

## Occasional Pieces. 1807—1824.

## THE ADIEU.

WRITTEN UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT THE AUTHOR  
WOULD SOON DIE.

ADIEU, thou Hill<sup>1</sup>! where early joy  
Spread roses o'er my brow;  
Where Science seeks each loitering boy  
With knowledge to endow.  
Adieu, my youthful friends or foes,  
Partners of former bliss or woes;  
No more through Ida's paths we stray;  
Soon must I share the gloomy cell,  
Whose ever-slumbering inmates dwell  
Unconscious of the day.

Adieu, ye hoary Regal Fanes,  
Ye spires of Granta's vale,  
Where Learning robed in sable reigns,  
And Melancholy pale.  
Ye comrades of the jovial hour,  
Ye tenants of the classic bower,  
On Cama's verdant margin placed,  
Adieu! while memory still is mine,  
For, offerings on Oblivion's shrine,  
These scenes must be effaced.

Adieu, ye mountains of the clime  
Where grew my youthful years;  
Where Loch na Garr in snows sublime  
His giant summit rears.  
Why did my childhood wander forth  
From you, ye regions of the North,  
With sons of pride to roam?  
Why did I quit my Highland cave,  
Marr's dusky heath, and Dee's clear wave,  
To seek a Sotheron home?

Hall of my Sires! a long farewell—  
Yet why to thee adieu?  
Thy vaults will echo back my knell,  
Thy towers my tomb will view:  
The faltering tongue which sung thy fall,  
And former glories of thy Hall<sup>2</sup>  
Forgets its wonted simple note—  
But yet the Lyre retains the strings,  
And sometimes, on Æolian wings,  
In dying strains may float.

Fields, which surround yon rustic cot,  
While yet I linger here,  
Adieu! you are not now forgot,  
To retrospection dear.  
Streamlet<sup>3</sup>! along whose rippling surge,  
My youthful limbs were wont to urge  
At noontide heat their pliant course;  
Plunging with ardour from the shore,  
Thy springs will lave these limbs no more,  
Deprived of active force.

And shall I here forget the scene,  
Still nearest to my breast?

<sup>1</sup> [Harrow.] <sup>2</sup> [See *anté*, pp. 378. 402.]  
<sup>3</sup> [The river Grete, at Southwell.]

Rocks rise, and rivers roll between  
The spot which passion blest;  
Yet, Mary<sup>4</sup>, all thy beauties seem  
Fresh as in Love's bewitching dream,  
To me in smiles display'd;  
Till slow disease resigns his prey  
To Death, the parent of decay,  
Thine image cannot fade.

And thou, my Friend<sup>5</sup>! whose gentle love,  
Yet thrills my bosom's chords,  
How much thy friendship was above  
Description's power of words!  
Still near my breast thy gift I wear  
Which sparkled once with Feeling's tear,  
Of Love the pure, the sacred gem;  
Our souls were equal, and our lot  
In that dear moment quite forgot;  
Let Pride alone condemn!

All, all is dark and cheerless now!  
No smile of Love's deceit  
Can warm my veins with wonted glow,  
Can bid Life's pulses beat:  
Not e'en the hope of future fame,  
Can wake my faint, exhausted frame,  
Or crown with fancied wreaths my head.  
Mine is a short inglorious race,—  
To humble in the dust my face,  
And mingle with the dead.

Oh Fame! thou goddess of my heart;  
On him who gains thy praise,  
Pointless must fall the Spectre's dart,  
Consumed in Glory's blaze;  
But me she beckons from the earth,  
My name obscure, unmark'd my birth,  
My life a short and vulgar dream;  
Lost in the dull, ignoble crowd,  
My hopes recline within a shroud,  
My fate is Lethe's stream.

When I repose beneath the sod,  
Unheeded in the clay,  
Where once my playful footsteps trod,  
Where now my head must lay;  
The meed of Pity will be shed  
In dew-drops o'er my narrow bed,  
By nightly skies, and storms alone;  
No mortal eye will deign to steep  
With tears the dark sepulchral deep  
Which hides a name unknown.

Forget this world, my restless sprite,  
Turn, turn thy thoughts to Heaven:  
There must thou soon direct thy flight,  
If errors are forgiven.  
To bigots and to sects unknown,  
Bow down beneath the Almighty's Throne;

<sup>4</sup> [Mary Duff. See *anté*, p. 416. note.]  
<sup>5</sup> [Eddlestone, the Cambridge chorister. See *anté*, p. 398.]

To Him address thy trembling prayer:  
He, who is merciful and just,  
Will not reject a child of dust,  
Although his meanest care.

Father of Light! to Thee I call,  
My soul is dark within:  
Thou, who canst mark the sparrow's fall,  
Avert the death of sin.  
Thou, who canst guide the wandering star,  
Who calm'st the elemental war,  
Whose mantle is yon boundless sky,  
My thoughts, my words, my crimes forgive;  
And, since I soon must cease to live,  
Instruct me how to die.

1807. [First published, 1832.]

## TO A VAIN LADY.

Ah, heedless girl! why thus disclose  
What ne'er was meant for other ears:  
Why thus destroy thine own repose,  
And dig the source of future tears?

Oh, thou wilt weep, imprudent maid,  
While lurking envious foes will smile,  
For all the follies thou hast said  
Of those who spoke but to beguile.

Vain girl! thy ling'ring woes are nigh,  
If thou believ'st what striplings say:  
Oh, from the deep temptation fly,  
Nor fall the specious spoiler's prey.

Dost thou repeat, in childish boast,  
The words man utters to deceive?  
Thy peace, thy hope, thy all is lost,  
If thou canst venture to believe.

While now amongst thy female peers  
Thou tell'st again the soothing tale,  
Canst thou not mark the rising sneers  
Duplicity in vain would veil?

These tales in secret silence hush,  
Nor make thyself the public gaze:  
What modest maid without a blush  
Recounts a flattering coxcomb's praise?

Will not the laughing boy despise  
Her who relates each fond conceit—  
Who, thinking Heaven is in her eyes,  
Yet cannot see the slight deceit?

For she who takes a soft delight  
These amorous nothings in revealing,  
Must credit all we say or write,  
While vanity prevents concealing.

Cease, if you prize your beauty's reign!  
No jealousy bids me reprove:  
One, who is thus from nature vain,  
I pity, but I cannot love.  
January 15. 1807. [First published, 1832.]

## TO ANNE.

Oh, Anne! your offences to me have been grievous;  
I thought from my wrath no atonement could save  
you;  
But woman is made to command and deceive us—  
I look'd in your face, and I almost forgave you.

I vow'd I could ne'er for a moment respect you,  
Yet thought that a day's separation was long:  
When we met, I determined again to suspect you—  
Your smile soon convinced me suspicion was wrong.

I swore, in a transport of young indignation,  
With fervent contempt evermore to disdain you:  
I saw you—my anger became admiration;  
And now, all my wish, all my hope, 's to regain you.

With beauty like yours, oh, how vain the contention!  
Thus lowly I sue for forgiveness before you;—  
At once to conclude such a fruitless dissension,  
Be false, my sweet Anne, when I cease to adore you!  
January 16. 1807. [First published, 1832.]

## TO THE SAME.

Oh, say not, sweet Anne, that the Fates have decreed  
The heart which adores you should wish to dis sever;  
Such Fates were to me most unkind ones indeed;—  
To bear me from love and from beauty for ever.

Your frowns, lovely girl, are the Fates which alone  
Could bid me from fond admiration refrain;  
By these, every hope, every wish were o'erthrown,  
Till smiles should restore me to rapture again.

As the ivy and oak, in the forest entwined,  
The rage of the tempest united must weather,  
My love and my life were by nature design'd  
To flourish alike, or to perish together.

Then say not, sweet Anne, that the Fates have decreed,  
Your lover should bid you a lasting adieu;  
Till Fate can ordain that his bosom shall bleed,  
His soul, his existence, are center'd in you.  
1807. [First published, 1832.]

## TO THE AUTHOR OF A SONNET BEGINNING,

"SAD IS MY VERSE," YOU SAY, "AND YET NO TEAR."

Thy verse is "sad" enough, no doubt:  
A devilish deal more sad than witty!  
Why we should weep I can't find out,  
Unless for thee we weep in pity.

Yet there is one I pity more;  
And much, alas! I think he needs it:  
For he, I'm sure, will suffer sore,  
Who, to his own misfortune, reads it.

Thy rhymes, without the aid of magic,  
May *once* be read—but never after:  
Yet their effect's by no means tragic,  
Although by far too dull for laughter.

But would you make our bosoms bleed,  
And of no common pang complain—  
If you would make us weep indeed,  
Tell us, you'll read them o'er again.  
March 8. 1807. [First published, 1832.]

## ON FINDING A FAN.

In one who felt as once he felt,  
This might, perhaps, have fann'd the flame;  
But now his heart no more will melt,  
Because that heart is not the same.

M m 4



As when the ebbing flames are low,  
The aid which once improved their light,  
And bade them burn with fiercer glow,  
Now quenches all their blaze in night,

Thus has it been with passion's fires —  
As many a boy and girl remembers —  
While every hope of love expires,  
Extinguish'd with the dying embers.

The *first*, though not a spark survive,  
Some careful hand may teach to burn ;  
The *last*, alas ! can ne'er survive ;  
No touch can bid its warmth return.

Or, if it chance to wake again,  
Not always doom'd its heat to smother,  
It sheds (so wayward fates ordain)  
Its former warmth around another.

1807. [First published, 1832.]

#### FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.

Thou Power ! who hast ruled me through infancy's  
days,  
Young offspring of Fancy, 'tis time we should part ;  
Then rise on the gale this the last of my lays,  
The coldest effusion which springs from my heart.

This bosom, responsive to rapture no more,  
Shall hush thy wild notes, nor implore thee to sing ;  
The feelings of childhood, which taught thee to soar,  
Are wafted far distant on Apathy's wing.

Though simple the themes of my rude flowing Lyre,  
Yet even these themes are departed for ever ;  
No more beam the eyes which my dream could inspire,  
My visions are flown, to return, — alas, never !

When drain'd is the nectar which gladdens the bowl,  
How vain is the effort delight to prolong !  
When cold is the beauty which dwelt in my soul,  
What magic of Fancy can lengthen my song ?

Can the lips sing of Love in the desert alone,  
Of kisses and smiles which they now must resign ?  
Or dwell with delight on the hours that are flown ?  
Ah, no ! for those hours can no longer be mine.

Can they speak of the friends that I lived out to love ?  
Ah, surely affection ennobles the strain !  
But how can my numbers in sympathy move,  
When I scarcely can hope to behold them again ?

Can I sing of the deeds which my Fathers have done,  
And raise my loud harp to the fame of my Sires ?  
For glories like theirs, oh, how faint is my tone !  
For Heroes' exploits how unequal my fires !

Untouch'd, then, my Lyre shall reply to the blast —  
'Tis hush'd ; and my feeble endeavours are o'er ;  
And those who have heard it will pardon the past,  
When they know that its murmurs shall vibrate no  
more.

<sup>1</sup> [Lord Byron, on his first arrival at Newstead, in 1798, planted an oak in the garden, and nourished the fancy, that as the tree flourished so should he. On revisiting the abbey, during Lord Grey de Ruthven's residence there, he found the oak choked up by weeds, and almost destroyed, — hence these lines. Shortly after Colonel Wildman, the present proprietor, took possession, he one day noticed it, and said to the servant who was with him, "Here is a fine young oak;

And soon shall its wild erring notes be forgot,  
Since early affection and love are o'ercast :  
Oh ! blest had my fate been, and happy my lot,  
Had the first strain of love been the dearest, the last !

Farewell, my young Muse ! since we now can ne'er  
meet ;

If our songs have been languid, they surely are few :  
Let us hope that the present at least will be sweet —  
The present — which seals our eternal Adieu.

1807. [First published, 1832.]

#### TO AN OAK AT NEWSTEAD.<sup>1</sup>

Young Oak ! when I planted thee deep in the ground,  
I hoped that thy days would be longer than mine ;  
That thy dark-waving branches would flourish around,  
And ivy thy trunk with its mantle entwine.

Such, such was my hope, when, in infancy's years,  
On the land of my fathers I rear'd thee with pride :  
They are past, and I water thy stem with my tears, —  
Thy decay not the weeds that surround thee can  
hide.

I left thee, my Oak, and, since that fatal hour,  
A stranger has dwelt in the hall of my sire ;  
Till manhood shall crown me, not mine is the power,  
But his, whose neglect may have bade thee expire.

Oh ! hardy thou wert — even now little care  
Might revive thy young head, and thy wounds  
gently heal :

But thou wert not fated affection to share —  
For who could suppose that a Stranger would feel ?

Ah, droop not, my Oak ! lift thy head for a while ;  
Ere twice round yon Glory this planet shall run,  
The hand of thy Master will teach thee to smile,  
When Infancy's years of probation are done.

Oh, live then, my Oak ! tow'r aloft from the weeds,  
That clog thy young growth, and assist thy decay,  
For still in thy bosom are life's early seeds,  
And still may thy branches their beauty display.

Oh ! yet, if maturity's years may be thine,  
Though I shall lie low in the cavern of death,  
On thy leaves yet the day-beam of ages may shine,  
Uninjured by time, or the rude winter's breath.

For centuries still may thy boughs lightly wave  
O'er the corse of thy lord in thy canopy laid ;  
While the branches thus gratefully shelter his grave,  
The chief who survives may recline in thy shade.

And as he, with his boys, shall revisit this spot,  
He will tell them in whispers more softly to tread.  
Oh ! surely, by these I shall ne'er be forgot :  
Remembrance still hallows the dust of the dead.

And here, will they say, when in life's glowing prime,  
Perhaps he has pour'd forth his young simple lay,  
And here must he sleep, till the moments of time  
Are lost in the hours of Eternity's day.

1807. [First published, 1832.]

but it must be cut down, as it grows in an improper place." — "I hope not, sir," replied the man ; "for it's the one that my lord was so fond of, because he set it himself." The Colonel has, of course, taken every possible care of it. It is already inquired after, by strangers, as "THE BYRON OAK," and promises to share, in after times, the celebrity of Shakspeare's mulberry, and Pope's willow.]

#### ON REVISITING HARROW.<sup>1</sup>

HERE once engaged the stranger's view  
Young Friendship's record simply traced ;  
Few were her words, — but yet, though few,  
Resentment's hand the line defaced.

Deeply she cut — but not erased,  
The characters were still so plain,  
That Friendship once return'd, and gazed, —  
Till Memory hail'd the words again.

Repentance placed them as before ;  
Forgiveness join'd her gentle name ;  
So fair the inscription seem'd once more  
That Friendship thought it still the same.

Thus might the Record now have been ;  
But, ah, in spite of Hope's endeavour,  
Or Friendship's tears, Pride rush'd between,  
And blotted out the line for ever !

September, 1807.

#### EPITAPH ON JOHN ADAMS, OF SOUTHWELL,

A CARRIER, WHO DIED OF DRUNKENNESS.

JOHN ADAMS lies here of the parish of Southwell,  
A Carrier who carried his can to his mouth well ;  
He carried so much, and he carried so fast,  
He could carry no more — so was carried at last ;  
For, the liquor he drank, being too much for one,  
He could not carry off, — so he's now *carri-on*.

September, 1807.

#### TO MY SON.<sup>2</sup>

THOSE flaxen locks, those eyes of blue,  
Bright as thy mother's in their hue ;  
Those rosy lips, whose dimples play  
And smile to steal the heart away,  
Recall a scene of former joy,  
And touch thy father's heart, my Boy !

And thou canst lisp a father's name —  
Ah, William, were thine own the same, —  
No self-reproach — but, let me cease —  
My care for thee shall purchase peace ;  
Thy mother's shade shall smile in joy,  
And pardon all the past, my Boy !

Her lowly grave the turf has prest,  
And thou hast known a stranger's breast.  
Derision sneers upon thy birth,  
And yields thee scarce a name on earth ;  
Yet shall not these one hope destroy, —  
A Father's heart is thine, my Boy !

Why, let the world unfeeling frown,  
Must I fond Nature's claim disown ?  
Ah, no — though moralists reprove,  
I hail thee, dearest child of love,  
Fair cherub, pledge of youth and joy —  
A Father guards thy birth, my Boy !

<sup>1</sup> Some years ago, when at Harrow, a friend of the author engraved on a particular spot the names of both, with a few additional words, as a memorial. Afterwards, on receiving some real or imagined injury, the author destroyed the frail record before he left Harrow. On revisiting the place in 1807, he wrote under it these stanzas.

<sup>2</sup> ["Whether these verses are, in any degree, founded on fact, I have no accurate means of determining. Fond as Lord Byron was of recording every particular of his youth,

Oh, 'twill be sweet in thee to trace,  
Ere age has wrinkled o'er my face,  
Ere half my glass of life is run,  
At once a brother and a son ;  
And all my wane of years employ  
In justice done to thee, my Boy !

Although so young thy heedless sire,  
Youth will not damp parental fire ;  
And, wert thou still less dear to me,  
While Helen's form revives in thee,  
The breast, which beat to former joy,  
Will ne'er desert its pledge, my Boy !

1807. [First published, 1830.]

#### FAREWELL ! IF EVER FONDEST PRAYER.

FAREWELL ! if ever fondest prayer  
For other's weal avail'd on high,  
Mine will not all be lost in air,  
But waft thy name beyond the sky.  
'T were vain to speak, to weep, to sigh :  
Oh ! more than tears of blood can tell,  
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,  
Are in that word — Farewell ! — Farewell !

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry ;  
But in my breast and in my brain,  
Awake the pangs that pass not by,  
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.  
My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,  
Though grief and passion there rebel :  
I only know we loved in vain —  
I only feel — Farewell ! — Farewell !

1808.

#### BRIGHT BE THE PLACE OF THY SOUL.

BRIGHT be the place of thy soul !  
No lovelier spirit than thine  
E'er burst from its mortal control,  
In the orbs of the blessed to shine.

On earth thou wert all but divine,  
As thy soul shall immortally be ;  
And our sorrow may cease to repine,  
When we know that thy God is with thee.

Light be the turf of thy tomb !  
May its verdure like emeralds be :  
There should not be the shadow of gloom  
In aught that reminds us of thee.

Young flowers and an evergreen tree  
May spring from the spot of thy rest :  
But nor cypress nor yew let us see ;  
For why should we mourn for the blest ?

1808.

such an event, or rather era, as is here commemorated, would have been, of all others, the least likely to pass unmentioned by him ; and yet neither in conversation nor in any of his writings do I remember even an allusion to it. On the other hand, so entirely was all that he wrote, — making allowance for the embellishments of fancy, — the transcript of his actual life and feelings, that it is not easy to suppose a poem, so full of natural tenderness, to have been indebted for its origin to imagination alone." — MOORE. But see *post*, Don Juan, canto xvi. st. 61.]



## WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

WHEN we two parted  
In silence and tears,  
Half broken-hearted  
To sever for years,  
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,  
Colder thy kiss;  
Truly that hour foretold  
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning  
Sunk chill on my brow —  
It felt like the warning  
Of what I feel now.  
Thy vows are all broken,  
And light is thy fame;  
I hear thy name spoken,  
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,  
A knell to mine ear;  
A shudder comes o'er me —  
Why wert thou so dear?  
They know not I knew thee,  
Who knew thee too well: —  
Long, long shall I rue thee,  
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met —  
In silence I grieve,  
That thy heart could forget,  
Thy spirit deceive.  
If I should meet thee  
After long years,  
How should I greet thee? —  
With silence and tears.

1808.

TO A YOUTHFUL FRIEND.<sup>1</sup>

FEW years have pass'd since thou and I  
Were firmest friends, at least in name,  
And childhood's gay sincerity  
Preserved our feelings long the same.

But now, like me, too well thou know'st  
What trifles oft the heart recall;  
And those who once have loved the most  
Too soon forget they loved at all.

And such the change the heart displays,  
So frail is early friendship's reign,  
A month's brief lapse, perhaps a day's,  
Will view thy mind estranged again.

If so, it never shall be mine  
To mourn the loss of such a heart;  
The fault was Nature's fault, not thine,  
Which made thee fickle as thou art.

As rolls the ocean's changing tide,  
So human feelings ebb and flow;  
And who would in a breast confide,  
Where stormy passions ever glow?

<sup>1</sup> [This copy of verses, and that which follows, originally appeared in the volume published, in 1809, by Mr. (now the Right Hon. Sir John) Hobhouse, under the title of "Imita-

It boots not that, together bred,  
Our childish days were days of joy:  
My spring of life has quickly fled;  
Thou, too, hast ceased to be a boy.

And when we bid adieu to youth,  
Slaves to the specious world's control,  
We sigh a long farewell to truth;  
That world corrupts the noblest soul.

Ah, joyous season! when the mind  
Dares all things boldly but to lie;  
When thought ere spoke is unconfined,  
And sparkles in the placid eye.

Not so in Man's maturer years,  
When Man himself is but a tool;  
When interest sways our hopes and fears,  
And all must love and hate by rule.

With fools in kindred vice the same,  
We learn at length our faults to blend;  
And those, and those alone, may claim  
The prostituted name of friend.

Such is the common lot of man:  
Can we then 'scape from folly free?  
Can we reverse the general plan,  
Nor be what all in turn must be?

No; for myself, so dark my fate  
Through every turn of life hath been;  
Man and the world so much I hate,  
I care not when I quit the scene.

But thou, with spirit frail and light,  
Wilt shine awhile, and pass away;  
As glow-worms sparkle through the night,  
But dare not stand the test of day.

Alas! whenever folly calls  
Where parasites and princes meet,  
(For cherish'd first in royal halls,  
The welcome vices kindly greet)

Ev'n now thou'rt nightly seen to add  
One insect to the fluttering crowd;  
And still thy trifling heart is glad  
To join the vain, and court the proud.

There dost thou glide from fair to fair,  
Still simpering on with eager haste,  
As flies along the gay parterre,  
That taint the flowers they scarcely taste.

But say, what nymph will prize the flame  
Which seems, as marshy vapours move,  
To flit along from dame to dame,  
An ignis-fatuuus gleam of love?

What friend for thee, howe'er inclined,  
Will deign to own a kindred care?  
Who will debase his manly mind,  
For friendship every fool may share?

In time forbear; amidst the throng  
No more so base a thing be seen;  
No more so idly pass along:  
Be something, any thing, but — mean.

1808.

tions and Translations, together with original poems," and bearing the modest epigraph — "Nos hæc nocturnus esse nihil."]

LINES INSCRIBED UPON A CUP FORMED FROM A SKULL.<sup>1</sup>

START not — nor deem my spirit fled:  
In me behold the only skull,  
From which, unlike a living head,  
Whatever flows is never dull.

I lived, I loved, I quaff'd, like thee:  
I died: let earth my bones resign:  
Fill up — thou canst not injure me;  
The worm hath fouler lips than thine.

Better to hold the sparkling grape,  
Than nurse the earth-worm's slimy brood;  
And circle in the goblet's shape  
The drink of Gods, than reptile's food.

Where once my wit, perchance, hath shone,  
In aid of others' let me shine;  
And when, alas! our brains are gone,  
What nobler substitute than wine?

Quaff while thou canst: another race,  
When thou and thine, like me, are sped,  
May rescue thee from earth's embrace,  
And rhyme and revel with the dead.

Why no — since through life's little day  
Our heads such sad effects produce?  
Redeem'd from worms and wasting clay,  
This chance is theirs, to be of use.

Newstead Abbey, 1808.

WELL! THOU ART HAPPY.<sup>2</sup>

WELL! thou art happy, and I feel  
That I should thus be happy too;  
For still my heart regards thy weal  
Warmly, as it was wont to do.

Thy husband's blest — and 't will impart  
Some pangs to view his happier lot;  
But let them pass — Oh! how my heart  
Would hate him, if he loved thee not!

When late I saw thy favourite child,  
I thought my jealous heart would break;  
But when the unconscious infant smiled,  
I kiss'd it for its mother's sake.

I kiss'd it, — and repress'd my sighs,  
Its father in its face to see;

<sup>1</sup> [Lord Byron gives the following account of this cup: — "The gardener, in digging, discovered a skull that had probably belonged to some jolly friar or monk of the abbey, about the time it was demonstrated. Observing it to be of giant size, and in a perfect state of preservation, a strange fancy seized me of having it set and mounted as a drinking cup. I accordingly sent it to town, and it returned with a very high polish, and of a mottled colour like tortoiseshell." It is now in the possession of Colonel Wildman, the proprietor of Newstead Abbey. In several of our elder dramatists, mention is made of the custom of quaffing wine out of similar cups. For example, in Dekker's "Wonder of a Kingdom," Torrent says, —

"Would I had ten thousand soldiers' heads,  
Their skulls set all in silver; to drink healths  
To his confusion who first invented war."]

<sup>2</sup> [These lines were printed originally in Mr. Hobhouse's Miscellany. A few days before they were written, the Poet had been invited to dine at Annesley. On the infant daughter of his fair hostess being brought into the room, he started involuntarily, and with the utmost difficulty suppressed his emotion. To the sensations of that moment we are indebted for these beautiful stanzas.]

But then it had its mother's eyes,  
And they were all to love and me.

Mary, adieu! I must away:  
While thou art blest I'll not repine;  
But near thee I can never stay;  
My heart would soon again be thine.

I deem'd that time, I deem'd that pride  
Had quench'd at length my boyish flame;  
Nor knew, till seated by thy side,  
My heart in all, — save hope, — the same.

Yet was I calm: I knew the time  
My breast would thrill before thy lock;  
But now to tremble were a crime —  
We met, — and not a nerve was shook.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,  
Yet meet with no confusion there:  
One only feeling could'st thou trace;  
The sullen calmness of despair.

Away! away! my early dream  
Remembrance never must awake:  
Oh! where is Lethe's fabled stream?  
My foolish heart, be still, or break.

November 2. 1808.

INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.<sup>3</sup>

WHEN some proud son of man returns to earth,  
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,  
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,  
And storied urns record who rests below;  
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,  
Not what he was, but what he should have been:  
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,  
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,  
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,  
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,  
Unhonour'd falls, unnoticed all his worth,  
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth:  
While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,  
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.  
Oh man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,  
Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,  
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,  
Degraded mass of animated dust!

<sup>3</sup> This monument is still a conspicuous ornament in the garden of Newstead. The following is the inscription by which the verses are preceded: —

"Near this spot  
Are deposited the Remains of one  
Who possessed Beauty without Vanity,  
Strength without Insolence,  
Courage without Ferocity,  
And all the Virtues of Man without his Vices.  
This Praise, which would be unmeaning Flattery  
If inscribed over human ashes,  
Is but a just tribute to the Memory of  
BOATSWAIN, a Dog,

Who was born at Newfoundland, May, 1803,  
And died at Newstead Abbey, Nov. 18. 1808."

Lord Byron thus announced the death of his favourite to his friend Hodgson: — "Boatswain is dead! — he expired in a state of madness, on the 18th, after suffering much, yet retaining all the gentleness of his nature to the last; never attempting to do the least injury to any one near him. I have now lost every thing, except old Murray." By the will executed in 1811, he directed that his own body should be buried in a vault in the garden, near his faithful dog.]