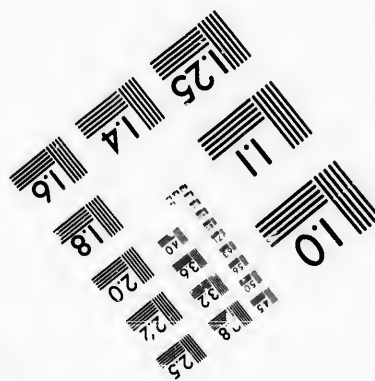
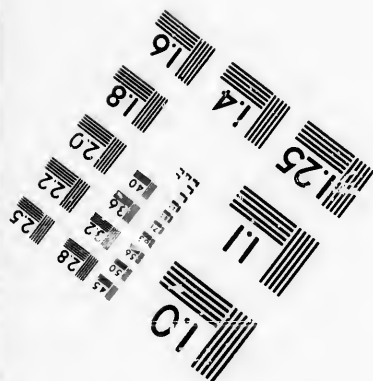


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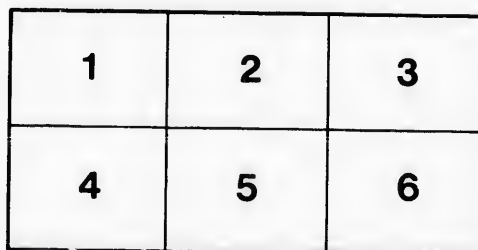
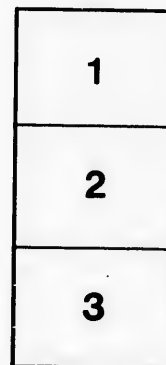
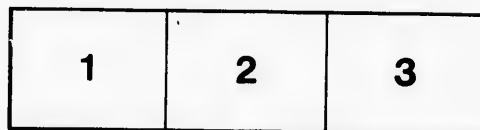
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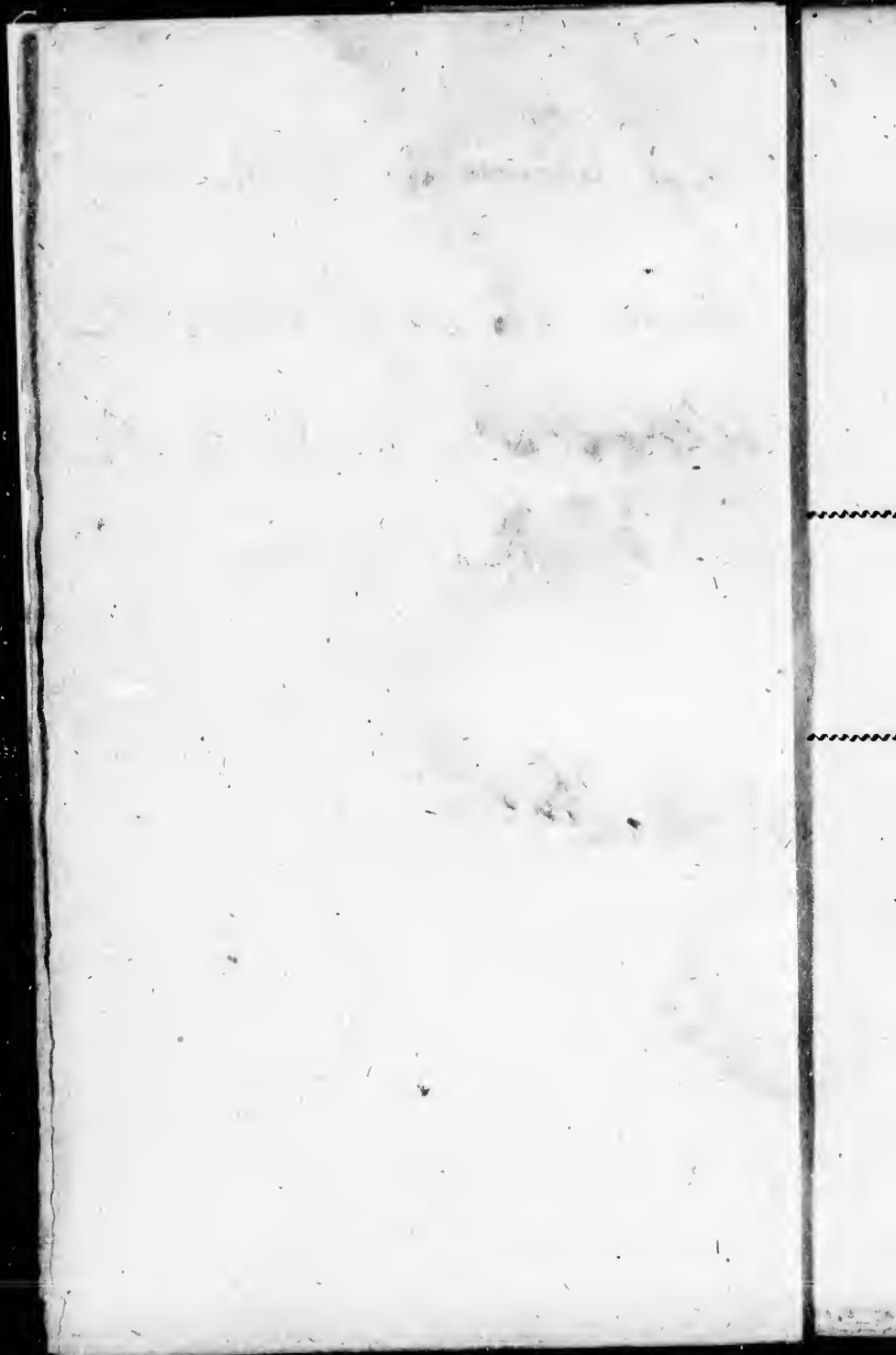
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POEMS,
BY LORD BYRON.

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POEMS

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ON HIS

DOMESTIC CIRCUMSTANCES.

~~~~~  
BY LORD BYRON.

~~~~~  
I. FARE THEE WELL.

II. A SKETCH FROM PRIVATE LIFE.

—————
WITH THE
STAR OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR,
AND OTHER POEMS.

—————
TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,
THE LIFE OF THE NOBLE AUTHOR.

—*—
The First Montreal, from the Eight London Edition.

»»»❦«««
MONTREAL :

PUBLISHED BY H. H. CUNNINGHAM, AND
BY LANE AND BOWMAN.

1816.

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THE family of *Byron* are so ancient as to occur in the character of considerable landholders in Domesdaybook. They were early seated at the lordship of Clayton, in Lancashire. Sir Richard Byron, who died in 1398, acquired possessions in Nottinghamshire, by marrying the heiress of Colewick, of Colewick. His descendant, Sir John Byron of Colewick, took part with Henry, Earl of Richmond, at the battle of Bosworth ; and died in 1488. His grandson, Sir John Byron, had a grant of the priory of Newstead, in Nottinghamshire, in 1540. His son, Sir John, had three sons and five daughters, of whom Margery was mother of Colonel John Hutchinson, the parliamentarian, whose memoirs were some time since published.

Sir Nicholas Byron, the eldest son, was an eminent loyalist, who having distinguished himself in the wars of the low countries, was appointed gov-

ernor of Chester, in 1642. Lord Clarendon, says, he was "a soldier of very good command, who being a person of affability and dexterity, as well as martial knowledge, gave great life to the designs of the well-affected there; and with the encouragement of some gentlemen of North Wales, in a short time raised such a power of horse and foot, as made often skirmishes with the enemy; sometimes with notable advantage; never with any signal loss."

He had two sons, who both died without issue; and his younger brother, Sir John, became heir male: this person was made a Knight of the Bath, at the coronation of James I. He had eleven sons, of whom the major part distinguished themselves for their loyalty and gallantry on the side of Charles I. Sir Thomas, a younger son, commanded the Prince of Wales' regiment at the battle of Hopton-heath; and Lord Clarendon calls him "a gentleman of great courage, and very good conduct who charged with good execution." His elder brother, Sir John Byron, makes a conspicuous figure in the pages of that noble historian, for his activity, and the important command entrusted to him. "In truth says he, "there was no gentlemen in the kingdom of a better reputation among all sorts of men."

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On his appointment to the Lieutenancy of the Tower of London, the opponents of the court remonstrated ; and the king answered, that " he did not expect, having preferred a person of a known fortune and unquestionable reputation to that trust, he should have been pressed to remove him without any particular charge," but afterwards, when Sir John himself desired to be " freed from the agony and vexation of that place," his Majesty consented to the alteration.

He was created *Lord Byron*, October 24, 1643, with a collateral remainder to his brothers. After various honourable services, he was, on the decline of the King's affairs, appointed governor to the Duke of York ; in which office he died in France, in 1652, without issue. His brother, Richard, became second *Lord Byron* ; he was knighted by Charles I. and had a command at the battle of Edgehill. He was governor of Appleby-Castle, and also distinguished himself in the government of Newark. He died 1679, aged seventy four, and it is recorded on his tomb, in the church of Hucknall-Torkard, that " with the rest of his family, being seven brothers, he faithfully served King Charles I. in the civil wars," and that they " suffered much for their loyalty, and lost all their fortunes ; yet it pleased God so to bless

the honest endeavours of the said Richard, Lord Byron, that he re-purchased part of their ancient inheritance, which he left to his posterity, with a laudable memory for great piety and charity."

His son William, third *Lord Byron*, died 1695, leaving his son William, fourth peer, who died at Newstead-Abbey, 1736, leaving five sons, of whom John, the second, was the well-known admiral; but William, the eldest, became fifth peer, and died without surviving issue male, May 19, 1798, on which the honour fell to his great nephew, George Gordon Byron, the present and sixth *Lord Byron*.

His present Lordship's father married first, Baroness Conyers, the daughter of Lord Holderness, by whom he had only a daughter; and secondly, Miss Gordon, of Gight, by whom he had George Gordon Byron, the present lord, born January 22, 1788. Miss Gordon was the last of that branch of the family who are descended from the Princess Jane Stuart, daughter of James II. of Scotland, who married the Earl of Huntley; from the elder branch, the Countess of Sutherland is descended. John Byron died soon after his son was born. William, the heir apparent, who had gone into the army, was killed in the island of Corsica, a considerable time before the death of his grand-

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father ; on which event his cousin became the heir presumptive to the title ; which some time after, by the death of the old lord, his grand-uncle, devolved upon him, while he was yet very young.

Lord Byron's childhood continued to keep the title out of public view ; but in time he began to distinguish it by his eccentricities at school and college. Some of his early years were spent in Scotland ; but he received at Harrow school the chief part of his education, which he finished at the university of Cambridge.

Soon after quitting school, he manifested his ambition for " a leaf of Daphne's deathless plant," by publishing a volume of poems, under the title of " Hours of Idleness." This met with some rough treatment from the *Edinburgh Review*, and other critics, which his lordship retorted by a satire, that evinced a spirit not to be repressed, and talents that excited greater expectations.

The volume of juvenile poems, indeed, displays several specimens of considerable poetical talent, of which the following beautiful lines on leaving *Newstead Abbey*,* will afford the reader very sufficient evidence.

* Newstead Abbey, in Nottinghamshire, was founded as a priory of Black Canons, about 1170, by Henry the Second. At the dissolution, its revenues were es-

I.

Through thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds
whistle,

Thou, the hall of my fathers, are gone to decay ;
In thy once smiling garden, the hemlock and thistle
Have chok'd up the rose, which late bloom'd in thy
way.

II.

Of the mail-cover'd barons, who proudly to battle,
Led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain,
The escutcheon and shield, which with every blast rattle,
Are the only sad vestiges now that remain.

III.

No more doth old Robert, with harp-stringing numbers,
Raise a flame in the breast, for the war-laurel'd
wreath ;
Near Askelon's towers, John of Horiston * slumbers,
Unnerv'd is the hand of his minstrel, by death.

IV.

Paul and Hubert too sleep, in the vally of Cressy,
For the safety of Edward and England they fell ;

timated at 229*l*. and it was granted to Sir John Byron, at that time, Lieutenant of Sherwood forest. It is situated in a vale, in the midst of an extensive park, finely planted. Mr. Young thus describes it in its days of splendour. "On one side of the house a very large winding lake was then making : on the other side a very fine lake (still in existence) flowed almost up to the house : the banks on one side consisted of fine woods which spread over the edge of a hill, down to the water ; on the other shore were scattered groves and a park. On the banks are two picturesque castles washed by the water of the lake. A twenty gun ship with several yachts and boats lying at anchor, threw an air of most pleasing cheerfulness over the whole scene."

* Horiston-Castle, Derbyshire, an ancient seat of the Byron family.

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My fathers! the tears of your country redress you;
How you fought! how you died! still her annals
can tell.

V.

On Marston,* with Rupert,† 'gainst traitors contending,
Four brothers enrich'd with their blood the bleak field;
For the rights of a monarch, their country defending,
Till death their attachment to royalty seal'd,

VI.

Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant, departing
From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu!
Abroad, or at home, your remembrance imparting
New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.

VII.

Though a tear dim his eye, at this sad separation,
'Tis nature, not fear, that excites his regret;
Far distant he goes, with the same emulation,
The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.

VIII.

That fame, and that memory, still will be cherish,
He vows, that he ne'er will disgrace your renown;
Like you will he live, or like you will he perish;
When decay'd, may he mingle his dust with your own!

When Lord Byron came of age, he took his seat in the House of Peers, and afterwards went abroad, spending some time in the classical countries, in the south and east of Europe. He returned to England, in 1810; and in the spring of

* The battle of Marston-moor, where the adherents of Charles I. were defeated.

† Son of the Elector Palatinate, and related to Charles I. he afterwards commanded the fleet, in the reign of Charles II.

the following year, he published his "*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*," which, like all his subsequent works, have met with the most unprecedented success, and have for ever established his lordship's fame, as the first poet of modern times. The *Giaour*, the *Bride of Abydos*, the *Corsair*, *Lara*, *Hebrew Melodies*, the *Siege of Corinth*, and *Parisina*, have quickly followed the *Childe Harold*, and have become, equally, the theme of admiration. These, together with the "*Hours of Idleness*," already noticed, the "*English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers*,"* a keen satire on the northern critics, (but who made the *amende honorable* for their conduct, in their review of the *Childe Harold*) and the following small poems, compose the whole of Lord Byron's works.

On January 2, 1815, Lord Byron was married to the beautiful and accomplished Anne-Isabella, only child of Sir Ralph Noel, Baronet, (late Milbanke ;) by whom he has one daughter. This union, which, at first, promised every happiness, has unfortunately deceived the hopes of both parties ; but has given birth to two poems on Lord

* The first work has been long since out of print, and the second has been *suppressed*, and is not to be procured on any terms. Two specimens from both these productions will be seen at the end of this memoir.

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Byron's "Domestic Circumstances," which will not easily be forgotten : the first, as remarkable for its delicacy and pathos, as the second is for the powerful and cutting vein of satire, which pervades every line.

It is now our painful duty to allude to those "circumstances" which gave rise to these two poems.

Towards the close of last year, the tongue of rumour had begun to whisper some intimations of that wedded discord which is now unfortunately the subject of conversation from one extremity of the empire to another. The newspaper next—whose vigilance in ferreting out discrepancies of all kinds, seems no less admirable than their dexterity in describing them—the newspapers soon started in pursuit of such excellent sport, by joining in the hue-and-cry of the fashionable world. February the 12th, 1816, those telegraphs of insinuation, the daily prints, first announced to the public the following piece of intelligence :

"A matrimonial separation in high life, at least for the present, has, we hear, taken place, in consequence of one of those *domestic fracas* which will sometimes occur in the best regulated families. The happy pair have scarcely passed

"Twelve vaning moons in bliss supreme ;"

and the *Lady* has recently blessed her Lord with an infant daughter ; his Lordship in a poetical flight of fancy, is said to have pretty broadly intimated, that her Ladyship had his free consent to leave the house, and return to her relatives ! This, report says, the Lady soon afterwards did, taking with her, in a post-chaise, the child and its nurse, to the great astonishment of his Lordship."

The paragraph just transcribed still left the town ignorant of the circumstances which had produced this sad separation in elevated life. February the 24th, however, something like an explanation of the denouncement] was attempted to be given by the newspapers. "The sudden and regretted separation between an amiable Lady and her Lord," says the Morning Herald for that day, "is said to have arisen from his Lordship having introduced a fascinating Actress to their table, without the previous knowledge or approbation of her Ladyship, who deemed the visit an indecorous intrusion on her domestic comforts." The reporter of this anecdote here adds, that "the Lady was united to her Right Honourable Partner without a previous marriage-settlement, although her fortune and expectations are very large."

It seems admitted on all sides, that no common kind of matrimonial disarrangement has arisen

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between Lord Byron and his Lady ; since it appears that he has parted with even his books, and is preparing to quit his native land. Whatever may have been the "*provocation*" which his Lordship has given her,—it is painful to remark the temper in which her Ladyship's cause is advocated by some writers who affect to sympathize in her situation.

Lord Byron has himself been foremost to proclaim to others the virtues and graces of his wife, in language far superior to the compositions of newspaper pens, and in numbers that cannot die. Unpardonable as his Lady may continue to think the provocation she once received from him, she cannot, we think, be quite insensible to the proud homage which he yet renders to her goodness and her charms, and certainly can in no degree need or desire the adulation of strangers to her excellencies.

But it may easily be conceived, by any one who attentively reads the Poem which Lord Byron has entitled "*A Sketch from Private Life*," that, whatever were his faults, there existed one, within the heart of domesticity, who aggravated his acknowledged errors, "*stealed a bosom so tender*" as even the bosom of his Lady ; and, in short, "*rendered obdurate the heart of one of the sweetest and most amiable creatures which Heaven*

has ever blessed and aborned the society of man!" Whoever is designated as this 'Hecate of domestic hells,' she is, if her poetical portrait be just, answerable for affections now alienated, and for all the consequences of so heart-rending an estrangement.—Such is evidently that being, whose flaming sword has thus barred the return of repentant man towards the paradise of his soul; and rendered obdurate that valued heart, which neither pride could

Raise—nor passion bow,
Nor virtue teach austerity—till now!

Tenderness is so essential to the character of the fair sex, that we hardly know how to reconcile the inflexibility and amiability of Lady Byron, as co-existent in the same individual. The offence of her Lord was doubtless, no trivial one; and yet, perhaps, few females could peruse the beautiful and affecting stanzas entitled, "Fare Thee Well!" flowing from the impetus of his feelings, and not incline to forgive the bosom that dictated them.* Compassion is the genial balm of human life; and never can its sympathy be exercised with more propriety and loveliness, than when it condescends to welcome the very first ap-

* The cold in clime, are cold in blood,
Their love can scarce deserve the name;
But mine was like the lava-flood,
That boils in Ætna's breast of flame!—LORD BYRON.

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proaches of contrition. Who but admires the benignity with which our great epic poet has contrived that Adam should forgive the errors of repenting Eve? Matrimony too often finds occasion for indulgencies of this kind, even where no radical or great deficiency of attachment is discoverable.

With the merits of Lord Byron's muse, most readers of poetry have long been familiar; but it may nevertheless be expected that some opinion should be here hazarded with regard to the two effusions now offered to the public.

Criticism would feel no hesitation in affirming, on this head, that the pretensions of these pieces are varied and great;—that the stanzas of "Fare Thee Well!" are equal to those which were addressed by the late Mrs. Robinson, when going abroad, to General Tarleton; and that the satire of "A Sketch from Private Life," is only next in poignancy to Savage's poem of "The Bastard." This encomium his Lordship claims. Describing his Lady's accomplishments and worth, it may be asserted of him, that

"He pours a sensibility divine
Along the nerve of every feeling line;"

while, adverting to the Hecate of his pandemonium, he has, indeed, left

"Festering in the infamy of years,"

an offender whom his talents have consigned to the perpetuity of reprobation.

Sir Ralph Noel, the father of Lady Byron has just published a letter addressed to the Editor of the Morning Chronicle, in answer to a paragraph which appeared in that paper, stating that a conspiracy existed against the domestic peace of Lord B——. In the letter, the worthy baronet explains a conversation he had with the Editor, and says—"I told you in the most decided manner, that *I knew* no conspiracy of the kind had ever existed, that the report was utterly false, and I gave you my word of honour that the step taken by Lady Byron was the result of her own unbiassed judgment, and that her parents and friends interfered only when called upon by her to afford her their support. In the necessity of the step, indeed, her friends fully concurred, but in the suggestion of it they had no concern. I repeat that no conspiracy whatever existed against Lord Byron's domestic peace."

**** The legal instrument of separation is signed by Lord and Lady Byron; and this day, the Noble Lord takes his departure for the Continent. Husband and wife are separated; and the Noble Lord, we are sorry to say, quits his country, perhaps for ever.—MORNING CHRONICLE, April 23, 1816.*

To _____

[From "Hours of Idleness."]

BY LORD BYRON.

"OH! had my fate been join'd with thine
As once this pledge appear'd a token ;
These follies had not, then been mine,
For, then, my peace had not been broken.

To thee, these early faults I owe,
To thee, the wise and old reproving ;
They know my sins, but do not know,
'Twas thine to break the bonds of loving.

For, once my soul like thine was pure,
And all its raising fires could smother ;
But, now, thy vows no more endure,
Bestow'd by thee upon another.

Perhaps, his peace I could destroy,
And spoil the blisses that await him
Yet, let my rival smile in joy,
For thy dear sake, I cannot hate him.

Ah! since thy angel form is gone,
My heart no more can rest with any :
But what it sought in thee alone,
Attempts, alas! to find in many.

Then, fare thee well, deceitful maid,
 'Twere vain and fruitless to regret thee ;
 Nor hope, nor memory yield their aid,
 But pride may teach me to forget thee.

Yet all this giddy waste of years,
 This tiresome round of palling pleasures ;
 These varied loves, these matron's fears,
 These thoughtless strains to passion's measure.

If thou wert mine, had all been hush'd,
 This cheek now pale from early riot ;
 With passion's hectic ne'er had flush'd,
 But bloom'd in calm domestic quiet.

Yes, once the rural scene was sweet,
 For Nature seem'd to smile before thee ;
 And once my breast abhor'd deceit,
 For then it beat but to adore thee :

But, now, I seek for other joys ;
 To think, would drive my soul to madness :
 In thoughtless throngs, and empty noise,
 I conquer half my bosom's sadness.

Yet, even in these, a thought will steal
 In spite of every vain endeavour ;
 And fiends might pity what I feel,
 To know, that thou art lost for ever."

The *British Critic* (volume xxxiii. page 410.)
 thus speaks of Lord Byron's "*English Bards*,
 and *Scotch Reviewers*."

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“ Since the time of the Baviad, we have not met with a production combining so much severity with so much genuine wit, humour, and real talent. If we, however, had possessed the opportunity, we should certainly have pleaded very powerfully in behalf of one or two, who are lashed with more bitterness than justice ; but, on the whole, it must be confessed, that truth is on the side of the author. Nothing can be more certain, than that genuine taste was once more in danger, and high commendation and great popularity have attended certain poetical productions; which would hardly endure the test of sound and honest criticism.

“ We shall enter into no detail of this poem, because it will be universally read ; but we think it necessary to subjoin a specimen, in justification of what we have said above. There is exaggeration in the following passage, but its poetical merit is singular.”

“ Health to Great Jeffrey ! Heaven preserve his life,
To flourish on the fertile shores of Fife,
And guard it sacred in his future wars,
Since authors sometimes seek the field of Mars,
Can none remember that eventful day,
That ever glorious, almost fatal fray,
When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,
And Bow-street myrmidons stood laughing by ?

Oh ! day disastrous ! on her firm set rock,
Dunedin's castle felt a sacred shock ;
Dark roll'd the sympathetic waves of Forth,
Low groan'd the startled whirlwinds of the North ;
Tweed ruffled half his waves to form a tear,
The other half pursued its calm career ;
Arthur's steep summit nobbed to its base,
The surly Tolbooth scarcely kept her place ;
The Tolbooth felt—for marble sometimes can,
On such occasions, feel as much as man—
The Tolbooth felt defrauded of his charms,
If Jeffrey died, except with her arms :
Nay, last, not least, on that portentous morn,
The sixteenth story, where himself was born,
His patrimonial garret fell to ground,
And pale Edina shudder'd at the sound ;
Strew'd were the streets around with milk-white reams,
Flow'd all the Canongate with inky streams ;
This of his candour seem'd the sable dew,
That of his valour show'd the bloodless hue ;
And all with justice deem'd the two combin'd,
The mingled emblems of his mighty mind.
But Caledonia's Goddess hover'd o'er
The field, and sav'd him from the wrath of Moore ;
From either pistol snatch'd the vengeful lead,
And straight restor'd it to her favourite's head.
That head, with greater than magnetic power,
Caught it, as Danae caught the golden shower,
And though the thickening dross will scarce refine,
Augments his ore, and is itself a mine."

POEMS.



FARE THEE WELL.

FARE thee well ! and if for ever—

Still for ever, fare *thee well*—

Even though unforgiving, never

'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.—

Would that breast were bared before thee

Where thy head so oft hath lain,

While that placid sleep came o'er thee

Which thou ne'er can'st know again :

Would that breast by thee glanc'd over,

Every inmost thought could show !

Then, thou would'st at last discover

'Twas not well to spurn it so—

Though the world for this commend thee—

Though it smile upon the blow,

Even its praises must offend thee,

Founded on another's woe—

Though my many faults defac'd me,

Could no other arm be found,

Than the one which once embrac'd me,

To inflict a cureless wound ?

Yet—oh, yet—thyself deceive not—
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not,
Hearts can thus be torn away :

Still thine own its life retaineth—
Still must mine—though bleeding—beat,
And the undying thought which paineth
Is—that we no more may meet.—

These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead :
Both shall live—but every morrow
Wake us from a widowed bed.—

And when thou would'st solace gather—
When our child's first accents flow—
Wilt thou teach her to say—" Father !"
Though his care she must forego ?

When her little hands shall press thee—
When her lip to thine is prest—
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee—
Think of him thy love hath bless'd.

Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more may'st see—
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.—

All my faults—perchance thou knowest—
All my madness—none can know ;
All my hopes—where'er thou goest—
Whither—yet with *thee* they go—

Every feeling hath been shaken,
Pride—which not a world could bow—
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken
Even my soul forsakes me now.—

But 'tis done—all words are idle—
Words from me are vainer still ;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force the way without the will.—

Fare thee well !—thus disunited—
Torn from every nearer tie—
Scared in heart—and lone—and blighted—
More than this I scarce can die.—

A

SKETCH FROM PRIVATE LIFE.

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" Honest—honest Iago !

" If thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee."

SHAKESPEARE.

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BORN in the garret, in the kitchen bred,
Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head ;
Next—for some gracious service unexpressed,
And from its wages only to be guess'd—
Rais'd from the toilet to the table,—where
Her wondering betters wait behind her chair.
With eye unmoved, and forehead unabash'd,
She dines from off the plate she lately wash'd.
Quick with the tale, and ready with the lie—
The genial confidante, and general spy—
Who could, ye gods ! her next employment guess—
An only infant's earliest governess !
She taught the child to read, and taught so well,
That she herself, by teaching, learnt to spell.
An adept next in penmanship she grows,
As many a nameless slander deftly shows :
What she had made the pupil of her art,
None know—but that high Soul secured the heart,
And panted for the truth it could not hear,
With longing breast and undeluded ear.

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SHAKESPEARE.

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Foild was perversion by that youthful mind,
 Which Flattery fool'd not—Baseness could not blind,
 Deceit infect not—nor Contagion soil—
 Indulgence weaken—nor Example spoil—
 Nor master'd Science tempt her to look down
 On humbler talents with a pitying frown—
 Nor Genius swell—nor Beauty render vain—
 Nor envy ruffle to retaliate pain—
 Nor Fortune change—Pride raise—nor Passion bow,
 Nor Virtue teach austerity—till now.
 serenely purest of her sex that live,
 But wanting one sweet weakness—to forgive,
 Too shock'd at faults her soul can never know,
 He deems that all should be like her below :
 foe to all Vice, yet hardly Virtue' friend,
 for Virtue pardons those she would amend.

But to the theme :—now laid aside too long,
 the baleful burthen of this honest song—
 though all her former functions are no more,
 he rules the circle which she served before.
 mothers—none know why—before her quake ;
 daughters dread her for the mother's sake ;
 early habits—those false links, which bind
 t times the loftiest to the meanest mind—
 ave given her power too deeply to instil,
 he angry essence of her deadly will ;
 like a snake, she steal within your walls,
 ill the black slime betray her as she crawls ;

If, like a viper, to the heart she wind,
 And leave the venom there she did not find;
 What marvel that this hag of hatred works
 Eternal evil latent as she lurks,
 To make a Pandemonium where she dwells,
 And reign the Hecate of domestic hells?

Skill'd by a touch to deepen scandal's tints
 With all the kind mendacity of hints,
 While mingling truth with falsehood, sneers with smiles;
 A thread of candour with a web of wiles;
 A plain blunt show of briefly-spoken seeming,
 To hide her bloodless heart's soul-harden'd scheming;
 A lip of lies—a face formed to conceal;
 And, without feeling, mock at all who feel:
 With a vile mask the Gorgon would disown;
 A cheek of parchment—and an eye of stone.
 Mark, how the channels of her yellow blood
 Ooze to her skin, and stagnate there to mud,
 Cased like the centipede in saffron mail,
 Or darker greenness of the scorpion's scale—
 (For drawn from reptiles only may we trace
 Congenial colours in that soul or face)—
 Look on her features! and behold her mind
 As in a mirror of itself defined:
 Look on the picture! deem it not o'ercharged—
 There is no trait which might not be enlarged;—
 Yet true to "Nature's journyemen," who made
 This monster when their mistress left off trade,—

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This female dog-star of her little sky,
Where all beneath her influence droop or die.

Oh ! wretch without a tear—without a thought,
Save joy above the ruin thou hast wrought—
The time shall come, nor long remote, when thou
Shall feel far more than thou inflictest now ;
Feel for thy vile self-loving self in vain,
And turn thee howling in unpitied pain.
May the strong curse of crush'd affections light
Back on thy bosom with reflected blight !
And make thee in thy leprosy of mind
As loathsome to thyself as to mankind !
Till all thy self-thoughts curdle into hate,
Black—as thy will for others would create :
Till thy hard heart be calcined into dust,
And thy soul welter in its hideous crust.
Oh, may thy grave be sleepless as the bed,—
The widow'd couch of fire, that thou hast spread !
Then, when thou fain would'st weary heaven with prayer,
Look on thine earthly victims—and despair !
Down to the dust !—and, as thou rott'st away,
Even worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay.
But for the love I bore, and still must bear,
To her thy malice from all ties would tear—
Thy name—thy human name—to every eye
The climax of all scorn should hang on high,
Exalted o'er thy less abhorred compeers—
And festering in the infamy of years.

MARCH 30, 1816. B 3

ON THE STAR
OF
" THE LEGION OF HONOUR."

1.

STAR of the brave !—whose beam hath shed
Such glory o'er the quick and dead—
Thou radiant and adored deceit !
Which millions rushed in arms to greet,—
Wild meteor of immortal birth !
Why rise in Heaven to set on Earth.

2.

Souls of slain heroes formed thy rays ;
Eternity flashed through thy blaze ;
The music of thy martial sphere
Was fame on high, and honour here ;
And thy light broke on human eyes,
Like a Volcano of the skies.

3.

Like lava rolled thy stream of blood,
And swept down empires with its flood ;
Earth rocked beneath thee to her base,
As thou didst lighten through all space ;
And the shorn Sun grew dim in air,
And set while thou wert dwelling there.

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4.

Before thee rose, and with thee grew,
A rainbow of the loveliest hue,
Of three bright colours,* each divine,
And fit for that celestial sign ;
For Freedom's hand had blended them,
Like tints in an immortal gem.

5.

One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes ;
One, the blue depth of Seraph's eyes ;
One, the pure Spirit's veil of white
Had robed in radiance of its light :
The three so mingled did beseem
The texture of a heavenly dream.

6.

Star of the brave ! thy ray is pale,
And darkness must again prevail !
But, Oh, thou Rainbow of the free !
Our tears and blood must flow for thee.
When thy bright promise fades away,
Our life is but a load of clay.

7.

And Freedom hallows with her tread
The silent cities of the dead ;
For beautiful in death are they
Who proudly fall in her array ;
And soon, Oh Goddess ! may we be
For evermore with them or thee !

* *The tri-colour.*

ODE.



Oh, shame to thee, Land of the Gaul !
Oh, shame to thy children and thee !
Unwise in thy glory, and base in thy fall,
How wretched thy portion shall be !
Derision shall strike thee forlorn,
A mockery that never shall die ;
The curses of Hate, and the hisses of Scorn
Shall burthen the winds of thy sky ;
And, proud o'er thy ruin, for ever be hurl'd
The laughter of Triumph, the jeers of the World !

Oh, where is thy spirit of yore,
The spirit that breathed in thy dead,
When gallantry's star was the beacon before,
And honour the passion that led ?
Thy storms have awaken'd their sleep,
They groan from the place of their rest,
And wrathfully murmur, and suddenly weep,
To see the foul stain on thy breast ;
For where is the glory they left thee in trust ?
'Tis scattered in darkness, 'tis trampled in dust !

Go, look through the kingdoms of earth,
From Indus, all round to the Pole,
And something of goodness, of honour, of worth,
Shall brighten the sins of the soul :

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But thou art *alone* in thy shame,
 The world cannot liken thee there ;
 Abhorrence and vice have disfigur'd thy name
 Beyond the low reach of compare ;
 Stupendous in guilt, thou shalt lend us through time
 A proverb, a bye-word, for treach'ry and crime !

While conquest illumin'd his sword,
 While yet in his prowess he stood,
 Thy praises still follow'd the steps of thy Lord,
 And welcom'd the torrent of blood ;
 Tho' tyranny sat on his crown,
 And wither'd the nations afar,
 Yet bright in thy view was that Despot's renown,
 Till Fortune deserted his car ;
 Then, back from the Chieftain thou slunkest away—
 The foremost to insult, the first to betray !

Forgot were the feats he had done,
 The to. borne in thy cause ;
 Thou turned'st a ship a new rising sun,
 And waft o'er songs of applause ;
 But the storm was beginning to lour,
 Adversity clouded his beam :
 And honour and faith were the brag of an hour,
 And loyalty's self but a dream :
 To him thou hadst banish'd thy vows were restored ;
 And the first that had scoff'd, were the first that ador'd !

What tumult thus burthens the air,
 What throng thus encircles his throne ?
 'Tis the shout of delight, 'tis the millions that swear
 His sceptre shall rule them alone.
 Reverses shall brighten their zeal,
 Misfortune shall hallow his name,
 And the world that pursues him shall mournfully feel
 How quenchless the spirit and flame
 That Frenchmen will breathe, when their hearts are on
 fire,
 For the Hero they love, and the Chief they admire !

Their hero has rushed to the field ;
 His laurels are cover'd with shade—
 But where is the spirit that never should yield,
 The loyalty never to fade !
 In a moment desertion and guile
 Abandon'd him up to the foe ;
 The dastards that flourish'd and grew at his smile,
 Forsook and renounced him in woe ;
 And the millions that swore they would perish to save,
 Beheld him a fugitive, captive, and slave !

The Savage all wild in his glen
 Is nobler and better than thou ;
 Thou standest a wonder, a marvel to men,
 Such perfidy blackens thy brow !
 If thou wert the place of my birth,
 At once from thy arms would I sever ;

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I'd fly to the uttermost ends of the earth,
And quit thee for ever and ever ;
And thinking of thee in my long after-years,
Should but kindle my blushes and waken my tears.

Oh, shame to thee, land of the Gaul !

Oh, shame to thy children and thee !
Unwise in thy glory and base in thy fall,
How wretched thy portion shall be !

Derision shall strike thee forlorn,

A mockery that never shall die ;
The curses of Hate and the hisses of Scorn
Shall burthen the winds of the sky ;

And proud o'er thy ruin for ever be hurl'd
The laughter of Triumph, the jeers of the World !

MADAM LAVALETTE.

LET Edinburgh Critics o'erwhelm with their praises
Their madame de STAEL, and their fam'd L'EPINASSE;
Like a meteor at best, proud Philosophy blazes,
And the fame of a Wit is as brittle as glass :
But cheering's the beam, and unfading the splendour
Of thy torch, Wedded Love ! and it never has yet
Shone with lustre more holy, more pure, or more tender,
Than it sheds on the name of the fair LAVALETTE.

Then fill high the wine-cup, e'en Virtue shall bless it,
And hallow the goblet which foams to her name ;
The warm lip of Beauty shall piously press it,
And HYMEN shall honour the pledge to her fame :
To the health of the Woman, who freedom and life too
Has risk'd for her Husband, we'll pay the just debt ;
And hail with applauses the Heroine and Wife too,
The constant, the noble, the fair LAVALETTE.

Her foes have awarded in impotent malice,
To their captive a doom, which all Europe abhors,
And turns from the Stairs of the Priest-haunted palace,
While those who replaced them there, blush for their
cause.

But, in ages to come, when the blood-tarnish'd glory
Of Dukes, and of Marshals, in darkness hath set,
Hearts shall throb, eyes shall glisten, at reading the story
Of the fond self-devotion of fair LAVALETTE.

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LETTE.

FAREWELL TO FRANCE.



FAREWELL to the Land, where the gloom of my glory
Arose and o'ershadowed the earth with her name :—
She abandons me now,—but the page of her story,
The brightest, or blackest, is filled with my fame.
I have warred with a world which vanquished me only
When the meteor of Conquest allured me too far,—
I have coped with the Nations which dread me thus lonely,
The last single Captive to millions in war !
Farewell to thee, France—when thy diadem crown'd me,
I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth.—
But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,
Decay'd in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth.
Oh ! for the veteran hearts that were wasted
In strife with the storm, when their battles were won.—
Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment was blasted,
Had still soared with eyes fixed on Victory's Sun ;
Farewell to thee, France—but when Liberty rallies
Once more in thy regions, remember me then—
The Violet grows in the depth of thy valleys,
Though withered, thy tears will unfold it again—
Yet, yet I may baffle the hosts that surround us,
And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice—
There are links which must break in the chain that has
bound us,
Then turn thee and call off the Chief of thy choice !

WATERLOO.



We do not curse thee, Waterloo ;
Though freedom's blood thy plain bedew ;
There 'twas shed, but is not sunk—
Rising from each gory trunk—
Like the water-spout from ocean,
With a strong and growing motion—
It soars, and mingles in the air,
With that of lost LABEDOYERE—
With that of him whose honour'd grave
Contains the “ bravest of the brave ;”
A crimson cloud it spreads and glows,
But shall return to whence it rose ;
When 'tis full 'twill burst asunder—
Never yet was heard such thunder
As then shall shake the world with wonder—
Never yet was seen such lightning
As o'er heaven shall then be bright'ning !
The Chief has fallen, but not by you,
Vanquishers of Waterloo !
When the soldier-citizen,
Swayed not o'er his fellow men—
Save in deeds that led them on
Where glory smil'd on Freedom's son—

Who of all the despots banded,
 With that youthful chief competed ?
 Who could boast o'er France defeated
 Till lone tyranny commanded ?
 Till, goaded by ambition's sting,
 The Hero sunk into the King ?
 Then he fell—so perish all,
 Who would men by man enthrall !
 And thou too of the snow-white plume !
 Whose realm refus'd thee even a tomb ;*
 Better hadst thou still been leading
 France o'er hosts of hirelings bleeding,
 Than sold thyself to death and shame
 For a meanly royal name ;
 Such as he of Naples wears,
 Who thy blood-bought title bears.—
 Little didst thou deem when dashing
 On thy war-horse through the ranks,
 Like a stream which bursts its banks,
 While helmets cleft and sabres clashing,
 Shone and shivered fast around thee—
 Of the fate at last which found thee !
 Was that haughty plume laid low
 By a slave's dishonest blow ?
 Once it onward bore the brave,
 Like foam upon the highest wave.—
 * *Murat's remains are said to have been torn from
 the grave and burnt,*

And the battle's wreck lay thickest,
Strew'd beneath the advancing banner
Of the Eagle's burning crest—
(There with thunder-clouds to fan her,
Who could then her wing arrest—
Victory beaming from her breast ?)
While the broken line enlarging
Fell or fled along the plain ;
There be sure was MURAT charging ;
There he ne'er shall charge again !
O'er glories gone, the invaders march,
Weeps triumph o'er each levelled arch—
But let Freedom rejoice,
With her heart in her voice ;
But her hand on her sword,
Doubly shall she be adored.
France hath twice too well been taught
The " moral lesson " dearly bought—
Her safety sits not on a throne,
With CAPET or NAPOLEON ;
But in equal rights and laws,
Hearts and hands in one great cause—
Freedom, such as God hath given
Unto all beneath his heaven,
With their breath, and from their birth,
Though guilt would sweep it from the earth ;
There, where death's brief pang was quickest,

With a fierce and lavish hand,
Scattering nations' wealth like sand ;
Pouring nations' blood like water,
In imperial seas of slaughter !
But the heart, and the mind,
And the voice of mankind
Shall arise in communion—
And who shall resist that proud union ?
The time is past when swords subdued—
Man may die—the soul's renewed :
Even in this low world of care,
Freedom ne'er shall want an heir ;
Millions breathe, but to inherit
Her unconquerable spirit—
When once more her hosts assemble
Let the tyrants only tremble ;—
Smile they at this idle threat ?
Crimson tears will follow yet,

THE END.

