

Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,  
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit!  
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,  
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.  
Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn,  
Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn:  
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;  
I never knew but one,—and here he lies.

Newstead Abbey, November 30. 1808.

TO A LADY,<sup>1</sup>

ON BEING ASKED MY REASON FOR QUITTING ENGLAND  
IN THE SPRING.

WHEN Man, expell'd from Eden's bowers,  
A moment linger'd near the gate,  
Each scene recall'd the vanish'd hours,  
And bade him curse his future fate.

But, wandering on through distant climes,  
He learnt to bear his load of grief;  
Just gave a sigh to other times,  
And found in busier scenes relief.

Thus, lady<sup>2</sup>! will it be with me,  
And I must view thy charms no more;  
For, while I linger near to thee,  
I sigh for all I knew before.

In flight I shall be surely wise,  
Escaping from temptation's snare;  
I cannot view my paradise  
Without the wish of dwelling there.<sup>3</sup>

December 2. 1808.

REMINDE ME NOT, REMINDE ME NOT.

REMINDE me not, remind me not,  
Of those beloved, those vanish'd hours,  
When all my soul was given to thee;  
Hours that may never be forgot,  
Till time unnerves our vital powers,  
And thou and I shall cease to be.

Can I forget—canst thou forget,  
When playing with thy golden hair,  
How quick thy fluttering heart did move?  
Oh! by my soul, I see thee yet,  
With eyes so languid, breast so fair,  
And lips, though silent, breathing love.

When thus reclining on my breast,  
Those eyes threw back a glance so sweet,  
As half reproach'd yet raised desire,  
And still we near and nearer prest,  
And still our glowing lips would meet,  
As if in kisses to expire.

<sup>1</sup> [In the original MS. "To Mrs. Musters," &c. The reader will find a portrait of this lady in Finden's Illustrations of Byron, No. III.]

<sup>2</sup> [In the first copy, "Thus, Mary!"]

<sup>3</sup> [In Mr. Hobhouse's volume, the line stood,— "Without a wish to enter there." The following is an extract from an unpublished letter of Lord Byron, written in 1823, only three days previous to his leaving Italy for Greece:—"Miss Chaworth was two years older than myself. She married a man of an ancient and respectable family, but her

And then those pensive eyes would close,  
And bid their lids each other seek,  
Veiling the azure orbs below;  
While their long lashes' darken'd gloss  
Seem'd stealing o'er thy brilliant cheek,  
Like raven's plumage smooth'd on snow.

I dreamt last night our love return'd,  
And, sooth to say, that very dream  
Was sweeter in its phantasy,  
Than if for other hearts I burn'd,  
For eyes that ne'er like thine could beam  
In rapture's wild reality.

Then tell me not, remind me not,  
Of hours which, though for ever gone,  
Can still a pleasing dream restore,  
Till thou and I shall be forgot,  
And senseless as the mouldering stone  
Which tells that we shall be no more.

THERE WAS A TIME, I NEED NOT NAME.

THERE WAS a time, I need not name,  
Since it will ne'er forgotten be,  
When all our feelings were the same  
As still my soul hath been to thee.

And from that hour when first thy tongue  
Confess'd a love which equall'd mine,  
Though many a grief my heart hath wrung,  
Unknown and thus unfelt by thine,

None, none hath sunk so deep as this—  
To think how all that love hath flown;  
Transient as every faithless kiss,  
But transient in thy breast alone.

And yet my heart some solace knew,  
When late I heard thy lips declare,  
In accents once imagined true,  
Remembrance of the days that were.

Yes; my adored, yet most unkind!  
Though thou wilt never love again,  
To me 'tis doubly sweet to find  
Remembrance of that love remain.

Yes! 'tis a glorious thought to me,  
Nor longer shall my soul repine,  
Whate'er thou art or e'er shalt be,  
Thou hast been dearly, solely mine.

AND WILT THOU WEEP WHEN I AM LOW?

AND wilt thou weep when I am low?  
Sweet lady! speak those words again:  
Yet if they grieve thee, say not so—  
I would not give that bosom pain.

marriage was not a happier one than my own. Her conduct, however, was irreproachable; but there was not sympathy between their characters. I had not seen her for many years, when an occasion offered. I was upon the point, with her consent, of paying her a visit, when my sister, who has always had more influence over me than any one else, persuaded me not to do it. 'For,' said she, 'if you go you will fall in love again, and then there will be a scene; one step will lead to another, et cetera fera un élat.' I was guided by those reasons, and shortly after married,—with what success it is useless to say."]

My heart is sad, my hopes are gone,  
My blood runs coldly through my breast;  
And when I perish, thou alone  
Wilt sigh above my place of rest.

And yet, methinks, a gleam of peace  
Doth through my cloud of anguish shine;  
And for awhile my sorrows cease,  
To know thy heart hath felt for mine.

Oh lady! blessed be that tear—  
It falls for one who cannot weep:  
Such precious drops are doubly dear  
To those whose eyes no tear may steep.

Sweet lady! once my heart was warm  
With every feeling soft as thine;  
But beauty's self hath ceased to charm  
A wretch created to repine.

Yet wilt thou weep when I am low?  
Sweet lady! speak those words again;  
Yet if they grieve thee, say not so—  
I would not give that bosom pain.<sup>1</sup>

FILL THE GOBLET AGAIN.

A SONG.

FILL the goblet again! for I never before  
Felt the glow which now gladdens my heart to its core;  
Let us drink!—who would not?—since, through  
Life's varied round,  
In the goblet alone no deception is found.

I have tried in its turn all that life can supply;  
I have bask'd in the beam of a dark rolling eye;  
I have loved!—who has not?—but what heart can  
declare,  
That pleasure existed while passion was there?

<sup>1</sup> [The melancholy which was now gaining fast upon the young poet's mind was a source of much uneasiness to his friends. It was at this period, that the following pleasant verses were addressed to him by Mr. Hobhouse:—

EPISTLE

TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN IN LOVE.

HAIL! generous youth, whom glory's sacred flame  
Inspires and animates to deeds of fame;  
Who feel the noble wish before you die  
To raise the finger of each passer-by:  
Hail! may a future age admiring view  
A Falkland or a Clarendon in you.

But as your blood with dangerous passion boils,  
Beware! and fly from Venus' silken toils:  
Ah! let the head protect the weaker heart,  
And Wisdom's Ægis turn on Beauty's dart.

But if 'tis fix'd that every lord must pair,  
And you and Newstead must not want an heir,  
Lose not your pains, and scour the country round,  
To find a treasure that can ne'er be found!  
No! take the first the town or court affords,  
Trick'd out to stock a market for the lords;  
By chance perhaps your luckier choice may fall  
On one, though wicked, not the worst of all:

One though perhaps as any Maxwell free,  
Yet scarce a copy, Claribel, of thee:  
Not very ugly, and not very old,  
A little pert indeed, but not a scold;  
One that, in short, may help to lead a life  
Not farther much from comfort than from strife;  
And when she dies, and disappoints your fears,  
Shall leave some joys for your declining years.

But, as your early youth some time allows,  
Nor custom yet demands you for a spouse,

In the days of my youth, when the heart's in its  
spring,  
And dreams that affection can never take wing,  
I had friends!—who has not?—but what tongue  
will avow,  
That friends, rosy wine! are so faithful as thou?

The heart of a mistress some boy may estrange,  
Friendship shifts with the sunbeam—thou never  
canst change:  
Thou grow'st old—who does not?—but on earth  
what appears,  
Whose virtues, like thine, still increase with its years?

Yet if blest to the utmost that love can bestow,  
Should a rival bow down to our idol below,  
We are jealous!—who's not?—thou hast no such  
alloy;  
For the more that enjoy thee, the more we enjoy.

Then the season of youth and its vanities past,  
For refuge we fly to the goblet at last;  
There we find—do we not?—in the flow of the  
soul,  
That truth, as of yore, is confined to the bowl.

When the box of Pandora was open'd on earth,  
And Misery's triumph commenced over Mirth,  
Hope was left,—was she not?—but the goblet we  
kiss,  
And care not for Hope, who are certain of bliss.

Long life to the grape! for when summer is flown,  
The age of our nectar shall gladden our own:  
We must die—who shall not?—May our sins be  
forgiven,  
And Hebe shall never be idle in heaven.

Some hours of freedom may remain as yet  
For one who laughs alike at love and debt;  
Then, why in haste? put off the evil day,  
And snatch at youthful comforts whilst you may!  
Pause! nor so soon the various bliss forego  
That single souls, and such alone, can know:  
Ah! why too early careless life resign,  
Your morning slumber, and your evening wine;  
Your loved companion, and his easy talk;  
Your Muse, invoked in every peaceful walk.  
What! can no more your scenes paternal please,  
Scenes sacred long to wise, unmated ease?  
The prospect lengthen'd o'er the distant down,  
Lakes, meadows, rising woods, and all your own?  
What! shall your Newstead, shall your cloister'd bowers,  
The high o'er-hanging arch and trembling towers!  
Shall these, profaned with folly or with strife,  
And ever fond, or ever angry wife!  
Shall these no more confess a manly sway,  
But changeful woman's changing whims obey?  
Who may, perhaps, as varying humour calls,  
Contract your cloisters and o'erthrow your walls;  
Let Repton loose o'er all the ancient ground,  
Change round to square, and square convert to round;  
Root up the elms' and yew's too solemn gloom,  
And fill with shrubberies gay and green their glare;  
Roll down the terrace to a gay parterre,  
Where gravel'd walks and flowers alternate glare;  
And quite transform, in ev'ry point complete,  
Your gothic abbey to a country seat.

Forget the fair one, and your fate delay;  
If not avert, at least defer the day,  
When you beneath the female yoke shall bend,  
And lose your wit, your temper, and your friend.  
Trin. Coll. Camb. 1808.

In his mother's copy of Mr. Hobhouse's volume, now before us, Lord Byron has here written with a pencil,— "I have lost them all, and shall wed accordingly. 1811. B."]

STANZAS TO A LADY<sup>1</sup>, ON LEAVING ENGLAND.

'T is done — and shivering in the gale  
The bark unfurls her snowy sail;  
And whistling o'er the bending mast,  
Loud sings on high the fresh'ning blast;  
And I must from this land be gone,  
Because I cannot love but one.

But could I be what I have been,  
And could I see what I have seen —  
Could I repose upon the breast  
Which once my warmest wishes blest —  
I should not seek another zone  
Because I cannot love but one.

'T is long since I beheld that eye  
Which gave me bliss or misery;  
And I have striven, but in vain,  
Never to think of it again:  
For though I fly from Albion,  
I still can only love but one.

As some lone bird, without a mate,  
My weary heart is desolate;  
I look around, and cannot trace  
One friendly smile or welcome face,  
And ev'n in crowds am still alone,  
Because I cannot love but one.

And I will cross the whitening foam,  
And I will seek a foreign home;  
Till I forget a false fair face,  
I ne'er shall find a resting-place;  
My own dark thoughts I cannot shun,  
But ever love, and love but one.

The poorest, veriest wretch on earth  
Still finds some hospitable hearth,  
Where friendship's or love's softer glow  
May smile in joy or soothe in woe;  
But friend or leman I have none,  
Because I cannot love but one.

I go — but wheresoe'er I flee,  
There's not an eye will weep for me;  
There's not a kind congenial heart,  
Where I can claim the meanest part;  
Nor thou, who hast my hopes undone,  
Wilt sigh, although I love but one.

To think of every early scene,  
Of what we are, and what we've been,  
Would overwhelm some softer hearts with woe —  
But mine, alas! has stood the blow;  
Yet still beats on as it begun,  
And never truly loves but one.

And who that dear loved one may be  
Is not for vulgar eyes to see,  
And why that early love was lost,  
Thou know'st the best, I feel the most;  
But few that dwell beneath the sun  
Have loved so long, and loved but one.

I've tried another's fetters too,  
With charms perchance as fair to view;

<sup>1</sup> [In the original, "To Mrs. Musters."]

<sup>2</sup> [Thus corrected by himself, in his mother's copy of Mr. Hobhouse's Miscellany; the two last lines being originally —

And I would fain have loved as well,  
But some unconquerable spell  
Forbade my bleeding breast to own  
A kindred care for aught but one.

'T would soothe to take one lingering view,  
And bless thee in my last adieu;  
Yet wish I not those eyes to weep  
For him that wanders o'er the deep;  
His home, his hope, his youth are gone,  
Yet still he loves, and loves but one.<sup>2</sup>

1809.

## LINES TO MR. HODGSON.

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE LISBON PACKET.

HUZZA! Hodgson, we are going,  
Our embargo's off at last;  
Favourable breezes blowing  
Bend the canvass o'er the mast.  
From aloft the signal's streaming,  
Hark! the farewell gun is fired;  
Women screeching, tars blaspheming,  
Tell us that our time's expired.

Here's a rascal  
Come to task all,  
Prying from the custom-house;  
Trunks unpacking  
Cases cracking,  
Not a corner for a mouse  
'Scapes unsearch'd amid the racket,  
Ere we sail on board the Packet.

Now our boatmen quit their mooring,  
And all hands must ply the oar;  
Baggage from the quay is lowering,  
We're impatient, — push from shore.  
"Have a care! that case holds liquor —  
Stop the boat — I'm sick — oh Lord!"  
"Sick, ma'am, damme, you'll be sicker,  
Ere you've been an hour on board."

Thus are screaming  
Men and women,  
Gemmen, ladies, servants, Jacks;  
Here entangling,  
All are wrangling,  
Stuck together close as wax. —  
Such the general noise and racket,  
Ere we reach the Lisbon Packet.

Now we've reach'd her, lo! the captain,  
Gallant Kidd, commands the crew;  
Passengers their berths are clapt in,  
Some to grumble, some to spew.  
"Hey day! call you that a cabin?  
Why 'tis hardly three feet square;  
Not enough to stow Queen Mab in —  
Who the deuce can harbour there?"

"Who, sir? plenty —  
Nobles twenty  
Did at once my vessel fill." —  
"Did they? Jesus,  
How you squeeze us!  
Would to God they did so still:  
Then I'd scape the heat and racket  
Of the good ship, Lisbon Packet."

"Though wheresoe'er my bark may run,  
I love but thee, I love but one."

Fletcher! Murray! Bob! where are you?  
Stretch'd along the deck like logs —  
Bear a hand, you jolly tar, you!  
Here's a rope's end for the dogs.  
Hobhouse muttering fearful curses,  
As the hatchway down he rolls,  
Now his breakfast, now his verses,  
Vomits forth — and damns our souls.

"Here's a stanza  
On Braganza —  
Help!" — "A couplet?" — "No, a cup  
Of warm water —"  
"What's the matter?"

"Zounds! my liver's coming up;  
I shall not survive the racket  
Of this brutal Lisbon Packet."

Now at length we're off for Turkey,  
Lord knows when we shall come back!  
Breezes foul and tempests murky  
May unship us in a crack.  
But, since life at most a jest is,  
As philosophers allow,  
Still to laugh by far the best is,  
Then laugh on — as I do now.

Laugh at all things,  
Great and small things,  
Sick or well, at sea or shore;  
While we're quaffing,  
Let's have laughing —  
Who the devil cares for more? —  
Some good wine! and who would lack it,  
Ev'n on board the Lisbon Packet?<sup>2</sup>

Falmouth Roads, June 30. 1809.  
[First published, 1830.]

## LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM, AT MALTA.

As o'er the cold sepulchral stone  
Some name arrests the passer-by;  
Thus, when thou view'st this page alone,  
May mine attract thy pensive eye!

And when by thee that name is read,  
Perchance in some succeeding year,  
Reflect on me as on the dead,  
And think my heart is buried here.

September 14. 1809.

TO FLORENCE.<sup>3</sup>

OH Lady! when I left the shore,  
The distant shore which gave me birth,  
I hardly thought to grieve once more,  
To quit another spot on earth:

<sup>1</sup> [Lord Byron's three servants.]

<sup>2</sup> [In the letter in which these lively verses were enclosed, Lord Byron says: — "I leave England without regret — I shall return to it without pleasure. I am like Adam, the first convict sentenced to transportation; but I have no Eve, and have eaten no apple but what was sour as a crab; and thus ends my first chapter."]

<sup>3</sup> [These lines were written at Malta. The lady to whom they were addressed, and whom he afterwards apostrophises in the stanzas on the thunderstorm of Zitzza and in Childe Harold, is thus mentioned in a letter to his mother: — "This letter is committed to the charge of a very extraordinary lady, whom you have doubtless heard of, Mrs. Spencer Smith, of whose escape the Marquis de Salvo published a narrative a few years ago. She has since been shipwrecked; and her life has been from its commencement so fertile in remarkable incidents, that in a romance they would appear improbable.

Yet here, amidst this barren isle,  
Where panting Nature droops the head,  
Where only thou art seen to smile,  
I view my parting hour with dread.

Though far from Albin's craggy shore,  
Divided by the dark blue main;  
A few, brief, rolling, seasons o'er,  
Perchance I view her cliffs again:

But wheresoe'er I now may roam,  
Through scorching clime, and varied sea,  
Though Time restore me to my home,  
I ne'er shall bend mine eyes on thee:

On thee, in whom at once conspire  
All charms which heedless hearts can move,  
Whom but to see is to admire,  
And, oh! forgive the word — to love.

Forgive the word, in one who ne'er  
With such a word can more offend;  
And since thy heart I cannot share,  
Believe me, what I am, thy friend.

And who so cold as look on thee,  
Thou lovely wand'rer, and be less?  
Nor be, what man should ever be,  
The friend of Beauty in distress?

Ah! who would think that form had past  
Through Danger's most destructive path,  
Had braved the death-wing'd tempest's blast,  
And 'scaped a tyrant's fiercer wrath?

Lady! when I shall view the walls  
Where free Byzantium once arose,  
And Stamboul's Oriental halls  
The Turkish tyrants now enclose;

Though mightiest in the lists of fame,  
That glorious city still shall be;  
On me 'twill hold a dearer claim,  
As spot of thy nativity:

And though I bid thee now farewell,  
When I behold that wondrous scene,  
Since where thou art I may not dwell,  
'Twill soothe to be, where thou hast been.

September, 1809.

## STANZAS

COMPOSED DURING A THUNDER-STORM.<sup>4</sup>

CHILL and mirk is the nightly blast,  
Where Pindus' mountains rise,  
And angry clouds are pouring fast  
The vengeance of the skies.

She was born at Constantinople, where her father, Baron Herbert, was Austrian ambassador; married unhappily, yet has never been impeached in point of character; excited the vengeance of Buonaparte, by taking a part in some conspiracy; several times risked her life; and is not yet five and twenty. She is here on her way to England to join her husband, being obliged to leave Trieste, where she was paying a visit to her mother, by the approach of the French, and embarks soon in a ship of war. Since my arrival here I have had scarcely any other companion. I have found her very pretty, very accomplished, and extremely eccentric. Buonaparte is even now so incensed against her, that her life would be in danger if she were taken prisoner a second time."

<sup>4</sup> [This thunderstorm occurred during the night of the 11th October, 1809, when Lord Byron's guides had lost the road to Zitzza, near the range of mountains formerly called

Our guides are gone, our hope is lost,  
And lightnings, as they play,  
But show where rocks our path have crost,  
Or gild the torrent's spray.

Is yon a cot I saw, though low?  
When lightning broke the gloom—  
How welcome were its shade!—ah, no!  
'Tis but a Turkish tomb.

Through sounds of foaming waterfalls,  
I hear a voice exclaim—  
My way-worn countryman, who calls  
On distant England's name.

A shot is fired—by foe or friend?  
Another—'tis to tell  
The mountain-peasants to descend,  
And lead us where they dwell.

Oh! who in such a night will dare  
To tempt the wilderness?  
And who 'mid thunder peals can hear  
Our signal of distress?

And who that heard our shouts would rise  
To try the dubious road?  
Nor rather deem from nightly cries  
That outlaws were abroad.

Clouds burst, skies flash, oh, dreadful hour!  
More fiercely pours the storm!  
Yet here one thought has still the power  
To keep my bosom warm.

While wand'ring through each broken path,  
O'er brake and craggy brow;  
While elements exhaust their wrath,  
Sweet Florence, where art thou?

Not on the sea, not on the sea,  
Thy bark hath long been gone:  
Oh, may the storm that pours on me,  
Bow down my head alone!

Full swiftly blew the swift Siroc,  
When last I press'd thy lip;  
And long ere now, with foaming shock,  
Impell'd thy gallant ship.

Now thou art safe; nay, long ere now  
Hast trod the shore of Spain;  
'T were hard if aught so fair as thou  
Should linger on the main.

And since I now remember thee  
In darkness and in dread,  
As in those hours of revelry  
Which mirth and music sped;

Do thou, amid the fair white walls,  
If Cadiz yet be free,  
At times from out her latticed halls  
Look o'er the dark blue sea;

Then think upon Calypso's isles,  
Endear'd by days gone by;

Pindus, in Albania. Mr. Hobhouse, who had rode on before the rest of the party, and arrived at Zitza just as the evening set in, describes the thunder as "roaring without intermission, the echoes of one peal not ceasing to roll in the mountains, before another tremendous crash burst over our heads; whilst the plains and the distant hills appeared in a perpetual blaze." "The tempest," he says, "was altogether terrific, and worthy of the Grecian Jove. My Friend, with the priest and the servants, did not enter our hut till three

To others give a thousand smiles,  
To me a single sigh.<sup>1</sup>

And when the admiring circle mark  
The paleness of thy face,  
A half-form'd tear, a transient spark  
Of melancholy grace,

Again thou 'lt smile, and blushing shun  
Some coxcomb's raillery;  
Nor own for once thou thought'st on one,  
Who ever thinks on thee.

Though smile and sigh alike are vain,  
When sever'd hearts repine,  
My spirit flies o'er mount and main,  
And mourns in search of thine.

## STANZAS

WRITTEN IN PASSING THE AMBRACIAN GULF.

THROUGH cloudless skies, in silvery sheen,  
Full beams the moon on Actium's coast;  
And on these waves, for Egypt's queen,  
The ancient world was won and lost.

And now upon the scene I look,  
The azure grave of many a Roman;  
Where stern Ambition once forsook  
His wavering crown to follow woman.

Florence! whom I will love as well  
As ever yet was said or sung,  
(Since Orpheus sang his spouse from hell)  
Whilst thou art fair and I am young;

Sweet Florence! those were pleasant times,  
When worlds were staked for ladies' eyes:  
Had bards as many realms as rhymes,  
Thy charms might raise new Antonies.

Though Fate forbids such things to be  
Yet, by thine eyes and ringlets curl'd!  
I cannot lose a world for thee,  
But would not lose thee for a world.

November 14. 1809.

## THE SPELL IS BROKE, THE CHARM IS FLOWN!

WRITTEN AT ATHENS, JANUARY 16. 1810.

THE spell is broke, the charm is flown!  
Thus is it with life's fitful fever:  
We madly smile when we should groan;  
Delirium is our best deceiver.

Each lucid interval of thought  
Recalls the woes of Nature's charter,  
And he that acts as wise men ought,  
But lives, as saints have died, a martyr.

in the morning. I now learnt from him that they had lost their way, and that, after wandering up and down in total ignorance of their position, they had stopped at last near some Turkish tombstones and a torrent, which they saw by the flashes of lightning. They had been thus exposed for nine hours. It was long before we ceased to talk of the thunder-storm in the plain of Zitza."

<sup>1</sup> ["These stanzas," says Mr. Moore, "have a music in them, which, independently of all meaning, is enchanting."]

WRITTEN AFTER SWIMMING FROM SESTOS TO ABYDOS.<sup>1</sup>

If, in the month of dark December,  
Leander, who was nightly wont  
(What maid will not the tale remember?)  
To cross thy stream, broad Hellespont!

If, when the wintry tempest roar'd,  
He sped to Hero, nothing loth,  
And thus of old thy current pour'd,  
Fair Venus! how I pity both!

For me, degenerate modern wretch,  
Though in the genial month of May,  
My dripping limbs I faintly stretch,  
And think I've done a feat to-day.

But since he cross'd the rapid tide,  
According to the doubtful story,  
To woo,—and—Lord knows what beside,  
And swam for Love, as I for Glory;

'T were hard to say who fared the best:  
Sad mortals! thus the Gods still plague you!  
He lost his labour, I my jest;  
For he was drown'd, and I've the ague.<sup>2</sup>

May 9. 1810.

<sup>1</sup> On the 3d of May, 1810, while the Salsette (Captain Bathurst) was lying in the Dardanelles, Lieutenant Ekenhead of that frigate and the writer of these rhymes swam from the European shore to the Asiatic—by the by, from Abydos to Sestos would have been more correct. The whole distance from the place whence we started to our landing on the other side, including the length we were carried by the current, was computed by those on board the frigate at upwards of four English miles; though the actual breadth is barely one. The rapidity of the current is such that no boat can row directly across, and it may, in some measure, be estimated from the circumstance of the whole distance being accomplished by one of the parties in an hour and five, and by the other in an hour and ten, minutes. The water was extremely cold, from the melting of the mountain snows. About three weeks before, in April, we had made an attempt; but, having ridden all the way from the Troad the same morning, and the water being of an icy chillness, we found it necessary to postpone the completion till the frigate anchored below the castle, when we swam the straits, as just stated; entering a considerable way above the European, and landing below the Asiatic, fort. Chevalier says that a young Jew swam the same distance for his mistress, and Oliver mentions its having been done by a Neapolitan; but our consul, Tarragona, remembered neither of these circumstances, and tried to dissuade us from the attempt. A number of the Salsette's crew were known to have accomplished a greater distance; and the only thing that surprised me was, that, as doubts had been entertained of the truth of Leander's story, no traveller had ever endeavoured to ascertain its practicability.

<sup>2</sup> ["My companion," says Mr. Hobhouse, "had before made a more perilous, but less celebrated passage; for I recollect that, when we were in Portugal, he swam from Old Lisbon to Belem Castle, and having to contend with a tide and counter current, the wind blowing freshly, was but little less than two hours in crossing."]

<sup>3</sup> [At Orchomenus, where stood the Temple of the Graces, I was tempted to exclaim, "Whither have the Graces fled?" Little did I expect to find them here; yet here comes one of them with golden cups and coffee, and another with a book. The book is a register of names, some of which are far sounded by the voice of fame. Among them is Lord Byron's, connected with some lines which I here send you.—H. W. WILLIAMS.]

<sup>4</sup> [We copy the following interesting account of the Maid of Athens and her family from the late eminent artist, Mr. Hugh Williams of Edinburgh's, "Travels in Italy, Greece," &c.—"Our servant, who had gone before to procure accommodation, met us at the gate, and conducted us to Theodore

## LINES WRITTEN IN THE TRAVELLERS' BOOK AT ORCHOMENUS.

IN THIS BOOK A TRAVELLER HAD WRITTEN:—

"FAIR Albion, smiling, sees her son depart  
To trace the birth and nursery of art:  
Noble his object, glorious is his aim;  
He comes to Athens, and he writes his name."

BENEATH WHICH LORD BYRON INSERTED THE FOLLOWING:—

THE modest bard, like many a bard unknown,  
Rhymes on our names, but wisely hides his own;  
But yet, who'er he be, to say no worse,  
His name would bring more credit than his verse.<sup>3</sup>

1810.

## MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART.

*Zōn mou, sās agapō.*

MAID of Athens<sup>4</sup>, ere we part,  
Give, oh, give back my heart!  
Or, since that has left my breast,  
Keep it now, and take the rest!  
Hear my vow before I go,

*Zōn mou, sās agapō.*<sup>5</sup>

By those tresses unconfined,  
Woo'd by each Ægean wind—  
By those lids whose jetty fringe  
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;  
By those wild eyes like the roe,  
*Zōn mou, sās agapō.*

Macri, the Consulina's, where we at present live. This lady is the widow of the consul, and has three lovely daughters; the eldest celebrated for her beauty, and said to be the 'Maid of Athens' of Lord Byron. Their apartment is immediately opposite to ours, and, if you could see them, as we do now, through the gently waving aromatic plants before our window, you would leave your heart in Athens. Theresa, the Maid of Athens, Catinco, and Mariana, are of middle stature. On the crown of the head of each is a red Albanian skull-cap, with a blue tassel spread out and fastened down like a star. Near the edge or bottom of the skull-cap is a handkerchief of various colours bound round their temples. The youngest wears her hair loose, falling on her shoulders,—the hair behind descending down the back nearly to the waist, and, as usual, mixed with silk. The two eldest generally have their hair bound, and fastened under the handkerchief. Their upper robe is a pelisse edged with fur, hanging loose down to the ankles; below is a handkerchief of muslin covering the bosom, and terminating at the waist, which is short; under that, a gown of striped silk or muslin, with a gore round the swell of the loins, falling in front in graceful negligence;—white stockings and yellow slippers complete their attire. The two eldest have black, or dark, hair and eyes; their visage oval, and complexion somewhat pale, with teeth of dazzling whiteness. Their cheeks are rounded, and noses straight, rather inclined to aquiline. The youngest, Mariana, is very fair, her face not so finely rounded, but has a gayer expression than her sisters', whose countenances, except when the conversation has something of mirth in it, may be said to be rather pensive. Their persons are elegant, and their manners pleasing and ladylike, such as would be fascinating in any country. They possess very considerable powers of conversation, and their minds seem to be more instructed than those of the Greek women in general. With such attractions, it would, indeed, be remarkable, if they did not meet with great attentions from the travellers who occasionally are resident in Athens. They sit in the eastern style, a little reclined, with their limbs gathered under them on the divan, and without shoes. Their employments are the needle, tambouring, and reading. There is a beautiful engraving of the Maid of Athens in Finden's Illustrations of Byron, No. 1.]

<sup>5</sup> Romaic expression of tenderness: if I translate it, I shall affront the gentlemen, as it may seem that I supposed they could not; and if I do not, I may affront the ladies. For fear of any misconception on the part of the latter, I shall do so, begging pardon of the learned. It means, "My life, I love you!" which sounds very prettily in all languages, and is as much in fashion in Greece at this day as, Juvenal tells us, the two first words were amongst the Roman ladies, whose erotic expressions were all Hellenised.