

F A L K L A N D.

THE SIAMESE TWINS.

MILTON, A POEM.

BY

EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

LEIPZIG,

FREDERICK FLEISCHER.

1835.

T H E

COMPLETE WORKS

O F

E. L. B U L W E R.

V O L. IX.

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F A L K L A N D.

R. Vous comptez sur peu d'imitateurs.

N. Vel duo vel nemo!

Préface de la Nouvelle Héloïse.

P R E F A C E.

I TRUST that I shall not be considered to despise, when I disclaim for this publication, the title of a Novel. I feel, on the contrary, that to most readers it will be less, and can scarcely flatter myself that to a few it will be more. For one class, my work will be too frivolous; for another too dull. The cold will be displeased, and the sanguine disappointed; the former with descriptions of feelings they cannot recognise as true; the latter with reflections upon life inimical to the philosophy they adopt. Whatever has been my motive for publishing, it was not the anticipation of success; and probably no one, in making a similar experiment, has ever claimed more sincerely the merit of diffidence as to the result.

Perhaps, however altered for publication, the first idea of this history had its foundation in fact; perhaps, among the letters now given to the world in the hope that they may "point a moral," there are some not originally written to "adorn a tale;" but this would be mat-

ter of idle affirmation in me, and unavailing inquiry in others. Nor would it be any answer to those who may find the characters unnatural, and the sentiments exaggerated, could I assert that the characters had existed, and the sentiments had been felt: in a state of society, where all things are artificial, nothing seems so false as that which is really true.

I have some apprehensions lest by those readers, who judge of the whole only by a part, the end of this work should be censured because misunderstood. I have some apprehensions lest occasional descriptions be considered too vividly coloured, or sketches of feeling too faithfully portrayed; but let it be remembered, before I am condemned, that no mistake has been so great (though so common) in morals, as to lay down a penalty without particularising the offence; and, if I have copied truth in showing the punishment, it was necessary also to study the same model in recording the annals of the passions. But, though I confess I have aimed at a resemblance, I have carefully avoided an embellishment: never once in the picture of guilt have I attempted to varnish its misery, or to gloss over its shame. If my story has been founded on the errors of the heart, it is because the most useful of morals may be gathered from the consequences they bring.

In the character of Falkland I have wished to show that all virtue is weak, and that all wisdom is unavailing, where there is no pervading and fixed principle to become

at once our criterion for every new variation of conduct, and our pledge for pursuing, if we have once resolved to adopt it. Nor is it only in the general plot, but in the scattered reflections it embraces, that I have attempted to realise what ought to be the great object of all human compositions.

If it be the good fortune of this volume to meet with some to whom the passions have been the tutors of reflection, who deem that observations on our nature, even if erroneous in themselves, are always beneficial to truth, and who think that more knowledge of the secret heart may often be condensed into a single thought than scattered over a thousand events; if it be the good fortune of this volume to meet with such, it is to them that I fearlessly entrust it—not, indeed, to be approved in its execution, but at least to be acquitted in its design.

It now only remains to be added, that in entering a career with no motive and ambition in common with those of his competitors, the Author earnestly trusts that he shall be exonerated from the charge of presumption, if he cannot adopt the language of hope or apprehension which is customary with others: men who pretend to experience, not to genius, are less likely to miscalculate the bounds of their merits, or be susceptible to general opinion as to their extent. If the author has reflected erroneously, it is because events have led him rather to embody his own than to borrow the conclusions of another: if he has offended in his delineation of the feel-

ings, it is because he has wrought from no model but remembrance; and if he cannot now feel much eagerness of interest in the success of his attempt, it is because, from his acquaintance with mankind, he has shaped out an empire for himself which their praise cannot widen, and which their censure is unable to destroy.

London, March 7, 1827.

F A L K L A N D.

B O O K I.

FROM ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ. TO THE HON.
FREDERICK MONKTON.

L—, May —, 1822.

You are mistaken, my dear Monkton! Your description of the gaiety of “the season” gives me no emotion. You speak of pleasure; I remember no labour so wearisome: you enlarge upon its changes; no sameness appears to me so monotonous. Keep, then, your pity for those who require it. From the height of my philosophy I compassionate *you*. No one is so vain as a recluse; and your jests at my hermitship and hermitage cannot penetrate the folds of a self-conceit, which does not envy you in your suppers at D— House, nor even in your waltzes with Eleanor —.

It is a ruin rather than a house which I inhabit. I have not been at L— since my return from abroad, and during those years the place has gone rapidly to decay; perhaps, for that reason, it suits me better, *tel maître telle maison*.

Of all my possessions this is the least valuable in itself, and derives the least interest from the associations of childhood, for it was not at L—— that any part of that period was spent. I have, however, chosen it for my present retreat, because here only I am personally unknown, and therefore little likely to be disturbed. I do not, indeed, wish for the interruptions designed as civilities; I rather gather around myself, link after link, the chains that connected me with the world; I find among my own thoughts that variety and occupation which you only experience in your intercourse with others; and I make, like the Chinese, my map of the universe consist of a circle in a square — the circle is my own empire of thought *and self*; and it is to the scanty corners which it leaves without, that I banish whatever belongs to the remainder of mankind.

About a mile from L—— is Mr. Mandeville's beautiful villa of E——, in the midst of grounds which form a delightful contrast to the savage and wild scenery by which they are surrounded. As the house is at present quite deserted, I have obtained, through the gardener, a free admittance into his domains, and I pass there whole hours, indulging, like the hero of the *Lutrin*, "*une sainte oisiveté*," listening to a little noisy brook, and letting my thoughts be almost as vague and idle as the birds which wander among the trees that surround me. I could wish, indeed, that this simile were in all things correct — that those thoughts, if as free, were also as happy as the objects of my comparison; and could, like them, after the roving of the day, turn at evening to a resting-place, and be still. We are the dupes and the victims of our senses: while we use them to gather from external things the hoards that we store within, we cannot

foresee the punishments we prepare for ourselves. The remembrance which stings, and the hope which deceives, the passions which promise us rapture, which reward us with despair, and the thoughts which, if they constitute the healthful action, make also the feverish excitement of our minds. What sick man has not dreamt in his delirium every thing that our philosophers have said! * But I am growing into my old habit of gloomy reflection, and it is time that I should conclude. I meant to have written you a letter as light as your own; if I have failed it is no wonder. — “Notre cœur est un instrument incomplet — une lyre où il manque des cordes, et où nous sommes forcés de rendre les accens de la joie, sur le ton consacré aux soupirs.”

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

You ask me to give you some sketch of my life, and of that *bel mondo* which wearied me so soon. Men seldom reject an opportunity to talk of themselves; and I am not unwilling to re-examine the past, to reconnect it with the present, and to gather from a consideration of each what hopes and expectations are still left to me for the future.

But my detail must be rather of thought than of action: most of those whose fate has been connected with mine are now living, and I would not, even to you, break that tacit confidence which much of my history would require. After all, you will have no loss. The actions

* Quid ægrotus unquam somniavit quod philosophorum aliquis non dixerit? — Lactantius.

of another may interest — but, for the most part, it is only his reflections which come home to us; for few have acted, nearly all of us have thought.

My own vanity too would be unwilling to enter upon incidents which had their origin either in folly or in error. It is true that those follies and errors have ceased, but their effects remain. With years our *faults* diminish, but our *vices* increase.

You know that my mother was Spanish, and that my father was one of that old race of which so few scions remain, who, living in a distant country, have been little influenced by the changes of fashion, and priding themselves on the antiquity of their names, have looked with contempt upon the modern distinctions and the mushroom noblesse which have sprung up to discountenance and eclipse the plainness of more venerable and solid respectability. In his youth my father had served in the army. He had known much of men and more of books; but his knowledge, instead of rooting out, had rather been engrafted on his prejudices. He was one of that class (and I say it with a private reverence, though a public regret,) who, with the best intentions, have made the worst citizens, and who think it a duty to perpetuate whatever is pernicious by having learnt to consider it as sacred. He was a great country gentleman, a great sportsman, and a great Tory; perhaps the three worst enemies which a country can have. Though beneficent to the poor, he gave but a cold reception to the rich; for he was too refined to associate with his inferiors, and too proud to like the competition of his equals. One ball and two dinners a-year constituted all the aristocratic portion of our hospitality, and at the age of twelve, the noblest and youngest companions that I

possessed, were a large Danish dog and a wild mountain pony, as unbroken and as lawless as myself. It is only in later years that we can perceive the immeasurable importance of the early scenes and circumstances which surround us. It was in the loneliness of my unchecked wanderings that my early affection for my own thoughts was conceived. In the seclusion of Nature—in whatever court she presided—the education of my mind was begun; and, even at that early age, I rejoiced (like the wild hart the Grecian poet* has described) in the stillness of the great woods, and the solitudes unbroken by human footstep.

The first change in my life was under melancholy auspices: my father fell suddenly ill, and died; and my mother, whose very existence seemed only held in his presence, followed him in three months. I remember that, a few hours before her death, she called me to her: she reminded me that, through her, I was of Spanish extraction; that in her country I received my birth, and that, not the less for its degradation and distress, I might hereafter find in the relations which I held to it a remembrance to value, or even a duty to fulfil. On her tenderness to me at that hour, on the impression it made upon my mind, and on the keen and enduring sorrow which I felt for months after her death, it would be useless to dwell.

My uncle became my guardian. He is, you know, a member of parliament of some reputation; very sensible and very dull; very much respected by men, very much disliked by women; and inspiring all children, of either sex, with the same unmitigated aversion which he feels for them himself.

* Eurip. *Bacchæ*, l. 874.

I did not remain long under his immediate care. I was soon sent to school — that preparatory world, where the great primal principles of human nature, in the aggression of the strong and the meanness of the weak, constitute the earliest lesson of importance that we are taught; and where the forced *primitiæ* of that less universal knowledge which is useless to the many, who, in after life, neglect, and bitter to the few who improve it, are the first motives for which our minds are to be broken to terror, and our hearts initiated into tears.

Bold and resolute by temper, I soon carved myself a sort of career among my associates. A hatred to all oppression, and a haughty and unyielding character, made me at once the fear and aversion of the greater powers and principalities of the school; while my agility at all boyish games, and my ready assistance or protection to every one who required it, made me proportionally popular with, and courted by, the humbler multitude of the subordinate classes. I was constantly surrounded by the most lawless and mischievous followers whom the school could afford; all eager for my commands, and all pledged to their execution.

In good truth, I was a worthy Roland of such a gang: though I excelled in, I cared little for, the ordinary amusements of the school: I was fonder of engaging in marauding expeditions contrary to our legislative restrictions, and I valued myself equally upon my boldness in planning our exploits, and my dexterity in eluding their discovery. But exactly in proportion as our school-terms connected me with those of my own years, did our vacations unfit me for any intimate companionship but that which I already began to discover in myself.

Twice in the year, when I went home, it was to that wild and romantic part of the country where my former childhood had been spent. There, alone and unchecked, I was thrown utterly upon my own resources. I wandered, by day, over the rude scenes which surrounded us; and at evening I pored, with an unwearied delight, over the ancient legends which made those scenes sacred to my imagination. I grew by degrees of a more thoughtful and visionary nature. My temper imbibed the romance of my studies; and whether, in winter, basking by the large hearth of our old hall, or stretched, in the indolent voluptuousness of summer, by the rushing streams which formed the chief characteristic of the country around us, my hours were equally wasted in those dim and luxurious dreams, which constituted, perhaps, the essence of that poetry I had not the genius to embody. It was then, by that alternate restlessness of action and idleness of reflection, into which my young years were divided, that the impress of my character was stamped: that fitfulness of temper, that affection for extremes has accompanied me through life. Hence, not only all intermediums of emotion appear to me as tame, but even the most overwrought excitation can bring neither novelty nor zest. I have, as it were, feasted upon the passions; I have made that my daily food, which, in its strength and excess would have been poison to others; I have rendered my mind unable to enjoy the ordinary aliments of nature; and I have wasted, by a premature indulgence, my resources and my powers, till I have left my heart, without a remedy or a hope, to whatever disorders its own intemperance has engendered.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

WHEN I left Dr. —'s, I was sent to a private tutor in D——e. Here I continued for about two years. It was during that time that — but what *then* beset me is for no living ear! The characters of that history are engraven on my heart in letters of fire; but it is a language that none but myself have the authority to read. It is enough for the purpose of my confessions that the events of that period were connected with the first awakening of the most powerful of human passions, and that, whatever their commencement, their end was despair! and *she* — the object of that love — the only being in the world who ever possessed the secret and the spell of my nature — *her* life was the bitterness and the fever of a troubled heart, — her rest is the grave —

Non la conobbe il mondo mentre l' ebbe
Conobbi l' io, ch' a pianger qui rimasi.

That attachment was not so much a single event as the first link in a long chain which was coiled around my heart. It were a tedious and bitter history, even were it permitted, to tell you of all the sins and misfortunes to which in after-life that passion was connected. I will only speak of the more hidden but general effect it had upon my mind; though, indeed, naturally inclined to a morbid and melancholy philosophy, it is more than probable, but for that occurrence, that it would never have found matter for excitement. Thrown early among mankind, I should early have imbibed their feelings, and grown like them by the influence of custom. I should not have carried within me one unceasing remembrance,

which was to teach me, like Faustus, to find nothing in knowledge but its inutility, or in hope but its deceit; and to bear like him, through the blessings of youth and the allurements of pleasure, the curse and the presence of a fiend.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

IT was after the first violent grief produced by that train of circumstances to which I must necessarily so darkly allude, that I began to apply with earnestness to books. Night and day I devoted myself unceasingly to study, and from this fit I was only recovered by the long and dangerous illness it produced. Alas! there is no fool like him who wishes for knowledge! It is only through woe that we are taught to reflect, and we gather the honey of worldly wisdom, not from flowers, but thorns.

“Une grande passion malheureuse est un grand moyen the sagesse.” From the moment in which the buoyancy of my spirit was first broken by real anguish, the losses of the *heart* were repaired by the experience of the *mind*. I passed at once, like Melmoth, from youth to age. What were any longer to me the ordinary avocations of my contemporaries? I had exhausted years in moments — I had wasted, like the Eastern Queen, my richest jewel in a draught. I ceased to hope, to feel, to act, to burn: such are the impulses of the young! I learned to doubt, to reason, to analyse: such are the habits of the old! From that time, if I have not averted the pleasures of life, I have not enjoyed them. Women,

wine, the society of the gay, the commune of the wise, the lonely pursuit of knowledge, the daring visions of ambition, all have occupied me in turn, and all alike have deceived me; but, like the Widow in the story of Voltaire; I have built at last a temple to "Time, the Comforter:" I have grown calm and unrepining with years; and, if I am now shrinking from men, I have derived at least this advantage from the loneliness first made habitual by regret; — that while I feel increased benevolence to others, I have learned to look for happiness only in myself.

They alone are independent of Fortune who have made themselves a separate existence from the world.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

I WENT to the University with a great fund of general reading, and habits of constant application. My uncle, who having no children of his own, began to be ambitious for me, formed great expectations of my career at Oxford. I stayed there three years, and did nothing! I did not gain a single prize, nor did I attempt any thing above the most ordinary degree. The fact is, that nothing seemed to me worth the labour of success. I conversed with those who had obtained the highest academical reputation, and I smiled with a consciousness of superiority at the boundlessness of their vanity, and the narrowness of their views. The limits of the distinction they had gained seemed to them as wide as the most extended renown; and the little knowledge their youth had acquired only appeared to them an excuse for the ignorance and the indolence of maturer years. Was

it to equal these that I was to labour? I felt that I already surpassed them! Was it to gain *their* good opinion, or, still worse, that of their admirers? Alas! I had too long learned to live for myself to find any happiness in the respect of the idlers I despised.

I left Oxford at the age of twenty-one. I succeeded to the large estates of my inheritance, and for the first time I felt the vanity so natural to youth when I went up to London to enjoy the resources of the Capital, and to display the powers I possessed to revel in whatever those resources could yield. I found society like the Jewish temple: any one is admitted into its threshold; none but the chiefs of the institution into its recesses.

Young, rich, of an ancient and honourable name, pursuing pleasure rather as a necessary excitement than an occasional occupation, and agreeable to the associates I drew around me because my profusion contributed to their enjoyment, and my temper to their amusement — I found myself courted by many, and avoided by none. I soon discovered that all civility is but the mask of design. I smiled at the kindness of the fathers who, hearing that I was talented, and knowing that I was rich, looked to my support in whatever political side they had espoused. I saw in the notes of the mothers their anxiety for the establishment of their daughters, and their respect for my acres; and in the cordiality of the sons who had horses to sell, and rouge-et-noir debts to pay, I detected all that veneration for my money which implied such contempt for its possessor. By nature observant, and by misfortune sarcastic, I looked upon the various colourings of society with a searching and philosophic eye: I unravelled the intricacies which knit servility with arrogance, and meanness with ostentation;

and I traced to its sources that universal vulgarity of inward sentiment and external manner, which, in all classes, appears to me to constitute the only unvarying characteristic of our countrymen. In proportion as I increased my knowledge of others, I shrunk with a deeper disappointment and dejection into my own resources. The first moment of real happiness which I experienced for a whole year was when I found myself about to seek, beneath the influence of other skies, that more extended acquaintance with my species which might either draw me to them with a closer connection, or at least reconcile me to the ties which already existed.

I will not dwell upon my adventures abroad: there is little to interest others in a recital which awakens no interest in oneself. I sought for wisdom, and I acquired but knowledge. I thirsted for the truth, the tenderness of love, and I found but its fever and its falsehood. Like the two Florimels of Spenser, I mistook, in my delirium, the delusive fabrication of the senses for the divine reality of the heart; and I only awoke from my deceit when the phantom I had worshipped melted into snow. Whatever I pursued partook of the energy, yet fitfulness of my nature; mingling to-day in the tumults of the city, and to-morrow alone with my own heart in the solitude of unpeopled nature; now revelling in the wildest excesses, and now tracing, with a painful and unwearied search, the intricacies of science; alternately governing others, and subdued by the tyranny which my own passions imposed—I passed through the ordeal unshrinking, yet not unscathed. “The education of life,” says De Staël, “perfects the thinking mind, but depraves the frivolous.” I do not inquire, Monkton, to which of these classes I belong; but I feel too well, that though my

mind has not been depraved, it has found no perfection but in misfortune; and that whatever be the acquirements of later years, they have nothing which can compensate for the losses of our youth.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

I RETURNED to England. I entered again upon the theatre of its world; but I mixed now more in its greater than its lesser pursuits. I looked rather at the mass than the leaven of mankind; and while I felt aversion for the few whom I knew, I glowed with philanthropy for the crowd which I knew not.

It is in contemplating men at a distance that we become benevolent. When we mix with them, we suffer by the contact, and grow, if not malicious from the injury, at least selfish from the circumspection which our safety imposes: but when, while we feel our relationship, we are not galled by the tie; when neither jealousy, nor envy, nor resentment are excited, we have nothing to interfere with those more complacent and kindly sentiments which our earliest impressions have rendered natural to our hearts. We may fly men in hatred because they have galled us, but the feeling ceases with the cause: none will willingly feed long upon bitter thoughts. It is thus that, while in the narrow circle in which we move we suffer daily from those who approach us, we can, in spite of our resentment to *them*, glow with a general benevolence to the wider relations from which we are remote; that while smarting beneath the treachery of friendship, the sting of ingratiation

tude, the faithlessness of love, we would almost sacrifice our lives to realize some idolized theory of legislation; and that, distrustful, calculating, selfish in private, there are thousands who would, with a credulous fanaticism, fling themselves as victims before that unrecompensing Moloch which they term the Public.

Living, then, much by myself, but reflecting much upon the world, I learned to love mankind. Philanthropy brought ambition; for I was ambitious, not for my own aggrandizement, but for the service of others—for the poor—the toiling—the degraded: these constituted that part of my fellow beings which I the most loved, for these were bound to me by the most engaging of all human ties—misfortune! I began to enter into the intrigues of the state; I extended my observation and inquiry from individuals to nations; I examined into the mysteries of the science which has arisen in these later days to give the lie to the wisdom of the past, to reduce into the simplicity of problems the intricacies of political knowledge, to teach us the fallacy of the system which had governed by restriction, and imagined that the happiness of nations depended upon the perpetual interference of its rulers; and to prove to us that the only unerring policy of art is to leave a free and unobstructed progress to the hidden energies and providence of Nature. But it was not only the *theoretical* investigation of the state which employed me. I mixed, though in secret, with the agents of its springs. While I seemed only intent upon pleasure, I locked in my heart the consciousness and vanity of power. In the levity of the lip I disguised the workings and the knowledge of the brain; and I looked, as with a gifted eye, upon the mysteries of the hidden depths, while I seemed to

float an idler, with the herd, only on the surface of the stream.

Why was I disgusted, when I had but to put forth my hand and grasp whatever object my ambition might desire? Alas! there was in my heart always something too soft for the aims and cravings of mind. I felt that I was wasting the young years of my life in a barren and wearisome pursuit. What to me, who had out-lived vanity, would have been the admiration of the crowd? I sighed for the sympathy of *the one!* and I shrunk in sadness from the prospect of renown to ask my heart for the reality of love! For what purpose, too, had I devoted myself to the service of men? As I grew more sensible of the labour of pursuing, I saw more of the inutility of accomplishing, individual measures. There is one great and moving order of events which we may retard, but we cannot arrest, and to which, if we endeavour to hasten them, we only give a dangerous and unnatural impetus. Often, when in the fever of the midnight, I have paused from my unshared and unsoftened studies, to listen to the deadly pulsation of my heart, * when I have felt in its painful and tumultuous beating the very life waning and wasting within me, I have sickened to my inmost soul to remember that, amongst all those whom I was exhausting the health and enjoyment of youth to benefit, there was not one for whom my life had an interest, or by whom my death would be honoured by a tear. There is a beautiful passage in Chalmers on the want of sympathy we experience in the world. From my earliest childhood I had one deep, engrossing, yearning desire, — and that was

* Falkland suffered much, from very early youth, from a complaint in his heart.

to love and to be loved. I found, too young, the realization of that dream — it past! and I have never known it again. The experience of long and bitter years teaches me to look with suspicion on that far recollection of the past, and to doubt if this earth could indeed produce a living form to satisfy the visions of one who has dwelt among the boyish creations of fancy — who has shaped out in his heart an imaginary idol, arrayed it in whatever is most beautiful in nature, and breathed into the image the pure but burning spirit of that innate love from which it sprung! It is true that my manhood has been the undeceiver of my youth, and that the meditation upon facts has disenthralled me from the visionary broodings over fiction; but what remuneration have I found in reality? If the line of the satyrist be not true, “*Souvent de tous nos maux la raison est le pire*,”* — at least, like the madman of whom he speaks, I owe but little gratitude to the act which, “in drawing me from my error, had robbed me also of a paradise.”

I am approaching the conclusion of my' confessions. Men who have no ties in the world, and who have been accustomed to solitude, find, with every disappointment in the former, a greater yearning for the enjoyments which the latter can afford. Day by day I relapsed more into myself; “man delighted me not, nor woman either.” In my ambition, it was not in the means, but the end that I was disappointed. In my friends, I complained not of treachery, but insipidity; and it was not because I was deserted, but wearied by more tender connections, that I ceased to find either excitement in seeking, or triumph in obtaining, their love.

* Boileau.

It was not, then, in a momentary disgust, but rather in the calm of satiety, that I formed that resolution of retirement which I have adopted now.

Shrinking from my kind, but too young to live wholly for myself, I have made a new tie with nature; I have come to cement it here. I am like a bird which has wandered afar, but has returned home to its nest at last. But there is one feeling which had its origin in the world, and which accompanies me still; which consecrates my recollections of the past; which contributes to take its gloom from the solitude of the present:—Do you ask me its nature, Monkton? It is my friendship for you.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

I wish that I could convey to you, dear Monkton, the faintest idea of the pleasures of indolence. You belong to that class which is of all the most busy, though the least active. Men of pleasure never have time for any thing. No lawyer, no statesman, no bustling, hurrying, restless underling of the counter or the Exchange, is so eternally occupied as a loungeur “about town.” He is linked to labour by a series of undefinable nothings. His independence and idleness only serve to fetter and engross him, and his leisure seems held upon the condition of never having a moment to himself. Would that you could see me at this instant in the luxury of my summer retreat, surrounded by the trees, the waters, the wild birds, and the hum, the glow, the exultation which teem visibly and audibly through creation in the noon of a summer’s day! I am undisturbed by a single

intruder. I am unoccupied by a single pursuit. I suffer one moment to glide into another, without the remembrance that the next must be filled up by some laborious pleasure, or some wearisome enjoyment. It is here that I feel all the powers, and gather together all the resources of my mind. I recall my recollections of men; and, unbiassed by the passions and prejudices which we do not experience *alone*, because their very existence depends upon others, I endeavour to perfect my knowledge of the human heart. He who would acquire that better science must arrange and analyse in private the experience he has collected in the crowd. Alas, Monkton, when you have expressed surprise at the gloom which is so habitual to my temper, did it never occur to you that my acquaintance with the world would alone be sufficient to account for it? — that knowledge is neither for the good nor the happy. Who can touch pitch, and not be defiled? Who can look upon the workings of grief and rejoice, or associate with guilt and be pure?

It has been by mingling with men, not only in their *haunts* but their *emotions*, that I have learned to know them. I have descended into the receptacles of vice; I have taken lessons from the brothel and the hell; I have watched feeling in its unguarded sallies, and drawn from the impulse of the moment conclusions which gave the lie to the previous conduct of years. But all knowledge brings us disappointment, and *this* knowledge the most — the satiety of good, the suspicion of evil, the decay of our young dreams, the premature iciness of age, the reckless, aimless, joyless, indifference which follows an overwrought and feverish excitation — *These* constitute the lot of men who have renounced *hope* in the acquisi-

tion of *thought*, and who, in learning the motives of human actions, learn only to despise the persons and the things which enchanted them like divinities before.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

I TOLD you, dear Monkton, in my first letter, of my favourite retreat in Mr. Mandeville's grounds. I have grown so attached to it, that I spend the greater part of the day there. I am not one of those persons who always perambulate with a book in their hands, as if neither nature nor their own reflections could afford them any rational amusement. I go there more frequently *en paresseux* than *en savant*: a small brooklet which runs through the grounds, broadens at last into a deep, clear, transparent lake. Here fir, and elm, and oak, fling their branches over the margin; and beneath their shade I pass all the hours of noon-day in the luxuries of a dreamer's reverie. It is true, however, that I am never less idle than when I appear the most so. I am like Prospero in his desert island, and surround myself with spirits. A spell trembles upon the leaves; every wave comes fraught to me with its peculiar music; and an Ariel seems to whisper the secrets of every breeze, which comes to my forehead laden with the perfumes of the West. But do not think, Monkton, that it is only good spirits which haunt the recesses of my solitude. To push the metaphor to exaggeration — Memory is my Sycorax, and Gloom is the Caliban she conceives. But let me digress from myself to my less idle occupations: — I have of late diverted my thoughts in some measure

by a recurrence to a study to which I once was particularly devoted — history. Have you ever remarked, that people who live the most by themselves, reflect the most upon others ; and that he who lives surrounded by the million, never thinks of any but the one individual — himself? Philosophers — moralists — historians, whose thoughts, labours, lives, have been devoted to the consideration of mankind, or the analysis of public events, have usually been remarkably attached to solitude and seclusion. We are indeed so linked to our fellow-beings, that, where we are not chained to them by action, we are carried to and connected with them by thought.

I have just quitted the observations of my favourite Bolingbroke upon history. I cannot agree with him as to its utility. The more I consider, the more I am convinced that its study has been upon the whole pernicious to mankind. It is by those details, which are always as unfair in their inference as they must evidently be doubtful in their facts, that party animosity and general prejudice are supported and sustained. There is not one abuse — one intolerance — one remnant of ancient barbarity and ignorance existing at the present day, which is not advocated, and actually confirmed by some vague deduction from the bigotry of an illiterate chronicler, or the obscurity of an uncertain legend. It is through the constant appeal to our ancestors that we transmit wretchedness and wrong to our posterity : we should require to corroborate an evil originating in the present day, the clearest and most satisfactory proof ; but the minutest defence is sufficient for an evil handed down to us by the barbarism of antiquity. We reason from what even in old times was dubious, as if we were adducing what was certain in those in which we live.

And thus we have made no sanction to abuses so powerful as history, and no enemy to the present like the past.

FROM THE LADY EMILY MANDEVILLE TO MRS.
ST. JOHN.

At last, my dear Julia, I am settled in my beautiful retreat. Mrs. Dalton and Lady Margaret Leslie are all whom I could prevail upon to accompany me. Mr. Mandeville is full of the corn-laws. He is chosen chairman to a select committee in the House. He is murmuring agricultural distresses in his sleep; and when I asked him occasionally to come down here to see me, he started from a reverie, and exclaimed — “Never, Mr. Speaker, as a landed proprietor; never will I consent to my own ruin.”

My boy, my own, my beautiful companion, is with me. I wish you could see how fast he can run, and how sensibly he can talk. “What a fine figure he has for his age!” said I to Mr. Mandeville the other day: “Figure? age?” said his father; “in the House of Commons he shall make a figure to every age.” I know that in writing to you, you will not be contented if I do not say a great deal about myself. I shall therefore proceed to tell you, that I feel already much better from the air and exercise of the journey, from the conversation of my two guests, and, above all, from the constant society of my dear boy. He was three last birth-day. I think that at the age of twenty-one, I am the least childish of the two. Pray remember me to all in town who have not quite forgotten me. Beg Lady —— to send Elizabeth a subscription ticket for Almack’s, and — oh talking of Al-

mack's, I think my boy's eyes are even more blue and beautiful than Lady C — —'s.

Adieu, my dear Julia,
Ever, &c.

E. M.

Lady Emily Mandeville was the daughter of the Duke of Lindvale. She married, at the age of sixteen, a man of large fortune, and some parliamentary reputation. Neither in person nor in character was he much beneath or above the ordinary standard of men. He was one of Nature's Macadamized achievements. His great fault was his equality; and you longed for a hill though it were to climb, or a stone though it were in your way. Love attaches itself to something prominent, even if that something be what others would hate. One can scarcely feel extremes for mediocrity. The few years Lady Emily had been married, had but little altered her character. Quick in feeling, though regulated in temper; gay, less from levity, than from that first *spring-tide* of a heart which has never yet known occasion to be sad; beautiful and pure, as an enthusiast's dream of heaven, yet bearing within the latent and powerful passion and tenderness of earth; she mixed with all a simplicity and innocence which the extreme earliness of her marriage, and the ascetic temper of her husband, had tended less to diminish than increase. She had much of what is termed genius—its warmth of emotion—its vividness of conception—its admiration for the grand—its affection for the good, and that dangerous contempt for whatever is mean and worthless, the very indulgence of which is an offence against the habits of the world. Her tastes were, however, too feminine and chaste ever to render

her eccentric: they were rather calculated to conceal, than to publish the deeper recesses of her nature; and it was beneath that polished surface of manner common to those with whom she mixed, that she hid the treasures of a mine which no human eye had beheld.

Her health, naturally delicate, had lately suffered much from the dissipation of London, and it was by the advice of her physicians that she had now come to spend the summer at E——. Lady Margaret Leslie, who was old enough to be tired with the caprices of society, and Mrs. Dalton, who, having just lost her husband, was forbidden at present to partake of its amusements, had agreed to accompany her to her retreat. Neither of them was perhaps much suited to Emily's temper, but youth and spirits make almost any one congenial to us: it is from the years which confirm our habits, and the reflections which refine our taste, that it becomes easy to revolt us, and difficult to please.

On the third day after Emily's arrival at E——, she was sitting after breakfast with Lady Margaret and Mrs. Dalton. "Pray," said the former, "did you ever meet my relation, Mr. Falkland? he is in your immediate neighbourhood." "Never; though I have a great curiosity: that fine old ruin beyond the village belongs to him, I believe." "It does: you ought to know him: you would like him so!" "Like him?" repeated Mrs. Dalton, who was one of those persons of *ton* who, though every thing collectively, are nothing individually; — "Like him? impossible!" "Why," said Lady Margaret, indignantly, "he has every requisite to please — youth, talent, fascination of manner, and great knowledge of the world." "Well," said Mrs. Dalton, "I cannot say I discovered his perfections. He seemed to me conceited

and satirical, and — and — in short, very disagreeable; *but then, to be sure, I have only seen him once.*” “I have heard many accounts of him,” said Emily, “all differing from each other: I think, however, that the generality of people rather incline to Mrs. Dalton’s opinion than to yours, Lady Margaret.” “I can easily believe it. It is very seldom that he takes the trouble to please; but when he does, he is irresistible. Very little, however, is generally known respecting him. Since he came of age, he has been much abroad; and when in England, he never entered with eagerness into society. He is supposed to possess very extraordinary powers, which, added to his large fortune and ancient name, have procured him a consideration and rank rarely enjoyed by one so young. He has refused repeated offers to enter into public life; but he is very intimate with one of the ministers, who, it is said, has had the address to profit much by his abilities. All other particulars concerning him are extremely uncertain. Of his person and manners you had better judge yourself; for I am sure, Emily, that my petition for inviting him here is already granted.” “By all means,” said Emily: “you cannot be more anxious to see him than I am.” And so the conversation dropped. Lady Margaret went to the library; Mrs. Dalton seated herself on the ottoman, dividing her attention between the last novel and her Italian greyhound; and Emily left the room in order to revisit her former and favourite haunts. Her young son was her companion, and she was not sorry that he was her only one. To be the instructress of an infant, a mother should be its playmate; and Emily was, perhaps, wiser than she imagined, when she ran with a laughing eye and a light foot over the grass, occupying herself

almost with the same earnestness as her child in the same infantine amusements. As they passed the wood which led to the lake at the bottom of the grounds, the boy, who was before Emily, suddenly stopped. She came hastily up to him; and scarcely two paces before, though half hid by the steep bank of the lake beneath which he reclined, she saw a man apparently asleep. A volume of Shakspeare lay beside him: the child had seized it. As she took it from him in order to replace it, her eye rested upon the passage the boy had accidentally opened. How often in after days was that passage recalled as an omen! it was the following:—

Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history —
The course of true love never did run smooth!

Midsummer Night's Dream.

As she laid the book gently down, she caught a glimpse of the countenance of the sleeper: never did she forget the expression which it wore, — stern, proud, mournful even in repose!

She did not wait for him to awake. She hurried home through the trees. All that day she was silent and abstracted; the face haunted her like a dream. Strange as it may seem, she spoke neither to Lady Margaret nor to Mrs. Dalton of her adventure. *Why?* Is there in our hearts any prescience of their misfortunes?

On the next day, Falkland, who had received and accepted Lady Margaret's invitation, was excepted to dinner. Emily felt a strong yet excusable curiosity to see one of whom she had heard so many and such contradictory reports. She was alone in the saloon when he entered. At the first glance she recognized the person

she had met by the lake on the day before, and she blushed deeply as she replied to his salutation. To her great relief Lady Margaret and Mrs. Dalton entered in a few minutes, and the conversation grew general.

Falkland had but little of what is called animation in manner; but his wit, though it rarely led to mirth, was sarcastic yet refined, and the vividness of his imagination threw a brilliancy and originality over remarks which in others might have been common-place and tame.

The conversation turned chiefly upon society; and though Lady Margaret had told her he had entered but little into its ordinary routine, Emily was struck alike by his accurate acquaintance with men, and the justice of his reflections upon manners. There also mingled with his satire an occasional melancholy of feeling, which appeared to Emily the more touching because it was always unexpected and unassumed. It was after one of these remarks, that for the first time she ventured to examine into the charm and peculiarity of the countenance of the speaker. There was spread over it that expression of mingled energy and languor, which betokens that much, whether of thought, sorrow, passion, or action, has been undergone, but resisted; has wearied, but not subdued. In the broad and noble brow, in the chiselled lip, and the melancholy depths of the calm and thoughtful eye, there sat a resolution and a power, which, though mournful, were not without their pride; which, if they had borne the worst, had also defied it. Notwithstanding his mother's country, his complexion was fair and pale; and his hair, of a light chestnut, fell in large *antique* curls over his forehead. That forehead, indeed, constituted the principal feature of his countenance.

It was neither in its height nor expansion alone that its remarkable beauty consisted; but if ever thought to conceive, and courage to execute high designs were embodied and visible, they were imprinted *there*.

Falkland did not stay long after dinner; but to Lady Margaret he promised all that she required of future length and frequency in his visits. When he left the room, Lady Emily went instinctively to the window to watch him depart; and all that night his low soft voice rung in her ear, like the music of an indistinct and half-remembered dream.

FROM MR. MANDEVILLE TO LADY EMILY.

DEAR EMILY,

BUSINESS of great importance to the country has prevented my writing to you before. I hope you have continued well since I heard from you last, and that you do all you can to preserve that retrenchment of unnecessary expenses, and observe that attention to a prudent economy, which is no less incumbent upon individuals than nations.

Thinking that you must be dull at E——, and ever anxious both to entertain and to improve you, I send you an excellent publication by Mr. Tooke,* together with my own two last speeches, corrected by myself.

Trusting to hear from you soon, I am, with best love to Henry,

Very affectionately yours,

JOHN MANDEVILLE.

* The Political Economist?

FROM ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ. TO THE HON.
FREDERICK MONKTON.*

WELL, Monkton, I have been to E——; that important even in my monastic life has been concluded. Lady Margaret was as talkative as usual; and a Mrs. Dalton, who, I find, is an acquaintance of yours, asked very tenderly after your poodle and yourself. But Lady Emily! Aye, Monkton, I know not well how to describe *her* to you. Her beauty interests not less than it dazzles. There is that deep and eloquent softness in her every word and action, which, of all charms, is the most dangerous. Yet she is rather of a playful than of the melancholy and pensive nature which generally accompanies such gentleness of manner; but there is no levity in her character; nor is that playfulness of spirit ever carried into the exhilaration of what we call “mirth.” She seems, if I may use the antithesis, at once too feeling to be gay, and too innocent to be sad. I remember having frequently met her husband. Cold and pompous, without any thing to interest the imagination, or engage the affections, I am not able to conceive a person less congenial to his beautiful and romantic wife. But she must have been exceedingly young when she married him; and she, probably, knows not yet that she is to be pitied because she has not yet learned that she can love.

Le veggio in fronte amor come in suo seggio
Sul crin, negli occhi — su le labra amore
Sol d'intorno al suo cuore amor non veggio.

* A letter from Falkland, mentioning Lady Margaret's invitation, has been omitted.

I have been twice to her house since my first admission there. I love to listen to that soft and enchanting voice, and to escape from the gloom of my own reflections to the brightness, yet simplicity, of hers. In my earlier days this comfort would have been attended with danger; but we grow callous from the excess of feeling. We cannot re-illumine ashes! I can gaze upon her dream-like beauty, and not experience a single desire which can sully the purity of my worship. I listen to her voice when it melts in endearment over her birds, her flowers, or, in a deeper devotion, over her child; but my heart does not thrill at the tenderness of the sound. I touch her hand, and the pulses of my own are as calm as before. Satiety of the past is our best safeguard from the temptations of the future; and the perils of youth are over when it has acquired that dulness and apathy of affection which should belong only to the insensibility of age.

Such were Falkland's opinions at the time he wrote. Ah! what is so delusive as our affections? Our security is our danger—our defiance our defeat! Day after day he went to E——. He passed the mornings in making excursions with Emily over that wild and romantic country by which they were surrounded; and in the dangerous but delicious stillness of the summer twilights, they listened to the first whispers of their hearts.

In his relationship to Lady Margaret, Falkland found his excuse for the frequency of his visits; and even Mrs. Dalton was so charmed with the fascination of his manner, that (in spite of her previous dislike) she forgot to inquire how far his intimacy at E—— was at variance

with the proprieties of the world she worshipped, or in what proportion it was connected with herself.

It is needless for me to trace through all its windings the formation of that affection, the subsequent records of which I am about to relate. What is so unearthly, so beautiful, as the first birth of a woman's love? The air of heaven is not purer in its wanderings — its sunshine not more holy in its warmth. Oh! why should it deteriorate in its nature, even while it increases in its degree? Why should the step which *prints, sully* also the snow? How often, when Falkland met that guiltless, yet thrilling eye, which revealed to him those internal secrets that Emily was yet awhile too happy to discover; when, like a fountain among flowers, the goodness of her heart flowed over the softness of her manner to those around her, and the benevolence of her actions to those beneath; how often he turned away with a veneration too deep for the selfishness of human passion, and a tenderness too sacred for its desires! It was in this temper (the earliest and the most fruitless prognostic of real love) that the following letter was written:—

FROM ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ. TO THE HON.
FREDERICK MONKTON.

I have had two or three admonitory letters from my uncle. "The summer (he says) is advancing, yet you remain stationary in your indolence. There is still a great part of Europe which you have not seen; and since you will neither enter society for a wife, nor the House of Commons for fame, spend your life, at least

while it is yet free and unshackled, in those active pursuits which will render idleness hereafter more sweet; or in that observation and enjoyment among others, which will increase your resources in yourself." All this sounds well; but I have already acquired more knowledge than will be of use either to others or myself, and I am not willing to lose *tranquillity* here for the chance of obtaining *pleasure* elsewhere. Pleasure is indeed a holiday sensation which does not occur in ordinary life. We lose the peace of years when we hunt after the rapture of moments.

I do not know if you ever felt that existence was ebbing away without being put to its full value: as for me, I am never conscious of life without being also conscious that it is not enjoyed to the utmost. This is a bitter feeling, and its worst bitterness is our ignorance how to remove it. My indolence I neither seek nor wish to defend, yet it is rather from necessity than choice: it seems to me that there is nothing in the world to arouse me. I only ask for action, but I can find no motive sufficient to excite it: let me then, in my indolence, not, like the world, be idle, yet dependent on others; but at least dignify the failing by some appearance of that freedom which retirement only can bestow.

My seclusion is no longer solitude; yet I do not value it the less. I spend a great portion of my time at E——. Loneliness is attractive to men of reflection, not so much because they like their own thoughts, as because they dislike the thoughts of others. Solitude ceases to charm the moment we can find a single being whose ideas are more agreeable to us than our own. I have not, I think, yet described to you the person of Lady Emily. She is tall, and slightly, yet beautifully, formed. The ill health

which obliged her to leave London for E——, in the height of the season, has given her cheek a more delicate hue than I should think it naturally wore. Her eyes are light, but their lashes are long and dark; her hair is black and luxuriant, and worn in a fashion peculiar to herself; but her manners, Monkton! how can I convey to you their fascination? so simple, and therefore so faultless — so modest, and yet so tender — she seems, in acquiring the intelligence of the woman, to have only perfected the purity of the child: and now, after all that I have said, I am only more deeply sensible of the truth of Bacon's observation, that "the best part of beauty is that which no picture can express." I am loth to finish this description, because it seems to me scarcely begun; I am unwilling to continue it, because every word seems to show me more clearly those recesses of my heart, which I would have hidden even from myself. I do not *yet* love, it is true, for the time is past when I was lightly moved to passion; but I will not incur that danger, the probability of which I am seer enough to foresee. Never shall that pure and innocent heart be sullied by one who would die to shield it from the lightest misfortune. I find in myself a powerful seconder to my uncle's wishes. I shall be in London next week; till then, farewell.

E. F.

When the proverb said, that "Jove laughs at lovers' vows," it meant not (as in the ordinary construction) a sarcasm on their insincerity, but *inconsistency*. We deceive others far less than we deceive ourselves. What to Falkland were resolutions which a word, a glance, could overthrow? In the world he might have dissipated his

thoughts ; in loneliness he concentrated them ; for the passions are like the sounds of Nature , only heard in her solitude ! He lulled his soul to the reproaches of his conscience ; he surrendered himself to the intoxication of so golden a dream ; and amidst those beautiful scenes there arose , as an offering to the summer heaven , the incense of two hearts which had , through those very fires , so guilty in themselves , purified and ennobled every other emotion they had conceived.

God made the country , and man made the town ,

says the hackneyed quotation ; and the feelings awakened in each differ with the genius of the place . Who can compare the frittered and divided affections formed in cities with that which crowds cannot distract by opposing temptations , or dissipation infect with its frivolities ?

I have often thought that had the execution of Atala equalled its design , no human work could have surpassed it in its grandeur . What picture is more simple , though more sublime , than the vast solitude of an unpeopled wilderness , the woods , the mountains , the face of nature , cast in the fresh , yet giant mould of a new and unpolluted world ; and , amidst those most silent and mighty temples of THE GREAT GOD , the lone spirit of Love reigning and brightening over all ?

F A L K L A N D.

B O O K II.

It is dangerous for women, however wise it be for men, "to commune with their own hearts, and to be still." Continuing to pursue the follies of the world had been to Emily more prudent than to fly them; to pause, to separate herself from the herd, was to discover, to feel, to murmur at the vacuum of her being, and to occupy it with the feelings which it craved, could in her be but the hoarding a provision for despair.

Married, before she had begun the bitter knowledge of *herself*, to a man whom it was impossible to love, yet deriving from nature a tenderness of soul, which shed itself over every thing around, her only escape from misery had been in the dormancy of feeling. The birth of her son had opened to her a new field of sensations, and she drew the best charm of her own existence from the life she had given to another. Had she not met Falkland, all the deeper sources of affection would have flowed into one only and legitimate channel; but those whom *he* wished to fascinate had never resisted his power, and the attachment he inspired was in proportion to the strength and ardour of his own nature.

It was not for Emily Mandeville to love such as Falkland without feeling that from that moment a separate and selfish existence had ceased *to be*. Our senses may captivate us with beauty; but in absence we forget, or by reason we can conquer, so superficial an impression. Our vanity may enamour us with rank; but the affections of vanity are traced in sand: but who can love *Genius*, and not feel that the sentiments it excites partake of its own intenseness and its own immortality? It arouses, concentrates, engrosses all our emotions, even to the most subtle and concealed. Love what is common, and ordinary objects can replace or destroy a sentiment which an ordinary object has awakened. Love what we shall not meet again amidst the littleness and insipidity which surround us, and where can we turn for a new object to replace that which has no parallel upon earth? The recovery from such delirium is like the return from a fairy land; and still fresh in the recollections of a bright and immortal clime, how can we endure the dulness of that human existence to which for the future we are condemned?

It was some weeks since Emily had written to Mrs. St. John; and her last letter, in mentioning Falkland, had spoken of him with a reserve which rather alarmed than deceived her friend. Mrs. St. John had indeed a strong and secret reason for fear. Falkland had been the object of her own and her earliest attachment, and she knew well the singular and mysterious power which he exercised at will over the mind. He had, it is true, never returned, nor even known of, her feelings towards him; and during the years which had elapsed since she last saw him; and in the new scenes which her marriage with Mr. St. John had opened, she had

almost forgotten her early attachment, when Lady Emily's letter renewed its remembrance. She wrote in answer an impassioned and affectionate caution to her friend. She spoke much (after complaining of Emily's late silence) in condemnation of the character of Falkland, and in warning of its fascinations; and she attempted to arouse alike the virtue and the pride which so often triumph in alliance, when separately they would so easily fail. In this Mrs. St. John probably imagined she was actuated solely by friendship; but in the best actions there is always some latent evil in the motive; and the selfishness of a jealousy, though hopeless not conquered, perhaps predominated over the less interested feelings which were all that she acknowledged to herself.

In this work, it has been my object to portray the progress of the passions; to chronicle a history rather by thoughts and feelings than by incidents and events; and to lay open those minuter and more subtle mazes and secrets of the human heart, which in modern writings have been so sparingly exposed. It is with this view that I have from time to time broken the thread of narration, in order to bring forward more vividly the characters it contains; and in laying no claim to the ordinary ambition of tale writers, I have deemed myself at liberty to deviate from the ordinary courses they pursue. Hence the motive and the excuse for the insertion of the following extracts, and of occasional letters. They portray the interior struggle when Narration would look only to the external event, and trace the lightning "home to its cloud," when History would only mark the spot where it scorched or destroyed.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF LADY EMILY
MANDEVILLE.

Tuesday. — More than seven years have passed since I began this journal! I have just been looking over it from the commencement. Many and various are the feelings which it attempts to describe, — anger, pique, joy, sorrow, hope, pleasure, weariness, ennui; but never, never once humiliation or remorse! — these were not doomed to be my portion in the bright years of my earliest youth. How shall I describe them now? I have received — I have read, as well as my tears would let me, a long letter from Julia. It is true that I have not dared to write to her: when shall I answer this? She has shown me the state of my heart; I more than suspected it before. Could I have dreamed two months — six weeks since — that I should have a single feeling of which I could be ashamed? *He* has just been here — *He* — the only one in the world, for all the world seems concentrated in him. He observed my distress, for I looked on him; and my lips quivered, and my eyes were full of tears. He came to me — he sat next to me — he whispered his interest, his anxiety — and was this all? Have I loved before I ever knew that I was beloved? No, no; the tongue was silent, but the eye, the cheek, the manner — alas! *these* have been but too eloquent!

Wednesday. — It was so sweet to listen to his low and tender voice; to watch the expression of his countenance — even to breathe the air he inhaled. But now that I know its cause, I feel that this pleasure is a crime, and I am miserable even when he is with me. He has

not been here to-day. It is past three. Will he come? I rise from my seat — I go to the window for breath — I am restless, agitated, disturbed. Lady Margaret speaks to me — I scarcely answer her. My boy —— yes, my dear, dear Henry comes, and I feel that I am again a mother. Never will I betray that duty, though I have forgotten one as sacred, though less dear! Never shall my son have cause to blush for his parent! I will fly hence — I will see *him* no more!

FROM ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ. TO THE HON.
FREDERICK MONKTON.

WRITE to me, Monkton — exhort me, admonish me, or forsake me for ever. I am happy, yet wretched: I wander in the delirium of a fatal fever, in which I see dreams of a brighter life, but every one of them only brings me nearer to death. Day after day I have lingered here, until weeks have flown — and for what? Emily is not like the women of the world — virtue, honour, faith, are not to her the mere *convenances* of society. “There is no crime,” said Lady A. “where there is concealment.” Such can never be the creed of Emily Mandeville. She will not disguise guilt either in the levity of the world, or in the affectations of sentiment. She will be wretched, and for ever. I hold the destinies of her future life, and yet I am base enough to hesitate whether to save or destroy her. Oh! how fearful, how selfish, how degrading is unlawful love!

You know my theoretical benevolence for every thing that lives; you have often smiled at its vanity. I

see now that you were right; for it seems to me almost superhuman virtue not to destroy the person who is dearest to me on earth.

I remember writing to you some weeks since that I would come to London. Little did I know of the weakness of my own mind. I told her that I intended to depart. She turned pale — she trembled — but she did not speak. Those signs which should have hastened my departure have taken away the strength even to think of it.

I am here still! I go to E — every day. Sometimes we sit in silence; I dare not trust myself to speak. How dangerous are such moments! *Ammutiscon lingue parlen l'alme.*

Yesterday they left us alone. We had been conversing with Lady Margaret on indifferent subjects. There was a pause for some minutes. I looked up; Lady Margaret had left the room. The blood rushed into my cheek — my eyes met Emily's: I would have given worlds to have repeated with my lips what those eyes expressed. I could not even speak — I felt choked with contending emotions. There was not a breath stirring; I heard my very heart beat. A thunderbolt would have been a relief. Oh God! if there be a curse, it is to burn, swell, madden with feelings which you are doomed to conceal! This is, indeed, to be "a cannibal of one's own heart." *

It was sunset. Emily was alone upon the lawn which sloped towards the lake, and the blue still waters beneath broke, at bright intervals, through the scattered

and illuminated trees. She stood watching the sun sink with wistful and tearful eyes. Her soul was sad within her. The ivy which love first wreathes around his work had already faded away, and she now only saw the desolation of the ruin it concealed. Never more for her was that freshness of unawakened feeling which invests all things with a perpetual day-break of sunshine, and incense, and dew. The heart may survive the decay or rupture of an innocent and lawful affection — “*la marque reste, mais la blessure guérit*” — but the love of darkness and guilt is branded in a character ineffaceable — eternal! The one is, like lightning, more likely to dazzle than to destroy, and, divine even in its danger, it *makes holy what it sears*; * but the other is like that sure and deadly fire which fell upon the cities of old, graving in the barrenness of the desert it had wrought the record and perpetuation of a curse. A low and thrilling voice stole upon Emily’s ear. She turned — Falkland stood beside her. “I felt restless and unhappy,” he said, “and I came to seek you. If (writes one of the fathers) a guilty and wretched man could behold, though only for a few minutes, the countenance of an angel, the calm and glory which it wears would so sink into his heart, that he would pass at once over the gulf of gone years into his first unsullied state of purity and hope: perhaps I thought of that sentence when I came to you.” “I know not,” said Emily, with a deep blush at this address, which formed her only answer to the compliment it conveyed; “I know not why it is, but to me there is always something melancholy in this hour — something mournful in seeing the beautiful day die with all its pomp and music, its sunshine and songs of birds.”

* According to the ancient superstition.

"And yet," replied Falkland, "if I remember the time when my feelings were more in unison with yours, (for at present external objects have lost for me much of their influence and attraction) the melancholy you perceive has in it a vague and ineffable sweetness not to be exchanged for more exhilarated spirits. The melancholy which arises from no cause within ourselves is like music—it enchants us in proportion to its effect upon our feelings. Perhaps, its chief charm (though this it requires the contamination of after years before we can fathom and define) is in the purity of the sources it springs from. Our feelings can be but little sullied and worn while they can yet respond to the passionless and primal sympathies of nature; and the sadness you speak of is so void of bitterness, so allied to the best and most delicious sensations we enjoy, that I should imagine the *very happiness of Heaven partook rather of melancholy than mirth.*"

There was a pause of some moments. It was rarely that Falkland alluded even so slightly to the futurity of another world; and when he did, it was never in a careless and common-place manner, but in a tone which sank deep into Emily's heart. "Look," she said, at length, "at that beautiful star! the first and brightest! I have often thought it was like the promise of life beyond the tomb — a pledge to us that, even in the depths of midnight, the earth shall have a light, unquenched and unquenchable, from Heaven!"

Emily turned to Falkland as she said this, and her countenance sparkled with the enthusiasm she felt. But *his* face was deadly pale. There went over it, like a cloud, an expression of changeful and unutterable thought; and then passing suddenly away, it left his features calm

and bright in all their noble and intellectual beauty. Her soul yearned to him, as she looked, with the tenderness of a sister.

They walked slowly towards the house. "I have frequently," said Emily with some hesitation, "been surprised at the little enthusiasm you appear to possess even upon subjects where your conviction must be strong." "*I have thought enthusiasm away!*" replied Falkland: "it was the loss of hope which brought me reflection, and in reflection I forgot to feel. Would that I had not found it so easy to recall what I thought I had lost for ever!"

Falkland's cheek changed as he said this, and Emily sighed faintly, for she felt his meaning. In him that allusion to his love had aroused a whole train of dangerous recollections; for Passion is the avalanche of the human heart — *a single breath can dissolve it from its repose.*

They remained silent; for Falkland would not trust himself to speak, till, when they reached the house, he faltered out his excuses for not entering, and departed. He turned towards his solitary home. The grounds at E—— had been laid out in a classical and costly manner, which contrasted forcibly with the wild and simple nature of the surrounding scenery. Even the short distance between Mr. Mandeville's house and L —— wrought as distinct a change in the character of the country as any length of space could have effected. Falkland's ancient and ruinous abode, with its shattered arches and moss-grown parapets, was situated on a gentle declivity, and surrounded by dark elm and larch trees. It still retained some traces both of its former consequence, and of the perils to which that consequence had exposed it. A broad

ditch, overgrown with weeds, indicated the remains of what once had been a moat; and huge rough stones, scattered around it, spoke of the outworks the fortification had anciently possessed, and the stout resistance they had made in "the Parliament Wars" to the sturdy followers of Ireton and Fairfax. The moon, that flatterer of decay, shed its rich and softening beauty over a spot which else had, indeed, been desolate and cheerless, and kissed into light the long and unwaving herbage which rose at intervals from the ruins, like the false parasites of fallen greatness. But for Falkland the scene had no interest or charm, and he turned with a careless and unheeding eye to his customary apartment. It was the only one in the house furnished with luxury, or even comfort. Large book-cases inlaid with curious carvings in ivory; busts of the few public characters the world had ever produced worthy, in Falkland's estimation, of the homage of posterity; elaborately wrought hangings from Flemish looms; and French fauteuils and sofas of rich damask, and massy gilding (relics of the magnificent day of Louis Quatorze) — bespoke a costliness of design suited rather to Falkland's wealth than to the ordinary simplicity of his tastes.

A large writing-table was overspread with books in various languages, and upon the most opposite subjects. Letters and papers were scattered amongst them: Falkland turned carelessly over the latter. One of the epistolary communications was from Lord —— the —— . He smiled bitterly, as he read the exaggerated compliments it contained, and saw to the bottom of the shallow artifice they were meant to conceal. He tossed the letter from him, and opened the scattered volumes one after another with that languid and sated feeling common to

all men who have read deeply enough to feel how much they have learned, and how little they know. "We pass our lives," thought he, "in sowing what we are never to reap! We endeavour to erect a tower, which shall reach the heavens, in order to escape *one* curse; and lo! we are smitten by *another*! We would soar from a common evil, and from that moment *we are divided by a separate language from our race*! Learning, science, philosophy, the world of men and of imagination I ransacked, — and for what? I centred my happiness in wisdom. I looked upon the aims of others with a scornful and loathing eye. I held commune with those who have gone before me; I dwelt among the monuments of their minds, and made their records familiar to me as friends: I penetrated the womb of nature, and went with the secret elements to their home: I arraigned the stars before me, and learned the method and the mystery of their courses: I asked the tempest its bourn, and questioned the winds of their path. This was not sufficient to satisfy my thirst for knowledge, and I searched in this lower world for new sources to content it. Unseen and unsuspected, I saw and agitated the springs of the automaton that we call 'the Mind.' I found a clew for the labyrinth of human motives, and I surveyed the hearts of those around me as through a glass. Vanity of vanities! What have I acquired? I have separated myself from my kind, but not from those worst enemies, ~~my~~ passions! I have made a solitude of my soul, but I have not mocked it with the appellation of Peace.* In flying the herd, I have not escaped from myself; like the wounded deer, the barb was within me, and *that* I could

* "Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant." — Tacitus.

"They make a solitude, and call it Peace." — Byron.

not fly !” With these thoughts he turned from his reverie, and once more endeavoured to charm his own reflections by those which ought to speak to us of quiet, for they are graven on the pages of the dead; but his attempts were as idle as before. His thoughts were still wandering and confused, and could neither be quieted nor collected: he read, but he scarcely distinguished one page from another: he wrote — the ideas refused to flow at his call; and the only effort at connecting his feelings which even partially succeeded, was in the verses which I am about to place before the reader. It is a common property of poetry, however imperfectly the gift be possessed, to speak to the hearts of others in proportion as the sentiments it would express are felt in our own; and I subjoin the lines which bear the date of that evening, in the hope that, more than many pages, they will show the morbid yet original character of the writer, and the particular sources of feeling from which they took the bitterness that pervades them: —

KNOWLEDGE.

*Ergo hominum genus incassum frustra que laborat
Semper, et in curis consumit inanibus ævum. — Lucret.*

’Tis midnight! Round the lamp which o’er
My chamber sheds its lonely beam,
Is widely spread the varied lore
Which feeds in youth our feverish dream —

The dream — the thirst — the wild desire,
Delirious yet divine — *to know*;
Around to roam — above aspire —
And drink the breath of Heaven below!

From Ocean — Earth — the Stars — the Sky
To lift mysterious Nature’s pall;
And bare before the kindling eye
In MAN the darkest mist of all!

Alas! what boots the midnight oil?
 The madness of the struggling mind?
 Oh, vague the hope, and vain the toil,
 Which only leave us doubly blind!

What learn we from the Past? — the same
 Dull course of glory, guilt, and gloom:
 I ask'd the Future, and there came
No voice from its unfathom'd womb.

The Sun was silent, and the Wave;
 The Air but answer'd with its breath;
 But Earth was kind; and from the grave
 Arose the eternal answer — *Death!*

And *this* was all! We need no sage
 To teach us Nature's only truth!
 O fools! o'er Wisdom's idle page
 To waste the hours of golden youth!

In Science wildly do we seek
 What only withering years should bring —
 The languid pulse — the feverish cheek —
 The spirits drooping on their wing!

To think — is but to learn to groan —
 To scorn what all beside adore —
 To feel amid the world alone,
 An alien on a desert shore; —

To lose the only ties which seem
 To idler gaze in mercy given! —
 To find love, faith, and hope, a dream,
 And turn to dark despair from heaven!

* * * *

I pass on to a wilder period of my history. The passion, as yet only revealed by the eye, was now to be recorded by the lip; and the scene, which witnessed the first confession of the lovers, was worthy of the last conclusion of their loves!

E—— was about twelve miles from a celebrated cliff on the sea-shore, and Lady Margaret had long proposed an excursion to a spot, curious alike for its natural sce-

nery and the legends attached to it. A day was at length fixed for accomplishing this plan. Falkland was of the party. In searching for something in the pockets of the carriage, his hand met Emily's, and involuntarily pressed it. She withdrew it hastily, but he felt it tremble. He did not dare to look up: that single contact had given him a new life: intoxicated with the most delicious sensations, he leaned back in silence. A fever had entered his veins—the thrill of the touch had gone like fire into his system—all his frame seemed one nerve.

Lady Margaret talked of the weather and the prospect, wondered how far they had got, and animadverted on the roads, till at last, like a child, she talked herself to rest. Mrs. Dalton read "Guy Mannering;" but neither Emily nor her lover had any occupation or thought in common with their companions: silent and absorbed, they were only alive to the vivid existence of the present. Constantly engaged as we are in looking behind us or before, if there be one hour in which we feel only the time being—in which we feel sensibly that we live, and that those moments of the present are full of the enjoyment, the rapture of existence—it is when we are with the *one* person whose life and spirits have become the great part and principle of our own. They reached their destination—a small inn close by the shore. They rested there a short time, and then strolled along the sands towards the cliff. Since Falkland had known Emily, her character was much altered. Six weeks before the time I write of, and in playfulness and lightness of spirits she was almost a child: now those indications of an unawakened heart had mellowed into a tenderness full of that melancholy so touching and holy, even amid the voluptuous softness which it breathes and inspires. But

this day, whether from that coquetry so common to all women, or from some cause more natural to *her*, she seemed gayer than Falkland ever remembered to have seen her. She ran over the sands, picking up shells, and tempting the waves with her small and fairy feet, not daring to look at him, and yet speaking to him at times with a quick tone of levity which hurt and offended him, even though he knew the depth of those feelings she could not disguise either from him or from herself. By degrees his answers and remarks grew cold and sarcastic. Emily affected pique; and when it was discovered that the cliff was still nearly two miles off, she refused to proceed any farther. Lady Margaret talked her at last into consent, and they walked on as sullenly as an English party of pleasure possibly could do, till they were within three quarters of a mile of the place, when Emily declared she was so tired that she really could not go on. Falkland looked at her, perhaps, with no very amiable expression of countenance, when he perceived that she seemed really pale and fatigued; and when she caught his eyes, tears rushed into her own.

"Indeed, indeed, Mr. Falkland," said she, eagerly, "this is *not* affectation. I am very tired; but rather than prevent your amusement, I will endeavour to go on." "Nonsense, child," said Lady Margaret, "you *do* seem tired. Mrs. Dalton and Falkland shall go to the rock, and I'll stay here with you." This proposition, however, Lady Emily (who knew Lady Margaret's wish to see the rock) would not hear of; she insisted upon staying by herself. "Nobody will run away with me; and I can very easily amuse myself with picking up shells till you come back." After a long remonstrance, which produced no effect, this plan was at last acceded to. With

great reluctance Falkland set off with his two companions; but after the first step, he turned to look back. He caught her eye, and felt from that moment that their reconciliation was sealed. They arrived, at last, at the cliff. Its height, its excavations, the romantic interest which the traditions respecting it had inspired, fully repaid the two women for the fatigue of their walk. As for Falkland, he was unconscious of every thing around him; he was full of "sweet and bitter thoughts." In vain the man whom they found loitering there, in order to serve as a guide, kept dinning in his ear stories of the marvellous, and exclamations of the sublime. The first words which aroused him were these — "It's lucky, please your Honour, that you have just saved the tide. It is but last week that three poor people were drowned in attempting to come here; as it is, you will have to go home round the cliff." Falkland started: he felt his heart stand still. "Good God!" cried Lady Margaret, "what will become of Emily?"

They were at that instant in one of the caverns, where they had already been loitering too long. Falkland rushed out to the sands. The tide was hurrying in with a deep sound, which came on his soul like a knell. He looked back towards the way they had come: not one hundred yards distant, and the waters had already covered the path! An eternity would scarcely atone for the horror of that moment! One great characteristic of Falkland was, his presence of mind. He turned to the man who stood beside him—he gave him a cool and exact description of the spot where he had left Emily. He told him to repair with all possible speed to his home—to launch his boat—to row it to the place he had described. "Be quick," he added, "and

you *must* be in time: if you are, you shall never know poverty again." The next moment he was already several yards from the spot. He run, or rather flew, till he was stopped by the waters. He rushed in; they were over a hollow between two rocks — they were already up to his chest. "There is yet hope," thought he, when he had passed the spot, and saw the smooth sand before him. For some minutes he was scarcely sensible of existence; and then he found himself breathless at *her* feet. Beyond, towards T—, (the small inn I spoke of,) the waves had already reached the foot of the rocks, and precluded all hope of return. Their only chance was the possibility that the waters had not yet rendered impassable the hollow through which Falkland had just waded. He scarcely spoke; at least, he was totally unconscious of what he said. He hurried her on breathless and trembling, with the sound of the booming waters ringing in his ear, and their billows advancing to his very feet. They arrived at the hollow: a single glance sufficed to show him that their solitary hope was past! The waters, before up to his chest, had swelled considerably: he could not swim. He saw in that instant that they were girt with a hastening and terrible death. Can it be believed that with that certainty ceased his fear? He looked in the pale but calm countenance of her who clung to him, and a strange tranquillity, even mingled with joy, possessed him. Her breath was on his cheek — her form was reclining on his own — his hand clasped hers; if they were to die, it was thus. What could life afford to him more dear? "It is in this moment," said he, and he knelt as he spoke, "that I dare tell you what otherwise my lips never should have revealed. I love — I adore you! Turn not away from me thus. In life

our persons were severed; if our hearts are united in death, then death will be sweet." She turned — *her cheek was no longer pale!* He rose — he clasped her to his bosom: his lips pressed hers. Oh! that long, deep, burning pressure! — youth, love, life, soul, all concentrated in that one kiss! Yet the same cause which occasioned the avowal, hallowed also the madness of his heart. What had the passion, declared only at the approach of death, with the more earthly desires of life? They looked to heaven — it was calm and unclouded: the evening lay there in its balm and perfume, and the air was less agitated than their sighs. **They** turned towards the beautiful sea which was to be their grave: the wild birds flew over it exultingly; the far vessels seemed "rejoicing to run their course." All was full of the breath, the glory, the life of nature; and in how many minutes was all to be as *nothing!* Their existence would resemble the ships that have gone down at sea in the very smile of the element that destroyed them. They looked into each other's eyes, and they drew still nearer together. Their hearts, in safety apart, mingled in peril and became one. Minutes rolled on, and the great waves came dashing round them. They stood on the loftiest eminence they could reach. The spray broke over their feet: the billows rose — rose — they were speechless. He thought he heard her heart beat, but her lip trembled not. A speck — a boat! "Look up, Emily! look up! See how it cuts the waters. Nearer — nearer! but a little longer, and we are safe. It is but a few yards off — it approaches — it touches the rock!" Ah! what to them henceforth was the value of life, when the moment of discovering its charm became also the date of its misfortunes, and when the death they

had escaped was the only method of cementing their union without consummating their guilt?

FROM ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ. TO THE HON.
FREDERICK MONKTON.

I WILL write to you at length to-morrow. Events have occurred to alter, perhaps, the whole complexion of the future. I am now going to Emily to propose to her to fly. We are not *les gens du monde*, who are ruined by the loss of public opinion. She has felt that I can be to her far more than the world; and as for me, what would I not forfeit for one touch of her hand?

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF LADY EMILY
MANDEVILLE.

Friday. — Since I wrote yesterday in these pages the narrative of our escape, I have done nothing but think over those moments, too dangerous because too dear; but at last I have steeled my heart—I have yielded to my own weakness too long—I shudder at the abyss from which I have escaped. I can yet fly. He will come here to day—he shall receive my farewell.

Saturday morning, four o'clock. — I have sat in this room alone since eleven o'clock. I cannot give vent to my feelings; they seem as if crushed by some load from which it is impossible to rise. “*He is gone, and for ever!*” I sit repeating those words to myself, scarcely conscious of their meaning. Alas! when to-morrow comes, and the next day, and ~~the~~ next, and yet I see him not, I shall awaken, indeed, to all the agony of

my loss! He came here—he saw me alone—he implored me to fly. I did not dare to meet his eyes; I hardened my heart against his voice. I knew the part I was to take—I have adopted it; but what struggles, what misery, has it not occasioned me! Who could have thought it had been so hard to be virtuous! His eloquence drove me from one defence to another, and then I had none but *his* mercy. I opened my heart—I showed him its weakness—I implored his forbearance. My tears, my anguish, convinced him of my sincerity. We have parted in bitterness, but, thank Heaven, not in guilt! He has entreated permission to write to me. How could I refuse him? Yet I may not—cannot—write to him again! How *could* I, indeed, suffer my heart to pour forth one of its feelings in reply? for would there be one word of regret, or one term of endearment, which my inmost soul would not echo?

Sunday. — Yes, *that day*—but I must not think of this; my very religion I dare not indulge. Oh God! how wretched I am! His visit was always the great æra in the day; it employed all my hopes till he came, and all *my memory* when he was gone. I sit now and look at the place he used to fill, till I feel the tears rolling silently down my cheek: they come without an effort—they depart without relief.

Monday. — Henry asked me where Mr. Falkland was gone; I stooped down to hide my confusion. When shall I hear from him? To-morrow? Oh that it were come! I have placed the clock before me, and I actually count the minutes. He left a book here; it is a volume of “Melmoth.” I have read over every word of it, and whenever I have come to a pencil-mark by him, I have paused to dream over that varying and elo-

quent countenance, the soft low tone of that tender voice, till the book has fallen from my hands, and I have started to find the utterness of my desolation!

FROM ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ. TO LADY EMILY
MANDEVILLE.

— *Hotel, London.*

FOR the first time in my life I write to you! How my hand trembles — how my cheek flushes! a thousand thousand thoughts rush upon me, and almost suffocate me with the variety and confusion of the emotions they awaken! I am agitated alike with the rapture of writing to you, and with the impossibility of expressing the feelings which I cannot distinctly unravel even to myself. You love me, Emily, and yet I have fled from you, and at your command; but the thought that, though absent, I am not forgotten, supports me through all.

It was with a feverish sense of weariness and pain that I found myself entering this vast reservoir of human vices. I became at once sensible of the sterility of that polluted soil so incapable of nurturing affection, and I clasped your image the closer to my heart. It is you, who, when I was most weary of existence, gifted me with a new life. You breathed into me a part of your own spirit; my soul feels that influence, and becomes more sacred. I have shut myself from the idlers who would molest me: I have built a temple in my heart: I have set within it a divinity; and the vanities of the world shall not profane the spot which has been consecrated to *you*. Our parting, Emily, — do you recall it?

Your hand clasped in mine; your cheek resting, though but for an instant, on my bosom; and the tears which love called forth, but which virtue purified even at their source. Never were hearts so near, yet so divided; never was there an hour so tender, yet so unaccompanied with danger. Passion, grief, madness, all sank beneath your voice, and lay hushed like a deep sea within my soul! “Tu abbia veduto il leone ammansarsi alla sola tua voce.” *

I tore myself from you; I hurried through the wood; I stood by the lake, on whose banks I had so often wandered with you; I bared my breast to the winds; I bathed my temples with the waters. Fool that I was! the fever, the fever was within! But it is not thus, my adored and beautiful friend, that I should console and support you. Even as I write, passion melts into tenderness, and pours itself in softness over your remembrance. The virtue so gentle, yet so strong; the feelings so kind, yet so holy; the tears which wept over the decision your lips proclaimed—these are the recollections which come over me like dew. Let your own heart, my Emily, be your reward; and know that your lover only forgets that he *adores*, to remember that he *respects* you!

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

— *Park.*

I COULD not bear the tumult and noise of London. I sighed for solitude, that I might muse over your remembrance undisturbed. I came here yesterday. It is

* Ultime lettere di Jacopo Ortis.

the home of my childhood. I am surrounded on all sides by the scenes and images consecrated by the fresh recollections of my unsullied years. *They* are not changed. The seasons which come and depart renew in them the havoc which they make. If the December destroys, the April revives; but man has but one spring, and the desolation of the heart but one winter! In this very room have I sat and brooded over dreams and hopes which — but no matter — those dreams could never show me a vision to equal *you*, or those hopes hold out to me a blessing so precious as your love.

Do you remember, or rather can you ever forget, that moment in which the great depths of our souls were revealed? Ah! not in the scene in which such vows should have been whispered to your ear, and your tenderness have blushed its reply. The passion concealed in darkness was revealed in danger; and the love, which in life was forbidden, was our comfort amidst the terrors of death! And that long and holy kiss, the first, the only moment in which our lips shared the union of our souls! — do not tell me that it is wrong to recall it! — do not tell me that I sin, when I own to you the hours I sit alone, and nurse the delirium of that voluptuous remembrance. The feelings you have excited may render me wretched, but not guilty; for the love of *you* can only *hallow* the heart — it is a fire which consecrates the altar on which it burns. I feel, even from the hour that I loved, that my soul has become more pure. I could not have believed that *I* was capable of so unearthly an affection, or that the love of woman could possess that divinity of virtue which I worship in yours. The world is no fosterer of our young visions of purity and passion: embarked in its pursuits, and acquainted

with its pleasures, while the latter sated me with what is evil, the former made me incredulous to what is pure. I considered your sex as a problem which my experience had already solved. Like the French philosophers, who lose truth by endeavouring to condense it, and who forfeit the *moral* from their regard to the *maxim*, I concentrated my knowledge of women into aphorisms and antitheses; and I did not dream of the exceptions, if I did not find myself deceived in the general conclusion. I confess that I erred: I renounce from this moment the colder reflections of my manhood, — the fruits of a bitter experience, — the wisdom of an inquiring, yet agitated life. I return with transport to my earliest visions of beauty and love; and I dedicate them upon the altar of my soul to you, who have embodied, and concentrated, and breathed them into life!

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF LADY EMILY
MANDEVILLE.

Monday. — This is the most joyless day in the whole week; for it can bring me no letter from him. I rise listlessly, and read over again and again the last letter I received from him — useless task! it is graven in my heart! I long only for the day to be over, because to-morrow I may, perhaps, hear from him again. When I wake at night from my disturbed and broken sleep, I look if the morning is near; not because it gives light and life, but because it may bring tidings of him. When his letter is brought to me, I keep it for minutes unopened — I feed my eyes on the hand-writing — I

examine the seal—I press it with my kisses, before I indulge myself in the luxury of reading it. I then place it in my bosom, and take it thence only to read it again and again, — to moisten it with my tears of gratitude and love, and, alas! of penitence and remorse! What can be the end of this affection? I dare neither to hope that it may continue, or that it may cease; in either case I am wretched for ever!

Monday night, twelve o'clock. — They observe my paleness; the tears which tremble in my eyes; the listlessness and dejection of my manner. I think Mrs. Dalton guesses the cause. Humbled and debased in my own mind, I fly, Falkland, for refuge to you! Your affection cannot raise me to my former state, but it can reconcile — no — not reconcile, but support me in my present. This dear letter, I kiss it again — oh! that to-morrow were come!

Tuesday. — Another letter — so kind, so tender, so encouraging: would that I deserved his praises! alas! I sin even in reading them. I know that I ought to struggle more against my feelings — *once* I attempted it; I prayed to Heaven to support me; I put away from me every thing that could recall him to my mind — for three days I would not open his letters. I could then resist no longer; and my weakness became the more confirmed from the feebleness of the struggle. I remember one day that he told us of a beautiful passage in one of the ancients, in which the bitterest curse against the wicked is, that they may see virtue, but not be able to obtain it; * — *that* punishment is mine!

* Persius.

Wednesday. — My boy has been with me: I see him now from the windows gathering the field-flowers, and running after every butterfly which comes across him. Formerly he made all my delight and occupation; now he is even dearer to me than ever; but he no longer engrosses all my thoughts. I turn over the leaves of this journal: once it noted down the little occurrences of the day; it marks nothing now but the monotony of sadness. *He* is not here — *he* cannot come. What event then *could* I notice?

FROM ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ. TO LADY EMILY
MANDEVILLE.*

— *Park.*

IF you knew how I long, how I thirst for one word from you — one word to say you are well, and have not forgotten me! — but I will not distress you. You will guess my feelings, and do justice to the restraint I impose on them, when I make no effort to alter your resolution not to write. I know that it is just, and I bow to my sentence; but can you blame me if I am restless, and if I repine? It is past twelve, I always write to you at night. It is then, my own love, that my imagination can the more readily transport me to you: it is then that my spirit holds with you a more tender and undivided commune. In the day the world can force itself upon my thoughts, and its trifles usurp the place which “I love to keep for only thee and

* Most of the letters from Falkland to Lady E. Mandeville I have thought it expedient to suppress.

Heaven;" but in the night all things recall you the more vividly: the stillness of the gentle skies, — the blandness of the unbroken air, — the stars, so holy in their loveliness, — all speak and breathe to me of you. I think your hand is clasped in mine; that I again drink the low music of your voice, and imbibe again in the air the breath which has been perfumed by your lips. You seem to stand in my lonely chamber in the light and stillness of a spirit, who has wandered on earth to teach us the love which is felt in heaven.

I cannot, believe me, I cannot endure this separation long; it must be more or less. You must be mine for ever, or our parting must be without a mitigation, which is rather a cruelty than a relief. If you will not accompany me, I will leave this country alone. I must not wean myself from your image by degrees, but break from the enchantment at once. And when, Emily, I am once more upon the world, when no tidings of my fate shall reach your ear, and all its power of alienation be left to the progress of time — then, when you will at last have forgotten me, when your peace of mind will be restored, and having no struggles of conscience to undergo; you will have no remorse to endure; — then, Emily, when we are indeed divided, let the scene which has witnessed our passion, the letters which have recorded my vow, the evil we have suffered, and the temptation we have overcome; let these, in our old age be remembered, and in declaring to heaven that we were innocent, add also — *that we loved.*

FROM DON ALPHONSO D'ARGUILAR TO DON ———.

London.

OUR cause gains ground daily. The great, indeed the only ostensible object of my mission is nearly fulfilled; but I have another charge and attraction which I am now about to explain to you. You know that my acquaintance with the English language and country arose from my sister's marriage with Mr. Falkland. After the birth of their only child I accompanied them to England: I remained with them for three years, and I still consider those days among the whitest in my restless and agitated career. I returned to Spain; I became engaged in the troubles and dissensions which distracted my unhappy country. Years rolled on, *how* I need not mention to *you*. One night they put a letter in my hands; it was from my sister; it was written on her death-bed. Her husband had died suddenly. She loved him as a Spanish woman loves, and she could not survive his loss. Her letter to me spoke of her country and her son. Amidst the new ties she had formed in England, she had never forgotten the land of her fathers. "I have already," she said, "taught my boy to remember that he has two countries; that the one, prosperous and free, may afford him his pleasures; that the other, struggling and debased, demands from him his duties. If, when he has attained the age in which you can judge of his character, he is respectable only from his rank, and valuable only from his wealth; if neither his head nor his heart will make him useful

to *our* cause, suffer him to remain undisturbed in his prosperity *here*: but if, as I presage, he becomes worthy of the blood which he bears in his veins, then I conjure you, my brother, to remind him that he has been sworn by me on my death-bed to the most sacred of earthly altars."

Some months since, when I arrived in England, before I ventured to find him out in person, I resolved to inquire into his character. Had he been as the young and rich generally are—had dissipation become habitual to him, and frivolity grown around him as a second nature, then I should have acquiesced in the former injunction of my sister much more willingly than I shall now obey the latter. I find that he is perfectly acquainted with our language, that he has placed a large sum in our funds; and that from the general liberality of his sentiments he is as likely to espouse, as (in that case) he would be certain, from his high reputation for talent, to serve, our cause. I am, therefore, upon the eve of seeking him out. I understand that he is living in perfect retirement, in the county of——, in the immediate neighbourhood of Mr. Mandeville, an Englishman of considerable fortune, and warmly attached to our cause.

Mr. Mandeville has invited me to accompany him down to this estate for some days, and I am too anxious to see my nephew not to accept eagerly of the invitation. If I can persuade Falkland to aid us, it will be by the influence of his name, his talents, and his wealth. It is not of him that we can ask the stern and laborious devotion to which we have consecrated ourselves. The perfidy of friends, the vigilance of foes, the rashness

of the bold; the cowardice of the wavering; strife in the closet, treachery in the senate, death in the field; *these* constitute the fate we have pledged ourselves to bear. Little can any, who do not endure it, imagine of the life to which those who share the contests of an agitated and distracted country are doomed; but if they know not our griefs, neither can they dream of our consolation. We move, like the delineation of Faith, over a barren and desert soil: the rock, and the thorn, and the stings of the adder are round our feet; but we clasp a crucifix to our hearts for our comfort, and we fix our eyes upon the heavens for our hope!

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF LADY EMILY
MANDEVILLE.

Wednesday. — His letters have taken a different tone: instead of soothing, they add to my distress; but I deserve all — all that can be inflicted upon me. I have had a letter from Mr. Mandeville. He is coming down here for a few days, and intends bringing some friends with him: he mentions particularly a Spaniard — *the uncle of Mr. Falkland, whom he asks me if I have seen.* The Spaniard is particularly anxious to meet his nephew — he does not then know that Falkland is gone. It will be some relief to see Mr. Mandeville alone; but even then how shall I meet him? What shall I say when he observes my paleness and alteration? I feel bowed to the very dust.

Thursday evening. — Mr. Mandeville has arrived: fortunately, it was late in the evening before he came,

and the darkness prevented his observing my confusion and alteration. He was kinder than usual. Oh! how bitterly my heart avenged him! He brought with him the Spaniard, Don Alphonso D'Aguilar; I think there is a faint family likeness between him and Falkland. Mr. Mandeville brought also a letter from Julia. She will be here the day after to-morrow. The letter is short, but kind: she does not allude to *him*: it is some days since I heard from him.

FROM ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ. TO THE HON.
FREDERICK MONKTON.

I HAVE resolved, Monkton, to go to her again! I am sure that it will be better for both of us to meet once more; perhaps, to unite for ever! None who have once loved me can easily forget me. I do not say this from vanity, because I owe it not to my being *superior* to, but *different* from, others. I am sure that the remorse and affliction she feels now are far greater than she would experience, even were she more guilty, and with me. *Then*, at least, she would have some one to soothe and sympathize in whatever she might endure. To one so pure as Emily, the full crime is already incurred. It is not the innocent who insist upon that nice line of morality between the thought and the action: such distinctions require reflection, experience, deliberation, prudence of head, or coldness of heart; these are the traits not of the guileless, but the worldly. It is the *affections*, not the *person*, of a virtuous woman, which it is difficult to obtain: that difficulty is the safeguard to her chastity:

that difficulty I have, in this instance, overcome. I have endeavoured to live without Emily, but in vain. Every moment of absence only taught me the impossibility. In twenty-four hours I shall see her again. I feel my pulse rise into fever at the very thought.

Farewell, Monkton. My next letter, I hope, will record my triumph.

F A L K L A N D.

B O O K III.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF LADY EMILY MANDEVILLE.

Friday. — JULIA is here, and so kind! She has not mentioned *his* name, but she sighed so deeply when she saw my pale and sunken countenance, that I threw myself into her arms and cried like a child. We had no need of other explanation: those tears spoke at once my confession and my repentance. No letter from him for several days! Surely he is not ill! how miserable that thought makes me!

Saturday. — A note has just been brought me from him. He is come back — *here*! Good Heavens! how very imprudent! I am so agitated that I can write no more.

Sunday. — I have seen him! Let me repeat that sentence — *I have seen him.* Oh that moment! did it not atone for all that I have suffered? I dare not write every thing he said, but he wished me to fly with him — *him* — what happiness, yet what guilt, in the very thought! Oh! this foolish heart — would that it might break! I

feel too well the sophistry of his arguments, and yet I cannot resist them. He seems to have thrown a spell over me, which precludes even the effort to escape.

Monday. — Mr. Mandeville has asked several people in the country to dine here to-morrow, and there is to be a ball in the evening. Falkland is of course invited. We shall meet then, and *how*? I have been so little accustomed to disguise my feelings that I quite tremble to meet him with so many witnesses around. Mr. Mandeville has been so harsh to me to-day; if Falkland ever looked at me so, or ever said one such word, my heart would indeed break. What is it Alfieri says about the two demons to whom he is for ever a prey? "*Lamente e il cor in perpetua lite.*" Alas! at times I start from my reveries with such a keen sense of agony and shame! How, how am I fallen!

Tuesday. — He is to come here to-day, and I shall see him!

Wednesday morning. — The night is over, thank Heaven! Falkland came late to dinner: every one else was assembled. How gracefully he entered! how superior he seemed to all the crowd that stood around him! He appeared as if he were resolved to exert powers which he had disdained before. He entered into the conversation, not only with such brilliancy, but with such a blandness and courtesy of manner! There was no scorn on his lip, no haughtiness on his forehead — nothing which showed him for a moment conscious of his immeasurable superiority over every one present. After dinner, as we retired, I caught his eyes. What volumes they told! — and then I had to listen to his praises, and say nothing. I felt angry even in my pleasure. Who but I had a right to speak of him so well?

The ball came on: I felt languid and dispirited. Falkland did not dance. He sat himself by me — he urged me to — O God! O God! would that I were dead!

FROM ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ. TO LADY EMILY
MANDEVILLE.

How are you this morning, my adored friend? You seemed pale and ill when we parted last night, and I shall be so unhappy till I hear something of you. Oh Emily, when you listened to me with those tearful and downcast looks; when I saw your bosom heave at every word which I whispered in your ear; when, as I accidentally touched your hand, I felt it tremble beneath my own; oh! was there nothing in those moments at your heart which pleaded for me more eloquently than words? Pure and holy as you are, you know not, it is true, the feelings which burn and madden in me. When you are beside me, your hand, if it trembles, is not on fire: your voice, if it is more subdued, does not falter with the emotions it dares not express: your heart is not, like mine, devoured by a parching and wasting flame: your sleep is not turned by restless and turbulent dreams from the healthful renewal, into the very consumer, of life. No, Emily! God forbid that you *should* feel the guilt, the agony which preys upon me: but, at least, in the fond and gentle tenderness of your heart, there must be a voice you find it difficult to silence. Amidst all the fictitious ties and fascinations of art, you cannot dismiss from your bosom the unconquerable impulses of nature.

What is it you fear? — you will answer, *disgrace!* But *can* you feel it, Emily, when you share it with me? Believe me that the love which is nursed through shame and sorrow is of a deeper and holier nature than that which is reared in pride, and fostered in joy. But, if not shame, it is guilt, perhaps, which you dread? Are you then so innocent *now*? The adultery of the heart is no less a crime than that of the deed; and — yet I will not deceive you — it *is* guilt to which I tempt you! — *it* is a fall from the proud eminence you hold now. I grant this, and I offer you nothing in recompence but my love. If you loved like me, you would feel that it was something of pride — of triumph — to dare all things, even crime, for the one to whom all things are as nought! As for me, I know that if a voice from Heaven told me to desert you, I would only clasp you the closer to my heart!

I tell you, my own love, that when your hand is in mine, when your head rests upon my bosom, when those soft and thrilling eyes shall be fixed upon my own, when every sigh shall be mingled with my breath, and every tear be kissed away at the very instant it rises from its source — I tell you that then you shall only feel that every pang of the past, and every fear for the future, shall be but a new link to bind us the firmer to each other. Emily, my life, my love, you cannot, if you would, desert me. Who can separate the waters which are once united, or divide the hearts which have met and mingled into one?

Since they had once more met, it will be perceived that Falkland had adopted a new tone in expressing his

passion to Emily. In the book of guilt another page, branded in a deeper and more burning character, had been turned. He lost no opportunity of summoning the earthlier emotions to the support of his cause. He wooed her fancy with the golden language of poetry, and strove to arouse the latent feelings of her sex by the soft magic of his voice, and the passionate meaning it conveyed. But at times there came over him a deep and keen sentiment of remorse; and even, as his experienced and practised eye saw the moment of his triumph approach, he felt that the success he was hazarding his own soul and hers to obtain, might bring him a momentary transport, but not a permanent happiness. There is always this difference in the love of women and of men; that in the former, when once admitted, it engrosses all the sources of thought, and excludes every object but itself; but in the latter, it is shared with all the former reflections and feelings which the past yet bequeathes us, and can neither (however powerful be its nature) constitute *the whole* of our happiness or woe. The love of man in his maturer years is not indeed so much as new emotion, as a revival and concentration of all his departed affections to others; and the deep and intense nature of Falkland's passion for Emily was linked with the recollections of whatever he had formerly cherished as tender or dear: it touched — it awoke a long chain of young and enthusiastic feelings, which arose, perhaps, the fresher from their slumber. Who, when he turns to recall his first and fondest associations; when he throws off, one by one, the layers of earth and stone which have grown and hardened over the records of the past; who has not been surprised to discover how fresh and unimpaired those buried treasures rise again upon

his heart? They have been lain up in the storehouse of Time; they have not perished; their very concealment has preserved them! *We remove the lava, and the world of a gone day is before us!*

The evening of the day on which Falkland had written the above letter was rude and stormy. The various streams with which the country abounded were swelled by late rains into an unwonted rapidity and breadth; and their voices blended with the rushing sound of the winds, and the distant roll of the thunder, which began at last sullenly to subside. The whole of the scene around L — was of that savage yet sublime character, which suited well with the wrath of the aroused elements. Dark woods, large tracts of unenclosed heath, abrupt variations of hill and vale, and a dim and broken outline beyond of interrupted mountains, formed the great features of that romantic country.

It was filled with the recollections of his youth, and of the wild delight which he took then in the convulsions and varieties of nature, that Falkland roamed abroad that evening. The dim shadows of years, crowded with concealed events and corroding reflections, all gathered around his mind, and the gloom and tempest of the night came over him like the sympathy of a friend.

He passed a group of terrified peasants; they were cowering under a tree. The oldest hid his head and shuddered; but the youngest looked steadily at the lightning which played at fitful intervals over the mountain stream that rushed rapidly by their feet. Falkland stood beside them unnoticed and silent, with folded arms and a scornful lip. To him, nature, heaven, earth, had nothing for fear, and every thing for reflection. In youth, thought he, (as he contrasted the fear felt at one period

of life with the indifference at another) there are so many objects to divide and distract life, that we are scarcely sensible of the collected conviction that we live. We lose the sense of what *is*, by thinking rather of what is *to be*. But the old, who have no future to expect, are more vividly alive to the present, and they feel death more, because they have a more settled and perfect impression of existence.

He left the group, and went on alone by the margin of the winding and swelling stream. "It is (said a certain philosopher) in the conflicts of Nature that man most feels his littleness." Like all general maxims, this is only partially true. The mind, which takes its first ideas from perception, must take also its tone from the character of the objects perceived. In mingling our spirits with the great elements, we partake of their sublimity; we awaken thought from the secret depths where it had lain concealed; our feelings are too excited to remain riveted to ourselves; they blend with the mighty powers which are abroad; and, as in the agitations of men, the individual arouses from himself to become a part of the crowd, so in the convulsions of nature we are equally awakened from the littleness of self, to be lost in the grandeur of the conflict by which we are surrounded.

Falkland still continued to track the stream: it wound its way through Mandeville's grounds, and broadened at last into the lake which was so consecrated to his recollections. He paused at that spot for some moments, looking carelessly over the wide expanse of waters, now dark as night, and now flashing into one mighty plane of fire beneath the coruscations of the lightning. The clouds swept on in massy columns, dark

and aspiring — veiling, while they rolled up to, the great heavens, like the shadows of human doubt. Oh! weak, weak was that dogma of the philosopher! There is a *pride* in the storm which, according to his doctrine, would debase us; a stirring music in its roar; even a savage joy in its destruction: for we can exult in a defiance of its power, even while we share in its triumphs, in a consciousness of a superior spirit within us to that which is around. We can mock at the fury of the elements, for they are less terrible than the passions of the heart; at the devastations of the awful skies; for they are less desolating than the wrath of man; at the convulsions of that surrounding nature which has no peril, no terror to the soul, which is more indestructible and eternal than itself. Falkland turned towards the house which contained *his* world; and as the lightning revealed at intervals the white columns of the porch, and wrapt in sheets of fire, like a spectral throng, the tall and waving trees by which it was encircled, and then as suddenly ceased, and “the jaws of darkness” devoured up the scene; he compared, with that bitter alchymy of feeling which resolves all into one crucible of thought, those alternations of light and shadow to the history of his own guilty love — that passion whose birth was of the womb of Night; shrouded in darkness, surrounded by storms, and receiving only from the angry heavens a momentary brilliance, more terrible than its customary gloom.

As he entered the saloon, Lady Margaret advanced towards him. “My dear Falkland,” said she, “how good it is in you to come in such a night! We have been watching the skies till Emily grew terrified at the lightning; *formerly* it did not alarm her.” And Lady Mar-

garet turned, utterly unconscious of the reproach she had conveyed, towards Emily.

Did not Falkland's look turn also to that spot? Lady Emily was sitting by the harp which Mrs. St. John appeared to be most seriously employed in tuning: her countenance was bent downwards, and burning beneath the blushes called forth by the gaze which she *felt* was upon her.

There was in Falkland's character a peculiar dislike to all outward display of less worldly emotions. He had none of the vanity most men have in conquest; he would not have had any human being know that he was loved. He was right! No altar should be so unseen and inviolable as the human heart! He saw at once and relieved the embarrassment he had caused. With the remarkable fascination and grace of manner so peculiarly his own, he made his excuses to Lady Margaret for his disordered dress; he charmed his uncle, Don Alphonso, with a quotation from Lopez de Vega; he inquired tenderly of Mrs. Dalton touching the health of her Italian greyhound; and then — nor till then — he ventured to approach Emily, and speak to her in that soft tone, which, like a fairy language, is understood only by the person it addresses. Mrs. St. John rose and left the harp: Falkland took her seat. He bent down to whisper Emily. His long hair touched her cheek: it was still wet with the night dew. She looked up as she felt it, and met his gaze: better had it been to have lost earth than to have drunk the soul's poison from that eye when it tempted to sin.

Mrs. St. John stood at some distance: Don Alphonso was speaking to her of his nephew, and of his hopes of ultimately gaining him to the cause of his mother's

country. "See you not," said Mrs. St. John, and her colour went and came, "that while he has such attractions to detain him, your hopes are in vain?" "What mean you?" replied the Spaniard; but his eye had followed the direction she had given it, and the question came only from his lips. Mrs. St. John drew him to a still remoter corner of the room, and it was in the conversation that then ensued between them that they agreed to unite for the purpose of separating Emily from her lover — "I to save my friend," said Mrs. St. John, "and you your kinsman." Thus is it with human virtue: — the fair show and the good deed without — the one eternal motive of selfishness within. During the Spaniard's visit at E —, he had seen enough of Falkland to perceive the great consequence he might, from his perfect knowledge of the Spanish language, from his singular powers, and, above all, from his command of wealth, be to the cause of that party he himself had adopted. His aim, therefore, was now no longer confined to procuring Falkland's good will and aid at home: he hoped to secure his personal assistance in Spain; and he willingly coincided with Mrs. St. John in detaching his nephew from a tie so likely to detain him from that service to which Alphonso wished he should be pledged.

Mandeville had left E — that morning: he suspected nothing of Emily's attachment. This, on his part, was less confidence than indifference. He was one of those persons who have no existence separate from their own: his senses all turned inwards, they reproduced selfishness. Even the House of Commons was only an object of interest, because he imagined it *a part of him, not he of it*. He said, with the insect on the wheel, "Admire *our* rapidity." But did the defects of his cha-

racter remove Lady Emily's guilt? No! and this, at times, was her bitterest conviction. Whoever turns to these pages for an apology for sin will be mistaken. They contain the burning records of its sufferings, its repentance, and its doom. If there be one crime in the history of woman worse than another, it is adultery. It is, in fact, the only crime to which, in ordinary life, she is exposed. Man has a thousand temptations to sin — woman has but one: if she cannot resist it, she has no claim upon our mercy. The heavens are just! her own guilt is her punishment! Should these pages, at this moment, meet the eyes of one who has become the centre of a circle of disgrace — the contaminator of her house — the dishonourer of her children, — no matter what the excuse for her crime — no matter what the exchange of her station — in the very arms of her lover, in the very cincture of the new ties which she has chosen, — I call upon her to answer me if the fondest moments of rapture are free from humiliation, though they have forgotten remorse; and if the passion itself of her lover has not become no less the penalty than the recompence of her guilt? But at that hour of which I now write, there was neither in Emily's heart, nor in that of her seducer, any recollection of their sin. Those hearts were too full for thought—they had forgotten every thing but each other. Their love was their creation: beyond, all was night—chaos—nothing!

Lady Margaret approached them. "You will sing to us, Emily, to-night? it is *so* long since we have heard you!" It was in vain that Emily tried—her voice failed. She looked at Falkland, and could scarcely restrain her tears. She had not yet learned the latest art which sin teaches us — *its concealment*! "I will supply

Lady Emily's place," said Falkland. *His* voice was calm, and *his* brow serene: the world had left nothing for him to learn. "Will you play the air," he said to Mrs. St. John, "that you gave us some nights ago? I will furnish the words." Mrs. St. John's hand trembled as she obeyed.

SONG.

1.

Ah, let us love while yet we may :
Our summer is decaying ;
And woe to hearts which, in their gray
December, go a-maying.

2.

Ah, let us love, while of the fire
Time hath not yet bereft us :
With years our warmer thoughts expire,
Till only ice is left us !

3.

We 'll fly the bleak world's bitter air —
A brighter home shall win us ;
And if our hearts grow weary there,
We 'll find a world within us.

4.

They preach that passion fades each hour,
That nought will pall like pleasure :
My bee, if Love's so frail a flower,
Oh, haste to hive its treasure !

5.

Wait not the hour, when all the mind
Shall to the crowd be given ;
For links, which to the *million* bind,
Shall from the *one* be riven !

6.

But let us love while yet we may :
Our summer is decaying ;
And woe to hearts which, in their gray
December, go a-maying.

The next day Emily rose ill and feverish. In the absence of Falkland, her mind always awoke to the full sense of the guilt she had incurred. She had been brought up in the strictest, even the most fastidious principles; and her nature was so pure, that merely to err appeared like a change in existence—like an entrance into some new and unknown world, from which she shrank back, in terror, to herself.

Judge, then, if she easily habituated her mind to its present degradation. She sat, that morning, pale and listless: her book lay unopened before her; her eyes were fixed upon the ground, heavy with suppressed tears. Mrs. St. John entered: no one else was in the room. She sat by her, and took her hand. Her countenance was scarcely less colourless than Emily's, but its expression was more calm and composed. "It is not too late, Emily," she said: "you have done much that you should repent—nothing to render repentance unavailing. Forgive me, if I speak to you on this subject. It is time—in a few days your fate will be decided. I have looked on, though hitherto I have been silent: I have witnessed that eye when it dwelt upon you; I have heard that voice when it spoke to your heart. None ever resisted their influence long: do you imagine that you are the first who have found the power? Pardon me, pardon me, I beseech you, my dearest friend, if I pain you. I have known you from your childhood, and I only wish to preserve you spotless to your old age."

Emily wept, without replying. Mrs. St. John continued to argue and expostulate. What is so wavering as passion? When, at last, Mrs. St. John ceased, and Emily shed upon her bosom the hot tears of her anguish and repentance, she imagined that her resolution was

taken, and that she could almost have vowed an eternal separation from her lover; — Falkland came that evening, and she loved him more madly than before.

Mrs. St. John was not in the saloon when Falkland entered. Lady Margaret was reading the well-known story of Lady T—— and the Duchess of M——, in which an agreement had been made and *kept*, that the one who died first should return once more to the survivor. As Lady Margaret spoke laughingly of the anecdote, Emily, who was watching Falkland's countenance, was struck with the dark and sudden shade which fell over it. He moved in silence towards the window where Emily was sitting. "Do you believe," she said, with a faint smile, "in the possibility of such an event?" "I believe — though I reject — nothing!" replied Falkland, "but I would give worlds for such a proof that death does not destroy." "Surely," said Emily, "you do not deny that evidence of our immortality which we gather from the Scriptures? — are *they* not all that a voice from the dead could be?" Falkland was silent for a few moments: he did not seem to hear the question: his eyes dwelt upon vacancy; and when he at last spoke, it was rather in commune with himself than in answer to her. "I have watched," said he, in a low internal tone, "over the tomb; I have called, in the agony of my heart, unto her who slept beneath; I would have *dissolved my very soul* into a spell, could it have summoned before me for one, one moment, the being who had once been the spirit of my life! I have been, as it were, *entranced* with the intensity of my own adjuration; I have gazed upon the empty air, and worked upon my mind to fill it with imaginings; I have called aloud unto the winds, and tasked my soul to waken their silence to reply. All was

a waste — a stillness — an infinity — without a wanderer or a voice! The dead answered me not, when I invoked them; and in the vigils of the still night I looked from the rank grass and the mouldering stones to the Eternal Heavens, as man looks from decay to immortality! Oh! that awful magnificence of repose — that living sleep — that breathing, yet unrevealing divinity, spread over those still worlds! To *them* also I poured my thoughts — *but in a whisper*. I did not dare to breathe *aloud* the unhallowed anguish of my mind to the majesty of the unsympathising stars! In the vast order of creation — in the midst of the stupendous system of universal life, — my doubt and inquiry were murmured forth — *a voice crying in the wilderness, and returning without an echo, unanswered unto myself!*”

The deep light of the summer moon shone over Falkland's countenance, which Emily gazed on, as she listened, almost tremblingly, to his words. His brow was knit and hueless, and the large drops gathered slowly over it, as if wrung from the strained yet impotent tension of the thoughts within. Emily drew nearer to him — she laid her hand upon his own. “Listen to me,” she said: “if a herald from the grave could satisfy your doubt, *I would gladly die that I might return to you!*” “Beware,” said Falkland, with an agitated but solemn voice; “the words, now so lightly spoken, may be registered on high.” “*Be it so!*” replied Emily firmly, and she felt what she said. Her love penetrated beyond the tomb, and she would have forfeited all here for their union hereafter.

“In my earliest youth,” said Falkland, more calmly than he had yet spoken, “I found in the present and the past of this world enough to direct my attention to the futurity of another: if I did not credit all with the en-

thusiast, I had no sympathies with the scorner: I sat myself down to examine and to reflect: I pored alike over the pages of the philosopher and the theologian; I was neither baffled by the subtleties, nor deterred by the contradictions of either. As men first ascertained the geography of the earth by observing the signs of the heavens, I did homage to the Unknown God, and sought from that worship to inquire into the reasonings of mankind. I did not confine myself to books — all things breathing or inanimate constituted my study. From death itself I endeavoured to extract its secret; and whole nights I have sat in the crowded asylums of the dying, watching the last spark flutter and decay. Men die away as in sleep, without effort, or struggle, or emotion. I have looked on their countenances a moment before death, and the serenity of repose was upon them, waxing only more deep as it approached that slumber *which is never broken*: the breath grew gentler and gentler, till the lips it came from fell from each other, and all was hushed; the light had departed from the cloud, but the cloud itself, gray, cold, altered as it seemed, was as before. *They died and made no sign.* They had left the labyrinth without bequeathing us its clew. It is in vain that I have sent my spirit into the land of shadows — it has borne back no witness of its inquiry. As Newton said of himself, ‘I picked up a few shells by the sea-shore, but the great ocean of truth lay undiscovered before me.’”

There was a long pause. Lady Margaret had sat down to chess with the Spaniard. No look was upon the lovers: their eyes met, and with that one glance the whole current of their thoughts was changed. The blood which a moment before had left Falkland’s cheek so co-

lourless, rushed back to it again. The love which had so penetrated and pervaded his whole system, and which abstruser and colder reflection had just calmed, thrilled through his frame with redoubled power. As if by an involuntary and mutual impulse, their lips met: he threw his arm round her; he strained her to his bosom. "Dark as my thoughts are," he whispered, "evil as has been my life, will you not yet soothe the one, and guide the other? My Emily! my love! the *Heaven to the tumultuous ocean of my heart* — will you not be mine — mine only — wholly — and for ever?" She did not answer — she did not turn from his embrace. Her cheek flushed as his breath stole over it, and her bosom heaved beneath the arm which encircled that empire so devoted to him. "Speak one word, one only word," he continued to whisper: "will you not be mine? Are you not mine at heart even at this moment?" Her head sank upon his bosom. Those deep and eloquent eyes looked up to his through their dark lashes. "I *will* be yours," she murmured: "I am at your mercy; I have no longer any existence but in you. My only fear is, that I shall cease to be worthy of your love!"

Falkland pressed his lips once more to her own: it was his only answer, and the last seal to their compact. As they stood before the open lattice, the still and unconscious moon looked down upon that record of guilt. There was not a cloud in the heavens to dim *her* purity: the very winds of night had hushed themselves to do her homage: all was silent but *their* hearts. They stood beneath the calm and holy skies, a guilty and devoted pair — a fearful contrast of the sin and turbulence of this unquiet earth to the passionless serenity of the eternal heaven. The same stars, that for thousands of un-

fathomed years had looked upon the changes of this nether world, gleamed pale, and pure, and steadfast upon their burning but transitory vow. In a few years what of the condemnation or the recorders of that vow would remain? From other lips, on that spot, other oaths might be plighted; new pledges of unchangeable fidelity exchanged: and, year after year, in each succession of scene and time, the same stars will look from the mystery of their untracked and impenetrable home, to mock, as now, with their immutability, the variations and shadows of mankind!

* * * * *

FROM ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ. TO LADY EMILY MANDEVILLE.

At length then you are to be mine — you have consented to fly with me. In three days we shall leave this country, and have no home — no world but in each other. We will go, my Emily, to those golden lands where Nature, the only companion we will suffer, woos us, like a mother, to find our asylum in her breast; where the breezes are languid beneath the passion of the voluptuous skies; and where the purple light that invests all things with its glory, is only less tender and consecrating than the spirit which we bring. Is there not, my Emily, in the external nature which reigns over creation, and that human nature centred in ourselves, some secret and undefinable intelligence and attraction? Are not the impressions of the former as spells over the passions of the latter? and in gazing upon the loveliness around us, do

we not gather, as it were, and store within our hearts, an increase of the yearning and desire of love? What can we demand from earth but its solitudes — what from heaven but its unpolluted air? All that others would ask from either, we can find in ourselves. Wealth — honour — happiness — every object of ambition or desire, exist not for us without the circle of our arms! But the bower that surrounds us shall not be unworthy of your beauty or our love. Amidst the myrtle and the vine, and the valleys where the summer sleeps, and the rivers that murmur the memories and the legends of old; amidst the hills and the glossy glades, and the silver fountains, still all as beautiful as if the Nymph and Spirit yet held and decorated an earthly home; — amidst these we will make the couch of our bridals, and the moon of Italian skies shall keep watch on our repose.

Emily! — Emily! — how I love to repeat and to linger over that beautiful name! If to see, to address, and more than all, to touch you, has been a rapture, what word can I find in the vocabulary of happiness to express the realization of that hope which now burns within me — to mingle our youth together into one stream, where-soever it flows; to respire the same breath; to be almost blent in the same existence; to grow, as it were, on one stem, and knit into a *single* life the feelings, the wishes, the *being* of both!

To-night I shall see you again: let one day more intervene, and — I cannot conclude the sentence! As I have written, the tumultuous happiness of hope has come over me to confuse and overwhelm every thing else. At this moment my pulse riots with fever; the room swims before my eyes; every thing is indistinct and jarring —

a chaos of emotions. O that happiness should ever have such excess!

When Emily received and laid this letter to her heart, she felt nothing in common with the spirit which it breathed. With that quick transition and inconstancy of feeling so common in women, and which is as frequently their safety as their peril, her mind had already repented of the weakness of the last evening, and relapsed into the irresolution and bitterness of her former remorse. Never had there been in the human breast a stronger contest between conscience and passion; — if, indeed, the extreme softness (notwithstanding its power) of Emily's attachment could be called passion: it was rather a love that had refined by the increase of its own strength; it contained nothing but the primary guilt of conceiving it, which that order of angels, *whose nature is love*, would have sought to purify away. To see him, to live with him, to count the variations of his countenance and voice, to touch his hand at moments when waking, and watch over his slumbers when he slept — this was the essence of her wishes, and constituted the limit to her desires. Against the temptations of the present was opposed the whole history of the past. Her mind wandered from each to each, wavering and wretched, as the impulse of the moment impelled it. Hers was not, indeed, a strong character: her education and habits had weakened, while they rendered more feminine and delicate, a nature originally too soft. Every recollection of former purity called to her with the loud voice of duty, as a warning from the great guilt she was about to incur; and whenever she thought of her child — that centre of fond and sinless sensations, where once

she had so wholly garnered up her heart—her feelings melted at once from the object which had so wildly held them riveted as by a spell, to dissolve and lose themselves in the great and sacred fountain of a mother's love.

When Falkland came that evening, she was sitting at a corner of the saloon, apparently occupied in reading, but her eyes were fixed upon her boy, whom Mrs. St. John was endeavouring at the opposite end of the room to amuse. The child, who was fond of Falkland, came up to him as he entered: Falkland stooped to kiss him; and Mrs. St. John said, in a low voice which just reached his ear, "Judas, too, kissed before he betrayed." Falkland's colour changed: he felt the sting the words were intended to convey. On that child, now so innocently caressing him, he was indeed about to inflict a disgrace and injury the most sensible and irremediable in his power. But who ever indulges reflection in passion? He banished the remorse from his mind as instantaneously as it arose; and, seating himself by Emily, endeavoured to inspire her with a portion of the joy and hope which animated himself. Mrs. St. John watched them with a jealous and anxious eye: she had already seen how useless had been her former attempt to arm Emily's conscience effectually against her lover; but she resolved at least to renew the impression she had then made. The danger was imminent, and any remedy must be prompt; and it was something to protract, even if she could not finally break off, an union against which were arrayed all the angry feelings of jealousy, as well as the better affections of the friend. Emily's eye was already brightening beneath the words that Falkland whispered in her ear, when Mrs. St. John approached her. She placed herself on a chair beside them, and, unmindful of

Falkland's bent and angry brow, attempted to create a general and common-place conversation. Lady Margaret had invited two or three people in the neighbourhood; and when these came in, music and cards were resorted to immediately, with that English *politesse*, which takes the earliest opportunity to show that the conversation of our friends is the last thing for which we have invited them. But Mrs. St. John never left the lovers; and at last, when Falkland, in despair at her obstinacy, arose to join the card table, she said, "Pray, Mr. Falkland, were you not intimate at one time with *** ***, who eloped with Lady ***?" "I knew him but slightly," said Falkland; and then added, with a sneer, "the only times I ever met him were at your house." Mrs. St. John, without noticing the sarcasm, continued: — "What an unfortunate affair that proved! They were very much attached to one another in early life—the *only* excuse, perhaps, for a woman's breaking her subsequent vows. They eloped. The remainder of their history is briefly told: it is that of all who forfeit every thing for passion, and forget that of every thing it is the briefest in duration. He who had sacrificed his honour for her sacrificed her also as lightly for another. She could not bear his infidelity; but how could she reproach him? In the very act of yielding to, she had become unworthy of, his love. She *did not* reproach him—she died of a broken heart! I saw her just before her death, for I was distantly related to her, and I could not forsake her utterly even in her sin. She then spoke to me only of the child by her former marriage, whom she had left in the years when it most needed her care: she questioned me of its health—its education—its very growth: the minutest thing was not beneath her inquiry. His tidings were all that

brought back to her mind 'the redolence of joy and spring.' I brought that child to her one day: *he* at least had never forgotten her. How bitterly both wept when they were separated! and she—poor, poor Ellen—an hour after their separation was no more!" There was a pause for a few minutes. Emily was deeply affected. Mrs. St. John had anticipated the effect she had produced, and concerted the method to increase it. "It is singular," she resumed, "that the evening before her elopement, some verses were sent to her anonymously—I do not think, Emily, that you have ever seen them. Shall I sing them to you now?" and without waiting for a reply, she placed herself at the piano; and with a low but sweet voice, greatly aided in effect by the extreme feeling of her manner, she sang the following verses:—

TO * * *

1.

And wilt thou leave that happy home,
Where once it was so sweet to live?
Ah! think, before thou seek'st to roam,
What safer shelter Guilt can give!

2.

The Bird may rove, and still regain
With spotless wings her wonted rest;
But home, once lost, is ne'er again
Restored to Woman's erring breast!

3.

If wandering o'er a world of flowers,
The heart at times would ask repose;
But *thou* wouldst lose the only bowers
Of rest amid a world of woes.

4.

Recall thy youth's unsullied vow —
 The past which on thee smiled so fair;
 Then turn from thence to picture now
 The frowns thy future fate must wear!

5.

No hour, no hope, can bring relief
 To her who hides a blighted name;
 For hearts unbow'd by stormiest grief
 Will break beneath one breeze of *shame*!

6.

And when thy child's deserted years
 Amid life's early woes are thrown,
 Shall menial bosoms soothe the tears
 That should be shed on thine alone?

7.

When on thy name his lips shall call,
 (That tender name, the earliest taught!)
 Thou wouldst not Shame and Sin were all
 The memories link'd around its thought!

8.

If Sickness haunt his infant bed,
 Ah! what could then replace thy care?
 Could hireling steps as gently tread
 As if a Mother's soul was there?

9.

Enough! 'tis not too late to shun
 The bitter draught thyself wouldst fill;
 The latest link is not undone; —
 Thy bark is in the haven still.

10.

If doom'd to grief through life thou art,
 'Tis thine at least unstain'd to die!
 Oh! better break at once thy heart,
 Than rend it from its holiest tie!

It were vain to attempt describing Emily's feelings when the song ceased. The scene floated before her

eyes indistinct and dark. The violence of the emotions she attempted to conceal pressed upon her almost to choking. She rose, looked at Falkland with one look of such anguish and despair that it froze his very heart, and left the room without uttering a word. A moment more—they heard a noise—a fall. They rushed out—Emily was stretched on the ground, apparently lifeless. *She had broken a blood-vessel!*

F A L K L A N D.

B O O K IV.

FROM MRS. ST. JOHN TO ERASMUS FALKLAND,
ESQ.

AT last I can give a more favourable answer to your letters. Emily is now *quite* out of danger. Since the day you forced yourself, with such a disinterested regard for her health and reputation, into her room, she grew (no thanks to your forbearance) gradually better. I trust that she will be able to see you in a few days. I hope this the more, because she now feels and decides that it will be for the last time. You have, it is true, injured her happiness for life: her virtue, thank Heaven, is yet spared; and though you have made her wretched, you will never, I trust, succeed in making her despised.

You ask me, with some menacing and more complaint, why I am so bitter against you. I will tell you. I not only know Emily, and feel confident, from that knowledge, that nothing can recompense her for the reproaches of conscience, but I know *you*, and am convinced that you are the last man to render her happy. I set aside, for the moment, all rules of religion and mo-

rality in general, and speak to you (to use the cant and abused phrase) “without prejudice” as to the particular instance. Emily’s nature is soft and susceptible, yours fickle and wayward in the extreme. The smallest change or caprice in you, which would not be noticed by a mind less delicate, would wound *her* to the heart. You know that the very softness of her character arises from its want of strength. Consider, for a moment, if she could bear the humiliation and disgrace which visit so heavily the offences of an English wife? She has been brought up in the strictest notions of morality; and, in a mind not naturally strong, nothing can efface the first impressions of education. She is not—indeed, she is not—fit for a life of sorrow or degradation. In another character, another line of conduct might be desirable; but with regard to *her*, pause, Falkland, I beseech you, before you attempt again to destroy her for ever. I have said all. Farewell.

Your, and above all, Emily’s friend,

J. S.

FROM ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ. TO LADY EMILY
MANDEVILLE.

You will see me, Emily, now that you are recovered sufficiently to do so without danger. I do not ask this as a favour. If my love has deserved any thing from yours, if past recollections give me any claim over you, if my nature has not forfeited the spell which it formerly possessed upon your own, I demand it as a right.

The bearer waits for your answer.

E. F.

FROM LADY EMILY MANDEVILLE TO ERASMUS
FALKLAND, ESQ.

SEE you, Falkland ! Can you doubt it ? Can you think for a moment that your commands can ever cease to become a law to me ? Come here whenever you please. If, during my illness, they have prevented it, it was without my knowledge. I await you ; but I own that this interview will be the last, if I can claim any thing from your mercy,

EMILY MANDEVILLE.

FROM ERASMUS FALKLAND, ESQ. TO LADY EMILY
MANDEVILLE.

I HAVE seen you, Emily, and for the last time ! My eyes are dry — my hand does not tremble. I live, move, breathe, as before — and yet I have seen you for the last time ! You told me — even while you leaned on my bosom, even while your lip pressed mine — you told me (and I saw your sincerity) to spare you, and to see you no more. You told me you had no longer any will, any fate of your own ; that you would, if I still continued to desire it, leave friends, home, honour, for me ; but you did not disguise from me that you would, in so doing, leave happiness also. You did not conceal from me that I was not sufficient to constitute all your world : you threw yourself, as you had done once before, upon what you called my generosity : you did not deceive yourself

now. In two weeks I shall leave England, probably for ever. I have another country still more dear to me, from its afflictions and humiliation. Public ties differ but little in their nature from private; and this confession of preference of what is debased to what is exalted, will be an answer to Mrs. St. John's assertion, that we cannot love in disgrace as we can in honour. Enough of this. In the choice, my poor Emily, that you have made, I cannot reproach you. You have done wisely, rightly, virtuously. You said that this separation must rest rather with me than with yourself; that you would be mine the moment I demanded it. I will not now or ever accept this promise. No one, much less one whom I love so intensely, so truly as I do you, shall ever receive disgrace at my hands, unless she can feel that that disgrace would be dearer to her than glory elsewhere; that the simple fate of being mine was not so much a recompence as a reward; and that, in spite of worldly depreciation and shame, it would constitute and concentrate all her visions of happiness and pride. I am now going to bid you farewell. May you—I say this disinterestedly, and from my very heart—may you soon forget how much you have loved and yet love me! For this purpose, you cannot have a better companion than Mrs. St. John. Her opinion of me is loudly expressed, and probably true; at all events, you will do wisely to believe it. You will hear me attacked and reproached by many. I do not deny the charges; you know best what I have deserved from *you*. God bless you, Emily. Wherever I go, I shall never cease to love you as I do now. May you be happy in your child and in your conscience. Once more God bless you, and farewell!

ERASMUS FALKLAND.

FROM LADY EMILY MANDEVILLE TO ERASMUS
FALKLAND, ESQ.

O FALKLAND! you have conquered! I am yours — *yours only* — *wholly and for ever*. When your letter came, my hand trembled so, that I could not open it for several minutes; and when I did, I felt as if the very earth had passed from my feet. You were going from your country; you were about to be lost to me for ever. I could restrain myself no longer; all my virtue, my pride, forsook me at once. Yes, yes, you are indeed my world. I will fly with you any where — every where. Nothing can be dreadful, but not seeing you; I would be a servant — a slave — a dog, as long as I could be with you; hear one tone of your voice, catch one glance of your eye. I scarcely see the paper before me, my thoughts are so straggling and confused. Write to me one word, Falkland; one word, and I will lay it to my heart, and be happy.

FROM ERASMUS FALKLAND, TO LADY EMILY
MANDEVILLE.

— *Hotel, London.*

I HASTEN to you, Emily — my own and only love. Your letter has restored me to life. To-morrow we shall meet.

E. F.

It was with mingled feelings, alloyed and embittered, in spite of the burning hope which predominated over all, that Falkland returned to E——. He knew that he was near the completion of his most ardent wishes; that he was within the grasp of a prize which included all the thousand objects of ambition, into which, among other men, the desires are divided: the only dreams he had ventured to form for years, were about to kindle into life. He had every reason to be happy;—such is the inconsistency of human nature, that he was almost wretched. The morbid melancholy, habitual to him, threw its colourings over every emotion and idea. He knew the character of the woman whose affections he had seduced; and he trembled to think of the doom to which he was about to condemn her. With this, there came over his mind a long train of dark and remorseful recollections. Emily was not the only one whose destruction he had prepared. All who had loved him, he had repaid with ruin; and *one* — the first — the fairest — and the most loved, with death.

That last remembrance, more bitterly than all, possessed him. It will be recollected that Falkland, in the letters which begin this work, speaking of the ties he had formed after the loss of his first love, says, that it was the senses, not the affections, that were engaged. Never, indeed, since her death, till he met Emily, had his *heart* been unfaithful to her memory. Alas! none but those who have cherished in their souls an image of the dead; who have watched over it for long and bitter years in secrecy and gloom; who have felt that it was to them as a holy and fairy spot which no eye but theirs could profane; who have filled all things with *recollections* as with a spell, and made the universe one wide

mausoleum of the lost;— none but those can understand the mysteries of that regret which is shed over every after passion, though it be more burning and intense; — that sense of sacrilege with which we fill up the haunted recesses of the spirit with a new and a living idol, and perpetrate the last act of infidelity to that buried love, which the heavens that now receive her, the earth where we beheld her, tell us, with the unnumbered voices of Nature, to worship with the incense of our faith.

His carriage stopped at the lodge. The woman who opened the gates gave him the following note:—

“Mr. Mandeville is returned; I almost fear that he suspects our attachment. Julia says, that if you come again to E——, she will inform him. I dare not, dearest Falkland, see you here. What is to be done? I am very ill and feverish: my brain burns so, that I can think, feel, remember nothing, but the one thought, feeling, and remembrance; — that through shame, and despite of guilt, in life, and till death, I am yours.

“E. M.”

As Falkland read this note, his extreme and engrossing love for Emily doubled with each word: an instant before, and the certainty of seeing her had suffered his mind to be divided into a thousand objects; now, doubt united them once more into one.

He altered his route to L——, and despatched from thence a short note to Emily, imploring her to meet him that evening by the lake, in order to arrange their ultimate flight. Her answer was brief, and blotted with her tears; but it was assent.

During the whole of that day, at least from the moment she received Falkland's letter, Emily was scarcely sensible of a single idea: she sat still and motionless, gazing on vacancy, and seeing nothing within her mind, or in the objects which surrounded her, but one dreary blank. Sense, thought, feeling, even remorse, were congealed and frozen; and the tides of emotion were still, *but they were ice!*

As Falkland's servant had waited without to deliver the note to Emily, Mrs. St. John had observed him: her alarm and surprise only served to quicken her presence of mind. She intercepted Emily's answer under pretence of giving it herself to Falkland's servant. She read it, and her resolution was formed. After carefully resealing and delivering it to the servant, she went at once to Mr. Mandeville, and revealed Lady Emily's attachment to Falkland. In this act of treachery, she was solely instigated by her passions; and when Mandeville, roused from his wonted apathy to a paroxysm of indignation, thanked her again and again for the generosity of friendship which he imagined was all that actuated her communication, he dreamed not of the fierce and ungovernable jealousy which envied the very disgrace that her confession was intended to award. Well said the French enthusiast, "that the heart, the most serene to appearance, resembles that calm and glassy fountain which cherishes the monster of the Nile in the bosom of its waters." Whatever reward Mrs. St. John proposed to herself in this action, verily she has had the recompence that was her due. Those consequences of her treachery, which I hasten to relate, have ceased to others — to *her* they remain. Amidst the pleasures of dissipation, one reflection has rankled at her mind; one dark cloud has

rested between the sunshine and her soul: like the murderer in Shakspeare, the revel where she fled for forgetfulness has teemed to her with the spectres of remembrance. O thou untameable conscience! thou that never flatterest — thou that watchest over the human heart never to slumber or to sleep — it is thou that takest from us the present, barrest to us the future, and knittest the eternal chain that binds us to the rock and the vulture of the past!

The evening came on still and dark; a breathless and heavy oppression seemed gathered over the air; the full large clouds lay without motion in the dull sky, from between which, at long and scattered intervals, the wan stars looked out; a double shadow seemed to invest the grouped and gloomy trees that stood unwavering in the melancholy horizon. The waters of the lake lay heavy and unagitated, as the sleep of death; and the broken reflections of the abrupt and winding banks rested upon their bosoms, like the dream-like remembrance of a former existence.

The hour of the appointment was arrived: Falkland stood by the spot, gazing upon the lake before him; his cheek was flushed, his hand was parched and dry with the consuming fire within him. His pulse beat thick and rapidly; the demon of evil passions was upon his soul. He stood so lost in his own reflections, that he did not for some moments perceive the fond and tearful eye which was fixed upon him: on that brow and lip, thought seemed always so beautiful, so divine, that to disturb its repose was like a profanation of something holy; and though Emily came towards him with a light and hurried step, she paused involuntarily to gaze upon that noble countenance which realized her earliest vi-

sions of the beauty and majesty of love. He turned slowly, and perceived her; he came to her with his own peculiar smile; he drew her to his bosom in silence; he pressed his lips to her forehead: she leaned upon his bosom, and forgot all but him. Oh! if there be one feeling which makes Love, even guilty Love, a god, it is the knowledge that in the midst of this breathing world he reigns aloof and alone; and that those who are occupied with his worship know nothing of the pettiness, the strife, the bustle which pollute and agitate the ordinary inhabitants of earth! What was now to them, as they stood alone in the deep stillness of nature, every thing that had engrossed them before they had met and loved? Even in her, the recollections of guilt and grief subsided: she was only sensible of one thought — the presence of the being who stood beside her,

That ocean to the rivers of her soul.

They sat down beneath an oak: Falkland stooped to kiss the cold and pale cheek that still rested upon his breast. His kisses were like lava: the turbulent and stormy elements of sin and desire were aroused even to madness within him. He clasped her still nearer to his bosom: her lips answered to his own: they caught perhaps something of the spirit which they received: her eyes were half closed: the bosom heaved wildly, that was pressed to his beating and burning heart. The skies grew darker and darker, as the night stole over them: one low roll of thunder broke upon the curtained and heavy air — *they* did not hear it; and yet it was the knell of peace—virtue—hope—lost, lost for ever to their souls!

* * * *

* * * *

They separated as they had never done before. In Emily's bosom there was a dreary void — a vast blank — over which there went a low, deep voice like a Spirit's — a sound indistinct and strange, that spoke a language she knew not; but felt that it told of woe — guilt — doom. Her senses were stunned: the vitality of her feelings was numbed and torpid: the first herald of despair is insensibility. "To-morrow then," said Falkland — and his voice for the first time seemed strange and harsh to her — "we will fly hence for ever: meet me at day-break — the carriage shall be in attendance — we cannot now unite too soon — would that at this very moment we were prepared!" — "To-morrow!" repeated Emily, "at day-break!" and as she clung to him, he felt her shudder: "to-morrow — aye — to-morrow —" one kiss — one embrace — one word *farewell* — and they parted.

Falkland returned to L —: a gloomy foreboding rested upon his mind: that dim and indescribable fear, which no earthly or human cause can explain — that shrinking within self — that vague terror of the future — that grappling, as it were, with some unknown shade — that wandering of the spirit — whither? — that cold, cold creeping dread — of what? As he entered the house, he met his confidential servant. He gave him orders respecting the flight of the morrow, and then retired into the chamber where he slept. It was an antique and large room: the wainscot was of oak; and one broad and high window looked over the expanse of country which stretched beneath. He sat himself by the casement in silence — he opened it: the dull air came over his forehead, not with a sense of freshness, but, like the parching atmosphere of the east, charged with a

weight and fever that sank heavy into his soul. He turned:—he threw himself upon the bed, and placed his hands over his face. His thoughts were scattered into a thousand indistinct forms, but over all, there was one rapturous remembrance; and that was, that the morrow was to unite him for ever to her whose possession had only rendered her more dear. Meanwhile, the hours rolled on; and as he lay thus silent and still, the clock of the distant church struck with a distinct and solemn sound upon his ear. It was the half-hour after midnight. At that moment an icy thrill ran, slow and curdling, through his veins. His heart, as if with a presentiment of what was to follow, beat violently, and then stopped: life itself seemed ebbing away; cold drops stood upon his forehead; his eyelids trembled, and the balls reeled and glazed, like those of a dying man; a deadly fear gathered over him, so that his flesh quivered, and every hair in his head seemed instinct with a separate life: the very marrow of his bones crept, and his blood waxed thick and thick, as if stagnating into an ebbless and frozen substance. He started in a wild and unutterable terror. There stood, at the far end of the room, a dim and thin shape like moonlight, without outline or form; still, and indistinct, and shadowy. He gazed on, speechless and motionless; his faculties and senses seemed locked in an unnatural trance. By degrees the shape became clearer and clearer to his fixed and dilating eye. He saw, as through a floating and mist-like veil, the features of Emily; but how changed!—sunken, and hueless, and set in death. The dropping lip, from which there seemed to trickle a deep red stain like blood; the lead-like and lifeless eye; the calm, awful mysterious repose which broods over the aspect of the dead;—all grew, as it were, from the

hazy cloud that encircled them for one, one brief, agonizing, moment, and then as suddenly faded away. The spell passed from his senses. He sprang from the bed with a loud cry. All was quiet! There was not a trace of what he had witnessed. The feeble light of the skies rested upon the spot where the apparition had stood; upon that spot he stood also. He stamped upon the floor—it was firm beneath his footing. He passed his hands over his body—he was awake—he was unchanged: earth, air, heaven, were around him as before. What had thus gone over his soul to awe and overcome it to such weakness? To these questions his reason could return no answer. Bold by nature, and sceptical by philosophy, his mind gradually recovered its original tone: he did not give way to conjecture; he endeavoured to discard it: he sought by natural causes to account for the apparition he had seen or imagined; and, as he felt the blood again circulating in its accustomed courses, and the night air coming chill over his feverish frame, he smiled with a stern and scornful bitterness at the terror which had so shaken, and the fancy which had so deluded, his mind.

Are there not “more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy?” A Spirit may hover in the air that we breathe: the depth of our most secret solitudes may be peopled by the invisible: our uprisings and our down-sittings may be marked by a witness from the grave. In our walks the dead may be behind us; in our banquets they may sit at the board; and the chill breath of the night wind that stirs the curtains of our bed may bear a message our senses receive not from lips that once have pressed kisses on our own! Why is it that at moments there creeps over us an awe, a terror,

overpowering but undefined? Why is it that we shudder without a cause, and feel the warm life-blood stand still in its courses? *Are the dead too near?* Do unearthly wings touch us as they flit around? Has our soul any intercourse which the body shares not, though it feels, with the supernatural world — mysterious revealings — unimaginable communion — a language of dread and power, shaking to its centre the fleshly barrier that divides the spirit from its race?

How fearful is the very life which we hold! We have our being beneath a cloud, and are a marvel even to ourselves. There is not a single thought which has its affixed limits. Like circles in the water, our researches weaken as they extend, and vanish at last into the immeasurable and unfathomable space of the vast unknown. We are like children in the dark; we tremble in a shadowy and terrible void, peopled with our fancies! Life is our real night, and the first gleam of the morning, which brings us certainty, *is death.*

Falkland sat the remainder of that night by the window, watching the clouds become gray as the dawn rose, and its earliest breeze awoke. He heard the trampling of the horses beneath: he drew his cloak round him, and descended. It was on a turning of the road beyond the lodge that he directed the carriage to wait, and he then proceeded to the place appointed. Emily was not yet there. He walked to and fro with an agitated and hurried step. The impression of the night had in a great measure been effaced from his mind, and he gave himself up without reserve to the warm and sanguine hopes which he had so much reason to conceive. He thought too, at moments, of those bright cli-

mates beneath which he designed their asylum, where the very air is music, and the light is like the colourings of love; and he associated the sighs of a mutual rapture with the fragrance of myrtles, and the breath of a Tuscan heaven. Time glided on. The hour was long past, yet Emily came not! The sun rose, and Falkland turned in dark and angry discontent from its beams. With every moment his impatience increased, and at last he could restrain himself no longer. He proceeded towards the house. He stood for some time at a distance; but as all seemed still hushed in repose, he drew nearer and nearer till he reached the door: to his astonishment it was open. He saw forms passing rapidly through the hall. He heard a confused and indistinct murmur. At length he caught a glimpse of Mrs. St. John. He could command himself no more. He sprang forwards — entered the door — the hall — and caught her by a part of her dress. He could not speak, but his countenance said all which his lips refused. Mrs. St. John burst into tears when she saw him. “Good God!” she said, “why are you here? Is it possible you have yet learned——?” Her voice failed her. Falkland had by this time recovered himself. He turned to the servants who gathered around him. “Speak,” he said calmly. “What has occurred?” “My lady — my lady!” burst at once from several tongues. “What of her?” said Falkland, with a blanched cheek, but unchanging voice. There was a pause. At that instant a man, whom Falkland recognized as the physician of the neighbourhood, passed at the opposite end of the hall. A light, a scorching and intolerable light, broke upon him. “She is dying — she is dead perhaps,” he said, in a low sepulchral tone, turning his eye around till it had rested upon every one present.

Not one answered. He paused a moment, as if stunned by a sudden shock, and then sprang up the stairs. He passed the boudoir, and entered the room where Emily slept. The shutters were only partially closed: a faint light broke through and rested on the bed; beside it bent two women. Them he neither heeded nor saw. He drew aside the curtains. He beheld the same as he had seen it in his vision of the night before—the changed and lifeless countenance of Emily Mandeville! That face, still so tenderly beautiful, was partially turned towards him. Some dark stains upon the lip and neck told how she had died—the blood-vessel she had broken before had burst again. The bland and soft eyes, which for him never had but *one* expression, were closed; and the long and dishevelled tresses half hid, while they contrasted, that bosom, which had but the night before first learned to thrill beneath his own. Happier in her fate than she deserved, she passed from this bitter life ere the punishment of her guilt had begun. She was not doomed to wither beneath the blight of shame, nor the coldness of estranged affection. From him whom she had so worshipped, she was not condemned to bear wrong nor change. She died while his passion was yet in its spring—before a blossom, a leaf, had faded; and she sank to repose while his kiss was yet warm upon her lip, and her last breath almost mingled with his sigh. For the woman who has erred, life has no exchange for such a death. Falkland stood mute and motionless: not one word of grief or horror escaped his lips. At length he bent down. He took the hand which lay outside the bed; he pressed it; it replied not to the pressure, but fell cold and heavy from his own. He put his cheek to her lips; not the faintest breath came from them; and

then for the first time a change passed over his countenance: he pressed upon those lips one long and last kiss, and, without word, or sign, or tear, he turned from the chamber. Two hours afterwards he was found senseless upon the ground: it was upon the spot where he had met Emily the night before.

For weeks he knew nothing of this earth—he was encompassed with the spectres of a terrible dream. All was confusion, darkness, horror—a series and a change of torture! At one time he was hurried through the heavens in the womb of a fiery star, girt above and below and around with unextinguishable but unconsuming flames. Wherever he trod, as he wandered through his vast and blazing prison, the molten fire was his footing, and the breath of fire was his air. Flowers, and trees, and hills were in that world as in ours, but wrought from one lurid and intolerable light; and, scattered around, rose gigantic palaces and domes of the living flame, like the mansions of the city of Hell. With every moment there passed to and fro shadowy forms, on whose countenances was engraven unutterable anguish; but not a shriek, not a groan rung through the red air; *for the doomed, who fed and inhabited the flames, were forbidden the consolation of voice.* Above there sat, fixed and black, a solid and impenetrable cloud—*Night frozen into substance*; and from the midst there hung a banner of a pale and sickly flame, on which was written “For Ever.” A river rushed rapidly beside him. He stooped to slake the agony of his thirst—the waves *were waves of fire*; and, as he started from the burning draught, he longed to shriek aloud, *and could not.* Then he cast his despairing eyes above for mercy, and saw on the livid and motionless banner “For Ever.”

A change came o'er the spirit of his dream:

He was suddenly borne upon the winds and storms to the oceans of an eternal winter. He fell stunned and unstruggling upon the ebbless and sluggish waves. Slowly and heavily they rose over him as he sank: then came the lengthened and suffocating torture of that drowning death — the impotent and convulsive contest with the closing waters — the gurgle, the choking, the bursting of the pent breath, — the flutter of the heart, its agony, *and its stillness*. He recovered. He was a thousand fathoms beneath the sea, chained to a rock round which the heavy waters rose as a wall. He felt his own flesh rot and decay, perishing from his limbs piece by piece; and he saw the coral banks, which it requires a thousand ages to form, rise slowly from their slimy bed, and spread atom by atom, till they became a shelter for the leviathan: *their growth was his only record of eternity*; and ever and ever, around and above him, came vast and misshapen things — the wonders of the secret deeps; and the sea serpent, the huge chimæra of the north, made its resting-place by his side, glaring upon him with a livid and death-like eye, wan, yet burning *as an expiring sun*. But over all, in every change, in every moment of that immortality, there was present one pale and motionless countenance, never turning from his own. The fiends of hell, the monsters of the hidden ocean, had no horror so awful *as the human face of the dead whom he had loved*.

The word of his sentence was gone forth. Alike through that delirium and its more fearful awakening, through the past, through the future, through the vigils of the joyless day, and the broken dreams of the night,

there was a charm upon his soul—a hell within himself; and the curse of his sentence was—*never to forget!*

When Lady Emily returned home on that guilty and eventful night, she stole at once to her room: she dismissed her servant, and threw herself upon the ground in that deep despair which on this earth can never again know hope. She lay there without the power to weep, or the courage to pray—how long, she knew not. Like the period before creation, her mind was a chaos of jarring elements, and knew neither the method of reflection, nor the division of time.

As she rose, she heard a slight knock at the door, and her husband entered. Her heart misgave her; and when she saw him close the door carefully before he approached her, she felt as if she could have sunk into the earth, alike from her internal shame, and her fear of its detection.

Mr. Mandeville was a weak, common-place, character; indifferent in ordinary matters, but, like most imbecile minds, violent and furious when aroused. “Is this, Madam, addressed to you?” he cried in a voice of thunder, as he placed a letter before her; (it was one of Falkland’s) “and this, and this, Madam?” said he, in a still louder tone, as he flung them out one after another from her own escritoire, which he had broken open.

Emily sank back, and gasped for breath. Mandeville rose, and, laughing fiercely, seized her by the arm. He grasped it with all his force. She uttered a faint scream of terror: he did not heed it; he flung her from him, and, as she fell upon the ground, the blood gushed in torrents from her lips. In the sudden change of feeling which alarm created, he raised her in his arms. *She*

was a corpse! At that instant the clock struck upon his ear with a startling and solemn sound: *it was the half-hour after midnight!*

The grave is now closed upon that soft and erring heart, with its guiltiest secret unrevealed. She went to that last home with a blest add unblighted name; for her guilt was unknown, and her virtues are yet recorded in the memories of the Poor.

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They laid her in the stately vaults of her ancient line, and her bier was honoured with tears from hearts not less stricken, because their sorrow, if violent, was brief. For the dead there are many mourners, but only one monument—the bosom which loved them *best*. The spot where the hearse rested, the green turf beneath, the surrounding trees, the gray tower of the village church, and the proud halls rising beyond, — all had witnessed the childhood, the youth, the bridal-day, of the being whose last rites and solemnities they were to witness now. The very bell which rang for her birth had rung also for the marriage peal; it *now* tolled for her death. But a little while, and she had gone forth from that home of her young and unclouded years, amidst the acclamations and blessings of all, a bride, with the insignia of bridal pomp—in the first bloom of her girlish beauty—in the first innocence of her unawakened heart, weeping, not for the future she was entering, but for the past she was about to leave, and smiling through her tears, as if innocence had no business with grief. On the same spot, where he had then waved his farewell, stood the father now. On the grass which they had then covered,

flocked the peasants whose wants her childhood had relieved; by the same priest who had blessed her bridals, bent the bridegroom who had plighted its vow. There was not a tree, not a blade of grass withered. The day itself was bright and glorious; such was it when it smiled upon her nuptials. And *she* — *she* — but four little years, and all youth's innocence darkened, and earth's beauty come to dust! Alas! not for her, but the mourner whom she left! In death even love is forgotten; but in life there is no bitterness so utter as to feel every thing is unchanged except the One Being who was the soul of all — to know *the world* is the same, but that *its sunshine* is departed.

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THE noon was still and sultry. Along the narrow street of the small village of Iodar poured the wearied, but yet unconquered band, which embodied in that district of Spain the last hope and energy of freedom. The countenances of the soldiers were haggard and dejected; they displayed even less of the vanity, than their accoutrements exhibited, of the pomp and circumstance of war. Yet their garments were such as even the peasants had disdained; covered with blood and dust, and tattered into a thousand rags, they betokened nothing of chivalry but its endurance of hardship; even the rent and sullied ban-

ners drooped sullenly along their staves, as if the winds themselves had become the minions of Fortune, and disdained to swell the insignia of those whom she had deserted. The glorious music of battle was still. An air of dispirited and defeated enterprise hung over the whole array. "Thank Heaven," said the chief, who closed the last file as it marched on to its scanty refreshment and brief repose; "thank Heaven, we are at least out of the reach of pursuit; and the mountains, those last retreats of liberty, are before us!" "True, Don Rafael," replied the youngest of two officers who rode by the side of the commander; "and if we can cut our passage to Mina, we may yet plant the standard of the Constitution in Madrid." "Aye," added the elder officer, "and sing Riego's hymn in the place of the Escorial!" "Our sons may!" said the chief, who was indeed Riego himself, "but for us — all hope is over! Were we united, we could scarcely make head against the armies of France; and divided as we are, the wonder is that we have escaped so long. Hemmed in by invasion, our great enemy has been ourselves. Such has been the hostility faction has created between Spaniard and Spaniard, that we seem to have none left to waste upon Frenchmen. We cannot establish freedom if men are willing to be slaves. We have no hope, Don Alphonso — no hope — but that of death!" As Riego concluded this desponding answer, so contrary to his general enthusiasm, the younger officer rode on among the soldiers, cheering them with words of congratulation and comfort; ordering their several divisions; cautioning them to be prepared at a moment's notice; and impressing on their remembrance those small but essential points of discipline, which a Spanish troop might well be supposed to disregard. When

Riego and his companion entered the small and miserable hovel which constituted the head-quarters of the place, this man still remained without; and it was not till he had slackened the girths of his Andalusian horse, and placed before it the undainty provender which the *écurie* afforded, that he thought of rebinding more firmly the bandages wound around a deep and painful sabre cut in the left arm, which for several hours had been wholly neglected. The officer, whom Riego had addressed by the name of Alphonso, came out of the hut just as his comrade was vainly endeavouring, with his teeth and one hand, to replace the ligature. As he assisted him, he said, "You know not, my dear Falkland, how bitterly I reproach myself for having ever persuaded you to a cause where contest seems to have no hope, and danger no glory." Falkland smiled bitterly. "Do not deceive yourself, my dear uncle," said he; "your persuasions would have been unavailing but for the suggestions of my own wishes. I am not one of those enthusiasts who entered on your cause with high hopes and chivalrous designs: I asked but forgetfulness and excitement — I have found them! I would not exchange a single pain I have endured for what would have constituted the pleasures of other men:—but enough of this. What time, think you, have we for repose?" "Till the evening," answered Alphonso: "our route will then most probably be directed to the Sierra Morena. The General is extremely weak and exhausted, and needs a longer rest than we shall gain. It is singular that with such weak health he should endure so great an excess of hardship and fatigue." During this conversation they entered the hut. Riego was already asleep. As they seated themselves to the wretched provision of the place,

a distant and indistinct noise was heard. It came first on their ears like the birth of the mountain wind—low, and hoarse, and deep: gradually it grew loud and louder, and mingled with other sounds which they defined too well—the hum, the murmur, the trampling of steeds, the ringing echoes of the rapid march of armed men! They heard and knew the foe was upon them!—a moment more and the drum beat to arms. “By St. Pelagio,” cried Riego, who had sprung from his light sleep at the first sound of the approaching danger, unwilling to believe his fears, “it cannot be: the French are far behind:” and then, as the drum beat, his voice suddenly changed, —“the enemy! the enemy! D’Aguilar, to horse!” and with those words he rushed out of the hut. The soldiers, who had scarcely begun to disperse, were soon recollected. In the meanwhile the French commander, D’Argout, taking advantage of the surprise he had occasioned, poured on his troops, which consisted solely of cavalry, undaunted and undelayed by the fire of the posts. On, on they drove like a swift cloud charged with thunder, and gathering wrath as it hurried by, before it burst in tempest on the beholders. They did not pause till they reached the farther extremity of the village: there the Spanish infantry were already formed into two squares. “Halt!” cried the French commander: the troop suddenly stopped, confronting the nearer square. There was one brief pause—the moment before the storm. “Charge!” said D’Argout, and the word rang throughout the line up to the clear and placid sky. Up flashed the steel like lightning; on went the troop like the dash of a thousand waves when the sun is upon them; and before the breath of the riders was thrice drawn, came the crash—the shock—the slaughter of battle. The Spaniards made

but a faint resistance to the impetuosity of the onset: they broke on every side beneath the force of the charge, like the weak barriers of a rapid and swollen stream; and the French troops, after a brief but bloody victory, (joined by a second squadron from the rear,) advanced immediately upon the Spanish cavalry. Falkland was by the side of Riego. As the troop advanced, it would have been curious to notice the contrast of expression in the face of each; the Spaniard's features lighted up with the daring enthusiasm of his nature, every trace of their usual languor and exhaustion vanished beneath the unconquerable soul that blazed out the brighter for the debility of the frame; the brow knit; the eye flashing; the lip quivering:—and close beside, the calm, stern, passionless repose that brooded over the severe yet noble beauty of Falkland's countenance. To him danger brought scorn, not enthusiasm: he rather despised than defied it. “The dastards! they waver,” said Riego, in an accent of despair, as his troop faltered beneath the charge of the French: and so saying, he spurred his steed on to the foremost line. The contest was longer, but not less decisive than the one just concluded. The Spaniards, thrown into confusion by the first shock, never recovered themselves. Falkland, who, in his anxiety to rally and inspirit the soldiers, had advanced with two other officers beyond the ranks, was soon surrounded by a detachment of dragoons: the wound in his left arm scarcely suffered him to guide his horse: he was in the most imminent danger. At that moment D'Aguilar, at the head of his own immediate followers, cut his way into the circle, and covered Falkland's retreat; another detachment of the enemy came up, and they were a second time surrounded. In the meanwhile, the main body

of the Spanish cavalry were flying in all directions, and Riego's deep voice was heard at intervals, through the columns of smoke and dust, calling and exhorting them in vain. D'Aguilar and his scanty troop, after a desperate skirmish, broke again through the enemy's line drawn up against their retreat. The rank closed after them, like waters when the object that pierced them has sunk: Falkland and his two companions were again environed: he saw his comrades cut to the earth before him. He pulled up his horse for one moment, clove down with one desperate blow the dragoon with whom he was engaged, and then setting his spurs to the very rowels into his horse, dashed at once through the circle of his foes. His remarkable presence of mind, and the strength and sagacity of his horse, befriended him. Three sabres flashed before him, and glanced harmless from his raised sword, like lightning on the water. The circle was passed! As he galloped towards Riego, his horse started from a dead body that lay across his path. He reined up for one instant, for the countenance, which looked upwards, struck him as familiar. What was his horror, when, in that livid and distorted face, he recognized his uncle! The thin grizzled hairs were besprent with gore and brains, and the blood yet oozed from the spot where the ball had passed through his temple. Falkland had but a brief interval for grief; the pursuers were close behind: he heard the snort of the foremost horse before he again put spurs into his own. Riego was holding a hasty consultation with his principal officers. As Falkland rode breathless up to them, they had decided on the conduct expedient to adopt. They led the remaining square of infantry towards the chain of mountains against which the village as it were leaned; and there the men

dispersed in all directions. "For us," said Riego to the followers on horseback who gathered around him, "for us the mountains still promise a shelter. We must ride, gentlemen, for our lives — Spain will want *them* yet."

Wearied and exhausted as they were, that small and devoted troop fled on into the recesses of the mountains for the remainder of that day — twenty men out of the two thousand who had halted at Iodar. As the evening stole over them, they entered into a narrow defile: the tall hills rose on every side covered with the glory of the setting sun, as if Nature rejoiced to grant her bulwarks as a protection to liberty. A small clear stream ran through the valley, sparkling with the last smile of the departing day; and ever and anon, from the scattered shrubs and the fragrant herbage, came the vesper music of the birds, and the hum of the wild bee.

Parched with thirst, and drooping with fatigue, the wanderers sprang forward with one simultaneous cry of joy to the glassy and refreshing wave which burst so unexpectedly upon them; and it was resolved that they should remain for some hours in a spot where all things invited them to the repose they so imperiously required. They flung themselves at once upon the grass; and such was their exhaustion, that rest was almost synonymous with sleep. Falkland alone could not immediately forget himself in repose: the face of his uncle, ghastly and disfigured, glared upon his eyes whenever he closed them. Just, however, as he was sinking into an unquiet and fitful doze, he heard steps approaching: he started up, and perceived two men, one a peasant, the other in the dress of a hermit. They were the first human beings the wanderers had met; and when Falkland gave the alarm to Riego, who slept beside him, it was

immediately proposed to detain them as guides to the town of Carolina, where Riego had hopes of finding effectual assistance, or the means of ultimate escape. The hermit and his companion refused, with much vehemence, the office imposed upon them; but Riego ordered them to be forcibly detained. He had afterwards reason bitterly to regret this compulsion.

Midnight came on in all the gorgeous beauty of a southern heaven, and beneath its stars they renewed their march.

As Falkland rode by the side of Riego, the latter said to him in a low voice, "There is yet escape for you and my followers; none for me: they have set a price on my head, and the moment I leave these mountains, I enter upon my own destruction." "No, Rafael!" replied Falkland; "you can yet fly to England, that asylum of the free, though ally of the despotic; the abettor of tyranny, but the shelter of its victims!" Riego answered, with the same faint and dejected tone, "I care not now what becomes of me! I have lived solely for Freedom: I have made her my mistress, my hope, my dream: I have no existence but in her. With the last effort of my country let me perish also! I have lived to view Liberty not only defeated, but derided: I have seen its efforts not aided, but mocked. In my own country, those only, who wore it, have been respected who used it as a covering to ambition. In other nations, the free stood aloof when the charter of their own rights was violated in the invasion of ours. I cannot forget that the senate of that England, where you promise me a home, rang with insulting plaudits when her statesman breathed his ridicule on our weakness, not his sympathy for our cause; and I — I — fanatic — dreamer — enthusiast as I may be called,

whose whole life has been one unremitting struggle for the opinion I have adopted, am at least not so blinded by my infatuation but I can see the mockery it incurs. If I die on the scaffold to-morrow, I shall have nothing of martyrdom but its doom; not the triumph — the incense — the immortality of popular applause: I should have no hope to support me at such a moment, gleaned from the glories of the future — nothing but one stern and prophetic conviction of the vanity of that tyranny by which my sentence would be pronounced.” Riego paused for a moment before he resumed, and his pale and death-like countenance received an awful and unnatural light from the intensity of the feeling that swelled and burned within him. His figure was drawn up to its full height, and his voice rang through the lonely hills with a deep and hollow sound, that had in it a tone of prophecy, as he resumed: “It is in vain that they oppose OPINION; any thing else they may subdue. They may conquer wind, water, nature itself; but to the progress of that secret, subtle, pervading spirit, their imagination can devise, their strength can accomplish, no bar: *its votaries* they may seize, they may destroy; *itself* they cannot touch. If they check it in one place, it invades them in another. They cannot build a wall across the whole earth; and, even if they could, it would pass over its summit! Chains cannot bind it, for it is immaterial — dungeons enclose it, for it is universal. Over the faggot and the scaffold — over the bleeding bodies of its defender which they pile against its path, it sweeps on with a noiseless but unceasing march. Do they levy armies against it, it presents to them no palpable object to oppose. *Its camp is the universe; its asylum is the bosoms of their*

own soldiers. Let them depopulate, destroy as they please, to each extremity of the earth; but as long as they have a single supporter themselves — as long as they leave a single individual into whom that spirit can enter — so long they will have the same labours to encounter, and the same enemy to subdue.”

As Riego's voice ceased, Falkland gazed upon him with a mingled pity and admiration. Sour and ascetic as was the mind of that hopeless and disappointed man, he felt somewhat of a kindred glow at the pervading and holy enthusiasm of the patriot to whom he had listened; and though it was the character of his own philosophy to question the purity of human motives, and to smile at the more vivid emotions he had ceased to feel, he bowed his soul in homage to those principles whose sanctity he acknowledged, and to that devotion of zeal and fervour with which their defender cherished and enforced them. Falkland had joined the constitutionalists with respect, but not ardour, for their cause. He demanded excitation; he cared little where he found it. He stood in this world a being who mixed in all its changes, performed all its offices, took, as if by the force of superior mechanical power, a leading share in its events; but whose thoughts and soul were as offsprings of another planet, imprisoned in a human form, and *longing for their home!*

As they rode on, Riego continued to converse with that imprudent unreserve which the openness and warmth of his nature made natural to him: not one word escaped the hermit and the peasant (whose name was Lopez Lara) as they rode on two mules behind Falkland and Riego. “Remember,” whispered the hermit to his comrade, “the reward!” “I do,” muttered the peasant.

Throughout the whole of that long and dreary night, the wanderers rode on incessantly, and found themselves at day-break near a farm-house: this was Lara's own home. They made the peasant Lara knock: his own brother opened the door. Fearful as they were of the detection to which so numerous a party might conduce, only Riego, another officer, (Don Luis de Sylva,) and Falkland entered the house. The latter, whom nothing ever seemed to render weary or forgetful, fixed his cold stern eye upon the two brothers, and, seeing some signs pass between them, locked the door, and so prevented their escape. For a few hours they reposed in the stables with their horses, their drawn swords by their sides. On waking, Riego found it absolutely necessary that his horse should be shod. Lopez started up and offered to lead it to Arguillas for that purpose. "No," said Riego, who, though naturally imprudent, partook in this instance of Falkland's habitual caution; "your brother shall go and bring hither the farrier." Accordingly the brother went: he soon returned. "The farrier," he said, "was already on the road." Riego and his companions, who were absolutely fainting with hunger, sat down to breakfast; but Falkland, who had finished first, and who had eyed the man since his return with the most scrutinizing attention, withdrew towards the window, looking out from time to time with a telescope which they had carried about them, and urging them impatiently to finish. "Why?" said Riego, "famished men are good for nothing, either to fight or fly—and we *must* wait for the farrier." "True," said Falkland, "but, ——" he stopped abruptly. Sylva had his eyes on his face at that moment. Falkland's colour suddenly changed: he turned round with a loud cry. "Up!

up! Riego! Sylva! We are undone — the soldiers are upon us!" "Arm!" cried Riego, starting up. At that moment Lopez and his brother seized their own carbines, and levelled them at the betrayed constitutionalists. "The first who moves," cried the former, "is a dead man!" "Fools!" said Falkland, with a calm bitterness, advancing deliberately towards them. He moved only three steps — Lopez fired. Falkland staggered a few paces, recovered himself, sprang towards Lara, clove him at one blow from the skull to the jaw, and fell, with his victim, lifeless upon the floor. "Enough!" said Riego to the remaining peasant: "We are your prisoners; bind us!" In two minutes more the soldiers entered, and they were conducted to Carolina. Fortunately Falkland was known, when at Paris, to a French officer of high rank then at Carolina. He was removed to the Frenchman's quarters. Medical aid was instantly procured. The first examination of his wound was decisive; recovery was hopeless!

*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
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*	*	*	*	*

Night came on again, with her pomp of light and shade—the night that for Falkland had no morrow. One solitary lamp burned in the chamber where he lay alone with God and his own heart. He had desired his couch to be placed by the window, and requested his attendants to withdraw. The gentle and balmy air stole over him, as free and bland as if it were to breathe for him for ever; and the silver moonlight came gleaming through

the lattice, and played upon his wan brow, like the tenderness of a bride that sought to kiss him to repose. "In a few hours," thought he, as he lay gazing on the high stars which seemed such silent witnesses of an eternal and unfathomed mystery, "in a few hours either this feverish and wayward spirit will be at rest for ever, or it will have commenced a new career in an untried and unimaginable existence! In a few hours I may be amongst the very heavens that I survey—a part of their own glory—a new link in a new order of being—breathing amidst the elements of a more gorgeous world—arrayed myself in the attributes of a purer and diviner nature—a wanderer among the planets—an associate of angels—the beholder of the arcana of the great God—redeemed, regenerate, immortal, or — — *dust*!

There is no *Œdipus* to solve the enigma of life. We are—whence came we? We are *not*—whither do we go? All things *in* our existence have their object; existence has none. We live, move, beget our species, perish—and *for what*? We ask the past its moral; we question the gone years of the reason of our being, and from the clouds of a thousand ages there goes forth no answer. Is it merely to pant beneath this weary load; to sicken of the sun; to grow old; to drop like leaves into the grave; and to bequeathe to our heirs the worn garments of toil and labour that we leave behind? Is it to sail for ever on the same sea, ploughing the ocean of time with new furrows, and feeding its billows with new wrecks, or ——" and his thoughts paused, blinded and bewildered.

No man, in whom the mind has not been broken by the decay of the body, has approached death in full consciousness, as Falkland did that moment, and not

thought intensely on the change he was about to undergo; and yet what new discoveries upon that subject has any one bequeathed us? There the wildest imaginations are driven from originality into triteness; there all minds, the frivolous and the strong, the busy and the idle, are compelled into the same path and limit of reflection. Upon that unknown and voiceless gulf of inquiry broods an eternal and impenetrable gloom: — no wind breathes over it — no wave agitates its stillness: over the dead and solemn calm there is no change propitious to adventure — there goes forth no vessel of research, which is not driven, baffled and broken, again upon the shore.

The moon waxed high in her career. Midnight was gathering slowly over the earth: the beautiful, the mystic hour, blent with a thousand memories, hallowed by a thousand dreams, made tender to remembrance by the vows our youth breathed beneath its star, and solemn by the olden legends which are linked to its majesty and peace — *the hour in which men should die*; the isthmus between two worlds; the climax of the past day; the verge of that which is to come: wrapping us in sleep after a weary travail, and promising us a morrow *which since the first birth of Creation has never failed*. As the minutes glided on, Falkland felt himself grow gradually weaker and weaker. The pain of his wound had ceased, but a deadly sickness gathered over his heart; the room reeled before his eyes, and the damp chill mounted from his feet up — up to the breast in which the life-blood waxed dull and thick.

As the hand of the clock pointed *to the half-hour after midnight*, the attendants who waited in the adjoining room heard a faint cry. They rushed hastily into Falkland's chamber; they found him stretched half

out of the bed. His hand was raised towards the opposite wall; it dropped gradually as they approached him; and his brow, which was at first stern and bent, softened, shade by shade, into its usual serenity. But the dim film gathered fast over his eye, and the last coldness upon his limbs. He strove to raise himself as if to speak: the effort failed, and he fell motionless on his face. They stood by the bed for some moments in silence; at length they raised him gently. Placed against his heart was an open locket of dark hair, which one hand still pressed convulsively. They looked upon his countenance — (a single glance was sufficient) — it was hushed — proud — passionless — the seal of Death was upon it!

THE END.

THE
SIAMESE TWINS.

A TALE OF THE TIMES.

DEDICATION.

TO MRS. BULWER LYTTON, OF KNEBWORTH PARK,
HERTS.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I BELIEVE, I owe to you the first ground-work of that disposition which inclined me to Poetry ;— which disposition, though it has not enabled me, it is true, to make much proficiency in the ‘Divine Art,’ has nevertheless given me many hours I should be loth to forget, and many feelings which I would not willingly believe have been altogether fostered in vain. I am not one of those who imagine, (“whatever dark thoughts some men in their cells may sit brooding upon,”*) that an early love for Poetry engenders a melancholy temperament, or unfits us, unless exclusively indulged, for the habits of common life. Many sentiments, it may and does indeed excite within us, that rise beyond the beaten track of existence—sentiments which struggle not against the laudable action, but the low desires and defiling contagion of the world—but I hold, that while such sentiments are calculated to exalt our future character, they also multiply, even in refining, the sources of our future enjoyment. Not laying claim myself to the attributes of the poet—but clinging fast to that love and disposition to poetry, which I have thus characterized—and remembering, that such inclinations I owe to the interest for poetry you

* Cudworth’s Intellectual System, vol. i.

were accustomed to excite in me when a child, and to the patient indulgence you accorded to my own boyish imitations; — I feel that this Volume, containing the only verses I have written with the experience and forethought of manhood, can be dedicated to no one, so well as to yourself. Did I anticipate, did I even think it remotely probable, that this attempt in poetry would be hereafter repeated, I own that I would defer the offering, till it assumed a character more consonant to your taste, and loftier in itself. For we must warmly embrace public motives, in order to feel with what dignity and what justice Satire can defend herself; — in order to look beyond her external levity to her latent moral; and to see in her personalities and her assaults, not rancour to individuals, but ardour for a cause.

At a moment — if not in times — certainly unpropitious to poetry; — and conscious deeply and sincerely conscious, as I am of the weakness of my own attempts — it would be to surpass the sanguineness of authorship, to anticipate success. Could I dare to do so, no feeling in that success would be so sweet to my ambition, as the feeling of the satisfaction it would give to yourself; — and of the increased value which such success would impart to the grateful offering of one, whose childhood you nursed with so tender a care, whose youth you educated with so anxious a zeal, and whose manhood you have contributed to render independent, with so generous and warm a friendship.

Wishing you, my dearest Mother, long years of health and enjoyment, — believe me

Ever your affectionate Son,

E. L. B.

January 6th, 1831.

P R E F A C E.

EVERY one knows the story of a certain Divine, who, on beginning the church service, found himself without a congregation; and turning to his clerk Roger, addressed him with "Dearly beloved Roger," &c. An Author, now-a-days, in prefacing a volume of Poetry, finds himself a little in the situation of the Divine: and the individual who composes his audience—the solitary Roger whom he can address—is his Publisher!

Nevertheless, my dear Publishers, I do not think it is quite true, (however warmly, disappointed Poets, and your yet more disappointed brethren, may assert the fact,) that no poetry, whatsoever may be its nature, will attract the popular taste of the present age: still less, indeed, do I incline to the opinion of those indelicate and unfeeling critics, who assert, with no excusable incivility, that *any* poetry, if it be *very* good, will find an equally hearty welcome whatever be the time of its appearance. Glancing first towards the latter opinion, I think we shall observe that after the death of any pre-

eminently popular poet, there is always a sudden, yet a long-continued coolness to the art, which his admirers seem to imagine has expired with himself. Not only the new aspirant, but the poet of established celebrity, is mortified by indifference; and discovers that the broader fame which perhaps he thought overshadowed, on the contrary, protected his renown. Since the death of Lord Byron, the poetry of Moore, the friend of the deceased, or of Southey, the antagonist, has thus seemed to be less eagerly sought for than during the lifetime of that extraordinary man, when his genius or his faults were the theme of every literary conversation, and the claims of his cotemporaries were brought forward to illustrate, to lessen, or to contrast the merits of the popular idol. I apprehend that the same circumstances will apply to every more exciting species of literature; and had the world lost the Author of "Waverley" at the time when the fullest splendour of his celebrity was calling forth a race of no unnoticed emulators, the whole tribe of historical, or even of Scottish novelists, would suddenly have sunk into that class of writers, to whose claims the Public would have lent the least courteous attention. A great literary man maintains in esteem the whole respectable part of his fraternity, and when he dies, they share the same fate as the friends of a savage Chief, whom his countrymen immolate upon his tomb.

If, my dear Publishers, we shall find, on an attentive recurrence to literary history, that this observation is not without truth in general, there was that in the particular instance of Lord Byron, which would heighten, perhaps beyond a precedent, the indifference towards the art

which had lost so eminent a master. For it is superfluous to say, that no poet ever created so feverish, and so unhealthy an interest in the popular mind; and that the subsequent languor and relaxation would necessarily be proportioned to the excitement they succeeded. The poetry itself, too, of Lord Byron is of a heated and exaggerated character; and his genius so long taught the Public to consider stimulants as a legitimate diet, that while, on the one hand, no succeeding poet *could* surpass the excitation which he maintained, so, on the other hand, any simpler—I was about to say any more natural—school of poetry might reasonably be expected to appear common-place and insipid.

Again, too, while the Public, fascinated by the brilliancy of a bold and uncommon genius, grow wedded to his style—even to his faults—they resent with peculiar contempt any resemblance to the object of an admiration which they affect to preserve as an exclusive worship. And yet how few can escape from a seeming imitation, which in reality is nothing more than the tone of the age in which they live; and though more emphatically noted in the most popular poet, than in his less fortunate cotemporaries, *he* also was influenced by, instead of creating. Thus it may be no paradox to say, that a new poet has of late incurred condemnation on two grounds, both of which he must have enjoyed a peculiar felicity to escape—one for being unlike Lord Byron, the other for being like him. Perhaps, without carrying the inquiry farther, we have already been enabled to see that there has been reason to believe the times of late somewhat singularly unfavourable to poetry;

and that you, my dear Publishers, have been fully justified, by theory as well as experience, for the very cold water you have thrown upon all proffered speculations in a branch of business so unprofitable.

Yet, on the other hand, is it wholly true that no poetry, whatever be its nature, will succeed? And, on the contrary, may we not hope that the disadvantages we have glanced at, and with which poetry has had to encounter, may have an apter reference to the period we have lately passed, than to that which we have entered? It is perfectly clear, that at some time or another the indifference towards poetry, occasioned by the death or the absorbing genius of one great poet, must subside into that customary and natural coldness, with which the Public will always regard excursions into the higher and more arduous paths of literature. Why should this time be yet an object of distant anticipation? Has not a sufficient period elapsed since the passing away of a great man, to allow the feelings he bequeathed to fade also from that undue influence which they might at first have exercised over the popular mind? Has not a new generation arisen? Has not a new impetus been given to the age? Do not new feelings require to be expressed? and are there not new readers to be propitiated, who, sharing, but in a feeble degree, the former enthusiasm, will turn, nor with languid attention, to the claims of fresh aspirants? Is there not truth in this? and if so, is not the time approaching, if it be not already arrived, when a poet may expect no obstacle and no contention, beyond those eternally doomed to his condition? But then what have we said? — “that a *new* race have arisen, and *new* feelings are to be expressed.”

A poet, therefore, who aspires to reputation must be adapted to the coming age, not rooted to that which is already gliding away.

The critics err, when they say that *any* poetry that is very good will succeed; poetry excellent—nay, surprising, is called forth every hour—yet dies instantly into silence. But then it is poetry which echoes a sound of which we are tired:—to succeed with a new age, it should be of a new character. Hence it is, my dear Publishers, that duodecimos in stanzas and octavos in heroics, slumber on your shelves—a warning to you, an omen to us. Hence it is, that so much genius seems utterly thrown away; that so many excellent verses are written, which no one reads; and so many pretty feelings are expressed, with which no one can sympathize. We all grant the talent and the power; but they are wasted in delineating worn-out sentiments, and embodying reflections upon which, in the rapid career of the world, we have already decided. All that morbidity of feeling—all that gloomy repining at the ends of life—all that affectation to be above the aims, and detached from the interests of our fellow-creatures: all such unwholesome sentimentalities and tunid weaknesses, characteristic of a departing age, do not distinguish the rising: many among the elder part of the literary world, may indeed still consider them the components of a deep philosophy, or the signs of a superior mind: but the young have, I am persuaded, formed a nobler estimate of life, and a habit of reasoning, at once founded upon a homelier sense, and yet aspiring to more elevated conclusions.

What feelings may have succeeded the artificial sentiments which have withered, and which poets daily rise to address, and sink into oblivion for addressing in vain; or what reception the world may give to the poet who is the first to enter deeply into those feelings, and express them first, remains for men more gifted and more zealous than myself to discover.

The Poem which forms the staple of this volume, addresses itself to the humours rather than to the passions of men. Chiefly of a comic and of a lightly satiric nature, it makes little pretence to those provinces to which the ambition of poets is usually directed. And, for my own part, even if I possessed far higher endowments for poetry — far warmer inclinations towards it than I ever, in my youngest days of inexperience, *imagined* I could claim — I own my belief that I have lived too immediately in that day with the style of which the world has grown weary, not to be imbued in the graver school of poetry with the very faults which I should censure in others: and imbued too deeply and from too early a period, to allow much hope of exchanging those faults for faults of a more innovating and unhacknied character. In the comic school it is different; for the comic school has been little cultivated in this country; and originality in that department is therefore easier than in one more severe, and yet seemingly more inviting to disciples. If I have now accomplished something which, though a tale and a satire, is yet not evidently plagiarised either from Byron or from Butler — if, without that wearisome straining for novelty in detail — which so rarely leads to any thing better than affectation — the

matter and the manner be not — on the whole — without some claim to originality — then shall I be fully satisfied. That you, my dear Publishers, may be fully satisfied also, is a matter equally desirable, but a little more difficult to effect!

The above observations were written some months ago; since then the aspect of the times has grown more visibly dark and troubled; and the Public, occupied with events of stirring moment, have now some solid reason to be less than ever disposed towards “the recreations of the pleasant loiterer, Poesy.” Were this Poem of more value, and of a different nature, I should delay its appearance to a less unpropitious moment. I feel, indeed, a little ashamed to produce, at such times, any thing not more intimately connected with the great causes which now (in the exaggeration of no metaphor) agitate the world. But the crop has been sown, and has ripened, and may stand no longer: in other words, so much of any little attraction my Poem may possess, depends upon the aptness of its allusions to the present day, that in the present day it must seek its fortune. If it have other merit, indeed, the temporary neglect for which I am prepared, cannot become a permanent oblivion. Without referring to posterity — that last and most perilous appeal of the neglected — a court to which, at this moment, I have not the temerity or the vanity to subject so unimportant a cause — there is yet a lesser and an intermediate tribunal. No man’s real reputation, small or great, is made

by his exact cotemporaries: it is the generation succeeding, yet witnessing his own — the generation some eight or ten years his junior — by which he is tried. To that generation — not in the spirit of dejection or of boasting — but as the first fair and dispassionate tribunal I can obtain, I confide the fate of this work, and of those which, in humbler prose, have been, from the first to the latest, actuated by the same objects — objects that may keep alive in me, indeed, the love of Fame; but which yet can console me, if I am forbidden to attain it.

January 6, 1831.

P R E F A C E.

TO THE

S E C O N D E D I T I O N.

THE public have demanded a Second Edition of this Book within so short a time of the appearance of the first, that I have been as yet unable to glean from criticism any suggestions for the correction of the faults with which I am sensible it abounds. Let me, however, take this opportunity of saying one word to my readers, partly in comment on abuse which I have already received, and partly premeditating abuse yet more virulent, with which I have been already threatened. — *Before* a work appears, its author knows exactly the quarters in which he is certain to experience vituperation. He knows well that in one periodical he meets an enemy to his bookseller, in another an enemy to himself—the man whose work has been rejected by the publisher who accepts your own — the man who thought himself, at College, a much greater genius than yourself; — these gentlemen never forgive you the crime of even moderate success. No sooner do they see the announcement of your work, than they pre-

pare for its destruction; — with an intuitive penetration they decide on its guilt, while yet in the womb; and before it is born, they have settled exactly the method in which it shall be damned. The reader who, wishing to amuse himself, takes no part either with the author or the critic, will not deem me unreasonable if I request him, for his own sake as well as mine, to look with some reserve and some suspicion at any abuse unsubstantiated by quotation.

It is but honest, and it is also wise, in reading a work, more especially a work of an eccentric description, to bear in mind the object of the author, whether in the manner or the matter, and to make allowance for some faults, without which, perhaps, that object might not have been attained. Thus it has been my wish, in the longest of these poems, to avoid that exuberance of ornament and richness of style common to the poets of the present day: in so doing, it was scarcely possible that I should not fall occasionally into triteness and too prosaic a familiarity. To judge fairly of these faults, he who has learnt to criticise must consider, first, whether or not the object sought was judicious; and, secondly, whether or not it was difficult to effect, without the incurrance of the faults I have incurred: he will look upon this experiment as he would upon experiments of another nature; and if in doubt as to its failure or success, he will turn to other quarters for proof of the general skill or general incapacity of him who adventures it. Insisting a little upon this point, I must add my hope that this volume will not be judged *solely* by the longest poem it contains; — I would sooner, indeed, risk any chance of present reputation upon the Fragments entitled “Milton.”

London, February 4, 1831.

BOOK THE FIRST.

INTRODUCTORY LINES TO BOOK THE FIRST.

TO CAPTAIN B—— H——, R.N.

&c. &c.

WHILE Sovereigns — save our royal Sire,
Who justly has become the rage —
Are goods that have begun to tire
The humours of the ripening Age;
While — thanks to whiskered peers * — the clown
In print, at least, can play the rover —
Cross seas whose depth can never drown,
And shores untrod — in Truth discover;
While ermined “INFLUENCE” half forsakes
Her flock to no contemn'd attacks;
While Pelham for his boroughs quakes,
And Jersey trembles for ‘Almacks’;
While thus the old world; — Captain H ——
Writes foolish books about the new —
Weeps tears of ink when despots fall,
And damns poor Murray’s lost Review.
O! model of the travelling tribe,
Though homage Satire always pays ill,
She must, with great respect, inscribe
This book to you, Illustrious B —— !

* See a certain speech of Lord Wilton, in which the people are said to owe their knowledge to the Aristocracy. It is very true! — their knowledge of taxes!

How well you scourge the Yankee race —

Their codes uncouth, their garbs unsightly; —
Should Yankees answer, — in their face

You smile your wise contempt politely. *
How well you show, O sapient bore!

The curse from taxes to be free; —
And prop the parsons with "one more
Apt illustration from the sea." †

If he be great who nobly dares

The greatest things with least resources,
Oh! who, most learned H — —, compares
With you his courage — and his forces?

You ridicule a mighty state,

Without a grain of wit for satire;
On knottiest points, with ease debate,
Without one just thought on the matter;
With scarce the Traveller's art to gaze,
You ape the Sage's to distinguish —

* "In short, said I, unable to suppress a smile." — *Hall's Travels in North America*, vol. iii. p. 411. "I merely smiled, and said nothing." * * * * * "The lady's suspicions instantly took fire, on seeing the expression of my countenance." — *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 110. A nice, agreeable fellow, for a disputant or a guest!

† "To borrow one more illustration from the sea, I should say, that the Established Church may be compared to the rudder, and the country, with its multifarious arrangements of society, to the ship," &c. — *Ibid.* vol. iii. p. 405.

This charming metaphor occurs in the most entertaining conservation imaginable. Captain H. resolved to prove the blessings of an aristocracy, rotten boroughs, tithes; and lord — I beg pardon — the devil knows what! sets up an unfortunate Yankee, by way of an argumentative nine pin. Away bowls the Captain, blunder after blunder, folly after folly, as glibly as possible; and not a syllable of rational defence, ever by accident, comes out of the mouth of the nine pin. I cannot say whether a full-grown American could have answered Captain H.; but I know, that an English boy of ten years' old, with a tolerable *private* education would have been a great deal too much for him.

And while dear England's laws you praise,
You quite forget the laws of English.
Ev'n now, while Freedom through the lands
Sweeps gathering on—hehold in all
His might—on Murray's counter stands
And fires his popgun—Captain H——!
'Tis said when famed Alcides slew
The Earth's dread son—that Slumber bound him*—
The Hero woke—attacked anew—
And saw—the tribe of PIGMIES round him!
So Truth some mighty victory gains—
And, lo, the Dwarfs rush out to seize her!
The Giant crushed—there still remains
Some tribe of H——'s that can but teize her!
But from the Traveller now we turn
One moment to address the Reader,
To him ev'n Satire's self must learn
To sink the Accuser—in the Pleader.
Forgive a Muse who long hath dwelt
From ladies of her tribe too distant,
Nor learnt how like thoughts never felt,
To things that never were existent.†
She is not privileged to prose—
Let finer bards aspire to weary us;
Most humbly she resigns to those,
The misanthropic and mysterious.

* There is an old tradition, that when Hercules (the great reformer of the ancient world) had conquered the giant Antæus — (a sort of Charles the Tenth) — he fell asleep in the Lybian desert, and was suddenly awakened by an attack of the Pigmies.

† A very clever Author of the day said to me once, speaking of the present character of poetical similies, that they had only one fault — that of comparing what one had never seen, to what one had never heard of.

And if she breathe a truth, at times,
She doth but rarely seek to quarrel;
She strains the Reason through the Rhymes,
And weaves the smile into the moral.

A friend to Wisdom, not to Schools —
Let Dreamers into sects enlist 'em;
For me — at times, if with the fools —
'Tis not the folly of a system. *
Be mine to hover round the heart,
To warn — to warm you by a word —
And — while I mock the Leader's art, —
To shun the livery of the Herd!

* "The most ingenious way of becoming foolish is by a system."
— *Shaftesbury, Advice to the Author.*

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

ARGUMENT.

The introduction of Mr. Fiam — Description of the personal attractions of that gentleman — The improper negligence of his lady — The birth of our heroes — The bustle it occasions — The hypocrisies of name — The resignation of clergymen, &c. — Aristotle wrong — The danger the Twins incur — Their deliverance.

IN Bancok,* — all the world must know
Bancok 's the Capital of Siam, —
There lived, not quite an age ago,
A gentleman whose name was Fiam.
Of moderate sense and decent fortune,
He ne'er had need his friends to importune;
He asked them not to clothe or board him,
And therefore all his friends adored him!
For Bancok is a place where you,
If rich, have love enough to sate you;
But only ask them for a *sous*,
And, Gad! how bitterly they hate you!

*Or Bangkok.

Our Fiam was a handsome fellow,
His nose was flat, his skin was yellow;
Tho' black his locks, with truth you 'd swear
His teeth were blacker than his hair;
He might have seemed Apollo's grandson,
And borne the bell from Colonel Ans — n.

But, spite of this surpassing beauty,
His wife had quite forgot her duty;
And, (tho' 'twas twenty years ago,
 Since marriage first had joined the pair,)
She ne'er had managed to bestow
 Upon this charming spouse an heir.
Now this neglect was aught but proper,
And half her friends began to drop her.

At length (it was one *Van-a-thed*, *)
Our dame was fairly brought to bed;
And — better day the better deed —
 To atone for all her former sins,
To Fiam she to day decreed
 The kind gratuity of twins.

So far, so good! the Siam nation
Is somewhat thin of population;
And (there, as here, two sects are clamorous,
The Economic and the Amorous,)
It must have charmed the Siam Saddlers, †
This doubling on the Malthus Twaddlers!

* Sunday.

† Mr. Sadler, on whom his godfathers bestowed the most just of all epithets by the most prophetic of all initials — Mr. M. T. (commonly pronounced *Empty*) Sadler, has lately published a book in opposition to the followers of Malthus; the size of it is very remarkable.

But, ah! — the worst's to come! — for Fate
Her boon with bane will ever mate,
And often with her childish antics
The fairest hope of mortal man tricks;
So now she, by a bony tether,
Joined breast to breast — our Twins together.

This freak of Mrs. Fate's, I fear,
Would nowhere give much satisfaction,
But really — as enacted here —
It was a most flagitious action.
For — reader — not like us! the way
At Bancok's always to look down on
Whatever Nature may betray
The smallest pre-resolve to frown on.

I leave you to conceive the scene!
The Siam-parson's face serene:
(Parsons possess in every nation
That greatest virtue, resignation!
They also boast — there's no concealing —
A very liberal turn of feeling,
Which makes that virtue always shown
To *your* afflictions — not their own!)
The witch-read midwife's hint of awe;
The posed look of the man of law;
The wonder of the startled nurses; —
And the smote father's stifled curses, —
Until at length he sinks him down,
With moving lip, but moveless frown;
Familiar footsteps pass him by —
Their forms are glassed not on his eye;
And voices merge in clamour near;
But sense lies locked within his ear.

So sate he in a marble grieving —
The comic of the crowd relieving;
And, proving the old dogma wrong,
That nought of grief can well belong*
To scenes where gayer verse makes rife
The humour and the farce of life.

Meanwhile, of course, with kindly chatter,
Comes half the town to learn the matter;
His lunch — (cold pig †) — the gourmand quits,
The very cooks desert their spits,
The Ava soldier bred to dangers,
The Cochinese who lives on strangers, —
"So great the infection soft" — have caught it,
And cry — "Poor Fiam! who'd have thought it?"

Though all unravel — no one blames
The small hypocrisies of names
When Grief's so great we're really dumb for't,
Garrulity is christened "Comfort!"
And all the Paul Prys of the city
Indulge their vice, and style it — "Pity!"

— But on a couch all uncarest
The new-born Infants lay,
And not one dusky gossip blest
Their entrance into day.
And yet no rude or vulgar grace
You might in their repose descry,
And each to each in close embrace
They nestled tenderly.

* *Aristot. de Poetica*, sect. xi.

† Pig and ducks are the favourite food of the Siamese.

As if they felt the rude world round
Already on their being frown'd,
And knew that some strange spell had hung
A blot upon a brother's name,
Yet made the tie to which they clung
No less their shelter than their shame!
And now all's hush'd! — a certain still awes
The motley crowd; they gaze on each
With a quick — meaning eye — but speech
Lies stifled with a numbing fear!
—— A single voice appals the ear,
And tells — but with a whispered breath —
'How easy is an infant's death.
'And that we only do fulfil laws
'Given by Nature — to deny
'Life to the wretched things that mock
'Nature herself!' ——

Then suddenly
There ran a chill electric shock
Thro' every woman there whose breast
The soft lips of a babe had prest;
But she who spake — an aged crone —
The mother's love had never known!

The gossip ceased; and you might mark
The influence of her words was creeping
Slowly but sure — throughout the rest.
And in the pause, and thro' the dark,
You heard the mother's quiet weeping.
—— Out rang a sharp and wailing cry
From where the Twins were lain,
And from their first and gentlest sleeping
They woke to earth and pain!

As snows that in some deep ravine
Lie motionless and dumb,
Till at a signal from the beam —
Some charm'd voice from the sun — they seem
To wake — wild Genii — from a dream,
And changing as they wake — the steep
Beholds the transformed torrents sweep,
And conquer as they come ;
Thus, when that signal cry arose,
Strait from the warmed and melting snows
The Waters of deep love awoke! —
To life the Mighty Instinct broke,
And wild and thrilling through the crowd —
A Mother's soul speaks out aloud —
“My children — they are mine!”

And weird, and ghast, and desolate
That sound of woman's deepest fear,
Rung on the humbled father's ear;
Where, deadening thought in gloom, he sate
With downcast eyes, that loathed to see,
And numb hands drooping on his knee;
And, as a voice that from the skies
Bids one the Grave hath housed arise,
He rose: the crowd on either side
Fell back; sound answered not his stride.
He reach'd the cradled pair — no word,
No breath, from that hush'd crowd was heard: —
The mother stretched her arms, but she
Read not the features from her turning,
Nor dreamt that there, all visibly
His heart was to the new-born yearning.
She gazed — the pause she could not break,

She gazed — the very power to shriek

Those parted lips forsook.

And in those eyes, as in a mirror,

Nature beheld herself in Terror!

But, with a fixed and gentle look

And trembling clasp, the father took

His children: — to her side he came

And breathed — yet scarcely breathed — her name.

But not another word he said, —

That whisper had exorcised Dread.

Lo! on her breast the Twins! — and there

They clung, and sought for food,

And with fast-dropping eyes — the pair

The bending mother view'd.

And, every moment, you might see

She clasp'd them more convulsively;

Looked wildly on the faces near,

Looked — lost — yet doubting turned to fear!

Then as below her glance she cast,

Forgot — in shuddering o'er — the past!

With folded arms and tearful smile

There stands the touched and silent Father;

And hushed and melted round, the while,

The wondering gossips gaze and gather.

And thus, our Twins were saved to flow

Thro' Time's far stream in rhyme and glory,

And inch by inch together grow,

The heroes of an English story.

CHAPTER II.

ARGUMENT.

The dissimilarity of disposition manifested by the Twins, as they grow up — Their mutual complaisance — A sketch of some of the inconveniences attendant upon a *double* life — The introduction of Mr. Hodges ; the valuable truths discovered by that great traveller, as solely indigenous to Siam — The ungracious reception experienced by Mr. Hodges, in his zeal to reform the Bancok noblemen — His public-spirited resolution ; his harangue, and the equivocal honours wherewith it is rewarded — The dangers of having greatness thrus upon us, exemplified by a certain fall — The influence which the consequences of that fall exercise over Chang and Ching — Simile, which concludes the chapter. .

I THINK, my own beloved Helvetius,
 Your reasoning was less sound than specious,
 When you averred, howe'er the frame
 Varied — all minds were made the same ;
 That every colouring or gradation,
 Was but the effect of education,
 And rear'd alike, there had been no
 Difference 'twixt *David* Hume and *Joe* !

I think 'tis clear, my Twins, who ne'er
 A moment would be separated,
 Must almost every influence * share
 That e'er to either might be fated ;
 And little to the one or other
 Could happen, nor affect the brother.
 And yet they were as much dissimilar
 As ever Honesty and Miller are ;

* External influence.

For me, I have the Spurzheim mania,
And trace the mystery to their crania.

Now one — but first — a various thing
To choose — upon their names we waver —
'Tis done! the gayer's Master Ching —
And Master Chang shall be the graver.

Now Chang was slow, he learnt his letters
As if his memory moved in fetters,
Crippled his pace, and made him gain
The goal of Knowledge grain by grain;
Yet must you not believe at once,
That Chang was therefore quite a dunce;
His memory, like a trusty hound,
Swept, gathering vigour, o'er the ground;
Was firm of foot, and sure of breath,
And ne'er done up before the death.
Besides, he was a deep reflector,
A silent, but a shrewd inspector;
And early loved, with patient ken,
To pry into the hearts of men;
Often — while Ching good things was saying,
Or noisily at drafts was playing;
Often for hours, he sate — so mute,
You'd thought some hand from stone had shaped him,
Yet not a wrinkle in your boot,
A wrinkle of your eye, escaped him:
Nor did whate'er he might discover,
Content, or for a while relax him,
But still the shell was brooded over,
Until it burst into a maxim.
His mind thus slowly gathered matter,

Which musing sharpened into satire;
I own I think that the sagacious,
Are very seldom found loquacious;
Balbutius may at times abash us:
But — oh! the mute bite of a Cassius!

But Ching was hasty, quick, and clever,
His soul's glad stream flowed out for ever;
He learnt his tasks by glancing o'er them,
(Though not, like Chang, with care to store them,)
He loved his jest, although a sad one,
Nor shunn'd a bottle, tho' forbade one;
He swore that thought was made for asses,
And talked already of the lasses.

Chang, tho' austere, was mild in bearing,
Calm as a smile from Lady Bury;
But Ching perpetually was swearing,
And fidgetting himself to fury.
Yet Ching's wrath bore not aught unpleasant,
Was up, and o'er, quite effervescent,
No more conceiving of revenge,
Than Siam's masons of Stonehenge;
While rarely Chang, once roused, forgave —
But watched his moment to retaliate,
No nature, like the still and grave,
To form — preserve — collect — and rally hate!
Again — Chang's temper was devout,
So long he prayed — I wish you'd seen it —
But Ching, gay wretch! seem'd half without
A single sound religious tenet;
Nay, plainest truths, he called too mystical,
And laughed at Chang as methodistical.

However, Custom softens down
The small asperities that gall us,
And Interest, to ourselves unknown,
Will still unto herself enthrall us;
Thus Chang, and Ching, who early saw
'Twas vain two hostile ways to draw,
Aid from their differing minds distill
The spirit of a common will;
And by a compact of compliance,
They bade their very fate defiance:
Just like one flesh where'er they went — or
Dove-tail'd like man and horse in Centaur;
Or like Sir Thomas Brown and wife,*
Who were so suited to the life,
So closely knit — so free from schism,
It seemed like "Natural Magnetism." —
And yet that good — that great Sir Thomas,
Did marriage once so much displease,
He wish'd to take it wholly from us,
And let us — stock the world — "*like trees.*"†

Yet spite of yielding thus mechanically,
To aught their forms enjoined tyrannically,
Their minds, (tho' deeming that existence
Itself was linked with non-resistance,)
Would 'gainst the yoke sometimes be straining,
And chafe — altho' without complaining.

In truth, if differences of temper

* Of this pair it is said, that the "lady was of such admirable symmetrical proportion to her worthy husband, that they seemed to come together by a kind of *natural magnetism.*"

† Sir Thomas Browne, author of the "*Religio Medici*," laments pathetically, that we cannot perpetuate the world like trees. Truly he was a great man. — See *Religio Medici*, part ii. sect. 8.

The bliss of common twins scarce double; some
 To Chang and Ching, *conjuncti semper*,
 Must needs be singularly troublesome.
 For, when grave Chang in pensive mood,
 Himself without the door was sunning,
 Gay Ching some paltry insect viewed,
 And whisk'd his brother into running;
 And when with some congenial gang
 Gay Ching was playing on the road — a
 Pious humour seized on Chang,
 Who stalk'd him into a pagoda!
 'Twas droll to note Chang's doleful eyes,
 In sad pursuit of butterflies;
 And see of mirth that cynic scorner,
 Whirl'd like a dry leaf round the corner!
 Nor less to mark poor Ching, screw'd firm on
 His seat, bemoraled with a sermon,
 Or nail'd for hours to hear debate your
 Siamese seers on "*Human Nature*."

Our brothers now were in their teens,
 When lo! a stranger on our scenes;
 Hodges, the member of a mission,
 To probe the Siam trade's condition,
 In part a saint, in part a patriot,
 He thought in guilt, and grief, as Patmos* ere
 "Rome was not Rome," did every state riot,
 Except in happy England's atmosphere.
 There all was virtue, freedom, bravery
 Without, all ignorance, crime, and slavery.
 Perhaps he thought with old Fitzstephen,†

* Whither the Romans were accustomed to banish their criminals.

† William Fitzstephen, writing in the reign of Henry II., accounts

Our air possest some heavenly leaven,
 And that a moral manna falls
 From those sweet fogs that cap St. Paul's.
 His tour to Siam, from Oporto,
 Is publish'd in three volumes quarto;
 From these you'll learn, if you will buy 'em,
 Some facts peculiar quite to Siam.
 He says (no wonder he was smitten
 With things so opposite in Britain)
 That Bancok's polished aristocracy
 Have no great love for the democracy;
 Are sometimes proud, and overbearing,
 Nor vastly for one's feelings caring.*
 Strange is this fact — nor less to find,
 That through the Siamese dominion
 Religion in effect 's confined
 Almost entirely to opinion;†

for the goodness of the London people, by the atmospheric properties. "The calmness of the air, (he says) doth mollify men's minds, not corrupting them, &c., but preserving them from savage and rude behaviour and seasoning them with a more kind and free temper."

* Mr. Finlayson, in his account of the mission to Siam, complains of the "offensive coarseness," the "manifest disregard to the feelings of others," and the "arrogance unbounded" of the highest ranks in Siam. How grateful we Europeans ought to be that these faults are so peculiar to the Aristocracy of Siam!

† "The people are governed by opinion absurd and unjust — not by reason — by sense — or by kindness." — *Finlayson's Mission to Siam*. — Speaking afterwards of the Theism of the Chinese, this gentleman observes, "that it appears to have no effect whatsoever on their conduct." — O things rare and strange! — How odd must be that people who are governed by absurd opinion! How solitary in the world must be that religion which does not influence conduct! — The excellent Buchanan, in those articles in the "Asiatic Researches," so really valuable, entitled "On the Literature and Religion of the Burmese," hath preceded Mr. Finlayson in the merit of one of his observations. — "It must be, however, confessed," saith he, "that the practice of morality among the Burmas is by no means so correct as might be perhaps expected among a people whose religious opinions have such an appa-

And rarely — save by paltry fractions
 Varies the total of their actions.
 Unlike *us* — who, whate'er you say for it,
 Are *really* good — because we pay for it!
 Ne'er left by Virtue in the lurch
 But bolstered up by mother Church,
 And cured of evils (in which writhes
 Poor Siam) — by a dose of tithes.
 He also saw the poor were poor,
 That pockets were not quite secure;* —
 The court, in nought beside sagacious,
 Was far too knowing — when rapacious;
 Both sexes too did oft incline awry
 To *penchants* for display, and finery;†
 He saw, with many tears, moreover,
 That lords and ladies lived in clover,
 And in an idle vegetation,
 Produced not sixpence to the nation. §
 Things, so unlike the things in Europe,
 The good man warmly did to cure hope,

rent tendency to virtue!" — Alas! the day is yet to come, all over the world, when our conduct shall obey our religious opinions!

* From beggary — a sort of polite theft practised among the nobility, clergy, and gentry of Siam, something like subscriptions here. *Plain* theft, and professional beggary, thanks to a population not regulated by the desires of Mr. Sadler, are little known in the Siamese dominions.

† With the above rare discoveries in the Siamese character, and curious anomalies in the human mind, the acute Mr. Finlayson hath in especial (not that I would diminish our obligations to Captain Craufurd's larger, and in many respects, really excellent work,) been pleased to perplex the moral observer, and supersede the labours of Monsieur de la Loubère, *hitherto* the most sensible and observant traveller to those parts.

§ "It is lamentable to observe how large a proportion of men in this country (Cochin China,) are employed in occupations that are totally unproductive to the state, as well as subversive to national industry. Every petty Mandarin is attended by a multitude of persons!" — *Finlayson's Mission*. — Happy Europe, where there are no Mandarins!

And vow'd he'd turn a papist — if he
Reform'd not Bancok in a jiffy.
But search we from St. Paul's to Siam,
And Flower is much the same as Fiam.
All love good eating, and good drinking,
All hate the trouble of much thinking;
And all agree, there are no fellows
So odious, as the over zealous.
The Bancok Lords at first were civil,
And merely wish'd him at the devil;
But finding Hodges bent to bore,
They clos'd the matter by the door.
There, you must know that folks endure not
As here, the evils they can cure not;
So some resolved that he should vanish — meant
To send petitions for his banishment;
And *Kochai Sác*, * a very bad man,
Propos'd to hang him as a madman.

But Hodges, though so much he prized
Our peers — all foreign rank despised,
Declared, with generous warmth, he thought
The same the sovereign and the snob,
And swore, since Siam must be taught
New steps — to lead off with the mob!

Accordingly our saint one day,
Into the market took his way,
Climb'd on an empty tub, that o'er
Their heads he might declaim at ease,
And to the rout began to roar
In wretched Siamese.

* *Kochai Sahac*, a Malay, or Moorman, useful to his employer (Captain Crauford) but a rascal in general — the sort of creature in short — that in England we should call — an Agent!

"Brethren! (for every one's my fellow,
"Tho' I am white, and you are yellow),
"Brethren! I come from lands afar
"To tell you all — what fools you are!
"Is slavery, pray, so soft, and glib a tie,
"That you prefer the chain to liberty?
"Is Christian faith a melancholy tree,
"That you will only sow idolatry?
"Just see to what good laws can bring lands,
"And hear an outline of old England's.
"Now, say if *here* a Lord should hurt you,
"Are you made whole by legal virtue?
"For ills by battery, or detraction,
"Say, can you bring at once your action?
"And are the rich not much more sure
"To gain a verdict, than the poor?
"With us *alike* the poor or rich,
"Peasant or prince, no matter which —
"Justice to all, the law dispenses,
"And all it costs — are the expenses!
"*Here*, if an elephant you slay,
"Your very lives the forfeit pay;
"Now, that's a *quid pro quo* — too seri-
"ous much for beasts *naturæ feræ*.
"With us no beast, or bird, is holy —
"Such nonsense really seems to shame laws!
"And all things wild, we shoot at — solely
"Subject to little hints, call'd '*Game Laws*.'
"Your parsons dun you into giving —
"*Ours* take their own — a paltry living.
"Each selfish wish they nobly stifle,
"And save our souls — for quite a trifle.
"*Our* lords are neither mean nor arrogant,

“Nor war against broad truths by narrow cant;
“Ne’er wish for perquisites, nor sinecures,
“Nor prop great ills, by proffering tiny cures;
“Our goods before their own they rate ’em,
“And as for younger sons — they hate ’em!
“Thus all our patriots are invincible,
“And, bless you! — as to change of principle! —
 “Ev’n if one wish’d to chouse the people,
“One’s by the Lower House prevented;
 “*There*, by a slight expense of tippie,
“We’ve all the Commons represented —
 “And with such singular ability,
 “No groat’s ere spent with inutility. *
“Thus do we hold both license — and
 “Despotic fetters *in ludibrium*;
“And thus must England ever stand
 “Erect — in *triple equilibrium*!

“*These* are the things that best distinguish men —
“These make the glorious boast of Englishmen!
“More could I tell you, were there leisure,
“But I have said enough to please, sure;
“Now, then, if you the resolution
“Take, or a British Constitution,
“A British King, Church, Commons, Peers —
“I’ll be your guide! dismiss your fears.
“With Hampden’s name and memory warm you!
“And, d—n you all — but I’ll reform you!
“As for the dogs that *won’t* be free,
“We’ll give it them most handsomely;

* Here the orator proceeds to enlarge upon the excellent formation of our House of Commons. But why print his prolix panegyrics after the Duke of Wellington’s pithy eulogium? Besides, before this poem be published, that beautiful formation *may* be lost to the House of Commons.

"To church with scourge and halter lead 'em,
"And thrash the rascals into freedom."

Thus Hodges spoke, and ceasing, bowed,
Graceful as Burdett, to the crowd,
Who, need I say, could comprehend
No word *ab ovo* to the end.
But thought his accent vastly funny,
And hoped he meant to give them money.
Meanwhile, one wag, a little mellow,
Cried to his neighbours, with a grin,
"Suppose we give this charming fellow
"A lift upon a palanquin!"

As sparks on tinder — words that call
To mirth — on vulgar meetings fall —
Our mob more joyously than gently,
Round Hodges closed incontinently;
On him with vigorous hands they set,
As from his tub he now descended,
And plunged him in a sort of net,
Or hammock, from a pole suspended.*
This then was placed upon the shoulders
(One at each end) of two upholders,
And thus the astounded patriot lodges —
On high — think what a rise for Hodges!
Then, to and fro, and up and down,
They trot the patriot through the town,
And mark, with many a jovial shout,
How well he 'scapes from rolling out;

* "These palanquins consisted merely of a netting in the exact shape of a sailor's hammock, suspended from a pole; and each vehicle was carried on the shoulders of two men, one at each end of the pole. We at first experienced a little difficulty in preventing ourselves from rolling out of this contrivance." — *Finlayson's Mission to Siam.*

As now he sits secure, and now,
With starting eyes, and horrent brow,
On brink of fate appears to hover,
Is all but in, and all but over;
Gripes with one hand the net, and shakes

The other at them in despair,
And asks if no damned statute takes

A *British* life beneath its care?

A toss breaks off the words he's uttering,
And swearing trembles into stuttering:
I'm sure you'll pardon him for swearing
It is no joke, that sort of chairing!

And Claudian says — (how that old stuff

Boys read, to all men meet applies,)

'That men, like Hodges, must be rough

'In manner — when *they take a rise!*' *

Now Chang and Ching had all the while

Been two among the motley meeting,
And heard the speech — Ching, with a smile,
Listened — and thought some man of guile,

With juggling tricks the crowd was cheating;
But Chang, with wrinkled brow, and eyes
That like an owl's looked wond'rous wise,
Gravely perceived that must be grand,
Which was so hard to understand!

If facts were clear, what use in study?
The well of Truth is always muddy!

Of course these different ways of viewing
The good man, made them also eye

* "*Asperius nihil est humili cum surgit in altum.*" — *Claudian*.

With different gaze, the seer pursuing
His "perilous career on high."
Gay Ching his hands with glee was clapping,
Shouting, "Ah, look! how near a toss over;"
Grave Chang, his arms around him wrapping,
Groaned, "What a state for a philosopher!"
Ching thought it was delightful sport,
Thinking not of the man's longevity;
Grave Chang made maxims on the short-
Sighted, and vulgar lust of levity!

And now the crowd's career at last,
(Just as by Fiam's door it past,)
Came all abruptly to an end!

For one of Hodges' two upbearers
Had an enchanting female friend,
(A chambermaid to Mrs. Fiam,)
And she, of course, was of the starers,
Who with stretched neck, and merry grin
Looked out, and saw the palanquin,
As now 'twas bouncing by 'em.
Who doth not know what mischiefs rise
From single glance of maiden's eyes? *
Both, by the sport exhilarated,
And by the maiden's looks elated,
Willing to kill the girl with laughter
Not caring what might happen after,
This cursed fellow stopped, and sign'd
To t' other what was in his mind;
And then while Hodges, nought suspecting,
His breath was slowly re-collecting,

* I think this couplet I must alter,
It smacks too strongly of Sir Walter!

Deeming at length these barbarous men — a

Glimpse of reason had enlightened,

And that his course *aerîâ pennâ*

Would leave him now less hurt, than frightened, —

The two their sinews strained, and sent

Their load, with such a heave, on high,

You'd thought the luckless saint was sent

Upon a mission to the sky.

With hair erect, and long limbs sprawling,

The sight was really quite appalling;

So high he went, with such celerity,

It seemed as for some god-like merit, he

Carried from earth like great Alcides

To Jupiter's ambrosial side is.

But, oh! as maiden speakers break

Down, when their highest flight they take;

Ev'n so, (while fearing to be crushed

Each idler from beneath him dodges;)

Swift, heavy — like an avalanche — rush'd

To earth the astonish'd form of Hodges.

He lay so flat, he lay so still,

He seem'd beyond all farther ill.

They pinched his side, they shook his head,

And then they cried, "The man is dead!"

On this, each felt no pleasing chill;

For e'en among the Bancokeians,

A gentleman for fun to kill,

Is mostly punish'd — in plebeians.

They stare — look serious — mutter — cough —

And then, without delay, sneak off;

Nor at a house for succour knock't, or

Thought once of sending for the doctor.

Fair Nature, in the young, thy beauty
In every clime is seen the best!
And that which manhood makes a duty,
Is impulse in the youthful breast.
So now, our brothers, who, howe'er
Differing in powers, and predilections,
Still, nor in stinted measure, share
Man's loveliest attribute, affections—
Remain behind the vanished crowd
Kneeling, and o'er the sufferer bowed.
It was a pleasing sight to view,
The same divine expression heighten
The likeness of the linked two,
And o'er their dusky features brighten;
Until you saw what nameless graces
Breathe into love the rudest faces;
When to the outward canvass start
The living colours of the heart.

Meanwhile, outflock, in mix'd confusion,
All Fiam's household to the stranger;
And with the help of Chang, and Ching,
Beneath their roof the saint they bring.
A surgeon call'd — they find the danger
Is less than they conceived — a groan,
At least announces life not flown;
They clear the blood that darkly oozes
Out from the skull — and their conclusion
Is, that a very sad contusion,
A broken leg — a score of bruises,
Make of the damages they note all —
The items of the pleasing total,

Far from enough to cure, I'm doubting
So great a patriot of mob-spouting.

Here for the present, to the care
Of Fiam, and the brother-pair,
We'll leave poor Hodges, to discover
Virtue in Bancok — and recover.
As Chang and Ching, for ever by him,
Each with a different comfort ply him.
Ching plays at cup-and-ball to amuse
The dullness of the flagging hours;
Collects each little scrap of news,
And brings him sugar-plums, and flowers.
While in a mystic murmur, Chang
Instructs him with a wise harangue;
Talks of vain mortals' vague solicitudes,
And that fresh subject, Fate's vicissitudes:
Varying the novel theme with stories,
How other legs were broke before his.
Hodges in turn, the twain delights
With noble deeds, and wond'rous sights,
Things done, and doing, which the fame
Of other countries quite extinguish;
And prove no people ought to claim
A moment's notice — save the *English*.

'Tis clear to see, that tales like these
Must win upon our Siamese;
And soon that strong, and keen desire,
Which rarely youth resists — *to roam*,
Prey'd on their hearts, and made them tire
Daily of happiness, and home.
Alas! in vain in every shore,

For something never won, we yearn!
Why needs this waste of toil, before
Life's last, yet simplest truth we learn?
Oh! that our early years would own
The moral of our burial-stone:
The true *to kalon* of the breast—
The *elixir* of the earth is — *Rest!*

As birds that seek athwart the main,
Strange lands where happier seasons reign,
Where to soft airs the rich leaf danceth,
And laughs the gay beam where it glanceth —
Glancing o'er fruits whose purpling sheen
May court the rifling horde unseen;
For there Earth, Air, and Sun conspire
To curb — by sating — man's desire —
And man, half careless to destroy,
May grant ev'n Weakness to enjoy.
So Hope allures the Human Heart,
So shews the land and spreads the chart;
So wings the wishes of the soul,
And colours, while we seek, the goal!

The shore (as on the wanderers fly)
They left — hath melted into sky.
The shore they seek — Alas! the star
That guides on high, seems scarce so far.
With weary wing, but yearning breast,
Unlike the dove they find no rest.
The broad Sea with its aching sound,
The desert Heaven, — have girt them round.
On, on! — and still the promised shore
Seems far — and faithless as before;

And some desponding droop behind,
And some are scattered by the wind;
And some — perchance who best might guide —
Sink — whelm'd the first — beneath the tide.

Thus on, the hearts that Hope decoys,
Fly o'er life's waste to fancied joys,
The goal unseen — the home forsaken,
Dismay'd, but slow, from dreams we waken.
The friends — with whom we left the shore
Most lov'd — most miss'd, are seen no more:
And some that sink, and some departed,
But leave the lingerers weary-hearted.

On — onward still — how few remain
Faint — flagging — of that buoyant train,
With glittering hue, and daring wing,
And bosom that must burst or sing.
On — on! a distant sail appears —
It comes — exhaustion conquers fears;
And on the deck, a willing thrall,
The wearied, hopeless, victims fall;
And ev'n amid their dreadest foes
Feel less of peril than repose!
And thus — oh! thus! no more deceived —
Worn out, tamed, baffled, and bereaved,
From all our young life loved self-banished;
The glory from the dull wing vanished;
Bowed by the distance, and the gale,
The hardest faint, the boldest fail.
Whate'er the spot that proffers rest
We drop — the Victim or the Guest;
And after all our wanderings past,
Feel Death has something sweet at last.

CHAPTER III.

ARGUMENT.

Address to "the British Fair" — The character of Hodges more fully developed — His felicitous project — Its success with Fiam — Fiam's character vindicated; and an unfortunate habit in the private life of that gentleman publicly exposed — The unjust and frivolous tattle of the Fashionable Circles in Bancok — The conversation of the Twins, and the design therein, unfolded — Lines on the ancient Magians — Their pretended successors — The adventurous expedition of the brothers, with all they saw by the way — The Hindoo Temple — Its mysterious tenant — The incantation, and the prophecy.

You know those queer old Novels found in
 Some Watering Place's Athenæum,
 A marble, motley coat, half bound in,
 And oh! so thumbed — I think I see 'em! —
 All about love, Ma'am, and the "Major,"
 We Novel-wrights have now grown sager.
 Majors, indeed! — the vulgar churls! —
We make your *lowest* flirts Earls.
 You know the books I mean — too full
 Of curious phrases to be dull.
 Their oddities respect bespeak,
 Like images grotesque on China;
 If manly, writ by "Captain Meek,"
 If moving — why, by "Jane Selina;"
 Mid these, my fairer readers, you
 May note at times the charming writer
 Improves his tone, and at some new
 Chapter, grows suddenly politer;
 Makes female excellence his care,
 And dashes off, "Ye British Fair!"

This plan resolved to follow him in,
Hear me one word, sweet countrywomen!
I hear a certain novel lately
Sent forth by me, displeased you greatly!
You thought the gentry of the road
Should choose their words more *à-la-mode*;
You felt indignant that such ug-

Ly words my vulgar folks should utter,
And Peggy Lobkins, of "the Mug,"

Be less refined than Lady Flutter;—
And you were right I must allow,
But I will mend my manners now,
Bid Nature seek some other place,
Paint man no more—but sketch "his Grace;"
Mince truth like any other Mister—
And shrink, smirk, drivil into L——r.

Soft sex, I yet recall the hours
When ye gave life its only flowers;
Nor truant hope once pass'd the ground,
To which your smiles had set the bound.
And shall I now forego the dream,

That ev'ry mortal bard hath fired;
Nor think those starry eyes will beam

Upon the verse they ~~first~~ inspired?
No! my sweet friends, altho' at times

A Godhead more severe and stupid,
May seize some dozen of my rhymes,

The prettiest still are kept for Cupid.
I own the chapter you have past,
Was rather of too coarse a cast,
And feel your interest poorly lodged,
In such a tenement as Hodges.

But patience, patience, and proceed —

When once in England we are landed,
Such pretty things you'll find — indeed

I'm sure you'll own it, if you're candid!

A general satire, quite refined,

But also stinging, on mankind;

Some things especially I've painted,

With which "your Graces" are acquainted,

Smart, striking, side-long, *SILHOUETTE* touches —

To charm the *haut goût* of a Duchess.

One draught of that sweet inebriety —

The best champagne of "good society;"

And just to zest the "glass of fashion,"

Un petit verre of cream of passion;

And, that your interest mayn't be lost,

Our love shall be so nicely cross't —

Then, too, a mystery — and a dear

(But not too shocking) dash of fear; —

And then, so well our poem ends!

Not as you'd think! Ah, come — we're friends!

That smile shall light me on to glory,

And now — shall I resume my story?

Tho' Hodges was the Bangkok talk,

As a most odd, eccentric being,

You scarce thro' Oxford Street could walk,

Without a score just like him seeing.

I call him saint, but don't mistake,

He was not one of those who enter

The fold for piety's sole sake,

Nor was our traveller a dissenter.

Not one of those malign'd, and bold

Descendants of that race of old,

Who to the death, and thro' the scathe,
Ne'er severed freedom's badge from faith,
But made Heaven's cause and earth's the same!
—— Their children have not dimmed their name.
No! spurns our lay one recreant line
That points its shaft to things divine;
Not less a sure ally to those
Truth loves, than fearless to her foes.
Note — in our travell'd sage we paint
A sectless, and a self-dubbed-saint,
A sort of moral Andes, curled
In clouds "above one half the world," *
And thro' Conceit's sublimest portals,
Lowering on less exalted mortals.
Yet, tho' not wise upon the whole,
He really was a worthy soul;
Fond of a bottle, and a story,
A starch, old-fashioned ultra-tory,
For ever watchful at each bank,
Fencing the rivulets of rank,
Fearful those streamlets, once so single,
Should break, and in one deluge mingle.
In love for Lords he'd yield to no man —
Yet patriotic as a Roman;
Loyal as Curteis with his kilt on —
In short, the man so miss'd by Wilton. †
Much had he travelled to and fro,
And brought great profit to the "Row."
His Tours, his Voyages, I'm told,

* Campbell.

† See note to page 147. — In the same speech therein alluded to, Lord Wilton seems to lament the want of those departed patriots — who complained of nothing.

By Longman, have in thousands sold.
No wonder; for he rarely prosés
On what your dullards want to know;
Statistics, Commerce, Law, are doses,
Which he allows us to forego.
Or, while above Amusement floats —
Instruction, lead-like, sinks to — notes.
But well the feeling soul he treats
With all he drinks, and all he eats;
With how his sleep by noisy cocks
Is ever and anon demolished;
How men are seen in ill-brushed frocks,
And boots are scandalously polished.
Matter like this can't fail to spell
The world's attention, and to sell.

Sojourning lately in Calcutta,
He'd joined the mission sent to Siam,
To ascertain if, should we put a
Cargo of goods in port, they'd buy 'em.
An opportunity such folks
To paint, he very wisely took,
And, like a better at the Oaks,
He thought of making up his book!
Nay, when that accident infernal
Occurred, he'd got thro' half his journal.

Now, as in Fiam's house he lay,
And "Sketches of the Court" concluded,
A certain brilliant scheme one day
Into our traveller's brain obtruded.
This was no less than back to Eng-
Land — to take with him Chang and Ching.

He saw at once, that love for shows,
Which stamps us as the "Staring Nation,"
Would make two youths so formed as those,
A very pretty —— speculation.

For tho' he'd now and then a spasm
Of what we call enthusiasm,
Somehow, the patriot's whole romance
Was friendly to the — humph! — main chance!
Sagely he therefore seized his time,
When, having drawn with much pomposity
The raptures of our rainy clime,
He saw the youths all curiosity;
And kindly looking on the pair,
As if from bashfulness to free them,
He said, with an obliging air,
"We'd be extremely glad to see them!"
Then, as he saw, with eyes all glistening
With gratitude, the father listening,
He added hints upon the fine
Fortune with ease to be acquired,
Were they but here, and would resign
Themselves, dear boys, to *be admired!*

He'd undertake, if such a plan
Were followed, *properly conducted* —
For *sans* experience bungling man
No scheme without a flaw constructed; —
He'd undertake, that, in returning,
They'd bring not only lots of learning,
But what in Bancok greater dash
Made 'mid the *haut ton* — lots of cash.

This scheme the father greatly charmed,
 But most unqualified emotion
 It gave his lady — quite alarmed
 At the mere mention of the Ocean.*
N'importe; at Siam, to its shame,
 Not oft the spouse consults his dame;
 And with such warmth to the design
 Did Fiam seriously incline;
 Its nature, day by day revolving,
 That thought at last became resolving.
 He made with Hodges an agreement
 About the profits of the thing; —
 One-half was for the patriot's fee meant,
 The other went to Chang and Ching.
 He next on Hodges sought to play
 (And did at length succeed) the attorney;
 And settled that the saint should pay
 The whole expenses of the journey.
 'Tis every where we see a sad age,
 In Siam craft is quite an adage;
 The cunning of those yellow fellows
 Makes even Europeans jealous.
 EUSEBIUS saith, that craft or fraud,
 The pious cannot but applaud,
 Declares — no doubt he's right about it —
 Some scarce would be convinced without it.
 And thus a good dose of deceiving,
 'Makes physic' for the unbelieving;†

* The Siamese have a superstitious dread of going
 "O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea."

† "Οτι δεῖσαι ποτὲ τῷ ψεύδει ἀντὶ φαρμάκου χρῆσθαι ἐπὶ ὠφελείᾳ τῶν
 δεομένων τοῦ τοιοῦτου ἱγόπου. — *Euseb. Præp. Evang.* l. xii. c. 31.

This doctrine of the piety of fraud is common among nearly all the
 primitive writers of the church.

Yet every soul in Siam is sick,
Tho' fed entirely on this physick. *

The bond completed, Fiam saw
'Twas made quite good in Bancok law;
Not doubting that, that law would tie 'em
As close in England as in Siam:
The thing was really now decreed.
Transportedly the twins agreed;
For with a joyous, and a busy pate,
Each did the scenes described anticipate.
Nor think our sire, that with a stranger

He let his only sons depart,
Unheedful of their risk of danger,
Or nursing a Rousseau-like heart.
No—learn the mystery in my naming,
The Mercury of all nations, "Gaming."
Now, though at Bancok, as in London,
The laws forbid you to be undone:
No code, devised however cleverly,
Can bar one bent to play the Beverley.
So, by some Stukelys of the fashion,
Living like — other's cash on —
(And faith, the prettiest way to feast!)
Fiam had been most sadly fleeced.
Folks there, are now but slowly learning
That beautiful resource called "credit;"
And Fiam to the future turning,
Began to see good cause to dread it.
Yet for himself, foreboding smote
The doating father's heart less — ah! less

* The cunning and falsehood of the Siamese is a bitter subject of complaint with all their visitors.

Than those who would not have a groat,
When left upon the world papa-less !
And there, where both reward and penance
Are held decreed to *this* world's tenants. *
Where every piece of luck that raises
One's fortune, but one's virtue praises ;
And the calamities that dish us
Are merely proofs that we are vicious ;
'Twas clear, with such a faith, and nation
Our twin's peculiar situation,
If coupled with an empty purse,
Would be esteemed no trivial curse ;
And that the world would act most oddly,
If kind to sorrows so ungodly.
This foresight then, had made the father
Yield to the patriot's scheme, — nay, rather
A project that at once appeared
To cure the very ills he feared,
The fortune he had lost replace,
Rob his boy's doom of its disgrace,
And make them, with such slender labours,
Quite independent of their neighbours,
He deemed so strangely happy, that
He gave the honour to the Nat. †
Nay, to nought less he could compare it,
Than to the might of those who muse

* Rank in *this* life, is held by the Boudhists, as a proof of moral excellence in a former — so are all worldly blessings. In Siam and the Burman empire, a man acts as *well* as he can, in the hope of being made a lord *after* he dies — just as in certain other countries, a man acts as *ill* as he can, in the hope of being made a lord *before* that event.

† Nat — Superior beings in the Boudhist religion.

On man in the *Zadumaharit*, *

And stand three leagues —— without their shoes!
Thus, to his guest his sons committing,
You 'll own in Fiam not unfitting.
No hardness of the heart betraying,
But a sire's anxious care displaying.

Not so his neighbours! — long and loud
Tattled the fashionable crowd:
They were so shock'd, they scarce could speak,
Especially, of course, the women all;
They'd always thought him very weak,
But this was absolutely criminal.

What, send away one's sons from home,
On bits of wood o'er waves to roam!
Travel, indeed! — what for? — — was not
All wisdom centered in one spot?
All virtue, learning, bliss, pomp, show,
All with which Boudha could supply 'em,
To see, hear, taste, enjoy, and know,
— Were they not all confined to Siam?
Travel, indeed — with such a fellow too,
Whose skin was any thing but yellow too! —

While thus his friends — (friends *are* so moral
About our acts!) — with Fiam quarrel,
We'll listen to our brothers, walking
Alone, and close engaged in talking.
A wild design is their's, I ween,
Pray Heaven, it ripen to a scene.

* The *Nat* of the *Zadumaharit* are of the most exalted order; their height is half a *juzana*; a *juzana* being six Burma leagues, and four *ratoen*.

"I hear," quoth Chang, "the sorcerer's art
"Surpasseth Reason's cramp'd believing;
"And — just look round, Ching! — for *my* part,
"I dare say, there is some deceiving;
"Yet, ere our land, our home we change,
"Launch in a scheme that seems so strange,
"Trust hope, and life to fortune frail,
"And with our guest, in short, set sail,
" 'Twere well to hear what one so wise
"As he we speak of would advise:
"Or, since perchance, to our intent
"The will may be *already* bent,
" *Rather*, 'twere well to lift the veil
"Athwart the future's gloom;
"And know what peril may assail,
"Or pleasure soothe — our doom!"

"Well said," cried Ching, "the scheme's a bold one;
"One likes to have one's fortune told one.
" 'Tis new Moon, by-the-bye, to-night,
"It can't do any harm to hear him!
"To start betimes would be but right;
"We live, you know, by no means near him."
Rejoiced to find gay Ching so mettled,
Chang nods assent — the affair is settled.

In those dark climes of farthest Ind
Yet reigns that weird, and wond'rous Science,
To which, ev'n here, the illumin'd mind
Hath sometimes quail'd from its defiance.
Dread relics of that solemn lore,
From eldest Egypt, haply brought,
And to the Magian Seers of yore
In terror and in mystery taught

By the eternal Stars; — what time
Night deepened to her ghastly noon,
And, paled beneath the muttered rhyme,
Grew faint the pausing Moon.
There, while the sparr'd, and dropping caves
Murmured, as from their depth were called
New Shapes released from former graves,
And the earth's dreader beings — thrall'd
To grosser ether, by the Power
And the dark Rulers of the Hour!

While Nature sickened into dearth,
The swift winds fell upon the waves
With Fear struck dead; and Silence palled
The torpor of the tomb-like earth; —
There, by their rocky homes, the Seers
Of the Dark Wisdom lonely sate,
And from no human oracle,
Nor Druid shade, or Delphic cell,
But from the arch untrodden spheres
Drew forth the voice of Fate!

Ye whom the Magian spell'd of old,
The orb'd and glorious Thrones of Heaven,
Will ye in truth no more unfold
The lore to Earth's grey Fathers given?
What wonderous arts that pierce the deep
Of Time, and from slow Nature win
Her secrets, aye, her empire; sleep
Your hush'd and hoarding shrines within!
And still we gaze, and gaze, and yearn,
And, with mysterious pinings, feel
The soul — perchance your offspring — burn
For what your voices can reveal! —

Mute — mute — ye from your height survey
Our longings vague, our visions vain;
And, drawn to earth, we turn away,
And sicken to ourselves again.

Still linger in the vast abode,
Where once the Magian learning glowed
Fond dreamers wild and self-deceiving,
Feeding strange thoughts in loneliness;
And, in one empty science, weaving
The threads of each unhallowed guess.
Gaunt Fast and sternest Penance joined
To the great AWE, which is the soul
Or demon of all solitude,
Darken the fancies of their mind
Into a grim and gathering mood,
Till madness blackens o'er the whole.

Such is the stuff from which is made
The mould of those in half-lit climes,
Whom hooded millions have obeyed,
Drunk with the lust of fire and scathe,
And mailed to mercy by a faith,
That sprung from Phrensy's densest shade,
A madness modell'd to a trade,
And grown a creed by crimes!

To one of these wild seers the Twins
Are bound, and ere the earliest ray
Of the New Moon * her reign begins,
Behold them on their unwatch'd way.

* The reader will bear in mind, that both in the Boudhic and Hindoo superstitions, the time of the new moon is one of peculiar and mystic power.

They pass'd along by the Menam's side,
With its floating streets* on the twilight tide,
And laughter and voices echoed afar
From the idle groups in the gilt bazaar;
But the clear smooth note 'mid the din they distinguish,
Of the cunning Chinese who are cheating the English.

They have left the city behind them now ;
And, along the gladden'd ground,
There stealeth a scent from each purple bough,
In the thousand orchards round. †
O'er the thin, frail plank, that the deep canal
Bridges, they gliding go ;
And the maw of the crocodile waits their fall,
As he watcheth them from below.
For two-and-twenty comely fanes
In sight, the wealth of the town bespeak ;
But the purse of the burgher-man never contains
Enough for a bridge o'er a single creek. §

* "On each side of the river (Menam) there was a row of floating habitations resting on rafts of bamboo moored to the shore. These appeared the neatest and best description of buildings ; they were occupied by good Chinese shops." — *Crauford's Embassy to Siam*, p. 79.

† Bancok is surrounded by orchards.

§ "The town (Bancok) is built on a rich tract, &c., intersected by numerous creeks and canals. . . . We had to pass under a bridge, which, after the profusion of expense which we had lately witnessed in the temples, afforded a surprising example of the stupid inattention of a despotic government and a superstitious people, to all objects of public convenience and utility: the value of a very few of the brass images which we saw yesterday, would have been sufficient to build a noble bridge at this place, where it was so much required ; but the one which we now saw, consisted of a single plank, and was elevated to the giddy height of at least thirty feet. We proceeded in all about five miles. In our route, we counted no less than twenty-two temples." — *Crauford's Embassy*, 127 — 130.

The night hath advanced; and the sharp, shrill cry
Of the *gecko** breaks forth from the herbage dark;
And out, o'er the hush of the breathless sky,
Sweeps the Moon in her stately bark.
They see (in Siam a frequent sight —
A drollish sort of a constitution hers!)
A robber, who should have been hang'd that night,
Walking coolly off with his executioners.†
In the heart of the plain they have past, and there
The moon on a temple shone,
And they note a Chinese with his braided hair,
By some embers employ'd alone:
He was stirring up the bones of his sire,
With a tool like a gardener's prong;
He had burnt him that day by a famous fire,
And was closing his task with a cheerful song.§

They have gone many miles since the night begun,
And the mystic moon to her height hath won.
They pause by the jaws of a tangled wood,
For gloomily there the shadows brood,

* A sort of lizard of nocturnal habits—made on purpose to disturb Captain Crauford at night.

† “A celebrated gang robber, whose apprehension had cost the Siamese government a great deal of trouble, and who was placed in charge of the Prah-klang, took this opportunity to effect his escape. The mode in which he accomplished this, afforded some insight into the character of the servants of the Siamese government. The robber seduced the whole guard, and walked off with them; thus not only effecting his own escape, but taking with him an armed and organized body of depredators.” — *Crauford's Embassy*, p. 176.

§ “Returning home one day from an excursion on the Menam, my attention was attracted by observing a Chinese all alone stirring up some embers within the enclosures of a temple, with an instrument resembling a pitchfork. On landing, we found that he was completing the funeral rites of some relative. He was stirring the fire to complete the destruction of some of the larger bones, and was either cheering or consoling himself with a song!” — *Crauford's Embassy*, p. 450.

And they thought how the tigers in search of food
From the distant forest had lately strayed,
—And they looked on each other, and mutely prayed.
They are walking on with a trembling tread,
And painful the path thro' the jungle to thread;
And their hearts beat high at the sullen crush
Of the boughs swinging back to their broken hush;
And they hear the hiss of the startled snake,
And they see the bed in the trampled brake,
Where some ravening beast, aroused by the moon
To his prey, had reposed thro' the sultry noon.

But aye, as they paused for breath, the part
Of the cheerer was donned by the darker heart,
For the nerves of the one, whom in safety ye deemed
The gallanter spirit, now quail and cower,
While the calm which in common a dulness seemed,
Grew courage when kept thro' the perilous hour.

The jungle is cleared, and the moon shines bright
On a broad and silent plain;
And (gaunt in the midst) the streaming light
Sleeps, hushed on a giant Fane!

No late-built, gay, and glittering shrine, *
Like those the Boudhist holds divine;
But simple — lone — grey — vast — and hoar,
All darkly-eloquent of Eld!

* The massy and antique solemnity of the Hindoo temple, compared with those devoted to the Boudhist religion, covered as the latter are with gilding, and grotesque ornaments made of the most gaudy and least durable materials, never fails to strike every traveller in the countries where the two religions are found together.

The farthest years of untold yore
That temple had beheld.
Sadly and desolately now,
It rais'd to Heaven its gloomy brow ;
Its altars silent and untrod, —
The faith has left the Brahmin's God.*

There while the brothers gazing stood,
Their youthful blood grew chill,
Appalled beneath the Solitude,
The Sternness and the Still !

They have gain'd the sacred bound,
They have pass'd its broken wall ;
And they quail as they walk, when they hear the sound
Of their steps in the temple fall !

They stand in a desolate place,
Their roof the starr'd and breathless Space !
An altar at their feet, o'erthrown !
On the grey walls around, half-rased,
Strange shapes and mystic rhymes are traced,
Typing a past world's fate.
And still, as if himself had grown
Its like — upon a couch of stone
Majestic — shadowy — and alone
The dark Magician sate !

The white rays hush'd around him shining —
His broad brow knit and down-declining ;
Fix'd on the wan Earth's mystic breast

* "They (the Hindoo temples) were dreary and comfortless places, and there was no mistaking the religion which had the countenance and protection of the state." — *Crauford's Embassy*, p. 119.

His eyes — intent but dreaming — rest ;
His mute form bending musingly,
And his hands clasp'd upon his knee.
Calmness sate round him like a robe,
The calmness of the crowned Dead,
The calmness of the solemn Globe
When Night makes Silence dread.
The calmness of some God reclin'd
On high — and brooding o'er Earth's doom,
Or of some Cloud ere yet the wind
Hath voiced the breathless gloom.
The errand they tell, and the boon they crave.
It is done! — with a glassy eye
The Sorcerer look'd on the Twins, and gave,
In a chaunting tone, reply.

“Ten years ago, and the Book of Light
“Was oped at the page that bared to-night,
“And the Moon had buried her mother old,
“And the Dragon was up from his mountain-hold,
“And the Spirits who feast on a mortal's woe
“Were walking the wide earth to and fro.
“My blood was young, and my heart was bold,
“And I burn'd for the spell of the conquer'd tomb;
“And I sate by the grave they had dug that day,
“For a woman whose spirit had passed away
“When the babe was in her womb.*

* “The belief in the agency of evil spirits is universal, and though disclaimed by the religion of Budha, they are more frequently worshipped than the latter. Nor will the darkest periods of German necromancy and pretended divination be found to exceed, in point of the incredible and horrible, what is to be observed among the Siamese of the present day. It is usual to inter women that have died pregnant: the popular belief is, that the necromancers have the power of performing the most extraordinary things, when possessed of the infant which had been thus interred in the womb of the mother: it is customary to watch

“And the grave was bared — and the rite prepared,
“And the dark rhyme slowly said,
“And with shriek, and shout, the demon rout
“Came round the unburied dead.
“Yea! round, and round, with their giant wings
“The monster Bird, and the dragon Snake,
“And the Evil Race from the Ebon springs
“Of the Genii’s waveless Lake!
“Yea round, and round, with their stoney glare,
“And their gnashing teeth, and their ghastly yell,
“And limb, by limb, they had torn me there
“Had I miss’d one word of the wizard spell.
“But I mastered the fiends with a fearless breast,
“And I tore the babe from its darksome rest,
“And I severed the hands, and the feet, and the head,
“And I looked around — and the fiends were fled —
“And I was alone with the mangled dead!
“And never from her hall of light
“The moon’s hushed glory seem’d so bright
“As then! — the gale its pride had bow’d --
“The tree — the herb — the flower — below;
“And the white star and pausing cloud
“Above me; — seemed to hail, and know
“The new-made Monarch, whom the Hour,

the grave of such persons, in order to prevent the infant being carried off. The Siamese tell the tale of horror in the most solemn manner. All the hobgoblins, wild and ferocious animals, all the infernal spirits, are said to oppose the unhallowed deed; the perpetrator, well charged with cabalistic terms, which he must recite in a certain fixed order, and with nerves well braced to the daring task, proceeds to the grave, which he lays open. In proportion as he advances in his work, the opposing spirits become more daring; he cuts off the head, hands, and feet of the infant, with which he returns home. A body of clay is adapted to these, and this new compound is placed in a sort of temple; the matter is now accomplished, the possessor has become master of the past, present, and future.” — *Finlayson’s Mission to Siam and Cochin China*, p. 239.

“And the dark daring of the deed
“And the Art minioned to the need,
 “Had diadem’d with power
“And the lovely Earth is bared to me
 “With the wealth of its coffer’d dower;—
“The death, and the life in every tree;—
 “And the spirit in every flower:—
“From Clime to Clime unseen I glide
 “On the car of my swift desire,
“I rule the steeds of the rushing Tide,
 “And the heart of the restless Fire.
“I watch o’er the Past in its mighty sleep,
 “I walk in its Chambers dark,
“And over the future’s shoreless deep
 “I sail in my prophet-bark.
“But I pine from my wisdom’s desolate throne,
 “And my sceptre charms me not;
“And I fly in thought, as I sit alone,
 “To my father’s tranquil Cot.
“And why, O dupes of the burning dream,
 “For a boon that deceiveth, roam?
“Will the Sun on a stranger’s dwelling beam
 “More bright than it shines on home?
“But I read your brow—and I read your heart,
 “And I know the seal is set;
“And that spell is above a Magian’s art,
 “That can hold man from——Regret.”

The sorcerer rose, and led the way

Thro’ a rent in the deep wall’s massive base,
And they stood in a cell where the peering ray,
Crept faint from above thro’ the dismal space;

Serving just to shadow dimly,
Their outlines from the denser gloom,
Like the half-worn images sculptured grimly
On the walls in the outer room.

Suddenly forth to the roof, the light
Burst, of a mighty flame!
It shot from the earth to that lofty height —
Like a burning town on a northern night,
And it trampled the gloom with an Angel's might —
And it died as it came!

But behold on the spot where it falleth,
A meteor hath risen, and slowly crawleth, —
The child of the fire-fiend creeping
Along; — till at length with an impish mirth
To and fro see it fitfully leaping,
As it courses the jagged earth!

Then they marked that the seer had his raiment thrown
On the ground; and a narrow and knotted zone,
Star-studded, was bound on his loins alone!

They stand within the flame, that curl'd,
Not in the northern wizard's ring,
But oval-like; and imaging
A mystery in the Antique world.

And the Sorcerer on their heads hath lain
One hand, the other raised on high!

“Worms on life's lotos leaf — whate'er

“Of dread or menace meet the eye

“Or thrill the appalled ear — beware

“Of any sound — of any cry

“Beyond the ebb of breath!

“This fiery wall is life's domain

“Transgressed one inch is death!

“For the fiends are without, and I hear them now,
“And I feel their breath on my dampening brow,
“If a single drop from the brimmed spell
“Run o’er, ye are doomed to the wrath of hell.
“And a death by the gripe of the demon’s fangs,
“Will but herald the soul to Tapanā’s * pangs!”

Now the fire is calmly burning,
And the orgy hath begun,
And along the red girth going,
From an iron vessel throwing
In the flame the appointed things
Of that black and fearful learning ;
Thus the Magian with each one
Slowly sings.

“Seizers of the wretch who wars
“With the Sovereign of the Stars,
“Ye, whom my victory taught to fear me,
“Still and bright *Grahana* † hear me !
“And ye who sweep thro’ the air and the deep,
“And rise on the Fire God’s wings,
“Or couched in the gloom of the mountain’s womb,
“Hold court with the Metal kings ;
“Ye mocking ELEMENTS — who laugh
“At a mortal’s doom with a frantic mirth —
“And scatter our dust, when we die, like chaff
“O’er the heart of the griefless earth :

* *Tapanā* is one of the many Boudhese hells to which, among other criminals, the dabblers in *unlawful* arts are condemned. The reader will note, that in the ensuing incantation, the sorcerer forsakes the Boudhist superstition, and alludes only to the Hindoo. The Hindoo magicians, to whose order he appears to belong, are of greater renown than the Boudhist.

† The planets : their name (*Grahana*) signifies the act of seizing, and they are *chiefly* invoked by the Hindoo magicians in ceremonies denouncing evil upon enemies.

“Ye, whom my victory taught to fear me,
“Bhuta,* dread servants of Siva,† hear me!
“Four and sixty bones are here,
“Blent and seethed in the bowl of Fear;
“Four and sixty roots are mingled
“By the moon, at her moment of glory, singled.
“By these, by the ashes, the draught, and the dust —
“Come hither — come hither, ye must — ye must!
“Steep my tongue in the Fount of the Future Things,
“And shadow my soul with your rushing wings.”
As he spoke, on his lip there gathered the foam,
And his voice, from a breath, to its height had clombe,
And the blood swelled forth in each corded vein,
And the drops of his agony fell like rain.

But still as a calm on a lowering sea,
When the quiet is cradled appallingly,
The Twins knelt down in the midmost space,
And clung to each other in close embrace.
And the eyes of *the one* on the ground were bent,
And his breath but in gaspings came and went;
But the high-wrought nerve of the sterner raised
His brow; on the Magian he fix'dly gazed,
And the strength of desire sustained his dread,
— But the swarthy blood from his cheek had fled.
While he knelt and gazed; — with a slimy crawl,
And a hissing breath round the fiery wall,
Came the loathly things of the serpent race,
With a glassy eye on his haunted face.
And wherever he turned they came — they came —

* Bhuta, the Elements, are considered by the Hindoos as demons — the Atharvana Veda — (one of their sacred books) is said to enjoin their worship.

† Siva, the God of Destruction.

With their crests erect o'er the barrier-flame !
Some of the dwarfed and deadliest tribe,
Whence the poison the shafts of a chief imbibe;
And others that wreathed in their volumed length,
Lapped the fate of their prey in their crushing strength.
But beyond, where the fire had failed to break
The shadows — he heard the vulture shriek;
And at length on its lead wing heavily
It flapped to a grey stone mouldering nigh,
And gloamed on the boy with its charnel eye.
But he would not stir, and he held his breath,
For he thought on the Magian's menaced death;
And the full of the fit, or the fiend's, controul,
Seemed now to have rush'd on the Sorcerer's soul:
His mien was all changed from its human wont,
And the phrenzy was stamped on his knotted front.

“Ye have come with your golden wings,
“Ye have come with your starry eyes,
“And I feel the Cloud of the dawning Things
“Like the mists from an ocean rise!
“Mortals! who from the Magian's skill,
“Demand what Fate may yet fulfil.
“List — heed — and mark — for wrapt in gloom,
“The dim unbodied Shapes that wait
“In the vast Future's mighty Womb,
“The appointed hour of Fate.

“The Stream and the Bark shall glide
“With a happy Sun, and a quiet Tide;
“But the Stream at length shall chafe at the Sail,
“And its wave shall rise to an angered gale,

“And the Stream on the guiltless Bark shall war,
“And the Bark shall know dread on the fitful wave;
“And the Stream shall look up to a single Star,
“And the Star shall endanger the Bark, but — save.
“And the Bark in a quiet Port shall rest,
“But the Stream shall roll on with a lonely breast.
“Lo! lo! where it enters the earth, and its way
“Is snatched like a dream from the face of the day.
“Not a glimpse from its course—not a voice from its waves—
“Lo! it sinks from my sight — in the depths of the caves.”

As he ceaseth, the fiery bound
Duller and dimmer fades,
And the Serpent shapes that hiss around,
Grow huge in the deepening shades.
And failing and faint — those limbs but now
Scarce mortal in their power,
Like the bodies the laws of the *Apé** allow
But life for a stated hour.

As a corpse when the spirit is fled,
As a spear from a hand when the life is o’er,
The Sorcerer drooped his head,
And dropped on the darkening floor.
Then, by the last blue ray
Of the flame, while the Serpents creep
With a fainter hiss to the wall — away,
And curl to their broken sleep, —
Each brother beheld the other’s face,
And shudderingly scanned it o’er;
Such change had been wrought in that fearful place,
That he scarcely could note a single trace
Of the features he knew before!

* The Condemned.

BOOK THE SECOND.

INTRODUCTORY LINES TO BOOK THE SECOND.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY _____
BEFORE HER MARRIAGE.

FAIR girl, whose very name to me
Recalls that earliest dream of love,
Now fixed into a memory
That points like spires above; —
I love to think *her* name is thine,
Fair girl, and I at times can trace
A look like hers a moment shine
On thy yet fairer face.
But Wealth and Power before thine eyes,
Their flowers — shall *they* too wither? — strew:
Thy lot hath all that worldlings prize,
And *her* lot never knew.
Thou interest on a stage, in sooth,
Which few so fair unscathed may tread,
And pardon, when it notes thy youth,
Delight if dimm'd with dread.

How well — how well, when yet a boy,
I saw it rise — I can recall
An orb of glory and of joy,
Of which thyself but saw the fall.
What form wore love so lovelily?
Hers was the Virgin-mother's air!
And in her brow — and calmest eye —
How brightly slept the angel there!
She was a thing, like thee, that seemed
Almost too glorious for desire;
And all of which Romance had dreamed,
Tamed all that Passion meant to fire.
Look round — and where the bright — the holy —
The Dawn-star? — fallen from its skies!
And apter Vice and craftier Folly,
Where nobler Natures weep — despise.
And Fashion smiles upon the crime,
But frowns in wrath on the revealing;
And nought — save Silence, Memory, Time,
Are hers, to whom a world was kneeling!
Ah! doth the sin deserve the sting
To gorge all Malice with her shame?
And feel her glory grown a thing
That Fops affect a scorn to claim?
And Thou, fair lady of my line,
Sweet Namesake of my heart's recorded,
Thou, too, art doom'd at least to shine
Where nought save Art can be rewarded.
In that false world to which thou'rt chained,
Who sins not, is too tame to reign;
And Custom in an hour hath gained,
What Vice for aye had stormed in vain.

And duller — colder sins shall mar

The gloss upon thy spirit's pinion;
This sorcerer World but makes the star

It most invokes, the most its minion.
And all the pleasures which possess thee
But dim thy heart while they caress thee; —
And Truth will lose her virgin beauty; —
And Art shall mould itself to Duty; —
And all that Fashion bids thee follow
Leave Love forsworn and Friendship hollow.
I would not meet thee when some years
Have taught thy heart how folly sears,
And trifles now so tempting frittered
Away the youth they but embittered,
When all our fancies most adore,
Cling round that joyous form no more,
When the still graces of the cheek
Forget the soul's soft tale to speak.
Nor would we seek to learn that tale,
Nor court the coy thought from its veil,
As one who with a charmed soul
Hath lurked within name faëry knoll,
And borne to grosser earth again,
The memory of the bright domain —
As he — if wise — would ask no more
That land — too lovely — to explore,
Lest, *as* we read in faëry story,
The realm should wither from its glory.
And all nurst now in worship — fleet,
And prove delight was but deceit.
So would I throne my soul's romance,
Above the reach of Time and Chance,

So — as a new-blest lover keepeth
Sweet watch the while the lov'd one sleepeth ; —
So watch'd — so unawaked should be,
The rare and lovely dream of thee,
So cling my haunted thoughts unto it,
— But shun the madness to renew it.

But come — our robe aside we fling,
And quit the Sage's mimic seat,
Too glad in humbler guise to sing
No solemn measure at thy feet —
Too glad if thou wilt deign to feel,
When softer chords are touched, tho' lightly ;
Or, if our livelier satire steal
A smile from one who smiles so brightly —
Too glad if thou wilt not despise
A tale that boasts no charming '*Giaours* ,'
A strain that mingles smiles with sighs,
Nor always smothers sense with flowers —
Too glad if thou but gently blame
The simple string that ties our posies,
Tho' violets take their wonted name,
And rouge is banished from our roses —
Too glad if thou the faults forgive,
Which harsher eyes will judge severely ;
And if within thy memory live
One line of His — who loves thee dearly !

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

ARGUMENT.

The admirable discretion of the author — Policy of conceit — The brothers arrive in England — Hodges's announcement of that event in the Morning Post — The Twins exhibited — The sensation they create — Sir Astley Cooper's friendly proposal — Divers others — Fashion, her origin — Chang finds time for his studies — The effect they have on him — Hodges's honesty — Scene between Chang and Ching — Their resolve — Description of Mary — Chang's soliloquy.

Among the thousand virtues which
Are only found in my possession,
I think I'm singularly rich
In that—the best of all — Discretion.
Not less in letters than in action,
I know the golden mean to keep,
What scene to dwell on, or what fact shun,
And where to gallop or to creep.
This truth I blush not to repeat,
'Tis policy to have conceit. —
Assurance too (in Greek * you 'll see it,) is
Confess'd "the greatest of the deities."

* Ὡς μεγίστη τῶν θεῶν νῦν οὖσ' Αἰαίδεα. — MENAN.

The Twins, 'tis needless then to say,
Made with the Seer no idle stay.

I leave you to conceive their walk
To Bancok on the following day;
And will not bore you with their talk,
Or meditations, by the way.

Moreover, since it is decreed,
Our brothers are for Britain bound,
I think you 'll own there is no need
To crawl by inches o'er the ground.

The parting — wishes — prayers — hopes — fears,
Were all remarkably pathetic —

Poor Ching was quite dissolved in tears,

But Chang was ever an ascetic,
The clouds within him rarely grew
Into his eyes, becoming pluvius —

I skip a simile quite new,

About the snow around Vesuvius.

Because my Muse, altho' no syren,
Is honest, nor purloins from Byron;
Nor any likeness, to be plain, knows
Between fine feelings and volcanoes.

The lady Moon, the gentle stars,

The blue seas breaking into spars —

The stroll on deck when heaven is dark,

The sport of bobbing for a shark —

Prayers—sickness—storm—calm—land—starvation,

Great deep, grand thoughts — and British nation

Riding old Neptune like a charger,

While patriot hearts grow justly larger; —

Are not these things already shown

In Marryat's novel, "The King's Own,"

In Cooper, Byron, and in dingy
Volumes of voyages to *Ingee*?

The sea part, then, I reckon over,
Just let you eat a steak at Dover,
And then, as town begins to fill, I
Land you at once in Piccadilly.

The third day after they had entered
London, of Nash and Cash the boast,
Hodges this paragraph adventured
(As herald) in "The Morning Post."

"We hear the famous Mr. Hodges,
"Who wrote of Tactoo the description,
"Is just arrived in town, and lodges
"At present in the Hall Ægyptian.
"With him two wond'rous creatures he
"Has brought, we understand, from Siam,
"Which all the world will flock to see,
"And much the sight will edify 'em.
"Two boys that have together grown,
"Across the breast joined by a bone;
"Of the faculty, invited gratis,
"Each gentleman we beg to state is;
"Already Messrs. Cooper, Brodie, Gee,
"Lawrence, and Vance, have seen the prodigy —
"Declared it can be no deceit,
"And sworn the sight was quite a treat.
"This — notice towards them to divert is meant,
"See for particulars advertisement.
"N.B. In such a way they 're joined,
"As not to shock the most refined.

The public then were disengaged —
No Lyon in especial raged,
For Poetry there was no passion,
All Politics were out of fashion;
The last new Novel, called "The Peerage,"
Had fallen flat upon this queer age.

No Kings were going to Guildhall,
No Dukes were "*trembling* to their fall;"
Both Charles and Charleys lived in peace,
No Philip there — here no Police.
Serenely thieved the nightly prigs,
And placeless walked the pensive Whigs,
Time frowned not — and the distant storm
Slept dull on that dark sea — Reform.
— In such a dearth of conversation,
Judge if our Twins caused some sensation.
From ten, to five o'clock each day,
There thronged to see them such a bevy,
Such Cabs, and chariots blocked the way,
The crowd was like a new King's levée,
Sir Astley bid high to secure them,
To cut up when the spring was o'er;
He had, he begged leave to assure them,
Cut up "The Skeleton" before.
'Twas much, they'd see if they reflected,
To be with care and skill dissected;
And if next year they would prefer — *he*
Was not at present in a hurry.

Old Crock much wanting then some new
Good speculation, tried to steal them;

While Lady ——— the famous Blue —

Gravely requested leave to feel them. *

Pettigrew said he'd keep a nice

Glass case on Saturdays exposed for them,

And Mrs. * * *, who'd married thrice,

With great civility proposed for them.

But, thanks to Hodges, all these perils

They 'scaped unhurt — for thus the state

Of man is ever! when we fear ills,

Heaven saves us from the menaced fate;

Except the few not worth a better, a

Handful, of hang'd, drown'd, burnt, et cetera.

Meanwhile with every day increases,

The fashion of the brother pair;

Fashion, that haughty quean that fleeces

Her lovers with so high an air.

I think on earth that Jove did drop her, a

Danseuse from the Olympian opera; —

Sent, first to glitter, and to gladden us;

Next, to attract, allure, and madden us;

Thirdly, to ruin each beginner

In life, content with that — to win her!

But when he's bought the jade's caresses,

He finds the charm was — in the dresses!

While Jove on high, beholds, methinks,

The new-blest suitor's melancholy,

* Conversing once with a Blue of some celebrity, I had the mortification of perceiving that she was all the while peculiarly restless and fidgety. At length, she said with considerable *naïveté*, "Excuse me, I must go and feel that gentleman." Accordingly with great gravity she walked up to a handsome foreigner, and, avowing herself a disciple of Spurzheim, requested leave to feel his head. I remember that the handsome foreigner was not a little disconcerted, for he was a great beau and he wore a wig.

Applauds the cunning of the minx,
And chuckles, at the green-horn's folly.
In each engraver's shop one sees,
Neat portraits of "the Siamese;"
And every wandering Tuscan carries,
Their statues cast in clay of Paris.
Those statues sell in such a lot,
They play the deuce with Pitt, and Scott;
In vain aloft upon the board,
Indignant looks the poet lord;
Unsold, Napoleon now may doze,
And out of joint his conqueror's nose.

Money flocks in, with such profusion,
The door-keepers are all confusion;
"For breathes there one with soul so dead,
"Who never to himself hath said,"
When fashion governs all the town,
"Oh, who'd think twice of half-a-crown!"
Yet 'mid this whirl of pounds, and pleasure,
Chang found for reading ample leisure;
Indeed, the day's a sort of beast,
Of which the body is the least;
The head, and tail, let study seize —
And with the rest, do what you please!

But now, a new delicious source
Gushed on his mind's enlarging course:
The mingled, and the mighty store
Of our land's language, and its lore;
Our sturdy reasoners' vigorous themes,
Our golden poets, and their dreams;
And His divine, and wond'rous page,

Who walked Creation as his stage; —
With these, his restless fancy blent,
 The legends of less deep romance,
Where Wisdom's bow is lightly bent,
 And Truth's the conquest of a glance.
Where, more than all, the dazzling kings
 Of every climate rule the story,
Where Love and Fame unite their springs,
 And Beauty yields herself to Glory.

Such studies scarce could feed his heart,
Nor grow his thoughts' most cherished part.
And hence, perchance, he learnt, for Fame,
And Love, too bright a throne to frame,
And too repiningly to chide
The fate which such to him denied.

And shall I — can I — say — too brightly
 His fancy bodied forth his dream
Of woman — whom his land so lightly
 Had taught his boyhood to esteem?
He clothed that image in whate'er
Romance had pictured as most fair,
And Thought with life the statue warmed,
And his soul worshipped what it formed: —
That image from the Cyprian's madness,
 How worn soe'er in every strain,
Ne'er served to shadow forth a sadness,
 A phantasy, more wild and vain.
All he had learnt, in short, had fathered
 All that 'twere well could he forget;
The fruit of knowledge had been gathered,
 And its first taste to him — regret!

Tho' Hodges was nor wise nor merry,
Honest, and true, he was and very;
He kept the accounts with faith, — unwilling
To rob our brothers of a shilling —
And now they really seemed preparing,
Shortly to grow as rich as Baring;
When Fate, who meant them not for bankers,
Saved them from wealthy care, and cankers —
Ere their gains took too large addition, she
Turned short and checked them at sufficiency.

One evening when the whole day long
Our Twins had entertained the throng,

Chang felt so poorly and opprest,
(Of late his spirits had been low,)

That, ere their wonted hour of rest,
To bed he was obliged to go.

Poor Ching, who was, with shouts of laughter,
Playing at drafts with Hodges' daughter,
(Of whom my muse a sketch prepares,)
Was snatched away, and walked up stairs;
And (sleep the last thing in his head,)
Coolly deposited in bed;

But Chang was restless, nor could close
His eyes — a fretful fever burn'd him;
And just as Ching began to doze,

Chang upside down abruptly turned him:
Served thrice in such provoking fashion,
Ching bounced at last into a passion:
"Zounds! Chang," he cried, "I do assure ye,
"Your starts would rouse a Bramin's fury;
"Tho' you may think I've not a nerve, I
"Must beg you to yourself will keep.

"No man can thus be topsy-turvy

"Turned, when he's settling into sleep.

"You may be ill—I don't deny it,

"But other folks, when ill, are quiet."

"Truly," said Chang, "'tis most fraternal

"To fall upon me in this way,

"I'd like to know if this infernal

"Climate kill *me*—what *you* would say?

"I fear worse things to you might hap,

"Than posture changed, or broken nap.

"Perhaps you would not long survive—you

"Might then—well, well, may God forgive you!"

Softened by this appeal, poor Ching

Grasped Chang's hot hand, and whimpering

Answered—"Indeed, my dearest brother,

"It was a monstrous thing in me

"My selfish murmurings not to smother—

"But pray cheer up, and you will be

"As well as ever in the morning.

"Meanwhile I promise to take warning

"From all my past infirmities;

"And, if it give you any ease,

"Pray kick as stoutly as you please."

Here then a little scene ensued,

For ever, where there lurks affection,

No love like that which follows feud,

And bears with kind remorse connection.

And when 'twas over, and a brief

Silence had given to each relief,

Chang cleared his throat, and thus confided

To Ching the scheme for which he sigh did :

- “I’m sure, dear Ching, you feel like me,
“How hard a thing it is to be
“Teased, worried, questioned, pulled about,
“Stared at, and quizzed by every lout,
“And give a right to all the town,
“To laugh at us for half a crown.
“Hodges of course can feel no shock;— it
“Is fun for him to fill his pocket:
“And, still so long as he can fill it, he
“Heeds not our wounded sensibility.
“I grant, my Ching, that for a while,
 “‘This pack-horse state we might abide,
“And Wealth’s soft hope might reconcile
 “‘To every gall the skin of pride.
“Whispering ‘from out these very stings
 “‘Your future independence springs.’
“But, now wealth’s won! there but remains
“To enjoy betimes our hard-earned gains.
“Slight is the forfeit, to forego
“The honours of the raree show.
“And sure of all our wants require,
“Renounce the monster, and retire!”
- “Upon my word,” said Ching, “’tis strange
“It ne’er occurred to me, this change;
“But, now you mention it, I see a
“World to admire in your idea;
“To-morrow, ’gad, we’ll make them all dumb
“By cutting this confounded thralldom.
“We’ll claim old Hodges’s account,
“Keep house upon our share’s amount:
“Go here, go there, consult our ease,
“And do exactly what we please;

"Indulge in draughts, minced veal, and whiskey,
"And — 'split my wig — but we'll be frisky!"

"What deep," continued Chang, "what still
"Delight, this great world to survey;
"To rove its thousand paths at will,
"And find a TRUTH in every way!
"To trace the springs by which are bow'd,
"Or rais'd in turn, the obedient crowd,
"As shifts the custom 'midst them thrown,
"Without one impulse of their own.
"To view the mighty map of man
"Before the kindling gaze unfurled;
"And, line by line, to track the plan —"
"In short," cried Ching, "to see the world!"

Thus talk'd the Twins, until the dew
Of life, sweet slumber, o'er them grew;
When lo! a light beneath the door —
And bark! a footstep on the floor —
And softly tow'ards the brothers' bed,
With shaded lamp, and hushing tread,
A charming vision stole; — its form
Was light, yet lovely as a fairy;
But *human* beauty, rich and warm,
Hung o'er the cheek its glowing charm —
'Tis their host's daughter — Mary!

How holy woman's youth — while yet
Its rose with life's first dews is wet —
While hope most pure is least confest,
And all the Virgin in the breast!

O'er her white brow, wherein the blue
Transparent vein seemed proud to bear
The warm thoughts of her heart — unto
The soul so nobly palaced there!
O'er her white brow were richly braided
The tresses in a golden flow;
But *darkly* slept the lash that shaded
Her deep eye, on its lids of snow.
What could that magic eye inspire?
Its very light was a desire;
And each blue wandering of its beam,
Called forth a worship and a dream;
The soft rose on her softest cheek
Had yet the sun's last smile to win;
But not the less each blush could speak
How full the sweetness hived within.
The rich lip in its bright repose
Refused above its wealth to close,
And mid the coral and the dew,
The pearls all freshly glistened thro',
And round that lip, in dimpled cell,
The smiles that wreath enchantment dwell —
Waked by a word — and yet revealing
A witness less of Mirth than Feeling —
Rounded her glorious shape: — tho' mute
Died Echo round her fairy foot,
Tho' small as childhood's was the band
That lightly clasp'd her graceful vest,
And tho' so slight her tempting hand,
You hid it while you prest,
Yet formed the hills her robe controul'd
In Love's most ripe luxuriant mould.

Not in more swelling whiteness sails
 Cayster's swan to western gales, *
 When the melodious murmur sings
 'Mid her slow-heav'd voluptuous wings.

And never on a breast more formed

For lofty dreams — yet low devotion —
 More tender, or more truly warmed

With all which lights — yet guides — emotion; —
 More fitted in the evil day
 To be Man's solace and his stay;
 Never on breast more rich in aught
 That comforts grief — but heightens thought —
 Did lover rest, and feel the earth,
 Had faded round him into dearth —
 That Fate was baffled; and that Change
 Had lost the wish — the power to range:
 And all the world — its hopes — its charms —
Its Future — shrunk within his arms!
 O Woman! day-star of our doom —
 Thy dawn our birth — thy close our tomb,
 Or if the Mother or the Bride,

* The reader will remember the passage in the Hymn attributed to Anacreon —

*Ἄτε τις κύκνος Καύστρου
 Πολιοῖς πτεροῖσι μέλτων
 Ἀνέμου συναυλον ἤχην.*

And also perhaps a passage in Nazianzen (Orat. 34), for which I myself am indebted to Mr. Jodrell, in his *Illustrations of the Ion of Euripides*, and which I transcribe from that work.

Τὶς ὁ κύκνω συνυφαίνων τὴν ᾠδὴν ὅταν ἐκπετάσῃ τὸ πτερόν ταῖς αὔραις καὶ ποιῇ μέλος τὸ σύριγμα.

It was an ancient notion, that the music of the swan was produced by its wings, and inspired by the zephyr. See this subject treated with his accustomed erudition by Mr. Jodrell, in the above-mentioned *Illustrations*.

Our fondest friend and surest guide ; —
And yet our folly and our fever,
The Dream — the Meteor — the Deceiver —
Still, spite of sorrow — wisdom — years —
And those — Fate's sternest warners — tears —
Still clings my yearning heart unto thee,
Still knows no wish like those which woo thee,
Still in some living form essays
To clasp the bright cloud it portrays ; —
And still as one who waits beside,
But may not ford, the faithless tide —
It wears its own brief life away —
It marks the shining waters stray —
Courts every change that glads the river —
And finds *that* change it pines for — never !

New string the lute, as from my soul
The feelings life should banish, fail,
And sobering from fond Thought's control,
My verse glides onward with my tale.
Above their heads she held the lamp,
And still the light which there it threw,
On Chang's dark brow the feverish damp
Was slowly gathering ; and the hue
Upon his cheek flush'd rich and brightly,
And his clos'd lips just quivered slightly.

But Ching sleeps sound and calm as death ;
You scarcely catch his even breath : —
Still lie the tides within, nor seem
As wrinkled by the faintest dream ;
And o'er his cheek one soft smile keeps
Its silent home, nor varies ever ;

All like some tender star, that sleeps
Upon the hush'd lap of the river.

And half inclined to each — (to thee,
Sweet Julia, would I thus had grown!)
Round either neck, it touch'd to see,
The other's arm was thrown;
But still the hand of one was clos'd,
Like his, whom pain and anger gall;
And still the other's hand repos'd,
Like one who sleeps at peace with all.

The maiden look'd, and kindly drew
The curtain round the feverish brother;
And wiped from off his brows the dew.

— Just then as if some dream or other
Had stung the troubled soul—he started,
And some wild word his pale lips parted.
The maid drew back; the fit was o'er,
He lay more tranquil than before.

She placed within his reach the mild
Cool drink that fever best relieved,
Gave one look more, and gently smiled,
Well pleased to think that she perceived
The poor youth's slumbers were already
Becoming more serene and steady.
Without the door her footsteps die,
When from the breast of Chang a sigh
Broke fiercely and impatiently.

It was a fair and summer night,
The moon had clomb her weary height:
Like him who scales the mountain's brow,

And slowly eyes the scene below,
As every spot he pass'd — delays,
And charms the languor from, his gaze,
She seem'd on high to pause and breathe
Her silence o'er the world beneath;
Watching as with an angel's pity
The dark rest of the giant City,
That death-like lay within its shroud,

As quiet as the heart of Sorrow; —
Or like a hush'd, unmoving cloud,

Whose sleep will wake in storm to-morrow.
Pale through the half-clos'd window strays
The meek smile of the wandering rays;
Along the floor it chequering gleameth,
And o'er the Indian brothers streameth.
As by that light so wan and chill,

His cheek — the sterner one's — you saw;
Its hue and aspect well might thrill
Your bosom with a startled awe.

“Out, out —” he muttered, “on this curst,

“This loathly and unnatural tie!

“Oh! would that it one hour were burst,

“Though with the next hour doom'd to die!

“Am I not cut off from the joys,

“The proud life of the glorious earth?

“Who comes to eye the monster boys,

“Nor feels his wonder brand our birth?

“But, *he* can sleep, and sport, and laugh;

“I, *I* alone this base cup quaff.

“O Light! sweet daughter of the Sun,

“When thou didst first behold me born,

"Say, did these eyes thy glory shun,

"And feel *thine* eyes were — — scorn!

"Why was I fated to inherit

"This vast desire, this mounting spirit?

"Why doom'd to burn for knowledge, power,

"Fame; and whate'er our mortal dower

"Upon the lap of life bestows —

"Poor balance for our mortal woes!

"Why doom'd to bear within my breast

"A god-like, but self-scorching fire;

"Thoughts, that like young birds in their nest

"Deserted, and unfledged, expire;

"Yearning, nay struggling for the skies,

"Which made their real destinies?

"And love, fair love! each other thing,

"To which, like me, contempt may cling,

"Still hath the blessing of its kind,

"Still its connubial rite may find.

"Earth, air, sea — yea, the leaves that fall,

"The smallest drop that swells the tide,

"Can grant its living myriads all

"That is to me denied!

"Am I not formed as others? Are

"The sense, sight, sound — delight and fire

"Of beauty bann'd me — can I bar

"From my quick heart the keen desire,

"That vague, wild, circling as the air,

"Blends with each single impulse there?

"And thou, oh, thou! at whose least look

"My heart leaps up, as at the voice

“Of the west wind — the enamoured brook

“Leaps up to revel and rejoice :

“Beneath thy touch, how can I thrill,

“Yet bid my bounding veins be still? —

“And when thou smilest on another,

“How can my soul its fury smother —

“Ev’n though that smile be on my brother?”

Here broke his thoughts into a dark,

And wild, and warring tide ;

And silently he stoop’d, to mark

The sleeper by his side.

At first his look was dread and stern,

As if to hate all love could turn.

And terrible it was to see

The contrast of the pair ;

The smile, and the tranquillity —

The wrung brow, the despair.

But o’er the waker’s features slowly,

And shade by shade, a soft change stole,

As memories dear, and fond and holy,

Broke forth like moonbeams on his soul :

As moonbeams, when they gradual fall

Some dim and lonely churchyard o’er ;

And make but soft and sacred all

That rous’d the wanderer’s awe before.

CHAPTER II.

ARGUMENT.

Preliminary notice, of great importance to the interest both of author and reader — The brothers retired from public life — The parentage, circumstances, and character, of Julian Laneham — News from Bancok, its effect upon the Twins — Chang and Ching brought out into "Good Society;" their extraordinary *ton* — Singularity of any persons, not royal, being much sought after in England — Tom Moore's jealousy of Ching, and Chang's likeness to Lord Byron — Holland House, &c. &c. — Ching's admiration of the English ladies; names of some of them — Rebuke to the Muse — Lady Jersey sends Chang a ticket for Almack's; confusion occasioned thereby; adjusted by Lady Cowper — Almack's — Ching waltzes with Lady Frances — A Maid of Honour — Lady Connor's great kindness to Ching — Chang's argument with Prince C——i — Proposal to submit the controversy to Mr. Hallam — Ching's abrupt and involuntary disappearance from Almack's — The brothers received at court — Their different politics — The convenience politicians find in having a junction-bone — Ching dances before the Queen — Ching believes Lady Frances in love with him, takes compassion upon her — His gallant project to scale her window — Foreigners too well received by our countrywomen — Caution to the latter — A Blue Party — Apostrophe to the Great Authors of the day — A wit described — The wit's address to Chang — Chang's anger — The brothers depart to execute Ching's amorous exploit.

I HEREBY give due information,

(And shall proceed by law to show it,)

Of a most infamous invasion

Upon my patent as a poet.

With wonder and resentment, I am

Informed that you have been to see a

Pretended brace of boys from Siam,

Who've basely stolen my idea.

I do declare, I've no connexion

With any other — curiosities!

And hope the public, on reflection,
Won't see me wrong'd by such atrocities.
I'm sure my Customers must waken
From a deceit so blind and silly,
Nor let *my* Twins for those be taken,
So lately shown in Piccadilly.
Reader, I must implore that you shun
Confounding one for t'other, or I
Declare, so serious a confusion
Will spoil your interest, and *my* story.
Know, that henceforth, thro' this narration,
I'll paint *my* Twins — the *really* curious —
Not in one single situation
In which you could have seen the spurious.
I hope, that without further clatter,
The impostors will retreat — and early —
Or else, I shall resign the matter
Into the hands of Lake and Burley.
Behold, *our* brethren now retired,
No longer to be seen for money;
They spent their hours as they desired,
And lived no more for fame but fun; I
Must own, when novelty was o'er,
That fun itself began to bore.
Hodges and Mary with them dwelt —
Ching was the person to propose it,
Altho' at first his brother felt —
Or feigned — a slight desire to oppose it,
Their guest most frequent was a cousin
Of our friend Hodges — Julian Laneham;
He called upon the Twins a dozen
Times in a week — to entertain 'em.

We 'll pause a moment in our way —
This cousin merits a survey.

Left, yet a boy, an orphan, — wide
The estate bequeathed him by his sire —
That fine large common-ground, supplied
With vagrants to one's heart's desire.
And call'd "The Public," in the schools
Of rogues — a double meaning clothing —
But I believe your *honest* fools
More generally call it — "Nothing."

In short, his father had possest
A very liberal turn of mind; —
No man was better fed and drest —
No habits could be more refin'd, —
No bard had more contempt for Cocker,
— Or more grim faces at his knocker.

The first five years, the estate transmitted
To him from thirty squirearchs, flitted.
N'importe! — when ten years more had fled, it
Grew serious — Debt had murdered Credit.
He bore the matter well, and placid,
Retired from life on prussic acid;
Left Christian patience to the Cits,
And to his son he left — his wits!
And Julian was extremely clever,
But not exactly in that way
By which your D ———'s live for ever,
And leave — not have — the devil to pay.

Two maiden aunts, who thought him pretty,
Bestowed upon him more than pity:

Sent him to school, and thence to college,
And wing'd Ability with Knowledge.

Large was his mind, and clear — yet deep;

A little pensive, but not whining:

Ambition, courage, hope, can keep

All stuff, worth keeping, from repining.

Wisdom, which now folks really seem

To think is pick'd up like a fashion,

Became to him a goal — a dream —

A faith — a glory — and a passion.

And so at length — for time and toil

Wring harvests from the sternest soil;

At length, the wealth within him stored,

Swelled slowly to no common hoard;

And Fellows to Professors turning,

Talked of young Laneham's "real learning."

No German, and no poet loved

Nature's minutest mysteries more

Than he; — they moulded and they moved

His heart as viewless springs; — the lore

Of harsher thought they raised and warmed,

And from each dream *the self* they bore

That young Ambition formed.

But Nature's altar is within,

The Priest that serves it is the Feeling,

Secret her worship — nor would win

A single tribute unconcealing:

She asks few hours but holy; giving

The rest of life, in short, to living.

So Julian play'd not the romantics,

Too lofty for such sombre antics;

Mostly, indeed, he lived alone,
And shunn'd the customs of the crowd,
For Knowledge had his palace grown,
And he was poor and proud.

But when he mix'd with men, he wore
The aspect and the mood they bore,
And his strong sense and vigorous mind
Led — but by joining with — mankind.
The deeper and the shrewder saw

In him those qualities that guide
To Fame, in spite of Fortune's law.

For his worst fault, his very pride
Had in it something stern and hard;

That stubborn, unbowed, conquering spirit
That clasps, or climbs to, its reward,
And masters all that it may merit.

In short, 'twas gen'rally agreed,
Julian was one who *must* succeed, —
Although *his* genius was not indolent;
Although his studies were not brown;
Although he never at a window leant;
And turned his collars nicely down. —

Generous he was, and kind and bold,
But calm his mien — his aspect cold;
And the edg'd sharpness of his tongue,
(When Folly roused or Malice stung,)
Where the swift wit so brightly play'd,
It lit — it mocked — the wounds it made.
Stirr'd the half-conscious spleen of those
Who, bat-like, flit 'twixt friends and foes;
Hunting suspicion thro' the dark,

And feeding on — “a kind remark.”
If Hate to Talent spares the laurels,
It grubs within — among its morals.
So those who owned his parts, denied
The motive which the act supplied.
His life was guiltless — True! but Art
Can hide, and Interest blunt — the heart.
He might be sure in life to rise;
But — there was something in his eyes!
They did not mean to call him vicious,
But Wit was always so malicious.
His *head* was good — *that* all might know —
A good *heart* never made a show.

Whether or not these hints were true,
I fear this tale can scarcely prove,
Which only broadly brings to view
His heart — in that one weakness — Love.

His Aunts departed life — their will
Left four black cats to Margaret Still,
With a most adequate annuity
In proper comfort to maintain 'em;
And one cool thousand — a gratuity
To their dear nephew — Julian Laneham,
Expressing kindly, all their grieving,
That more they'd not the power of leaving.

Upon this thousand he is living,
While we're this introduction giving.
Although accustomed to command some
Attention — Julian scarce was handsome.*

* I find the two following verses in that most agreeable and graceful poem, “The Advice to Julia,” sufficiently like those in the text

His cheek was delicate and fair,
But darkly waved his clustering hair;
O'er his pale brow the mind had taught
Resolve to blend itself with Thought.
And — whether there Hate, Glory, break,
Or Love rise soft into revealing,
No human eye could better speak;
Or warm your heart to share — the feeling.

Turn we from him: about this time
A merchant of the name of Hancock,
Returned from Siam to this clime,
With packets to the Twins from Bancok.
Since Fiam gambling had begun,
Improving in that *ars divina*;
He'd something really handsome won
Of a young rake from Cochin China.
With this — aware how changes cruel
For ever heel a Gambler's joys,
He bought — good man — a noble jewel,
And sent by Hancock to his boys.
Then, having thus his conscience eased,
And for his sons so well provided,
Unto the dogs, just as he pleased,
To go — he lib'rally decided.

However, on the second day
From that in which he had committed
The gem to Mr. Hancock, (and
Before the merchant left the strand,) .

to convict me — if unquoted — of a plagiarism of which I was unconscious.

“Julia — I own you may command some

“Attention — you are young and handsome.” p. 86.

They found him cold in bed; away
Like Luck — the Gambler's soul had flitted.
Short are the Bancok Gentry's necks — he
Had lost the game to Apoplexy.

So much her sorrow did subdue them,
His wife's relations took her to them.
Hancock had left her comfort scorning,
Dissolved in tears — and choosing mourning.

I need not say — when they received
This news — the Twins were greatly grieved.
I scarcely know who bore it worst,
— But Ching was comforted the first.

Their gem when sold, and what it brought,
When added to their former store,
Made up so much, a sage had thought
No moderate man could wish for more!

As if — but the reflection's stale! —
We ever could, with all our trying
To throw the salt upon its tail, —
Prevent that bird — a wish — from flying.

Their purposed sojourn here to lengthen,
Of course this news but served to strengthen;
And when among the world 'twas known
That Chang and Ching so rich had grown —
(For with a rare exaggeration,
Their wealth received quadruplication —)
And that from lucre's low *negotium*,
They had retired to take their *otium*;

Then *that* most courtly world, where trade is
Thrown out o' the window by the ladies;
Thought that themselves they'd really bring,
To leave their cards on Chang and Ching.

First came the learned misses Berry,
Whose talk I hear is worth the listening;
And next the sparkling Londonderry,
Called to invite them to a christening.
The fashion set — the vassals follow —
All ask — press — pray — for Chang and Ching; —
They beat three Polish princes hollow,
And half outshine a Carib King.
Sole instance here, this my muse hints, is
Of folks much sought for — tho' not princes;
For *here* we're so divinely loyal,
Nothing goes down that sounds not royal.

Some foetid king from Hottentot,
Would be all day at the balconies;
While — when in town — Sir Walter Scott
May dine in quiet with his cronies.
* Prince Raggedhoff comes o'er — all fall on him!
Were Goëthe here — pray who would call on him?

Of Ching — that diamond of good fellows
Tom Moore begins to grow quite jealous;
For Ching once made a happy hit,
And complimented Lady Frightful,
And so became the reigning wit,
Whom all *such* ladies called delightful.

* This peculiarity begins to distinguish us less. There is a little depreciation at present in the price of kings — but then to be sure — it is in kings out of power.

Besides, on the piano forte
Siamese ballads he could sing;
And, oh! they were so sweet — so naughty —
You'd scarce have known Tom Moore from Ching.

And really Chang, who sulking by
Sate with curled lip and drooping eye,
While, Moore-like, Ching performed the syren,
Made no bad sort of Bancok Byron.

As they professed opinions liberal,
And Chang was thought a youth of *nous*,
They went were wordy Wiltings gibber all
Ineptitudes — at Holland House.
There, Allen, all about the riches
Of Siam, with its manners — laws,
Pump'd out — to pour into those speeches
Which gain his Lordship such applause.
Those speeches when the frost of fears
Melts — as Monseigneur swells from Madame —
And gushes out upon the Peers,
The History of the World since Adam!
The Duke of Devonshire was very
Civil — he's really a good fellow!
And D —, when he saw, grew merry,
Two faces than his own more yellow.
Lord Granville courteously desired,
They'd join his coterie of whisters;
And Esterhazy much inquired,
If they were *sure* they had no sisters.
Ching thought, the first ball he attended,
(The married women seemed so pretty,)
Some goddesses had condescended
To improve the beauty of the city.

He asked the names he should adore,
I find we worshipped them before;
And in Ching's prayer book you may spy 'em,
Writ neatly down — New Nat* for Siam.

Here's Lady Gower, a charming face
To heavenly visions to exhort one;
And here, I think, we seem to trace
A future Boudhist Nat in Norton.
St. Maur — her mother beauty taught her —
And here — fair Lady Cowper's daughter.

Next — dash to earth the cup of praise,
Resume, proud Muse, thy sober satire,
Nor bow thy vow'd, unworldly lays,
To those whom every fool may flatter.
Leave, "Ladies Fair!" to be the boast
Of guardsmen and the Morning Post;
And, with thy light but faithful strain,
On — my free satire — sweep again!

Tho' liked the gay the jovial brother,
The pensive gave it for the other;
And Jersey, after whose own heart is
The grave, — asked Chang to all her parties,
But only begg'd he would not bring
His vulgar brother, Mr. Ching!

She sent him once a card for Willis's
That pretty pastoral spot, where Philisses
And Damons dance extremely badly,
Where married dames coquet it sadly —

* Nat, (as we have before said) are superior beings.

Where, this the law supreme, and vital,
No sin comes here — without a title.

Where, if a few slight faults, or frailties —
Unvirgined maids, and liberal wives,
Breaking dull wedlock's cold and stale ties, —
The pure *Religio Loci* shrives, —
At least the low commercial route
"The Ladies" piously shut out;
And fierce to trade as any Goth's child,
Preserve the moral air from Rothschild.

But to our theme; — at Almack's now,
When gravely Chang himself presented,
Much did the doormen wonder how
From entering Ching could be prevented.
Ingress 'twas clear they must permit
To Chang, who had his voucher got —
As clear — they must not think of it
For Ching, who certainly had *not*.

"That way up stairs — no, sir, not *you* —
"I have a duty, sir, to do —
"No ticket, sir? — I'd rather hang
"Myself, than suffer such a thing!
"I don't prevent *you*, Mister Chang —
"I can't allow it, Mister Ching."

Grave Chang stood open-mouth'd with stupor,
Gay Ching was choler all, and chatter,
When suddenly sweet Lady Cowper
Came by and reconciled the matter.
For Mirth have all the Lambs affection,
So she took Ching to her protection.

I'm not surprised, I own, (when I
Remember how each other tie
The laws of *Ton* contrive to sunder,)
That Willis should be lost in wonder,
That flesh and blood should dare refuse,
For once to loosen their alliance,
And vulgar Mistress Nature choose
To set ev'n Almack's at defiance.

We've said in some one of our pages,
That Chang had lately conned our sages.
But most of all the books commanding
His thoughts, was Locke on Understanding;
That great name spoke hard by — he heard —
He turned — enraptured at the word,
And L —— k (the handsome Captain) took
For the young author of the book;
Accordingly he strait addrest him,
With compliments in thousands prest him —
Swore that no man he so admired,
And humbly where he lived — inquired.

Quoth he, "The human mind is found,
"Having in all climes the same faults."
He ceased — the Captain looking round,
Saw him whirl'd off into a waltz.
For Ching, who lik'd those giddy dances,
Was now engaged to Lady Frances.
Sweet lady — daughter to Lord Connor,
And fairest of the Maids of Honour.
Meanwhile the smiling Lady Mother
Steps up, and whispers in her ear,
I hope it is the *elder* brother,
And not "the Detrimental" — dear!

Away we turn; and tow'ards the space
Where tea and cakes the soul invite —
Lo! meet *en masse* the vagrant race
The swallows of a single night:
Young men, whose looks and feet contrive
To win one voucher to Almack's;
While dear mamma and sisters drive
To Mistress ———'s or C ———'s.

Pale guardsmen struggling into *ton*,
Spruce wittlings just brought out by Murray,
And squiresses whose squires are known
To have some votes in Kent or Surrey —
Stiff — staring — starched — about a score,
Like carvings, decorate the door.

Alas! what anxious toil has won,
Perchance their fleeting triumph here!
What bitter joy, when all was done,
And entrance granted with a sneer!
But Pride its food from Pain shall borrow;
And those to-night's neglect shall gall,
Will fly o'er half the town to-morrow,
To boast of Almack's charming ball!

The dance is o'er, and yonder see,
Encircled by a smiling ring,
Sweet Lady Frances sips her tea,
And flirts with Mr. Ching.

Till Lady Connor, from her station
Beside, thus turns the conversation —
“Dear! Mr. Ching, that's very pretty —

“Why Moore himself’s not half so witty —
“How well you know our English dances —
 “You ’ll come to us the twenty-second;
“You’ve heard, perhaps, that Lady Frances,
 “The Duke his best Mazourkist reckoned. —
“Music you like — Ah! how divine a
 “Thing is that song Fan loves to sing —
“Your property I think’s in China,*
 “And you’re the eldest, Mr. Ching?”
“Can Mr. Ching,” resumes the lady
 “Our carriage be of use to you?
“I grieve, that we’re so full already —
“We cannot ask your brother too —
“Oh, I forgot — well, well — you’ll call!
“Fanny, my love — why, where’s your shawl?”

Return we — as the gallant Ching
Now starts, the friendly robe to bring —
To Chang, who I forgot to tell ye,
Was arguing with Prince C——i;
Both talked with wonderful ability,
The theme? — “The doctrine of Utility.”

A point so hard, if well contested —
Could scarce in such spot be adjusted;
So ’twas agreed on either side,
That Hallam should the point decide,
Since none more noted for addiction
To learning or — to contradiction.

This settled, they propose to canter
Off to the Umpire’s house *instantly*;

* Little mistakes in topography are not uncommon in the best educated persons.

Forgetting, in the hot debate,
That now it was extremely late,
And that, perchance, sweet sleep assuages
His mind who wrote "The Middle Ages."

'Twas just as they were high in all
The grave dispute, that Ching was hurried
Away for Lady Fanny's shawl:—

And just as Ching himself bestirred,
In many a warm, but graceful fold, her
Shawl to wrap across her shoulder,
That, knowing not himself, an inkling,
That Chang thus rudely to depart meant,
Ching was snatched off;—and in a twinkling,
Vanish'd away from the apartment.

"'Tis very strange"—said Lady Fan,
"But, really, Ching's a pleasant man!"
"'Tis very strange"—rejoin'd her mother,
"But, really, Ching *must* cut his brother."

So left our Twins that sumptuous dome
To find the Historian — not at home;
And poor Utility is still
Bandied Macauley *versus* Mill; —
That sumptuous dome of fears and hopes —
Of raptures breath'd between the ropes,
As round, in languor and satiety,
Ripples the stream of "GOOD SOCIETY!"

Their way thus won to Fashion's fort,
Our brothers patronize the court —
Partake the genial Monarch's meal,
And see crowned heads in *dishabille*.

Chang joins the party of Lord Grey,
But Ching more loved Duke Arthur's sway :
So should Dame Fate uphold his Grace,
Gay Ching enjoys a cosey place ;
And if the Earl should gain the head,
Why then the place is Chang's instead —
Fit emblem of the twin conditions,
Of all who're rightly politicians —
To them alike each swift mutation,
Two faces — but the same snug station !
Ah ! how convenient — how invincible —
That junction-bone called "Change of Principle !"

And Ching, to Chang's vexation, dances
Before the Queen with Lady Frances,
And thinks each smile the fair accords him,
A proof of her intentions tow'rds him ;
Hints to his friends how well he 's treated,
(Those lucky dogs are so conceited !) —
Nay, fancies that 'tis time to prove
By some bold act return of love ;
And thinks the least that he can do,
To shew how Bancok gallants woo,
Will be some quiet night to clamber
Without the wall into her chamber.

"Heavens ! what a coxcomb !" — I confess so,
But few your foreign dandies less so ;
You'd think, to hear the rascals boast,
Each glance they shot had bagged its host —
And ye, soft sex, in truth distinguish
Those creatures far beyond the English ;
With them ride, ruralize, and flirt,

As if French scandal did no hurt —
Behold the danger of the thing,
And cut the coxcombs, warned by Ching.

Ching's project he to Chang unfolded,
Who slowly yielded, while he scolded,
(Glad, it may be, that Ching appeared
To love not where at first he feared,)
And in return, Ching gave a hearty
Assent to join Miss ——'s party;
Who had engaged all Wisdom's scions
To tea — a coterie of Lions —
The punning — chemie — chattering — critical,
And œconomico-political.
In one night, then, the bond they ratify,
Their several tastes in turn to gratify:
First comes grave talk, the soul subliming,
“And then, my boy,” cries Ching, “for climbing!”

'Tis eve! the party met, our pair,
The ‘observed of all observers’ there!
Charming the *melange*! — what variety
Chequers the tints of blue society!
A chatterer here, and there a still man,
A Malthus now, and next a Millman;
A Spanish air, a German guttural,
A sharp, dry sentence shot from Luttrell;
A song from Tom, a hit from Sam,
A glorious laugh from William Lamb; *

* Who, as Viscount Melbourne and Secretary of State, will, we hope and believe, fulfil all that the country has long expected from his talents, and prove that a man may be honest and true, as well as wise and merry.

A prosy man from Timbuctoo,
A fine freethinking, liberal Jew;
A general hash of odds and ends —
New books — old medals — deaths of friends —
Stewed down into a conversation,
By men of "general information."

O ye great Authors of our time,
Be gentle to this gentle rhyme!
Abuse me not as you 've abused me —
You know how shockingly you 've used me —
Altho' you blandly clothed your guile,
And veiled your bite beneath your smile;
And, fearful ev'n of this poor satire,
Forbore to aid — but not to flatter
Yet is it just! — for him, who sues
No praise from bards, no help from Blues;
Who yields their idols cold respect,
Who shuns their dinners and their sect;
And from the world, to Reason flown,
Thinks for himself and lives alone —
For him, I fear, is scarce the trade,
By which neat piles of Fame are made.
No hints to these, no balm to those,
No urging friends, or soothing foes;
No passing on the vagrant Muse
To noble shelves and Scotch Reviews;
No begging each book-making sinner
To talk about one's work at dinner;
No luck like that by which some hoary
Renowns were coddled into glory;
And now, grown "honours to the nation,"
Blew out their "bubble reputation."

Our Twins are sauntering thro' the room —
Ching bored — Chang perfectly at home;
You 'd thought, to mark their several faces,
Their characters had shifted places.
Chang, charmed to hear such lore and knowledge,
Seemed blithe as Freshman at a college,
While Ching contrasts his learned gladness
With a long face of patient sadness.
I spare you, reader, a narration
Of all the graver conversation.
Of how Chang heats his kindled soul
With Parry's chat about the Pole;
Now combats Ward about romances —
Now Lubbock on the scale of chances;
Here overthrows the dour Sir James
With a great blunder fresh from Kaimes;
And here in turn is crushed indeed
With a much greater one from Reid.
All this I spare you, and instead
With silent steps the crowd we tread,
And enter, thro' a little blue door,
What Lady Morgan loves — "*a boudoir*."
Enter, and with our Twins, who find
On a neat ottoman reclined,
Our friend, young Julian, and a certain
Wit of the day — we 'll call him Merton.
One of those wits he was, who place
The talent greatly in the face —
Whose lips when closed are full of matter,
And each sharp eye's itself a satire.
Callous and bold, and ne'er concealing
The aim, each arrow sought some feeling,
And every jest that took the wing

But buzzed around the heart, to sting.
Art thou a shot? — thy joy remember
When rise two woodcocks in December!
Ev'n with such joy the jester swell'd
When now our brothers he beheld,
And cock'd — resolved both birds to hit —
The double barrels of his wit.

But first the Humourist seems to praise,
The while he questions of — their ways;
Till noting with a gladdened eye
How Chang winced sore at each reply,
Him, he more markedly addrest,
Took a cool aim, and fired his jest.

Quoth he, "The nature of your tie
"Must be a great advantage to you;
"All laws you clearly may defy,
"And ropes and chains in vain pursue you.
"For while the one offence incurs,
"The other nought amiss may do;
"And who shall harm the one who errs,
"Nor harm the unoffending too?
"Nor bounds your tie to law's perversion —
"Think what a fund 'tis for diversion!

"Suppose Chang went into the church,
"And Ching should enter in the navy,
"On Sunday evenings, in the lurch
"Ching leaves his flock to cry 'peccavi.'
"Because Lieutenant Ching — the sinner —
"Grows groggy at the captain's dinner;

“While, should a war break out — and Ching
“Have any timorous misgiving,
“He’s only got to cut the thing
“By saying, Chang can’t leave his living!

“Think, too — since now the illumined nation
“Has taken up emancipation,
“And a big oath — his thousandth odd —
“Upon O’Connell’s sturdy lips is —
“That this next sessions, he — by God —
“Will *quite* emancipate the — Gipsies!
“Why should not bright St. Stephen’s, too,
“Emancipation grant to you?
“Giving you both the right of burgess,
“To sit in parliament by purchase?

“Well, then, if Chang ambition fire,
“And he some quiet burgh should hire;
“Ching need not care a single filbert,
“What bills he owes to Stultz and Gilbert.
“To arrest the debtor would, remember,
“Be a gross outrage on the member.

“But putting greater things aside,
“Only conceive that one may wed,
“And that the other hates the bride,
“With whom *he* too must go to bed.

“Supposing, while you most caress her,
“He with reproaches should address her;
“‘Ah, thy sweet mouth!’ — ‘that monstrous feature;’
“‘Star of my soul!’ — ‘the nasty creature,’
“‘Shall I be never of this bore rid?’

“‘Oh, what delight!’ — ‘my God, how horrid!’
“Such, it is clear, might be of each
“The opposing thought, or, haply, speech!
“If this should now and then annoy,
“At least one comfort you enjoy;
“Should you grow tired of Mrs. Chang,
“’Tis not quite requisite to hang!
“Whene’er you like, unto her snarlings
“You leave her with the little darlings!
“For Ching, whom *you* place all the offence with,
 “Blame him as much as she may please,
“Has business, that he can’t dispense with,
 “Just at your wife’s antipodes!

“Thus may you feast on all love’s honey,
“But shun the sting of matrimony!”

More had the Jester said, but flushed
And angry lowered Chang’s gloomy brow;
And as he spoke, the dark soul rushed
Into his glance, and did his wrath avow —
“Gay Fool, avaunt thy mockery.
“Speak’st thou of love — of brides to ME!”

No more his ire his lip disclosed,
Still on his brow the cloud reposed;
Still struggled scorn with bitter shame,
In his curved lip, and stern eye’s flame;
Still on the jester fierce he gazed,
And still his hand half-threatening raised.
Abashed and craven looked the wit,
He feared a yet severer hit:
He thought our Siamese Ulysses
In sturdy blows his anger might ease;

Nor liked, amid surrounding quizzes,
 To share the fate of old Thersites.
 But Ching most opportunely made
 A sortie in the Humourist's aid;
 And whispered low, as towards the door,
 With Chang, like ship in tow, swift sailing —
 "Talking of love, 'tis time and more
 "To go, dear Chang, about the scaling!"

Soon as the startled Jester gains
 The even tenor of his veins —
 "Is there *no* place Man scapes from feeling
 "The insidious blows of *double* dealing?"
 He said — and all athirst to quaff
 That dram to wits professed — a laugh —
 He turned for Julian's approbation,
 But found him vanished from his station,
 Gone also on an assignation.

CHAPTER III.

ARGUMENT.

Night in the streets of London — Knowledge — Feeling suppressed —
 Hodges wandering homeward — His gallant, but melancholy adventure
 — He arrives at his home — The spectacle there reserved for a father's
 eyes — His speech — The answer made to it — The finale to a very
 distressing scene — Lady Frances and her friends — The Interruption
 — The Danger — The Escape — The Muse explains — A Caution to
 young ladies — Bond-street apostrophized — ***'s Hotel faithfully
 described — Ching's improper levity — A Battle — The Prison.

NIGHT — the grey mother of the Charlies
 Who live no more the parish fund on ;

Still from her drowsy watch-box parlies
With her old gossip, Mother London.

The charming retail of their scandal
My prudence bids me fear to handle;
Law — fain to drive the babbling vice hence,
Keeps to itself the retail licence.
Yet will dear spite from such restriction,
Escape sometimes to works of fiction;
And if to facts I now must grovel —
Why — only buy my next new novel!

And Silence through the lamp-lit streets
Hath left man's dwellings to the fairies; —
Save when some cat the wanderer meets
Glide thro' — what Betty calls — the *airies*.
Then on the ear of midnight grew,
The cadence of the varying mew;
"It rose — that chanted, mournful strain —
"Like some lone spirits' o'er the plain.
"'Twas musical — but sadly sweet —" *
Until in answer to the call
You heard, some feline Juliet greet
Its little Romeo from the wall.
Then wildly changed the note of feeling,
And softness sharpened into squealing.
Ev'n as in Melmoth's mighty tale
'Tis told, how — of the power of evil —
Aërial music did not fail
To play — before he played the devil!

* "Siege of Corinth," l. 223 — 5.

The chimneys in the shining air,
Look desolate and lone,
Like ruined Schemes, they wonder where
Their pretty smoke hath gone.
Anon from some high room you see
The calm light of the taper,
By which perchance — some bard like me,
Stamps glory into paper.
Thee, Knowledge, thirsting to inherit,
What nights have I outwatched the stars!
And dreamt I might inhale thy spirit,
Thro' silence and my loved cigars!

While to the gorgeous tide that rushed
To Pleasure charioted below,
Shook the lone chamber — lone and hushed —
Where cast the wizard lamp its glow
Some time o'er such high theme of thought,
As that to Earth by Wisdom taught;
Or, some time, when in dreamy mood,
I watch the dim thought glide
Thro' the shut spirit's solitude,
In a lazy and mote-like tide.

O nights! — O solitudes! — what deep
Delight, and pure, were drank from you!
Ne'er from my Boyhood's golden sleep,
Such dreams of glory grew!
If I could pour what I have felt,
O Knowledge, with its burning prayer,
When to thy shrine my heart hath knelt; —
—— If I could to the world declare,

One tithe of that which hath the power
To fill with speech my lonely hour;
One whisper of the wondrous voices,
In which the unwitness'd soul rejoices;—
Oh, if, ——. But fated in their birth,
The first born of our feelings perish;
And later thoughts that cling to earth,
Our earthly natures only cherish.
And if at times within the breast,
The Unseen Habitant is stirr'd,
And chafes against its narrow rest
Like some imprisoned bird;
Back to its sullen home, repress,
We curb too well the pining guest;
Until, all reconciled and tamed,
It loves the bars which fate hath framed;
Yea! in the very face of day
Content with custom'd slavery, sings,
And, calm'd within its cage of clay,
Forgets its skies and folds its wings.

'Tis night! and thro' the streets is going
The worthy Hodges, homeward bent,
Not overmuch, I fear me, knowing
His own most rational intent.

He had been joining, you must know,
A public feast at Cuff's* and Co.;
And — mixing politics with mirth —
Spouting at large on English worth;
But speaking when conjoined with drinking,
Confuses, while it shows, one's thinking.

* Freemason's Tavern.

The way was long to his abode,
Nor sought he out the shortest road.

See! how he's rolling

Now, to and fro,

Fitfully trolling

A ballad or so.

Such as drop out of the lip of good fellows,
When those windfalls of wisdom, wine suddenly mellows.

"'Tis glorious to sing dithyrambics divine,

"When the spirit is struck with the lightning of wine,"

So Archilochus cried when good drink was a *deus*,

(Ah! those ancients were jolly dogs,) see Athenæus.

By Bond-street blundering, mark him now —

He stops — looks up the street — a row!

A row, by martyr'd Charles, the cherished

Patron of nightly Charlies perished;

The first great Charlie, who'd the *nous*

To guard the street — but rob the house;

Who rattled with the louder zeal,

The more his own dark schemes were hatching;

And helped — the cunning rogue! — to steal

The goods he claimed his pay for watching.

A row — a row! — run, Hodges, run,

To patriots, fighting's always fun!

He runs — he jumps — he scours — he flies!

"Britons! what odds are these?" he cries,

As dim and distant he can yet view,

'Gainst one or two, a desperate set-to.

Oh, haste! oh, haste! you cannot guess

Whose woes, whose wrongs, you may redress;

Perchance, much greater were your pucker,
Did you forebode whom you would succour.

False fate — you moral Delilah,
Thank heaven, we all know what you are!
And now just see, you spiteful kitten,
The way you served our worthy Briton!

* From right to left, not quite bereft

Of all sense of the perpendicular,
His path he takes: he nears the row —
He sees the watchman's garb — and now
Their words grow plain, and more auricular.

Oh! is he yet in time to save?
His feet the kennel's waters lave!
Another stride — alas! 'tis vain!
Reel nerve and heart — reel sight and brain!
And where the mire the thickest lodges,
Oh! heaven — *procumbit humi Hodges!*
Gone is the bustle, reader, where
The Muse may by-and-bye declare!
Gone is the bustle — still and quiet,
Time's courier hours perform his fiat;
And Hodges sighs — he stirs — he sneezes —
The act his memory somewhat eases!
Nought like a sneeze to fillip sense,
When sleep steals o'er us, God knows whence;
So, if our history hath not fixt your
Vigilance — N. B. get your mixture.

Well, Hodges wakes — stirs — shakes his ears,
And up he staggers!

* "From right to left, his path he cleft," &c.

The Bride of Abydos.

He stands and thinks; the dim past rushes
Into his mind; — I hope he blushes!
And with a trembling hand he brushes
The dirt that to his garb adheres;
And then away — briskly the patriot swaggers.

Your wine, i' faith 's a wond'rous prober
Into the cranium's real powers;
Some are two days in getting sober —
Some sound as ever in two hours.
Hodges was of the latter species; —
Placebit repetita decies!

And now he 's at his own house-door —
He knocks not, for he has a key;
He enters — in a moment more
Upon the landing-place stands he!
A light streams thro' the threshold's chinks,
And voices murmur low within it!
"The Twins not yet in bed!" he thinks,
"Suppose I join them for a minute!"

This chamber — mind — the builder's art meant
The drawing-room, or best apartment;
Not made for Somnus and his quorum —
This hint is to preserve decorum!

Well, Hodges enters, and describes —
O gods! — O night! — O unsnuffed candle!
By which the astounded father eyes
So singular a scene of scandal! —

That while by her soft hand the vile
Deceiving young Lothario's caught her,
His Cousin does the time beguile,
In kneeling to his blushing daughter.

The Father stares — fate no more killing
Sight on a father's eye bestows,
Than a young rogue without a shilling,
Courting his child before his nose!

Ah! at the view of such a lover,
What visions of lost guineas hover!
With what a muscular distortion
One sees the expected marriage portion.
The house set up — the yearly cradle —
Mouths — for which he must buy the ladle.
And oh! — those bitter — bitter pills,
Jack's schooling, and the butcher's bills!
Ah! who 'd not rather, free from wife
And children, lounge a Coeleb's life,
Than pay for kisses, and for blisses,
Not one of which sweet luxuries his is?

Such were the thoughts which, swift and hot,
Through Hodges' cranium went full trot;
At sevens and sixes oddly pacing,
Like donkeys cudgelled into racing.
While he surveyed the lovers spitefully,
Enjoy themselves so damn'd delightfully!

"Hollo!" he cried, "what are you after?"
Up starts the youth — up starts the daughter.

The one remains erect, the other
Just strives one fearful shriek to smother,
Then sinks into her seat once more,

With both her hands her face concealing,
And her mute shame appears to implore

Your mercy for her wounded feeling.
Which phrase, if less adroitly moulded,
Means a dislike to being scolded.

“You base young man—is this the way, Sir,

“My care, my kindness you repay, Sir?

“Seduce the affections so unwary

“And artless, of my daughter Mary?

“Out of my house, Sir, not a word,

“Your chaff won ’t catch so old a bird!

“Out of my house, Sir—Oh! ungrateful,

“How often here you ’ve had your plateful!

“How often—but—but ’tis no matter!

“Just look, thou base seducer, at her.

“Is that the lady you ’d predestine

“To plunge into a match clandestine.

“Sir, she ’s my only child, and I

“Can leave her rich, Sir, when I die;

“And you, with scarce a single sous,

“My heiress thus presume to woo.

“I never heard such impudence, Sir,

“My home’s my castle—budge—trot—hence, Sir!

“Zounds! it is odd indeed, in these

“Blest islands, free as their own waters,

“If we can’t marry as we please

“Our own confounded daughters!

"Sir, I 'm a freeman, and I fear
 "No dun's address — no man's effrontery —
"I pay, Sir, forty pounds a year
 "In rates and taxes to my country.
"Nor do I, Sir, one farthing care
 "What man is called his grace;
"No! I 'm a Briton, and can look
 "A lord, Sir, in the face;
"And I intend, and *can afford*, Sir,
"Her spouse himself shall be a lord, Sir!
"So, Mr. Laneham, march — retreat —
" *She* for your betters will be meat!"

Succinct and clear, thus Hodges said —
He ceased, and sternly shook his head.
His small eyes twinkled in their sockets —
He buttoned up his breeches pockets;
As if to say, "What these contain — them
" *You'll* never get, young Master Laneham."
So stood he sour — austere — majestic!
"Oh! home — sweet home!" — O scene domestic!

Then Laneham with a look, where sorrow
Seemed something high from pride to borrow,
First glanced where just one pace apart,
 His Mary in her shame was sobbing,
Then curbed his brow, and chid his heart
 From its untimely throbbing;
And with calm gaze, nor daunted, eyed
The angry sire, and thus replied.
"We loved each other since our birth,
 "An orphan I, had none beside

“To love upon the lonely earth;
“And she, save thee and me, saw none
“To pour her full heart’s love upon.
“We loved — and when thou wert away
“In other lands, for years to rove,
“We saw each other, day by day,
“And grew with every day our love!
“No treachery mine! for well I knew
“Her heart was like my own,
“And that had wound itself unto
“One chord of life alone.
“To leave her — tho’ to wealth — were worse
“To her than Want’s severest curse;
“And I! in huts with *her* to live
“Were worth all wealth — all worlds could give!

“And if I claim her now — I crave
“No dowry save her love for me;
“’Tis just that they who Fortune brave,
“Should bear the wants that they foresee.
“But not that thou shouldst doom thy child
“Through life in bitter thought to pine;
“If I — if I her peace beguil’d,
“Oh! make the atonement mine!

“And I, through every change will swear
“To love, to cherish, to defend her;
“And recompense in love, whate’er
“Of wealth for love she may surrender.”
He ceased — and Mary had withdrawn
From her sweet face her veiling hands;
And Hope abruptly seemed to dawn

O'er her pale cheek, and stay the fears
That trembled in her spell-bound tears.

But hard and harsh the father stands,
And though within him might be lurking
The milk of human kindness — nought
Of yielding love, or gentle thought
Upon his rigid brow is working.

When once a man's mind is resolved,
'Tis useless to his heart appealing,
You can't get through the leaves involved
Around his artichoke of feeling.

The Saint who thought his child a catch,
Wish'd her to make 'a proper match ;'
He hoped perhaps a Lord — a clever
Member of Parliament however !
So you may judge the youth was ill able
To melt him by a single syllable.
"Well! have you done?" was all he said.
"Mary, your hand — we'll go to bed.
"Excuse me, Sir — you'll find the door
"Where you have found it, Sir, before.
"Your servant" — —

With these words he took

Poor Mary by the hand, and past
Up stairs — upon the youth one look —
One look of anguish Mary cast.

And then he was alone,
Father and child were gone !

He stands with downcast eyes,
Nor speaks, nor stirs;
His thought — his spirit flies
To blend with hers!
Until, dissolved, the cold thoughts flow
Back on his startled heart;
And with a quiet step and slow,
He turns him to depart,
Then the harsh-tongued and desolate
Sound of the closing door,
Heavily rose where Mary sate,
And taunts and chidings bore.
Bore with so meek yet crush'd an air,
That Hodges could not but forbear,
To wound too deep so soft a breast;
And, as himself was very tired,
He soon resolved that, till the morning,
All farther scolding, threat, and warning,
Should kindly be supprest.
He rose, and solemnly desired
She'd say her prayers and go to sleep,
And, begging also she'd not weep
Herself into the scarlet fever,
He left — as we will also leave her.

Change we the scene — To — square,
Au troisième with the Muse repair.
See in that room — the drapery's blue —
A little party met at *loo* :
Young — single — beautiful — in short,
The veriest rose-buds of the court.
Poor Lady Frances, you must know,

Caught a bad cold some nights ago.
And, freed awhile from courtly duty,
At home behold the languid beauty,
Whiling the tedium that attends
On sickness, with some bosom friends,
And loosed from chaperons and mothers,
Chatting on love and elder brothers.
It makes one's heart beat to behold
Sweet girls together uncontrolled;
Guileless but gay — and tho' without us
Talking — dear creatures ! all about us.

“’Tis I to deal — you saw their pearls ?
“I own — I never liked those girls,
“And yet the stupid men they charm.
“Jane’s hand is good — but such an arm !
“What made her like that Mr. Frere,
“The odious man — what ! — diamonds dear ?
“So George will marry Bell, they say —
“Poor thing ! — he’s been extremely gay ;
“I own it gave me great surprise —
“He’s handsome ! — Yes — such charming eyes !
“The Duke at first refused consent,
“But Bell upon the match was bent —
“He’d scarce a sous ! — was that the rub —
“What made him live so well ? — a club.
“Well, they ’ll be happy, for he sings
“Such songs — she wears the prettiest things !
“With great economy they ’ll do —
“They’ve hired Lord Henry’s house at Kew.
“Love ev’n the poorest couple blesses,
“And Carson makes the prettiest dresses.

"Is that the *deuce*? — fie, love — the *two*!

"O Lord!" — here shrieks appal the hearing,
For at the casement to their view,

A deuce-like two indeed appearing;
One face gay, grinning with delight,
The other sad and grave as night —
Yet both in dusky hue alike,

And strange uncouth, outlandish features —
Enough, in real truth, to strike

Some terror into those sweet creatures.
Half in the room, and half without,
They pause a moment as in doubt;
Not so the damsels — through the door
Each struggling to be first, they pour,
And really it was quite heart-breaking
To hear so sad a waste of shrieking.
Such sounds, if lavished on the stage,
Had made e'en merit quite the rage.
Scarce more terrific, or more loud
The clamour of the Bromian crowd,
When Pentheus, as old tales recount,
Lay hid on grey Cithæron's mount,
And strove, rash Monarch! to discover
What ladies do — when half seas over!

So — there arrested in amazement,
Still pause our Brothers at the casement.
Quoth Ching at last — "Upon my soul,
I think her conduct vastly droll,
Perhaps her feelings quite betray'd her,
At such a public honour paid her.
What think you?" — —

Chang, serene and cool

Replied — “O Ching, you are a fool!
Enough I’ve now in sober sadness,
Conceded to this shallow madness.
Come — danger dwelleth in delay,
Retreat we *safely* while we may.”
“You’re quite enough to make a man swear,”
Cried Ching — when suddenly his answer
Dies on his lips, as half a score
Of menials rush within the door.
The butler, who leads on the assault,
Wheels round, and shouts in thunder, “Halt!”
While to the dread of each beholder,
Comes up his musquet to his shoulder.
He lays his finger on the trigger,
And mutters out — “By Jove — a *Nigger!*”
By butlers shall their blood be shed?
Slap went the window, down each head.
The menials to the lattice run —
The Butler points below his gun —
All look without — no Twins are there!
Like witches, have they turned to air!
“Run, John, the yard below explore —
“You, Thomas, fly to the *front* door!”
They ran, they searched, they stared, they gaped
In vain — our heroes have escaped.
Love stretched her cloud, my Twins, o’er ye, as
She stretched it once o’er good Æneas.
How scaped they thus from being shot there?
First sing, sweet Phœbus, how they got there!
Well then, this window, reader, know,
Looked on the unwatched yard below;
It was a corner house, and (bearing

Some few doors round) was one repairing,
A scaffold used whose walls in mending,
Had served our brothers for ascending;
Then creeping round the leads, they gain
The house which love will storm in vain,
And reach, by cords from roof suspended,
The window where the journey ended.
So when Fate bade them fly the foe,
Their course was upward, not below.
Trained from their earliest years to climb,
They seized the rope, and swung sublime,
While, unsuspecting of this soaring,
The foes *beneath* were all exploring.
'Twas thus the enemy they baffled,
Retracked the leads, regained the scaffold,
And, tarrying till the search was o'er,
Won *terra firma* as before.
You'll own that these the sort of fellows
That make old husbands devilish jealous.

Now, as they wander, Ching declares,
He has no notion of such airs;
That coyness may a maid be suiting,
But not when once it comes to *shooting*!
That that event hath sealed her sentence,
And he will leave her to repentance,
To wet with pining tears her pillow,
Recall his love, and wear the willow.
But Chang no answer gave — inurned
Within his breast a fever burned,
And all or light, or gay, or vain,
But reached the sense to rouse disdain.

And more than all it seemed to sting
When Ching's allusions served to bring
A closer, keener memory
Of the loathed nature of their tie.
Howbeit Ching, I've always heard,
Preserved his wrath and kept his word,
And sternly left to other chances
Of love and conquest, Lady Frances —
Wherefore beware, ye girls who charm us,
How you're alarmed, or how alarm us;
Nor if you wish for life to suit us,
Send men — you take the hint — to shoot us!
And now our brothers Bond Street enter; —
Dear street of London's charms the centre
Dear street! — where at a certain hour
Man's follies bud forth into flower!
Where the gay minor sight for fashion;
Where majors live that minor's cash on;
Where each who wills may suit his wish,
Here choose a Guido — there his fish: —
Or where, if woman's love beguiles,
The ugliest dog is sure of smiles.
Dear street of noise, of crowds, of wealth,
Of all Earth's thousand joys, save health.
Of plate, of books — and (I incline a
Little that way) of old *Sevres* China.
Of all, in short, by which pursuing,
We glide entranced to our undoing;
Lounge through each mix'd and motley blessing
Of loving, dining, driving, dressing —
Despise expense and sober fools,
And wake at last — within the Rules!

Aye, just by that buck-haunted house,
Where well the cheer atones the chouse;
Where not a thing by palate polish'd,
Can e'er in safety be demolish'd.
While the bill items, to your sadness,
The outrageous taxes paid to badness;
Counts all your hungers, if eschew'd
Your prudence the untempting food,
Or if you, greatly daring, dined,
The damn'd dyspepsias left behind.
Well — just by that renowned hotel
Where whiskered Tigers grimly dwell,
Where noble ——— and his Dolly
Bask in the dung of vulgar folly.
Where the mustachio'd sharpeners shun
The gull'd friend, as the greedy dun.
Where Slang exalts his belcher'd nob,
And the smug waiter is "Dear Bob." *
Well, just by this divine abode,
A group of Cynthias block'd the road:
No sooner did they see our two,
Than pounce on them the lasses flew!
Perchance they fancied, if short-sighted,
Two things that seemed so close united —
Might be old R — th — ld, amorous soul!
Taking with Three-per-Cents a stroll.
Chang scowl'd upon them, grave and scornful —
One maid engross'd his bosom mournful —
But Ching stopt short, with sparkling features,

* The waiter is accustomed to receive notes from gentlemen in "Crack Regiments," borrowing £ 20, and beginning "Dear Bob."

And leering cried, "What charming creatures!"
To you, dear reader! I must leave
The ladies' wonder to conceive,
When they perceived they had got hold of
The Twins they'd been so often told of—
While they were chatting and conferring,
Chang vainly begg'd them to be stirring;
But finding Ching was deaf to preaching,
Sullen he ceased from all beseeching,
Folded his arms, and raised his eyes,
And grew romantic on the skies.

Heaven knows to what, or where, gay Ching
Had sought the solemn Chang to bring;
Had not three heroes of the shop,
Smith, Smythe, and Kin, pre-kin'd by Pop,
Warm from some revel nobly Bacchic,
Halted amid these ladies Sapphic;
And Popkin—(ye have all heard tell
Of Popkin, hatter, in Pall Mall—
This Popkin is the eldest hope—
The second brother deals in soap)—
And Popkin took—*O dira Fata!*
Freedoms with Ching's inamorata.
Sudden Ching turn'd, his eyes on fire,
(Such things in Siam wrath inspire,)
And spluttering out some new-learnt oath,
Sinote the bold Popkin on the mouth.

"A ring! a battle!" Popkin cries,
And quite mistaking one for t'other,

Returns the blow on Chang's raised eyes —

Raised — all superior to this "pothor;"

Then Chang's wrath rose, he looked much troubled,

And instantly *four* fists were doubled:

So fond we English are for dangers,

And for abusive words preparing,

That the twin arts we teach to strangers,

Are atways fistycuffs and swearing.

St. George! most dreadful and most furious,

Would sure have been this combat curious,

Had not, just as our brothers finely

Backing each other, squared divinely,

Doubting whom first their strength should level,

A shout, "The watch! the watch!" arose,

And in an instant, where the Devil? —

Yes — where the Devil were their foes?

The girls were fled, the men were flying,

Popkin alone still stood defying;

But Popkin was a man long-headed,

And blows his pulse had greatly steadied —

The young Ulysses of his country,

He mingled cunning with effrontery —

So when he saw the invidious watchmen,

Like human spiders made to catch men,

Towards them he walked, and bade them note

Blood on his mouth, and muslin'd throat,

Show'd the aggressors in the Pair,

And gave them to the Charley's care —

Smoothing away the watchman's qualms

With three drops from the oil of Palms,
Bid him then keep the brothers chary,
For justice, and Sir Peter Laurie;
Swearing he'd come, and, to their sorrow,
Prove the assault in court to-morrow;
And quite, the watchmen to engage,
Rouse them to sympathetic rage,
And make them for his injuries feel,
He gave his name as — "Robert Peel!"
This done, he stalk'd away — the fiat

Of the stern watchmen did not find
The Twins agreed to go in quiet

To "ills they knew not of" resigned:
They struggled long, they struggled hard,
Nor need'st thou now learn from the bard —
It was the brothers whom the brave,
But ill-starr'd Hodges failed to save.

Behold them now within the keeping

Of that — Night's rudest — ward of sorrow;
Around them Vice lies drouthly sleeping,

And Misery, shivering, dreads the morrow!

Ah, this wrong world! where'er we turn,

Life finds the same too faithful mirror;

One penance everywhere we learn,

Misfortune still confounds with Error.

Let him whom Want hath proven sit,

Alone, in judgment on his fellows

Ev'n Blame, by true Experience lit,

Grows warm, and to Compassion mellow,

Mirth's well a graver Truth may boast
Than aught which lurks in Melancholy ;
And they who laugh at Folly most,
Most often daunt the World from Folly !

BOOK THE THIRD.

INTRODUCTORY LINES TO BOOK THE THIRD.

TO THE GRAVE.

HEARKEN, O Grave! beneath me lying;
Hearken — my heart shall speak to thee!
I know not whose the dust supplying
Thy red and creeping progeny:
No stone is there; the swathing willow
Curtains alone the Sleeper's pillow.
But boots it *who* that couch may claim?
Thy homilies remain the same!
And round thee vibrates the unsolid
And soft air with a moral deep;
And voices vague, and disembodied,
O'er thee a fearful vigil keep.
Preacher and Prophet — to imbibe
Thy lore, itself the spirit husheth,
And swift and noiselessly, a tribe
Of Dreams into the Silence rusheth.
But dreams like his whose burning lips
Reveal'd the dread Apocalypse,

Glassing — though in a troublous mirror —
The dim but starry truths of Fate,
Weïrd shadows of that World of Terror
Or Love — to which thou art the Gate?

Tell me, O Grave!
When to thy slave
The black-robed laugher Death —
And to the Air, Earth, Fire, and Wave,
This dust resigns the breath;
Tell me, shall aught which may be poured
From my soul's gushing well,
Beyond thy reach awhile be stored,
And flow — my Chronicle?
Bearing upon its wave unbroken
A living — though no lofty — token
That I have loved my Race!
And that their tyrannies and terrors,
The monsters of their self-sought errors
Have had for me no grace?
That never flinch'd my fearless Scorn
With Folly in the field?
That to my naked heart was worn
"Man's Welfare" as its shield?
That — nor the Banner nor the Band
Which venal champions may defend
I sought! — content alone to stand
And make my soul my friend?

And wherefore more? — the echoed blame,
The lukewarm and the low-breath'd praise,
The niggard and reluctant fame,
The uneven scale that falsely weighs

Alike our end and means; the lies
That Idlesse lists and Wrath supplies;
These *may* have stings the bosom feels,
But he can conquer who conceals;
And God hath armour for the mind
That wars on Custom for Mankind!

As one who combats from a tower,
He pours his strength below,
Whose height is Truth's beleaguered power,
Whose foes — are Vice and Woe!

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

ARGUMENT.

Chang and Ching before the Justice — Ching's defence — A new difficulty ; how removed — Julian's opportune appearance — Julian returns home — Lines on Burns — On the wrong done men of genius — The Imaginative, rarely love with a human and real passion — But if they do so love, and the love be formed in early youth, the preternatural strength and ardour of the feeling — Our first love compared to our first play — State of Julian's mind — Alteration in his manner and aspect — Digressive allusion to the Wizards of old — Julian's resolution to seek his fortune in India — The Lovers occasionally meet.

THE morning now begins to press on ;
The Nursery maidens home repair ;
Young Gentlemen resume their lesson ;
And the stern Justice takes his chair.
Some half a dozen cases hurried ;
Some half a dozen wretches worried,
Some half a dozen of the worst off
Culprits to prison justly thrust off ;
Base varlets with such ragged breeches,
The very Treadmill for them itches.
Some half a dozen so respectable,
That Justice is not to suspect able,

Paying the wonted fine, and giving
Seemly account of mode of living,
Dismissed, break through the cobweb, leaving
 To Fate the poorer class of Fly;
Whom Justice — that old spider, grieving
Much for their guilt, condemns for thieving
Upon the very web she's weaving,
 And eats them up while they reply!

These previous cases heard, they bring
Before his worship Chang and Ching.
Loudly the watchmen made complaint
Of blows that might have roused a saint;
Asking if now the luckless watch
Your *single* rogues could scarcely catch,
What in Heaven's name must be the trouble
To catch the rascals going double!
They begged of Vice so bold a sample,
Might now be made a dread example.
Or else, the sage Police were sure
The thing would spread beyond a cure;
And every rascal in shoe leather
Would go thus hook and eyed together.
Nay, not content perhaps with *pairing*,
Set round like jewels in a rare ring,
Thieve—murder—aye, and rape in musters.
And hang at last like grapes in clusters.
Gravely the Justice heard the speech,
 Gravely the Justice eyed the two,
Gravely the Justice frowned on each,
 And said — ‘Young men, ’tis very true!
“Your crime, you cannot but be sensible
“At present seems quite indefensible;

“Appearances are aggravated,
“Your being thus so strangely mated;
“A circumstance which, if not vicious,
“At least, must be allowed suspicious!
“Perhaps you can explain, and state your
“Reasons for this strange trick of Nature.*
“If you can give of all this mystery
“A full account, and honest history,
“Our laws will do you nought of ill—
“If not—they send you to the Mill!”

The Justice ceased—the brothers stared—
Neither for answer was prepared.
Bewilderment and fear Ching muzzled,
And ev’n sage Chang looked vastly puzzled.

Chang was the first to re-collect
His spirits into full effect;
Stoutly the stalwart Justice eyeing,
And lashing wrath into replying,
 He’d just upon the lip—the word;
When Ching, tho’ still confused, nor knowing
Well what to say he now was going,
 But all impatient to be heard,
Cried out—and while affection fired him,
His mother wit not ill inspired him—

* We must be careful how we consider there is any exaggeration in this harangue; how we censure the author for too broad a caricature, or the justice for too harsh a vein of reasoning. Are the Siamese the only men condemned for what it often happens Nature has been alone to blame! Do none owe crime to the example of parents, the stings of famine, and a variety of circumstances over which the culprits had no control? Poverty ties men to guilt, as the bone united Chang to Ching. And a poor devil born beneath the frown of fortune is hung because it continues.

"I made the row, Sir, I alone,
"While Chang was gazing on the sky, Sir;
"He prest me greatly to come on,
"But — *such* a girl was in my eye, Sir!
"And so, not deeming it could hurt
"You, or your laws, I stopped to flirt;
"And tho' my weakness you may blame, Sir,
"Perhaps you might have done the same, Sir."

The Justice smiled — ev'n English cadis
Are rarely prudes about the ladies.
Ching sees, and boldly he renews —
"Well, Sir, and while we thus amuse
"Ourselves, come by some lawless strangers,
"Who turn delight, Sir, into dangers.
"Nay, one of these uncourteous foes
"Had put quite out of joint my nose;
"But that I clenched, in wrath and trouble
"The fists I lately learn'd to double;
"Then a few blows exchanged, Sir — then
"A seizure by these gentlemen;
"A night, Sir, in a shocking hole,
"And now, you see, you know the whole!

"But one word more; — in this affair,
"If I have sinned, my sin not knowing,
"Such penance I consent to bear
"As you may deem it worth bestowing;
"But *he* — my brother — no offence
"Committed; you must let *him* hence!
"Take *me* to prison, if you please,
"But first this gentleman release;

"And while to jail the guilty sending,
"Take heed, nor touch the unoffending!"

Ching ceased; the court was in a grin —
The tranquil Justice stroked his chin,
And asked the night's superior saint if
The court did now contain the plaintiff?
But Popkin wisely not appearing,
He straight dismissed all farther hearing:
"Young men, you may go where you please,
"Reform your ways — and pay your fees!"
Alas! how in the world we're made for,
Sins conquered, really are sins paid for!
We break a head, inspired by wine,
What plasters up the wound? — a fine;
We steal a wife — we foul a name —
What mends the matter? — still the same?
In *notes* her sentence law dispenses,
And justice only means expenses.
But, oh! — conceive our Twins' dismay —
They'd not enough the fees to pay!
However, Fate, who kills most lame
Dogs, in this case assumed a smile;
And in a human shape she came
To help *our* lame dogs o'er the style!

It chanced that Laneham all night long
Had wander'd houseless, and despairing;
And passing homeward now, the throng
Around the office entrance staring,
His way uncourteously impeding,
Aroused the sense — till then of aught unheeding.
So, as he moved, he heard the loud

And guessing wonder of the crowd,
"Two joined together, head and foot — I
"Sam them myself, they look so sooty."

These words, and more resembling these,
Serve Laneham wholly to awake :
"What if they are our Siamese ?
"One look for her's, for Mary's sake !"
He thought, and pushing through the press —
Reader, yourself the rest may guess !
But know, in short, the fees were paid ;
And not your interests keen to starve, I
Must add, the Twins were home convey'd,
In the cool shelter of a Jarvey !

This kindness done, his way once more
Julian renew'd, and gained his door.

To his lone room he pass'd; and o'er
The stairs his step fell heavily;
His knit and gloomy visage wore
That which ye would have feared to see.

Something there is in man's despair,
More fearful than his very wrath;
Cope hot Revenge — but aye, beware
To cross calm Suffering's lonely path !
Dreaded than all the passions' strife,
The solemn absence of their life;
That ghole of silence and of gloom,
Which darkly broods above their tomb !

He sate him down; and quietly
Cast round a dim, half-unconscious eye.
There left, as when they last addrest
The charmed gaze, and thirsting breast,
Lay the lov'd volumes, where the souls
Of the great Dead walk gloriously;
The Edens of the Mind; the goals
Of mortal immortality; —
The stately Arks that from the deep
Garner the life for worlds to be;
And with their glorious burthen, sweep
Adown dark Time's unfathom'd sea!

Amid less lovely lore, the page
Lay open where the Ploughman's Song
Incarnates Thought; and o'er the age
To which its noble lays belong; —
O'er the low city, and lewd court;
O'er the slight tricks of worldly gaud;
O'er the wing'd follies, that disport
In life's vexed atmosphere of fraud;
Casts out the broad and generous glow,
Where Nature shames Art's garish seeming;
Yet, while it shames, doth still bestow
Not more a shame than a redeeming.
Shedding a glory round *their* urns,
Who breath'd the air that breath'd for BURNS.

Oh! wise — wise fools, whose tender art
So coldly probed each fault that dyed
With its own blood that generous heart; —
Who, in your grateful thought, denied
To him whose memory yet exalts

Man's mould — aye, in those very faults —
To him, who like an Air from Heaven,
Breath'd life and glory on your way;
The mercy and the silence given
Of right, unto the humblest clay. *
In life's cool walk, if one hath blest
A single, just, or grateful breast;
Yet hath, in error, stung or saddened
The breast, his 'customed bounty gladdened,
Say — were it thine — would'st thou resent?
Would Love or Anger find a vent?
Say — would it not thy heart relieve,
To have *one* memory to forgive?

But He, who serves all earth, — whose mind
Stars the dark wanderings of mankind;
And from lone Thought's empyrean height,
Exalts the soul, its glories light,
For him, no grateful memory lives;
No justice weighs, no love forgives;

* All mankind, to whom, even mediately and through unseen channels, the glorious verse of Robert Burns can reach, have incurred a debt of gratitude, and that no slight one, to Mr. Lockhart, who has honoured literature (in his Biography of that illustrious Poet) with a work full of just, and manly, and noble sentiment. It is difficult, indeed, to command one's indignation, when one hears fine gentlemen critics, who sin delicately, and grow elevate on *Chambertin* — and to whom we owe no earthly gratitude, and no earthly indulgence — talk, between snuff-takings, of the immoralities of Burns. Every country 'squire, and city clerk, and puny dandyling, may enjoy in quiet his loves and his intoxications; they are but the proofs of his spirit, or obediences to the manners of his time. But if Burns, the benefactor of the world, (for whom reverence should induce indulgence,) does what they do who are its drones; — then come pages of sermons, and mawkish lecturings, and judgments righteously severe. Every sword of the Pharisees leaps out of its scabbard. One would think to hear them, that it is a great pity a man of genius should not be born without flesh and blood.

For him, the Universal Eye,
Each heart he cheered hath grown his spy.
The very lustre of his fame,
Betrays the specks upon his name;
The columns of his triumph stand,
As Pasquins for each vulgar hand.
For him the wonted shades which hide
Home's reverent secrets, are denied,*
Exposed, dissected, canvass'd o'er,
Each household wound and hidden sore;
His very heart hung forth a prey
To the sharp-tongued 'remorseless day.'
The temple he hath built will yield
For him alone no shrine to shield:
Nay, round the altar where he flieth,
The coil'd and venom'd slander lieth —
Crush'd by the serpents of his doom,
Behold his Temple walls his Tomb!

Not these the thoughts that o'er the soul
Of the young student-lover stole,
All books — all matter of all thought,
Save one — to him were dead and nought;
And an ice lay o'er his mind,
And his heart was dull'd and blind.

I have thought that those who live
In the world, their fancies give,

* Between the publicity of rank and that of genius, there is this difference — the former has its consolation in a thousand luxuries — the home revealed is a palace; but genius, often girt with want, mortification, privation, disease, beholds its frailties, and its secrets dragged to light, and looking within for comfort, views but the scene of struggles, and the witness of humiliation.

Musing and self-conning spirits,
Whom desire by right inherits,
For desire is that we learn,
Which must ever vainly * yearn;
And such natures vision-bowed,
Clasp a God in every cloud;—

I have thought that these obey
Rarely human passion's sway,
Pining for imaginings,
Whose earthly shapes Fate never brings,
Only in that mystic time
Of the green youth's teeming prime,
When the Prophet heart's delight
Yields the sense 'a second sight,'
And the gentle earth is riven,
 And its faëry kingdoms bare,
And we hear the harps of Heaven
 In the low breath of the air;—
Only in the brief and fleeting,
Sorcery of that sweet self-cheating:
If such spirits chance to glow
With a deep love born below;
And that love be duly plighted,
And that love untimely blighted,
Then no earthlier nature e'er,
Knew their rapture, their despair;
Knew the dreams that round them tended,
 Breath'd to being at their call;
Knew the height their hearts ascended,
 Or the dreadness of the fall.

* Hobbes.

First love is like our earliest Play!
What enchantment of survey!
Every scene and whisper giveth
Life that monarch never liveth.
What a magic of amaze
In the passion of the gaze!
What a transport in the fear,
That can soul the panting ear!
Heavily the curtain's pall
Slow descendeth over all,
And the Musick's voice is gone,
And the lights fade one by one;
And upon the glory past,
Rushes the black-winged Silence fast!
Yet, vainly yet, in Memory's cell,
Echoes and haunts for aye the spell!
Oft again our souls will woo it,
But, remembering, ne'er renew it;
Oft again we seek the stage —
But the magic was the *age*!
And the scene has lost its glory,
And the zest has left the story!
Love, and Plays are oft repeated,
But no more the gaze is cheated!
And all after-charm is curst,
By the contrast of the first!

But Julian's heart was proud and stern,
And in its silent depth conceal'd
A spirit ever wont to yearn
For action in some broader field.
And when the brooding mist at last,
From his dark mind in shadow past,

Designs, and schemes, those homes of care,
Bold, but as yet half shaped, were there,
As some grey city dim descried

Through the moist dawn's slow-waning haze,
When broke, and scatter'd faint and wide,

The world beneath some sleepless eye surveys!
He turn'd him with a silent heart,

Unto the daily cares of clay,
The dullest breast can act its part,
When sorrow is the play.

But those who knew him mark'd the soul,

Was absent from his quiet eye;
The smile at will he might control,
But not at times the sigh.

And never as of old, the smile!

It chill'd, it sadden'd while it shone,
Like lights we only kindle, while
The life of day is gone.

From his youth upward he had fed

On lonely, but on daring thought,
And now the altering charm was fled,
His ancient food he sought;

Oft would he sit for hours, and mark

The wan moon creep her weary way,
And hold communion, sad and dark,

With that true Genius of our clay,
Urger of Hope — Woe — Virtue — Sin —
The unsleeping Second-Self within!

And, when the morning came, you saw

Upon his cheek the haggard brand,
Which one might bear, whose spell could draw
The Spirit from its land.

The fallen lip, the harass'd brow,

The wrung exhaustion, and the awe!
Alas! the soul has fiends that sear,
As dreadly the consuming frame

As aught, escaped from Nature's law,
That ever to the cavern came

Of those whose kingly charm could bow
Of old, the monster-powers of Fear!

Whose daring souls were nerved to brave
The dark things of the riven grave;

Girt with the menaced fire, to breast

The lightnings of the armed Priest;

Trample the fears of nature — quell

The flesh, by one immortal spell,

And shake the very Thrones of Hell!

Arch Rebels of our tyrant Birth —

The more than monarchs of the earth,

Humbling that dread, and shadowy world,

Around our own so dimly curled;

Who, mightier than the Heathen's God,

From Fate herself usurped the rod,

And made her rent recess the cells,

Voiced with a mortal's oracles.

Sceptering the mysteries of the Deep,

The Whirlwinds in their Mountain-keep;

The Seasons in their rounded march,

The wan Kings of the starred Arch;

Rapt above Nature and o'er Time,

By lore too glorious to be crime!

Days went; and Julian's schemes at last,

From their completing mould were cast,

And fixed the bourne on Indian soil,

Where Wealth might sometime yield to Toil.

And wealth was precious in his eyes,
For wealth might win to love the prize.

Improved are now the bribes of old,
Since Danaë was seduced by gold —
You want the daughter? — well then, rather
Shower the gold upon the father!

And, tho' not oft, our lovers yet,
By stealth, and for brief moments met —
Ah! meetings which are traced in tears,
And hopes just-born — ere tomb'd in fears!

Oh! what a soft and lovely shroud
Of thought hangs o'er *such* mournful meeting!
The grief consoled — the comfort vow'd —
Are memories far too fond for fleeting.

As some benign and gentle shade
Our woe itself hath sacred made,
They wander with us, and invite
Our steps to no unholy rite;
Wearing the mystery of the tomb,
Its tenderness — but not its gloom!

They glide athwart our manhood's cares,
And care is hush'd! — they haunt our sins,
And sin grows soft! — our hopes — our prayers —
All interest sways — or passion wins —
Or Fancy dreams — those thoughts suffuse
With their own loved and faithful hues!
They bathe, for aye, the surface sere
That crusts upon us year by year;

And, as unto our youth they brought
The lesson which by Age is taught,
So now, in turn, they seem to bring
Our Age — sweet whispers from the spring; —
Flock round our pillow at life's close,
And in our very grave repose!

The lovers met, and Julian still
Soothed Mary's dim forefears of ill;
Spoke hopes which rugged Reason bade not,
And poured the comfort which he had not.

And when he told how years would pass
But love remain — and he return
Rich as her sire could wish — alas!

She thought not of the early urn
Such hopes too often find! — the wide
Dark gulf between, she scarcely viewed;
She looked at once *beyond* Time's tide,
And saw them once more side by side,
As now they fondly stood!

So would they meet, and hope, and raise
Fair morrows to the evil days;
And in her youth and innocence,
She dreamt not love could need defence.
She knew not why so wildly trembled

His hand, if only touch'd by her's;
The wish by Passion oft dissembled,
If true, for ever it incurs. —
As hearths — as fuel without fire —
Man's love that would disown desire!

And there was peril in the hour,
And place, and silence, of their meeting —

Eve, and its star, and that soft power,
That sway'd their pulse's fitful beating.
Nature below, and shade above, —
And *they* — their young hearts and their love!

And never was a lovelier breast
Than her's by youthful ardour prest;
And never did a dreamier eye,
Look back to love unknown reply.

Oh! what is that divine, intense,
And holy soul within the sense —
That can control — restrain — inspire
The deafened fierceness of desire —
That can the wildest wish of clay,
The strength — the *self* of Nature sway,
And make us rather bear — yea, cling
To the unslak'd and sleepless sting —
Than bid one pang that Being prove,
Lov'd more than all the ends of Love?

And she was saved — nor knew how nigh
The doom she never sought to fly! —
Ev'n with her fair cheek on his breast —
Ev'n with her ripe lips warm from his,
So nearly, and so wildly blest —
There was a barrier to the bliss —
A soul itself that nobly prided
To shield the fond heart that confided!

So Time went on his silent way,
And brought in sight the fatal day;
And now but one brief moon will fail,

Ere Julian's ship unfurl her sail;
 And the frail plank, and faithless sea,
 Become, poor girl! a world to thee!

CHAPTER II.

ARGUMENT.

Melancholy plays the Schoolmaster to Mirth — The curious and perplexing dilemma of the Twins — Their escape — The world not free from the misfortunes of Chang and Ching — The conversation between Julian and Chang — Love — The immortality of the soul, &c. — Chang often seeks a renewal of that conversation — The ancient philosophers — The Boudhist religion — The state of Chang's mind on religious matters.

ONE evening, Julian homeward walking,
 Beheld afar a gathering crowd;
 And on his ear, the storm of talking
 Broke quite "inelegantly loud." *
 When one is suffering from blue devils,
 Noise — mobs — are most tremendous evils!
 How very much one's Melancholy
 Turns up her nose at vulgar Folly!
 How very bitterly she quarrels
 With Mirth's sad sentiments and morals!
 Calls Joy hard names, and swears 'tis very
 Silly, and wicked to be merry.

So Julian, when the crowd he spied,
 Would fain have sourly turn'd aside,

* Lady***** was good enough to fashion the above phrase for me. Her Ladyship cannot endure a mob to be the least vulgar; in her works she appears quite affronted at their not wearing silk stockings and shouting hurrah! — in a whisper.

Muttering against folks' strange fatuity,
In wasting time and cracking jokes
With such provoking assiduity
On the concerns of *other* folks.
Instead of walking lone, and pouting,
Whether to drown, or dangle doubting;
Fate, and her thousand vagaries cursing,
And Spleen affectionately nursing;
Shock'd like himself at aught of gladness,
And bearing life with proper sadness.

Laneham had turn'd aside, I say,
When suddenly the crowd gave way,
And wrangling in the midst he sees, —
By Jove! — our luckless Siamese.
Some are, who seem beyond all succour,
Destined for ever to a pucker;
In vain to-day they may escape,
To-morrow brings an uglier scrape;
Through life they plunge, strive, pant, and squabble,
And Death still finds them in a hobble.
Somewhat of this sad species I am
Afraid you'll think our Twins of Siam.

Laneham walk'd up and ask'd the matter?
A hundred tongues reply in clatter!
But long ere silence was obtained,
This much at least he ascertained: —
A serjeant tall wished to convey
Off Chang, well able to prevail, if
Ching were not dragged the other way
In the d——d clutches of a bailiff!
The fact was, Ching, who'd ever had

Expensive habits from a lad ;
And, since his *entré* into fashion,
Had loved like other beaux to dash on ;
Now reaped Profusion's sad results,
In an arrest from Mr. Stultz !
The bailiff seized him at the time

When Chang, in whose unconscious cold ear,
Brave Serjeant Drill had the sublime

And gay profession of a soldier
Been dinning ; found himself imbruted
With ale, and by the lord recruited !
We wanted then some gallants tall,
A Corps of Heroes for Bengal ;
And Drill believed himself no dunce,
In bagging two such birds at once.

Well sure, that to enlist one brother,
Was quite enough to win the other.
Never, I ween, did War and Law
Their several ways more drolly draw.
Grappled on Chang the man of Slaughters !

The sturdy bailiff grappled on Ching !
The one pull'd this way to his quarters,
The other that way to the *Spunging* !

While our astonish'd swarthy sad men,
Unconscious of the scrape they'd got in,
Thought what a dangerous band of madmen
Fate suddenly had cast their lot in !

Much were they charm'd, you may suppose,
When they beheld their guardian Laneham,
Once more at hand against their foes,
So opportunely to sustain 'em.

If e'er you want a friend to free,
Whom in a street-row you may see,

Two things are only necessary,
The first to be well dressed and very:
The second, to combine decorum
With a most copious *vis verborum*. *
Luckily Laneham both possessed,
And first the Serjeant he addressed:
"Take off your new recruit, nor spare him;
 "But hark you, sir, if you molest
"This other gentleman, or bear him
 "Against his will — at your behest —
"Aye — but a single step from hence, Sir,
"Why, tremble at the consequence, Sir.
"What!" and he turn'd unto the crowd,
Rais'd his right hand and spoke more loud.
"Shall we see men served thus and be dumb?
"Where's *Magna Charta*? where our freedom?
"What! is a military varlet,
"Glowing with insolence and scarlet,
"Our rights and privileges civil
"To kick, at pleasure, to the devil;
"Drag a free man against his wish on,
"To be the food for ammunition;
"And treat with worse than Turk's brutality,
"This guest of British hospitality?
"Shame! shame!"

 "Aye, shame!" on every side
Shopboy and oyster virgin cried.
The attics groaned their lofty blame,
And from the stalls came hoarsely — "Shame!"
Ev'n so, of late, the thieving crew,

* Anglice, "gift of words," that of which, in order to endow the Irish, Nature has, with great iniquity, cheated their neighbours the English.

Who, Eldon-like, love nothing new,
No more allowed to rob in peace,
Made London ring with "No police!"
While stones — O shame to England! — flew
Around the Chief of Waterloo;
And in the very street whose name
Is borrowed from the veteran's fame;
Meaning — (like those sharp speeches wont
To shower on Hume's unshrinking front,
What time he lifts the veil from jobbing,)
"O wretch, to interfere with robbing!"

Stiff stood the Serjeant — stiff and stately,
But puzzled much, and funkng greatly;
A pump at hand he thought he saw;
Besides, he did not know the law!
While solemnly he scratched his head,
Thus to the Bailiff Laneham said:

"There is your prisoner, be it so!

"But where your warrant 'gainst the other?

"Of course the penalties you know,

"If you, by chance, lock up the brother.

"Of course you know, for such infraction

"Of law, we bring at once our action.

"So mind you are your proper cue in,

"A false imprisonment is ruin;

"On a man's freedom all infringing

"Is met by damages most swinging.

"If you persist, and should defend

"Your cause — I beg to recommend

("They 'll help you finely through your blunder,)

"Messiers Rack, Gripe, Grasp, Clutch, and Plunder."

The Serjeant did the silence break,
 "Give me my money back," said he;
Then next in whispered voice did speak,
 The Bailiff hinting at a fee.
The money back Chang slowly gave,
 Still puzzled with all this verbosity,
And said with brow extremely grave,
 " So *this* is English generosity!"

Laneham meanwhile the Bailiff's palm
Touch'd, and dissolved all farther qualm.
And lo! our Twins, once more releast,
Walked from "*The many-headed Beast.*"
So by the upper ranks the mob
 Is somewhat impolitely branded;
What sort of beast then is the Nob-
 -ility? Oh! "*The many-handed!*"

While with their friend to his abode,
Our Indians saunter on the road,
Just let us — ere we do pursue —
Make a remark — we think it true.

Tho' laws when framed with so much trouble,
Scarcely foresaw men going double,
Otherwise, doubtless, one might bring,
Cases quite pat to Chang and Ching,
And solve by precedent the urgent,
Hard point of bailiff and of serjeant; —
Yet just as full of contradiction
 For us poor *single* folk as them,
Are those blunt puzzles of restriction,
 Which tangle first and then condemn.

One pulls this way, and that the other —
One grapples this, but frees that brother;
Yet in this social state, so close
Knit are our welfare and our woes,
That who shall say, what comes to thee,
Shall bring nor scathe, nor chain to me?
Bewildered and confused we stand,
Opposing laws on either hand,
And our innumerable customs die,
Into the Passive of one Lie;
And *that* is life — as *we've* disguised it,
And gravely said that *Heaven* devised it.

Mark, and at times through our narration
A latent sense may meet thy view!
What seems most like exaggeration,
Clothes oft the fact most simply true!

Where are our Twins? — far — far before —
I'm quite ashamed so long we've tarried,
See them to Julian's small first floor,
In C—— Street already carried.

See them beside his table sitting —
Chang in deep thought, his dark brow knitting —
Ching sipping port — I fear not Allnutt's —
And cracking pleasure out of wallnuts.

While Julian thinks in Chang to view,
A vein of kindred cogitation,
And enters with that youth, into
A sentimental conversation:
They talked of Love, the lord of earth,

Its power — its mystery — and its birth;
Both — apt its colours to enhance
With the rich moonlight of romance.

“Yes,” Julian said, “yes — oft, methinks,
“There is in love the germ of more
“Than our philosophies explore.
“I speak not of the *end* acquired,
“When the soul *rests* — where it *desired* :
“But *ere* the end be gained — what bright
“But half-caught Visions haunt the sight!
“Back into shade the vision shrinks,
“But not its memory of delight!

“Flock thousand dim and faëry feelings,
“Love only wakes, our spirit o’er;
“Vague thoughts we fain would call revealings,
“The stars grow lovelier than before;
“From our earth’s clay a cloud is driven,
“And we gaze oftener on the heaven.
“*There* the soft instinct seems to win us;
“Something, new-kindled, stirs within us;
“The lesser and the lower aims
“Of life, the ennobled heart disclaims;
“The fervour in its very faults
“Refines, and mellows, and exalts.
“We lose the sense of self, we glow
“With a vague love for *all* below:
“More generous impulse swells the thought,
“Than e’er by saint or sage was taught;
“High deeds, half-shunn’d before, the soul
“Now pants, now pines, to make its goal.
“All things divine and fair, the birth

“Of flowers, the gladness of the earth,
“The mystery of the air and sea;
“The charmed tongue of Poesy;
“(Which the un-purg’d grossness of the brain
“Had scorn’d till then as light and vain,)
“All, the *full* all, that we inherit,
“Grow sooth, and augur to the spirit!

“Lofty and tender thoughts, before
“Undreamt, become our angel food,
“And our regenerate minds adore
“The glory and the truth of GOOD!

“Such are the signs within, the while
“Our nature coins itself in love;
“And *such* to me seem signs that smile
“As types and tokens from above!
“For they are *not* of earth! but rather
“The struggling and half-fledged desires,
“For what on earth we may not gather! —
“Love never grants what it inspires!
“Possession may content the frame,
“And calm, nay haply quell, the flame;
“But those wild visions and aspirings,
“The unbodied, dream-like, dim desirings —
“*They* shun all earthlier fruition! —
“*They* speak an uncompleted doom!
“*They* murmur at the clay’s condition!
“And pine within us to the tomb!

“Yes! Love brings something more than Love!
“A prophet and divine impression,

“That that which yearneth here — above
“Shall not be all denied possession.

“Though dormant in the secret breast
“Through the harsh toil, and grinding strife,
“And sluggish sleep, that eke *the rest*
“Of the long acts of motley life ; —
“Though dormant, may the guest divine
“Lurk in its lone discultured shrine ;
“(For as our gloomy way we grope,
“We ask but light from earthly hope,
“Ne’er seeking, and but darkly seeing,
“The inward glory of our being ;)
“At once it wakes, and breathes, and moves,
“The instant that our nature loves —
“No ! never human lover knew,
“A passion deeply felt and true ;
“And did not — ere his love declined —
“Feel the Immortal of the Mind ;
“Feel how — unseen and still — we cherish
“That SOMETHING never doomed to perish,
“And own the homeward-pining sigh
“Of the pent exile of the sky !”

As Julian ceased, upon his mien
And air, and brow, and lofty look,
The whole of his bright heart was seen,
As stamped upon a book !

And Chang, in whose dark troublous breast
The finer thoughts lay unconfest,
But often struggling ; on him fixed
A look where awe with pleasure mixed.

After a brief pause, musingly
And slow, the Indian made reply.

He tells how to his vision seems
Love, not indeed without the soft
And sacred thoughts, and seer-like dreams
Which Julian spake of; — but more oft.
Full of dread omens — shapes that made
The heart's blood creep; — grim images
That lay coil'd snake-like in a shade
Of horror; — ghastly impulses
To some black, guilty purpose urging
The will that shuddered while in verging.

And all the while upon him dwelt
Ching's gaze, whose chill'd and stricken mind
For the first time in terror felt,
The nature to his own entwined.

So talked they! but the broad and high
And lore-lit soul of Julian brought
Slowly at length, nor consciously,
A soothing to the Indian's thought.

They parted — but Chang henceforth came
Oft to the student's solitude;
And to renew and thread the same
And mazelike commune Julian woo'd.
Oft while the brother silent sate,
Silent but not unheeding — they
Conn'd the high themes of human fate,
The birth of flesh, and its decay.

The uneven dooms of life — the unsolved
Arcana of the life to come;
And Chance with wistful thought revolved
When Truth's close oracles grew dumb.
On these high themes, with all that shines
From the pure One Creed's solemn shrines,
They blend the wild, but lofty dreams
Of other climes, and moulder'd ages,
Nor bar the Christian's sun-lit themes
The star-thoughts of the heathen sages
Then the full student pour'd the store
Yet fresh in Wisdom's urns of yore.

The Ionian Seer, who first* in Greece,
The sage's lamp of naphtha lighted,
Fair Wisdom's tranquil creed of peace,
With plumed Freedom's faith united; †
And that all-grasping truth proclaimed, §
Which Heaven itself hath proudly claimed; —

The rival Samian's || wilder lore
Blent from dark riddles and the hoar
Traditions of remotest years;
(Moss'd, as it were, by antique guile,)
Won from Chaldea's Starry Seers,
And the grey Mother of the Nile !

* Thales, the founder of the Ionian School of Philosophy, and the first Greek who received the title of Sage, and taught the immortality of the soul.

† It was an observation of Thales, "that nothing was so base as to allow a tyrant to grow old."

§ "Know thyself." *E Cælo descendit*, &c.

|| Pythagoras, the creator of the great Italian School opposed to the Ionian.

The Wise of Clazomene,* who hung
 The spell o'er *his* resistless tongue,
 On whom the Olive Queen** bestowed
 The title of her Thunder God; †
 The Wise of Clazomene, who — soul'd
 With contemplation — deem'd life given
 But with a still heart to behold
 The glory of the Earth, and Heaven! — §

Holier than these, the golden springs
 Of Plato's bright imaginings;
 He who became the fount, where all
 The fondly wise their visions fed:
 And with a charm'd and solemn thrall
 Knit Hope, and Solace with the Dead!
 The Star that shone on tombs! — the light,
 Which, more than aught beside, broke the world's
 Gentile night; —

And He || whose lofty name hath gone
 Too lightly from our lips; who drew
 The noblest form that ever shone
 Upon the old world's dazzled view;
 Reared it above all change and chance,
 Bowed Earth, Time, Fortune, to its throne,

* Anaxagoras.

** Athens.

† Pericles, the pupil of Anaxagoras, was sometimes honourably, sometimes satirically, styled "the Olympian," from the thunder of his eloquence.

§ When Anaxagoras, the peculiar property of whose mind has been called "a certain high-wrought and fanciful sublimity," was asked why he came into the world, he answered, "To behold the sun, the moon, and the marvels of nature."

|| The illustrious Zeno, the father of the most exalted and least appreciated philosophy, which an uninspired reasoner ever devised.

And made it in sublime romance,
Itself its Universe alone;—
And then within the high Dream stored,
And call'd it "VIRTUE,"—and adored;—

Of these the student spake, and still
The lore grew lovely on his tongue,
For Wisdom's lute needs slender skill,
If not too harshly strung.

In turn, the Indian boy releast
From their dark woods, and shadowy caves,
The unshaped Chimæras of the East
And with such draughts his listener thrilled,
As from the unsunned and solemn waves
Of Fable and of Awe, his urn
Perchance each elder wanderer filled;
And, home regained, bade Wisdom learn
What Craft or Folly first instilled.

Marvels, I ween, did he recount
Of huge *Mienmo's* * visioned mount;
Of *Boudha's* hallowed toils, and all
The pomp of *Mooktzke's* † glorious hall;
The homes the Eternal Law prescribes;
The mystic *Nat's* innumerable tribes,
From the dread monster-race, who deep
In wood and wave their empire keep;
Haply, where *Casse's* waters spring

* *Mienmo*, the Mount of vision, placed in the centre of the most elevated part of the earth.

† *Boudha* holds his divine habitation in *Mooktzke*, or the Hall of Glory.

To-day, beside the *Dragon-King*. *
To those whose mightier legions hold
The crystal temple's halls of gold. **
And higher, to the unfathomed space,
Swayed by the *Arupa's* airy race. †

Then from the glories of the blest
He glided, dreadly pleased to tell
Of the four states the accurs'd invest; ††
From that, where, in their rugged clay,
Glimmering and dumb, the brute-tribe stray,
To where the lost of *Niria* dwell
In *Zabudiba's* rocky hell!

Thence from such legends vaguely vast,
To their time-hoared philosophy;
Nurse, haply, of all creeds that be
Save one, — the dark recounter past.

* The Dragon King, who always sleeps at the foot of those mountains, whence the River *Casse* springs, is said to have seen the first god who appeared in this world; and it is believed, that he will see the last. He only awakes from his sleep at the appearance of a new god.

** The Sun, which belongs to the habitation *Zadumaharit* (held by one order of Nat) is represented as being without crystal, and within gold.

† The *Arupa*, are the *immaterial* beings, or spirits; the other creatures, however angelic or elevated, being corporeal.

†† There are four states of *Apé*, or misery, the first, that of all animals inferior to man; secondly, that of the *Preitta*; and thirdly, that of the *Assurighe*. The tenants of these two latter states endure nearly the same punishments; and, till we are made aware of the horrors of the fourth, we should conceive that imagination had exhausted itself in the tortures they contain. The fourth, or *Niria*, is in reality the Boudhist's hell: it is situated in the caves of the southern island *Zabudiba*.

He told, how from its fearful frame
 The death-won world received its name: *
 How from the evils of man's birth,
 And that corrupting curse of earth
 For ever, as a circle, fated —
 — They thought no God the world created. **
 For that a God had skreened from aught
 Of harm, or chance, the world he wrought.
 Of souls (he said) belief was cherished,
 That with their fleshly homes they perished;
 But from *the whole*, again arose
 A being, doomed to joys or woes;
 To bestial mould, or shape of spirit,
 As the past life's career might merit. †
 And so for aye, *that whole* resolves,
 Till through all changes it revolves,

* The Universe receives the name of *Logha*, or *Loka*, which signifies destruction and reproduction.

** The evils in the world, and its repeated destructions, (taught by the creed of Boudha,) are sufficient, in the opinion of these religionists, to prove that it was not the work of a Supreme Being.

† The followers of Boudha, who make one of the three hundred and thirty-nine heretic sects among the Hindoos, believe the soul perishes with the body; and yet, by a metaphysical contradiction, that from the materials of both arises a new being, rewarded or punished according to the deeds in the former life; and they suppose, that these said and same materials, having passed through various orders of Nat, or superior beings, ultimately gain the Nieban, or state of perfect happiness. Thus, curiously enough, they at once deny the immortality of the soul, yet make it progressive; terminate it with life, yet load it with the most tremendous responsibilities. The fact is, that they themselves are irretrievably puzzled and confused in a maze of allegories; and that we, in decyphering their riddles, are ten thousand times as much in the dark. One thing is quite clear, the Boudhists are not, as they have been accused of being, Atheists. They allow gods enough, in all conscience; and give to them, or to their agents, the direction of the world; they only deny, that a divinity *created* the world. To be sure — this denial has in all times been confounded with Atheism; but it is a very different thing — as different, for instance, as tithes from religion.

And climbs into that loftiest state,
Free from the breath of Time or Fate;
Stirr'd by no memory that hath been;
One calm, delicious, pure, serene —
The *Nieban* to the perfect given; —
The shadow of the Christian's Heaven!
And these the Indian loved to paint,
But with no fond believing folly;
In his strong mind had now wax'd faint
Each trace his childhood prized as holy.
Not that the erring dreams were lost
In one true faith, but, vague and mixed,
He took from many creeds what most
His fancy pleased, or judgment fixed:
And formed them into one, which schooled,
The calm *opinions* hush'd within him;
But - like the holiest — rarely ruled
His *deeds*, when Passion sought to win him.
Ah! would that those divine desires,
That Thought exalts, or Heaven inspires,
Could grow at once instinct and rife,
Breath'd into *acts* — and *made our life*!

CHAPTER III.

ARGUMENT.

Blue devils — not seraphs — Their cruelty to Chang — Chang's manners described — His love; jealousy — Mary's alarm — A scene which increases it — Her secret scheme — Chang's wish to go into the country — They depart from London.

O DEVILS! if your damn'd condition
Contains, perchance, an opposition!
What are those imps, who sport the hue
Sacred to Whigs, and Wisdom — *blue*?
Oh say, what are those dismal prigs,
Are they young Benthamites, or — Whigs?
Ye devils blue! how oft, alas!
On me you vent your azure spite!
Just now I took a cheerful glass,
To “purge your colour from my sight!”

If from my cradle you've pursued me,
Dull'd, gloom'd, oppress'd — ye ne'er subdued me!
In vain betwixt me and the sky
Ye lower, — I dare you, and defy!
I do not stoop to soothe, and flatter you;
Nor, like Tom Moore, with praise bespatter you!
I do not call you the sublime
Feelings of gentlemen who rhyme.
I don't wrap angel wings about you,
Your ugly shapes with grace investing,
Swear Genius cannot do without you,
And that you're “deeply interesting!”

No — spite of critical severe raffs*
Blue devils make but sorry seraphs.

These devils in our Isle's immense city,
Finding no dwelling-place more pleasant,
Now, in their bluest blue intensity,
On Chang seem'd settled for the present!

Moodier and darker every hour,
His visage and his spirit seem;
And, wheresoe'er his steps are wending,
To earth you note his glances bending,
As if uncheck'd he would devour
Some nursed, but loathly dream.

And when with kindly voice and eye,
The secret of his altered mood,
The wistful brother tearful woo'd,
With few words, slow wrung nor willing
And an aspect stern and chilling,
He gave the vague reply.
All things, — pursuits, — that pleased before,
Cheerlessly he sought no more.
Sometimes you his lips might see
Moving fast unconsciously;

* Mr. Moore, in his *Life of Lord Byron*, was pleased to talk very finely indeed about melancholy. Thinking his doctrine pernicious to the growth of common sense, I expressed that opinion in "Paul Clifford;" though, of course, with that deference that an ordinary man owes to a great one; whereon certain critics — friends possibly of Mr. Moore, were extremely wroth. I beg pardon of these gentlemen! — If melancholy be poetical, may they be poetical all the rest of their lives! God forbid that I should disturb their sombre satisfaction! They are right in defending their bad spirits — their only claim to intellect is worth preserving!

But aloud no word was uttered,
It within was, charm-like, muttered,
Like some dark and guilty yearning,
From the very daylight turning.
Oft he, in his gloomy trance,
Darted round a jealous glance;
And if none appeared to mark,

With a gaze that from within
Stole the venom, fierce and dark,
On his brother's face it bent —
But it softened ere it went;
And his flesh and members quivered,
Like a man but just delivered

From a peril or a sin!
Strange and terrible, I ween,
Had the contrast of that look
(If thou hadst its meaning seen)
And their posture then have been!

For, whate'er their feelings took
Of change, the brothers ne'er forsook
The lovely custom which had grown
From their very birth their own;
So — all the while you shunned to trace
The passions of the sterner face;
Still, with arm round either thrown
They sate in close embrace!

But oft, when Mary with her sweet
And her delicious beauty, stole
Athwart his presence — seemed to fleet
The demon from the Indian's soul!
With a fixed and charmed eye,

And a quick and startled sigh,
 Would his panting heart pursue her!
As if—to use the fairy words—
That Passion tuned to Fancy's chords—
He yearned to meet her silvery feet,
 His soul to pour unto her.*
Yet sometimes e'en *her* magic failed,
And a darker power prevailed,
 And sometimes if, her voice address
His brother's ear—or, if her smile
 Replied, tho' sadly, to the jest
With which the light Ching would beguile
The grief which even he perceived
Upon her brow—and seeing grieved;—
Then a cloud came o'er his air,
Or a swift and angry glare
 In his gloomy eye-ball glittered;
And low words he gibbered, strung
In his unknown native tongue,
But which Ching would seem to hear
With a deprecating fear;
 For, since Chang's had been imbittered,
(Wherefore he but dimly guest)
Ching's warm nature had been spelled;
From its choler bowed, and quelled
By the passions of a breast
Roused—a tempest from its rest!
All that seemed to soothe or please,
Were the lofty colloquies,

* “And when I shall meet
 Thy silvery feet,
 My soul I'll pour unto thee.”

That from time to time, we told,
How with Julian he would hold;
Yet from these returned, his mood,
Less stern, was oft more sadly-hued,
As if the more his knowledge learned
Of man's true ends, and Nature's laws,
Still with a gloomier thought he turned
To what he felt, and what he was.

But rarer now these visits grew,
As near and near the stern day drew,
When the unpitying bark afar
Should waft the lover from his star;
For still, as neared that day of dread,
Sunk Julian's soul; and if he bore
Against his doom, and faintly fed
With hope his sick heart's wasted core;
'Twas only in the hours when nought,
And none broke o'er his lonely thought —
His mind was poisoned at the fount!
He lothed all living forms, and even
The starry themes he most was wont
To love, grew tedious; and the leaven
Of his deep-hoarded gathering woe,
Tainted and tinged all things below.

But lovely is a woman's soul,
And ev'n when sorrow spurns control,
Its selfishness she smothers;
And Mary, tho' perchance the dart
Had entered deeper in her heart

Ev'n than her lover's breast; yet cherished
The thought that in *his* grief had perished,
The thought, the sympathy for others!
So, roused at moments from her bow'd
And brooding sorrow, she surveyed,
Alarmed and anxious, the strange cloud
That o'er the Indian cast its shade.
Too pure, too guileless to discover
The barb and mystery of his soul,
She dreamt not she beheld a lover
In him compassion would console:
But shudderingly she saw his look
So dreadly on his brother fall;
And felt that he had ceased to brook,
And now abhorred, their fleshly thrall.

'Twas evening, and the quiet air
Came thro' the casement, soft and holy,
By which the brothers seated were:
Chang, self-wrapt in his melancholy,
And looking o'er the changed street,
Where fast the gloaming shades were thickening,
And wearied Traffic's busy feet
Were heard more rarely homeward quickening; —
There was a softness in his mien,
There was a softness in his brow;
And Mary, as she chanced, unseen
To pass beside him, paused — and now
Ching, who in silent watch had viewed
The slow relaxing of his mood,
Looked up, and when he saw the maid,
A smile upon his features play'd.
Gently he signed her not to speak,

Lest that unwonted spell should break;
So pleased and touched the maiden stood,
An answering smile upon her cheek;
And on his shoulder kindly laid
A sister's hand, as she survey'd.

So were they grouped: there was, I ween,
A quiet pathos in the scene.
The object of their mutual care
Feeding lone thoughts, unconscious, there —
The wistful, and the anxious brother
Striving his very breath to smother —
And smiling with a moistened eye;
And, in her still and tranquil grace,
That fair girl, with her moon light face,
And ivory neck, and golden hair,
Contrasted with that Eastern Pair,
Gazing on both so tenderly.

Chang sighed, and turned; — and all amazed,
Started — and on the watchers gazed.

As he gazed, the warm blood rushed
To his cheek — the gathering ire
Lit his eyes with livid fire;
And his lips with anger trembling,
Half refused the speech; but hushed
And their sudden fear dissembling,
Stood the two; nor from him took
The pitying kindness of their look.
“Her hand on thine! 'tis true!” — so said he,
With a hollow voice unsteady,
As he muttered — from the heart

To the deed the passions start:
And a fierce and frantic hand
On his brother's throat he fixed;
And his features sternly scanned,
With a gaze, wherein were mixed
All the wrath, and all the woe,
All the madness that below,
In his bosom, raged and festered!
"Thou too lov'st!" he said — nor more —
As it came, the fit was o'er,
And the fiend abruptly mastered!
"Fool — fool — oh! bitter fool!" he muttered,
And his face ashamed he hid;
Faintly even Mary chid —
And no word by Ching was uttered,
To his eyes the wrong'd heart crept,
And — but not in wrath — he wept.
That wild and fierce leap of the mind
Had outstripped words — and left behind
A leaden terror numb, and still,
And a foreboding icy thrill,
Vague, shuddering, mute, and undefined!
Before that evening, and that scene,
A scheme on Mary's mind had been,
Which she had anxiously revolved —
Doubting half — and half resolved.
But from that hour, albeit not more
She guess'd Chang's passion than before,
And only felt how deep the sting
Of his appalling hate to Ching:
Her mind no longer could be bent
From the "wound pitch of her intent."

To none her project she betray did,
Till of its likelihood persuaded;
And then 'twas with no easy art

She won her sire to acquiescing;
Sweet reader, how shall I impart

That scheme — to save the bore of guessing? —
Nay, reader, fie — Ma'am, no caressing!
Upon my word, you 're much too pressing!
I grant, to please you all, my trade is: —
But then, indeed — consider ladies! —
Well, if you will — it must be so!
Silence! — are all prepared? — then know —
That plots are fruits which shun precocity,
And that no sin's like curiosity!

But while the scheme was in its cradle,
Chang said that London air him made ill;
Complaining that the smoke opprest
His lungs, — and settled on his chest.
(Hence, by the way, I often think

The spleen that haunts our London gapers —
When so much smoke we daily drink,

No wonder that we feel the vapours!) —
He said his spirit seemed to long

To change the dull air for the breeze,
And the loud city's reeking throng
For the green turf and whispering trees.

'Twas then the zenith of the spring,
(The second in this clime they'd known,)
Blithely the West Wind plumed his wing,
And merrily the blue sky shone.

In short, it was that sort of weather
We rarely have two days together.

Well! when the weather chanced to blunder
Into this sort of French effrontery,
Chang grew quite obstinate — no wonder! —
To make the most of it in the country.

So Hodges hired a place of Claridge,
'Twas pretty, and not far from town;
And one fine morning, in their carriage,
Our little family went down.

Between two books — that yet to charm you,
And that which now is all but over,
Reader, once more, the muse to arm you
With caution, condescends to hover.

Some time ago, I gave due warning
Of an infringement on my rights;*
Since then, I hear, the impostors scorning
Justice, continue to be — sights!

'Tis well! — their fraud shall yet be thwarted —
Fortune ne'er smiles upon the cheating —
My Twins must give — they 're so supported —
The rival candidates a beating.

Meanwhile, forgive — if I once more
Remind you — they 're the Independents;
Oh! mix them not, I must implore —
Mix them not up with the defendants.

Hear me, ye pseudo Twins, I'll ne'er
Submit to your coarse imitation;

* See the commencement of Book ii. Chap. 2.

Know, I can drive you to despair —
And note the scheme in preparation!

Note, if you push — for those *I* sing of,
Your wish to be mistaken further,
I'll make a common thief *my* Ching of —
And lead my Chang into a murder.

So, ye young rascals, I exhort you
No more as *my* Twins to exhibit;
Or, spurious Ching, I will transport you,
And you, false Chang, shall taste the gibbet.

We think we now to our conclusion
May glide — nor meet with more confusion.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

INTRODUCTORY LINES TO BOOK THE FOURTH.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL GREY,
&c. &c.

ERE yet, my Lord, you held the place
Whence Sense and Parnell drove his Grace, *

* It is not because a man fails in one province, that we are to withhold him merit for succeeding in another. With all his *late* political errors, no one can read the history of the Duke of Wellington's campaigns, (which makes indeed the history of his character), without acknowledging the evidence, not more of a great general than of a great mind. To deny that his is deservedly one of the most illustrious of the proud names of this country, is to betray the stolidity of the dunce, or the bigotry of the partizan, or the audacity of the time-server. Like other men, in what his education adapted him for, he excelled, *but* beyond others; in what his education unfitted him for, he failed; but not even then, let it be remembered, without showing certain qualities which, in the old times of cabal and plot, might have won him the reputation and power happily in civil respects denied him now. With a profound admiration for his merits — rejoicing as an Englishman, to acknowledge the justice of his fame — I cannot, however, but consider that the greatest benefit he ever conferred on his country, is to be found in the nature of his fall. He depended on the people, and he was safe; in vain the Aristocracy combined against him — in vain the Church. He deserted the people, and he fell at once. Never was fall so sudden — so complete! It was the revenge of the common Sense and the common Interest he had outraged. What a lesson against the intrigues by which

The Muse had seized the rights of Fame,
And decked eulogium with your name.
Power stills the praise that Freedom pour'd —
A colder hand retunes the chord;
And if I give to Flattery scope,
'Tis less in homage than in hope.

Time, when it lowers on states, inspires
Some thoughts above self's low desires;
And if I speak of hope, the word
Hath scarce the *construing* of the herd;
Since nor with careless glance — my soul
First gazed on dark Time's riddled scroll —
First conned the food of Truth, and wrought
The chyle of memory into thought,
In my still heart I learnt to rear,
Beyond all lowlier hope or fear,
Beyond the harlots of the hour,
The lusts that burn for wealth or power,
The snake-like arts, that while they wind
Aloft, are track'd in slime behind;
Beyond the day's brief praise or blame —
Beyond the angel-wings of Fame —
Beyond the smiles of kings — the loud,
Not lasting, worship of the crowd —

states were formerly governed! What a warning to future ministers! What an incentive to the vigilance of the people! It is for Lord Grey to profit by this example; if he do so, he will triumph over the two great and substantial causes of dread — the ardour of theorists, and the tendency of the times to hurry events, not in accordance with, but *beyond*, the intellect of the multitude. 'His order' in his danger — it can be saved — by a prompt surrender of all that it contains obnoxious. To the dominion of the Aristocracy may be given the same advice given by Augustus in respect to the dominion of Rome — you can only support its strength by limiting its boundaries!

Beyond all, — save the heart's — applause;
O God — O Earth! your common cause.

What then my hope? — Oh, if thy youth
Bow'd Ease to Toil, and Pride to Truth:
If thy stern manhood never faltered,
Unawed — unbought — untired — unaltered;
If yet the ends thou sought'st to gain,*
The same eternal truths remain;
If to enforce those ends, the Hour
Hath sceptered Liberty with Power,
May we not hope from thee for more
Than Might ere gave to Right before?
And tho' deep wrongs condemn'd — at length
Have roused Submission into Strength,
Thy glory will not be the less
To raise Concession to Redress.†
'Tis but — the bitter struggle past —
To share the victory earned at last —
To hail free thought to *action* grown,
And in man's triumph crown thine own.

* Turn to any page in the political life of Lord Grey, what is the cause for which we find him the advocate? — Economy — peace — reform — liberty allowed abroad, and enlarged at home. Was there ever before a minister in this country to whom the people had merely to say, "Be consistent?"

† Montesquieu, in the "Grandeur et Décadence des Romains." (chap. viii.,) the work in which the rare and brilliant genius of that great writer is perhaps displayed with the fullest concentration and the least alloy, has observed, "Le gouvernement de Rome fut admirable en ce que depuis sa naissance, sa constitution se trouva telle, soit par l'esprit du peuple, la force du sénat ou l'autorité de certains magistrats que tout abus du pouvoir y put toujours être corrigé." Yet this very power, which he afterwards calls the salvation of a free government, our statesmen; till now, have represented as its ruin.

If this thy glory, not in vain
Was nurst the dream that urged the strain.
And mirrors now in faithful lays,
Men's present hope, and future praise.
If *not* thy glory—all that burns
In beacon now, to ruin turns;
The hovering halo shuns thy name,
And homage blackens into shame.

If cold, if stern, to courtlier ear,
Ev'n praise by Freedom poured, appear,
'Tis not for thee to learn, in sooth,
How Doubt hath stol'n her fire from Truth—
How long—how oft—our race hath borne
The good denied—the pledge forsworn;
Till Foresight—means the sceptic's eyes—
And to mistrust, is to be wise!*

Yet, oh! what glory waits his mind,
The moral Theseus of mankind,
Who with firm step and dauntless gaze
Shall thread the dark unholy maze,
Who—*not content* the maze to win—
Shall slay the Monster-Vice within.

* When Hartley (Observations on Man, vol. i. 304,) speaking of private morals, said, "great care ought to be taken not to esteem our friend a *nonpareil*," and "that it is a great injury to any man to think more highly of him than he deserves;" he uttered what, if taken in the seeming sense, not that in which the speculator meant it, Age calls at once a moral, and Youth a meanness. But in private life, after all, it is wiser in the long run to confide than to suspect. In public life all experience tells us the reverse. What Epicharmus said more than two thousand years ago, and Polybius (whose actual experience in the world gave not the least merit to his noble history) has so emphatically re-tailed, hath lost none of its melancholy wisdom by time. — "*In distrust are the nerves of the mind.*"

All *private* ties with years decay,
Love chills, and Friendship rots, away.

But in Earth's *Common Soul* each deed
That serves mankind, records its meed.
There Envy breathes—but there avails not,
Change dims all else—that splendour fails not.
Wave after wave Time onward sweepeth,
The same bright spot the glory keepeth.
It fires—but never needs—the bard,
Eternity hath grown its guard.
It lives with all men honour most—
A date — an heir-loom — and a boast.
Each future good by Heaven decreed
To grateful Earth — is deemed its seed —
And not one after-light can shine,
Nor blazon forth its glorious shrine.

But why to THEE this worthless strain? —
Can verse no emblem then contain?
Lurks there, then, in the Sybil rhyme,
No type — no token of the time.
What in this tale may we descry?
The moral men in vain deny!
Behold the Two whom Heaven had made
To love each other and to aid,
Bound by a tie that grows a thrall,
Till what should strengthen — can but gall.

To one, 'tis true, the irksome chain
Sits light — and custom conquers pain;
But in the moodier Twin, our verse
Portrays its torture and its curse.

What! in mankind can we behold
No state like that our tale hath told?

But mark as we proceed — and grows
The darkling legend to its close,
The one who bore with lightsome cheer
The chain — hath now the most to fear.
As loathing takes its latest change,
And swells Despair into Revenge.
What! in mankind can we behold
No state like that our tale hath told?

Mark yet — if we could all release
That tie — would not the peril cease?
In wonted streams freed Nature flow,
And in the brother merge the foe.
What! in mankind can we behold
No state like that our tale hath told?

Are there no Orders like that two —
That in the moral world we view?
No bond that maddens while it draws—
And makes that hell — UNEQUAL LAWS? *
Release is then the surest tie—
Here pause we — nor the rest supply!

* An expression that owes none of its warmth to poetry — *impartial* law has been confounded with the Deity himself. "God being as the writer *de Mundo* well expresses it, νόμος ἰσοκλής, an impartial law, and as Plato, μέτρον πάντων, the measure of all things." — *Cudworth's Intellectual System*, vol. i. 425. If James the First was right when he said, "Since the devil is the very contrary opposite to God, there can be no better way to know God than by the contrary; — (*Demonologie*, book ii.) it must be allowed that we have given his majesty's plan of knowing God a very long trial!

Enough — and now forgive the rhyme
That plays the moralist with Time;
And think the verse which least appears
To flatter — oft the most reveres.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

CHAPTER I.

ARGUMENT.

Description of scenery around the Brother's cottage — The evening walk of Chang and Ching — Their dialogue in the wood — Their return home — Their appearance — Mary's alarm — Chang's short soliloquy.

It was a fair and gentle scene,
In which the Twins had their retreat;
The pastoral cot — the village green —
The quiet valleys wav'd with wheat; —

Like youth upon a holyday,
The brook sprang freshly on its way;
A noisy voice of gladness sending
Thro' antique oak, and ozier bending
Along its broken marge,
Till in the Thames it dies away:

Its death-bed, reeds and wild flowers, (breathing
A requiem faint, but fragrant,) — wreathing.
And there your step for hours might stay,
Bank, sky, and river to survey;
The lonely fisher moor'd hard by,
Where yon green islet woos the eye,
The black and heavy barge,

And the light vessel swiftly gliding.
With Pleasure and gay hearts presiding.

On either bank the while you see
The cot, the villa, whitely studding
The fair ascent, where many a tree
Into the life of spring is budding.
The chesnut with his silver wealth;
The prodigal Laburnum's gold;
And shily, and as if by stealth,
You aye and ever, may behold
Up some half-hid grey cottage creeping,
The jasmine and the bee-flower peeping.
And o'er the wizard sky the while,
The strange and spirit clouds would grow;
So quaintly grouped as to beguile
Your charm'd eye from the earth below.
And lead the scheming self to ape,
Such baseless pile and airy shape;
For when hath Fancy not excelled
Whate'er of beauty eye beheld?
Such was the scene, save there that Eve's
Slow shade a mellow beauty threw,
As the waves murmured, and the leaves
Sighed back the Day-god's last adieu;
When lone, nor watched, the Indian brothers
The soft banks of the river sought;
Dark Chang within his bosom smothers
Half-shaped designs and gloomy thought;—
His bitter love — unhallowed hate —
Repinings — curses — at his fate;
Schemes — memories — feelings dy'd in gall,
And something shapeless blackening over all!

They came by a pleasant slope,
And the swans swept sailing by,
"Stay, and see," cried Ching, "how the brave birds cope
"With the vex'd waves gallantly!"
But pause or reply stern Chang made none —
His eyelid drooped, and he hurried on.

They came where an idiot boy, with a string
Drew gudgeons out by the dozen:

"Stay, and see, there is never so silly a thing,
"But finds sillier things to cozen."

But pause or reply stern Chang made none —
He bit his lip, and he hurried on.

They came where some children careless sported
In a green vale's gentle hollow —

"Stay, and see how Pleasure, the less she's courted,
"Will ever the fonder follow."

But pause or reply stern Chang made none,
He looked aside, and he hurried on.

They came where a stately mansion rose,
With a funeral bier beneath —

"Stay, and see how they kiss—those olden foes —
"Wealth and his scorner Death!"

But pause or reply stern Chang made none —
His brow grew black, and he hurried on.

They came to a dark and lonely wood,
And they lost the stream's glad course;
But they heard, thro' the grim of the solitude,
The unseen wave murmur hoarse.

There was an awe and a chill
Over that desolate spot,

In their damp, unsunn'd, and still,
The moist leaves seemed to rot.
And the grey sky only anon,
Thro' the dense shade sadly shone;
As the rare stars glimmered through
The haze and the reek of the marsh-drawn dew.
And a fear came sudden and curdling o'er
The blood of the gentler brother;
And he knew not why, but his words forbore
To lure from the gloom of his thought the other.

For hitherto, with a kindly art,
We have seen that he moulded his speech
In the fashion quaint, which the moody heart
Of his brother not often had failed to reach. —
But he now was mute, and his pulse beat fast,
So into the midst of the wood they past.

Then suddenly, and solemnly,
And with a death-like cheek,
Chang paused, and darkly turned his eye
On Ching — but did not speak.
And strange, and yet more strange that look
Glared out through the dull air.
And his brow grew damp, and his knees they shook,
And a horror crept cold thro' his stiffening hair.

His lips were apart and trembling,
But their voice like a ghost was fled; —
So stood he and so gazed,
When Ching, fear-stricken and amazed,
But with a tone, dissembling
The strangeness and chill of his dread,

Spake out, and his voice was as winds, when again
They break with a groan thro' the Ice-king's chain.

"My brother, wherefore bendest thou
"On me that eye, and boding brow?
"Have I offended thee in aught? —
"Speak, brother, out the angry thought!
"But gaze not on me with that fierce
 "And silent aspect—thy lips quiver,
"And thine eyes look as they would pierce,
 "Like darts, my life — I feel thee shiver
"Ev'n as thou stand'st, and every vein
 "Creeps chill'd by thine —"

 "Ay, thou hast said
"The very curse — the very bane,
 "For which my soul could look thee dead.
"Cannot this blood glide fast or slow,
"But thou its very pulse must know?
"Can I not move, or breathe, or yell
 "My tortures to the tacit air,
"But still thine eye must on me dwell,
 "And still thy ghastly shape be there?

"Oh! I could gripe thee with these hands,
"And tear away the fleshy bands,
"The curse of clay which from our tribe
 "Hath severed our unnatural fate,
"Made us to this wide earth a gibe,
 "And to ourselves—a hate!

"Ay, shudder, for my heart is told,
 "At last the words are said —

"Hark ! for in them thy doom hath knoll'd

"A knell of deeper dread

"Than ever yet to mortal bore

"The fullness of despair !

"Henceforth to each for evermore

"An open hate we bear —

"Henceforth must jealousy and fear,

"And horror be thy daily cheer !

"Henceforth the blest sun shall look dark,

"The earth grow red with blood,

"Thy haggard eyes shall dread to mark

"Thy mirror in the flood —

"Thy flesh shall waste — the dewy sleep,

"The quiet pulse shall fly thee —

"For thou must know, A FOE must keep

"Lone watch for ever by thee !

"And thro' the night, and by the day,

"In bed—at board—at every tide

"Of time and place — that foe must stay

"To curse thee by thy side !

"And own a deep and solemn joy

"The while he feels himself decay,

"That the same death which must destroy

"Himself — rots *thee* away !—

"And now I seal my lips !"

He ceast ;

And his strained hands their clench releast :

And his breath gasped as if to free

His breast from some departed spell,

Yet witching with its memory.

And thus — as stands some fearful thing

Of war, awhile its vengeance spent —

Sullen and dark he stood; while Ching
A look on his swart visage bent,
Where fear—amaze—love—pity mingled;
So plainly baring all the soul,
That there a glance might well have singled
Each separate feeling from the whole:
And when a moment's pause had died,
Thought gush'd to speech, and he replied.

“Thy fever, not thyself, hath spoken,
“Mine only friend—my brother—
“Oh! by our childhood's every token—
“By all we *have* been to each other—
“By the sweet comfort we have taken
“From our own lips when others chid,
“The thought that, if by all forsaken,
“*One* friend Fate never could forbid, —
“By every joy in common shared,
“Or sorrow felt, or danger dared,
“Oh wrestle, with the fiend within,
“And be yet—yet what thou hast been!
“My brother, when our father blest us,
“Could one be in the prayer forgot?
“And when our mother's love carest us,
“That love could either share it not?
“Our sleep, our food, our life the same,
“And if sometimes our breasts might frame
“A different impulse or desire;
“Methought *to both* 'twas sweet to yield
“And all that might have chafed appeal'd
“But to our love, and to the tie
“Of our belov'd affinity!
“Belov'd! — was *our* love not more free,

“From Envy—coldness—and from all —
“The thoughts of self, than theirs *can* be
“Who, in their chill’d affection, call
“*Divided* forms and schemes which brood
“O’er *lonely* projects — *brotherhood* !
“How often, in our childish years,
“We talked throughout the sleepless night,
“And blest the bond which *now* appears
“Accursed in thy sight !
“How often were we wont to say
“Each worldly bond must pass away —
“Time must dissolve, and absence sever,
““And Death all other hearts divide;
““But, Brother, thou and I can never
““Be sundered from each other’s side !
““Come joy, come sorrow, we together
““Must bear and share the doom;
““Nor break *our* friendship’s holy tether,
““Save in one common tomb.
““So God hath joined us to be
““To each a solace and a mate,
““Earth’s friendships—loves beyond—for we
““Are sacred ev’n from Fate !’ —
“Hast *thou* not said those very words ? —
“And now ! — and now !”

His heart
Nor further speech, nor breath accords;
But all the streams of Memory start
Fresh from the well of distant years,
And falling on that gloomy breast
Which had so dark a change confest,
He burst forth into tears !

And high, and pale, and motionless,
 Stands Chang; and on his sullen cheek
 No varying nerve or hue express
 What Pride or Hate forbids to speak;
 Yet slowly in his eyes at length,
 The frozen moisture gathered strength,
 Until from the reluctant lid,
 One large and salt tear coldly slid
 Adown his cheek, unheeded straying,
 And his look's rigid calm betraying.
 And dark and darker grows the night,
 Around them falling;
 As the winds awake, and the Water Sprite
 From his caves is calling:
 And the heavy drops from the gathering cloud
 Fall on the trees as they quail;
 And the crest of their haughtiest chief is bowed
 To the rush of the trampling gale.
 And the gloom, and the night, and the solitude,
 Were their witness and watch in the dreary wood.

*	*	*	*	*	*	*
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And when they gain'd their distant cot,
 The Twins were reconciled.

They arrived at the lonely door,
 With the light at the lattice burning;

And Mary came out, in joy once more

To welcome her guests returning:

For the hour was late, and the storm was drear,

And Mary was ever a fool to fear.

Besides, (may Heaven forgive the thought!)

A knife, that in the Brothers' room

Was left, in vain had Mary sought;

And this with that knit brow of gloom,

That restless eye, and aspect dark,

Which late in Chang she deemed to mark;

Her vague half-lit forebodings joined —

As the hours passed, nor homeward yet

Their steps return'd. Nor now her mind

Shook off its burthen, as she met

Their welcome forms the threshold crossing;

But lifting high the light, whose flare

In the fierce wind was wildly tossing,

A long and wistful gaze she fixed

Upon their faces; — the proud air

Of Chang seemed bowed, and tamed, and mixed

With something of that gentler mien,

Which wont on Ching's light brow be seen.

But Ching's gay laugh and voice were mute,

And weary fell his languid foot;

The exhausted frame, or labouring mind,

In his drawn cheek its sigil sign'd;

And you might mark, yet lingering there,

The traces which the past bequeaths,

When some dread thought we shun to bare

Again, — the haggard memory sheaths.

She looked, but silently suppress

Whate'er aroused suspicion guest.

They sate at the nightly board,
And Mary prest the cheer;
And her father's voice with a merrier sound
Than of wont, came on the ear;
And the generous wine which he long had stored
Was gaily circled round.

But the airy heart of the buoyant Ching
Flagg'd like a bird on a wounded wing;
Tho' ay, as the wine cup sparkled by,
The beam broke forth from his kindled eye,
And struggled his lip for its 'customed whim —
But the jest was dull, and the glance was dim.

And Chang nor eat, nor spake, nor took
His droop'd eye from the board, save by
A hurried and a stolen look

To her, who watched them wistfully.
Still at that look his breath heaved thickly,
And his pulse beat feverishly and quickly.

Not much they needed to be prest,
To yield to Mary's gentle prayer,
No longer to protract the rest
Which should their wearied strength repair.

They are now in their quiet room,
They are now on their couch reclining;
And only through the broken gloom
One waning lamp is shining.
Already hath Ching's tired breast
Cradled the vex'd thought into rest.
But Chang yet wakes, his lips are stirred
At times by some half-muttered word,

Fragments of speech confused and broken,
But of the past's dark pile a token.

Now tones of grief, and now of shame,
Now of repentance and remorse;
And now fair Mary's holy name,
Of thought awakes a purer source.

These were the last words which he breathed,
Ere, snake-like, slumber round him wreathed,
And lock'd him in her 'numbing fold —

"'Tis past — it was — it was control'd!

"And we are saved! — and if for me,

"No hope can dawn — I yet may hover

"Around her blessed path — and *He*,

"O joy! O joy! — *he* doth not love her!"

CHAPTER II.

ARGUMENT.

Night — The Mysterious Stranger — Quacks — Mr. St. John Long — Licensed Surgeons, Lawrence, Abernethy, &c. — Mary's scheme disclosed — The hours — Lines on our anxiety in the illness of one we love — Suspense; its result — The value of one faithful heart — The contrast between a sick chamber within, and the exhilaration of nature without.

AND now it was Night's witching noon;
The storm had raged itself to rest;
And a grey calm lay round the Moon,
As on she glided mournfully;

Like one who, with a pining breast,
Is left the sad survivor lone,
Alike of loves, and perils gone;
And, from the height of Memory,
Sees, with a strange and joyless eye,
The beauty, and the pomp below!
Self-wrapt, and wearily travailing,
She waneth from her wan life, sailing
All silent in her woe.

Beneath the room in which, serene
And death-like, sleep the Twins is folding,
Lo! with a stranger to our scene,
Mary and Hodges converse holding.

This gentleman in black was drest,
A noble frill adorned his breast;
An air, which Conrade-like, had damped
Questions absurd — his visage stamped.
In his plain face, few charms the lover
Of classic features could discover;
No modish grace leer'd forth in him,
Simple his dress, but simply-prim:
Yet he who paus'd to look again,
Saw more than marks the herd of men.*
Something about him vaguely said,
"This man could do a deed of dread —
"Jesu! defend us from the dead!"
Something about his garb, his gravity,
His smile so sombre in its suavity,

* "Yet, in the whole, who paused to look again,
"Saw more than marks the crowd of vulgar men."

His searching eye, his wrinkled nose,
The tightness of his black smallclothes —
Showed him, at once, one of that race
Whose spell can pierce the closest place;
Who haunt the coyest solitudes;
And sit beside the bed of prudes.

The chastest maid could scarce deny

His midnight visit never shockt her;
And matrons, should their girls be shy,

Would cry, "What, bashful to the doctor!"
Yes, reader, for the worst prepare;

Think of your poor soul, I implore you!
Your will! — you've not an hour to spare!

A son of Galen is before you!
Pooh! let us not be so malicious;
Your licensed leech is never vicious.
Death from his hands should give no terror,
In him 'tis — "Accidental error!"

But quacks who do the art usurp, us
Like St. John Long, destroy on purpose!
Pouring damned gas, I do assure ye,

Into our lungs, by way of potion,
And making, with infernal fury,

Holes in our poor backs with a lotion!
But *this*, sweet reader, let me urge on
Your kind remembrance, was a surgeon,
Licensed to do your business ably.

One died with him most comfortably!

Indeed, he did enjoy a station
Of quite uncommon reputation.

Perhaps, you think my verse may glance
To Mr. Brodie, or to Vance —

Or to that "Duke of Limbs" so super-

-Eminent — aye, Sir Ashley Cooper!
 Or him who wrote, so I've heard tell,
 A Book which merits great abhorrence,
 He cuts one up extremely well,
 And, I believe, his name is Lawrence!
 Or that most soft and unalarming
 Surgeon, the ladies think so charming —
 Who, (pray to God he leave no pupils!)
 Black-brows his patients into blue pills!
 Who, if your temple or your thumb ache,
 Vents all his wrath upon your stomach! *
 Who, like a Garrick or a Kemble,
 Awes your whole frame into a tremble;
 And, having steeped you in submission,
 Next starves you — into plump condition! †
 No! none of these he is, and yet
 He's just as clever, for a bet:
In short, whatever him you term, he's
 An honour to the sons of Hermes!
 And Mary, with an anxious brow,
 And earnest accent, tells him how
 Her heart had sunk, when she had seen
 With such a strange and haggard mien,
 After so long a time had past,
 The weary Twins return at last.

* Qui stomachum regem totius corporis esse
 Contendunt, vera niti ratione videntur.

Q. SERENI SAMONICI DE MEDICINA, &c.

If it be true that the stomach is the king of the body, what a difference in the physical empire and the political. In the former, if any of the subjects are out of order, — “the king” is made the first to suffer for it; — in the latter, if the king be worse than he should be, it is the subjects, alas! who are physicked!

† Every one knows how Mr. Abernethy, in his “Book,” recommends the meagre to pursue famine, in order to arrive at fat.

She told how (his desire obeyed)
The opium draught had been convey'd
Unseen, into the wine-cup's draught —
And, how unsparingly they quafft.
She told him, how with fairy foot,
Unto their chamber's threshold creeping,
She'd listened, and when all was mute,
Had glided in, and mark'd them sleeping.
She spoke, and wiped the soft eyes, glistening
With tears, where doubt, and fear intruded.
Stiff in his chair the doctor listening,
Was very glad when she'd concluded.

And now he rose: "'Tis vastly well, ma'am,
"The College ought you to prefer to me:
"I'll just step out — nay! but to tell, ma'am,
"My young men some things that occur to me."

"Stay, stay — their life, you're sure? Nay, more,
"Their sufferings? —"

"Trust to my sagacity,"

He said, and smiled, and shut the door —
Your doctors can't endure loquacity!

Well, Reader! now the veil is lifted!
And Mary's plot, I fear, is sifted.

I fear you see how to relieve
The brothers from a thrall of late,
Which seemed so dark and loathed a fate,
One only course she could perceive.
But in that strange imperiled course,
What fear, and, haply, what remorse!
What hazard in the bold endeavour,

Those bonds which birth had knit, to sever!
To break the seal so dreadly set
Upon their common doom! — to unbind
The claims which, tho' unnatural, yet
Nature herself had round them twined!
Peril there was, and dread! — yet still
The gain seemed weightier than the ill;
And the chill memory of that hour,
When one against the other raised
His guilty hand, had still the power
To appal her spirit; and to sink
Doubt in the deepness of a feeling,
That Fate had stifled Choice: — she gazed
On the dark, sullen, unrevealing
Abyss of doom, — and on the brink,
If her soft spirit paused to shrink,
She still thought Fate left no retreating,
And conscience lulled the weak heart's beating.
And now the leach hath with his mates
Softly the chamber entered; —
Without the anxious Maiden waits —
All's still! — Eternity devours,
Silent, and dark, his offspring Hours —
The Hours within whose hearts we see
Life, moving in its mystery, centered!
Those separate drops in Time's great sea,
In which we Animalcules leap
To life, from Matter's working sleep;
And, after that brief span of strife,
In which we play the fool with life;
Not by one millionth of the mass
In the same globule seen — or seeing;

In which to death what millions pass!
Their death — the ripeness of new being!

Oh! dark, yet not all starless doom,
The blessing twin-born with the curse!
That frameth one eternal Tomb
From the all-teeming universe!
Yet, from the reeking jaws of Death,
Calleth again the unquenching breath,
Making an Universal Soul,
For green Decay but to absorb it,
And Life's rejoicing Circle roll
For ever, thro' Corruption's orbit!
Who hath not some time past the hours
In that suspense, o'erwrought, unresting,
When one loved dearly, with the Powers
Of Death's dark angel lies contesting?
How awfully the moments roll
To — what unknown and shadowy goal!
While he perchance unconscious sleeps
For whom thy spirit's bitterest trial —
How the Clock's solemn chiming keeps
Dread note upon the heart's cold dial!
As scarce you catch the languid moan
That marks the progress of the strife,
How agonizing seems your own
Intensity and stir of life!
How idle all the arts and powers,
The boasted fruit of learned hours!
Nought *there* to save — nay, more, to ease,
One pang, one shiver, of disease!
To gather on the black abyss
Balm for thy heart, or strength for his;

Or with thy worst foe, Thought, to cope,
Save that poor Impotence—called Hope!
Say—*who* is fated not to be

A watcher on that bridge of gloom,
Which sways a hair above a sea
Of Doubt—Despair—and Doom!

And now, if Mary bore no kin
To those poor youths, whose fate within
Hung on a fearful scale,
No marvel that a sister's keen
And piercing interest might be seen

Upon her cheek, and in her eye;—
No marvel that her nerve should fail,
For she was one whose heart run o'er

With love, and loving sympathy;
And, woman-like, she ever felt
A bond with those with whom she dwelt;
But mostly Mary kindness bore

To them whose lot seemed desolate!
Far from their home—their natal skies—
Their household's first familiar ties;

There was in those Twin brothers' state—
Their marked and solitary fate—
Their life so fettered, and so sterile—
Their union past—their present peril—
Enough to touch a harder breast
Than she who loved all earth possest.

And Mary and her father kept
All night their watch beside the door,
Save when within the father crept,
And back to her some tidings bore.

The good extoll'd — the worse dissembled —
And ever at the good she wept;
And ever at the doubtful trembled.

And what within that chamber past?

What means, what mysteries did the skill
Of that most cunning leach devise?

The brothers' fate was on a cast!
But what the hazard of the dies?

Alas! that is a secret still!

Would, my fair public, that our verse —
That art's arcanum could rehearse;
But none might in that chamber venture
(Those doctors are such Turks!) to enter —
Save only Hodges; and they set

On him the muzzle of a vow;
And, tho' the thing is over — yet
The honest rascal keeps it now.

Whether by aught else than the knife,
The attempt was made their bond to sever;
Or, to what point the thread of life
Was, trembling, strained at the endeavour; —
Or when they waked, or when they knew,
Or how they bore, that operation,
I might invent, but mar the true
And homely course of this narration.

'Twas kept so close, you might have thought
A king himself was undergoing it,
And that the puzzled doctors sought
To charm the prying world from knowing it.

As once, the date's not far behind, sir,
They play'd the game of Mum at Windsor;
And called disease's every harassment —
Politely flattering Death, "Embarrassment!"
As if plain language might exasp-
 Erate the fates, soft phrases wreathing;
And, when the patient scarce could gasp,
 We heard of "Want of ease in breathing!"

Nor can I tell how long a space
Time ran of his untiring race
 Before the deed was done: —
But this I've heard, that not one shriek,
Or cry, did from that chamber break,
 No — not one stifled groan —
Save only once — when suddenly
There came a sharp and startling cry,
So wildly, strangely, forth it rang,
 That you could scarcely deem
From any mortal breast it sprang,
 But rather might it seem
As if the demon who had knit
 That strange and preternatural tie,
And did, unseen and brooding, sit
 O'er their enwoven destiny;
Dislodged, and baffled in his spell,
Had fled their doom in that wild yell.

Draw up the curtain! — a faint gloom
Broods quivering o'er the half-lit room,
(Like a bird's unsteady wing
To and fro when wavering,)
Save where the sun-light broadens o'er

One long track trembling on the floor.
There, with the smile of triumph stands
The leach, and whispers his assistants;
While the good Hodges rubs his hands,
And, whimpering, chuckles at a distance
And all alone against the wall

Leant Chang — and joy — albeit a grave
And thoughtful joy — was stamped on all
His dusky lineaments, and gave
A musing brightness to his gaze;
Spell-bound where thro' the lattice fall,
The living and the laughing rays.

As if his heart was whispering — “Free
“In future, like those roving beams,
“’Tis thine to wander, and to see
“If life and love reflect thy dreams.
“Thou ’st joined thy race, and all before thee
“Lie the untrodden paths of earth!
“Gone is the curse thy mother bore thee;
“Thou wakest to a second birth!”

But on the couch lay Ching, and fixed
His gaze upon his brother's face;
And softness there with sorrow mixed,
And restless wonder you might trace.
As if his bosom felt a pain,
That bonds so long — so close — should cease,
And felt, in freedom from the chain,
The strangeness — more than the release.
And once, when he beheld a smile
Break o'er Chang's lip, he bowed his head,
And tears came in his eyes, the while
“Art thou so joyful then?” he said.

And the long bond was broken there!

Apart were those, who from their birth
Had grown together: doomed to bear,

As with one breast, the storms of earth.
Yet ever differing, and disjoined

By wilder storms within; — and now
Re-born, — and with their common kind
Made as their fellows — shall they find —

Ah! shall they find below!

The power to gather from the crew
Of vulgar thought, *their* hoard? — the boast
To be apart from earth? — above

Earth's tribes, and in themselves contain
(Minioned to none) hope — commune — love —
The source of pleasure and of pain?

Shall they find this? Or shall they rue

Too late, what Liberty hath cost —
The All that careless childhood knew,
And pining Manhood lost?

Ah! could we dream, when once possess
Of one devoted tender breast,
How chang'd — how desolate and drear
Without it, would the world appear; —
With what a different watch and ward
We should the lonely treasure guard!
How breathlessly — how deeply prize
What life — once lost — no more supplies!

The Twins are left — the leach's fiat,
Unbroken loneliness and quiet:

Oh! what a weary knoll that phrase
To Thee condemned in pain to pine,
And watch the all-else-rejoicing rays
That through thy darkened casements shine!
To count the moments creep — how slowly!
To see the Insect on the wing;
In the glad air and sunlight holy,
To hear the merry throstle sing!
To mark, without, all Earth o'erflow
With lusty life, exulting, flushing!
Then turn *within thy* heart, and know
The Golden Fountain from thee gushing.

Ev'n as a stream whose water strays
To some new channel gliding nigh,
And, drop by drop, the spring decays
Until its very heart be dry!
While o'er it fall the same sweet dews,
While round it creeps the same soft air,
Earth in the same delicious hues,
And life — as if *thy* life — were there!

CHAPTER III.

ARGUMENT.

Chang's soliloquy — His joy — His return homeward — The lovers — Their conversation — The alarm, and the interruption — The disappearance of one of the personages of the poem — Two letters — The fulfilment of a prophecy — The Author's advice to a certain person, and Conclusion.

[Chang alone, upon a hill commanding a wide and various prospect. The River flowing immediately beneath. Time, Noon.]

“Ha! ha! roll on thou glorious Wave!

“Sing out thou fresh and mirthful Air!

“Joy! joy! my free heart *now* can brave

“Your taunts 'twas madness *once* to bear!

“The wild voice of your liberty

“Can mock my sullen soul no more!

“— How bright are ye, sweet Earth and Sky,

“That were so dark before!

[Motioning away a herd of cattle that approach towards him gazing.]

“Away! away! my heart is coy;

“Nature is now *my* Empire! None

“Shall share awhile my new-found throne!

“Ha! ha! the joy — the bounding joy

“To be alone — ALONE!”

And on he sped — and, aye, his tread
Was light as if his heart was there!

And (his path beside) the River's tide,
Danced fealty to the piping Air.

From the herbage young * the laverock sprung,
And the bird with the jetty wing
That flieth low by the copse — alsò
Sang its hymn to the loving Spring!

And the Sun shone bright — and the happy light
On the greenwood glade was quivering,
While the birds in and out the boughs about
Made the deft leaves softly shivering.

Delight was mirror'd on the Earth,
The very clouds were gay;
Time at the Spring that saw his birth,
Gives all the world a holiday!

He came unto a silent pool,
Smooth lay the wave scarce ripplé-ing.
For trees around the margent cool
Had dull'd the light wind's crisping wing.
Silent he stood, and gazed upon
His image in the water shown,
Around his form his glad hands passing,
That form alone the clear wave glassing.
Then his lips moved, but without speaking,
Smiles only round them mutely breaking;
And up to the delicious skies
He raised the deep joy of his eyes.

* "And softè as velvet the *yonge grass*." — *Chaucer*.

The fish were glancing through the tide,
The fairy birds rejoicing by,
Save these — and God — were none beside
The witness of his ecstasy!

And there for hours he staid, until
Day died along the western hill;
And slowly then he homeward went,
And o'er his face a graver thought
Had fallen like a veil; he bent
His eyes upon the earth, nor sought
Round, as before, each thing most fair
The rapture of his soul to share.

From Truth, how blest soever, flown,
His heart is now on visions dwelling,
That love no more a mock to own
He dreams to Mary he is telling.
Poor youth! — what thoughts — what hopes are his!
And coloured by the present mood
The future glows; and on its bliss
No fear — no doubt intrude.

Mary his own, through life to roam,
Her smile his star, her breast his home;
That single hope in every shade
Or wave of thought reflected play'd.
Nor marvel that no fear disturbed
Joy's free delight but just uncurbed;
That form and face so rude should deem
That Love could yet the mould besem:
And bid that love round one so fair
Entwine its links, and not despair!

So loathly had his fancy shaped
That bondage but so lately 'scaped ;
So there had every thought of shame
Or self-abasement found a name ;
That that *One* sense of degradation
Had merged each less humiliation.

And well we may conceive he ne'er
 Remarked aught odious or unseemly
In features all his nation share,

 And think — so Crauford says — extremely
Handsome : worse errors *here* have root, I
Have heard *such* Gorgons praised for beauty !
(For every where our lawless taste
The strangest monsters hath embraced ;
But this fact useless to repeat is ;
— Just get my learned namesake's * treatise.)

And , after all , there are some hours
When every thought comes clothed in flowers.
When nought's too bright for us to share,
Nor aught too high for Hope to dare ;
When the veins seem to bound a flood
More nimble than the wonted blood ;
Some ether , whose quick spirit bears
A sort of kindred with Heaven's airs,
And , if mix'd with aught of Earth,
Refines it with a subtle mirth.
Hours when the heart leaps out beyond
The thought — the mere thought — to despond.
When the smooth Judgment pileth schemes

* That very quaint amusing old book, "The Artificial Changeling."

That mock the laggard Fancy's dreams.
Hours in which those high plans that leave
Our very Race below we weave.
Hours that have leapt at once to glory;
Hours that have given more names to story
Than ages of the life we plod,
(The bright spark dormant in the clod,)
When only Ice and Prudence rule us;
Or Folly must be tamed to fool us;
When with a solemn brow we chide
The daring thoughts would upward guide;
Creep careful on — afraid of falling —
And laud "the common sense" of crawling !

Yet Disappointment hath a keen
And serpent tooth. And oft, methinks,
'Twere better if no Hope had been,
So had we 'scaped the galling links
By which, when Hope expires, we have
A deathless bondage to her grave !

Now let us for awhile transport
Ourselves into a quiet chamber
Within the Brother's cot; you see
Thickly around the casement clamber
The woodbine's emerald leaves that court
The painted sun-fly and the bee.

The lattice reached the mossy sward,
Rich with the cowslip's golden hoard;
And that loved Flower which Poets say
Laughs up — the glad "Eyes of the Day."

And now, in Eve's embrace reposing,
Its drowsy lids is whitely closing.

Within that chamber there are those
Whom Nature rules, no less than o'er
The flowers and herbs around; the rose
Bares to the Day her heart's rich core;
So Beauty melloweth unto one;
So the heart opens to its sun!

By Mary's side, her hand in his,
Her lover kneeleth,
And from that hand its truant kiss
Still to her ripe cheek stealeth.
But Sorrow pales its wonted hue,
She feels not now the thrill,
The glow — that rouse and yet subdue; —
Her heart lies mute and chill.
And he — ev'n he — the while he sought
Her grief to comfort or to chide,
Ev'n he felt one o'erpowering thought
Of anguish stifle all beside.

"Be soothed," he said, "we part, but yet
"One hope our severed souls will cheer,
"And all the past we most regret,
"Shall chase away the future fear.
"Oh! while in distant lands I toil
"For wealth thy Sire's consent to buy,
"Thy thoughts, like dew, shall bless the soil,
"Thy love, like stars, smile from the sky.
"And never, love, believe me, never
"Did those who through all changes bore

"The heart unchanging — Fate so sever

"But that they met — we'll meet — once more!

"I do not say, 'Be true to me,'

"I know that deep and tender heart!

"I only tell thee — 'Live to see

"How lov'd — how truly lov'd — *thou* art!"

"Ah! what are years to those whose thought

"Can bear them o'er the gulf of space?

"By grief itself my soul hath bought

"The right to fly to thine embrace!

"Methinks, if when, once more we meet,

"The form be bowed, the locks be thin;

"'Tis but thy welcome eyes to greet,

"To light Youth's lamp once more within!

"Age is not made for us! — No! all

"The Past defies its withering breath!

"The snows of Time on Love may fall,

"And only warm the soil beneath.

"Well weep — weep on! for hearts like ours

"Methinks 'tis sometimes wise to weep!

"For if our love had flowed o'er flowers,

"It ne'er had been a stream so deep!

"If Joy the fancy most beguiles,

"'Tis Grief that to the heart endears;

"Oh! slight the love which springs from smiles,

"To that which has been nurst in tears!"

He ceast — for many feelings rushed

Upon him, and all language hushed.

O'er his hands his face he bent,

And his breast heaved thick and high;

But not a sound from his closed lips went,
His thoughts warred silently.

But Mary o'er him bowed her fond
And anxious eyes, that ceased to weep:
When those she loves she sees despond,
A woman's sorrow glides to sleep;
She shames the grief so lately bared,
And comforts where she just despaired.

"Thou speakest well," she answered, placing
On his her wan and trembling hand,
"And henceforth every dark thought chasing,
"The Seraph Hope, we will withstand.
"I often think, that breasts may be
"In absence only more allied:
"A moment's thought estranged from thee
"Were nothing, wert thou by my side;
"And I have vexed thee — to my shame,
"When thou wert by, and I was gay,
"But, oh! the least look thou could'st blame,
"I could not look — and thou away!
"And if our love —"

He lifts his eye
Upon her worn and altered cheek;
And his words, fierce and suddenly,
Upon her melting accents break.

"Our love! oh, name it not! — I feel
"Now — now, how guilty I have been!
"Why did I let my lips reveal
"What should have preyed untold within?"

"Our love! — *my* love hath blighted thee
"And *thine*! — Oh, would that I could tear
"Away that holy band, and be
"The *only* victim to despair!"

"Julian!" Her voice's music trembling,
Lulled his disturbed soul,
As, thought in tenderness dissembling,
Gently its whispers stole.

"What, wouldst thou change what now thou bearest,
"Ne'er to have been beloved by me?
"And think'st thou I would take the fairest
"Lot, for one memory less of thee?
"When the poor Indian boy to day,
"Redeemed — regenerate — and released,
"I saw bound forth upon his way,
"On nature and glad thought to feast;
"When through the happy fields he fled,
"Until the distance barred my gaze,
"I sighed — nor shared his joy; I said,
"Alas, in vain his eye surveys
"The beauty and the pomp — the springs
"That well in glory o'er the earth!
"The tree that blooms — the bird that sings —
"The cloud — the star — the solemn birth
"Of eve — the hum — and stir of noon —
"The motes that dance for very mirth —
"The charmed face of the witch moon —
"The mystery and the soul of things —
"Touch but his outward sense, nor win
"To the deep source entombed within —
"Such as they are — not felt — but viewed —

“To the unwakened multitude;
“Such as they are, to those who prove not
 “How life in life can centered be;
“Such as they are to those who love not;
 “And ere *I* loved, they were to me!
“For him, whate’er in this far land
“Breathes but one hope of love, is bann’d.
“For him, no anxious eye that glasses,
“What in the soul’s dark ocean passes;
“For him, no thought for ever tending
“His image — *with* his image blending,
“Merging all life itself to be,
“A shadow and a memory.

“For him, no glance that we have given,
 “For him, no feeling we have known —
“True, that one curse is from him riven,
 “**A worse is left — TO BE ALONE!**

“Would’st thou not rather bear a woe
 “Far deeper than thou yet hast proved;
“Than feel that Indian’s joy — yet know
 “Like him, thou never could’st be loved?”

Hark! there went forth a groan!

By the lattice the boughs were stirr’d,
And the heavy step on the threshold stone
Of a heavy heart was heard!

As a bolt that hath parted
A tree in sunder;
At the sound they have started
In fear and wonder.

The one as for combat stands,
The other half turns in flying;
The maid with her clasped hands,
The lover with mien defying!

A moment — all was still! he past
Unto the casement and unbarr'd:
There the wan Moon just risen, cast
A ghastly whiteness o'er the sward.
And there — full in that spectral gleaming,
Around his dark rude features streaming —
As some bronz'd image in a wood,
Lifeless, but life-like, which to see
Gloom sternly out, and solemnly,
Curdles the blood; — the Indian stood
Erect and mute — his raven hair
In the dead stillness all unwavering!
And in his brow and lip, despair
Her strange and dread defeature graving.
But in his mien that power of Awe,
That hush'd nor conscious haughtiness —
Which human forms can only draw
From grief's most desolate abyss.
He spoke nor stirred; — or even gazed
On him, who — shuddering and amazed —
Wherefore he knew not, — now drew nigh.
But when the maid, emboldened, past
Upon the sod — on *her* his eye,
Dark and dilatingly he cast.

Oft, in the midnight's blackest hour,
That look again before her grew!

Oft its intense and freezing power
Curdled the daylight's brightest hue.
The future ne'er could all control
That vision from her haunted eyes;
It left a ghost upon her soul,
Which Memory could not exorcise!
Nigh drew the lover — yet more nigh —
When, slowly breaking from his trance,
The Indian, with a quiet glance,
And a gesture slow and high,
Waved him back commandingly.

Then still — no single feeling spoken —
That drear and awful pause unbroken,
Where the Night her fortress kept,
O'er the trees that darkling slept,
And the thickness of the shade,
From all eyes a curtain made,
Whence the very stars were banished —
— Like an evil dream he vanished!

When he went — they more light,
And Julian's heart awoke,
And he chid himself that so strange an awe,
Had suffered the Indian to withdraw
Alone — and in the night;
But a word to Mary there he spoke —
He plunged the copse amid,
He shouted out with a lusty cry,
But the faintest trace from his gaze was bid,
By the trees that bann'd the sky;
And his voice on the stillness vainly broke,
Nor an echo gave back reply!

And all that night the boy returned not;
The morrow waned — he came not back; —
The next day pass'd — and still they learned not
A single clue his fate to track.

They sought to lure the brother's fear
By stories framed to guile his ear; .
How Chang had been ordained to roam,
To find new channels for the thought,
Of late self-preying and o'erwrought;
But soon he would re-seek his home: —
Whistful, Ching heard, and answered nought:
All the while their features eyeing,
With a fix'd look, sharp and prying;
And, when he withdrew that look,
Mutteringly his head he shook,
And his doubts but thinly shrouded,
With a restless brow and clouded.
On the fourth day came the two
Letters that we place before ye,
Which perchance, suffice to show,
The last *dénouement* of our story!

TO HODGES.

We meet no more! — to other lands,
But not my native land, I roam!
Something of memory makes me yet
Unfit for home!
All that the stinted heart demands,
Enough for nature's primal debt,
Nor more — I bear with me away.

The happy may have many wants,
But *Misery* is a sage, and scants
Our nature to the claims of clay:
The rest is yours, — and by each band
Which your enwoven laws command.
But, *from* you doth the bond require
Consent to one — my last — desire.
The last, at least, confest to you,
Or heard within that happy shore,
To me, — ah, if to memory too!
A haunt no more!

Hear me! — all earth — all earthly life
Hath in it a mysterious gerb!
Where'er thou look'st, behold it rife!
It stirs the still heart of the herb;
In every breath of air it enters;
In every drop of dew it centres;
It glows upon you with the light;
Dreams thro' the quickening hush of night;
No wave so deep but there it lurketh;
No clod so still but there it worketh;
Nerve to whate'er your sense is seeing;
Heart to this Universal Being;
From whence — to which — the mighty flood
Of Things — to Nature's veins the blood —
Arise — return — involved — unsleeping —
In one eternal orbit keeping!

What is this spirit? — what this rife
Essence? — “The principle of LIFE?”
So earth may call it — but above,
Thy God and Nature's named it — LOVE!

Thou canst not mar it in the tree !

Thou canst not mar it in the flower !

But o'er it, in the human breast,

Thou *hast* a power !

Yet use that fearful power, and see

What fruit will spring from love suppress !

The Nature thou hast wronged, will be

In evil and in wrath redrest !

Love checked — comes thought congealed and sour ;

The pinched heart doth itself devour ;

The blood grows sluggish ; and Desire

Creeps into Envy ; — all beside

Enjoy — and hate — nor hell hath ire

Like that their joys in him inspire,

To whom the joy's denied !

Bar love — and bann the light and air !

Love shut from out the unwholesome mind,

And the mind stagnates into night !

And all the blessings of our kind

Flit o'er the vision, but to find

The very senses dumb and blind !

All *savage* climes confess this truth !

They war not with its voice ! — the youth

Singles the maid his heart prefers,

And all that heart must gain is hers !

Go man ! — look round thy quiet home !

Go look upon thy child —

If o'er that face a cloud hath come —

Where once the sunshine smil'd ;

If in the cheeks' blent roses, grief

Hath gnawed the damask from the leaf,
If her lip tremble when she greets thee,
If her step falter when she meets thee,
If, when you speak of joy, her cold
And calm look mock the smile of old,
If other's woe and other's weal
Less than she felt, she seem to feel,
If *virtue's praise*, which once her eye
Flash'd when she heard — fall heedlessly
Upon her shut and deafened heart; —
If sorrow scarcely ~~seem to sting~~

So buried is the dart,
If only when you touch *one* string,
To life the senses start —
THEN tremble your own work to see!

Tremble to think one human will
Can o'er another's bliss or bane
Hold such overwhelming destiny!
Tremble to think not only pain
And woe and death — you can ordain
To your own flesh; but darker still
The change from heavenly thought to ill!
From the warm heart and genial feeling,
To the shut breast condensed, congealing!
From the pure stream whose waters laugt
Joy — freshness — health — around to waft,
To that all lock'd and lifeless ice,
The veriest element of vice!

Go — fall upon thy daughter's neck,
And thank Heaven's mercy that the wreck
Is not yet wholly done!

Rejoice, that yet 'tis thine to make
Her life as lovely as it seemed,
When first Emotion learned to take
The hues that Fancy dreamed.
Go! — seek for him whose love hath won
The heart, that *thou* alone canst bless,
Go — glad this desert earth has one,
When thou her sire from earth art gone,
To make thy daughter's happiness!
And that what Sternness marred before,
'Tis given to Mercy to restore!

I know in your — as every — clime,
Wealth's want is deemed the sternest crime,
I know, and have for this provided —
The gold I leave to thee is thine,
That those twin souls its lack divided,
Its gain may let thee join!
This is the compact! — if the moon
Ere thrice it wanes, their bridal see
Then thine the precious dust will be,
To thee, not them, the glittering boon;
Because I know this yellow spell
Works with a twofold miracle.
Reject or grasp it, still it rules,
If woo'd by knaves, or spurned by fools!
To me 'tis nought — yet that refined
Dim mist with which its shadows blind
The vision of all mental eyes —
Which ye — sweet Europe's dupes — call wise,
Might make these lovers rather choose
Hope, peace, life, soul itself to lose —

Than bow the stiff-necked pride to take
What I, without a sigh, forsake!

Out on your bow'd and narrow souls!
All — all alike one pest controls!
All, all alike — an equal price
Set on the hack'd and jaundiced drudge!

Yea! ev'n the few who scorn the vice,
The virtue in another grudge;
Believe that none beside can spurn
The slave whose ~~lies a babe might learn,~~
That, like your own, earth's *every* race
Their hands as cramp'd — their hearts as base!

Farewell! — my latest words are spoken!

Methinks not wholly vain or wild —
Is not thine ice of purpose broken?
And thy heart gushing to thy child?

Farewell! and of me while her joy run riot,
Do not one whisper tell!
But sometime hence, when the joy grow quiet,
Tell her — I loved her well!

When on her breast, to the stranger yearning,
Her firstborn child you see,
With a face from the pride of the father turning,
Give it one kiss from me!

If you hear that that breast which my memory inherits,
Ask where the wanderer roam —
Say — he walks on to the dim land of Spirits —
Soon may he find his home!

TO CHING.

My brother! — yes, those letters seem
As sweet as in our early years!
And like a dark unliving dream
Just fled — the later past appears!
Each thought that shall thy name recall,
Must link remembrance with regret,
But thou, I know, wilt pardon all
The madness I may not forget!
That hour — that scene — that solitude —
The horror of that silent wood —
They haunt — they crowd around me still!
When the fell spirit urged me on,
And that dread deed thy blood will thrill
If I but name — was all but done!
And thou — ev'n as I write, my heart
What soft, what melting memories move!
Thy soothing words — thy gentle art —
Thy pitying and thy noble love!
And in that love thy breast was bared,
And the love conquered! — and I knew
My curse — my frenzy was not shared,
Nor thou *her* madd'ning vassal too!
And *as* I knew — the demon spell
Forsook my soul, and from my eyes
The shadow and the falsehood fell!
Ah! even now Remembrance flies
Back to that hour, when on thy breast
The curse long-hidden was confest.
And something of thy nature crept
Into my own; and seemed to win me

To gentler thought;—and, as I wept,
The unwonted Angel stirr'd within me!
And my whole soul had then been changed,
Had not the monarch-passion cast
Its sorcery——Well! thou art avenged,
And that—yea! THAT is past!

I look into my soul, where late,
So wildly and so darkly whirl'd,
The roar of many waves!—and hush'd,
And blank—and mute—and desolate
The space is left—the Storm hath furl'd
His pinions,—and the waves have rush'd
Back from the hollow depths—no wind,
No! not a sound the silence breaks!
Thought calls within the ruined Mind,
And not an echo wakes!

And now alone, and as a dream
I pass away!
Cities and Pomp, and all that fire
The daring, or the vain desire
Delight no more!—the shadows curl'd
Around the far ends of the world,
Where human steps have rarely trod,
Yet virgin with the breath of God,
As when, if true the Hebrew theme,
He called them into day;
These henceforth shall my haunts become!
And, o'er the deep void of my breast
The Solitude of Awe shall rest,
And Silence be my Home!

But thou, when I am seen no more,
Wilt often think of me with kindness —
And not repent thy love that bore
So well, a brother's guilty blindness.
Yes! — thou wilt think of all that burned
Within me, ere to crime it turned,
The passions long concealed — restrained,
Until the cloud the thunder gained,
And from the gloom, so stillly nurst,
The frenzy of the tempest burst!
Thou'lt think of all that tempted; — all
My soul resisted and o'ercame!
And what thy reason *guilt* may call
Thy heart will give a gentler name!
May THEY — how called soe'er — whose sway
We feel — we trace not; — but obey:
As with a led and hooded will,
We walk in sorrow, and in strife,
And — Heaven's deluded fools — fulfil
The curse which man calls life! —

May THEY — my brother — pitying light thee
To blessings Reason fails to see,
And may their heavenly love requite thee
For what thy love has borne from me!

And thus the words that in the fane
Afar — the brothers' hearts had thrilled
Seemed not so wholly false and vain,
But that their shadows were fulfilled.
The Bark that on the fitful wave,

The Star that peril'd served to save,
Is moor'd in the calm of its haven-rest,
But the Stream rolls on with a lonely breast.

Many moons have shone and waned,
And his bride hath Julian gained ;
And for once the dream of youth
Hath paled before a brighter truth —
And on their brows, and in their eyes,
 You read the fulness of content,
And see that not a rapture dies,
 But peace becomes its monument.

And glad and lovely is their home —
 You cannot breathe its very air,
But what your spirit feels as some
 Diviner angel lingered there.

They learn that God no scanty worth
 Hath placed — if rightly sought — below ; —
And own the kind heart of the earth
 Hives more of solace than of woe.
Misfortune, and our human cares,
 They feel as Nature feels, but quail not ;
The eye that soothes — the heart that shares,
 And Hope, and God, are friends that fail not.
Well! — and the Father? — Oh! he sees
 Their happiness, and sees it sharing,
For joys but rarely fail to please,
 That we believe our own preparing.
The homes we build, we take a pride in,
Although for others to reside in.

Moreover, as no small addition to

His better causes to rejoice—

The good man's laudable ambition too

Has just been flattered in his choice.

It never rains, but it must pour,

(Old proverbs all allow the pith in,)

And Luck, when once she sends a shower,

Rains down upon us like St. Swithin.

So Julian has, by a relation,

Been left a legacy not small;

(And by the bye, poor Chang's donation

Lies, still untouched, with Messrs. Call.

For Julian, when he came to learn it,

Persuaded Hodges to return it.)

Moreover in the late election

He won a certain Burgh's affection;

Dined — drank — made love to wife and daughter,

Poured ale and money forth like water,

And won St. Stephen's Hall, to hear

'This parliament *may* last a year!'

The sire's delight you'll fancy fully —

He thinks he sees a second Tully;

And gravely says he will dispense

With Fox's force, and Brinsley's wit,

So that our member boast the sense

Of that great statesman — Pilot Pitt!

For me, my hope lies somewhat deeper:

We'll now, they say, be governed *cheaper*!

So, Julian, pour your wrath on robbing,

And keep a careful eye on jobbing.

If you should waver in your choice,

To whom to pledge your vote and voice,

You'll waver only — we presume—
Between an Althorpe and a Hume.
But mind — ONE vote — o'er all you hold,
And let the BALLOT conquer GOLD.
Don't utterly forget those asses,
Ridden so long — the lower classes;
But, waking from sublimer visions,
Just see, poor things! to their provisions.
Let them for cheap bread be your debtor,
Cheap justice too — that's almost better—
And, though not bound to either College,
Don't clap a turnpike on cheap knowledge.
For well said Prussia's scepter'd sage,*
Knaves less than fools corrupt the age;
The errors and the ills of states
Vice moulds, but Ignorance first creates.
And ne'er forget this simple rule, boy,
Time — is an everlasting schoolboy,
And as his trowsers he outgrows,
Be decent, nor begrudge him clothes,
Sure that at least his education
Will make your kindness reparation;
For, *can* he fail to grow acuter,
With watchful Providence his Tutor?
In these advices towards your policy,
Many, dear Julian, will but folly see;
Yet what I preach to you to act is,
But what had been your author's practice,
Had the Mercurial Star that beams

* Frederic the Great — the posthumous Essay on Forms of Government. His words are: "In our times Ignorance commits more faults than Vice." The admirable pedantries of the Emperor Julian expected, the whole of this essay makes perhaps the most enlightened *sketch* on matters of reasoning ever traced by a royal pen.

Upon elections, blest his dreams,
Had —— but we ripen with delay,
And every dog shall have his day!
And Ching? — Poor fellow! — Ching can never
 His former spirits quite recover,
Yet he's agreeable as ever,
 And plays the C——k as a lover.

In every place he's vastly *fêted*,
 His name's in every Lady's book;
And as a wit I hear he's rated
 Between the Rogers and the Hook.
But Chang? — of him was known no more,
Since, Corsair-like, he left the shore.
Wrapt round his fate the cloud unbroken,
Will yield our guess, nor clue, nor token.

He runs unseen his lonely race,
 And if the mystery e'er unravels
The web around the wanderer's trace—
 I fear we scarce could print his travels.
Since Tourists every where have flock'd,
The market's rather overstock'd,
And so we leave the lands that need 'em,
 Throughout this "dark terrestrial ball,"
To be well visited by Freedom, —
 And slightly nibbled at by Hall!

L ' E N V O I.

THE tale is done — the dream — the glory —
The smile — hath faded with the story.
Round my hushed chamber rolls, in loud
And troublous tides the stormy crowd; —
Forth from his dim, unstarred abode
The Unknown Spirit sweeps abroad; —
Lone on their clouded eyries cower
The Eagles of Imperial Power; —
As with some new portentous birth
Travails the mighty womb of Earth; —
The herds of men walk wistful; Rest
And Home's calm gladness shun the breast;
Where Influence hath not grown Offence,
Broods — mute and hundred-eyed — Suspense; —
Awed and awaked, we hold our breath,
And nurse a dread like that of death!
This not the hour in which the art
Of Song glides dream-like to the heart.
This not the hour when Satire's sage,
And tranquil scorn arrests the age;
Men pluck no flowers on Danger's brink,
Nor — ripe for action — pause to think.
Ev'n now a shame that in this rhyme
My soul hath dallied with the time,
Steals o'er me: — and methinks I greet,
Not mourn — the silence it will meet.
Yet in a calm, nor boding day,

Thou first wast breathed to life, my lay!
And Beauty smiled upon thy birth,
And Learning's lips foretold thee — worth;
And all that seemed thy course to oppose
Thy failings — and thy father's foes.
But brave thy doom as I have braved,
When prudence failed, but daring saved;
Thou canst but bear what I have borne,
Till Time hath conquered even Scorn;
The foeman's hate, the friend's neglect,
And Hope, the bankrupt's, galleys wreck'd
But still the heart "bears up and steers
Right onward," thro' life's solemn sea; —
Perchance, my lay, the future years
Thy recompense and mine may be.
As waters glass a distant star,
We woo some light from Heavens afar,
And, imaged in our soul, we dream,
The wave that gains, arrests the beam:
Hushed in a false content we stray,
And glide — perchance to gloom — away!

M I L T O N, A P O E M.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO

THE POEM OF "MILTON."

A CONSIDERABLE part of this poem was written some years ago at college: the plan of it is now altered, and the additions I have inserted may, perhaps, procure some indulgence for the tameness, or the faults, of the earlier portion. The first part of the poem is founded upon the well-known, though ill-authenticated, tradition of the Italian lady seeing Milton asleep under a tree, and leaving some verses beside him, descriptive of her admiration of his beauty. Taking full advantage of this legend, and combining with it the fact that Milton appears — if his verses, especially those in the Italian language, are founded on truth — not altogether to have escaped, in his tour through Italy, the master passion, * I have suffered

* Hayley, indeed, in that most audacious piece of biography, the "Life of Milton," in which he has taken almost as much licence with fact, as I, with awe at my own temerity, have done under the sanction of verse, speaks thus composedly on the subject — "It was at the concerts of the Cardinal that he was captivated by the charms of Leonora Baroni, whose extraordinary musical powers he has celebrated in Latin verse, and whom he is supposed to have addressed *as a lover* in his Italian poetry, &c."

it to impart somewhat of romance and somewhat of a tale, to a poem, originally, and still chiefly, intended as a sketch of the most celebrated of English poets, in the three great divisions of life — Youth, Manhood, and Age. Aware, how sacred and solemn is all connected with the Great Poet, I have endeavoured to touch upon so difficult a subject with all delicacy and all reverence. Perhaps there exists no other name in the records of literature, in which the same poetical licence, if taken on the same grounds, would be considered, by any one, as too large an extension of privilege. But *here*—I confess with willingness my fear—that I may have erred by suffering the smallest mixture of fancy with truth. I have not done so, however, from an unthinking rashness, or without all due and respectful care. And if it should seem to the well-judging, that I have erred, the error (should a second edition ever grant me the opportunity) shall be expunged. The nature of my undertaking has obliged me to give the poem in the shape of fragments, and it may be as well to add, that the poem, *in its original state*, was privately printed some years ago at Paris, though scarcely thirty copies have ever left my hands, and only a hundred were printed.

M I L T O N.

PART I.

Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.

L'ALLEGRO, line 129.

I.

It was the minstrel's merry month of June;
Silent and sultry glowed the breezeless noon;
Along the flowers the bee went murmuring;
Life in its myriad forms was on the wing,
Broke thro' the green leaves with the quivering beam;
Sung from the grove, and sparkled on the stream:
When — where yon beech-tree broke the summer-ray —
Wrapt in rich dreams of light — young MILTON lay.
For him the earth beneath, the heaven above,
Teem'd with the earliest spring of joyous youth;
Sunshine and flowers — and vague and virgin Love,
Kindling his tenderest visions into truth,
While Poesy's sweet voice sung over all,
Making the common air most musical.

II.

Alone he lay, and to the laughing beams,
His long locks glitter'd in their golden streams;
Calm on his brow sate wisdom — yet the while
His lips wore love, and parted with a smile;
And beauty reigned along each faultless limb —
The lavish beauty of the olden day,
Ere with harsh toil our mortal mould grew dim —
When gods who sought for true-love met him here,
And the veil'd Dian lost her lonely sphere —
And her proud name of chaste, for him whose sleep
Drank in Elysium on the Latinos sleep.
Nor without solemn dream, or vision bright,
The bard for whom Urania left the shore —
The viewless shore where never sleeps the light,
Or fails the voice of music; and bequeath'd.
Such flowers as ne'er by Thracian well were wreath'd —
And song more high than e'er on Chian Rock was breath'd.
Dreams he of nymph half hid in sparry cave,
Or Naiad rising from her mooned wave,
Or imag'd idol earth has never known,
Shrin'd in his heart, and there adored alone;
Or such, perchance, as all divinely stole,
In later times, along his charmed soul;
When from his spirit's fire, and years beguil'd
Away in hoarded passion — and the wild,
Yet holy dreams of angel-visittings,
Mix'd with the mortal's burning thoughts which leave
Ev'n heaven's pure shapes with all the woman warm;
When from such bright and blest imaginings
The inspiring seraph bade him mould the form,
And show the world the wonder — of his Eve?

III.

Has this dull earth a being to compare
With those which genius kindles? — Can the sun
Show his young bard a living shape as fair
As those which haunt his sleep? — Yea, there is one
Brighter than aught which fancy forms most dear —
Brighter than love's wild dream; and lo! behold her here!
She was a stranger from the southern sky,
And wandering from the friends with whom she roved
Along those classic gardens — chanced to stray
By the green beech-tree where the minstrel lay.

IV.

Silent — in wonder's speechless trance — she stood,
With lifted hand, and lips apart — and eye
Gazing away the rich heart, as she viewed;
Darker than night her locks fell clustering
O'er her smooth brow, and the sweet Air just moved
Their vine-like beauty with his gentle wing;
The earliest bloom of youth's Italian rose
Blush'd thro' the Tuscan olive of her cheek —
(So thro' the lightest clouds does morning break) —
And there shone forth that hallowing soul which glows
Round beauty, like the circling light on high,
Which decks and makes the glory of the sky.
Breathless and motionless she stood awhile,
And drank deep draughts of passion — then a smile
Play'd on her lip — and bending down, her hand
Trac'd on her tablet the wild thoughts which stole,
Like angel-strangers, o'er her raptur'd soul;
For she was of the poet's golden land,

Where thought finds happiest voice, and glides along
Into the silver rivers of sweet song.

V.

O'er him she leant enamour'd, and her sigh
Breath'd near and nearer to his silent mouth,
Rich with the hoarded odours of the south.
So in her spiritual divinity
Young Psyche, stood the sleeping Eros by;—*
What time she to the couch had, daring, trod;—
And — by the glad light † — saw her bridegroom God!
Did her locks touch his cheek? or did he feel
Her breath like music o'er his spirit steal?
I know not — but the spell of sleep was broke;
He started — faintly murmur'd — and awoke!
He woke as Moslems wake from death, to see
The Houris of their heaven; and reverently
He look'd the transport of his soul's amaze:
And their eyes met! — The deep — deep love supprest
For years, and treasur'd in each secret breast,
Waken'd, and glow'd, and center'd in their gaze.
And their eyes met — one moment and no more!
Nurs'd in bright dreams of old romantic lore,
Of Eastern fairies gliding on the beam,
Or Grecian goddess haunting minstrel's dream;
He rose — and tho' no faintest voice might stir
His lips — he knelt adoringly to her,
And gazed his worship; but the spell was past,
And the boy's gesture broke the breathless charm,

* In allusion to that most beautiful of the ancient tales, the story of Cupid and Psyche, in Apuleius.

† It is said in the story, that the lamp itself partook of the serene gladness on the countenance of the God.

And maiden shame, and woman's swift alarm,
 Burningly o'er the Italian's soul was rushing;
 And her lip trembled, and her pulse beat fast,
 And with a thousand new-born feelings blushing —
 She turned away — and with a step of air
 She fled, and left him mute and spell-bound there.*

*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*

VI.

Time waned, and thoughts intense, and grave, and high,
 In that young minstrel mixed with softer dreams,
 Yet never vanished wholly from his eye
 The wandering star of love's Ausonian sky;
 But aye and ever, in his memory
 Set as a heaven, its lov'd and haunting beams,
 Glass'd their dim beauty in his soul's deep sea.
 Time waned — and o'er his cheek the darkening hue
 Of manhood settled — and the long desire
 Which he had nurs'd within him, till it grew
 A passion — to behold that heart of earth
 Yet trembling to the echoes of the lyre
 That Virgil woke, and Tasso strung anew,
 Became his guide; — and for the shrine of Rome
 A pilgrim bound — he left his father's home.
 With a deep heart he drank the mighty lore
 That floateth o'er the saddened Clime of Song.
 Beheld the starry sage,† what time he bore,

* The whole of the above lines make the part of the poem first written.

† In allusion to the story of Milton's visit to Galileo.

For Truth's dear glory, the immortal wrong;
Held no light commune with the master-minds
Of that fast ripening day; and all he saw,
Or felt, or learned, or dreamt, were as the winds
That swelled the sails of his majestic soul,
As then — ev'n then — with ardour yet in awe
It swept Time's ocean to its distant goal.

VII.

It was the evening — and a group were strewn
O'er such a spot as ye, I ween, might see,
When basking in the Summer's breathless noon,
With upward face beneath the murmuring tree;
While in a vague and floating sleep arise
Sweet shapes and fairy knolls to the half-conscious eyes.
It was the evening — still it lay, and fair;
Lapp'd in the quiet of the lulling air.
Still — but how happy! like a living thing
All love itself — all love around it seeing;
And drinking from the earth, as from a spring,
The hush'd delight and essence of its being.
And round the spot — a wall of glossy shade —
The interlaced and bowering trees reposed;
And through the world of foliage had been made
Green lanes and vistas, which at length were closed
By fount, or fane, or statue, white and hoar,
Startling the heart with the fond dreams of yore.
And near, half glancing through its veil of leaves,
An antique temple stood in marble grace;
Where still, if fondly wise, the heart believes,
Lingers the pining Spirit of the Place.
Seen wandering yet perchance at earliest dawn

Or greyest eve — with Nymph or bearded Faun.
Dainty with mosses was the grass you prest,
Through which the harmless lizard glancing crept.
And — wearied infants on Earth's gentle breast —
In every nook the little field-flowers slept.
But ever when the soft air *drew its breath*,
(Breeze is a word too rude), with half-heard sigh,
From orange shrubs and myrtles — wandereth
The Grove's sweet spirit borne in fragrance by.
And aye athwart the alleys fitfully
Glanc'd the fond moth enamoured of the Star.
And aye, from out her watch-tower in the tree,
The music which a falling leaf might mar,
So faint — so faëry seem'd it; — of the bird
Transformed at Daulis thrillingly was heard.
And in the centre of that spot which lay
A ring embosom'd in the wood's embrace,
A fountain clear as ever glass'd the day,
Breathed yet a fresher luxury round the place;
But now it slept, as if its silver shower,
And the wide reach of its aspiring sound,
Were far too harsh for that transparent hour: —
Yet — like a gnome that mourneth underground —
You caught the murmur of the rill which gave
The well's smooth calm the passion of its wave;
Like one who pours the thoughts that will not rest
Into the quiet of a loving breast.

VIII.

And, group'd around the fountain o'er the green,
Were Dames and Gallants of a form that threw
Nought meet to mar the spell — upon the scene.

Such group — they were as old Boccacio drew ;
Or fairest samples of some galliard throng,
Born to the zest of Chaucer's lusty song.
The warm Sun's darling offspring — Wines and Fruit —
Were idly scattered o'er the sod — nor there
Forget Italia's living voice — the Lute —
And sweet, I ween, the whisper'd tones, the air
Bore only to her ear for whom they burn'd ;—
Ah, sound ! for which whoe'er hath loved — so oft hath
yearn'd.

IX.

But, mid that graceful meeting, there were none
Who yielded not to him — that English guest.
Nor by sweet lips half wooing to be won,
Were witching words and brightest smiles suppress :
And starry eyes "rained influence" round the form
Where Beauty never set a nobler thrall
For heart or fancy — and the wild and warm
Thoughts of that sunny clime took wing and pour'd
Into such verse as yet Time's crypt hath stor'd.
Oh ! little dream'd those flatterers as they gazed
On him — the radiant cynosure of all,
When on their eyes his youth's fresh glory blazed,
What that bright heart was destined to befall !
That worst of wars — the Battle of the Soil —
Which leaves but Crime unscath'd on either side ;
The daily fever, and the midnight toil ;
The hope defeated, and the name belied ;
Wrath's fierce attack, and Slander's slower art,
The watchful viper of the evil tongue ;—
The sting which Pride defies — but not the heart —
The noblest heart is aye the easiest wrung ;

The flowers, the fruit, the summer of rich life,
 Cast on the sands and weariest paths of earth;
 The march — but not the action of the strife
 Without; — and Sorrow coil'd around his hearth:
 The film, the veil, the shadow, and the night,
 Along those eyes which now in all survey
 A tribute and a rapture — the despite
 Of Fortune wreaked on his declining day;
 The heap'd clouds labouring upward round his heart; —
 Oh! little dreamt they this! — or less what light
 Should from those clouds — a new-born glory — start; —
 And from the spot man's mystic Father trod,
 Circling the round Earth with a solemn ray,
 Cast its great shadow to the Throne of God!

X.

The festive rite was o'er — the group was gone,
 Yet still our wanderer lingered there alone —
 For round his eye, and in his heart there lay
 The tender spells which cleave to solitude.
 Who, when some gay delight had passed away,
 Feels not a charmed musing in his mood,
 A poesy of thought which yearns to pour
 Still worship to the Spirit of the Hour?
 Ah! they who bodied into Deity
 The rosy Hours, I ween, did scarcely err.
 Sweet Hours, ye *have* a life, and holily
 That life is worn! and when no rude sounds stir
 The quiet of our hearts — we inly hear
 The hymn-like music of your floating voice,
 Telling us mystic tidings of the sphere
 Wherein — in linked chorus — ye rejoice;

And filling us with calm and solemn thought,
 Diviner far than all our earth-born lore hath taught.
 With folded arms and upward brow, he leant
 Against the pillar of a sleeping tree,
 When, hark! the still boughs rusted, and there went
 A murmur and a sigh along the air,
 And a light footstep like a melody
 Passed by the flowers—he turned—What Nymph is there?
 What Nymph! what Dryad from the green recess!
 Emerging into Beauty like a Star!—
 He gazed—sweet Heaven! 'tis she whose loveliness
 Had in his England's gardens first (and far
 From these delicious groves) upon him beamed,
 And looked to life—the wonders he had dreamed.

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XI.

They met again, and oft! what time the Star
 Of Hesperus hung his rosy lamp on high;
 And the Witch Night shook from her solemn car
 A liquid magic o'er the breathless sky.
 And Mystery o'er their lonely meeting threw
 A charm earth's common ties can ne'er bestow—
 Her name—her birth—her home he never knew;
 And she—*his* love was all she sought to know.

And when in anxious or in tender mood
He prayed her to disclose at least her name,
A look from her the unwelcome prayer subdued;
So sad the cloud that o'er her features came :
Her lip grew blanch'd, as with an ominous fear,
And all her heart seemed trembling in her tear.
So worshipped he in silence and sweet wonder,
The unknown Egeria of his haunted soul;
And Hope — life's chequering moonlight — smiled asunder
The doubts that cloud-like o'er him sought to roll.
And thus his love grew daily, and, perchance,
Was all the stronger circled by romance.
He found a name for her, if not her own,
Haply as soft, and to her heart as dear —
His life — his "Zoe" — Ah! of all names, none
Make so divine a music to the ear
As that by lovers coin'd — the child-like art
That breathes to vulgar words the fond thoughts of the
heart!
Creep slowly on, thou grey and wizard Time —
Thou grey and wizard Time, creep slowly on —
Ev'n I would linger in my truant rhyme,
Nor tell too soon how soon those hours were gone.
Flowers bloom again — leaves glad once more the tree —
Poor life, there comes no second Spring to thee!

M I L T O N.

PART II.

Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores
Uror amans intus, flammaque totus eram.
Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat
Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.

MILT. ELEG. VII.

I.

FAIR Plato, in the garden of thy soul
The very weeds were lovelier than the flowers
Which crown the toil of others; the sweet showers
That fed the tides — the golden tides — that roll
Along the rich soil of thy reason, fell
From Heaven! — they bear the odour of their birth
Where'er the waters that received them swell;
Whether in glory o'er the sun-lit earth,
Or whether murmuring thro' the mystic cell,
Where the dim Error, like a moonbeam, calls
Wild beauty from each fancy where it falls; —
They bear the odour, and the perfumes rise
O'er the lull'd sense, and breathe soft whispering of far skies!
Fair Plato, when thy spirit dreamed that Fate
Consigned our souls to this low-thoughted sphere,

Stored with vague memories of a former state,
Which made our powers — our hopes — our reason here;
So that whate'er we deem *we learn* is nought,
Save dark revivals of some gorgeous thought
Born in a nobler being; — *was* the lore
Tinged by *no* glimmering from the land of Truth?
Does not the heart recall, in passion, more
Than the Earth dreams of? — Do we not aspire
In love to *that* which Life's love never knows?
What doth this trite world with the vague desire,
The restless cravings, and the fruitless throes,
The *pinning after shadows* of our youth?
Why, when we love, does the high Heaven appear
Nearer and lovelier, and all like a shore
Trodden in childhood; and the solemn sphere
Which the stars hallow, grow a lyre, whose notes
Are like faint music, most beloved of yore?
Is it that love *must* be the memory least
Forgotten in this exile, and, recalled,
It brings a thousand images — like notes
Dim — but yet bathed in sunlight — disenthralled
Atoms from that bright being which has ceast? —
Yes, fond Athenian, with thy maze of thought,
Still will I deem one truth, at least, was blended,
And the pure light thy wildest wanderings sought,
Ne'er on a lovelier truth, I ween, descended!
Yes, tho' within the temple of the mind,
No brother Angel linger yet behind,
Pining for brighter worlds, the exile Love
Lifts from the shrine his *homeward* gaze above!

II.

The lovers met at twilight and in stealth —

Sweet Love, thou hast no magic like *concealing* —
And the rich hours Youth stealeth from old Time,
Become a world more precious for the stealing.
Each hour but coffers joys — the real wealth
Which life should garner in its eager prime,
Ere years exhaust the produce, and the power
To make the produce treasure — and we see
The blast, which smites the glory from the flower,
Chill into rest the wanderings of the bee! —
They met — the breathing love of that deep sky,
Which bask'd o'er waves where Naiads wont to bind
“The loose train of their amber-dropping hair;”
Or glanced thro' shades where whilom wandered by
The leaf-crown'd Dryad, startling from their lair,
Satyr and piping Faun; or eyed the lymph
Of glassiest fountain; while the dimpling wind
Ne'er marred the mirror; and full many a Nymph
Trooped thro' the greenwood with her huntress-queen,
And paus'd, and glanc'd around, and long'd to lave
Her white limbs in the smooth and liquid sheen,
Till where the murmuring branches veil'd the eye
Of the enamoured sun, all timourously
She gave her pomp of beauty to the wave; —
No, the deep sky of Italy and Love,
Never when god and goddess joy'd to stray
By wood and wave — saw lovers from above
More loving, and more worthy love, than they!
All Nature was a treasury, which their hearts
Rifled and coin'd in passion; the soft grass —
The Bee's blue palace in the violet's bell —
The sighing leaves, which, as the day departs,
The light breeze stirreth with a gentle swell —
The stiller boughs blent in one emerald mass,

Whence, rarely floating the lull'd Eve along,
Some unseen linnet sent its vesper song —
All furnished them with images and words
And thoughts which spoke not, but lay hush'd like pray'r—
Their love made earth one melody, like birds,
And call'd rich life from all things, like the air.
What in that lovely climate doth the breast
Interpret *not* into the lore of Love?
Who gazes ev'n upon the hues that rest,
Bathing in sunlight o'er the pictured dream,
To the false canvass conjured by sweet Claude,
And feels not in his heart the pulses move
As to a Syrian music; till half awed
Ev'n by the excess of luxury, and oppressed
And, as by spells Ogygian, all unmann'd
Into one sense of rapture — he might deem
The landscape breathing with one charm'd command —
“Love ye who gaze, — for this is Love — your monarch's — land!”

III.

But all round them was life — the living scene,
The real sky, and earth, and wave, and air;
The turf on which Egeria's steps had been,
The shade, stream, grotto, which had known her care.
Still o'er them floated an inspiring breath —
The odour and the atmosphere of song —
The legend — glory — verse — that vanquish'd death
Still thro' the orange glades were borne along,
And sunk into their souls to swell the horde
Of those delicious thoughts the miser Passion stored!
Love oft is conquered by Ambition's lust,
But Love, I ween, hath ever his revenge —

Ambition moulders, and her marble bust,
 Her ivied arches, and the pillar'd range
 Of her long temples, and her regal halls —
 Yea! ev'n the desolation of her dust
 Become to Love the ministers and food!
 For in such scenes the passion triumphs most,
 And ev'n within the Cæsar's ruined walls
 The very zeal which fills the solitude,
 And paints the bare stone with an armed host,
 Rouses unseen, but vividly, a brood
 Of thoughts which turn to passion — for whate'er
 Deep Fancy nurtures in the cell "Romance,"
 Hath in its very nature seeds that bear
 Fruit unto Love. All memory is a trance,
 In which Love is the fondest of the dreams —
 Or — let us change the image — in the shrine
 Of the veil'd soul there is a lyre, whose themes
 Are vow'd to love — the feelings are its strings —
 Touch one — and on the altar — the divine
 Music is stirr'd — and thus the notes we raise
 In our fond thought — to Virtue — Valour — Praise —
 Worship — Grief — Memory — are but spells which move
 The hidden spirit of the lyre of Love!

IV.

But *they* required no fuel to the flame
 Which burnt within them, all undyingly,
 No scene to steep *their* passion in romance,
 No spell from outward nature to enhance
 The nature at their bosoms — all the same
 Their love had been if cast upon a rock,
 And frown'd on from the arctic's haggard sky;
 Nay — ev'n the vices and the cares, which move

Like waves — o'er that foul ocean of dull life,
Which rolls through cities in a sullen strife
With heaven — had raged on them, nor in the shock,
Crumbled one atom from their base of love;
And, like still waters, poesy lay deep
Within the hushed yet haunted soul of each,
And the fair moon, and all the stars that steep
Heaven's silence and its spirit in delight,
Had with that tide a sympathy and speech!
For them there was a glory in the night,
A whisper in the forest, and the air!
Love is the priest of Nature, and can teach
A world of mystery, to the few that share
With self-devoted faith, the winged Flamen's care.

V.

In *each* lay poesy — for woman's heart
Nurses the stream, unsought, and oft unseen;
And if it flow not through the tide of art,
Nor woo the glittering day-light — you may ween
It slumbers, but not ceases; and if check'd
The egress of rich words, it flows in thought,
And in its silent mirror doth reflect
Whate'er Affection to its banks has brought.
This makes her love so glowing and so tender,
Dying it in such deep and dream-like hues,
Earth — Heaven — creative Genius — all that render
In man their wealth and homage to the muse;
Pouring their pomp into the golden verse,
The vision and the vague delight of song,
In her produce but feelings which disperse
Their powers in love — the consecrated throng
Of dreamier thoughts that from the universe

We store — to two Gods — Love and Song are plighted,
 But woman's soul is Love and Song united.
 O treasure! which awhile the world outweighs
 The mine of fondness in a woman's heart!
 What are the triumphs of our afterdays,
 To what — to ev'n the dream of what — *thou* art!
 But these are vow'd to Sorrow's funeral pyre,
 Ev'n in the bud — life's earliest fruits and best!
 And Thought but gleans cold ashes from the fire,
 To hoard and bury in that urn, the breast!
 Ev'n as a child upon the water side,
 Love standeth truant on Fate's flowing river,
 And plucks in wanton idlesse every flower
 (In youth how many flowers!) which grows beside,
 And weaves them into wreaths, and laughing flings
 One after one the garlands on the tide;
 (While to the deep the water rolls, and never
 Back to the idler's hand the offering brings,)
 Till all around is rifled, and the pride
 Of life's whole summer lavish'd in an hour!

VI.

Twice thro' her course the Carian's goddess rode
 Since thus they met; and well, I ween, she shone
 Not upon others as for them she glowed,
 For their life was a mystery; and had grown
 An essence and a spirit of all things
 Most fair and most divine — the o'erflwing springs
 Of their bright being were like blessed tides,
 Fed from the river which the land divides
 The unfallen father of the nations trod:
 When peace and bliss dwelt by the Amaranth sides

Of the smooth wave, reflecting as it flowed
The forms of Angels and the breath of God!

VII.

'Twas eve! and Zoe watched upon the hill
Where they were wont to meet — the parting ray
Of him adored in Delos — lingered still
O'er the dark pine, and through the breathless boughs
Gliding, fell broadly on the ruins grey,
That at her feet in desolate glory lay.
Among those wrecks arose the glossy green
Of that sweet plant which blooms for lover's brows,
And Venus wore in Ida! — there the vast
And sullen foliage of the Aloe cast
A shadow o'er the marble — there the scene
Wore like a smile the wall-flower's odorous bloom!
Where Zoe stands, the Cæsar's palace stood,
And from that lofty terrace — ye survey
The towers — the temples — the eternal tomb
Where Memory guards the buried name of Rome!
Beyond, the Tibur, on his shrunken way,
Mourns songless onward to the Tyrrhene sea
Thro' Latium's wastes, that sadden ceaselessly
With many a shattered sepulchre bestrewed,
Baring their breast unto the lazy death,
That creeps along the dull air's rotting breath!
And there, in amphitheatre afar,
The hills lay basking in the purple sky,
Till all grew grey — and Maro's shepherd star
Watch'd the soft silence with a loving eye;
And — ev'n as one who walketh in a sleep —
The Moon rov'd dreaming, o'er the night sky's solemn
steep.

VIII.

“He comes not” — Zoe murmured — “yet the hour
“Hath past — and — hark — how ominously o’er
“The silent air from Nero’s Golden Tower
“Hoots the owl’s startling cry; and to the core
“Of my chill’d heart, strikes like a voice of doom!
“He comes not — yet the moon is high — before
“His footstep never tarried — Heaven, if aught
“Of peril crossed his path! — How deep a gloom
“Broods o’er the hollow of yon shattered arch! —
“What if — ay, there — there lies the startling thought,
“Which, ev’n beside him, hath the power to blast
“As with a curse — the summer of my soul!
“What form glides there! — Ha! sure by yonder larch
“Athwart the gloom — a human shadow stole,
“I heard the black boughs rustle as it past.
“O God, before whose eye the felon night
“Forgoes her veil, and broadens into light,
“Protect his pathway from the lurking death,
“The bought assassin’s dagger! O my heart,
“Be still — be still or break! — He comes — my breath
“Grows thick with rapture, and the life streams dart
“As if to waste the very veins away.
“He comes! How blest the silence which doth melt
“Beneath the music of his footstep! Air,
“How my lip drinks thee, since thy tides have felt
“The thrilling odour of his rich breath — where
“The perfume, and the sighing sounds of May,
“Weave o’er the face of night a soft and blossoming day
“My glorious stranger, welcome! Ah! as one
“Who watcheth daylight on the mountain’s brow,
“Has my soul long’d for thee — and I have won

"The boon at last. Thou beamest on me now!
 "But why so cruel, dearest! thou must measure
 "The past suspense — dread — torture — with the bliss
 "That now flows forth in tears — thou art a treasure
 "So vast — so wondrous — that to merely miss
 "Thee from my side — fills my whole frame with fear!
 "And, truant, see how Dian from her vault
 "Tells thee how long my heart hath sickened here,
 "And dares — what I may not — upbraid thee with thy fault."

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They sate them on a fallen column, where
 The wild acanthus clombe the shattered stone,
 Mocking its sculptured mimicry which there
 Was graven on the pillar'd pomp o'erthrown;
 And in its deathless, but unflowering green,
 Typing the immortal wrecks — and barren pride of scene!
 There seemed nought living near them; Zoe's arm
 Was round her lover — and her cheek was prest
 Upon his shoulder — Oh! the thrilling charm
 Of that dependence — when we feel the breast,
 On which we lean, bounds all the heart and hope,
 Which *till* that breast was found — thought worlds too
 barr'd a scope!

IX.

"And tell me, feel'st thou not our lone retreat,
 "Drink from our love an ether of delight?
 "And tell me, if like mine thy heart hath beat
 "Thro' the long — dull day, with one wish for night?
 "Night — most beloved night, that marks us meet —
 "Alas! alas! that we should ever part!"

“And wherefore should we? — Are we not become
“Each to the other, all beneath the skies?
“My heart flies to thy presence, as its home,
“And sleeps beneath the shadow of thine eyes!
“Wherefore, my Zoe? — Thou art to my sight
“Not as a dream, but as the soul of dreams,
“Their essence, life, and immortality!
“The focus of the wild and scattered beams,
“That woke the Memnon of my minstrelsy
“Rome left, I leave not thee! — but if too soon
“Compell’d, I wander backward to my doom,
“Thou, as yon star clings ever through the gloom,
“Fast by the pathway of the pilgrim moon, —
“Thou wilt still shine, unsevered by my side,
“My star of faith and love, my blessing and my bride!”

She answered not, but trembled; and he raised
Fondly her downcast cheek — the rose was fled,
And like a mourner o’er it, in the stead,
Sate paleness there, and droop’d — the tender eyes
That shunning, met his own, were wet with tears;
And that subdued and stricken thought, which wears
Woe — as a nun, the hope-entombing veil,
Silent and self-consuming, cast its gloom
O’er her still features, and their touching bloom!
He gazed, and felt within him as he gazed
The bold and haughty spirit sink and quail —
As if the omen of no idle fears
Crept to his heart, and with a voice of bale,
Spoke of his baffled youth — his manhood’s loveless years!

“Thou dost not answer, Zoe; — can it be
“That I have lov’d too wildly? — true, that ne’er

"Hast thou reveal'd thy birth, thyself, to me;
"But hast been worshipp'd in my heart and prayer
"Unknown, and glorious, like a mystic light,
"Or dim-seen future, to my soul prefated;
"Or shape, that in the weird and passionate night,
"I won some heavenly magic, and created!
"But now, Love, let me lure thee from thy shade,
"My bright Egeria — be a mortal maid,
"Lift the all-idle mystery from my heart—
"And tell me, fairest, what and whence thou art!"

Eager his eye, and anxious was his tone,
And the half smile that o'er his features shed
A moment's hurried brightness wan'd and fled,
As ceased his words.

She with a tender look,
Made soft by sadness, and a silent fear,
And with a voice, which summon'd from its throne
The charmed heart unto the haunted ear,
After a pause replied:

"I will not brook
"Mine own, to gaze upon the dark thought, thou
"Hast conjur'd to appal me! — leave me! Heaven!
"Leave Rome, and me! — Nay, nay, unknit that brow!"

"List to me, Zoe! — In my father's land,
"For ages have our bold race bow'd the knee
"To false gods fed on that idolatry,
"Which *maketh* what it *worships*. It is given
"The Mighty Hour, in which our hearts shall leap
"As at a trumpet, from their Pagan sleep;
"And light shall burst into our souls, that we
"May know the faith which bids God's images be free!

“For this at morn, — ere the exulting sun
“Flush o’er the Eastern heav’n — as the grey light
“Toils up the rear of Darkness; — hath begun
“My solemn orison — for this, the Night
“Hath by a thousand shadows, dreams, and signs,
“Fill’d my stern heart with Hope, whose truth it now
divines!

“Yea, ere I loved thee, — Zoe — ere I asked,
“Ev’n if the love of women were for me,
“There was one Shape, one Queen, for whom I tasked
“The powers and prowess of my infancy.
“Still, shining, pure, and circumfus’d in all
“The calmness and the glory of old days,
“Oft, (as in loneliest cell,) in haughtiest hall,
“Unseen by others, gleam’d she on my gaze.
“And when I ask’d the name on which to call,
“When chaf’d beneath the pomp, the power, the gaud,
“Which the dup’d Many deck with hollow laud,
“My deep soul sickened that fair face to see,
“Truth from the womb of Time did answer ‘Liberty!’
“And now she calls me with an angel’s voice
“Homeward, o’er land and ocean to her cause;
“And my blood burns within me, that the choice
“Of hour and clime, in which His loftiest laws
“He rights — our God hath cast, albeit in strife,
“Upon the age and land, in which I drank my life!”

She look’d upon that brow so fair and high,
Too bright for sorrow, as too bold for fear;
She look’d upon the light of that large eye
Which dreant not of the blindness glooming near.
She look’d, and sigh’d; and with a trembling hand,
Touch’d his young arm: he turn’d — the knit command

The fiery spirit of his features grew
 Soft and more soft—until, as clouds pursue
 Each other, shadowing o'er some star, above,
 All sternness fled, and left his face to Love!

“Come, then, my Zœ, on this pilgrimage,
 “This high and noble travail of the soul;
 “Come, be my guide, my partner, and my staff,
 “My hope in youth, my haven in my age!
 “Come, if the world forsake, or Fate control,
 “Or Fortune leave me—and the bitter rage
 “Of Foes, in love with Fetters, make me quaff
 “Ev’n to the last the hemlock of the bowl,
 “Reserv’d for those, who, vanquish’d, chafe the tide
 “Of Custom’s ire, its passions, and its pride:—
 “Come—be my spendthrift-heart’s last lonely hoard,
 “My wealth, my world—my solace, my reward.
 “Come—though from marble domes, and orange bowers—
 “Come to a humble roof, a northern sky;
 “Love’s fairy halls and temples shall be our’s,
 “And our heart’s sun the ice of earth defy.
 “Trust me, though Fate may turn each hope to gall,
 “Thou at thy choice, belov’d, shalt ne’er repine;
 “Trust me, whatever storm on me may fall,
 “My breast shall ward the blast, the bolt, from thine
 “Yes! as the bird on yonder oak which breathes
 “Soul into night, thy love shall be to me!
 “Yes! I will be that oak which ever wreathes
 “Its boughs, though leafless, into bowers for thee!
 “And when the sunshine of thy life be set,
 “And beams, and joy, and pomp, and light depart,
 “There is one shelter that will shield thee yet,
 “Thy nest, my bird—thy refuge in my heart!”

He ceased; and drew her closer to his breast;
 Wildly her bosom heav'd beneath his own;
 From her sweet lips beneath his kisses prest,
 Gush'd her heart's fulness in a murmur'd tone;
 And o'er her bent her lover; and the gold
 Of his rich locks with her dark tresses blended;
 And still, and soft, and tenderly, the lone
 And mellowing night upon their forms descended;
 And thus amid the ghostly walls of old,
 And curtain'd by the blue and starry air,
 They seem'd not wholly of an earth-born mould,
 But suited to the memories breathing there —
 Two Genii of the mixt and tender race,
 From fairest fount or tree, their homes who singled —
 Last of their order doom'd to haunt the place,
 And bear sweet being interfused and mingled,
 Draw through their life the same delicious breath,
 And fade together into air in death!
 Oh! what then burned within her, as her fond
 And pure lips yearn'd to breathe the enduring vow?
 All was forgot, save him before her now —
 A blank, a non-existence, lay beyond —
 All was forgot — all feeling, thought, but this —
 For ever parted, or for ever his!

The voice just stirs her lip — what sound is there?
 The cleft-stone sighing to the rushing air?
 The night-bird rustling through the startled tree? —
 The loose earth —

With a wild, yet stifled cry,
 Sprang Zoe from her lover. “Can it be? —
 “Mercy, oh Heav'n!”

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M I L T O N.

PART III.

I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will — nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward — what supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, Friend!

MILTON'S SONNET TO CYRIAC SKINNER.

I.

LONG years have flown!—and where the Minstrel now?—
Manhood hath set in clouds upon his brow! —
Midnight is past — the solitary lamp
Burns in his cell — and o'er his cheek the ray
Doth like the dim smile of a sick man play —
Pale is his lordly front, and toil and thought
Have darkly there their furrow'd witness wrought:
Still as he bends him to his task — the damp
Wrung from the frame which fails the unconquered will,
Grows o'er the hueless forehead, fast, and chill
And ever with each pause, that lonely light
Flares hot and scathing on his aching sight.

II.

Alas! no more by golden palaces,
By star-lit founts and Dryad-haunted trees,
Shall Fancy waft her Votary's willing soul.
But on he journey'd through a rugged plain,
Lur'd by the glory of the distant goal,
And in that midnight solitude, though pain

And fever wore his heart—and he could feel
 O'er his dim eye the dull film darkly steal,
 Yet did he shrink not—though the lip grew pale
 And the frame feeble—though the sight might fail
 And the lone Night his sad companion be;
 Yet on exulting soul!—thy path is clear,
 On—on for England and for Liberty!

III.

Yes! though the fierceness of that fiery time
 Might sear the holiest spirit into crime,
 Though the stern thought of ages, where the drear
 And starless Night of bondage dwelt in fear,
 Where all her gloomiest spirits were combin'd
 To cramp the powers, and check the march of mind,
 The grinding priest, the noble's linked thrall,
 And the one despot darkening over all;—
 Tho' the harsh memory of such days might well
 Sour the stern souls of men who made their path
 Thro' blood to freedom;—and the jealous wrath
 Of those who girt with snares and foemen feel
 They hold their hard-won treasure by the steel
 A breath will waken—victory scarce can quell,
 And virtue, turn'd to passion, serves to swell,
 So that the storms of justice blindly break
 And leave the guilty while they wreck the weak:—
 Yet were there men and minds in those wild years
 More worthy than the Roman's vaunted name
 Of the heart's homage due to freedom's fame,
 And the sweet tribute of that People's tears,
 Who but for *their* rude worth were crouching now
 With Slavery's Cain-like brand upon each brow!

IV.

And thou of whom I sing, whose name hath been

Polluted by the Schoolman's bigot breath,
The dull wise fool — the oracle of boys,
Decking lean nothings with the pomp of noise —
Thou who hast twin'd thy laurels ever-green
With those which mingled with wild flowerets bloom
Round sweetest Shakspeare's fairy-haunted tomb —
Thine are the holier honors yet to twine
Proud wreaths with Hampden for thy country's shrine
To thy lone cell — celestial Liberty
Came as a Spirit, and reveal'd to thee
Her seen, and felt, and full divinity !
Call'd with the light from Chaos — round her feet
She saw the dim clouds of long ages march
Shrouding all else — the column and the throne,
The blasted laurels and the broken arch ; —
Rolling from earth to heaven, and sweeping there
The very Gods from their Olympian seat,
Changing and crumbling in one common scathe
The shrines made hallow'd by a hollow faith,
Without one trace along the empty air ; —
But Empires fell — Religions past away,
As life renew'd sprung kindling from decay —
But *her* nor time — nor chance — nor fate could mar —
But left all bright and glorious as a star.
There — thro' the gloomy records of gone years
The unvarying tale of terrors and of tears —
Thro' wastes of danger, darkness, and distress,
Glow'd the still beauty of her holiness —
Ev'n as the Pillar thro' the desert shone,
Leading the faint, and weak, and weary on, —
Bright thro' the cloud, and calm amid the blast,
To that blest Canaan — *which shall come at last !*

M I L T O N.

PART IV.

Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surround me.

PARADISE LOST, Book VII. line 25.

Though fall'n on evil days,
In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,
And solitude, yet not alone, while thou
Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
Purples the east.

PARADISE LOST, Book III. line 40.

I.

DAY had arisen in the autumn heaven
Clearly and coldly bright—the yellow leaves
Strew'd the sear earth, or fitfully were driven
Before the wild path of the scattering air.
The swallow from the hospitable eaves
Flew forth exulting on his rapid way,
And thro' the sadness of the waning year
Sung out like Hope—but ev'n as gathering Care

Stern winter comes to mar that matin lay.
Amid the grove the laurel's lonely tree,
Hallow'd by old tradition, still is seen
Dight in the lustre of its deathless green —
A smile on Nature's cheek; — meet type, I ween,
Of that high fame which grows immortally
Thro' time which changes, and thro' storms which sear,
Bright'ning thro' gloom, and freshening o'er decay.

II.

There sate an old man by that living tree
Which bloom'd his humble dwelling-place beside —
The last dim rose which wont to blossom o'er
The threshold, had that morning droop'd and died,
Nipp'd by the withering air; the neighbouring door
Swung on its hinge — within you well might hear
The clock's low murmur bickering on the ear —
And thro' the narrow opening you might see
The sand which rested on the uneven floor,
The dark-oak board — the morn's untasted fare,
The scatter'd volumes, and the antique chair
Which — worn and homely — brought a rest at last
Sweet after all life's struggles with the past.

III.

The old man felt the fresh air o'er him blowing
Waving the thin locks from his forehead pale,
He felt above the laughing sun was glowing,
And heard the wild birds hymning in the gale,
And scented the awakening sweets which lay
Couch'd on the bosom of the virgin day —
And felt thro' all — and sigh'd not — that for him
The earth was joyless, and the heaven was dim,

Creation was a blank — the light a gloom,
 And life itself as changeless as the tomb.
 High — pale — still — voiceless — motionless — alone —
 He sate — like some wrought monumental stone —
 Raising his sightless balls to the blue sky;
 Life's dreaming morning and its toiling day
 Had sadden'd into evening — and the deep
 And all august repose — which broods on high
 What time the wearied storms have died away,
 Mighty in silence — like a Giant's sleep —
 Made calm the lifted grandeur of his brow.

And while he sate, nor saw; a timorous foot
 Drew near — a pilgrim from a foreign land,
 And of God's softer race; — and hush'd and mute
 She gazed upon that glorious brow; for this —
 This only gaze — on One whose orb of Fame
 Yet slowly laboured up from Time's abyss
 To its unwaning noon — afar she came!
 And *as* she gazed the hot unconscious tears
 Flowed fast and full — her heart was far away!
 Thro' change and care, and long and bitter years,
 How had lorn Memory sickened for this day!

And now * * * * * * * *
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IV.

Our life is as a circle — and our age
 Turns to the thoughts and feelings which engage
 In our young morn the vision and the now,
 For manhood's years are restless, and we learn

A bitter lesson — bitterer for the truth —
 Which suits not with the golden dreams of youth,
 And wearies us in age — and so we yearn,
 Sated and pall'd, for Boyhood's bliss once more.
 But ere the world forsakes us — on we flow
 Passive and reckless with its mingling tide
 Till night comes on — and passions which betray'd
 Our reason, quit the ruins they have made —
 The winds are lull'd — the hurrying waves subside
 And leave upon the lone and sterile shore
 The baffled bark their wrath had wreck'd before. —

V.

Slight is our love in age to thoughts which bear
 Man's ruder lot of conflict and of care —
 As roves from gaudier tints the aching eye
 Woos the pure *green*, and dwells delighted there,
 So loves the soul the world has worn, to fly
 Languid and weak the glitter and the glare,
 And on the fresh tints of its verdant days
 To turn and drink deep quiet in the gaze.
 The visions of the Minstrel, which in vain
 Had woo'd his noon-day — brightly roll'd again
 Like sun-lit waters o'er his mind, and gave
 The waste the welcome freshness of the wave.

VI.

There, as a river in its hidden course,
 Mighty and secret thro' his spirit flow'd
 The inspirations none but God might see,
 The cave their channel, and the rock their source,
 But rolling on to Immortality. —
 Old — blind — deserted — lone amid the crowd, —

No hopes — save those of heaven — upon the earth, —
 Amid the wrecks of Freedom only free,
 Cold — rapt — estrang'd amid that courtly mirth
 Where Pleasure lent the veil to Tyranny, —
 He stood — like some grey Column far away
 From life — and crumbling in its proud decay —
 There wildest flowerets bloom — and nightly there
 Wails with mysterious voice the wandering Air —
 Amid the stars — the dews — the eternal hills —
 And the far voices of the dashing rills —
 Amid the haunted darkness of the night,
 When earth and heaven are mingled in their might,
 It stands begirt with each — and looks on high
 Thro' Shade and Cloud to commune with the Sky. —

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Beneath a church's chancel there were laid
 A great Man's bones, — and when the crowd was gone,
 An aged woman, in black robes arrayed,
 Lingered and wept beside the holy stone.
 None knew her name, or land; her voice was sweet,
 With the strange music of a foreign tongue: —
 Thrice on that spot her bending form they meet,
 Thrice on that stone are freshest garlands hung.
 On the fourth day she came not; and the wreath,
 Look'd dim and withered from its odorous breath;
 And if I err not wholly, on that day,
 A soul that loved till death, had passed away!

THE END.