syllable line), but the final lines of the other stanzas are pentameter lines. The MS. and the *Annals* omit "away," giving uniformity of structure. But, says Forman, "to me the introduction of the word *away* in the version finally given forth by Keats is too redolent of genius to pass for a mere accident. The perfection thus lent to the echo opening the next stanza exceeds a thousand times in value the regularity got by dropping the word; and that one line with its lingering motive has ample reason to be longer than any other in the poem."—ii. 111. Leigh Hunt, moreover, reprinted the poem in *The Indicator* and in *Imagination and Fancy*, in both cases reading *away*.

NOTES.

1. 25.—palsy. Paralysis.

Page 62. 1. 26.—Where youth grows pale.... dies. The sixth line of the stanza "very clearly brings out Haydon's words connecting the sadness of the poem with the death of Tom Keats, and should be compared with the passage about his sister in the letter to Brown written from Rome on the 30th of November, 1820,—'my sister—who walks about my imagination like a ghost—she is so like Tom.' In the same letter he says, 'it runs in my head we shall all die young'."—B. Forman, ii. 112.

1. 29.—Beauty cannot keep...eyes.

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die;
And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips,
Bidding adieu.

—Keats, *Melancholy*.

1. 32.—Bacchus and his pards. Bacchus (*bak'us*) or Dionysus, a son of Zeus. He was the god of wine, presiding over the culture of the vine. His worship was often celebrated with orgies, called in Italy *bacchanalia*. He is represented in antiquity as endowed with eternal youth, crowned with a diadem of ivy, holding a thyrsis garlanded with ivy. He is clad in the skin of the leopard, the animal sacred to him. The leopard accompanied Bacchus in his journeys, drawing his chariot and sharing his feasts. A very large number of marble groups of antiquity represent the god and his faithful attendant; but I do not find any in which more than one leopard is present.

1. 33.—viewless wings.

To be imprison'd in the viewless winds.

—Shakspeare, *Measure for Measure*, iii. 1. 124.

1. 36.—Queen-Moon. A suggestion of Titania and her attendant suite of fairies, rather than of Diana and her nymphs.

Fays. Fairies. (O.F. *faie*, Fr. *fee*, Mid. Eng. *fay*. Originally *fairy* was the collective term for the fays; cf. 'gentry'.)

Page 63. l. 44.—the seasonable month. The month, the character of which is in keeping with the season.

l. 46.—pastoral eglantine. (Fr. *églantine*; O.F. *aiglant*, sweet-briar; assumed Lat. *aculentus*; L. *acus*, point.) The sweet-briar, flowering in June and July. The epithet "pastoral" points to its growing profusely in pastoral scenes—open copses, glades, etc.

l. 47.—fast-fading violets. For fast-fading, cf.

A violet in the youth of prime nature,
Forward not permanent.

—Shakspeare, *Hamlet*, i. iii. 7.

l. 49.—musk-rose.

I saw the sweetest flower wild nature yields,
A fresh-blown musk-rose; 't was the first that threw
Its sweets upon the summer; graceful it grew
As is the wand that queen Titania wields.

—Keats, Sonnet, "As late I rambled,"

The whole passage, ll. 46–49, recalls Shakspeare's lines:—

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canop'd with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine.
'There sleeps Titania.

—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. i. 249 ff.

dewy wine. MS. and *Annals*, sweetest wine.

l. 51.—Darkling. In the dark, in darkness.

O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

—Shakspeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. ii. 86.

-*Ling* is the common adverbial suffix, as in groveling, headlong, etc.

l. 52.—in love with easeful Death. Cf. Shelly, Pref. to *Adonais*, describing Keats's burial-place in Rome. "The cemetery is an open place among ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies. It might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place."

l. 53.—mused rhyme. The adjectival use of this perfect participle is rare,—probably an instance of Keats's richness of phrase. It means, meditative, brooded over.

l. 56.—**To cease upon the midnight.** Cf.

Yet would I on this very midnight cease,
And the world's gaudy ensigns see in shreds;
Verse, Fame, Beauty are intense indeed,
But Death intenser—Death is Life's high meed.

—Keats, Sonnet, *Why did I Laugh To-night?*

l. 57.—**pouring forth.** MS. and *Annals*, pouring thus.

l. 60.—**To thy high requiem.** MS. and *Annals*,—

For thy high requiem become a sod.

requiem. Pr. *rē'kwi eni*. Lit., the mass for the dead (L., *Requiem aeternam dona eis*, Peace eternal give unto them—the words of the introit in the service).

l. 66.—**Ruth.** The Moabitess who left her country to accompany her mother-in-law Naomi to Bethlehem. The special reference is to Ruth, ii. 3, 10.

l. 69.—**Charm'd magic casements.** “This beats Claude's *Enchanted Castle*, and the story of *King Beder* in the *Arabian Nights*. You do not know what the house is, or where, nor who the bird. Perhaps a king himself. But you see the window open on the perilous sea, and hear the voice from out the trees in which it is nested, sending its warble over the foam. The whole is at once vague and particular, full of life. You see nobody, though something is heard; and you know not what of beauty or wickedness is to come over the sea. Perhaps it was suggested by some fairy-tale.”—Leigh Hunt, *Imagination and Fancy*.

Page 64. l. 70.—**faery.** MS. and *Annals*, fairy. The change carries “the mind safely back to the middle ages—to *Amadis of Gaul*; to *Palmerin of England*, and above all, to the East.”—Forman.

l. 74.—**elf.** MS. and *Annals*, elf! Primarily the dwarfish being of Teutonic mythology, but later any tricky, mischievous or malicious spirit.

l. 79.—**Was it a vision . . .**

MS. Was it a visior? or a waking dream?
Fled is that music? do I wake or sleep?

Annals. Was it a vision? or a waking dream?
Fled is that music? Do I wake or sleep?

TO AUTUMN.

Composition and publication. On the 22nd September, 1819, Keats, being at Winchester, wrote to Reynolds:—"How beautiful the season is now. How fine the air—a temperate sharpness about it. Really, without joking, chaste weather—Dian skies. I never really liked stubble-fields as much as now—aye, better than the chilly green of Spring. Somehow, a stubble plain looks warm, in the same way that some pictures look warm. This struck me so much in my Sunday's walk that I composed upon it.

'Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness.'

—Houghton, *Life and Letters*.

It was published in the *Lamia* volume, 1820. Our text is from Palgrave's reprint of the 1820 ed.

Page 65. l. 7.—gourd. Here, the general name for melon, pumpkin, squash.

l. 15.—**winnowing wind.** Cf. *Tr.*, l. 122 *n.* The epithet is suggested by the preceding line.

l. 17.—**the fume of poppies.** The sacred flower of Demeter. Some species yield opium and have flowers whose smell is slightly narcotic.

And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

—Tennyson, *Lotos-Eaters*.

l. 18.—**swath.** (Pr. *swarth*, or *s* as in fall.) The line of grain or grass cut down by the scythe, or the reach of the scythe in cutting.

Page 66. l. 25.—bloom. The nominal use in the sense of flush, glow, Keats here first extends transitively to the verb. For the thought, cf. Shelley, *Sky-lark*, l. 13.

l. 28.—**the river sallows.** The willows by the river-side. (A.S. *sealh*, willow). The sallows (goat willows) scarcely reach the height of trees, rarely rising more than thirty or forty feet.

l. 30.—**from hilly bourn.** From the encircling hills of the landscape.

l. 31.—**Hedge-cricket.** There is no species of cricket so called. The poet's scene is at evening, when the note of the field-cricket is a characteristic sound in country life. It keeps its retreat during the day, emerging at sunset with its multitudinous cheery sound. But the hedge-cricket is not seen after July. It has been suggested that the grasshopper is meant, whose *zic-zic-zic* is heard through the summer and autumn. The epithet 'hedge' would then recall the lines in Keats's sonnet, —

A voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead.
That is the grasshopper's.

—*On the Grasshopper and Cricket.*

The grasshoppers are inclined to quiet during the day—

For now the noonday quiet holds the hill;
The grasshopper is silent in the grass.

—Tennyson, *Ænona*.

But in the evening they make the thickets and fields resound to the name of their *Amaryllis*.

l. 32.—**garden-croft.** Croft (A.S. *croft*, a small inclosed field), any small enclosed tract of farm, pasture, etc. (cf. 'crofter').

A little croft we owned—a plot of corn,
A little garden stored with peas, and mint and thyme.

—Wordsworth, *Guilt and Sorrow*, st. xxiv.

l. 33.—**gathering swallows.** "The second broods and the old birds form the large flocks which are seen in autumn, and at this season of the year their gatherings are most interesting."—Seebohm, ii. 176.

SHELLEY.

OZYMANDIAS.

Composition. In February, 1817, while Shelley was in England anxiously awaiting the issue of the suit for the custody of his children, he found especial sympathy from Leigh Hunt. At Hunt's house in Hampstead the poets gathered—Shelley, Keats, Reynolds, and Hunt himself. On the 16th of the month Keats wrote to his brothers: "The Wednesday before last Shelley, Hunt, and I wrote each a sonnet on the river Nile: some day you shall read them all." The three sonnets are, according to Houghton, the "Son of the old moon-mountains African" of Keats, "It flows through old hush'd Egypt and its sands" of Hunt, and *Ozymandias* of Shelley. It has become certain through the publication in the *St. James' Mag.*, March, 1876, of a sonnet *To the Nile* in Shelley's handwriting, found among Hunt's MSS. that *Ozymandias* is not Shelley's part in the competition. This new sonnet and the sonnets of Hunt and Keats are reprinted in our Appendix.

Publication. The poem was first printed in Leigh Hunt's *Examiner*, January 11, 1818, with the signature, Glirastes. It appeared in Shelley's volume, *Rosalind and Helen...with other Poems*, 1819. Our text is based on the facsimile of the 1819 ed., Shelley Society Pub., 1888. The *Examiner* ed. is cited from the copy in the Athenæum Library, Boston.

Three weeks after Shelley's poem appeared, the *Examiner* published a second Ozymandyas sonnet, by Horace Smith, "On a Stupendous Leg of Granite, discovered standing by itself in the Desert of Egypt, with the Inscription inserted below." The inscription was: "I am

great Ozymandias, the King of Kings: this mighty city shows the wonders of my hand." His sonnet runs:—

In Egypt's sandy silence, all alone,
 Stands a gigantic leg, which far off throws
 The only shadow that the desert knows,
 "I am great Ozymandias," saith the stone!
 "The king of kings: this mighty city shows
 "The wonders of my hands." The city's gone
 Naught but the leg remaining to disclose
 The site of that forgotten Babylon.
 We wonder, and some hunter may express
 Wonder like ours, when thro' the wilderness
 Where London *stood*; holding the wolf in chace
 He meets some fragment huge, and stops to guess
 What powerful, but unrecorded race,
 Once dwelt in that annihilated place.

—Horace Smith.

Theme of the poem. Ozymandias, or Osymandyas, was an ancient king of Egypt, whose exploits are recorded and whose tomb is described by Diodorus of Sicily. His kingdom extended between Menes and Mœris; his greatest deed was to lead his people victoriously against the Bactrians. His tomb at Thebes, the remains of which are to-day usually termed the Palace of Memnon, was one of the wonders of antiquity.

The description of this tomb, according to Diodorus, is in part as follows: "Close to the entrance to the tomb was a colossal group of three figures (the workmanship of Memnon of Syene). One of them was in a sitting posture, and was reputed to be the largest statue in Egypt, whose foot exceeded seven cubits in length. The other two, very inferior in size, reached only to its knees (and were attached in an upright position to the front of the throne), one on the right and the other on the left side, and represented the daughter and the mother of the king. It was a monument remarkable as well for the excellence of its workmanship as for the dimensions and nature of the stone, in which no crack or even flaw could be found; and upon it was this inscription: 'I am Osymandyas, king of

kings; if anyone wishes to know what I am and where I lie, let him surpass me in some of my exploits!"—Diodorus, i. 47 *seq.*, in Wilkinson's *Ancient Egyptians*, i. 74. There is difficulty with the Greek of the last verb. The Latin version of the inscription is: "Sum Osymanduas, rex regum. Si quis nosse velit quantus sum et ubi jaceam, meorum aliquid operum vincat."—Diodorus Siculus, *Biblio. hist.*, i. 56 (1746). French scholars usually render it: "let him destroy my works," *i.e.* the tomb which guards his resting-place.

The French scientists who followed Napoleon in his conquest of Egypt gave a detailed account of the ruins of the tomb, which is probably the source of the modern literary interest in Osymandyas. From their account *Description de l'Egypt, Antiquités*, 1809, vol. i., the following extracts are translated:—"Entrance gates half destroyed, the height of which must have been considerable; lofty columns of great diameter; squared pillars against which lean colossal statues of divinities; gates of black granite; ceilings strewn with stars of yellow gold upon an azure background; mutilated statues of rose granite, partly covered by the sand of the desert; warlike scenes sculptured on the walls, representing battles and crossings of rivers, everything proclaims an edifice of the greatest importance. It is the tomb of Osymandyas... You still can see ruins of the greatest magnificence. That enormous block of granite, stretched along the ground, so colossal that to recognize its outlines you must remove to a great distance, is the remains of the statue of Osymandyas (p. 9).

"The court [of the tomb] is filled with so much granite debris that you believe you are transported to a quarry... There are the remains of an enormous colossus, of which only the head, breast, and the arms to the elbow are now found joined together. Another block containing the rest of the body and the thighs lies quite near... The

head of the colossus has preserved its form: you can distinguish quite well the ornaments of the head-dress; but the face is entirely mutilated. Among the scattered ruins are found the foot and the left hand... The pedestal of this statue is still in place... The statue and its pedestal are both of beautiful rose granite of Syene... It is probable that this colossus in a sitting posture must have been not less than sixty-seven metres and a half in height" (pp. 124f.).

Page 67. l. 3.—desart. This is the common 18th century spelling, which lived on into the 19th. Byron in the 1st ed. of *C. H. P.*, iv. 1585, had *desart*. It is quite certain, says Forman, that Shelley "deliberately adopted the word *desart*; for it occurs in his most careful manuscripts; but I have not succeeded in finding in manuscript either *desart* where the word is unquestionably an adjective, or *desert* where it is a noun."—*Shelley's Works*, i. 403.

l. 6.—*read. Examiner*, read, .

ll. 7f.—**Which yet survive.** "I should not have supposed lines 7 and 8 to present a difficulty; but as a man of letters of my acquaintance tells me he considers them unintelligible, it may be well to note that the clause *stamped on these lifeless things* is parenthetical, the meaning being that the passions of Ozymandias, being stamped on the lifeless fragments of his statue, still survive the sculptor's hand which mocked them, and the tyrant's hand which fed them."—B. Forman, *Shelley's Works*, i. 376.

l. 8.—**mocked.** Imitated.

And human hands first mimicked and then mocked,
With moulded limbs more lovely than its own,
The human form, till marble grew divine.

—Shelley, *Prometheus Unbound*, ii. iv.

l. 9.—**On the pedestal.** "We noticed on the ruins of the Ozymandias only two inscriptions in hieroglyphics carved on the arms. On the upper part of the pedestal are seen the remains of another inscription which once encircled it.

Could this last be that met with in the description given by Diodorus?"—*Antiquités*, i. 147.

l. 10.—**king of kings.** *Examiner*, King of Kings.

l. 13.—**colossal wreck.** *Examiner*, Colossal Wreck.

l. 14.—**lone and level sands.** The prevalence of *l*'s and monosyllables, and the cadence of the vowels are wonderfully suggestive of the scene. Cf. Tennyson's similar lines :

Came on the shining levels of the lake

And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,

And the long glories of the winter moon.

—*Morte d'Arthur*.

TO A SKYLARK.

Composition.—"In the spring [of 1820] we spent a week or two near Leghorn, borrowing the house of some friends, who were absent on a journey to England.—It was on a beautiful summer evening, while wandering among the lanes, where myrtle hedges were the bowers of the fire-flies, that we heard the carolling of the skylark, which inspired one of the most beautiful of his poems."—Mrs. Shelley, *Shelley's Poems*, ed. 1839, iv. 50.

Publication. The photographic facsimile of the poem from the Shelley MS. volume of the Harvard Library, which accompanies our text, shows the text of the poem as it finally stood, though it cannot be relied on for every punctuation mark. It has the added interest of exhibiting the poem in process of composition. Our text is from the *Prometheus Unbound, with Other Poems*, 1820, as reprinted by Forman. Mrs. Shelley's first ed. of 1839 has likewise been collated.

Page 68.—The theme of the poem.—"The bird that occupies the second place to the nightingale in British poetical literature is the skylark, a pastoral bird as the Philomel

is an arboreal,—a creature of light and air and motion, the companion of the plowman, the shepherd, the harvester,—whose nest is in the stubble and whose tryst is in the clouds. Its life affords that kind of contrast which the imagination loves—one moment a plain pedestrian-bird, hardly distinguishable from the ground, the next a soaring, untiring songster, revelling in the upper air, challenging the eye to follow him and the ear to separate his notes.

The lark's song is not especially melodious, but lithe, sibilant, and unceasing. Its type is the grass, where the bird makes its home, abounding, multitudinous, the notes nearly all alike and all in the same key, but rapid, swarming, prodigal, showering down thick and fast as drops of rain in a summer shower."—John Burroughs, *Birds and Poets*.

Other poems on the Lark.—The Elizabethans first gave fit expression to the charm of the Lark's song.

What is't now we hear?

None but the lark so shrill and clear;
Now at heaven's gates she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.

—John Lyly, *Campaspe*, v. i.

Lyly was imitated by Shakspeare in

Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings.

—*Cymbeline*, iii. ii.

The modern lyrics on the Lark are numerous, that of Hogg [(1772–1835) see Appendix] and Wordsworth's first poem *To a Skylark* (1805),

Up with me! up with me into the sky!

leading the van. Then came Shelley's wonderful *Ode to the Skylark*, 1820, and in 1825 Wordsworth's second poem *To a Skylark*—

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!

was composed. William Watson's new poem (see Appendix) is justly admired.

Metrical structure.—"Shelley chose the measure of this poem with great felicity. The earnest hurry of the four short lines, followed by the long effusiveness of the Alexandrine, expresses the eagerness and continuity of the lark. There is a luxury of the latter kind in Shakespeare's song, produced by the reduplication of the rhymes:—

'Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies.
And winking mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty bin [be],
My lady sweet, arise.'

—Leigh Hunt, *Imagination and Fancy*.

1. 2.—**Bird thou never wert.** Cf. Wordsworth, *To the Cuckoo*, l. 3 n.

1. 5.—**In profuse strains...** "During the prevalence of the unimaginative and unmusical poetry of the last century, it was thought that an Alexandrine should always be cut in halves for the greater sweetness; that is to say, monotony. The truth is, the pause may be anywhere, or even entirely omitted, as in the unhesitating and characteristic instance before us. See also the eighth stanza. The Alexandrines throughout the poem evince the nicest musical feeling.—Leigh Hunt, *Imagination and Fancy*.

1. 8.—**Like a cloud of fire;** Professor Craik, arguing for the placing of the (;) after springest (l. 7) was answered by Professor Baynes (*Edin. Rev.*, April, 1871):—"The image, 'like a cloud of fire,' applies not to the appearance of the bird at all... but to the continuous motion upward, for the obvious reason that 'fire ascending seeks the sun.'"

1. 15.—**Like an unbodied joy.** Rossetti, following Professor Craik, changed unbodied to embodied, violating the authority of the printed texts, and, as we now know, the

MS. As Professor Baynes says: "At the outset, Shelley addresses the skylark as a spirit singing in the pure empyrean... He then apostrophizes the emancipated soul of melody on the celestial lightness and freedom in which it now expatiates. To the swift sympathetic imagination of the poet, the scorner of the ground, floating far up in the golden light, had become an aërial rapture, a disembodied joy, a 'delighted spirit,' whose ethereal race had just begun."

Page 69. l. 22.—silver sphere.

Beneath the sphere
Of the calm moon.
—Shelley, *Laon and Cynthia*, III. iv. 2.

The sphere whose light is melody to lovers.
—Shelley, *Triumph of Life*, 476.

l. 35.—rain of melody. Cf.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the skylark sing.
—Coleridge, *Ancient Mariner*, II. 358f.

Page 70. l. 43.—love-laden. "Mark the accents on the word 'love-laden,' so beautifully carrying on the stress into the next line,—

Soothing her love-lade
Soul in secret hour.

The music of the whole stanza is of the loveliest sweetness; of energy in the midst of softness; of dulcitude and variety. Not a sound of a vowel in the quatrain resembles that of another, except in the rhymes; while the very sameness or repletion and continuity of the sounds in the Alexandrine intimates the revolvment and continuity of the music which the lady is playing. Observe, for instance (for nothing is too minute to dwell upon in such beauty), the contrast of *i* and *o* in 'high-bern'; the difference of the *a* in 'maiden' from that in 'palace'; the strong opposition of *maiden* to *tower* (making the rhyme more vigorous in proportion to the general softness); then

the new differences in *soothing, love-laden, soul,* and *secret*, all diverse from one another, and from the whole strain; and finally, the strain itself, winding up in an Alexandrian with a cadence of particular repetitions, which constitutes, nevertheless, a new difference on that account, and by the prolongation of the line

It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is thronged."

—Leigh Hunt, *Imagination and Fancy*.

ll. 46f.—**Like a glow-worm golden.** The glow-worm is a sort of beetle with a luminous body, usually found in moist grass.

And the meek worm that feeds her lonely lamp
Couched in the dewy grass.

—Wordsworth, *Prelude*, xlv.

"A melody so happy in its alliteration that it may be termed its counterpoint. And the colouring of the stanza is as beautiful as the music."—Leigh Hunt, *Imagination and Fancy*.

l. 48.—**unbeholden.** Unseen. A coinage of Shelley on the basis of the old perfect participle of behold. He usually uses 'unbeheld' in this sense,—

Some unbeheld divinity doth ever.

—Shelley, *Cenci*, ll. ii. 155.

l. 55.—**heavy-winged.** Slow-moving. The winds are 'heavy' as burdened with the fragrance; 'winged' as if moving on pinions.

Page 71. l. 57.—**twinkling.** Bright, sparkling with rain.

Like twinkling rain-drops from the eaves.

—Shelley, *Rosalind and Helen*, l. 367.

l. 58.—**Rain-awakened flowers.** Flowers opening to the rain that feeds their growth. Cf.

And so they grew together like two flowers
Upon one stem, which the same beams and showers
Lull or awaken in their purple prime.

—Shelley, *Fiordispina*, 15ff.

The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
With winds upon the branch.

—Tennyson, *Lotos-Eaters*.

l. 61.—**sprite**. Cf. l. 1. 'Sprite' and 'spirit' are the same word originally. (Fr. *esprit*, L. *spiritus*.)

l. 66.—**Chorus Hymenæal**. Hy'men or Hymenæ'us was the god of marriage among the Greeks; the hymenæal chorus was the bridal-song sung by the bride's companions as she left her father's house.

l. 75.—**ignorance of pain**. Happy unconsciousness of the existence of pain.

Page 72. l. 80.—**love's sad satiety**.

All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

—Keats, *On a Grecian Urn*.

l. 86.—**We look before and after**.

He that hath made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after.

—Shakspeare, *Hamlet*, iv. iv. 37.

l. 87.—**And pine**. Ed. 1839, We pine.

l. 90.—**Our sweetest songs . . . saddest thought**.

Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong,
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.

—Shelley, *Julian and Madala*, ll. 545f.

ll. 91f.—**Yet if we could scorn**.

The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.

—Tennyson, *The Poet*.

Page 73. l. 96.—**measures**. The cadences of music.

When it hears thy harp's wild measure.

—Shelley, *Sophia*, ill. 4.

l. 100.—**Thou scorner of the ground!** "A most noble and emphatic close of the stanza. Not that the lark, in

any vulgar sense of the word, 'scorns' the ground, for he dwells upon it; but that, like the poet, nobody can take leave of commonplaces with more heavenly triumph."—*Leigh Hunt*.

l. 103.—**harmonious madness.** Strains of exalted poetry. The divine madness of the poet was the favourite theory of inspiration among the Greeks. The 'fine phrenzy of the poet's eye' is still proverbial.

l. 104.—**would flow.** MS., should flow.

TO JANE—THE RECOLLECTION.

Circumstances of composition. The spring of 1822, while Shelley was at Pisa, was especially early and beautiful. Yet the poet's health was not good, troubled with paroxysms of anguish that were relieved only by what was then called 'animal magnetism.' His cousin, Captain Thomas Medwin, who had come to Pisa on Shelley's invitation in 1820, was helpful in this trouble, as was Jane Williams, wife of Lieutenant Williams, a school-friend of Shelley's who had turned up at Pisa early in 1821. "Jane Williams," says Dowden, "had a grace and insinuating sweetness of manner which won by degrees upon all who became acquainted with her." "Williams," Shelley wrote to Leigh Hunt, "is one of the best fellows in the world; and Jane, his wife, a most delightful person, who, we all agree, is the exact antitype of the lady I described in 'The Sensitive Plant,' though this must have been a *pure anticipated cognition*, as it was written a year before I knew her." In the friendship of Mr. Williams and his wife the Shelleys took great joy. For Jane Williams the poet wrote *The Magnetic Lady to Her Patient, With a Guitar—To Jane*, and *To Jane—The Invitation*,—*The Recollection*, a poem in two parts, of which the present lines are the latter half.

Publication. This poem is the second of the parts which first appeared almost entire and as one poem in Mrs. Shelley's ed. 1839, entitled *The Pine Forest of the Cascine, near Pisa*, dated February 2, 1822. In her second edition the editor gave the full poem, dividing it into *The Invitation* and *The Recollection*. Shelley's friend, Trelawny, had an autograph copy, which was used in Rossetti's edition of Shelley. On the cover of the MS., says Rossetti, was the inscription, "To Jane: not to be opened unless you are alone or with Williams."

The first part is as follows:—

TO JANE—THE INVITATION.

Best and brightest, come away,
 Fairer far than this fair Day.
 Which, like thee, to those in sorrow,
 Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow
 To the rough Year just awake
 In its cradle on the brake.
 The brightest hour of unborn Spring
 Through the winter wandering,
 Found, it seems, the halcyon Morn
 To hoar February born;
 Bending from Heaven, in azure mirth,
 It kissed the forehead of the Earth,
 And smiled upon the silent sea,
 And bade the frozen streams be free,
 And waked to music all their fountains,
 And breathed upon the frozen mountains,
 And like a prophetess of May
 Strewed flowers upon the barren way,
 Making the wintry world appear
 Like one on whom thou smilest, dear.

Away, away, from men and towns,
 To the wild wood and the downs—
 To the silent wilderness
 Where the soul need not repress
 Its music lest it should not find
 An echo in another's mind,
 While the touch of Nature's art
 Harmonizes heart to heart.

I leave this notice on my door
For each accustomed visitor :—
" I am gone into the fields
To take what this sweet hour yields ;—
Reflection, you may come to-morrow,
Sit by the fireside with Sorrow.—
You with the unpaid bill, Despair,—
You tiresome verse-reelter, Care,—
I will pay you in the grave.—
Death will listen to your stave.
Expectation too, be off !
To-day is for itself enough ;
Hope in pity mock not Woe
With smiles nor follow where I go ;
Long having lived on thy sweet food,
At length I find one moment's good
After long pain—with all you love,
This you never told me off."

Radiant Sister of the Day
Awake ! arise ! and come away !
To the wild woods and the plains,
To the pools where winter rains
Image all their roof of leaves,
Where the pine its garland weaves
Of sapless green and ivy dun
Round stems that never kiss the sun ;
Where the lawns and pastures be
And the sandhills of the sea ;—
Where the melting hoar-frost wets
The daisy-star that never sets,
And wind-flowers, and violets,
Which yet join not scent to hue,
Crown the pale year weak and new ;
When the night is left behind
In the deep east, dim and blind,
And the blue noon is over us,
And the multitudinous
Billows murmur at our feet,
Where the earth and ocean meet,
And all things seem only one
In the universal sun.

Page 74. l. 5.—Up to thy wonted work.

1st ed. And do thy wonted work and trace.

l. 6.—*fled*. The reading of the 1st ed.; the MS. and second ed. have, *dead*, which is a weaker reading.

l. 7.—*now*. Omitted in 1st ed.

ll. 9ff.—*We wandered*... From this point, in the 1st ed., the poem is given in four-line stanzas.

l. 9.—*the Pine Forest*. The title of the 1st ed. gives the clue to the scene. Past the Cascine, formerly the public park of Pisa and lying just outside the city, extends to the Mediterranean a forest of gigantic pines. Far to the north the beautiful Carrara mountains—the great marble quarries of Italy—are in full view from the sandy sea shore.

l. 40.—*Ocean's*. The 2nd ed., *Ocean*.

l. 15.—*And on the bosom*. The 1st ed.,
And on the woods, and on the deep.

l. 17.—*the hour*. 1st ed., the day.

l. 19.—*Which scattered*... The 1st ed.,
Which shed to earth above the sun.

Page 75. l. 24.—*As serpents interlaced*. The 1st ed.,
With stems like serpents interlaced.

ll. 41f.—*There seemed*... The 1st ed.,
It seemed that from the remotest seat
Of the white mountain's waste,
To the bright flower...

l. 42.—*white mountain waste*. 'White' is the reading of the 1st ed. and the MS. The 2nd ed. has, *wide*.

"The outline of the mountains, with their jagged precipices, becomes unspeakably grand after leaving Avenza, but the views reach a climax of poetic loveliness at Massa, where a noble castle crowns the rich olive-clad height above the town, while beyond it, the hills, dotted with convents and villas, and radiant with vegetation, divide, to admit, like a fairy vision, the exquisitely delicate peaks of the marble mountains."—Hare, *Cities of Italy*, i. 71.

Page 76. l. 46.—**thrilling.** The 1st ed., thinking.

ll. 49ff.—**And still I felt.** The first ed. reads,—

For still it seemed the centre of
The magic circle there,
Was one whose being filled with love
The breathless atmosphere.

l. 52.—**The breathless atmosphere.** Then in 1st ed. follows the stanza:—

Were not the crocusses that grew
Under that ilex tree,
As beautiful in scent and hue
As ever fed the bee?

l. 53.—**We paused.** The 1st ed., **We stood.**

l. 55.—**Each seem'd...** The 1st ed.,

And each seemed like a sky.

l. 57.—**A firmament.** The 1st ed.,

A purple firmament of light.

l. 60.—**purser.** The 1st ed., **clearer.**

l. 61.—**lovely.** The 1st ed., **massy.**

l. 61.—**spreading there.** The 1st ed., **waving there;** after which follow the lines beginning 'Like one beloved' (ll. 77-80).

ll. 65ff.—**There lay the glade...** The 1st ed. reads,—

There lay far glades and neighbouring lawn,
And through the dark-green crowd
The white sun twinkling like the dawn
Under a speckled cloud.

Page 77. l. 74.—**With an elysian glow.** The 1st ed. has,—

Within an Elysium air.

elysian. Elysium or the Elysian fields represented paradise to the Greeks. It was a place of groves and meadows set with asphodel, amidst which the blessed dead wandered.

l. 76.—**A softer day.** The 1st ed. reads,—

A silence sleeping there.

l. 80.—**With more than truth.** The 1st ed., With that clear truth.

l. 81.—**an envious.** The 1st ed., a wandering.

l. 84.—**one dear.** The 1st ed., thy bright.

ll. 85ff.—**Though thou art.** The 1st ed. reads,—

For thou art good and dear and kind,
The forest ever green,
But less of peace in S—'s mind,
Than calm in waters seen.

The 2nd ed. leaves S— (l. 87); the MS. has a blank. Rossetti fills in the line.

l. 88.—**waters.** The MS. has, water.

Trelawny describes his hunting out the poet in his favourite retreat in this Forest beyond the Cascine, 'a wilderness of pines and ponds.' By a 'deep pool of dark, glimmering water' he came upon him, in his wildwood study. "The strong light streamed through the opening of the trees. One of the pines, undermined by the water, had fallen into it. Under its lee, and nearly hidden, sat the Poet, gazing on the dark mirror beneath, so lost in his bardish reverie that he did not hear my approach. There the trees were stunted and bent, and their crowns were shorn like friars by the sea breezes, excepting a cluster of three, under which Shelley's traps were lying; these overtopped the rest. To avoid startling the Poet out of his dream, I squatted under the lofty trees, and opened his books. One was a volume of his favourite Greek dramatist, Sophocles,—the same that I found in his pocket after his death—and the other was a volume of Shakspeare."—*Last Days of Shelley and Byron*, ch. viii.

BYRON.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE, CANTO IV.

The first cantos. In 1809 Byron left England in the midst of the success of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. Accompanied by John Hobhouse he went by sea to Lisbon, then rode through parts of Portugal and Spain, to Gibraltar, whence they sailed to Malta and Albania. Thence they descended through Epirus and Acarnania to Missolonghi and Athens, ending their pilgrimage at Smyrna and Constantinople. At this point Hobhouse departed for England, but Byron returned for a year to Athens and its neighbourhood. In July, 1811, he too returned to England, bringing with him as the fruits of his travels the first two Cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, the First Canto containing his impressions of Spain, the Second of Greece, Albania, and Constantinople.

In March, 1812, persuaded by his friends, Byron published these cantos, which he himself was inclined to consider "a lot of Spenserian stanzas, not worth troubling you with." To Byron's surprise their success was general, instantaneous, and permanent. "I awoke one morning," said Byron, "and found myself famous."—*Moore's Life*, ed. 1833, ii. 137.

This success was followed by dissipation in London, varied by poetical composition—*Giaour*, *Bride of Abydos*, *Corsair*, *Lara*—when the calamitous issue of his marriage drove Byron from England, indignant and despairing, amid the execrations of the world that had been at his feet. He passed through Belgium and up the Rhine to Switzerland, where he remained six months. The impressions of this pilgrimage were conveyed in the Third Canto of *Childe Harold*.

Composition and publication of Canto IV. The Fourth Canto of *C. H. P.* was written in Venice (see Introduction), chiefly during the summer of 1817. The record of its composition is given in Byron's letters to Murray:—July 1st, 1817,—“Since my last letter [June 18th], I have been working up my impressions into a *fourth* Canto of Childe Harold, of which I have roughened off about rather better than thirty stanzas, and mean to go on”; July 15th,—“I have finished (that is, written—the file comes afterwards) ninety and eight stanzas of the fourth Canto, which I mean to be the concluding one”; July 20th,—“I write to give you notice that I have completed the *fourth* and *ultimate* Canto of Childe Harold. It consists of 126 stanzas”; Aug. 21st,—“I have done the fourth and last Canto, which amounts to 133 stanzas”; Sept. 4th,—[refusing Murray's offer of 1500 guineas for it] “It... consists of 144 stanzas”; Sept. 15th,—“I have gone over and extended it to one hundred and fifty stanzas... I look upon Childe Harold as my best”; Nov. 15th,—“Your new Canto has extended to one hundred and sixty-seven stanzas.” In January, 1818, Byron was passing the poem for the press, completing its full number of 186 stanzas. In April, 1818, it was published.

The present text. The present text is based upon Byron's two editions, the 1st ed. 1818, and the second ed. (including the four cantos) 1819, the only editions issued in the poet's lifetime.

Form of the stanza. The structure of the stanza in which—with the exception of the songs—the whole of *C.H.P.* is written, is an iambic measure in eight pentameter lines followed by an Alexandrine, riming *ab ab bc bc*. This stanza, invented by Spenser (1552–1599) as the measure of his *Faery Queen*, was based upon the *ottava rima* of the Italian romantic poets, such as Aristo. The Italian measure was an eight-line stanza riming *ab ab ab cc*. Spenser gave the rime-system more variety, without

losing unity of structure, and added a ninth line of twelve syllables, making a stanza that has won the poet's ear through all subsequent time. Thomson, Beattie, and Burns were the chief poets using the metre between Spenser and Byron.

Beattie was Byron's chief authority in the use of the stanza, judging from the Introduction to Cantos I., II.:—"The stanza of Spenser, according to one of our most successful poets, admits every variety. Dr. Beattie makes the following observation:—"Not long ago, I began a poem in the style and stanza of Spenser, in which I propose to give full scope to my inclination, and be either droll or pathetic, descriptive or sentimental, tender or satirical, as the humour strikes me; for, if I mistake not, the measure which I have adopted admits equally of all these kinds of composition." Strengthened in my opinion by such an authority, and by the example of some in the highest order of Italian poets, I shall make no apology for attempts at similar variations in the following composition; satisfied that if they are unsuccessful, their failure must be in the execution, rather than in the design, sanctioned by the practice of Ariosto, Thomson, and Beattie."

Page 74. Title. Childe Harold. Childe in this sense is a favourite word in the mediæval romances and old ballads to denote a youth of noble blood. Cf. also,—

Chyld Tristram prayd that he with him might goe.

—Spenser, *Faery Queen*, vi. ii. 36.

Childe Rowlande to the dark tower came.

—Shakspeare, *Lear*, iii. iv. 187.

"It is almost superfluous to mention that the appellation 'Childe,' as 'Childe Waters,' 'Childe Childers,' etc., is used as more consonant with the old structure of versification which I have adopted."—Pref. to Cantos I., II.

The identity of Childe Harold with Byron was noted from

the first, and in spite of the poet's disclaimer always believed. There is no doubt that as Scott had celebrated his family glory in *The Lay*, Byron wished to sing himself in the *Childe Harold*. In the first draft of the opening Cantos in the MS. the hero is uniformly "Childe Burun," the Anglo-Norman form of the poet's name. The description of the hero in the opening stanzas of the First Canto is drawn, with darkened shadows, from Byron's own life. The mysterious melancholy, the lofty isolation, the defiant pride of the hero are the same mould of the poet's mind in which he cast the spirit of all his heroes. The identity was so complete that Byron gave up even the pretence of difference (see 83. 55ff).

Page 79. "Visto ho Toscana"...

"I have seen: Tuscany, Lombardy, Romagna,
That mountain which divides and that which bounds
Italy, and one sea and the other that bathes it."

For Ariosto, see l. 361 n.

Page 81. Dedication. John Hobhouse. John Cam Hobhouse (1786-1869), Baron Broughton, became intimate with Byron at Cambridge, accompanied him on his first tour through Portugal, Spain, Albania, and Greece, to Turkey (see Introduction). He witnessed the struggle of France and Germany in 1813. In 1815 he was 'best man' at Byron's wedding. In 1816 he joined Byron at Villa Diodati, Geneva, and together they made the tour of Italy, chronicled in the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*. The notes that accompanied the first edition of this Canto are in the main (see 84. 79f.) the work of Hobhouse. From 1819 he was immersed in politics, 'a sincere and uncompromising radical' during his earlier career, and in his later days 'a resting and thankful whig.' In 1822 he saw Byron at Pisa for the last time. On the poet's death in 1824 he became one of his executors. In addition to the Notes to *Childe Harold*, and a separate supplementary

volume.—*Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold*, Hobhouse was the author of some books of travel and political essays. (*Dict. Nat. Biog.*)

Page 82 l. 30.—**the most unfortunate day.** Byron was married on the 2nd of January, 1815, to Miss Milbanke.

l. 42.—**the pilgrim.** Childe Harold, see note to Title, above.

Page 83. l. 60.—**like the Chinese.** See Introductions, p. xiii.

Page 84. l. 81.—“**Mi pare che . . .**” ‘It seems to me that in a country entirely poetic, that boasts the noblest and at the same time the sweetest language, all the different styles may be attempted, and that as long as the country of Alfieri and of Monti has not lost the ancient vigour, in all these it should be the first.’

l. 97.—**Alfieri.** Vittorio Alfieri (1749-1803), a great tragic poet. “Alfieri is the great name of this age. The Italians, without waiting for the hundred years, consider him ‘a poet good in law.’ His memory is the more dear to them because he is the bard of freedom.”—Note, 1st ed.

Monti. Vincenzo Monti (1754-1826), epic poet, partizan of the French order in Italy.

l. 99.—**Canova.** Antonio Canova (1757-1822), a sculptor whose fame then filled Europe.

Ugo Foscolo. (1776-1827.) The successor of Alfieri in tragedy, an eminent critic of literature, and an impassioned advocate of republican liberty.

Pindemonti. Giovanni Pindemonti (1751-1814), dramatist, and his brother Ippolito (1753-1828), poet. Byron met the latter in Venice (Corresp., June 4th, 1817).

l. 100.—**Visconti.** Egnazio Visconti (1751-1818), and his brother Filippo (1754-1831), were eminent archeologists.

Morelli. Giacomo Morelli (1794-1819), librarian of St. Mark's, Venice.

Cicognara. Leopoldo Cicognara (1767-1834), antiquary

and writer on art, president of the Venetian Academy of Fine Art.

Albrizzi. Isabella Albrizzi (1770-1836), author of sketches of contemporary men and of a treatise on Canova. Byron called her the Madame de Staël of Italy.

Mezzophanti. Giuseppe Mezzophanti (1771-1818) cardinal, a linguist and philologist of marvellous gifts.

Mai. Angelo Mai (1781-1854), cardinal and philologist.
l. 101—**Mustoxidi.** Andrea Mustoxidis (1787-1860), a Greek who lived at Turin. He was publishing his *Collection of Unpublished Greek Fragments* at Venice in 1816-1817.

Aglietti. Francesco Aglietti (1757-1836), a distinguished Italian physician.

Vacca. Andrea Vacca Berlinghieri (1772-1826), an eminent Italian surgeon, author of treatises on surgery.

Page 85. ll. 105f.—“**La pianta . . .**” ‘The plant Man is born more vigorous in Italy than in any other land—and that the atrocious crimes themselves that are committed there are a proof of it.’

l. 119.—“**longing after immortality.**”

Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality.

—Addison, *Cato*, iv. iv.

l. 122.—“**Roma non e . . .**” ‘Rome is no longer what it was before.’

l. 126.—**carnage of Mont St. Jean.** The battle of Waterloo, called by the French Mont St. Jean.

betrayal of Genoa. “In 1814 Genoa rose against the French, on the assurance given by Lord William Bentinck that the allies would restore to the republic [of Liguria] its independence. It had, however, been determined by a secret clause of the treaty of Paris that Genoa should be incorporated with the dominions of the King of Sardinia.”—*Enc. Brit.*

l. 128.—a work worthy of the better days. Alluding to Hobhouse's *Letters written by an Englishman resident in Paris during the last reign of the Emperor Napoleon*, London, 1816, in which the author attacked the Bourbons and praised Napoleon.

l. 130.—“**Non movero** . . .”

I shall never sound a string
Where the mob deafens with its idle chatter.

l. 132.—**transfer of nations**. From French to Austrian princes. Venice, Milan, Tuscany, Modena all passed into Austrian hands by the Congress of Vienna.

Page 86. l. 135.—**Habeas Corpus**. This Act, which requires the immediate trial of arrested persons, may in times of public danger be suspended, as happened Feb. 21, 1817, when, owing to alleged secret meetings, an Act empowered the king to hold all persons suspected of conspiring against the British government. In Jan., 1818, the Habeas Corpus Act was restored.

l. 137.—**Verily they will have**. Imitated from Matt. vi. 2, 5, 16.

Page 87. l. 1.—**Venice**. Venice dates her foundation as early as the fifth century. No situation could be less inviting than the seventy-two low-lying sandy islets and marshes in the midst of which the new colony was established. But organization, industry, patriotism in fullness of time gave Venice the maritime supremacy of the world.

Its government was an aristocratic republic, the elective head of which, from the year 697, was the Duke of Venice, or as the word duke is in Venetian dialect, the *doge* (Lat. *duc-em*). The very position of Venice made her look for her prosperity to the sea. In the tenth century the Venetians, under the Doge Pietro Orseo'o, cleared the Adriatic of pirates and established a protectorate over the east shore. In commemoration of this sovereignty the annual ceremonial and national festival of Ascension Day was

instituted. This was at first merely a benediction of the doge and his court in the vessel of state, but developed later (see l. 93 *n*).

During the Crusades the fleets of Venice transported the Crusaders to the East, and won her as recompense further dominions in the Adriatic and commercial stations in the Eastern empire. Once in contact with the Orient, the manufacture of glass and fine fabric developed, art and letters revived. Her maritime ascendancy was complete from the fourteenth to the sixteenth centuries.

In 1388 Venice took possession of the neighbouring inland towns of Vicenza, Feltre, and Bassano, in 1405 of Padua and Verona. Crete (1204) and Cyprus (1487) were added to her territories. Brescia, Bergamo, Crema, Rovigo, and Cremona by the end of the fifteenth century were provinces of Venice (see l. 7).

On the capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453, the Venetians entered single-handed on a struggle to the death (l. 123). Within twenty years she lost her possessions in the Archipelago; while the discovery of the Cape route to India placed the carrying trade of the East in the hands of Portugal. One great victory crowned her arms when, aided by Spain and the Pope, the battle of Lepanto, 1571, was won by the Venetian admiral Sebastian Venieri.

At the close of the 16th century, Venice was verging to decay. Luxury, license, new routes of trade, contests with Italian principalities, and the continual war with the Turks were sapping her power. From 1718 she ceased to be a factor in the affairs of Europe. On the outbreak of the French Revolution, Venice refused to recognize the new Republic. Napoleon, who was in charge of the Army of Italy, marched against the city. On May 12th, 1797, the last doge of Venice, Ludovico Manini, abdicated (l. 31); on the 16th the French army entered the city, and the Venetian republic was at an end. Venice was now French, now Austrian, till she was finally handed over to Austria

in 1814, and remained in the Austrian power till 1866, when she successfully revolted.

The praises of Venice, especially as seen by moonlight, have been sung by many poets. One turns, however, for the fullest expression of its beauty to the pages of Ruskin. in his *Modern Painters* and *The Stones of Venice*.

Bridge of Sighs. The east side of the Palace of the Doges, facing the Rio Canal, is joined to the Prisons on the other side of the waterway. The close-covered stone-bridge connecting them is called the *Ponte dei Sospiri* or Bridge of Sighs, from the fact that the prisoners were led across to hear their doom. The Prisons were built in 1513-97.

l. 4.—**the enchanter's wand.** The magician traced the cabalistic figures of his art with a wand. The image is from Mrs. Radcliffe:—"Its terraces, crowned with airy yet majestic fabrics, touched, as they now were, with the splendour of the setting sun, appeared as if they had been called up from the ocean by the wand of an enchanter."—*Mysteries of Udolpho*, xv.

l. 5.—**cloudy wings... dying Glory.** The glorious memories of Venice resemble the radiance of a magnificent sunset.

l. 8.—**winged Lion.** The emblem of Venice. The legend is that St. Mark was put to death at Serapis, A.D. 68. In 827 the Venetians got possession at Alexandria of the body of this saint, and transferred it to Venice, making him patron saint of the city.

Medieval theology chose the lion as the emblem of St. Mark; it therefore became the standard of the Venetian republic.

At the south of the Piazzetta are two great granite columns, one surmounted by the figure of St. Theodore on a crocodile, the other by that of the winged lion of St. Mark.

l. 9.—**sate, (sāt).** An archaic preterite of sit.

hundred isles. See l. 1 n. "Venice is built on seventy-two islands."—Bryon, Letters, July 1, 1817. Baedeker gives the present number as 117.

l. 10.—**a sea Cybele.** Cybele is usually pronounced *sib'el ē* but here, exceptionally *sib ēl'e*; she was the goddess of Earth, and mother, some say, of Jupiter. The chief seat of her worship was Phrygia. She is usually represented as vigorous, majestic, crowned with a crown of towers (cf. 'tiara of proud towers,' l. 11) in significance of the cities under her protection.

What though Cretans old called thee
Clty-crested Cybele.

—Shelley, *Œdipus*, ii. ii. 3.

Forth from a rugged arch, in the dusk below,
Came mother Cybele—alone—alone—
In sombre chariot; dark foldings thrown
About her majesty, and front death-pale,
With turrets crowned.

—Keats, *Endymion*.

fresh from Ocean. Recalling the myth of the birth of Venus Aphrodite (Gk. *aphros*, foam).

An old writer, describing the appearance of Venice, has made use of the above image, which would not be poetical were it not true. 'Quo fit ut qui superne urbem contempletur, turritam telluris imaginem medio Oceano figuratam se putet inspicere.' *M. A. Sabelli de Venetæ Urbis situ narratio*, 1527, i. f. 202."—Note, 1st ed.

l. 11.—**tiara** (*ti ar'a*). Originally a Persian turban; hence any coronet or any rich ornament for the head (Gk. *tiara*, head-dress of Persian kings). Here poetically the highest lines of towers.

l. 17.—**purple.** The colour of the robes of the emperors of Rome; hence significant of empire.

Page 88. l. 19.—Tasso. Torquato Tasso (1544–1795), one of the greatest and most unhappy of poets, conquered the homage of Italy by his poetic gifts even in early youth. He was called to the court of Alfonso d'Este, duke of Ferrara. In 1572 he wrote *Aminta*; in 1575 he had finished his great

epic of *Jerusalem Delivered*. Already his misfortunes had begun. Fable says that he was chased from the court for loving his patron's sister, and finally shut up in a mad-house by the order of the duke. Truth makes it evident that Tasso's vanity, not satisfied with the favour of Alfonso, meditated to transfer his talents to the court of the Medici in Florence. The favour of the duke cooled. Tasso's mind became embittered and affected. Years of incarceration, flight, reconciliation, suspicion and estrangement followed for the genius. Always verging on madness, he spent his last days wandering among the Italian cities. Death even deprived him of the triumph and crown of laurel that were prepared for him in Rome in 1595.

Tasso's echoes are no more. "The well-known song of the gondoliers, of alternate stanzas, from Tasso's *Jerusalem*, has died with the independence of Venice. Editions of the poem with the original on one column, and the Venetian variations on the other, as sung by the boatmen, were once common, and are still to be found."—Note, 1st ed.

1. 26.—**The pleasant place.**

And there at Venice gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth.

—Shakspeare, *Richard II.*, iv. 1. 97.

1. 27.—**the masque of Italy.** Venice epitomized the gay festivity of Italy. 'Masque' for masquerade, the usual form of amusement in the Carnival. See Browning's *A Toccata of Galuppi's*.

1. 31.—**dogeless city.** See 1. 1 n.

1. 33.—**the Rialto.** The chief bridge in Venice, crossing the Grand Canal. The present bridge was begun in 1588. From antiquity it was the centre of trade. It is a single marble arch ninety-one feet in span, beautifully proportioned; under its arcades are two rows of shops.

Shylock and the Moor. Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice* and Othello in Shakspeare's tragedy of *Othello*.

1. 36.—**Pierre.** The chief character in *Venice Preserved*, of

Thomas Otway (1652-1685). This play, pronounced Otway's supreme effort in tragedy, is the story of the plot of Venetians against the corrupt oligarchy of Venice, resulting in the death of Jaffier and Pierre, the chief conspirators.

ll. 40ff.—**that which Fate Prohibits...** The brighter and happier life refused us by fate amidst the realities of the world, are supplied by the creations of the poet's fancy; this imaginary life first drives out the mean realities and then fills their place with its own beautiful forms, which refresh the heart saddened by the loss and disillusionment and fill its vacancies with sweeter forms.

Page 89. l. 46.—Such is the refuge. Tozer explains:—“Youth takes refuge in the creations of the imagination in order to escape from deceptive hope,” etc., which is hardly true of life. Youth seeks in fiction the realization of its brightest hopes of life, not finding it in the real world, while age seeks refuge from dullness and vanity (‘sans everything’). Cf.

In youth I wrote because my mind was full
And now because I find it growing dull.

—Byron, *Don Juan*, xiv. x.

l. 55.—**I saw or dream'd of such.** Early friends such as Wingfield, Matthews and Eddlestone (‘the only human being who ever loved him in truth and entirely’), who all died in 1811, and women he loved like Mary Chaworth and ‘Thyrza.’

l. 59.—**aptly.** Fully, precisely.

Page 90. l. 64.—I've taught me other tongues. Byron knew French and Italian, but not German.

l. 78.—**fond.** Foolish,—archaic sense.

l. 82.—**the temple where the dead.** On Byron's death, Colonel Stanhope, who brought his body to England, wrote the executors: “I am of opinion that his Lordship's family should be immediately consulted, and that sanction

should be obtained for the public burial of his body either in the great Abbey [of Westminster] or Cathedral of London." "It has been asserted," says Moore, "and I fear too truly, that on some intimation of the wish suggested in this last sentence being conveyed to one of those Reverend persons who have the honours of the Abbey at their disposal, such an answer was returned as left but little doubt that a refusal would be the result of any more regular application."—Moore's *Life of Byron*, vi. 220f.

His remains were interred in the family vault in Hucknall village church, near Newstead.

1. 84.—**laurels.** The victorious crown for Greek heroes and poets was woven from the berry-bearing leaves of the laurel, the shrub sacred to Apollo.

1. 85.—**the Spartan's epitaph.** Brasidas the Spartan, killed at Amphipolis, B.C. 422, in his victory over the Athenians. "And Argileonida, the mother of Brasidas, sent some that went to visit her after they returned home to Lacedæmon . . . if her son died like a man, and a worthy Spartan. And they straight did commend him highly, saying: There was not left in all Lacedæmon such a valiant man. She replied unto them: Say not so, my friends, I pray you; for Brasidas was indeed a valiant man, but the country of Laconia hath many more valianter than he was."—Plutarch, *Lycurgus*, tr. North.

Page 91. 1. 88.—**The thorns which I have reap'd.** See Introductions, p. lv.; cf. Hosea viii. 7.

1. 93.—**Bucentaur.** Pr. *bū-sen'-târ*. (Gk. *bous*, ox, *ken-tauros*, centaur.) The name given to the splendid gilded galley of Venice from which the marriage of the doge with the Adriatic was celebrated.

On Ascension day (fortieth day after Easter) the doge, accompanied by the Venetian nobility and the Papal nuncio, sailed out upon the Adriatic, and dropped a

consecrated ring into the sea with the words: "We espouse thee, O Sea, in sign of true and perpetual sovereignty."

This ceremonial (see l. 1 n), dating from the victory of Venice over Frederick Barbarossa, when Pope Alexander III. wrote to Venice: 'May the sea be as obedient to you as the wife to the husband.' It continued till the end of last century, when Napoleon burnt the third and last Bucentaur. Fragments of it are preserved in the Arsenal as sacred relics of Venetian freedom.

l. 95.—**St. Mark.** St. Mark's Cathedral is the glory of Venetian architecture, if not the most splendid church of Italy. It was founded in 834 to receive the relics of St. Mark, and took its definite form in 1052. It is in the Byzantine style, with five great domes, gorgeous with coloured marble and mosaics. See Ruskin, *Stones of Venice* and *St. Mark's Rest*.

yet sees the lion. See l. 8 n: The lion was carried off during the French occupation to the Invalides, Paris, and restored to Venice only in 1815.

l. 97.—**an Emperor sued.** Frederick Barbarossa (1123-1190), son of Frederick of Hohenstaufen, Duke of Suabia, (hence 'the Saubian,' l. 100), was defeated in his efforts to humble Pope Alexander III. and the northern cities of Italy, and compelled to acknowledge the pontificate of Alexander. He was reconciled to the Pope at Venice, July 25th, 1177.

l. 100.—**now the Austrian reigns.** See l. 1 n. By the treaty of Campo-Formio, Venice passed into Austrian hands, after having overturned her aristocratic government in the name of liberty. In 1806 Austria restored Venice to France, but it was given back in 1814.

l. 102.—**Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces.** Referring to the decline of the Italian commonwealths, Venice, Florence, Genoa, Pisa, etc. See 85. 132 n.

l. 106.—**lauwine.** *Lauwine* is the German for avalanche. Byron probably pronounced the word *law'-wēn*.

l. 107.—**Oh for one hour.** “The reader will recollect the exclamation of the highlander, *Oh for one hour of Dundee!*”—Note, 1st ed.

blind old Dandolo. Enrico Dandolo (1107?–1205), sent by the Venetians to demand recompense from Manuel, was blinded, perhaps only partly so, by that emperor. Elected doge in 1192 he led the Venetian galleys to the capture of Constantinople (Byzantium), 1204. He himself, though ninety-seven years old, first reached the walls.

Page 92. l. 109.—steeds of brass. Four magnificent bronze horses five feet in height in front of the middle arch and over the chief portal of St. Mark's. They were brought from Constantinople, where they probably had adorned a triumphal arch, by Dandolo (l. 107 *n.*), after the fourth crusade. “It would seem that the horses are irrevocably Chian, and were transferred to Constantinople by Theodorus.”—Note, 1st ed.

l. 111.—**Doria's menace.** Pietro Doria, commanding the fleet of Genoa in its war against Venice, 1380, penetrated the Venetian lagoon, and answered the proposals of peace with the words: “Ye shall have no peace until we have first put a rein upon those unbridled horses of yours, which are upon the porch of your evangelist St. Mark.”

l. 118.—**a new Tyre.** In allusion to the commercial greatness of the Phœnician city. See Ezekiel xxvii., Isaiah xxiii. 3.

l. 119.—**by-word.** Nickname, epithet of scorn. The word ‘pantaloon,’ buffoon, clown, is the Italian nickname of the Venetians, from the first patron saint of Venice, St. Pantaleon. The name was a usual one for the foolish old man of early Italian comedy, properly a Venetian, and later degraded to the meaning of buffoon.

Byron writes from a less valid explanation that pantaloon is a corruption of an assumed *piantaleone*, *i. e.* ‘plant the lion’ (the standard of the republic).

l. 123.—**the Ottomite.** The Ottoman Turks; see l 1 *n.*

l. 121.—**Troy's rival, Candia.** Candia is the town on the north shore of Crete. Candia 'rivalled' Troy since it was defended twenty-four years by the Venetians against the Turks. Troy withstood the Greeks only ten years.

l. 125.—**Lepanto.** See l. 1 *n.*

l. 127.—**of glass.** Figurative sense,—fragile.

l. 129. **Where they dwelt.** The Palazzo Ducale dates in part from 820; it was rebuilt in 1022 and in 1574. The chief feature of its architecture is the carved pillars of the colonnades supporting the outer walls. It was the residence of the Doge and the meeting-place of the state councils.

Page 93. l. 133.—**foreign aspects.** 'Aspect' in a concrete sense, something seen; here, the French or, at that particular time, the Austrian troops and officials.

l. 135.—**Venice'.** This possessive is preferred by the poets for words ending in a sibilant.

ll. 136ff.—**Athens' armies fell at Syracuse.** In allusion to the fatal expedition of Athens against the Greek city of Syracuse, Sicily, B.C. 415-414, in which the Athenian forces under Nicias were captured or destroyed.

"Some of them were saved also for Euripides' sake. For the Sicilians liked the verses of this poet better than they did any other Grecian's verses... For if they heard any rimes or songs like unto his, they would have them by heart, and one would present them to another with great joy. And therefore it was reported, that divers escaping this bondage and returning again to Athens, went very lovingly to salute Euripides, and thank him for their lives, and told him how they were delivered from slavery, only by teaching those verses which they remembered of his works."—Plutarch, *Nicias*, tr. North. See Browning, *Balaustion's Adventure*.

l. 137.—**bore the yoke of war.** A figurative expression, in allusion to a Latin custom,—*sub jugum mittere*,—by which the vanquished had to pass beneath a yoke.

l. 147.—**choral memory.** Memory kept fresh by the recital and chanting of his poems.

l. 151.—**Albion.** The 'White Land,' the ancient name of Britain.

l. 153.—**thy watery wall.**

Set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall.
—Shakspeare, *Richard II.*, ll. l. 47.

Page 94. l. 155.—**city of the heart.** Cf. l. 694.

l. 158.—**Otway.** See l. 34 n.

Radcliffe. Mrs. Anne Radcliffe (1764-1823), a favourite author and poet of her day. Byron refers particularly to her romance, *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, which gives some pretty pictures of Venice.

Schiller. Friedrich von Schiller (1759-1805), the second greatest poet and dramatist of Germany. Byron specially refers to his *Geisterscher*, or Ghost-Seer, an unfinished prose romance, the scene of which is laid in Venice.

Shakespeare. See l. 33 n.

l. 160.—**thus.** As depicted in § xv.

l. 163.—**I can repeople with the past.** Byron's interest in Venice prompted, it will be remembered, not only the preceding stanzas but his *Ode on Venice*,—

Oh Venice! Venice! when thy marble walls,

and the two dramas *Marino Faliero* and *The Two Foscari*.

l. 165.—**chasten'd down.** Softened, saddened by experience, not sanguine.

l. 172.—**tannen.** Pl. of Ger. *Tanne*, fir-tree. Byron's note takes the word erroneously, as meaning specially "a species of fir peculiar to the Alps, which only thrives in very rocky parts, where scarcely soil sufficient for its nourishment can be found. On these spots it grows to a greater height than any other mountain tree."

Page 95. l. 182.—**life and sufferance.** A common figure,—suffering life.

1. 185.—**the wolf dies in silence.** When he [the wolf] is wounded by a bullet, he is heard to cry out; and yet, when surrounded by the peasants, and attacked with clubs, he never howls as a dog under correction, but defends himself in silence, and dies as hard as he lived."—Goldsmith, *Animated Nature*, iv. ii. from Buffon.

1. 196.—**the reed.** Hope.

Page 96. 1. 200.—**scorpion.** See *D.V.* 1. 352 *n.*

1. 207.—**darkly.** Mysteriously.

1. 214.—**the cold.** Friends estranged, whose memory is one of 'the spectres' of the buried past.

1. 217.—**But my soul wanders.** The transition from Venice to greater Italy. Cf. *Tr.* 1. 165.

Page 97. 1. 223.—**the master-mould.** The supreme and most perfect type.

1. 228.—**commonwealth of kings.** The ancient republic of Rome, where, the poet says, each man was a king.

1. 238.—**Friuli's mountains.** Friuli is the district north of the Adriatic, bounded by a spur of the Carnian Alps. It once was subject to Venice. "The sun sinking, in the west, tinted the waves and the lofty mountains of Friuli, which skirt the northern shores of the Adriatic, with a saffron glow, while o'er the marble porticos and colonnades of St. Mark were thrown the rich lights and shades of evening."—Mrs. Radcliffe, *Mysteries of Udolpho*, xv.

Tozer explains: "The mountains intended are evidently those to the west of Venice, while Friuli is to the north-east of that city." From the preceding note this is evidently an error. The poet is standing at his summer home by the Brenta to the south of Venice. As he looks north he sees the western glow sweeping along the blue mountains of Friuli. Then (1. 247) as the moon rises higher, he still sees over the mountains to the north-west, the sunset glory fading before the victorious night.

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1. 240.—**Iris**. A mythological goddess, messenger of the gods, and a personification of the rainbow.

1. 242.—**Dian's crest**. Diana, or Selene, as goddess of the Moon, bore in ancient representations, as in figure in the temple of Delos, a crescent moon on her head.

1. 243.—**is'and of the blest**. The Greeks imagined islands in the Western Ocean, whither the souls of the noble dead were wafted. Here figuratively, of the silver moon in the sea of heaven.

Page 98. 1. 244ff.—**A single star**. "The above description may seem fantastical or exaggerated to those who have never seen an Oriental or Italian sky, yet it is but a literal and hardly sufficient delineation of an August evening (the eighteenth), as contemplated in one of many rides along the banks of the Brenta, near La Mira."—Note, 1st ed.

1. 246.—**Yon sunny sea**. Cf. ll. 236f.

1. 247.—**Rhætian hill**. The Rhætian Alps properly extend from the Splügen Pass down to the valley of the Adda, the ancient boundary of the republic of Venice and the duchy of Milan.

1. 250.—**deep-dyed Brenta**. The Brenta flows down from the Austrian Tyrol, passes near Padua, and empties into the lagoon of Venice on the south. Its 'deep dyes' are reflected from the sky.

1. 253.—**Fill'd with the face**. The sky is mirrored in the river. Cf.

The calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky, fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

—Shelley, *The Cloud*.

1. 259.—**like the dolphin**. The Coryphæne. "Coryphæna are generally, though a misapplication of the name, called 'Dolphins.' They attain to a length of six feet... The beauty of their, unfortunately fugitive, colours has ever been a subject of admiration. As far as the colours are capable of description, those of the common species (*C. hippurus*), which is often seen in the Mediterranean, are

silvery blue above, with markings of a deeper azure, and reflections of pure gold, the lower parts being lemon-yellow, marked with pale blue. The pectoral fins are partly lead-colour, partly yellow; the anal is yellow, the iris of the eye golden. These iridescent colours change rapidly whilst the fish is dying, as in the Mackerel.—Günther, *Fishes*, p. 453. Falconer gives a vivid description of this 'dolphin' in his *Shipwreck*, ii. 83ff.

l. 261.—'tis gone—and all is gray. Byron here closes his description of Venice as she fades from view with the glory of sunset on the plain of Lombardy. It was as a glorious sunset that her history appeared to him in the opening.

ll. 262ff.—a tomb in Arqua. "Arqua is twelve miles from Padua... in the bosom of the Euganean Hills. After a walk of twenty minutes across a flat well-wooded meadow, you come to a little blue lake, clear but fathomless, and to the foot of a succession of acclivities and hills, clothed with vineyards and orchards, rich with fir and pomegranate trees. . . From the banks of the lake the road winds into the hills, and the church of Arqua is soon seen between a cleft where two ridges slope towards each other, and nearly enclose the village. The houses are scattered at intervals on the steep sides of these summits; and that of the poet is on the edge of the little knoll overlooking two descents, and commanding a view, not only of the glowing gardens in the dales immediately beneath, but of the wide plains, above whose low woods of mul'erry and willow, thickened into a dark mass by festoons of vines, tall single cypresses, and the spires of towns, are seen in the distance, which stretches to the mouths of the Po and the shores of the Adriatic."—Note, 1st ed.

Cf. Shelley, *Lines Written Among the Euganean Hills*.

l. 263.—sarcophagus. (Gk. *sarkophagos*, flesh-eating, a term applied to a peculiar limestone of which tombs were made.) A coffin of richly decorated stone.

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l. 264.—**Laura's lover.** Francesco Petrarch (*pē'-trark*) was born at Arezzo in 1304 and died at Arquà in 1374. His father was banished from Florence in 1301 along with Dante, both being 'Whites' or democratic republicans. Avignon, France, became the home of the former. There Petrarch saw, in the church of St. Clara, the Laura who inspired his canzone and sonnets, the faithful wife of Hugo de Sade. Near Avignon he wrote those sonnets in the Tuscan dialect which give him a share in the glory of Dante of having founded a new language. In 1341 he received the laurel crown at Rome as the greatest living poet. His last days were spent in various Italian cities, his mind saddened by the death of Laura and the ruin of his political hopes. "Petrarch retired to Arquà immediately on his return from the unsuccessful attempt to visit Urban V. at Rome, in the year 1370, and... appears to have passed the four last years of his life between that charming solitude and Padua... Petrarch is laid, for he cannot be said to be buried, in a sarcophagus of red marble, raised on four pilasters on an elevated base, and preserved from association with meaner tombs."—Note, 1st ed.

Page 99. l. 267.—**To raise a language.** The modern literature of Italy began with three great names,—Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, respectively supreme in epic, lyric, and prose composition. They were all Florentines, and established the Tuscan dialect as the standard Italian speech.

his land reclaim. Rescue his land from the foreign mercenaries and restore it to liberty; an allusion to the odes addressed to his country (*Italia mia*) and to the younger Colonna or Rienzi (*Spirito Gentil*).

l. 269.—**Watering the tree.** The laurel (Ital. *lauro*), frequently celebrated in Petrarch's verse, in allusion to the name of Laura. Cf. *Sonnet* xlvi. and especially *Sonnet* cxvi., which reads,—

Not all the streams that water the bright earth,
 Not all the trees to which its breast gives birth,
 Can cooling drop or healing balm impart
 To slack the fire which scorches my sad heart,
 As one fair brook which ever weeps with me,
 Or, which I praise and sing, as one dear tree...
 Thus on fresh shores the lovely laurel grows.

—Tr. by Macgregor.

By 'watering the tree,' the poet means that Petrarch, in celebrating the laurel in his pathetic love sonnets (a concrete instance for his sonnets in general) achieved fame. Tozer explains: "'Watering the laurel' means fostering his reputation... with the lamentations over his hopeless love."

l. 279.—**a pyramid.** Poetry may be 'more lasting than brass' (Horace, *Odes*, iii. xxx.), and a great author than the pyramids. Cf. (Tozer),—

What needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones
 The labour of an age in piled stones?
 Or that his hallow'd relics should be hid
 Under a star-y pointing pyramid.

—Milton, *Epitaph on Shakespeare*.

l. 281.—**complexion.** Nature, character, — a frequent sense in older literature.

l. 285.—**a distant prospect... Of busy cities.** Padua and Venice. See Shelley, *Lines among the Euganean Hills*.

Page 100. l. 293.—**Idlesse.** Idleness. A poetical coinage of Elizabethans such as Spenser, and hence favoured by imitators like Thomson. It is about the only trace left of the archaisms so plentiful in the first cantos of *C.H.P.*

morality. Moral use and value.

ll. 297f.—**man with his God.** Perhaps an allusion to Gen. xxxii. 24; and Eph. vi. 12.

l. 298.—**with demons, who impair.** "The struggle is to the full as likely to be with demons as with better thoughts. Satan chose the wilderness for the temptation of our Saviour. And our unsullied John Locke preferred the presence of a child to complete solitude."—Note, 1st ed.

l. 303.—**Deeming themselves predestin'd.** Byron's nurse in his boyhood days at Aberdeen was May Gray, a pious Calvinist for whom he had a warm regard. She impressed on her charge the knowledge if not the practice of the tenets of her religion, and gave him a familiarity with the Bible he never lost.

l. 307.—**Ferrara.** A few miles S. of the Po, twenty-seven miles N.E.N. of Bologna; the capital seat of the ducal house of Este and home of Ariosto and Tasso. Under the house of Este (see l. 311 *a.*) the town flourished, with a population of a hundred thousand inhabitants, but it has decayed to a quarter of that number, and can show only 'grass-grown streets' and mouldering palaces.

Byron visited Ferrara in April, 1817, writing shortly afterwards his *Lament of Tasso*.

Page 101. l. 311.—**Este.** The family of Este, a very ancient one, attained in 1452 the duchy of Ferrara, which continued in the hands of powerful princes—of whom Alfonso (1558-97) was the greatest and, being childless, the last. Tasso and Guarini, author of the *Faithful Shepherd*, wrote under Alfonso's protection; but they are only instances of the constant patronage of art and letters exercised by this house.

l. 315.—**Dante's brow alone.** Dante came first and alone as the father of Italian poetry. Later there were many poets. Dante desired, but never received, the laurel crown.

l. 316. **Tasso is their glory and their shame.** Tasso's insanity showed itself in melancholy and suspicion, in a great dread of poison and the anathema of the church. His first imprisonment in 1577 was followed by his flight from Ferrara, when he wandered to Naples and Rome and Turin. In 1579 he returned to Ferrara, and was coldly received. An outburst of passion was followed by a seven-years' confinement in the Hospital of St. Anna. His *Jerusalem Delivered* had meanwhile awakened the enthusiasm of Italy, and popular feeling in favour of the poet showed itself in

petitions to Duke Alfonso. In 1586 he was liberated, and left Ferrara for ever.

The attitude of the duke in incarcerating Tasso is viewed by Byron in its darkest light. The imprisonment was probably a necessity, on account of the poet's malady, rather than an act of tyranny or of personal revenge for Tasso's alleged love of the duke's sister Leonora. Byron (see his *Lament of Tasso*, ix.) and to a less extent Goethe take the latter view.

"The cruelty of Alfonso," says Hobhouse, "was not left without its recompense, even in his own person. He survived the affections of his subjects and of his dependants. . . His last wishes were neglected; his testament cancelled. His kinsman Don Caesar shrank from the excommunication of the Vatican, and after a short struggle, or rather suspense, Ferrara passed away for ever from the dominion of the house of Este."—*Hist. Illustrations*, p. 27.

Symonds sums up the question:—"The duke, instead of acting like a tyrant, showed considerable forbearance. He was a rigid and not sympathetic man, as egotistical as a princeeling of that age was wont to be. But to Tasso he was never cruel—hard and unintelligent perhaps, but far from being that monster of ferocity which has been painted" (*Enc. Brit.*).

l. 317.—**his cell.** In the Hospital of St. Anna, Ferrara. "The dungeon is below the ground floor of the hospital, and the light penetrates through its grated window from a small yard which seems to have been common to other cells. It is nine paces long, between five and six wide and about seven feet high. . . The poet was a prisoner in the same room only from the middle of March, 1579, to December, 1580, when he was removed to a contiguous apartment much larger, in which, to use his own expressions, he could philosophize and walk about. . . One honest line [of the inscription on it] might have been allotted to the condemnation of the gaoler."—Hobhouse, *Hist. Illustrations*, 5ff.

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l. 331.—pageants (*paʒ'ant* or *pā'jant*). Elaborate court spectacles.

Page 102. l. 330.—Cruscan quire. Quire, choir,—a forced use in the sense of society. "As to the opposition which the *Jerusalem* encountered from the Cruscan academy, who degraded Tasso from all competition from Ariosto, below Bojardo and Pulci, the disgrace of such opposition must be in some measure laid to the charge of Alfonso, and the court of Ferrara."—Note, 1st ed.

The Academia della Crusca, founded in 1582, was especially devoted to language and belles-lettres. Many of its members approved of the pamphlet issued in 1585 by Salviati, who under pretext of defending Ariosto, made a bitter attack on Tasso. Later on the Florentine Academy did full justice to the poet.

l. 340.—**Boileau.** Nicolas Boileau (1637–1711), legislator of Parnassus, author of the *Art Poétique*, which gave clearness and good sense to French verse. Byron had in mind Boileau's criticism of Tasso, in Sat. ix. ll. 176f.

A Malherbe, à Racan, préférer Théophile,
Et le cillant du Tasse à tout l'or de Virgile.

[Every day at the court some titled fool can] prefer Théophile to Malherbe and Racan, and Tasso's tinsel to Virgil's gold.

Byron, the romantic poet, naturally detested, and was unjust to, the rimed Alexandrine, the normal verse of French classic poetry.

l. 343.—**Torquato.** See l. 19 n.

l. 354.—**Bards of Hell and Chivalry.** Dante, with reference to the *Inferno*, the first part of his *Divina Comedia*; and Ariosto, for his epic of chivalry, the *Orlando Furioso*.

l. 355.—**The Tuscan father's comedy divine.** Dante Alighieri (1265–1321) was born in Florence, capital of Tuscany. A partizan of the moderate Guelph faction, he was banished by the successful extremists in 1302. The rest of his life was spent in exile, in different parts of Italy. His last days were passed in Ravenna (see l. 505 n.) under the protec-

tion of Guido da Polenta. His chief works are the *Divine Comedy* (Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise) and the *New Life*.

Page 103. l. 357.—The Southern Scott. . . Ludovico Ariosto (1474–1553) wrote at the court of Ferrara an epic of chivalry, the *Orlando Furioso*, a continuation of the *Orlando Inamorato* of Boiardo. The hero of this poem is the famous Roland of French story, who became mad, he relates, through love of the Paynim princess Angelica. Besides this epic he wrote comedies, sonnets, and satires.

l. 359.—**Ariosto of the North.** “I do not know whether Scott will like it, but I have called him the ‘Ariosto of the North,’ in my text. If he should not, say so in time.”—Byron to Murray his publisher, Aug., 1817. “With regard to the ‘Ariosto of the North,’ surely their themes, chivalry, war, and love were as like as can be; and as to the compliment, if you knew what the Italians think of Ariosto, you would not hesitate about that . . . If you think Scott will dislike it, say so, and I will expunge. I do not call him the ‘Scotch Ariosto,’ which would be sad *provincial* eulogy, but the ‘Ariosto of the North’ meaning all *countries* that are not *South*.”—Letter to Murray, Sept. 17th, 1817.

l. 360.—**ladye-love.** See *Rosabelle*, l. 6 n. ‘Lady-love,’ usually the loved woman, here is, romantic love of woman.

l. 361.—**The lightning rent.** “Before the remains of Ariosto were removed from the Benedictine church to the library of Ferrara, his bust, which surmounted his tomb, was struck by lightning, and a crown of iron laurels melted away.”—Note, 1st ed.

l. 365.—**Is of the tree no bolt of thunder.** “The eagle, the sea calf, the laurel, and the white vine, were amongst the most approved preservatives against lightning. Juno chose the first, Augustus Cæsar the second, and Tiberius never failed to wear a wreath of the third when the weather threatened a thunderstorm.”—Note, 1st ed.

l. 368.—**the lightning sanctifies.** “The Curtian lake and the Ruminal fig-tree in the Forum, having been

touched by lightning, were held sacred, and the memory of the accident was preserved by the *puteal*, or altar resembling the mouth of a well, with a little chapel covering the cavity supposed to be made by the thunderbolt. Bodies scathed and persons struck dead were thought to be incorruptible; and a stroke not fatal conferred perpetual dignity upon the man so distinguished by heaven."—Note, 1st ed.

ll. 370f.—**Italia! oh, Italia!** . . . Stanzas xlii., xliii. are a free translation of Sonnet lxxxvii. of the Florentine poet Vincenzo da Filicaja (1642-1707):—

Italia, Italia, o tu, cui feo la sorte
 Dono infelice de bellezza, onde hai
 Funesta dote d'infiniti guai,
 Che in fronte scritti per gran doglia porte:
 Deh! fossi tu men bella, o aimen più forte;
 Onde assai più ti paventasse, o assai
 T'arasse men, chi del tuo bello ai rai
 Par che si struga, e pur ti sâda a morte.
 Che or giù dall' Alpi non vedrei torrenti
 Scender d'armati, nè di sangue tinta
 Bever l'onda del Po gailici armenti,
 Nè te vedrei del non trio ferro cinta
 Pagnar col braccio di straniere genti,
 Per servir sempre, o vincitrice, o vinta.

The following is a closer rendering:—

Italia, O Italia! hapless thou,
 Who didst the fatal gift of beauty gain,
 A dowry fraught with never-ending pain,—
 A seal of sorrow stamped upon thy brow;
 O, were thy bravery more, or less thy charms!
 Then should thy foes, they whom thy loveliness
 Now lures afar to conquer and possess,
 Adore thy beauty less, or dread thine arms!
 No longer then should hostile torrents pour
 Adown the Alps; and Gallic troops be laved
 In the red waters of the Po no more;
 No longer then, by foreign courage saved,
 Barbarian succour should thy sons implore,—
 Vanquished or victors, still by Goths enslaved.

—Anon.

1. 372.—**funeral.** 'Funeste' in the original is fatal, unhappy, tragical; 'funereal,' here would be more exact English.

Page 104. 1. 388.—Wandering in youth. In his first visit to Greece in 1809-11, recorded in the closing stanzas of Canto III.

1. 389.—**The Roman Friend.** "The celebrated letter of Servius Sulpicius to Cicero, on the death of his daughter, describes as it then was, and now is, a path which I often traced in Greece, both by sea and land, in different journeys and voyages. 'On my return from Asia, as I was sailing from Ægina towards Megara, I began to contemplate the prospect of the countries around me: Ægina was behind, Megara was before me; Piræus on the right, Corinth on the left; all which towns once famous and flourishing now lie overturned and buried in their ruins. Upon this sight, I could not but think presently within myself, Alas! how do we poor mortals fret and vex ourselves if any of our friends happen to die or be killed, whose life is yet so short, when the carcasses of so many noble cities lie here exposed before us in one view.'" Cicero's *Epistolæ ad Fam.*, ix. v. 4., tr. Middleton.—Note, 1st ed.

Byron refers, in the first part of this note, to his life in Greece in 1809-1811.

1. 392.—**Megara.** A village, once a city, twenty miles west of Athens.

1. 393.—**Ægina.** The little island in the gulf of Ægina, between Attica and the Morea.

Piræus (*pī rē'us*). The seaport of Athens and distant from it five miles to the S.E. It was destroyed by Sulla, B.C. 86. Its prosperity has somewhat revived in recent years.

1. 394.—**Corinth.** The city, on the Isthmus of Corinth, forty-three miles west of Athens. It was once the centre of the trade with the East,—a powerful, luxurious, sovereign city.

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Page 105. l. 413.—**The skeleton of her Titanic form.** "It is Poggio [1380-1459], who, looking from the Capitoline hill upon ruined Rome, breaks forth in the exclamation, 'Ut nunc omni decore nundata, prostrata jacet, instar gigantei cadaveris corrupti atque undique exesi.'"—Note, 1st ed.

l. 416.—**wrongs should ring . . . side.**

Whereof all Europe rings from side to side.

—Milton, *Sonnets*, xxii.

l. 419.—**Parent of our religion.** In the sense of being the mother church from which grew or were sustained the many churches of Christendom.

l. 420.—**knelt to for the keys of heaven.** In reference to the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff, to whom are entrusted, as many believe, the keys of heaven and hell. The phrase here suggests the entreaties of the barbarous nations for missionaries, as well as the prayers of nations under interdict or excommunication for restoration to the privileges of religion.

l. 421.—**parricide.** Fatal filial neglect, which has allowed Rome to be held by the 'barbarian tide' of northern forces. From 1809 till 1814 Rome was occupied by the French; after which followed a papal government, of narrow bounds and brief authority, under the ægis of France.

Page 106. l. 425.—**the Etrurian Athens.** The ancient Etruria is represented by modern Tuscany, a former grand-duchy, having Florence as its capital. The importance of Florence in commerce and art—both in mediæval and modern times—an importance greater than that of Rome itself, is referred to on p. 181.

The city was until recently surrounded with walls, 'like a garland.' It is situated veritably in 'a theatre of hills' (cf. *Tr.*, 108 *n*).—Fiesole, San Miniato, Boboli, Belosguardo,—which has given it the epithet of beautiful Florence.

In the valley beneath where, white and wide
And washed by the morning water-gold,
Florence lay out on the mountain side.

—Browning, *Old Pictures in Florence*.

Athens was the home of arts and literature during the Periclean age. The great buildings of the Acropolis, the tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles, the philosophy of Socrates and Plato, the poetry of Pindar and Simonides, the sculpture of Phidias and Myron—all marked that wonderful time.

l. 429.—**her redundant horn.** An allusion to the cornucopia or horn of plenty of Zeus, which contained whatever the possessor desired; hence symbolic of abundance.

l. 433.—**the goddess.** The Venus of Medici, discovered last century near Rome, and now standing in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence,—an undraped statue of Pentelic marble, an idealization of softness, grace, and purity, and a standard of female beauty. It belongs to the later and less spiritual period of Greek art, probably contemporary with Augustus.

loves in stone. Represents the loving woman.

l. 435.—**The ambrosial aspect.** Ambrosia (Gk. *ambrosia*, pertaining to the immortals), the food of gods; hence 'ambrosial,' divinely fragrant, divinely beautiful.

l. 443.—**Dazzled and drunk with beauty.** Lord Byron visited Florence in 1817, on his way to Rome. "I remained," he says, 'but a day; however, I went to the two galleries, from which one returns drunk with beauty. The Venus is more for admiration than love; but there are sculpture and painting, which, for the first time at all, gave me an idea of what people mean by their cant about these two most artificial of the Arts!'—Letter to Murray, Ap. 26, 1817.

l. 445.—**Chain'd to the chariot.** An allusion to the Roman triumph, in which the captives in chains preceded the victor's car; see l. 716 *n*.

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Page 107. l. 148.--paltry jargon of the marble mart. A contemptuous phrase for the technical terms of sculpture, such as are heard but not felt in a salesroom of statuary.

l. 150.—the Dardan Shepherd's prize. Dardan or Dardanian is Trojan, from Dardanus, ancestor of Priam of Troy. He was reared as a shepherd on Mount Ida to prevent the fulfilment of ominous prophecies at his birth. Chosen as the arbiter of beauty, he awarded the golden apple to Venus, over her rivals Athena and Hera. See Tennyson's *Enone*.

l. 152.—Anchises (*an ki'séz*). This Trojan prince was beloved ('more deeply blest') for his beauty by Venus. Their son was Æneas, "whom bright Aphrodite conceived to Anchises amid the spurs of Mount Ida, a goddess wedded to a mortal" (Homer, *Il.* ii. 820f.).

l. 154.—vanquish'd Lord of War. Mars (Gk. Ares). His amours with Venus (Aphrodite) are told in the eighth book of the *Odyssey*, and in *Lucretius*, i. 31ff. The rest of this stanza is an adaptation of the apostrophe to Venus in the latter:—

'For thou alone canst bless mortals with tranquil peace; since Mars, the lord of arms, who controls the cruel tasks of war, often flings himself upon thy lap, vanquished by the eternal wound of love; and thus looking up, his graceful neck thrown back, he feasts his eager eyes with love, gazing intently on thee, O goddess, and his breath as he reclines, hangs on thy lips. Poured round above him reclining. . .'

l. 157.—Feeding on thy sweet cheek. Byron quoted in a note to the first ed.,—

Ὀφθαλμοῦς ἐδτιᾶν.

Atque oculos pascat uterque suos.

—Ovid, *Amor*, lib. II.

l. 160.—circumfused. Surrounded with, bathed in (*circumfundere*, to pour about). Cf. *Lucretius*, *circumfusa super*, 'poured round above.'

Page 108. l. 170.—artist and his ape. Cf. H. Walpole: "Every

genius has his apes" (*N. Eng. Dict*); the artist's ape is the amateur, the dilettante.

l. 471.—**connoisseurship.** Properly, the state of being a connoisseur (*kon es er'*), a competent judge of fine arts. Here used in satirical humour as a title (Fr. from Lat. *agnosco*, I know.)

l. 474.—**crisp.** To curl in little waves, to ruffle.

l. 478.—**Santa Croce's holy precincts.** Sante Croce (*croch'ē*), 'Holy Cross,' is a cruciform church of Florence, built in 1442, containing on the right aisle the tombs of Michael-Angelo, Alfieri, and Machiavelli, and on the left aisle that of Galileo. Byron calls it 'the Mecca,' the 'Westminster Abbey' of Italy.

l. 484.—**Angelo.** Michael-Angelo (*mi kel an'je lo*) (1475–1564), one of the supreme genius of modern times; sculptor, architect, painter, and poet.

Alfieri (*al fē ā'rē*). Vittorio Alfieri (1749–1803), author of a large number of tragedies—chiefly on classical subjects, such as Polynices, Antigone, Orestes, or on historical subjects, such as *Philip II.* and *Mary Stuart*,—and of a few comedies. He founded a school of simple and lofty tragedy.

l. 485.—**The starry Galileo.** The astronomer Galileo Galilei (1564–1642), professor of mathematics at Pisa and Padua, discoverer of the satellites of Jupiter. His teaching was condemned by the Pope in 1616, and he himself imprisoned in 1633, and forced under pressure of the Inquisition to abjure the Copernican (the modern) theory of astronomy. Pronounce *gal i lē'ō* or (Ital.) *gah lē lā'ō*.

486.—**Machiavelli** (*mak ē ah vel'ē*). Niccolo Machiavelli (1469–1527), Florentine statesman and author. His *Prince* (*Il Principi*), has been regarded as a mere exposition of the art of tyranny, and, under malign representations, this man, one of the ablest of Florentine patriots, has given his name to a synonym of duplicity. "It will be readily imagined that the prejudices that have passed the

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name of Machiavelli into an epithet proverbial of iniquity exist no longer in Florence."—Note, 1st ed.

1. 489.—**rents Of thine imperial garment.** Like Cæsar dying,—

You all do know this mantle...

Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:

See what a rent the envious Casca made.

—Shakspeare, *Julius Cæsar*, iii. ii. 170ff.

Page 109. 1. 492.—**Spirits that soar from ruin.** As the phoenix from her ashes.

1. 493.—**impregnate.** Endued,—the *—ate* is an imitation of the Latin perfect participle in *—atus*; et., in their participial use, situate, consecrate, etc.

1. 495.—**Canova.** See 81. 104 and *n.*

1. 498.—**The Bard of Prose.** Boccaccio; see 1. 514 *n.*

1. 502.—**heir cuntry's marbles...** A criticism of the absence of busts of the three greatest Florentines in the church of Santa Croce. Since 1829 a tomb, and since 1865 a colossal statue, commemorate Dante at Santa Croce.

1. 505.—**Ungrateful Florence!** This line is perhaps a reminiscence of a line from Michael-Angelo's sonnet on the same theme:

Ingrata patria, e della sua fortuna

A suo danno nutrice!

1. 506.—**Like Scipio... by the upbraiding shore.** Publius Cornelius Scipio Africanus (B.C. 235-183), conqueror of Hannibal in the second Punic War. Incurring the dislike of the Senate, he proudly withdrew to his estate at Liternum, Campania, where he died, after ordering these words to be engraved on his tomb: "Ungrateful country, thou shalt not have my bones" (Valerius Maximus).. Livy adds that his monument was built there "lest his funeral should be solemnized in his ungrateful country" (xxxviii. liii).

Liternum is the modern Patria, near Cumæ and the Bay of Naples.

1. 507.—**Thy factions.** The Guelphs, 'the papal and

popular party,' and Ghibellines, 'the imperial and aristocratic party.' Dante belonged to the Bianchi, 'Whites' or moderate Guelphs; see l. 855 n.

l. 513.—**grave, though rifled.** Petrarch's tomb was broken open and some relics stolen in 1630.

Page 110. l. 514.—Boccaccio (*bok kah'tshü*). Giovanni Boccaccio (1313-1375), born at Certaldo, in the neighbourhood of Florence, to which city he came early. He served the state as ambassador, and lectured, towards his death, on Dante. His chief of many works in prose and verse is the *Decameron*, or ten days' tales, a collection of one hundred love stories represented as being told by gay Florentines in the gardens near the city, during the plague of 1348. This work made a vast impression on Italy, where it aided in setting up of the Tuscan dialect as standard Italian, and on foreign nations, who imitated the tales.

Boccaccio lived most of his latter days at Certaldo, and was buried there in the church of St. Michael. His much-visited tomb was removed in 1783 under the law of the grand-duke Leopold II. concerning burials in churches, when the tomb was broken and its contents, including a roll of parchment, taken out and subsequently lost. From the term 'hyæna bigot' and Hobhouse's note, it is quite clear that Byron and his commentator believed that the sacrilege was due to the clergy of Certaldo venting their rage against the famous author for having taken his gay licentious characters from the cloister as well as the city. This is a mistake. But the carelessness and ignorance attending the removal of the tomb are not less blame-worthy even if bigotry was not at the bottom of it.

l. 521.—**hyæna.** This animal preys on carrion, even plundering the graves for food.

l. 525.—**The Cæsar's pageant.** An inexact reminiscence of Tacitus, *Annals*, iii. 76. Junia, sister of Marcus Brutus and wife of Cassius, left legacies to the great men of Rome, omitting however the emperor Tiberius. In her

funeral the images of twenty illustrious families were carried; but in sign of the loss of liberty, those of Brutus and Cassius were absent: but "for that reason they shone with pre-eminent lustre."

l. 527.—**Ravenna.** Formerly on the Adriatic, ten miles below the mouth of the Po, and once a famous seaport. In the twentieth year of his age [Honorius (384-423)], the emperor of the west, anxious only for his personal safety [from Alaric and his Goths] retired to the perpetual confinement of the walls and morasses of Ravenna. The example of Honorius was imitated by his feeble successors, the Gothic kings, and afterwards the exarchs. . . and, till the middle of the eighth century, Ravenna was considered the capital of Italy."—Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*.

Beside the church of St. Francesca is the little cupola long supposed to cover Dante's tomb.

I pass each day where Dante's bones are laid;
A little cupola, more neat than solemn,
Protects his dust.

—Byron, *Don Juan*.

In 1865 it was discovered that Dante's bones were hidden in a neighbouring chapel, and not contained in his mausoleum, to which, however they were transferred.

Byron lived in Ravenna for two years (1819-1821); on Dante's tomb, near which he dwelt, he laid a copy of his poems.

l. 529.—**Arqua . . . store of tuneful relics.** Referring to the relics of Petrarch,—his house which contains the chair in which he died, his ink-stand, and, no doubt, his stuffed cat.

l. 531.—**Florence vainly begs.** An allusion to various vain efforts made by Florence to recover Dante's bones. The chief one was by the Florentine Academy in 1518, through a memorial addressed to Pope Leo X., signed by Michael-Angelo.

l. 532.—**What is her pyramid.**—The tombs of the Medici (*mā'dē tshī*), the merchant-dukes of Florence, in the church

of St. Lorenzo, Florence. "I also went to the Medici chapel,—fine frippery in great slabs of various precious stones, to commemorate fifty rotten and forgotten carcasses."—Byron to Murray, April 26, 1817.

"Our veneration for the Medici begins with Cosmo and expires with his grandson; and it is in search of some memorial of the virtuous republicans of his family that we visit the church of St. Lorenzo at Florence. The tawdry, glaring, unfinished chapel, designed for the mausoleum of the Dukes of Tuscany, set round with crowns and coffins, gives birth to no emotions but those of contempt for the lavish vanity of a race of despots."—Note, 1st ed.

Page III. l. 537.—the green turf that wraps the dead.

There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay.

—Collins, *How Sleep the Brave*.

l. 542.—**Arno's dome.** The Pitti and the Uffizi palaces, joined by a long gallery across the Arno. In the Pitti is a vast series of paintings covering the history of the renaissance of Italian art down to the Fra Angelico. The Uffizi contains the finest statues of antiquity, and some of the best works of Titian and Raphael.

l. 551.—**Thrasimene's lake.** Trasimeno is in central Italy, ten miles west of Perugia. It was the scene of Hannibal's victory over Flaminius in B.C. 217. "The valley into which Hannibal lured ('the Carthaginian's wiles,' l. 553) the Romans was girt in part by a semicircle of hills, and the lake which runs from one extremity of the ridge to the other, completed the enclosure. Hannibal posted his troops in the surrounding heights, and in the mist of the morning he attacked the astonished enemy at every point. Fifteen thousand Romans were slain, and more than twenty thousand taken prisoners."—Note, 1st ed.

Page 112. l. 533.—an earthquake reel'd. "And such was their mutual animosity, so intent were they upon the battle, that the earthquake which turned the course of rapid

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streams, poured back the sea upon the rivers, and tore down the very mountains, was not felt by one of the combatants."—Livy, xxii. xii.

Page 113. l. 584.—Sanguinetto. "There are two little rivulets which run from the Gualandra [heights] into the lake. The traveller crosses the first of these at about a mile after he comes to the plain. The second is called the 'bloody rivulet' [It. *sanguie*, blood]; and the peasants point out an open spot to the left between the 'Sanguinetto' and the hills, which they say was the principal scene of the slaughter. The other part of the plain is covered with thick-set olive-trees in corn-grounds . . . Near some old walls on a bleak ridge to the left above the rivulet, many human bones have been repeatedly found, and this has confirmed the pretensions and the name of the stream of 'blood.'"—Note, 1st ed.

l. 586.—Clitumnus. A river of Umbria, emptying into the Tiber, celebrated in antiquity for its milk-white herds, which furnished the victims of the festivals. Its fame is sung by Virgil,—

Hinc albi, Clitumne, greges, . . .

[From it, Clitumnus, your white flocks, and bull, chiefest of victims, which had often been plunged in your sacred stream, lead the Roman triumphs to the temples of the gods. Here is perpetual spring, and summer in unwonted months.]

—*Georgics*, ii. 146ff.

and Macaulay :—

Unwatched along Clitumnus
Grazes the milk-white steer.

—*Horatius*.

"Clitumnus—the prettiest stream in all poesy."—Byron to Murray, June 4, 1817.

Note the association of ideas by means of the contrast with the Sanguinetto.

l. 595.—a temple. A small ruined temple on the bank of the river is supposed to be that in honour of the river-god referred to by Pliny. (*Hist. Illustr.*)

Page 114. ll. 614.—**Velino.** The river Velino, of central Italy, flows into the Nera, a tributary of the Tiber, a few miles above Terni. Near the confluence of the streams, the Velino falls 859 feet over a precipice in the celebrated Cascade delle Marmore or falls of Terni. The great fall of 500 feet and two minor falls, ending at the Nera, send up a cloud of spray upon which the morning sun paints the rainbow. "It is worth all the cascades and torrents of Switzerland put together."—Note, 1st ed.

l. 616.—**Making it all one emerald.**

The multitudinous seas incarnadine
Making the green one red.

Shakspeare, *Macbeth*, ii. ii. 63.

l. 620.—**Phlegethon** (*flēj' e thon*). (Gk. *phlegethon*, the flaming.) A river of fire of Hades, flowing into Acheron.

l. 625.—**an eternal April.** "The mist... looks at a distance like clouds of smoke ascending from some vast furnace, and distils perpetual rains on all the places that lie near it."—Addison, *Remarks on Italy*.

Page 115. l. 635.—**Parent of rivers.** This may refer to the Nera and Velino joined in a foaming stream in the valley below, or to the Velino itself, which is broken in the fall into two branches.

l. 642.—**An Iris sits.** "Of the true place, and qualities of this kind of Iris the reader may have seen an account in a note to *Manfred*. The fall looks so much like 'a hell of waters' that Addison thought the descent alluded to by Virgil the gulf in which Alecto plunged into the infernal regions."—Note, 1st ed.

l. 643.—**Like Hope...**

She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

—Shakspeare, *Twelfth Night*, ii. iv. 117.

Page 116. ll. 649f.—**Apennine.** Taken as the brood of the greater Alps, from which (the Ligurian chain) they separate near Nice.

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ll. 652f.—**roar The thundering lauwine.** Lauwine (see l. 653 n.) is erroneously regarded here as a plural.

l. 654.—**Jungfrau** (*yoong'frow*). German for 'Virgin,' in allusion to its 'never-trodden snow,' l. 655. It is in the Bernese Alps, of which it is one of the highest peaks. The first ascent was made in 1811.

l. 656.—**Mont-Blanc** (*mo(ng)blo(ng)'*). Fr., 'white mountain,' the highest mountain in Europe; the famous *Mer de glace* (sea of ice) is its greatest glacier.

l. 657.—**Chimari.** (*kē mar'ē*). Chimari, Khimara, a town in Albania, lends its name to the neighbouring Ceraunian Mountains of northwestern Epirus. In *C.H.P.* ii. 452f. they are described—

Nature's volcanic amphitheatre
Chimæra's alps extend.

We have the 'sons of Chimari' in ii. 657.

the thunder-hills of fear. Of fear, fearful; see l. 658 n.

l. 658.—**Th' Acroceraunian.** Acroceraunia (*ak rō sē raw' nī a*), Gk. *ta akra keraunia*, 'the thunder-smitten peaks' (see l. 657), is the promontory in north-eastern Epirus, jutting into the Ionian Sea. It gives its name sometimes to the Ceraunian Mountains, of which it is an extreme spur.

l. 659.—**Parnassus.** A ridge of mountains in Greece, in ancient Phocis, the favourite haunt of Apollo and the Muses.

l. 662.—**Ida.** A mountain range in Asia Minor (Phrygia and Mysia), seat of the worship of Cybele and the scene of the choice of Paris.

"The only vestige of Troy...are the barrows...but Mount Ida is still in high feather."—Byron to Drury, May 3rd, 1810.

Trojan's eye. As the Trojans saw it,—from Troy. The plains of Troy, the Troad, which Byron visited in May, 1810, extended to the spurs of Mt. Ida.

l. 663.—**Athos.** The 'Holy Mount,' at the extremity of

Athos, the north-easterly peninsula of Calcidice, Thrace, jutting south into the Ægean.

Such as on lonely Athos may be seen,
Watching at eve upon the giant height,
Which looks o'er waves so blue, skies so serene.
—*C.H.P.*, ii. 236ff.

Olympus. On the borders of Macedonia and Thessaly, the favourite home of the gods.

Ætna. Or Etna, the volcano of Sicily.

Atlas. The mountain range of Morocco, Algeria, and Tunis. Byron saw it from Gibraltar in 1809.

l. 665.—**lone Soracte** Soracte is, says Addison, a 'high hill standing by itself in the Campagna' (see *Tr.* l. 5 n.),—precipitous, and on its eastern side almost vertical ('like a long-swept wave,' l. 668). It is twenty-three miles N.N.E. of Rome, on the right bank of the Tiber. Horace celebrated it,—

Vides, ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte.

[See how white in the deep-fallen snow stands Soracte.]
—*Odes*, i. ix. 1f.

It is not *now*, *i.e.* in summer, covered with snow. If we seek *it*, we must go to Horace.

l. 666.—**the lyric Roman**. Horace (B.C. 65–8) was the author of *Satires* (l. 690), of lyrics (*Epodes* and *Odes*), and of the *Ars Poetica* (see l. 690), a criticism of the art of poetry.

l. 670.—**rake**. Intentionally contemptuous.

Page 117. l. 672.—**Latian echoes**. Ancient Latium embraced all the Roman Campagna; hence 'Latian echoes' is poetical for the echoes of Latin poetry.

l. 674.—**The drill'd dull lesson**. "I certainly do not speak on this point from any pique or aversion towards the place of my education. I was not a slow, though an idle boy; and I believe no one could, or can be more attached to Harrow than I have always been, and with reason;—a part of the time passed there was the happiest

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of my life; and my preceptor (the Rev. Dr. Joseph Drury) was the best and worthiest friend I ever possessed."—Note, 1st ed.

l. 687.—**To understand, not feel.** To know how to scan the verse, without feeling its music.

l. 689.—**no deeper Mora'ist.** Horace is pre-eminently the man of the world, keeping the golden mean of Epicurus, —a philosophy that has especially appealed to English gentlemen.

rehearse. Brings life epitomized before us in his verse, as upon a stage,—

All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players.
—Shakspeare, *As You Like It*, ii. vii. 139.

our little life.

Our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.
—Shakspeare, *Tempest*, iv. 1. 157f.

Could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life.
—*id.*, *1 Henry IV.*, v. iv. 103.

Page 118. l. 694.—**O Rome! my country!** Byron spent most of May, 1817, in Rome. "I am delighted with Rome... As a whole—ancient and modern,—it beats Greece, Constantinople, everything—at least that I have ever seen. But I can't describe, because my impressions are always strong and confused, and my memory *selects* and reduces them to order, like distance in the landscape, and blends them better, although they may be less distinct."—Byron to Murray, May 9th, 1817.

"At Rome, Byron forgot passions, sorrows, his own individuality, all, in the presence of a great idea; witness this utterance of a soul born for devotedness."—Mazzini, *Essays*, vi. 83.

l. 695.—**orphans of the heart.** Bereaved of true objects of affection and trust.

l. 698.—**our.** Emphatic, in contrast to those of a world, l. 702.

l. 699.—**Cypress.** Regarded, because of its gloomy foliage, as symbolic of mourning.

l. 701.—**Whose agonies...** **A world.** See l. 389 *n.*

l. 703.—**Niobe.** Wife of Amphion, king of Thebes. She boasted of her twelve children to the disadvantage of Leto, mother of only Apollo and Artemis, and saw all her children slain by the arrows of the god and goddess.

l. 705.—**An empty urn.** Symbolic of the desolation of her state,—without the presence of the living great or the ashes of the mighty dead.

l. 707.—**The Scipios' tomb.** On the left of the Appian Way was discovered in 1780 a small catacomb in the rock, which contained the tombs of the great military family of the Scipios. Ten of these, including those of L. C. Scipio Barbatus, victor over the Etruscans, his son L. C. Scipio, conqueror of Corsica, could be identified by inscriptions. The tombs had long been rifled of their contents.

l. 710.—**Tiber...** **yellow waves.** The Tiber is reddish yellow from puzzolan earth it carries down. *Flavus* is the customary Latin epithet of the river, as in Virgil, *Æneid.* vii. 30f.

l. 712.—**The Goth.** The Gothic conquerors of Rome are:—Alaric, who burned a part of the city, in 410; Genseric, who pillaged it in 455; Ricimer, who plundered it in 472; Vitiges, who destroyed the aqueducts, 538; Totila, the last of the Barbarians to do damage to the city, who destroyed the walls, in 547

the Christian. The injuries of the Christian clergy are classed by Hobhouse as those made 'for useful repairs' and those from 'motives of fanaticism.' The chief damage was made by using the stones and decorations of heathen temples in the building and embellishment of Christian churches.

l. 712.—**Flood and Fire.** The inundations of the Tiber have been perilous to Rome until recent years. For an account of these and of the fires that destroyed public buildings, see *Hist. Illustr.*, pp. 91ff.

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1. 713.—**seven-hill'd city.** The ancient epithet,—*urbis septicolis*. Rome was built on and within seven hills—Capitoline, Palatine, Aventine, Caelian, Viminal, Esquiline, and Quirinal—and along the Tiber.

Page 119. 1. 716.—**car climb'd the capitol.** The Capitol or Capitoline Hill (*Mons capitolinus*) the centre and citadel of Rome. On the north-east is the temple of Jupiter; on the south-west the Tarpeian Rock (l. 1002); at the south-eastern slope was the Forum (l. 1007).

The general to whom a triumph was decreed, mounted in a chariot and crowned with laurel, rode up the *Via Sacra*, crossed the Forum and ascended the Capitol, by the road called the *clivus capitolinus*, to the temple of Jupiter, where he offered up sacrifices to the gods.

1. 720.—“**here was, or is.**” Cf. l. 723, ‘We but feel our way to err.’ Hobhouse sums up a score or so of monuments of whose genuineness there is no doubt, adding “it would be difficult to name another monument within the walls of an equally certain character.”—*Hist. Illustr.* p. 195.

1. 725.—**Knowledge spreads...**

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unfold.

—Gray, *Elegy*.

1. 728.—**Eureka.** (Gk. *eureka*, ‘I have found (it)’), the reputed cry of Archimedes (*ar ki me'dēz*, B.C. 287–212) on discovering a method of testing the purity of the crown of Hiero of Syraeuse.

1. 731.—**The treble hundred triumphs.** “Orosius gives three hundred and twenty for the number of triumphs. He is followed by Panvinius; and Panvinius by Mr. Gibbon and the modern writers.”—Note, 1st ed.

1. 732.—**Brutus.** Marcus Junius Brutus (B.C. 85–42). He joined with Cassius in the assassination of Julius Caesar, B.C. 44.

l. 734.—**Tully's voice.** Marcus Tullius Cicero (B.C. 106-43), the greatest of Roman orators; cf. l. 389.

Virgil's lay. The *Aeneid* of Virgil (B.C. 70-19), the greatest of Latin poets, is a glorified account of the founding of Rome; his *Georgics* and *Eclogues*, only less famous, depict country life.

l. 735.—**Livy's pictured page.** Titus Livius (B.C. 59-A.D. 17), the greatest of the historians of Rome. Only parts of his history are preserved. The epithet refers to 'the Venetian richness' of Livy's style.

Page 120. l. 739.—On Fortune's wheel. The wheel as a symbol of the instability of fortune is one of the oldest figures in literature; here, however, all its revolutions contribute to the glory of Sulla, who called himself 'Felix,' for his prosperity.

l. 740.—**Sulla.** Or better, Sulla. L. Cornelius Sulla (B.C. 138-78), drove his opponent Marius from Rome, and immediately departed to Asia Minor to conquer Mithridates, king of Pontus (l. 743). Returning to Rome after four years, he then avenged by bloody proscriptions the opposition of the Marian party. His power was absolute; the Senate, whose ranks he filled with his own dependents, was but a servile instrument of his will (l. 745). In B.C. 81, Sulla had himself made dictator (l. 748), and in B.C. 79 resigned his supreme power to retire to Puteoli to cultivate the vices which hastened his death.

The term 'dictatorial wreath' is merely a poetical periphrasis for dictatorship; the wreath was not an emblem of such power.

It is interesting to note that Byron's sympathy with Sulla is curiously reflected in Momsen's description of Sulla as the 'Don Juan of politics.'

l. 743.—**thine eagles.** The eagle was the emblem of the Roman republic and the chief standard of the Roman army. As a standard it was made of wood or massive gold and borne upon a lance, in the vanguard of the army.

l. 752.—**Eternal.** The Eternal City has been the designation of Rome since long ages. *Roma aeterna* is found in the poems of Tibullus (B.C. 54—A.D. 18), ii. v. 23, and on medals of the Empire.

ll. 758f.—**Cromwell...swept off senates.** In allusion to the Long Parliament, 1653. (Green, ch. viii. § ix.)

l. 759.—**hew'd the throne... to a block.** A forced expression for the execution of Charles I.

Page 121. l. 764.—**His day of double victory...** "On the third of September Cromwell gained the victory of Dunbar; a year afterwards he obtained 'his crowning mercy' of Worcester; and a few years after, on the same day, which he had ever esteemed the most fortunate for him, he died."
—Note, 1st ed.

l. 765.—**two realms.** Scotland by Dunbar, 1650, England by Worcester, 1651.

l. 769.—**preceding clay.** Already the clay to which he was to return. "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was."—Ecclesiastes, xii. 7.

l. 775.—**And thou, dread statue!** On the first floor of the Spada Palace is a statue, which, it is believed once stood in the Curia, representing Cneius Pompeius (B.C. 106-48). Caesar, who defeated Pompey and the aristocratic faction at Pharsalia in B.C. 48, was slain by Brutus, Cassius and other republicans, at the foot of his rival's statue.

At the base of Pompey's statue.

Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.

—Shakspeare, *Julius Caesar*, iii. ii. 192.

It is 'a stern tremendous figure,' standing 'in naked majesty.'

l. 781.—**Nemesis.** (*nem' e sis*). Strictly, the Greek goddess presiding over the destinies of men, making their fortunes proportionate; hence the goddess of retribution. Her emblem was the wheel of fortune; cf. l. 739.

Page 122. l. 784.—the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome. Ancient Rome...abounded most probably with images of the foster-mother of her founder; but there were two she-wolves of which history makes particular mention. One of these, *of brass in ancient work*, was seen by Dionysius at the temple of Romulus, under the Palatine...The other is that which Cicero has celebrated both in prose and verse, and which the historian Dion also records as having suffered the accident as is alluded to by the orator.—
Note, 1st ed.

Cicero's passages are:—

“The Wolf of Mars, who from her kindly breast
Fed the immortal children of her god
With the life-giving dew of sweetest milk.
E'en her the lightning spared not.”

—*On Divination*, l., xii.

“Even Romulus, who built this city, was struck, which, you recollect stood in the Capitol, a bronze statue, little and sucking, and clinging to the teats of the wolf.”—*Against Catiline*, iii., viii.

The bronze figure of the Wolf, which Byron celebrates and which is claimed to be the figure spoken of by Cicero, is in the Palace of the Conservators, in the Museum of the Capitol. The figures of Romulus and Remus have been added to it in modern times.

l. 795.—**men bled.** Waged war.

l. 796.—**they.** Demonstrative,—the Romans.

l. 798.—**apish.** See l. 470 n.

l. 800.—**one vain man.** Napoleon. The common dislike of Napoleon by Wordsworth, Shelley and Byron is interesting. Compare this passage with that in *C. II. P.* iii., § 36ff.

l. 802.—**false.** Deceptive.

Page 123. l. 809.—Alcides with the distaff. Hercules, a descendant of Alceus, took service under Omphale queen of Lydia, spun wool and dressed like a woman, while she wore his lion's skin.

l. 810.—**At Cleopatra's feet.** Cæsar pursued Pompey to

Egypt in B.C. 48, and there was subjugated by this young queen whom he restored to her throne.

l. 811.—~~came and saw and conquer'd.~~ *Veni, vidi, vici*, was inscribed on one of the tablets of Cæsar's triumph after his defeat of Pharnaces II. of Pontus, B.C. 47 (Suetonius, *Cæsar*). It was likewise in his message to his friend Amintius, announcing his victory (Plutarch).

ll. 812f.—~~tamed his eagles down...~~ **the Gallic van.** Made the armies of France the mere tools of his own ambition.

~~to flee.~~ More correctly, to fly.

~~train'd falcon.~~ Cf. 56. 19 n.

l. 814.—~~in scotch.~~ In truth, it must be admitted.

l. 823.—~~For this.~~ For the nothingness of death. Though all his glory must cease in death, yet he rears...

l. 828.—~~Renew thy rainbow.~~ An allusion to Gen. ix. 13.

Page 124. l. 829.—~~What from this barren being.~~ Byron cites Cicero, *Academics*, i. xii.: "Almost all the ancients; who asserted that nothing could be ascertained, or perceived, or known: that the senses of man were narrow, his mind feeble, the course of his life short, and that truth, as Democritus said, was sunk in the deep; that everything depended on opinions and established customs; that nothing was left to truth. They said in short that everything was enveloped in darkness." "Eighteen hundred years...have not removed any of the imperfections of humanity: and the complaints of the ancient philosophers, may without injustice or affectation, be transcribed in a poem written yesterday."—Note, 1st ed.

l. 850.—~~The yoke that is upon us.~~ The absolutism of the Bourbon and Austrian princes who were restored by the fall of Napoleon.

Page 125. l. 851.—~~the intent of tyranny.~~ The objects of the 'Holy Alliance' (1816), ostensibly to preserve Christian government, in reality to maintain absolutism and suppress free institutions.

ll. 855f. **Columbia . . . a Pallas.** The unexpected military vigour of the American Colonies at the Revolution suggests the myth of Pallas Athena, who sprang fully armed out of the brain of Zeus.

l. 865.—**France got drunk with blood.** . The victories of the French Republic in a war of defence against Europe were followed (as vomiting follows drunkenness) by wars of aggression and aggrandizement.

l. 866.—**Saturnalia.** The pl. of *Saturnalis*, pertaining to Saturn; strictly, the harvest festival of Saturn in Italy; hence, wild revelry and licentiousness; here, the bloody scenes of the Revolution, as in the Reign of Terror, 1794 (l. 868).

l. 869.—**vile Ambition.** Of Napoleon.

l. 871.—**the base pageant.** Napoleon as Emperor of French.

last upon the scene.

Last scene of all

That ends this strange, eventful history.

—Shakspeare, *As You Like It*, II. vii. 164.

l. 873.—**Which nips Life's tree.** Tozer compares,—

O Slavery! thou frost of the world's prime,
Killing its flowers and leaving its thorns bare.

—Shelley, *Hellas*, 676.

Page 126. l. 874.—Yet Freedom! yet thy banner. “Surrounded by slaves and their oppressors; a traveller in countries where even remembrance seemed extinct; never did he desert the cause of the people; never was he false to human sympathies. A witness of the progress of the Restoration, and the triumph of the Holy Alliance, he never swerved from his courageous opposition; he preserved and publicly proclaimed his faith in the rights of the people and in the final triumph of liberty.”—Mazzini, *Essays*, vi. 90f.

This image Wordsworth considered the finest in Byron's poetry. “As displaying a grand ideal truth, symbolized

by an equally grand and corresponding unusual phenomenon of the outer world, it was hardly to be surpassed."

l. 875.—**the thunderstorm.** The phenomenon alluded to is the thunderstorm advancing on an upper stratum of air, which blows in a direction contrary to the lower.

l. 877.—**The lucidest.** Freedom *has* gained the day over arbitrary power, in the glorious struggle that now draws to a close.

l. 881.—**bosom of the North.** Britain.

l. 883.—**stern round tower.** l. 926 n.

l. 890.—**cave.** Cavity, recess (*avus*, hollow).

l. 892.—**lady of the dead.** Buried by her sepulchre as a princess among the dead.

l. 894.—**a king's... a Roman's.** Cf. l. 226.

Page 127. ll. 912ff.—**a cloud Might gather.** For, may have gathered. These lines depict the progress of consumption under the figure of a beautiful autumnal sunset. Cf., for the close,—

Can this be death? there's bloom upon her cheek;
But now I see it is no living hue,
But a strange hectic—like the unnatural red
Which Autumn plants upon the perish'd leaf.

—Byron, *Manfred*, ll. iv.

l. 917.—**Hesperus.** The evening star. Here figuratively used of the hectic glow of the cheek.

l. 918.—**consuming.** Wasting away.

Page 128. l. 922.—**the day.** The day of her marriage.

l. 926.—**Metella.** On the Appian Way, two miles from the city gates stands an immense round tower, seventy feet in diameter, of unhewn stones; it is the tomb of Metella, daughter of Q. Metellus Creticus and wife of M. L. Crassus Dives (B.C. 108-53), one of the first triumvirs, whose wealth and love of money were proverbial.

The tower was used as a fortress in the thirteenth century when the battlements (l. 886) were added.

l. 927.—**Behold his love or pride.** "It is more likely to



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have been the pride than the love of Crassus which raised so superb a memorial to a wife whose name is not mentioned in history."—*Hist. Illustr.*

Page 129 l. 948.—**the owlets' cry.** The first two editions have, the owl's cry, evidently from the following line, an error.

'Owlet,' though by origin a diminutive, means but owl.

l. 951.—**Palatine.** The Palatine Hill was reserved for the temples of the gods and the residences of the patri- cians. On it during the Empire the Palace of the Cæsars was built, occupying the whole hill. This gigantic pile fell in utter ruin after the sack of Genserig in A.D. 455.

"The Palatine is one mass of ruins, particularly on the side towards the Circus Maximus. The very soil is formed of crumbled brick-work. Nothing has been said, nothing can be told, to satisfy the belief of any but a Roman anti- quary."—Note, 1st ed.

l. 955.—**wallflower.** A yellow four-petaled flower with sweet smell, growing in Italy, with bushy luxuriance, on cliffs and old walls.

l. 959.—**peep'd.** Awoke.

l. 963.—**the Imperial Mount.** See l. 951 *n.*

Page 130. . 966f.—**First Freedom, and then Glory...** A summary of the history of Rome.

l. 976.—**in this span.** "The Palatine is formed by a trapezium of solid rock, two sides of which were about 300 yards in length, the others about 400."—Merivale, *Hist.* xi.

"The history of the Palatine is the history of the city of Rome."—Hare, *Walks in Rome*, p. 182.

l. 983.—**The nameless column.** "Adjoining the Basilica Julia is the *Column of Phocas*, raised to that emperor by the exarch Smaragdus in 608. This is 'the nameless column' of Byron, but is now neither nameless nor buried, its pedestal having been laid bare by the Duchess of Devonshire in 1813."—Hare, *Walks in Rome*, p. 112. It is a Cor-

inthian pillar standing on a pyramidal base. This base was laid bare by the excavations of 1816.

l. 984.—the **Cæsar**. See 10. 59 n.

Page 131. l. 987.—**Titus**. The Arch of Titus (A.D. 40-81), on the Via Sacra, was erected in commemoration of that emperor's capture of Jerusalem.

Trajan (A.D. 52-117). Trajan's life, to which tribute is paid in the next stanza, was a reminiscence of the ancient glory of Rome. He conquered Dacia, Armenia, and Parthia, beautified Rome, and improved the administration of justice and finance,—an emperor of great public and private virtues.

The beautiful marble column of the emperor Trajan was erected by the Senate and people of Rome in 114. The statue of Trajan once stood upon it, holding a globe; but having fallen, it was replaced by the figure of St. Peter (l. 989).

l. 989ff.—**Apostolic statues**... "The column of Trajan is surmounted by St. Peter; that of Aurelius by St. Paul." —Note, 1st ed. "Sextus Quintus raised the statue of St. Peter on the summit of the column of Trajan. A liberty has, in the above verses, been taken with the probable position of the urn of Trajan, in compliance with the tradition that the ashes of that emperor were in the head of a spear, which the colossal statue raised on the pillar, held in his hand. But the remains of Trajan were buried in the golden urn under the column."—*Hist. Illustr.*

l. 997.—**Alexander**. Alexander the Great (B.C. 365-323) who subdued the world from Greece to India. His lust for conquest is well expressed in the story that he wopt that there was but one world for him to conquer (Plutarch, *Tranquillity of Mind*).

unstained With household blood or wine. Guiltless of private murder or civil war or debauchery. To be 'happier than Augustus and better than Trajan,' was the wish expressed to succeeding emperors at their accession.

There is perhaps an allusion here to Alexander, who slew his friend Clitus while flushed with wine (Tozer).

1. 1000.—**the rock of Triumph.** The Capitoline hill; see l. 716 *n.*

1. 1001.—**embraced.** Received with welcome.
steep Tarpeian. See l. 713 *n.*

Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

—Shakspeare, *Coriolanus*, iii. i. 213.

It is properly the chief peak of the Capitoline hill, taking its name from Tarpeia, the Roman maid who betrayed the citadel to the Sabines; but was especially the bare cliff overlooking the Roman Forum, from which criminals were hurled.

1. 1005.—**Their spoils.** The votive offerings.

1. 1007.—**The Forum.** The *Forum Romanum*, a long and narrow area between the east slope of the Capitoline and the north slope of the Palatine Hill, surrounded by temples. It was devoted to official and judicial business. At the western end were the rostra from which the orators spoke.

Page 132. 1. 1009.—**The field of freedom.** . . . “Freedom’ in the struggles of patricians and plebeians; ‘faction’ in the political movements of the Gracchi, Drusus, etc.; ‘fame,’ since public speaking at Rome was the road to distinction; ‘blood,’ in the riots caused by Saturninus, Clodius, Antony, etc.”—Tozer.

1. 1015.—**every lawless soldier.** The leaders of the barbarian mercenaries who ruled the Western empire after 456.

1. 1017.—**venal voice.** The speeches of hireling orators sounding their praises in the senate.

1. 1022.—**Rienzi** (*rē en'zī*). Cola di Rienzi (1313-1353), the Roman patriot, established a republic in Rome in 1334, and attempted to recover for Rome its old-time supremacy. He incurred the dislike of the populace and

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opposition of the papacy, was expelled from his tribuneship, and slain in a riot. See Lytton's *Rienzi, the Last of the Romans*.

l. 1026.—**Numa**. Numa Pompilius, a legendary King of Rome (B.C. 715–672), to whom were attributed many of the early institutions of that city.

l. 1027.—**Egeria** (*ē jĕ'ria*). The woodland nymph by whom Numa was instructed in the institution of the forms of worship. The place of her meetings with the king was outside the southern gate of Rome, a valley and fountain to which her name has been given.

l. 1028.—**no mortal resting-place so fair**. Cf. ll. 37ff.

l. 1030.—**Aurora**. The goddess of the dawn.

Page 133. l. 1031.—nympholepsy. (assumed Greek *numpholepsia*, divine ecstacy, a trance, due to the influence of the nymphs). Ecstasy.

of some fond despair. The myth of Egeria, the poet suggests, may have been the offspring of the sick fancy of hopeless love.

ll. 1036ff.—**thy fountain**. This description of the grotto (with its now empty niches) and spring of Egeria is in part a reminiscence of the Third Satire of Juvenal:—

Hic, ubi nocturnae Numa constituebat amicae, etc.

[Here, where Numa used to meet her lover... We descend to the vale and caves of Egeria, so altered from what nature made them. How much more should we feel the influence of the presiding genius of the spring, if turf enclosed the waters with its margin of green, and no marble profaned the native tufa.]

The Fountain, Ovid says (*Met.* xv.), is Egeria transformed by grief at the death of her lover.

Montique jacens radicibus imis, etc.

['Throwing herself down at the base of the hill, she dissolved into tears; until moved by her affection as she grieved, the sister of Phoebus formed a cool fountain from her body, and dissolved her limbs in ever-flowing waters.']

l. 1039.—**genius**. Presiding divinity.

l. 1043.—**the cleft statue**. The ivy-clad grotto contains

beside the spring a headless statue, which resembles a youth more than the nymph people would believe it to be.

l. 1047.—**quick-eyed lizard.** This reptile is found in harmless abundance in Italy among broken ground. The epithet applies to its quick motion when disturbed.

Page 134. l. 1062.—**oracle.** Here, the sanctuary where the oracular answers of the gods are made known to men.

l. 1070.—**the dull satiety.** Cf. Shelley, *Skylark*, l. 80 n.

l. 1074.—**weeds of dark luxuriance.**

The blossoms of passion,

Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,
But they beguile us and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly.

—Longfellow, *Evangeline*, ll. 1222f.

Page 135. l. 1077.—**trees whose gums.** Cf. l. 112^c.

l. 1086.—**as it peopled heaven.** The common source of all mythologies.

l. 1097.—**o'er-informs.** It is the spirit which informs, i.e. gives form to, the artist's creation; the visions of youth are beyond the scope of his art.

Page 136. l. 1103.—**it.** Love.

l. 1105.—**Reaping the whirlwind.** Cf. Hosea viii. 7.

l. 1106.—**alchemy.** The study of alchemy, the chief aim of which in mediæval times was the wild search for the philosopher's stone that should turn all baser metals into gold.

l. 1111.—**some phantom lures.** Cf. *Tr.* l. 28; here of ideals.

Page 137. l. 1122.—**unspiritual.** The metre requires either a forced accentuation, unspirit'ual, or the counting of the pause at the cæsura, and placing of the accents on 'that,' 'spir-', and 'god.'

To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span.

—Shakspeare, *Henry VIII.*, iii. ii. 140.

l. 1129.—**upas.** The upas (*ū'pas*) tree of the Malayan islands yield a sap of deadly poison. According to fable it is poisonous to all who even approach it.

l. 1139.—**the faculty divine.**

The vision and the faculty divine.

—Wordsworth, *Excursion*, l.

l. 1140.—**cabin'd, cribb'd.** From Macbeth's exclamation at the escape of Fleance,—

Now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.

—Shakspeare, *Macbeth*, iii. iv. 24f.

l. 1143.—**couch.** A surgical term meaning to remove cataract from the eye.

Page 138. l. 1147.—**Coliseum** (*kol i sē'um*). The gigantic amphitheatre of Rome, capable of seating 87,000 people. It was begun by Vespasian A.D. 72, and completed by Titus, 80, and was the scene of four centuries of gladiatorial combats. It was "named either from its magnitude, or from Nero's colossal statue" (Gibbon).

Page 139. l. 1167.—**sophists.** Specious reasoners.

l. 1179.—**This iron into my soul.** "The iron entered into his soul."—Psalm cv. 18, in the Anglican Psalter.

l. 1181.—**Left the unbalanced scale.** The first ed., *Lost the, etc.* "Not '*lost*' which is nonsense, as what losing a scale means, I know not; but leaving an unbalanced scale or a scale unbalanced, is intelligible. Correct this, I pray."—Byron to Murray, Sept. 24th, 1818.

great Nemesis! See l. 781 *n.* "The Roman Nemesis was *sacred* and *august*: there was a temple to her in the Palatine under the name of Rhamnusia."—*Hist. Illustr.*

l. 1183.—**Furies.** The *Erinyes* of Greek and *Furiæ* of Roman mythology, fearful women crowned with serpents, dwelling in the lowest hell of Tartarus, relentless in the punishment of crime.

l. 1184.—**Crestes.** The son of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra. He slew his mother for murder and adultery, and for this just but unnatural act he was pursued by the Furies.

Page 140. l. 1191.—withal. Archaic,—with.

Page 141. l. 1212.—Life's life. Honour.

l. 1215.—When I survey. Then follows in the MS. this stanza,—omitted, and well omitted, in the text:—

If to forgive be heaping coals of fire—
As God hath spoken—on the heads of foes,
Mine should be a volcano, and rise higher
Than, o'er Titans crushed, Olympus rose,
Or Athos soars, or blazing Etna glows:—
True they who stung were creeping things; but what
Than serpents' teeth inflicts with deadlier throes?
The Lion may be goaded by the Goat.—

Who sucks the slumberer's blood?—The Eagle?—No; the Bat.

l. 1221.—Janus. A Roman sun-god, represented with two faces looking east and west. Hence 'Janus-faced,' double-faced, double-dealing.

Page 142. l. 1217.—Circus. (*L. circus*, a circle.) Here, of the Coliseum.

l. 1250.—listed. Enclosed.

l. 1252.—Gladiator. The scene of the death of a gladiator is here recalled. It is the theme of the famous statue in the Museum of the Capitol—"a wounded Gaul [cf. l. 1269], known as the 'dying Gladiator,' in the death agony, the drooping head being raised and supported with difficulty by the right arm" (P. Paris). It belongs to the second or first century B.C.

l. 1266.—Dacian. Dacia was the province of Rome lying north of the Danube, between the Theiss and the Dniester. Aurelian abandoned Dacia in 274 to the Goths, who were in turn expelled in 376 by the Huns, and driven against the Roman arms.

Page 143. l. 1274.—the Roman million's blame or praise.

"When one gladiator wounded another, he shouted '*he has it*,' '*hoc habet*,' or '*habet*.' The wounded combatant dropped his weapon, and advancing to the edge of the arena, supplicated the spectators. If he had fought well, the people saved him; if otherwise, or as they happened

to be inclined, they turned down their thumbs, and he was slain."—Note, 1st ed.

Page 144. ll. 1279f.—from its mass Walls, palaces... have been rear'd. Only about a third of this immense pile survived the depredations of the middle ages.

"Theodoric thought a capital city might be built with the wealth expended on the Coliseum, and indeed some of the noblest palaces of modern Rome has been constructed out of a small portion of the ruins."—*Hist. Illustr.*

l. 1289.—and gently pauses there. Cf.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc.

—Coleridge, *Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni*.

l. 1290.—loops of time. The crevices made by decay through the ages.

Your loop'd and window'd raggedness.

—Shakspeare, *Lear*, iii. iv. 31.

l. 1292.—garland-forest. The flowers and shrubs growing upon the cliff-like heights of the ruins.

l. 1293.—laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head. "Suetonius informs us that Julius Cæsar was particularly gratified by the decree of the senate, which enabled him to wear a wreath of laurel on all occasions. He was anxious, not to show that he was the conqueror of the world, but to hide that he was bald."—Note, 1st ed.

ll. 1297f.—While stands the Coliseum... The Flavian amphitheatre was contemplated with awe and admiration by the pilgrims of the north; and the rude enthusiasm broke forth in a sublime proverbial expression, which is recorded in the eighth century, in the fragments of the venerable Bede: 'As long as the Coliseum stands, Rome shall stand; when the Coliseum falls, Rome will fall; when Rome falls, the world will fall.' The saying must be attributed to the Anglo-Saxon pilgrims who visited Rome before the year 735, the era of Bede's death."—Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, ch. lxxi.

Page 145. l. 1305.—den—of thieves. Cf. Matt. xxi. 13, Mark ii. 17, etc.

l. 1307.—**Shrine of all saints.** In allusion to its name as a church,—Santa Maria ad Martyres.

l. 1314.—**Pantheon** (*panth'ē on*). A temple (Gk. *pantheion*, of all the gods), erected by Agrippa, B.C. 27, now, though ruined, the Church of Santa Maria Rotonda. The interior is a great dome, lighted only from above by a circular window of twenty-eight feet diameter. The great painters Raphael and Annibale Caracci are buried in the Pantheon.

l. 1323.—**on honour'd forms.** "The Pantheon has become the shrine not only of the martyred, but of the illustrious, in every art and science: but the busts of Raphael, Hannibal Caracci, Pierin del Vaga, Zuccari, and others, to which age has lent her venerable hue, are ill assorted with the many modern contemporary heads of ancient worthies which now glare in all the niches of the Rotonda. The little white Hermæan busts, ranged on ledges, side by side, give to this temple of immortality the air of a sculptor's study."—*Hist. Illustr.*

Page 146. l. 1324.—**There is a dungeon.** Festus (? A.D. 150) speaking of the temple of Piety built by Acilius Glabrio, says it was 'consecrated in the spot where a certain woman dwelt, who nourished her father in prison from her own breast' (lib. xx.). Pliny says (*Nat. Hist.*, vii. xxxvi.) that it was her mother she nourished. The church of St. Nicolas in Carcere is held by many to stand on the site of the Temple and the Decemviral prisons. Byron refers to the subconstructions of the church, which are asserted to be the prisons in question.

l. 1331.—**nectar.** The divine drink of the gods.

Page 147. l. 1351.—**The starry fable.** The Greek myth of the Galaxy is that Hercules (Herakles) was taken from his mother Alcmena at his birth, and carried to the breast of sleeping Hera. When the queen of heaven awoke, she

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pushed the child from her, spilling the milk over heaven that took form as the Galaxy (Gk. *gala, galakt-*, milk).

1. 1360.—**Mole which Hadrian rear'd.** The gigantic mausoleum of Hadrian, a circular tower of 230 feet in diameter, now the Castle of Sant' Angelo.

1. 1361.—**piles.** The Pyramids.

1. 1362.—**copyist.** Hobbhouse says: "This imitation of Egyptian deformity must not be supposed to apply to the mausoleum of Hadrian, but to the monstrous divinities, and the fabrics of the Tiburtine Villa [his villa at Tibur]. The Mole was constructed, it is thought, on the plan of the Mausoleum of Augustus or of Cecilia Metella."—*Hist. Illustr.*

1. 1363.—**travell'd phantasy.** Hadrian (A.D. 76-138) spent most of his life journeying through his empire, and in raising edifices in Rome and abroad.

1. 1369.—**the dome.** St. Peter's, the colossal metropolitan church of Rome, built 1506-1626. The interior is a dome resting on four gigantic piers (see l. 1404). Its chief architects were Bramante, Raphael, Peruzzi, Michael-Angelo, and Giacomo della Porta (l. 1427).

Page 148. 1. 1370.—**Diana's marvel.** The temple of Artemis or Diana at Ephesus, built in the sixth century B.C., one of the seven Wonders of the World. It was but half the size of St. Peter's.

"I omitted Ephesus in my catalogue, which I visited during my sojourn at Smyrna."—Byron to Drury, May 3rd, 1810.

1. 1371.—**above his martyr's tomb.** The relics of St. Peter are preserved under the High Altar of the Cathedral.

1. 1373.—**the wilderness.** The plain of the Cayster, on the west coast of Asia Minor.

1. 1375.—**Sophia.** Santa Sophia, the Metropolitan Greek Church at Constantinople, erected by Justinian after 532; since 1453 a great mosque of the city. Its gilded dome is referred to in the following line.

l. 1381.—Zion. The temple at Jerusalem, destroyed by Titus.

Page 149. l. 1404.—this the clouds must claim. It was Michael Angelo's boast, as he planned the dome, that he would build the Pantheon (see l. 1314 n.) in the air.

Page 150. l. 1432.—the Vatican. The Palace of the Pope; situated near St. Peter's, S. Angelo and the Tiber; its library, chapels, museums, and galleries are world-renowned.

l. 1433.—Laocoon. (*lä ok'o on*). Laocoön was a Trojan priest of Neptune who tried to dissuade the people of Troy from admitting the fatal Wooden Horse of the Greeks within their walls. Minerva, incensed at him, sent two monstrous serpents, which strangled him and his two sons. (Virgil, *Aeneid*, ii.) The marble group, which represents them in the intensity of their dying agonies, belongs probably to the Greek art of the second century B.C. It was discovered in 1506, and stands now in the Vatican.

Page 151. l. 1441.—Lord of the unerring bow. The Apollo Belvidero (Belvidero Palace, part of the Vatican), a beautiful Greek statue found in the sixteenth century, and now in the Vatican, in the room next the Laocoön. It is less esteemed to-day than formerly.

"The Belvidere Apollo with the quiver on his back held the bow in his left hand, possibly also the end of an arrow grasped in one finger. It belongs to 'the Attic' school of the fourth century."—Furtwängler, *Greek Sculpture*.

Page 152. l. 1459.—Prometheus (*prō mē'theus*). The myth is that Zeus was angered at Prometheus, son of the Titan Iapetus, for attempting to outwit him in the division of a bull, and withheld fire from mortals. Prometheus, however, stole it by means of a hollow reed. For this he was chained to a rock where the eagles preyed daily upon him.

l. 1460.—the fire which we endure. Byron uses a version of the story in which the fire is the spirit of life stolen by Prometheus for the men he had created.

l. 1468.—the Pilgrim. See note to the Title, p. 303.

l. 1470.—He cometh late. He was last mentioned (except in the Dedication) in Canto III. § lv.; cf. Dedication, ll. 55ff.

Page 153. l. 1494.—fardels. Burdens (O.F. *fardel*, *fardeau*).

Who would fardels bear
To grunt and sweat under a weary life.

—Shakspeare, *Hamlet*, III, i. 76.

Page 154. l. 1504.—Scion of chiefs. The Princess Charlotte Augusta (1796–1817), the only daughter of George, Prince of Wales (George IV.), and heiress presumptive to the throne, endeared to the English by her charm of person and disposition. She married Leopold of Saxe-Coburg in 1816, and died in giving birth to a still-born son on Nov. 5th, 1817. The popular grief was expressed in a familiar couplet.—

Never was sorrow more sincere
Than that which flowed round Charlotte's bier.

l. 1518.—orisons (*or' i zon*). Prayers.

l. 1519.—her Iris. The symbol of hope.

l. 1523.—fruit is ashes. An allusion to Dead Sea fruit (or rather puff-balls).

Page 155. l. 1531.—she sleeps well.

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

—Shakspeare, *Macbeth*, III, ii. 23.

l. 1532.—reek. Smoke, vapour. Cf.

You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens.

—Shakspeare, *Coriolanus*, III, III.

l. 1536.—the strange fate. "Mary died on a scaffold; Elizabeth of a broken heart; Charles V. a hermit; Louis XIV. a bankrupt in means and glory; Cromwell of anxiety; and 'the greatest is behind.' Napoleon lives a prisoner."—
Note, 1st ed.

Page 156. l. 1549.—Lo, Nemi! The poet transports himself now to Mount Albano, fifteen miles S.E. of Rome, the high-

est summit of the Alban Mountains. Close beneath him are the lakes of Nemi and Albano, afar the Tiber winds down to the Mediterranean.

"The village of Nemi was near the Arician retreat of Egeria, and, from the shades which embosomed the temple of Diana, has preserved to this day its distinctive appellation of *The Grove*."—Note, 1st ed. The lake, into which the Fountain of Egeria flows, is only three miles in circumference, lying in the oval hollow of an ancient crater.

1. 1554.—**oval mirror.** In antiquity it "had the name of Diana's Looking-glass, 'speculumque Dianae'" (Byron).

1. 1558.—**Albano's scarce-divided wave.** Albano. a beautiful sheet of water six miles in circuit, lies in an ancient crater to the N.E., and ('scarce-divided') quite near.

11. 1559f.—**afar The Tiber winds.** "The whole declivity of the Alban hill is of unrivalled beauty, and from the convent on the highest point, which has succeeded to the temple of the Latian Jupiter, the prospect embraces all the objects alluded to in the cited stanza; the Mediterranean; the whole scene of the latter half of the *Æneid*, and the coast from beyond the mouth of the Tyber to the headland of Circæum and the Cape of Terracina."—Note, 1st ed.

1. 1561.—**Latian coast...Epic war.** The war following the arrival in Latium of *Æneas*, then a fugitive from Troy, but soon to become the founder of the Roman race. The mythical story is told by Virgil in the *Æneid*, which begins, *Arma virumque cano*, Arms I sing, and the man.

11. 1563f.—**beneath thy right Tully reposed.** Cicero's villa was either at Grotta Ferrata, a village about two miles north of the Lake of Albano, or, which is more probable, Tusculum, near Frascati, two miles further on.

11. 1564f.—**bar of girdling mountains.** "From the same eminence are seen the Sabine Hills, embosomed in which lies the long valley of Rustica. There are several circumstances which tend to establish the identity of this valley

with the 'Ustica' [*Odes*, i. xvii.] of Horace... The villa [of the poet], or the mosaic, is in a vineyard on a knoll covered with chestnut trees."—Note, 1st ed. This villa is eleven miles N. of Tivoli.

l. 1566.—**Sabine Farm.** Of Horace.

My patron's gift, my Sabine field,
Shall all its rural plenty yield;
And, happier in that rural store,
Of heaven and him I ask no more.

—Horace, *Epistles*, i. xvi.

Page 157. l. 1571.—**midland.** The etymological equivalent of Mediterranean.

l. 1572.—**Alban Mount.** See l. 1549 n.

l. 1574.—**Calpe's** (*kal' pē*). The ancient name of Gibraltar.

l. 1575.—**the dark Euxine.** The Black Sea, the Pontus Euxinus of antiquity.

l. 1576.—**Sympiegades.** (*sim pleg'a dēz*). 'The clashing rocks' of Greek myth were two rocky islands in the Black Sea, at the entrance of the Bosphorus. Also called the 'Cyanean rocks' (Gk. *kuaneos*, dark-blue), hence the epithet.

"I am just come back," wrote Byron to Drury, 1810, "from an expedition through the Bosphorus to the Black Sea and the Cyanean Symplogades, up which last I scrambled..."

O how I wish... the good ship Argo...
Had never passed the Azure rocks."

Page 158. l. 1605.—**Man marks the earth.** Darmesteter points out that these lines are inspired by Mme. de Staël's *Corrine*, i. iv.:—"This proud sea upon which man can leave no trace. The earth is tilled by him, the mountains intersected by his roads. The rivers gather into canals to carry his merchandise; but if the vessels furrow the deep for an instant, the wave comes and effaces at once this light mark of servitude, and the sea appears once more as it was on the first day of the Creation" (tran-l.).

l. 1611.—**unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.** Cf. *Tr.* l.

1 n.; *D. V.* l. 258 n. Rolfe gives half a page of illustrations of the three-fold epithet.

Page 159. l. 1620.—*lay*. For, lie; a sacrifice to the Muse.

l. 1621.—*thunderstrike*. A verb formed from the adjective *thunderstruck*.

l. 1624.—*oak leviathans*. Cf. Psalm civ. 26, and Campbell, "Like leviathans afloat."—*Battle of the Baltic*.

l. 1629.—*Armada*. In reference to the storms that destroyed the ships of Philip; see Green, ch. vii. § vi.

Trafalgar. (*tra fal gar'*). Nelson's victory over the French off Cape Trafalgar, 1805. "Twenty of the enemy struck; but it was not possible to anchor the fleet, as Nelson had enjoined;—a gale came on from the southwest; some of the prizes went down, some went on shore; one effected its escape into Cadiz; others were destroyed; four only were saved."—Southey, *Life of Nelson*.

l. 1628.—*the yeast of waves*. Cf.

Though the yeast of waves . . . swallow navigation up.
—Shakspeare, *Macbeth*, iv. l. 53.

l. 1632.—*Thy waters washed them power*. The first odd. have, "Thy waters wasted them."

"What does 'thy waters *wasted* them' mean (in the Canto)? *That is not me*. Consult the MS. *always*."—Byron to Murray, Sept. 24, 1818.

Page 160. l. 1656.—*as I do here*. But cf. l. 1572.

Page 161. l. 1661.—*what is writ, is writ*. Cf. John xix. 22.

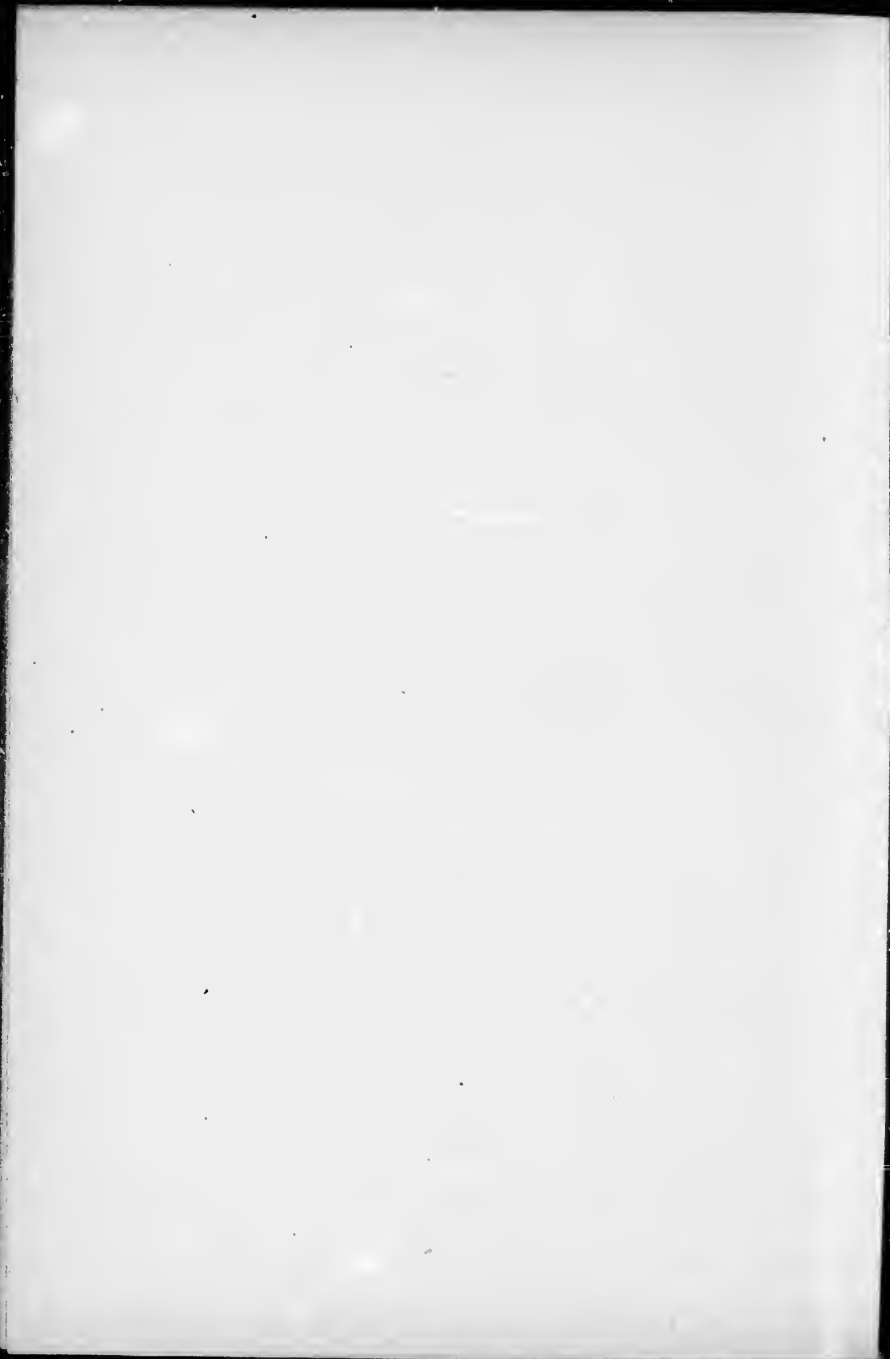
l. 1672.—*sandal-shoon and scallop-shell*. 'Shoon', archaic plural of shoe; 'sandal shoon,' pair of sandals, as would be worn in Palestine. The cockle or scallop shell, or the figure of one, was an emblem of a pilgrimage to St. James of Compostella; hence is indicative of any pilgrim. Cf.

How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

—Shakspeare, *Hamlet*, iv. v. 26.

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APPENDIX.



APPENDIX.

TO NIGHT.

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night !
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear, 5
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight !

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought !
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day ; 10
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long sought !

When I arose and saw the dawn, 15
I sighed for thee ;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest, 20
I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
Wouldst thou me ?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee, 25
Shall I nestle near thy side ?
Wouldst thou me ?—And I replied,
No, not thee !

APPENDIX.

Death will come when thou art dead,
 Soon, too soon— 30
 Sleep will come when thou art fled ;
 Of neither would I ask the boon
 I ask of thee, beloved Night—
 Swift be thine approaching flight.
 Come soon, soon !

—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove !
 Thou messenger of Spring !
 Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
 And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green, 5
 Thy certain voice we hear :
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
 Or mark the rolling year ?

Delighted visitant ! with thee
 I hail the time of flowers, 10
 And hear the sound of music sweet
 From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the woods
 To pull the primrose gay,
 Starts, the new voice of spring to hear, 15
 And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
 Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
 An annual guest to other lands,
 Another Spring to hail. 20

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
 Thy sky is ever clear ;
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
 No Winter in thy year.

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee ! 25
 We'd make, with joyful wing,
 Our annual visit o'er the globe,
 Companions of the Spring.

—John Logan, 1781.

THE CUCKOO-CLOCK.

WOULDST thou be taught, when sleep has taken flight,
 By a sure voice that can most sweetly tell,
 How far off yet a glimpse of morning light,
 As if to lure the truant back be well,
 Forbear to covet a Repeater's stroke 5
 That answering to the touch, will sound the hour ;
 Better provide thee with a Cuckoo-clock
 For service hung behind thy chamber-door ;
 And in due time the soft spontaneous shock,
 The double note, as if with living power, 10
 Will to composure lead—or make thee blithe as bird in bower.

List, Cuckoo-Cuckoo ! oft tho' tempests howl,
 Or nipping frost remind thee trees are bare,
 How cattle pine, and droop the shivering fowl,
 Thy spirits will seem to feed on balmy air : 15
 I speak with knowledge,—by that Voice beguiled,
 Thou wilt salute old memories as they throng
 Into thy heart ; and fancies, running wild
 Through fresh green fields, and budding groves among,
 Will make thee happy, happy as a child : 20
 Of sunshine wilt thou think, and flowers, and song,
 And breathe as in a world where nothing can go wrong.

And know—that, even for him who shuns the day
 And nightly tosses on a bed of pain ;
 Whose joys, from all but memory swept away, 25
 Must come unhop'd for, if they come again ;
 Know—that, for him whose waking thoughts, severe
 As his distress is sharp, would scorn my theme,
 The mimic notes, striking upon his ear
 In sleep, and intermingling with his dream, 30
 Could from sad regions send him to a dear
 Delightful land of verdure, shower and gleam,
 To mock the wandering Voice beside some haunted stream.

O bounty without measure ! while the grace
 Of Heaven doth in such wise from humblest springs 35
 Pour pleasure forth, and solaces that trace
 A mazy course along familiar things,
 Well may our hearts have faith that blessings come,
 Streaming from founts above the starry sky,
 With angels when their own untroubled home 40
 They leave, and speed on nightly embassy
 To visit earthly chambers,—and for whom ?
 Yea, both for souls who God's forbearance try,
 And those that seek his help, and for his mercy sigh.

—William Wordsworth, 1845.

"THREE YEARS SHE GREW IN SUN AND SHOWER."

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,
 Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
 On earth was never sown ;
 This Child I to myself will take,
 She shall be mine, and I shall make
 A Lady of my own." 5

Myself will to my darling be
 Both law and impulse : and with me
 The Girl, in rock and plain,
 In earth and heaven, in glade and bower, 10
 Shall feel an overseeing power
 To kindle or restrain.

She shall be sportive as the fawn
 That wild with glee across the lawn
 Or up the mountain springs ;
 And her's shall be the breathing balm,
 And her's the silence and the calm 15
 Of mute insensate things.

The floating clouds their state shall lend
 To her ; for her the willow bend : 20
 Nor shall she fail to see
 Even in the motion of the Storm
 Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form
 By silent sympathy.

The stars of midnight shall be dear 25
 To her ; and she shall lean her ear
 In many a secret place
 Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
 And beauty born of murmuring sound
 Shall pass into her face. 30

And vital feelings of delight
 Shall rear her form to stately height,
 Her virgin bosom swell ;
 Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
 While she and I together live 35
 Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—
 How soon my Lucy's race was run !
 She died, and left to me
 This heath, this calm, and quiet scene ; 40
 The memory of what has been,
 And never more will be.

—William Wordsworth.

TO HOMER.

STANDING aloof in giant ignorance,
 Of thee I hear and of the Cyclades,
 As one who sits ashore and longs perchance
 To visit dolphin-coral in deep seas.
 So thou wast blind !—but then the veil was rent ; 5
 For Jove uncurtain'd Heaven to let thee live,
 And Neptune made for thee a spermy tent,
 And Pan made sing for thee his forest-hive ;
 Aye on the shores of darkness there is light,
 And precipices show untrodden green, 10
 There is a budding morrow in midnight,
 There is a triple sight in blindness keen ;
 Such seeing hadst thou as it once befell
 To Dian, Queen of Earth, and Heaven, and Hell.

—John Keats, *ISIS*.

CAMP OF THE TROJANS.

THIS speech all Trojans did applaud : who from their traces
 loosed
 Their sweating horse, which severally with headstalls they
 repos'd,
 And fasten'd by their chariots, while others brought from town 5
 Fat sheep and oxen, instantly, bread, wine, and hewed down
 Huge store of wood. The winds transferred into the friendly
 sky.
 Their supper's savour ; to the which they sat delightfully,
 And spent all night in open field. Fires round about them
 shined. 10
 As when about the silver moon, when air is free from wind,
 And stars shine clear, to whose sweet beams, high prospects, and
 the brows
 Of all steep hills and pinnacles, thrust up themselves for shows,
 And even the lowly valleys joy to glitter in their sight, 15
 When the unmeasured firmament bursts to disclose her light,
 And all the signs in heaven are seen that glad the shepherd's
 heart ;
 So many fires disclosed their beams, made by the Trojan part,
 Before the face of Ilion, and her bright turrets showed. 20
 A thousand courts of guard kept fires, and every guard allowed
 Fifty stout men, by whom their horse ate oats and hard white
 corn,
 And all did wilfully expect the silver-throated morn.

—Chapman, *Homer's Iliad*, viii.

APPENDIX.

TO THE NILE.

SON of the old moon-mountains African !
 Stream of the Pyramid and Crocodile !
 We call thee fruitful and that very while
 A desert fills our seeing's inward span :
 Nurse of swart nations since the world began, 5
 Art thou so fruitful ? or dost thou beguile
 Those men to honour thee, who, worn with toil,
 Rest them a space 'twixt Cairo and Decan ?
 O may dark fancies err ! They surely do :
 'Tis ignorance that makes a barren waste 10
 Of all beyond itself. Thou dost bedew
 Green rushes like our rivers, and dost taste
 The pleasant sun-rise. Green isles hast thou too,
 And to the sea as happily dost haste.

—John Keats, 1818.

THE NILE.

IT flows through old hush'd Egypt and its sands,
 Like some grave mighty thought threading a dream ;
 And times and things, as in that vision, seem
 Keeping along it their eternal stands,—
 Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands 5
 That roam'd through the young earth, the glory extreme
 Of sweet Sesostris, and that southern beam,
 The laughing queen that caught the world's great hands.
 Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong,
 As of a world left empty of its throng, 10
 And the void weighs on us ; and then we wake,
 And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along
 'Twixt villages, and think how we shall take
 Our own calm journey on for human sake.

—Leigh Hunt, 1818.

TO THE NILE.

MONTH after month the gathered rains descend
 Drenching yon secret Æthiopian dells,
 And from the desert's ice-girt precipices
 Where Frost and Heat in strange embraces blend 5
 On Atlas, fields of moist snow half depend.
 Girt there with blasts and meteors Tempest dwells
 By Nile's aerial urn, with rapid spells
 Urging those waters to their mighty end.

O'er Egypt's land of Memory floods are level
 And they are thine, O Nile—and well thou knowest 10
 That soul-sustaining airs and blasts of evil
 And fruits and poisons spring where'er thou flowest.
 Beware, O Man—for knowledge must to thee
 Like the great flood to Egypt, ever be.

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley, 1818.*

THE SOLITARY REAPER.

BENOLD her silent in the field,
 You solitary Highland lass!
 Reaping and singing by herself;
 Stop here, or gently pass!
 Alone she cuts and binds the grain, 5
 And sings a melancholy strain;
 O listen! for the Vale profound
 Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
 More welcome notes to weary bands 10
 Of travellers in some shady haunt,
 Among Arabian sands:
 A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
 In springtime from the Cuckoo-bird,
 Breaking the silence of the seas 15
 Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,
 And battles long ago: 20
 Or is it some more humble lay,
 Familiar matter of to-day?
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain
 That has been, and may be again.

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang 25
 As if her song could have no ending;
 I saw her singing at her work,
 And o'er her sickle bending;—
 I listened, motionless and still;
 And, as I mounted up the hill 30
 The music in my heart I bore,
 Long after it was heard no more.

—*William Wordsworth.*

TO —————

Look at the fate of summer flowers,
Which blow at daybreak, droop ere evensong ;
And, grieved for their brief date, confess that ours,
Measured by what we are and ought to be,
Measured by all that, trembling, we foresee, 5
Is not so long !

If human Life do pass away,
Perishing more swiftly than the flower,
If we are creatures of a winter's day ;
What space hath Virgin's beauty to disclose 10
Her sweets, and triumph o'er the breathing rose ?
Not even an hour !

The deepest grove whose foliage hid
The happiest lovers Aready might boast,
Could not the entrance of this thought forbid : 15
O be thou wise as they, soul-gifted Maid !
Nor rate too high what must so quickly fade,
So soon be lost.

Then shall love teach some virtuous Youth
"To draw out of the object of his eyes," 20
The while on thee they gaze in simple truth,
Hues more exalted, "a refined form,"
That dreads not age, nor suffers from the worm,
And never dies.

— *William Wordsworth.*

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May. 5
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love. O, if Jove's will
Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate 10
Foretell my hopeless doom, in some grove nigh ;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why.
Whither the Muse, or Love, call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

— *Milton, Sonnets, i.*

"BREATHES THERE A MAN."

BREATHES there a man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land !
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
 As home his footsteps he hath turn'd, 5
 From wandering on a foreign strand !
 If such there breathes, go, mark him well ;
 For him no Minstrel raptures swell ;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Bondless his wealth as wish can claim ; 10
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentred all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung, 15
 Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

—*Scott, Lay of the Last Minstrel, vi. i.*

A LAMENT.

O, world ! O, life ! O, time !
 On whose last steps I climb
 Trembling at that where I had stood before ;
 When will return the glory of your prime ?
 No more—Oh, never more ! 5

Out of the day and night
 A joy has taken flight ;
 Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,
 Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
 No more—Oh, never more ! 10

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

OPPORTUNITY.

HE who bends to himself a joy
 Does the wing'd life destroy ;
 But he who kisses the joy as it flies
 Lives in eternity's sunrise.

If you trap the moment before it's ripe, 5
 The tears of repentancee you'll certainly wipe ;
 But, if you once let the ripe moment go,
 You can never wipe off the tears of woe.

—William Blake, 1757-1827.

*SIR PATRICK SPENCE.**

The King sits in Dumferling toun,
 Drinking his blude-red wine :
 " O whar will I get guid sailor
 To sail this ship of mine ?" 5

Up and spake an eldern' knight,
 Sat at the kings richt kne :
 " Sir Patrick Spence is the bes' sailor
 That sails upon the sea "

The king nas written a braid letter^a
 And signed it wi' his hand, 10
 And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
 Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,
 A loud lauch^a lauched he :
 The next line that Sir Patrick red,
 The teir blinded his ee.^a 15

" O wha is this has don' this deid,
 This ill deid done to me ;
 To send me out this time o' the yeir
 To sail upon the se ? 20

" Mak haste, mak haste, my mirry men all,
 Our guid schip sails the morne."
 " O say na sae, my master deir,
 For I feir a deadlie storme.

* The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence.

—Copieridge, *Dejection*.

1 Aged. 2 Knight. 3 Bread (open) letter. 4 Laugh. 5 Eye.

5 " Late, late yestreen⁶ I saw the new moone 25
 Wi' the auld moone in hir arme ;
 And I feir, I feir, my deir mastèr,
 That we will com' to harme."

Our Scots nobles wer richt laith'
 To wct thair còrk-heild schoone ; 30
 But lang owre a' the play wer playd
 Thair hats they swam aboone.*

O lang, lang may their ladies sit,
 Wi' thair faus into their hand,
 Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence 35
 Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang may the ladies stand,
 Wi' thair gold kems⁷ in their hair,
 Waiting for their ain deir lords,
 For they'll se thame na mair. 40

5 Have owre,⁸ have owre to Aberdour,¹¹
 It's fifty fadom deip ;
 And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feit.
 10 —From Percy's "Reliques."

TIME, REAL AND IMAGINARY.

AN ALLEGORY.

15 On the wide level of a mountain's head,
 (I knew not where, but 'twas some faery place)
 Their pinions, ostrich-like, for sails outspread, 5
 Two lovely children run an endless race,
 A sister and a brother !
 That far outstripp'd the other ;
 Yet even runs she with reverted face,
 And looks and listens for the boy behind : 10
 For he, alas ! is blind !
 O'er rough and smooth with even step he pass'd,
 And knows not whether he is first or last.
 —Coleridge.

⁶ Yesterday evening. ⁷ Loath. ⁸ On the surface. ⁹ Combs. ¹⁰ Half over
 11 A village on the Forth.

LIFE.

Life ! I know not what thou art,
 But know that thou and I must part ;
 And when, or how, or where we met,
 I own to me's a secret yet.
 But this I know, when thou art fled, 5
 Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,
 No clod so valueless shall be,
 As all that then remains of me.
 O whither, whither dost thou fly,
 Where bend unseen thy trackless course, 10
 And in this strange divorce,
 Ah ! tell where I must seek this compound I ?
 To the vast ocean of empyreal flame,
 From whence thy essence came,
 Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed 15
 From matter's base, encumbering weed ?
 Or dost thou, hid from sight,
 Wait, like some spell-bound knight,
 Though blank oblivious years the appointed hour,
 To break thy trance and re-assume thy power ! 20
 Yet canst thou without thought or feeling be ?
 O say what art thou, when no more thou'rt thee ?
 Life ! we've been long together,
 Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;
 'T is hard to part when friends are dear ; 25
 Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear ;
 Then steal away, give little warning,
 Choose thine own time ;
 Say not good night, but in some brighter clime
 Bid me good morning.
 —Mrs. Barbauld (1743-1825).

REQUIEM.

Under the wide and starry sky,
 Dig the grave and let me lie,
 Glad did I live, and gladly die,
 And I laid me down with a will.
 This be the verse you grave for me : 5
 Here he lies where he longed to be ;
 Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
 And the hunter home from the hill.
 —Robert Louis Stevenson.

WHAT IS A SONNET?

5 What is a sonnet? 'T is a pearly shell
That murmurs of the far-off murmuring sea;
A precious jewel carved most enviously;
It is a little picture painted well.

10 What is a sonnet? 'Tis the tear that fell 5
From a great poet's ecstasy;
A two-edged sword, a star, a song—ah me!
Sometimes a heavy tolling funeral bell.

15 This was the flame that shook with Dante's breath, 10
The solemn organ whereon Milton played,
And the clear glass where Shakespeare's shadow falls;
A sea is this—beware who ventureth!
For like a fiord the narrow flood is laid
Deep as mid ocean to sheer mountain walls.

—R. W. Gilder.

MILTON.

25 He left the upland lawns and serene air
Wherefrom his soul her noble nurture drew,
And reared his helm among the unquiet crew
Battling beneath; the morning radiance rare

Of his young brow amid the tumult there, 5
Grew grim with sulphurous dust and sanguine dew;
Yet through all soilure they who marked him knew
The signs of his life's dayspring, calm and fair.

5 But when peace came, peace fouler far than war, 10
And mirth more dissonant than battle's tone,
He with a scornful laugh of his clear soul,
Back to his mountain elomb, now bleak and frore,
And with the awful night, he dwelt alone
In darkness, listening to the thunder's roll.

—Ernest Meyers.

SLEEP.

Come, Sleep! O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
 The baiting-place¹ of wit, the balm of woe,
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
 Th' indifferent judge between the high and low ;
 With shield of proof, shield me from out the press 5
 Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw ;
 O make in me those civil wars to cease :
 I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
 Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
 A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light, 10
 A rosy garland and a weary head :
 And if these things, as being there by right,
 Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
 Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.
 —*Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586), in "Astrophel and Stella."*

SLEEP.

(*Henry IV.*, iii., l., 5ff.)

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
 Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh these eyelids down
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness? 5
 Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
 Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state, 10
 And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody!
 O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
 In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch
 In watch-case or a common 'larum-bell?
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast 15
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brain
 In cradle of the rude, imperious surge
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them 20
 With deafening clamour in the slippery clouds,
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?

¹ Place of refreshment.

Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
 And in the calmest and most stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

25

—Shakspeare.

 TO THE DAISY.

Bright Flower! whose home is everywhere,
 Bold in maternal Nature's care,
 And all the long years through the heir
 Of joy or sorrow;
 Methinks that there abides in thee
 Some concord with humanity,
 Given to no other flower I see
 The forest thorough!

5

Is it that Man is soon deprest?
 A thoughtless Thing! who, once unblest,
 Does little on his memory rest,
 Or on his reason,
 And Thou would'st teach him how to find
 A shelter under every wind,
 A hope for times that are unkind
 And every season.

10

15

Thou wander'st the wide world about
 Uncheck'd by pride or scrupulous doubt,
 With friends to greet thee, or without,
 Yet pleased and willing;
 Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,
 And all things suffering from all,
 Thy function apostolical,
 In peace fulfilling.

20

—Wordsworth.

"WHEN A MOUNTING SKYLARK SINGS."

When a mounting skylark sings
 In the sun-lit summer morn,
 I know that heaven is up on high,
 And on earth are fields of corn.

But when a nightingale sings
 In the moon-lit summer even,
 I know not if earth is merely carth,
 Only that hea' en is heaven.

5

—*Christina Rossetti.*

THE LARK.

Bird of the wilderness,
 Blithesome and cumberless,
 Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea !
 Emblem of happiness,

Blest is thy dwelling-place—
 O to abide in the desert with thee !
 Wild is thy lay, and loud,
 Far in the downy cloud,

6

Love gives it energy—love gave it birth.
 Where, on thy dewy wing,
 Where art thou journeying ?

10

Thy lay is in heaven—thy love is on carth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
 O'er moor and mountain green,
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
 Over the cloudlet dim,
 Over the rainbow's rim,

15

Musical cherub, soar, singing, away !
 Then, when the gloaming comes,
 Low in the heather blooms

20

Sweet will be thy welcome and bed of love be !
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—

to abide in the desert with thee !

—*James Hogg (1772-1835).*

FROM "THE FIRST SKYLARK OF SPRING."

Two worlds hast thou to dwell in, Sweet,—
The virginal untroubled sky,
And this vext region at my feet.—
Alas, but one have I !

To all my songs there clings the shade, 5
The dulling shade of mundane care.
They amid mortal mists are made,—
Thine in immortal air.

My heart is dashed with griefs and fears ;
My song comes fluttering, and is gone. 10
O high above the home of tears,
Eternal Joy, sing on !

* * * * *
Somewhat as thou, Man once could sing,
In porches of the lucent morn,
Ere he had felt his lack of wing, 15
Or cursed his iron bourn.

The springtime bubbled in his throat,
The sweet sky seemed not far above,
And young and lovesome came the note ;—
Ah, thine is Youth and Love ! 20

Thou singest of what he knew of old,
And dream-like from afar recalls ;
In flashes of forgotten gold
An orient glory falls. 25

And as he listens, one by one,
Life's utmost splendours blaze more nigh ;
Less inaccessible the sun,
Less alien grows the sky. 30

For thou art native to the spheres
And of the courts of heaven art free,
And carriest to his temporal ears,
News from eternity ; 35

And lead'st him to the dizzy verge,
And lur'st him o'er the dazzling line,
Where mortal and immortal merge,
And human dies divine. 40

— William Watson.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD. *

Oh, to be in England
 Now that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf 5
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England—now!

And after April when May follows,
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows— 10
 Hark! where blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field, and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dew-drops,—at the bent spray's edge,—
 That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
 Lest you should think he never could recapture 15
 The first fine careless rapture.
 And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
 The buttercups, the little children's dower,
 Far brighter than this gaudy melon flower. 20

—*Browning.*

HOME THOUGHTS FROM THE SEA.

Nobly, nobly Cape St. Vincent to the North-west died away;
 Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeling into Cadiz Bay;
 Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;
 In the dimmest North-east distance dawned Gibraltar grand and
 grey;
 'Here and there did England help me: how can I help England?'
 —say, 5
 Whose turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,
 While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

—*Browning.*

EPITAPH ON A JACOBITE.

To my true king, I offered free from stain,
 Courage and faith; vain faith, and courage vain.
 For him, I threw lands, honours, wealth away,
 And one dear hope, that was more prized than they. 5
 For him I languished in a foreign clime,
 Grey-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime;
 Heard in Lavernia, Scargill's¹ whispering trees,
 And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees;
 Beheld, each night my home in fevered sleep,
 Each morning started from the dream to weep; 10
 Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
 The resting-place I asked, an early grave
 Oh thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
 From that proud country which was once mine own,
 By those white cliffs I never more must see, 15
 By that dear language which I spake like thee,
 Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
 O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.
 —Macaulay (1800-1859).

TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
 May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
 Like thy own solemn springs,
 Thy springs, and dying gales;

O Nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun 5
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
 With brede ethereal wove,
 O'erhang his wavy bed;

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat,
 With short shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing; 10
 Or where the beetle winds
 His small, but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum;
 Now teach me, maid composed, 15
 To breathe some softened strain,

¹ In North Yorkshire on the upper Tees.

- Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
 May not unseemly with thy stillness suit ;
 As, musing slow, I hail
 Thy genial loved return !
- For when thy folding-star arising shows
 His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
 The fragrant Hours and Elves
 Who sleep in flowers the day,
- And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge, 25
 And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
 The pensive Pleasures sweet,
 Prepare thy shadowy ear ;
- Then lead, calm votaress, where some sheety lake
 Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallowed pile, 30
 Or upland follows grey
 Reflect its last cool gleam.
- But when chill blustering winds or driving rain
 Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut,
 That, from the mountain's side, 35
 Views wilds, and swelling floods,
- And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires ;
 And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
 Thy dewy fingers draw
 The gradual dusky veil. 40
- While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
 And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !
 While Summer loves to sport
 Beneath thy lingering light ;
- While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves ; 45
 Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
 Affrights thy shrinking train,
 And rudely rends thy robes ;
- So long sure-found beneath the sylvan shed
 Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, rose-lipped Health, 50
 Thy gentlest influence own,
 And hymn thy favourite name.

—Collins (1720-1756).

FROM "SEAWEED."

When descends on the Atlantic
 The gigantic
 Storm-wind of the equinox,
 Landward in his wrath he scourges
 The toiling surges, 5
 Laden with seaweed from the rocks :

From Bermuda's reefs ; from edges
 Of sunken ledges,
 In some far-off, bright Azore ;
 From Bahama, and the dashing, 10
 Silver-flashing
 Surges of San Salvador ;

From the tumbling surf, that buries
 The Orkneyan skerries,
 Answering the hoarse Hebrides ; 15
 And from wrecks of ships, and drifting
 Spars, uplifting
 On the desolate, rainy seas ;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
 On the shifting 20
 Currents of the restless main ;
 Till in sheltered coves, and reaches
 Of sandy beaches,
 All have found repose again.

—*Longfellow.*

 THEY ARE ALL GONE.

They are all gone into the world of Light,
 And I alone sit lingering here !
 Their very memory is fair and bright,
 And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast 5
 Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
 Or these faint beams in which this hill is drest
 After the sun's remove.

- I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days ; 10
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary—
Mere glimmerings and decays.
- O holy Hope ! and high Humility,
High as the heavens above !
These are your walks, and you have showed them me 15
To kindle my cold love.
- Dear, beauteous Death ; the jewel of the just !
Shining no where but in the dark ;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust ; 20
Could man outlook that mark !
- He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know
At first sight if the birds be flown ;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.
- And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams, 25
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.
- If a star were confined into a tomb
Her captive flames must needs burn there ; 30
But, when the hand that locked her up gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.
- O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee !
Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall 35
Into true liberty.
- Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective, still as they pass ;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
Where I shall need no glass. 40
—*Vaughan (1621-1695).*

AFTER THE BURIAL.

Yes, faith is a goodly anchor ;
When skies are sweet as a psalm,
At the bows it lolls so stalwart,
In bluff, broad-shouldered calm.

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And when over breakers to leeward
The tattered surges are hurled,
It may keep our head to the tempest,
With its grip on the base of the world.

5

But, after the shipwreck, tell me
What help in its iron thews,
Still true to the broken hawser,
Deep down among sea-weed and ooze ?

10

In the breaking gulfs of sorrow,
When the helpless feet stretch out,
And find in the deeps of darkness
No footing so solid as doubt,

15

Then better one spar of Memory,
One broken plank of the Past,
That our human heart may cling to,
Though hopeless of shore at last !

20

To the spirit its splendid conjectures,
To the flesh its sweet despair,
Its tears o'er the thin-worn locket
With its anguish of deathless hair !

25

Immortal ? I feel it and know it,
Who doubts it of such as she ?
But that is the pang's very secret,—
Immortal away from me.

There's a narrow ridge in the graveyard
Would scarce stay a child in his race,
But to me and my thought it is wider
Than the star-sown vague of Space.

30

Your logic, my friend, is perfect,
Your morals most drearily true ;
But, since the earth clashed on *her* coffin,
I keep hearing that, and not you.

35

Console if you will, I can bear it ;
'T is a well meant alms of breath ;
But not all the preaching since Adam
Has made Death other than Death.

40

It is pagan ; but wait till you feel it,—
The jar of our earth—that dull shock
When the ploughshare of deeper passion
Tears down to our primitive rock.

Communion in spirit? Forgive me, 15
But I, who am earthly and weak,
Would give all the incomes from dreamland
For a touch of her hand on my cheek.

That little shoe in the corner, 50
So worn and wrinkled and brown,
With its emptiness confutes you,
And argues your wisdom down.

—Lowell.

“THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US.”

The world is too much with us ; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers :
Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !

The Sea that bares her bosom to the moon ; 5
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers ;
For these, for everything, we are out of tune ;

It moves us not.—Great God ! I'd rather be 10
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

—Wordsworth, 1806.

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"LET ME NOT TO THE MARRIAGE OF TRUE MINDS."

15 Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove :
 Oh, no ! it is an ever-fixed mark, 5
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
 50 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks 10
 Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out' even to the edge of doom.
 If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

—Shakspere.

THE CROSS OF SNOW.

In the long, sleepless watches of the night,
 A gentle face—the face of one long dead—
 Looks at me from the wall, where round its head
 The night-lamp casts a halo of pale light.

5 Here in this room she died ; and soul more white 5
 Never through martyrdom by fire was led
 To its repose ; nor can in books be read
 The legend of a life more benedight.

10 There is a mountain in the distant West 10
 That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines
 Displays a cross of snow upon its side.
 Such is the cross I wear upon my breast
 These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes
 And seasons, changeless since the day she died.

—Longfellow.

DAYBREAK.

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away, 5
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang ail your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing, 10
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry-tower, 15
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet, in quiet lie."

—*Longfellow.*

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill;

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Whose passions not his masters are ;
 Whose soul is still prepar'd for death,
 Untied unto the world with care
 Of public fame or private breath ;

5

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
 Or vice ; hath ever understood
 How deepest wounds are given with praise,
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good ;

10

Who hath his life from humours freed ;
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
 Nor ruin make oppressors great ;

15

Who God doth late and early pray,
 More of his grace than gifts to lend ;
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a well-chosen book or friend.

20

This man is free from servile bands
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
 Lord of himself, though not of lands,
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

15

—*Sir Henry Wotton* (1568–1639).

FROM "EXTREME UNCTION."

Upon the hour when I was born,
 God said, "Another man shall be,"
 And the great Maker did not scorn
 Out of Himself to fashion me ;
 He sunned me with His ripening looks,
 And Heaven's rich instincts in me grew,
 As effortless as woodland nooks
 Send violets up and paint them blue.

5

Yes, I who now, with angry tears,
 Am exiled back to brutish clod, 10
 Have borne unquenched for four-score years
 A spark of the eternal God ;
 And to what end ? How yield I back
 The trust for such high uses given ?
 Heaven's light hath but revealed a track 15
 Whereby to crawl away from Heaven.

Men think it is an awful sight
 To see a soul just set adrift
 On that drear voyage from whose night
 The ominous shadows never lift ; 20
 But 'tis more awful to behold
 A helpless infant newly born,
 Whose little hands unconscious hold
 The keys of darkness and of morn.

Mine held them once ; I flung away 25
 Those keys that might have open set
 The golden sluices of the day,
 But clutch the keys of darkness yet ;—
 I hear the reapers surging go
 Into God's harvest ; I, that might 30
 With them have chosen, here below
 Grope shuddering at the gates of night.

O glorious Youth, that once was mine !
 O high Ideal ! all in vain
 Ye enter at this ruined shrine 35
 Whence worship ne'er shall rise again ;
 The bat and owl inhabit here,
 The snake nests in the altar-stone,
 The sacred vessels moulder near ;
 The image of the God is gone. 40

—James Russell Lowell.

THE GLIMPSE.

10 Just for a day you crossed my life's dull track,
 15 Put my ignobler dreams to sudden shame,
 Went your bright way, and left me to fall back
 On my own world of poorer deed and aim ;

To fall back on my meaner world, and feel 5
 Like one who, dwelling 'mid some smoke-dimmed town,—
 20 In a brief pause of labour's sullen wheel,—
 'Scaped from the street's dead dust and factory's frown,—

In stainless daylight saw the pure seas roll,
 Saw mountains pillaring the perfect sky : 10
 Then journeyed home, to carry in his soul
 The torment of the difference till he die.

—William Watson.

THE LAST WORD.

30 Creep into thy narrow bed,
 Creep, and let no more be said !
 Vain thy onset ! all stands fast.
 35 Then thyself must break at last.

Let the long contention cease ! 5
 Geese are swans and swans are geese.
 Let them have it how they will !
 40 Thou art tired ; best be still.

They out-talk'd thee, hiss'd thee, tore thee ?
 Better men fared thus before thee ; 10
 Fired their ringing shot and pass'd,
 Hotly charged—and sank at last.

Charge once more, then, and be dumb !
 Let the victors, when they come,
 When the forts of folly fall, 15
 Find thy body by the wall.

—Matthew Arnold.

PROSPICE.

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place,
 The power of the night, the press of the storm, 5
 The post of the foe,
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go :
 For the journey is done and the summit attained,
 And the barriers fall, 10
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
 The reward of it all.
 I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
 The best and the last !
 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore, 15
 And bac'de me creep past.
 No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
 The heroes of old,
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness and cold. 20
 For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
 The black minute's at end,
 And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
 Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain, 25
 Then a light, then thy breast,
 O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be the rest !

—Robert Browning.

ALL SAINTS.

One feast, of holy days the crest,
 I, though no Churchman, love to keep,
 All-Saints,—the unknown good that rest
 In God's still memory folded deep ;
 The bravely dumb that did their deed, 5
 And scorned to blot it with a name,
 'En of the plain heroic breed,
 That loved Heaven's silence more than fame.

Such lived not in the past alone,
 But ' read to-day the unheeding street, 10
 And stairs to Sin and Famine known,
 Sing with the welcome of their feet ;
 The den they enter grows a shrine,
 The griny sash an oriel burns, 15
 Their cup of water warms like wine,
 Their speech is filled from heavenly urns.

About their brows to me appears
 An aureole traced in tenderest light,
 The rainbow-gleam of smiles through tears
 In dying eyes by them made bright, 20
 Of souls that shivered on the edge
 Of that chill ford repassed no more,
 And in their mercy felt the pledge
 And sweetness of the farther shore.

James Russell Lowell.

"WHEN, IN DISGRACE WITH FORTUNE AND
 MEN'S EYES."

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
 I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
 And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope, 5
 Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
 Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least ;
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising, 10
 Haply I think on thee,—and then my state,
 Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth sings hymns at heaven's gate ;
 For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

—*Shakspeare.*

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.

At the corner of Wood street, when daylight appears,
Hangs a thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years ;
Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment ; what ails her ? She sees 5
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees ;
Bright columns of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale, 10
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail ;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven, but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade ;
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise, 15
And the colours have all passed away from her eyes.

William Wordsworth.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

(ON THE DEATH OF LINCOLN.)

O Captain ! my Captain ! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rock, the prize we sought is won.
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring ;
But O heart ! heart ! heart ! 5
O the bleeding drops of red,
When on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain ! my Captain ! rise up and hear the bells ;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills, 10
For you bonquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-
crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning ;
Here Captain, dear father !
This arm beneath your head !
It is some dream that on the deck, 15
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
 The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyege closed and done,
 From fearful trip the victor ship comes it with object won ; 20

Exult O shores, and ring O bells !

But I with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

—Walt Whitman.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present 5
 My true account, lest He, returning chide ;
 "Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ?"
 I fondly ask ; but patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
 Either man's work, or His own gifts ; who best 10
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best ; His state
 Is kingly ; thousands at His bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

—John Milton.

ODE.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
 By all their country's wishes blest !
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod 5
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
 There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
 And Freedom shall a while repair, 10
 To dwell a weeping hermit there.

—William Collins.

IN MEMORIAM, II.

Old Yew, which graspest at the stones
That name the under-lying dead,
Thy fibres net the dreamless head,
Thy roots are wrapt about the bones.

The seasons bring the flower again, 5
And bring the firstling to the flock :
And in the dusk of thee, the clock
Beats out the little lives of men.

O not for thee the glow, the bloom, 10
Who changest not in any gale,
Nor branding summer suns avail
To touch thy thousand years of gloom :

And gazing on thee, sullen tree,
Sick for thy stubborn hardihood,
I seem to fail from out my blood 15
And grow incorporate into thee.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

MEMORABILIA.

Ah ! did you see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you,
And did you speak to him again ?
How strange it seems and new !

But you were living before that, 5
And also you are living after ;
And the memory I startled at—
My startling moves your laughter !

I crossed a moor, with a name of its own,
And a certain use in the world, no doubt, 10
Yet a hand's-breadth of it shines alone
'Mid the blank miles round about.

For these I picked up on the heather
And there I put inside my breast
A moulted feather, an eagle-feather ! 15
Well, I forget the rest.

—*Robert Browning.*

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
 Sails the unshadowed main,—
 The venturous bark that flings
 On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
 In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings, 5
 And coral reefs lie bare,
 Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl ;
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl !
 And every chambered cell, 10
 Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
 As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
 Before thee lies revealed,—
 Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed !

Year after year beheld the silent toil 15
 That spread its lustrous coil ;
 Still, as the spiral grew,
 He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
 Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
 Built up its idle door, 20
 Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
 Child of the wandering sea,
 Cast from her lap forlorn !
 From thy dead lips a clearer note is born 25
 Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn !
 While on mine ear it rings,
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings :—

Build thee more stately mansions. O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll ! 30
 Leave thy low-vaulted past !
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea ! 35

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

