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*1891*

THE  
TRAVELLER'S LAY.

A POEM.



BY THOMAS MAUDE, Esq.

A.M. OXON.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN,  
PATERNOSTER ROW.

M.DCCC.XXX.

*176.*



TO

*THOMAS MOORE, Esq.*

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*SIR,*

*I dedicate to you the following Poem, which was written amidst scenes of foreign interest with which you are, I believe, familiar.*

*Allow me, in making the dedication, to observe, that the singularly flattering terms in which (after a perusal of the work) you were pleased to communicate your acceptance of it, could alone heighten the gratification which I experience in thus marking my page with a name so illustrious.*

*I am, dear SIR,*

*Your ardent Admirer, and very obedient Servant,*

*THOMAS MAUDE.*





## P R E F A C E.

---

ON taking leave, the year before last (though not for the first time), of the pale cliffs of my country, it was not surprising that a spirit habitually poetical should "speak in song;" and the stanza of Spenser, as it alone seemed to harmonise with the magnificent swell of the sea, became on that occasion the spontaneous vehicle of my thoughts. But I had then no intention of writing a poem of any length. As I proceeded on my way, however, the lines multiplied under my hand; and on my return to England, after a tour of four months, I brought home with me a budget of musings, which, for the sake of uniformity, as well as from the inclination of my mind, had been chiefly embodied in the same stanza. I mention these little circumstances, to account for my choice of a complicated measure, which has been *illustrated in the illustration* of foreign scenes by two of the most eminent of

our modern poets. Had I, in the commencement, suspected that I should *persevere* with my poem, I certainly, in spite of my old preference for this superb stanza, would have subjected my thoughts to another and a more novel medium. But, after all, the effort, properly considered, is perhaps *bolder*, and will not be found less original, in its present shape. It will be remarked, too, that I purposely pass over in silence, or dismiss with a line or two, whatever points of interest (the common British ground of Mont St. Jean excepted) in the course of my tour have been pre-occupied by writers of any recent note.

1st March, 1830.

**THE  
TRAVELLER'S LAY.**

**A POEM,**

***WRITTEN DURING A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT.***



THE  
TRAVELLER'S LAY.

---

I.

“ We meet again !— how soon !” Thus, in the ear  
Of trembling Love, Love breathes the gentle words,  
Charming away the sad presaging fear  
Which thrills on lone affection’s bosom chords,  
And on its tablet every *doubt* records !  
“ We meet again !”— Happy the wanderer’s lot,  
From whose lip parted Love each accent hoards,  
Watching for his return in bower or cot,  
Forgetting aught besides— but *him* forgetting not !

## II.

Happy his lot ! Where-e'er such wanderer roam,  
Friendless in stranger lands — in desert wild,  
Or populous garden — still his *heart's* at home ;  
In peril firm, in pleasure unbeguild,  
Absent affection's heaven-protected child !  
What though the intellectual mind and eye  
Brighten with charms of nature undefiled,  
Or classic art ? Yet will th' unconscious sigh  
Breathe thoughts that deepest still in truest bosoms lie.

## III.

But *me*, lone wanderer sad, no maid in bower  
Awaits with pining heart,—or haply none  
Who to my hearth and home may bring the dower  
Of *wedded joy*,—though hopeless loving on,  
With but the bitterer fruits of passion known,  
That wring with vainest griefs th' o'erclouded mind !  
Yet, though forlorn of such, not all alone  
I stand — while, parting thus, I leave behind  
Some other ties that still to this existence bind.

## IV.

Lo ! on my country's happy shore I stand,  
About to bid that shore a brief farewell ;  
And well I ween, whate'er more smiling land  
Woos with superior softness, none the spell  
Can break that knits me to th' Invincible !  
Yet, Ocean ! yet,—right glad I hail thee now,  
Trampling thus lightly on thy buoyant swell ;  
While every breeze that fans my languid brow  
Freshens my heart, and adds new impulse to our prow.

## V.

Speed, speed, ye waves ! speed on—your crests uprear,  
Exalt your whitening tresses to the gale ;  
And you, ye winds ! nor yet—nor yet forbear,  
But to the ancient haven wing our sail,<sup>1</sup>  
Where erst the star of Bourbon did prevail.  
Though yon famed cliffs, that lessen to my sight,  
Gird the few hearts that would my fate bewail,  
Should this green surge pillow my brow ere night,  
Blow, winds ! and speed my course from their imperial  
white.



## VI.

How proudly dash the awakened billows o'er  
Their weltering waste in chainless liberty !  
Like freedom's waves on yonder watch-lit shore,<sup>2</sup>  
When Gaul had the vain glory to be free !  
Now darkly swells the agitated sea  
With waters that like stormiest passions heave  
In human hearts untamed — but not to me  
Delightless — while, by fits entranced, I weave  
Wild numbers to the star that gems the brow of eve.

## VII.

The star of love ! — How oft to its sweet beam  
Have I looked up with youth's romantic gaze,  
By woodland haunt, sea-cliff, or mountain stream,  
Companioned with the thoughts of early days !  
Speaking in song, or with the 'witching lays  
Of high magician fired — or, it may be,  
Pondering unskilful measures to the praise  
Of favourite maiden dear : — Still, still to me  
*Love's* star it seems, e'en from this wild tumultuous sea.

## VIII.

Since last I trod thy lilled fields, oh FRANCE!  
Seven springs the wintry ruin have repaired.  
Alas, how joys recede as years advance!<sup>3</sup>  
Yet something of youth's freshness time hath spared;  
And I recall the perils that I dared,  
The joys I prized, as things which I can still  
Dare and enjoy; nor is Love's spirit scared  
Yet from the inherent and omnipotent ill,—  
The passion which at times subdues the loftiest will.

## IX.

Welcome, Versailles! to thy proud terraces,  
Which to my soul the bloom of early days  
Recall,—when every sight had power to please,  
And ardent fancy coloured the sun's rays,  
And my heart blossomed to the breath of praise,  
Dreaming of fame! Thy desolate halls I tread,  
On thy fair fountains and breathing sculptures gaze;  
Yet, though youth's wondering ecstasy is fled,  
Bleeds memory where a Queen's insulted bosom bled.<sup>4</sup>

## X.

And in thy sweet recess, oh Trianon !  
And, with a deeper feeling, in the cell <sup>5</sup>  
Where royal beauty pined, I muse alone ;  
Nor, while 'gainst fiends my stifling pulses swell,  
'Gainst freedom's cause doth one weak thought rebel. <sup>6</sup>  
No !—yet thrice cursed be the assassin brood  
Who her bright progress marred with deeds of hell !  
Till anarchy and murder, like a flood,  
Ravaged her bloom, and bade her glory set in blood.

## XI.

Heavens ! what a dawn was hers ! All nations gazed  
On the transcendant rising of that star.  
In climes remote, dejected Slavery raised  
Her brow, and hailed that promise from afar.  
'Twas not the common cry of vulgar war—  
Hark ! myriad voices speak aloud as one ;  
Hands numberless wreath Freedom's peaceful car ;  
Freedom's exalted voice strikes to the throne,  
And stamps a people's rights its just support alone.

## XII.

Enough ! — Hope *doubly* failed : a brood accurst  
Struck Freedom down, as from Gaul's fiery womb  
She rose ; — and what the ray that o'er her burst,  
When 'mid her civil throes France sank o'ercome ?  
What but a baleful meteor through the gloom ?  
Ah ! could she — could astounded Europe — deem  
That military victor-god (to whom  
She yielded all) aught but a *snare*, whose beam  
Misled to Slavery's depths, and foiled her liberal dream ?

## XIII.

Away the thought ! withering the heart that dares  
The laurel of a conqueror to adore !  
Ill 'mid the strife of glory *freedom* fares.  
Doubt ye ? — Search history's blood-soiled records o'er ;  
Mark still your Cæsars rotten at the core !  
Great, but not great as the free mind could frame  
Those hearts that mould mankind, — achieving more  
Ever for their own base ambition's shame  
Than for the weal of Man — in freedom's holiest name !

## XIV.

Away the thought ! withering the heart :— Still, still,  
We look with hope on such, and, sickening, turn  
In quick disgust. Oh ! when will Hope fulfil  
Her promise in the mightiest, and the urn  
Of glory with no poisonous ashes burn,  
But a sweet incense to the heavens ? Away !—  
While here young joy surrounds me, shall I spurn  
Her offerings ? or with *faction* blot a lay  
Whose echoes soon may thrill o'er the Alps' sky-ward way ?

## XV.

Yet in thy sphere, O proud metropolis !  
Still could I linger with no joyless heart ;  
For in thy circuit springs the fount of bliss,  
And all that youthful beauty can impart  
Of sweet delight—tricked, yet not stained, with art—  
Is in thy circling charm ; and no where flies  
With surer aim young Cupid's welcomed dart ;  
While in each cool arcade the brightest eyes,  
And in each bowery walk, the unwary heart surprise.

## XVI.

Whether in thy fair garden, meek La Chaise !  
O'er dust belov'd some living statue bends,  
Pining in youthful bloom ; or where the rays  
Of Beauty intertwine, while Fashion lends  
Her courtly aid, and forth her minions sends  
On terraced walk ; or where the lightsome dance  
Speeds happiest ; or where mimic Art commends  
Her genius in proud galleries ; — still, oh France !  
Thy queenly capital teems with beauty's bright romance.

## XVII.

But, fare thee well ! Where the blue waters sleep  
In their immortal beauty, and uprears  
Mont Blanc his arduous heights, embosom'd deep  
In clouds that gird his form with shadowy fears,  
(Save where aloft his dazzling crown appears,  
Winning Heaven's smile to that unearthly height,)  
I go. Then, farewell, France ! where blood and tears  
Have left few traces, but Love beams as light  
In happy eyes as though thy fields had known no blight.

## XVIII.

Long may love be their light! nor fiercer fire  
Flash from their starry orbs!—for lovelier eyes  
Love never lit nor Passion did inspire,  
Than those your own Parisian paradise  
Profusely boasts; where all the heart can prize  
Of soft or gay is lavished with a bland  
Luxuriance, that beguiles alike the wise  
And fool, and gives *her* boulevards' magic band  
A charm few cities match—few cynics can withstand.

## XIX.

Yet, France! in thy rich galleries and proud halls  
One haughtiest name is left a blank alone—  
Already vanished from the faithless walls  
As though they ne'er his eagle's plume had known.  
Go, search Versailles, Elysée,<sup>8</sup> Trianon,  
St. Cloud, or statelier Fontainebleau—in vain!  
No breathing canvass, tapestry, porcelain, stone,  
Images that stern visage, or the train  
Of victories that blazed forth in one transcendant reign.

## XX.

No! to the Eighteenth Louis and Tenth Charles,  
Bourbon on Bourbon crowd their galleries;  
While of the glistening string some goodlier pearls,  
Set and re-set, for ever cloy the eyes—  
Warrior'd or sainted—in each quaint disguise;  
But of the *Chief* who his proud throne upreared  
Upon the wreck of theirs, and dimmed the skies  
With his o'ershadowing fame—loved, hated, feared—  
From the be-lilied walls all trace hath disappeared!

## XXI.

All—save *one* relic of his vanished sway,<sup>9</sup>  
One humblest relic—as to shame the pride  
Of his great memory! when he *signed away*  
(Pushed from his height by Fortune's adverse tide)  
The realms which were his glory, and supplied  
His foes with a brief triumph. Mark the room  
Wherein he doffed the crown that had defied  
Legitimacy's scoff, and charmed the gloom  
From a vain nation's heart with victory's Gallic plume.



## XXII.

On through the land of vineyards ! where the vine  
Clusters around each cottage, clothes each hill,  
Fringes the road's interminable line,  
And with its generous produce greets you still  
At each *auberge*,<sup>10</sup>—produced with right good will.  
But Dijon pass not all unhonoured here,  
Where Gothic towers and classic memories fill  
The soul, to whose enlightened ken appear  
Relics of other days and minds to genius dear.

## XXIII.

Here, where the Ouche and Suzon cut the plain,  
Arose three chiefs of diverse eloquence :  
Bossuet, who leavened the imperial strain  
With truth, and mercy preached to penitence ;  
Buffon, who with keen eye and zeal intense  
Walked in the light of the Linnæan star ;  
And rude Crebillon, who with fierier sense  
Yoked the stern passions to his tragic car,  
And followed Corneille's steps, nor meanly, nor afar.

## XXIV.

Lo, as up Jura's mountain land we pass,  
'Mid hanging cliffs shagged with the glorious pine,  
'Mid deepening glens where foams the liquid glass,  
'Mid rock-strewn wilds that shame, proud Scotia! thine;  
Where light and shadow, depth and height, combine,  
Wood, rock, and wave, and steepy arduous road,  
And cliffs abrupt, that wake the enthusiast Nine,  
And fling wild nature's magic spells abroad;—  
Oh! shall my spirit, in vain strive to spurn off her load?

## XXV.

Here, too, the works of *man* intrude,<sup>11</sup> nor mar  
E'en the great Architect's stupendous scene.  
Look where the sinuous causeway winds afar,  
Marking where human hands have busy been;  
Lo, where the gleamy windings intervene!  
Here—there—the Gallic demi-god hath left  
His steps; and, through blue cliff and piny green  
As your wheels move, turn to *his* fame who cleft  
The rocks, and smoothed his path through the crag's fearful rift.

## XXVI.

Downward, where Morez, 'twixt her mountain walls,  
Gleams in the evening sun, we slowly move ;  
While deep beneath the slippery slope appals,  
And high the o'er-jutting crags impend above,  
Crowned with their Alpine pine's eternal grove.  
How gloriously the circling hills embrace  
The undulating dell ! where happy Love  
Might fix his bower, or pen or pencil trace  
The wildly-featured charms deep-varying Nature's face.

## XXVII.

Now, Morez, from thine azure torrent stream  
Delicious trout our evening board supply ;  
With honey that might wake a classic dream  
Of Hybla or Hymettus ('neath a sky  
As pure as theirs), and, effervescing nigh,  
Wine from the vivid grape of Cuisance pressed  
At Arbois,—long in reputation high  
For the pale nectar that still sparkles best,  
And in these mountain vales cheers the inn's pilgrim guest.

## XXVIII.

Hail to the silver light on tree and stream !  
Now let me to my brow the freshness woo.  
In such an hour the vacant mind will dream  
Of other lights, as soft, as transient too !  
The light of youth—to youth itself untrue ;  
The light of love—extinguished or o'ercast ;  
The light of fame—untreacherous to how few !  
Yet luring and misleading to the last ;—  
While friendship's light goes out at the first wintry blast.

## XXIX.

Morn on the hills!—How lovely smiles the day  
To happy eyes that never knew a tear !  
Hailing alike the renovating ray  
In close-pent cities and in deserts drear ;  
But Sorrow's self might bless its influence here,  
And dead hopes in chilled bosoms *seem* to live ;  
While soaring cliffs and sweeping valleys cheer  
The fancy, and the struggling spirits strive  
To glow — as though youth, love, fame, friendship, could  
revive.

## .XXX.

Alas for the light hopes of credulous youth !  
When Fancy's rainbow pencil paints sublime  
All-radiant forms beyond the touch of Truth,  
How the mind lends its colour to each clime,  
Imaging things beyond the birth of time !  
Then dawns the dream of immortality —  
Laurels — but guiltless of blood's stain and crime ;  
And goals ne'er won, visions of things to be,  
Amuse the unbroken heart : — thus it was once with me.

## XXXI.

But Pleasure brings her pall, — and brighter things,  
Tinged with the hues of mind and fancy strong,  
Mock the pursuer's hope, or, caught, have wings  
That baffle and escape the grasp ere long, —  
Leaving th' excited heart to its own wrong,  
And sufferance doubly keen ; — while the bowed soul  
Droops o'er the wreck of high resolves, — among  
Her slaves a slave, — without that *self-control*,  
Which, binding shattered powers, refits the moral whole.

## XXXII.

Slowly as up the mountain pass we wind,  
To Gaul's rich forestry<sup>12</sup> we bid adieu,  
And bless the mighty scenes we leave behind.  
But, ha ! what mightier flash upon the view ?<sup>13</sup>  
As through the severing cliffs (Gaul's mountain clew)  
*Mont Blanc*, with all his Alps, in shivered line  
Of snow, peers forth,—and *Leman* sleeps in blue,  
Sashing Helvetia's plain, whose heights divine,  
Savoy or Swiss, in heaven's unbounded azure shine !

## XXXIII.

Leman ! on thy blue bosom droops my strain ; —  
Here, where lake, mountains, glowing skies, inspire,  
Lake, mountains, glowing skies, inspire in vain,  
While the heart vibrates to a loftier lyre !  
Boy, ply thine oar where the blue waves retire  
In yon small bay. Swift up the vine-clothed hill  
I climb, and view the dome wherein the fire<sup>14</sup>  
Of a bright spirit burned brightest, and at will  
Roam through the laurell'd scene — respiring genius still.

## XXXIV.

And here I tread where trod the lord of song,  
'Mid the dwarf orchard where his towering mind  
Reposed awhile from the world's fame and wrong,  
Yet with its sumless wealth enriched mankind.  
Dark in their shrouds the wondrous Alps behind  
Sleep, as they slept when from their heights he drew  
Meest inspiration ; and before me wind  
Thy mazes, Leman, in celestial blue—  
And Jura's cloudy ridge—touched by his genius too!

## XXXV.

Yes ! Jura speaks of *him*—and the blue wave  
Whispers of *him* ; and the green chestnut grove  
That shades his bower recalls him from the grave,  
And gives his noble image to our love,  
As when 'mid this lone garden he did rove !  
*His* shadow fills the scene ; and as I gaze  
On the blest mansion (that henceforth shall move  
Love, awe, and deepest reverence), sad I raise  
My spirit to his great name, bright with immortal praise.

## XXXVI.

But the Alps haunt me,—and I leave awhile,  
Leman, thy wave for their ethereal snows ;  
Again, ere long, to greet thine azure smile,  
Where Meillerie breathes a passionate repose.<sup>15</sup>  
Then shall I view the evening tints of rose,  
On peaks whose sky-blush fired the enthusiast's\* page.  
Meanwhile, where round Mont Blanc the shadows close,  
I go—to view those heights through many an age  
Renown'd, and my deep thirst of nature's charm assuage.

## XXXVII.

Where the Arve winds through Maglan's sweeping vale,<sup>16</sup>  
Fenced with steep cliffs and cloud-laced hills, I wend ;  
Yet pause, great Nature's magic skill to hail  
In Balme's deep grot, through whose long caves I bend,  
Where stalactitic walls stretch without end,  
Discovering to the flambeau's lurid glare  
Strange shapes (bird, beast, man, reptile) while impend  
Nature's arched roofs, with quaint devices rare,  
And to unfathomed gulfs their jaws the abysses bare.

\* Rousseau's.



## XXXVIII.

On through the chasm of Alps ! o'er craggy steeps,<sup>17</sup>  
Through jagg'd, precipitous rifts ! Around you see  
The pine upspring ; while down the ruinous deeps  
The mountain-torrent foams distractedly !  
By our rough car Savoyard imps with glee  
Speed up each stony crag, and proffer fruit,  
Spars, flowers,—or beg a sou for charity,—  
From pretty faces a ne'er-slighted suit ;—  
And *such* there bloom e'en where the Alpine forests shoot.

## XXXIX.

Oh beauty ! female beauty !—if amid  
These savage scenes I may apostrophise  
Thy softness—whether in wild valleys hid,  
Or blooming peerless in life's opener skies,  
What charm can match the love that fills thine eyes ?  
Tedious without thee, joy hath slight regard ;  
From thy sweet presence low distraction flies ;—  
In Alpine dell, Parisian boulevard,  
But chief in home retired,—thy sphere and thy reward ! ..

## XL.

Thou mak'st the world a garden : in thy light  
All things a deeper loveliness assume ;  
Nor wholly dark is e'en affliction's night,  
If thy dear eyes the dreary depth illumine,  
Cheer the sad heart, and mitigate the gloom.  
Yon low-roofed cot, with Beauty for its queen,  
Outshines Versailles—since Marie's ruthless doom :  
What are the pillared dome, the terraced green,  
If Beauty deign not add her sweetness to the scene ?

## XLI.

What resting-place like her dear bosom sweet,  
For man's o'erwearied heart ? and whither, say,  
Since Adam found his Eden incomplete  
Without her, flies he in affliction's day,  
Save to that home of love ? Her heart for aye  
Is home,—and home *without* her heart is none :  
In sickness and in sorrow she her ray  
Of love withdraws not,—life's benigner sun—  
Our all in all on earth—our heaven on earth begun !

## XLII.

Away!—o'er yon dim cloud what spangling speck<sup>18</sup>  
Shines in mid heaven? Upon that matchless brow,  
Lo! the light silver draperies gradual break,—  
Revealing, as they ope propitious now,  
The firm-set and more dazzling mass below!  
Come, let me near this wondrous Alpine king,  
And at his misty throne transported bow,—  
Mighty beyond the mind's imagining,  
Lofty beyond the pitch of each adventurous wing!

## XLIII.

Ay, let me near his *glaciers*!—How they gleam  
In broadening masses down his glorious sides!  
While cold aloft their icy sources<sup>19</sup> seem  
Like oceans frozen with their surging tides,  
All mute—whereon no whispering ripple chides—  
Fixed with their billows in their depths of blue  
Perpetual—where no more insulting rides  
Bark of vain structure, but—as feeble too!—  
Man stays his slippery steps with pole of Alpine yew.<sup>20</sup>

## XLIV.

Amid these mightiest scenes, where all is *great*,  
From the piled mountain to the torrent's roar,  
How small alone appears *man's* outward state !  
Whether he strews his hamlets by the shore  
Of the loud river, or, adventurous more,  
Builds his pine cabin on the mountain's breast,  
Perched like an eagle's nest where few wings soar ;  
Yet toil-strung nerves and virtuous hearts attest  
*His* care who doth dispose where seeth his wisdom best.

## XLV.

Lo, where yon *hospice*, 'mid snow-bosomed hills,<sup>21</sup>  
Standeth in simple sacredness alone—  
(Where first your eye the Piedmont prospect fills,  
Emerging from that wilderness of stone)  
There, where the Fathers ope to guests unknown  
Their doors, and spread the hospitable board,  
I rest,—nor fail to mark, at vesper tone,  
Thy tomb, Dessaix ! by France not undeplored,  
When o'er Marengo's plain Gaul's victor eagle soared.

## XLVI.

Around, what savage loneliness!—and mark,  
Deep in the hollow, 'neath the winding path  
That guides you to this height—no coppice dark—  
The relics of the avalanche's wrath!  
The unmelting snow, on whom the sunbeam hath  
No power! Oh God! to hear the thunder-burst  
Of the fierce lauwine, as he speeds to swathe  
The vale with his chill whiteness! Trebly curst  
*He* whose loved infants smile, within such valley nurst.

## XLVII.

Yet, stranger! at yon hospitable seat  
The terrors of the wilderness forget;  
Nor their canine Goliaths from your feet  
Chide hasty;—deep to them the wanderer's debt,  
Amid these wilds: mark the clench'd jaw firm-set,  
The lion-featured majesty,—and think  
How oft have these, when every horror met  
Round the poor pilgrim wretch, about to sink  
In depths unknown, preserved from pale destruction's  
brink!

## XLVIII.

Yes, cheer thee at yon sanctuary ! Yet, ere  
With right good zest you to the banquet close  
At eve, survey the Italian mountains fair,  
In tempting prospect ; nor the occasion lose  
Through feebler love of indolent repose —  
But, spite of keenest air, thy steps incline  
Where erst the Roman Jove's bleak temple rose,  
Within wild Piedmont's boundary stone and line ;—  
Then welcome to the board, and hail the ruby wine !

## XLIX.

Nor here unheard is Woman's gentler tone,  
Nor, in this sternly wild monastic scene,  
Are Beauty's sidelong glances all unknown —  
Her fair bright locks and ever-graceful mien :  
Ah ! not unprized by monkish hearts, I ween,  
What time she deigns, with soul-subduing smile,  
At convent-board to reign a passing queen —  
A stranger guest, — on pilgrimage the while, —  
Intent to prove how weak monk's vow 'gainst woman's wile.

## L.

And—save thee, heart!—lo, blooming by my side,  
A mountain maid, a daughter of the clime!  
Lispings its marvels with a simple pride,  
Storying each lonely lake and peak sublime  
With legend old or snatch of Gallic rhyme,  
Cherished by patriarchal mountaineers,  
Traditionary 'mid the wrecks of time;  
Such lay, perchance, as distant home endears,<sup>22</sup>  
Breathing to exiled heart the voice of other years.

“ Quand reverrai-je en un jour  
Tous les objets de mon amour!  
Nos clairs ruisseaux,  
Nos hameaux,  
Nos coteaux,  
Nos montagnes,  
Et l'ornement des nos montagnes  
La si gentille Isabeau?  
Dans l'ombre d'un ormeau,  
Quand danserai-je au son du chalumeau?”

## . LI.

On!—where Helvetic liberty arose  
Haste we, o'er lake and mount of skyey grain;  
But where the *Jungfrau* lifts his taintless snows  
Pale Fancy re-assumes her wild domain,  
Nor tasks the homage of a laggard strain—  
For Genius there a lasting spell hath poured;  
While loved Astarte's phantom cheek again  
Blooms in death's mockery, and her Magian lord  
Evokes the spirits that must obey whom they abhorred!

## . LII.

Such is the force of mind!—and henceforth who  
Shall “crush *St. Gothard's* snows,” or scent the air  
Of “dairy farms,” nor feel an impulse new  
From the new witcheries waked by *Campbell* there?  
How the heart bleeds o'er Udolph's sister fair,  
Dying of hopeless love! the cureless ill,  
Baffling the leech's art with its despair,—  
Which, like a canker in the bud, doth kill  
Youth's rose, and direst lurks in gentlest bosoms still.



## LIII.

Woe's such ! the tender heart and sensitive,  
In world so rude, is but a piteous thing,—  
Like skiff that in wild ocean may not live,  
O'erset with the first wave ! though *life* may cling  
Yet a brief while, when every *hope* takes wing,  
To the frail hull. There needs no second wave,—  
Or o'er the wreck its waters it may fling :  
No earthly hand the shattered bark can save,  
None heal the wounded heart—whose rest is in the grave.

## LIV.

Peace be to such ! But not the Helvetian *maid*  
*Alone*, with winning breath, claims homage here,—  
Here, where each Alp that lifts his icy head  
Stands sentinel to an heroic bier,  
And points the immortal spot, to Freedom dear,  
Where the stern Archer made his name a spell  
To every distant age. Yon *fane* draw near,  
Reverent,—nor quench thy bosom's fiery swell  
Where 'gainst the Austrian's scoff burnt the high heart of  
TELL.

## LV.

A name like *this* shines out upon the roll  
Of mightiest names—pre-eminent and pure—  
Hailed still and hallowed by the great in soul,  
When stars and crowns have nothing to allure.  
Yea, these may fail,—but in free hearts, secure,  
The *saviour of his country*, happier, finds  
A monument of love, that shall endure  
The wrongs of time,—pillared in patriot minds,—  
Unshaken 'mid the strife of faction's warring winds!

## LVI.

Ay! as of old the Teïan vainly strove<sup>23</sup>  
The Atreidæ in their princely height to sing,  
While his lyre murmured love—and only love—  
So, in the bias of each heart and string,  
The harp, cold in the service of a king,  
Kindles to rapture in the heroic cause  
Of freedom and her champions,—proud to fling  
A glory o'er the all-glorious, who o'erawes  
The tyranny of power, and checks with guardian laws.

## LVII.

Thus, on the bosom of the gentle lake,<sup>24</sup>  
Whose waves the circling sister Cantons kiss,  
My thoughts the colour of their action take,  
Or glow enraptured to no name but *this*.  
But, musing rapt where the heroic Swiss<sup>25</sup>  
Spurned off his bleeding country's robe of shame,  
And bade the keen avenging arrow hiss<sup>26</sup>  
In *Gesler's* heart,—I feel his loftier name  
A charm that makes yon proud sky-piercing mountains  
tame.

## LVIII.

Yet to his name, and to the topmost snows  
Of those dim heights, farewell! The exulting sea,  
As 'twere, of mountain breakers, lo! I lose  
Amid the fleecy heavens,—which still to me  
Seem chequered with their hoar sublimity;  
While fancy shapes each cloud of texture light  
Into wild peak (as Finsteraarhorn may be)  
Of fear,—and the horizon cheats the sight  
With a long line of Alps, heaved in less glistening white.

## LIX.

Hark ! on mine ear, as through night's thickening shade  
Our wheels monotonous roll, what thunder-roar  
Peals awful ? From the depth of yon dim glade  
It bursts ! 'Tis the Rhine's wave, shaking the shore  
With its astounding leap ; — where, as of yore,  
By Laufen's deafened height<sup>27</sup> it wrestles aye  
With rocks of giant mould. — On, on ! and o'er  
The stream twice crossed, its windings I obey,  
Till Strasbourg's matchless spire<sup>28</sup> beacon my westering way.

## LX.

Now for thy heart, *Germania* ! o'er the bridge<sup>29</sup>  
Floating athwart thy limitary Rhine :  
So, where yon mountains<sup>30</sup> rear their piny ridge,  
I'll muse,—where Superstition grows divine  
In magic hands of Genius, that refine  
Not gold from dross, but dross itself to gold.  
There shall the poet's or romancer's line  
Wake fancy, and those thrilling springs unfold  
Of joy, which o'er the heart mysterious influence hold.

## LXI.

Yet, where the ashes of *De Saxe* repose,<sup>31</sup>  
(Leaving thy marvels to a Goëthe's lyre)  
I mark the glorious sculptures that disclose  
The dust—of mould Herculean and of fire  
Cæsarean ;—while the lion's fangs in ire  
Gnash, and the prostrate bear howls overthrown,  
And the bruised eagle's wings cease to aspire,  
And grief-struck France kneels suppliant for her own,  
And Death the tomb unfolds,—imaged in ghastly stone !

## LXII.

There breathes the chief, heroic to the last,  
With dauntless step descending to the tomb,—  
Unshaken, while his country faints aghast,  
Unclouded 'mid death's swift o'ershadowing gloom,  
Piercing with eagle eye the depth of doom !  
Lo ! at a grateful monarch's high command,  
The all-humbling grave a glory doth assume ;  
While *Pigalle's* re-creative mind and hand  
Bid the lost hero there in deathless beauty stand !

## LXIII.

Onward ! where princely Baden's widowed fair  
Holds her sweet court,<sup>32</sup> due homage let me pay.  
What though Napoleon's awful name she bear ?  
*That* name shall be her brightest spell for aye !  
But wit and beauty claim a softer lay,  
While in her kindred lineaments we trace  
The charms that could an empire's toils repay,  
When *Josephine*, in pride of form and face,  
Seemed to her mighty lord a throne's endearing Grace.<sup>33</sup>

## LXIV.

No royal name wins mean devotion here, —  
Say, without fame or beauty what is power ?  
But *Stephanie* claims all to Beauty dear,  
With fame's reflected halo for her dower,  
And wit — that dignifies the social hour,  
Or in the festal sparkles ; while she reigns  
Amid the lovely still the loveliest flower, —  
In whose applause no hireling poet feigns,  
Thrilling beneath the smile that royal beauty deigns.

## LXV.

But if, in fair Napoleon's happier sphere,  
Each humbler poet, like Torquato moved,  
Feels how a princess may become too dear,  
And a new Leonora too beloved,—  
Say, what of bolder rapture hath *he* proved,  
Pygmalion-like, who (as on the free shore  
Of Maine with careless step and eye he roved)  
Hath hailed young Ariadne,<sup>34</sup> as of yore  
Matchless,—nor deemed it sin that marble to adore!

## LXVI.

Lo, how that light and graceful arm, reclined  
On the pard's couching brow, a robe sustains  
Which hides no beauty,—while the ethereal mind  
Speaks from a face where more than beauty reigns  
In an immortal lustre, and constrains  
The heart to love;—and oh! that faultless form,  
Those limbs enwreathed in facile curve (sweet chains  
Of ravishment for young hearts ta'en by storm),  
What joy, that *these* at least shall 'scape the gourmand  
worm!

## LXVII.

Here gaze thy fill,—or, if the sister Muse,  
Robed in her rainbow vest, delight thee more,  
Go where the soul of *Raphael* did transfuse  
Its essence on the canvass,—and adore,  
At Darmstadt,<sup>35</sup> what breathes inspiration o'er  
That gallery! Mark the ecstatic genius high  
Kindling in him,—the Voice that went before  
Immanuel,—and, if Immortality  
Hath form, say—speak—if there it glows not to thine eye!

## LXVIII.

'Tis not a relic of a brilliant school,  
Priceless to connoisseurs,—but 'tis a ray  
Flashed from a soul outshining technic rule,  
And thirsting to pour forth its inward day!  
The parted lips, the absorbed eyes, portray  
All that imagination can conceive  
Of mind;—too beauteous for a shrine of clay,  
Yet lightening through it, till you half believe  
Those hues a glorious flesh, o'er which no friends shall  
grieve.



## LXIX.

Hail, Art divine ! no faint creator thou !  
Empowered, as by a godlike energy,  
The nothingness of canvass to endow  
With a transcendent life to mind and eye !  
Whether in humour or sublimity  
Thou bid'st at will the expressive colours speak, —  
Magical mimic ! whose creations high  
Glow round me while I muse ; — e'en Death can wreak  
No curses *here*, — 'gainst *these* his withering arm is weak.

## LXX.

But who is *she*, lapped in a dream of love ?  
Goddess of smiles and passionate pleasures ! say,  
Dwells yet thy spirit in the Idæan grove ?  
Or breathes it *here* in glowing life to-day,  
Spell-drawn by Titian's mastery ? Far away  
From thy terrestrial temples, — from the sea  
Whence thou wast born, amid the sparkling spray, —  
Thus in Art's fane I seem to gaze on thee,  
The ocean-born — the queen — young Love's divinity !

## LXXI.

Methinks I see thee rising from the wave,  
Sweet *Aphrodité* ! <sup>36</sup> whiter than the foam ;  
While thy pure glossy limbs the billows lave,  
And o'er thy breasts thy humid tresses roam :  
Born for the skies ! which were thy proper home, —  
Yet destined o'er all human hearts to reign,  
Still to be worshipped through all years to come,  
While the celestial stars their light retain,  
E'en while rolls dashing on thine own blue nursing main.

## LXXII.

Methinks again, bright goddess ! I behold  
Thy wonderfully loveliest form revealed,  
Superior to the *Jealous* and the *Cold*,  
Though each with not a glowing charm concealed,  
When to the Dardan's judgment each appealed !  
Oh Phrygian boy ! a fire was in thy blood, —  
Two of the fairest of the fair must yield ;  
And there before thy dazzled eyes they stood !  
But Venus. — Venus most thy mortal sense subdued.

## LXXIII.

Now, ye who feel for MAN ! to *him* who gave  
Art's VEHICLE OF KNOWLEDGE to mankind,<sup>37</sup>  
And, far as Ocean rolls his utmost wave,  
Bade light and letters recreate the mind,  
Pay we renown,—where the Rhine's waters wind  
By *Mayence*, fertilising, as they flow,  
Their shores of beauty, but less bloom behind  
Leaving than the triumphant PRESS can shew,  
Where-ever breathing minds its mightier influence know.

## LXXIV.

Borne on thy sea-like wave, wide-rolling Rhine !<sup>38</sup>  
What thoughts unuttered in the bosom spring,  
While scenes, aye shifting on these banks of thine,  
To the soul's eye romantic visions bring,  
Prompting alike the pencil or the string !  
Towers, bold in ruin, o'er the Gothic lyre  
Tempt the romancer his wild hand to fling ;<sup>39</sup>  
While undulating hills, that never tire  
The glance—towns, vineyards, isles—a varying joy inspire.

## LXXV.

Yet, gazing on these monuments of yore,  
These Gothic towers (how lovely in decay !)  
That deck, fair Rhine ! thy many-winding shore,—  
Mould'ring memorials of an earlier day !  
When war and revel, slavery and sway,  
Made up man's history ; — Oh, turn to *him*  
Once more, whose useful Art diffused the ray  
Of knowledge, that made Power's blood-beacon dim,  
And scattered slavish fears with Mind's superior beam !

## LXXVI.

Tracing thy downward course, immortal Rhine !  
(Treble immortal, — in thy fame of old, —  
In thy perennial beauty, — in the line  
Of genius, glowing aye, but ne'er less cold  
Than in *thy* varied praise), though much untold  
Springs of enchantment thy green banks along,  
Where the wide stream winds glorious, calm or bold ;  
Yet to thy beauty will I do no wrong,  
Nor shame thee with my lay, graced as thou art with song.<sup>40</sup>

## LXXVII.

But what of glory ? Shall I smile or weep  
Where, *Mont St. Jean* ! thy Belgic Lion's mound <sup>41</sup>  
Commands yon fields of fame, with easy sweep  
O'er the bright undulating plains around,  
Where last Gaul's worshipped Eagle beat the ground  
With baffled wing ? Were all who perished here  
Glorious, and with unquestioned laurels crowned ?  
What ! they who struck for Kings with heart sincere,  
Alike, and they who fought to vanquish kingly fear ?

## LXXVIII.

Peace to the dead ! — or shall we rather cry  
Glory ? and wreath each monument with bays ?  
But monumentless, lo, the thousand lie,  
Save in cleft hearts ; and where the sod displays  
A fresher verdure, <sup>42</sup> there the breath of praise  
Lavish unblamed ! Sleeps the poor soldier there,  
Who sought alone for his loved leader's praise,  
And struck with simplest loyalty, nor e'er  
Doubted his country's cause, — but scattered doubt to air.

## LXXIX.

Such were the hearts that poured their dearest blood  
For the dread CHIEF who his *last station* took  
On yon low ridge that flanks the winding road,<sup>43</sup>  
Ere yet the field and fortune he forsook.  
Ah ! when their failing bands more feebly struck,  
Desperate, what thoughts weighed on the mighty lord  
Who in that loss the loss of all must brook ?  
His own fell fate, keener than Wellesley's sword,  
Entered his soul, and spread a canker self-abhorred !

## LXXX.

Mark where he flies ! Woe and alas for him !  
Woe to the vanquished hand, the unvanquished mind !  
In whose proud shade waxed impotent and dim  
All else—till Glory struck her minion blind,  
And he became the symbol to mankind  
Of an o'erweening Tyranny, and grew,  
E'en as some span-long cloud that, in the wind  
Veering, anon dark rushes o'er the blue,  
Portent of storm—swift risen—so wildly scattered too !

## LXXXV.

Yea ! guard thy rights,—since, falling from this height  
Of liberty, whereat the nations gaze  
With envy ill-dissembled (while the light  
Of moral Power pours its unwithering blaze  
Around thy tower of greatness), who shall raise  
Anew the eclipsing Star that so outshone  
Theirs ? who the darkness and the cloud shall chase ?  
But guard those rights — sooner impaired than won —  
Cherish thy *Popular Powers*, and nought can shake thy  
*Throne*.

## LXXXVI.

Foremost in arts, in arms, in wealth,<sup>46</sup> in power,—  
Say, what can dash thee from thy glorious sphere,  
Save treason to the cause which bids thee tower  
Loftiest, and hold the world in awe—not fear—  
While to this trust thy children are sincere ?  
My Country ! still, where-e'er thine ensign streams,  
Be it of RIGHT the welcomed harbinger !  
Then to the smiling South leave fruits, flowers, beams,—  
Thine be the MORAL GRACE that Glory best beseems !

## **NOTES.**





## NOTES.

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### STANZA V. PAGE 13.

(1) — *the ancient haven* —

*Where erst the star of Bourbon did prevail.*

Dieppe : near to the walls of which town Henry IV. of France conquered the Duke of Mayenne at the battle of Arques. The Dieppois first imported elephants' teeth into Europe, having established the first European colony on the coast of Guinea, in the reign of Charles V. (1554.)

### STANZA VI. PAGE 14.

(2) — *yonder watch-lit shore.*

The watch-lights along the French coast had a fine effect as we approached it after midnight.

### STANZA VIII. PAGE 15.

(3) *Alas, how joys recede as years advance !*

To prevent mistake, I beg to inform my dear and fair readers that, so far from being well stricken in years, I am, at the present writing, scarcely thirty. My meaning, however, will, I flatter

myself, be understood by those who have learned to feel that the freshness of hope is somewhat *sere* even at so early an age. We miss that "first glow and life of youth, undimmed by a single fear, and unbaffled in a single hope," attributed, by the accomplished author of "The Disowned," to the expression of his young hero on his first appearance in the gipsy tent. Apropos of "The Disowned," even *I* cannot *entirely* acquiesce in the extension of this sentiment (at least with regard to some of its details), enforced with such splendid eloquence in the opening of Ch. IV. Vol. I.

## STANZA IX. PAGE 15.

(4) *Bleeds memory where a Queen's insulted bosom bled.*

The bedchamber—the balcony.

## STANZA X. PAGE 16.

(5) ——— *the cell*

*Where royal beauty pined.*

In the Conciergerie at the Palais de Justice, where Marie Antoinette was confined seventy-six days.

## STANZA X. PAGE 16.

(6) *Nor, while 'gainst fiends my stifling pulses swell,  
'Gainst freedom's cause doth one weak thought rebel.*

The turbulent ferocity of the Parisian mob, so constantly and wilfully confounded with the Revolution of France, was utterly

*distinct* from the legitimate revolutionary impulse. The disorderly rabble, and pikemen, and brutal assassins, were not only unconnected with, but diametrically opposed to, the genuine revolutionary powers. The latter aimed at *good government*, the former at anarchy and confusion. The revolutionists were patriots; — the insurrectionists, to a man, robbers and common stabbers.

## STANZA XV. PAGE 18.

*And all that youthful beauty can impart, &c.*

Those who are in the habit of decrying the idea of French beauty will please to observe that the eulogy in my stanzas is doubly restricted: — firstly, by its application to the beauty of the capital alone; secondly, by the special guard of the term “youthful.” Every body knows how much more durable a flower English beauty is than French; but every body is not so well aware that *every* Parisian girl under nineteen (almost without exception) is beautiful. After all, however, much as I admire the *Parisian style*, I see the full force of Mr. Moore’s satirical description of it, which strikes me as being remarkably vivid: he describes

“ ——— a coquette from France,  
A mincing thing ——— &c. &c.  
There stood Quadrille, with *cat-like fess*,  
(The *beau idéal* of French beauty,)  
A band-box thing, all art and lace,  
Down from her nose-tip to her shoe-tie.”

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## STANZA XVI. PAGE 19.

(7) ——— *or where the lightsome dance  
Speeds happiest.*

No matter where. In the long avenue of the *Jardin des Plantes* I was one day gratified with a peculiarly French sight : a number of young ladies, from six to sixteen years of age, dancing with their governesses, apparently quite heedless of the gaze of the numerous promenaders. I was charmed with their free and artless manner. Occasionally they approached and kissed each other on both cheeks.

## STANZA XVII. PAGE 17.

———— *where blood and tears  
Have left few traces, but Love beams as light  
In happy eyes, &c. &c.*

Still there exists a hatred of the English amongst Frenchmen, and *that trace* of late events is perhaps indelible. As one illustrative example of the state of *ordinary* feeling, take the following anecdote, and excuse the irrelevancy of its preface :— When at Strasbourg (September 1828), I dined one day at the *table d'hôte* of the Hôtel de l'Esprit, in company with a German, two French gentlemen, a lady, and a beautiful little French girl. The last was an exquisite young creature, who would give Sir Walter Scott a charming idea of Die Vernon in the fairy age between childhood

and youth. Strange to say, she was dressed *as a boy*; and when I saw her, before dinner, running about the stairs in her male attire, with a military square cap on her head and a whip in her hand, I naturally took her for an ornament to the rougher sex, and told my companions that I had seen such a beautiful young boy sporting about the hotel. But when I sat opposite to her at dinner, the eyes swimming in chastened light, the lips, and the fair hair (some straggling curls of which shaded the lovely cheek), told another tale. Her face was perfectly beautiful, and no disguise of dress could so far unsex her figure as to conceal its graceful symmetry.

With the *sire* of this young Diana I had a good deal of conversation. He had been several times in England, but only (like every true Frenchman) to have his prejudice against the English and their customs increased. He observed, that a foreigner could not inquire the direction of a street in London without encountering incivility; and he contrasted the superior politeness of the French, which no mal-pronunciation of their language, confusion of their idioms, or violation of their customs, on the part of strangers, could disturb. I could see that this gentleman hated the proud Islanders in his heart. He summed up his invective against England by pointing to the table before us, and observing, "*Vous ne pouvez pas diner comme ça en Angleterre!*" to the truth of which assertion my friend Usborne (who had stoutly disputed the superiority of French public coaches) instantly assented.

I was glad to *knock under* on the score of the dinner argument, and turn my attention from the beard of the father to the damask cheek of the daughter.

## STANZA XIX. PAGE 18.

(8) *Elysée.*

The palace where Napoleon signed his second abdication, on the 22d of June, 1815.

## STANZA XXI. PAGE 21.

(9) *All—save one relic of his vanished sway,  
One humblest relic —*

The small circular table on which Buonaparte signed his first abdication at Fontainebleau.

## STANZA XXII. PAGE 22.

(10) *At each auberge —*

My agreeable *compagnons de voyage*, Mr. Starling Benson and Mr. Thomas Henry Usborne, and myself, passed through France in the month of August (1828). We had generally melons, grapes, peaches, plums, pickled walnuts, and cheese, for dessert (without any order being given). If we paid anything extra for these luxuries, it might be about as much as you would pay for three water-biscuits in England.

## STANZA XXII. PAGE 22.

*Dijon.*

I have mentioned in the text the chief claims to notice that Dijon possesses. It has also the distinction of being in the immediate vicinity of those hills of the Côte d'Or, from whose celebrated vineyards comes the famous Chambertin Burgundy, Napoleon's favourite wine.\* The landscape around Dijon strongly reminded me of that about Oxford; the willows, intersecting streams, distant spires, and *tout ensemble*, transported me to the banks of the Cherwell and of the Isis.

## STANZA XXIV. PAGE 23.

*Jura.*

This stanza and the next were composed, as any one who has been in those regions might well surmise, in the stage between Champagnole and Maison-neuve (Jura). This part of the route, indeed, proves that you need not go beyond France for grand scenery. Hanging rocks—vast hills, clothed from their summits to their stream-washed bases with mighty pines, superior to any on the Italian Alps—form some features in the scene; whilst the wild grass around you is almost choked with continued masses of

\* • The pet tippie of Nap."—*Fudge Family*.



rock, amongst which luxuriates the blue harebell—though of a deeper hue than that in Scotland—the loveliest wild-flower under heaven. My friend Starling, at one splendid pass, alighted to sketch; whilst I rambled apart, wrapt in those intense musings which naturally evaporate in verse. At this point we sent the carriage on up the steepy pass, and we ourselves followed by a winding and almost perpendicular footpath. The country between Maison-neuve and Morez, though sufficiently lovely and romantic, is somewhat less sublime.

To enhance the pleasure of our progress this day, the weather was superb; indeed, there was not the smallest speck of cloud visible; and the whole atmosphere (from the deep blue heavens down to the very earth) seemed one liquid and cerulean transparency, through whose enchanting medium we viewed the magnificent scenes in the midst of which we were passing.

STANZA XXV. PAGE 23.

(11) *Here, too, the works of man intrude.*

I allude to the beautiful road constructed by Napoleon over the Jura mountains.

STANZA XXXII. PAGE 27.

(12) *Gaul's rich forestry.*

Incomparably richer than that either of the Swiss or Italian Alps.

## STANZA XXXIII. PAGE 27.

(13) *But, ha ! what mightier flash upon the view ?*

Between Vattay and Gex, on a sudden turn in the last stage of the Jura mountain-road, a prospect, that equally defies language and picture, bursts on the eyes of the traveller. I have given in the text a feature or two of this prospect. Nothing can exceed even the striking nature of the *foreground* of the scene. The Jura cliffs terminate with sublime boldness on the ridge of road, from whose elevation you look down on the French frontier, Switzerland, and the Italian Alps. These noble cliffs, as if set for that express purpose by the hand of Nature, throw back and relieve the landscape. Immediately below you stretches the boundless champaign—Switzerland, intersected by the long blue line or stripe of Lake Lemman, and backed by the stupendous snow-covered ridge of Alps. We were (by accidental good fortune) on the spot at the “calm and glowing hour” of a resplendent sunset.

## STANZA XXXIII. PAGE 27.

(14) ——— *the dome wherein the fire*  
*Of a bright spirit burned brightest ———*

Maison Diodati. The house is situated a few miles from the town of Geneva, on the borders of the Lake (Savoy side).

It is now occupied by an English lady and her (Swiss) husband. We perambulated the gardens attached to the mansion, and in them I composed the few stanzas in my poem relative to the scene. We inspected every thing about this now-classic abode with particular attention. The windows of the first floor (over the ground story) open upon an irregularly-constructed and somewhat antique balcony. The whole commands a fine view of the Lake and the Jura mountains.

## STANZA XXXVI. PAGE 29.

(15) *Where Meillerie breathes a passionate repose.*

I purposely, for reasons given in the thirty-third stanza, omit in the text any notice of my visit to the Villeneuve extremity of Lake Lemman. Perhaps, however, a word or two on the subject may not be altogether uninteresting in this place.

September 9. — We reached Villeneuve between five and six o'clock. Before dinner, I strolled down to the borders of the Lake, and contemplated, with an enthusiasm to which words can do but feeble justice, the scene before me. On my left rose the famous and picturesque heights of Meillerie ; opposite me, at some little distance in the Lake, was the diminutive Isle, with three trees, commemorated in the "Heloise," and in the "Prisoner of Chillon : " on my right was the château of Chillon, with its white walls

rising from the Lake ; and farther on, in the same line of coast, gleamed in the evening sun the little village of Clarens.

After gazing for some time on this scene, twice consecrated by genius, I was reminded that the flesh of the chamois might, like any other flesh, be overdone for table. After our wine, we again visited the borders of the magic lake, which was irradiated with stars. We perceived the lights of Clarens, and (as we fancied) of Chillon. Next day we visited, of course, the objects themselves ; but the details of these are well known.

STANZA XXXVII. PAGE 29.

(16) *Where the Arve winds through Maglan's sweeping vale.*

We soon got into the region of *goltres*, many of the peasantry and most of the beggars having terrible appendages of the sort to their necks. I suppose it is owing to the water these people drink, namely, that of the Arve, which runs through the whole valley of the Savoy Alps, and is all the way of a whitish colour, and thick from the sort of soil and stone over which it flows. Otherwise, it is a fine river, picturesque and winding in its course, and in many places bold and impetuous.

In the vale of Maglan we halted opposite the grotto of Balme, and, leaving our vehicle (a sort of rough crankly phaeton), proceeded with a guide to climb the mountain, with intention of

visiting and exploring the cavern, situated more than half way up,—about 1200 feet from the valley, according to Ebel. We were at last repaid for a rather toilsome walk. After hearing the echo (long resounding through the Alpine vale) of a piece of cannon fired from below, we and some other visitors took flambeaux, and entered the famous stalactitic cavern, through whose extraordinary windings we passed (sometimes groping on our knees, and seldom walking erect) some distance,—penetrating in fact about 620 feet. We passed in our promenade several terrible abysses, down which our highly intelligent little French urchin of a guide threw stones, that seemed to fall to an unfathomable depth, and continued echoing and re-echoing so long that I should not wonder if they are on their road *in Tartara* still.

## STANZA XXXVIII. PAGE 30.

(17) *On through the chasm of Alps ! &c.*

From St. Martin (which is in the shadow of Mont Blanc) to Chamouni you travel in a break-bone car. Any civilised vehicle would be shivered to fragments by the jolting of the roads—if roads they can be called.\* Moreover, you are assailed

\* What a pity it is that his Sardinian Majesty, Charles Felix, neglects to get Savoy Macadamised

by multitudes of little Savoyard imps (girls and boys), who pursue your track, begging charity. They all appeared to me in the highest degree healthy and happy.

## STANZA XLII. PAGE 32.

(18) Written at St. Martin, near Sallenche.

## STANZA XLIII. PAGE 32.

(19) — *their icy sources* —

I allude particularly to what is called the *Mer de Glace*. This mass is the head of an enormous glacier, which sweeps down from the Montanvert to the vale of Chamouni. It has a white and blue (or bluish green) appearance; the upper ice being white, the rifts which seam its whole superficies blue or green.

As you *ascend* the Montanvert, the mules of parties *descending* appear to you to be toppling down on their heads, with their tails uppermost.

## STANZA XLIII. PAGE 32.

(20) — *pole of Alpine yew.*

Barbed with iron.

## STANZA XLV. PAGE 33.

(21) *Lo, where yon hospice, &c.*

On the Great St. Bernard, the highest point known of human residence, being about 9000 feet above the level of the sea. Snow constantly lies in several hollows below the elevation of the monastery. The mansion is large and commodious, with numerous bed-rooms along the corridors. I copied the following inscription from a tablet near the common room:—

“ Napoleoni primo, Francorum Imperatori semper augusto, Reipublicæ Valesianæ restauratori semper optimo, Ægyptiaco bis Italico semper invicto, in monte Jovis et Sempronii semper memorando, Respublica Valesiæ grata, 11 Decembris anni M.DCCC.IV.”

I also observed another symptom of Napoleon's visit, namely, a small painting (the same from which the well-known print is taken) of the grand army passing the Great St. Bernard. It is hung in the common room.

The chapel is handsome for the style of building. Over the altar is a good painting of the supreme idol of catholicism—the Virgin. I remarked at one side of the ante-chapel (which, the day being Sunday, was filled with peasantry on their knees,) a chaste

and classic monument to the French General Desaix,\* with this inscription:—

“ A Desaix, mort à la bataille de Marengo.”

We inspected the noted *charnel-house*, situated near the *hospice*, containing the remains of unfortunate travellers found dead on the mountain. This happens, of course, most frequently in winter, when the whole region is a wilderness of snow. We saw at the monastery several of the noble dogs of the celebrated St. Bernard breed, which are so sagacious and useful in tracing lost travellers, and in giving intimation to the inhabitants of this remote sanctuary. They somewhat resemble the largest species of English mastiff.

After viewing the charnel-house, filled with its whitening relics, we accompanied one of the monks to see the site (for nothing remains *but* the site) of a temple of Jupiter, near the *hospice*. We picked up some ancient (?) brick and marble, or petro-silex, as mementos *montis Jovis et Sempronii*. This walk took us into Piedmont, the borders of which lie close to the monastery. The liminary stone of Switzerland and Piedmont is half way down the side of the small lake, beneath the *hospice*. The Italian mountains looked extremely fine and tempting beyond. Three monks supped with us in the common room.

\* Napoleon considered Desaix as second only to himself in military genius.

“ Alas! it is not permitted to me to weep,” said the First Consul, when his gallant friend fell on the plain of Marengo, shot through the head, June 14th, 1800.



## STANZA L. PAGE 36.

- (22) *Such lay, perchance, as distant home endears,  
Breathing to exiled heart the voice of other years.*

I need scarcely say that the lines quoted after this stanza are part of the celebrated *Ranz des Vaches*.\* The rest is as follows :—

“ Quand reverrai-je en un jour  
Tous les objets de mon amour !  
Mon père,  
Ma mère,  
Mon frère,  
Ma sœur,  
Mes agneaux,  
Mes troupeaux,  
Ma bergère ? ”

## STANZA LVI. PAGE 39.

- (23) *Ay ! as of old the T'cian, &c.*

Θίλω λίγυν Ἀτρείδας,  
θίλω δὲ Κάδμον ἔδιν  
ἀ βάρβιτος δὲ χορδαῖς  
Ἔρωτα μούνην ἤχῃ.

\* “ Cet air si cher des Suisses qu'il fut défendu sous peine de mort de le jouer dans leurs troupes, parcequ'il faisoit fondre en larmes, désertier, ou mourir, ceux qui l'entendoient, tant il excitolt en eux l'ardent désir de revoir leur pays.”—*Rousseau*.

## STANZA LVII. PAGE 40.

(24) *Thus, on the bosom of the gentle lake, &c.*

The Lake of Lucerne, or Lake of the Four Cantons. The *circling sister cantons* are those of Lucerne, Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwald.

At about half-past eleven (A.M.) we quitted Lucerne, with a guide, for *Le Rigi*, in one of the long boats used for excursions on the lake; and though I felt no inclination to notice that mountain in the text, I shall make no apology for introducing an account, in this place, of a night spent on its summit. Having commemorated the great St. Bernard in verse and prose, I cannot decently pass *Le Rigi Kulm* in total silence. The weather was brilliant, every way favourable to our ascent of that Alp, whose summit, on a clear day, affords the most splendid and extensive panoramic view in all Switzerland.

The Lake of Lucerne is much more winding and picturesque than that of Geneva, though it wants its intellectual charm,—

“ The light that never was on sea or land,  
The consecration, and the poet's dream.”

There are numerous small cottages and houses along the margin: these are all white. Our boat was pulled by three men, who

*stood* in different situations at their oars. We seemed, as we went along, to be receding from some fairy city, and to be entering a grand amphitheatre of mountains, most of whose summits were covered with snow. We went a course of three hours towards *Le Rigi*, who rears his noble broad back towards the lake, rough with pine groves and beautiful patches of rock. At the *top* of this mountain (upwards of 5500 feet from the level of the sea) is a well-known commodious inn, or *auberge*, and, within a mile of the summit, is a rival house.

We disembarked at one of the loveliest villages (I forget its *name*) at the foot of the mountain, and immediately commenced our march, determining to achieve the ascent on foot.\* The road winds considerably, and is beautiful enough, passing amongst rocks and groves, and presenting, at every turn, delicious views of the blue lakes and snow mountains. Here and there, along the path, are popish images and pictures. About half way up is a small chapel (white); there are, also, frequent seats for the accommodation of pilgrims: near to, or opposite, each of these is generally suspended a small daub or representation of Christ bearing his cross.

We arrived, after a toilsome though swift progress, (impelled a good deal, no doubt, by the strenuous *vis inertiae*,) at the *auberge*

\* *Mem.*—Take mules another time; the unnecessary fatigue of the walk interferes with enjoyment.

on the summit in time, but only just in time, to witness a gorgeous sunset, and to look around, while yet there was clear light, on a scene too extensive and magnificent for words. The Lake of Lucerne, whose bosom we had so lately left, seemed absolutely on fire with the sun. I never could have imagined water so unutterably bright. Immediately after sunset a vapour collected over each of the *fourteen lakes* in view; and this soon spread over the whole vale beneath the mountain, presenting almost the appearance of a cloudy sky reversed.

We found a number of genteel strangers on the summit, led, like ourselves, by curiosity. We sat down to the *table d'hôte* at seven, with about six-and-twenty ladies and gentlemen,—Dutch, French, Prussian, Swiss, English. There were two remarkably fine and clever Dutch young ladies, who spoke English like natives, besides several other languages with equal fluency. A German crown prince (of what state I know not) was of their party. His face was extremely singular; the mouth from ear to ear. The *auberge* resembles a ship,—something like a child's Noah's ark in construction. It is built of wood; the rooms are horribly low, and crowded together like cabins. We retired to bed early, intending, of course, to rise the next morning to attend his solar majesty's matin levee.

After sleeping very indifferently, amid the incessant noise of

steps and voices in all quarters around my chamber, I was roused in the morning by the blowing of a horn, which is used to summon *messieurs les voyageurs* to witness the sun's rising. I was soon on the point of speculation. At first the clouds in the east exhibited long streakings of red, which gradually became longer and more vivid. From red they became golden, and from golden—what? For a few moments they were intolerably bright and burning. Then rose the orb of day, and the scene terminated. It all subsided into the usual appearances of early morning. But, on this height of Rigi, when you turned your eye from the dazzling orb of the sun, the appearances and the prospects were any thing *but* usual. Below us, to a boundless extent, lay a sea of vapour—a sea of white cloud, whose appearance was exactly that of *snow*. Had I not known the situation, I could scarcely have believed that all below two or three hundred feet of the brow of the mountain was *not* snow. To our right, as we looked from the east, lay the chain of Alps, whose lofty ridges, with their snowy summits, alone were visible, their breasts and bases being lost in the snow-like sea of vapour. After gazing on this extraordinary scene for some time, we repaired to our quarters to prepare for breakfast. I must not omit to notice, however, the truly singular effect of the scene at which we had been present, as respects the *human witnesses* of it. The blowing of the trumpet summoned, at a moment, nearly thirty ladies and gentlemen from their slumbers to the chilling top of the mount. Out of every window and door

of the well-filled little auberge you saw, at the same instant, numerous fair and manly figures egressing — half clad, and shivering in the morning air, yet fearful of losing any part of the grand solar exhibition. Dutch, Swiss, French, Prussian, and English, came jumping out (as if they were *possessed*),—half asleep and bewildered,—staring, first on the red streakings in the east, and then on each other. The two Dutch girls soon came to themselves, and entered into animated conversation in various languages. I did not observe my friend the crown prince on the ground; but I saw him afterwards at breakfast, where he contrived to demonstrate that extraordinary width of mouth has its advantages. Though lovers of nature, indeed (as ardent as that “gentle” one immortalised in Sir Walter Scott’s “*Hellvellyn*”), we were all glad to get within doors and swallow something warm, while the sun’s rays were yet wholly inefficient to moderate the frigidity of the atmosphere. So much for a night on *Le Rigi Kulm*.

## STANZA LVII. PAGE 40.

(25) *But, musing rapt where the heroic Swiss.*

On the spot now marked by the chapel of William Tell, built where three roads meet, about equi-distant from the lakes of Lucerne and Zug. This is a plain small structure, in the interior resembling, in style and decoration, all rustic Catholic chapels, but having over the door a *painting* representing the

death of Gesler, and Tell raising his cap to the dying man on horseback, after having shot him with an arrow from a cross-bow.

STANZA LVII. PAGE 40.

(26) *And bade the keen avenging arrow hiss  
In Gesler's heart ———*

See Florian's words in his *Guillaume Tell*:—" Il regarde, fixe Gesler, pose sa flèche sur sa corde, et, l'adressant au cœur du tyran, il la fait voler dans les airs. *La flèche vole, sifle, frappe au milieu du cœur de Gesler. Le tyran tombe!*"

STANZA LIX. PAGE 41.

(27) *By Laufen's deafened height, &c.*

" Le Rhin, après avoir parcouru près de cinq cents pas à travers d'énormes rochers, dont une partie s'élève au milieu des eaux, et resserre extrêmement son lit, commence peu-à-peu à écumer, à tournoyer, et à se précipiter du bord de l'abîme en une infinité d'îlots et de fentes sur les rochers amoncelés, et tombe d'une hauteur de 70 pieds. Deux énormes rochers, rongés par l'eau, s'élèvent sur la surface de l'eau : le plus haut est couvert d'arbrisseaux. Le bruit de cette chute étourdit dans le voisinage, et de nuit on l'entend à deux milles." — " On peut,

par le balcon, en approcher assez près pour être entièrement percé des eaux réduites en poussière. On voit sur ce balcon le château de *Lauffen*, sur un rocher escarpé, avec une paroisse de quelques villages voisines, appartenans au canton de Zurich.”—*Schreiber*.

The distance from Zurich to Schaffhausen is about nine leagues. When we arrived within a league of the latter town, the sound of the Rhine-fall burst upon our ears like thunder. It had a terrific effect in the darkness—for night had overtaken us. Next morning we visited the spot.

The *first* effect of this celebrated waterfall on the eye is perhaps generally one of disappointment. The beauty cannot be exceeded, but it wants *height* for the excitation of astonishment. The chief thing is the consideration of the immense *body* of water, that crashes down and fills the atmosphere around with the smoke of its foam. To appreciate, you must approach.

I need scarcely inform the reader that the abruptness in the flow of the *fourth* line of my Rhine-fall stanza is *designed*.

STANZA LIX. PAGE 41.

(28) *Till Strasbourg's matchless spire, &c.*

Six hundred feet high—the highest in Europe.



## STANZA LX. PAGE 41.

(29) ——— *o'er the bridge*  
*Floating athwart thy liminary Rhine.*

The bridge of boats at Strasbourg. This Pont du Rhin is a singular thing, being a line of long heavy boats or barges, placed at equal distances, and secured by ropes and chains to immense stakes, with planks of wood laid over them. This style of bridge suits the great breadth of the river, and also the variation of tides, as it, of course, rises and falls with the water. It may also be considered a more politic mode of communication between neighbouring states than by a bridge of more permanent construction. On each side of the bridge at Strasbourg is a board, with the inscription,—"On ne fume pas sur le pont du Rhin;" a terrible announcement to Germans passing into France, who are thus for ten consecutive minutes in the day debarred the use of a pipe!

When I was at Coblenz, I saw several vessels pass the bridge of boats at that town. A passage is, of course, readily opened by unchaining one or two of the boats.

## STANZA LX. PAGE 41.

(30) *So, where yon mountains, &c.*

The *Hartz* mountains.

## STANZA LXI. PAGE 42.

(31) *Yet, where the ashes of De Saxe repose.*

The following seems to me a just "Description du Mausolée du Maréchal Comte de Saxe, érigé dans l'Eglise de St. Thomas à Strasbourg, par ordre de S. M. le Roi Louis XV, de glorieuse mémoire, en 1776." I make the extract (though long) for the elucidation of my stanzas on the subject.

"Ce magnifique mausolée, inventé et exécuté en marbre par *Pigalle*, sculpteur du Roi, réunit aux beautés d'une composition brillante et d'un style hardi et grandiose celles d'une exécution riche et savante, en même temps qu'il présente un ensemble tout-à-fait remarquable d'allégories de différens genres, qui, grâce à la disposition ingénieuse des groupes, frappent le spectateur d'une admiration mêlée d'étonnement. \* \* \* \*  
Le héros est le premier objet qui frappe les regards. Au bas d'une pyramide en relief de marbre gris, contre laquelle est

appuyé le sarcophage, paraît le Maréchal de Saxe, sous l'armure guerrière, la tête ceinte de lauriers, et le bâton de commandement à la main, descendant d'un pas intrépide les marches d'un gradin qui conduit au tombeau, et regardant la Mort avec mépris. A sa droite on voit, dans l'attitude de l'épouvante, les animaux héraldiques des trois nations alliées, l'Autriche, la Hollande, et l'Angleterre, dont il triompha dans les guerres de Flandre, et leurs enseignes brisées. A sa gauche est un génie en larmes, ayant les yeux fixés sur le héros, et tenant son flambeau renversé. A côté du génie sont les drapeaux Français élevés et victorieux. Au-dessous du Maréchal et sur les degrés paraît la France, figure touchante, pleine d'expression et de grâce. D'une main elle s'efforce de retenir le Maréchal, et de l'autre de repousser la Mort. Celle-ci, dont le squelette est caché sous une ample draperie, est à la gauche du tombeau. Le clepsydre à la main, elle annonce au héros que ses momens sont écoulés; elle appelle son illustre victime, et la presse d'entrer dans le tombeau, qu'elle tient ouvert. De l'autre côté du sarcophage est une figure d'Hercule, appuyée sur sa massue, dont la douleur mâle et concentrée fait un contraste admirable avec la douleur vive et animée de la France. Au-dessous du sarcophage on voit les armes du Maréchal, &c. &c.

“ On lit sur la face de la pyramide cette inscription Latine :

Mauritio Saxoni

Carissimæ et Semperliber Duci

Summo Regionum Exercitusum Prefecto

semper Victori,

Ludovicus XV.

Victoriarum Auctor et ipse Dux

posui iussit.

Obiit XXX. NOV. ANNO M.DCC.L. Ætatis LV."

The mausoleum of Saxe is perhaps the very finest piece of *monumental* sculpture in the world. Never certainly before had I seen any thing approaching it in power, grace, genius, and interest. Each particular part of this sublime master-piece is exquisitely perfect, and the *tout ensemble* is beyond description great and striking. The actual sepulchre of Saxe is beneath the mausoleum. I saw the stone tomb in which repose his heart and his entrails.

STANZA LXIII. PAGE 43.

(32) *Onward! where princely Baden's widowed fair  
Holds her sweet court, &c.*

At Mannheim, a pretty town, with streets regularly built, and possessing the luxury of flag-stones next the houses. The royal

château in this town almost rivals that of Versailles in extent. It appertains to the reigning Grand Duke of Baden, but is generally inhabited by the Grand Duchess, his niece, alone. This exquisite creature, Stephanie Napoleon, niece of Josephine, and adopted daughter of Buonaparte, is the widow of the late Grand Duke of Baden, who died without male issue, and was succeeded by his uncle, the present Grand Duke. She is a sweet and accomplished woman, of thirty-five, with much of grace, life, sensibility, and mind, in her countenance. She speaks several languages fluently, and reads the German, French, Italian, and English literature. Amongst other portraits of eminent persons in an ante-room to her boudoir, I observed framed prints of Byron and Walter Scott.

I saw at Mannheim the house and room in which the unfortunate Kotzebue was murdered.

STANZA LXIII. PAGE 43.

(33) *When Josephine, in pride of form and face,  
Seemed to her mighty lord a throne's endearing Grace.*

"If I gain battles, it is she who wins hearts," said Napoleon of his first wife.

## STANZA LXV. PAGE 44.

(34) *Hath hailed young Ariadne, &c.*

In the beautiful gardens of M. Bethmann I saw the *bijou* of Frankfort, the *chef-d'œuvre* of modern sculpture. A sort of temple, in a central situation, contains this gem. Amidst a tolerable collection of casts from antiques (comprehending the Laocoon, the Venus, and the Apollo) stands a resplendent statue in marble of ARIADNE. This is the work of Dannecker, a native of Stuttgart. The enchanting figure is represented reclining in an easy and graceful posture on the back of a leopard. One elbow presses the crown of the head of the animal, whose face exhibits a look of constrained distraction, admirably contrasted, in point of effect, with the serene beauty of the human countenance. Nothing can surpass the air of life, elegance, breathing beauty, and touching interest, that surrounds Ariadne. Having already, however, expressed a portion of my feelings respecting this statue in the text, I shall not enlarge more particularly upon it here. One slight defect struck me in the marble; unfortunately it is not the immaculate Parian stone, but has here and there small blue spots in its grain, which mar in some trifling degree the illusion of this masterly creation. Yet one or two of these natural blemishes are pretty enough, and recall to a fanciful mind those on Shakespeare's exquisite Imogen,—

“ Laced

With blue of heaven's own tinct —

— On her left breast

A mole cinque-spotted.” ———

The wonderful life and exactness of imitation exhibited on canvass by the hand of the artist, and that wrought in stone by the chisel of the sculptor,\* are perhaps the most extraordinary

\* Apropos of sculpture; it appears to me that the following account of a nocturnal fight with a lion (which has recently met my eye) might furnish an excellent *companion subject* to the Laocoon. In the one, you have a father grappling with a deadly animal for his two stripling sons; in the other, you would have two youths grappling with a deadly animal to preserve the life of their father. I extract the passage referred to:—

“ A number of lions are met with among the hills of California, and they are said to be very ferocious. A former commandant of this province, in the year 1821, was travelling near the Gulf of Molexe, the western side of which passes the road from San Diego, whence he had come; and finding it impossible, from the lateness of the hour, to reach Loreto before morning, he resolved upon sleeping in one of the valleys near the shore. His two sons, youths of sixteen and eighteen years of age, accompanied him. The father, being apprehensive of lions, which he knew to be plentiful among the mountains, slept with a son on either side of him; charitably supposing, that if one of these animals should approach the party during the night, he would certainly attack the person sleeping on the outside. About midnight, a wandering lion found out the retreat of the trio, and, without his approach being perceived, he leaped upon the father, in whose body he inserted his teeth and claws, and, with mane and tail erect, proceeded forthwith to devour him. The two boys, moved by the cries and sufferings of their parent, grappled the lion manfully, who,

achievements of human art, considered in the light of *artful illusion*. In a perfect portrait, for instance, what but *motion* (for it would be almost invidious to add *variety* of aspect) is wanting? "We gaze on every feature till it lives!" and cry out with the enthusiast, "O that those lips had language!" In variety of *colour*, and, consequently, in luminous verisimilitude, the masterpieces of sculpture fail, and, in *this light*, are obviously inferior to those of the sister art. But, in contemplating the *marble*, the idea of the amazing difficulty (a difficulty that would, but for the contradiction in fact, have seemed absolutely insuperable) attending such execution is ever present to the mind, and throws over the work the air and aspect of a miracle. Yes, the *miracle* is greater in stone,—the *charm* on canvass.

## STANZA LXVII. PAGE 45.

(35) *At Darmstadt.*

In the Grand Duke's palace is a suite of rooms containing a

finding his prize contested, became furious: the combat was most bloody. After being dreadfully lacerated, the two brave youths succeeded, with a small knife, in killing their ferocious enemy, but, unhappily for them, not soon enough to save their father; and the afflicted boys were left to lament his death and their own severe wounds. They both, with difficulty, survived, and are, I understand, still living in California, although dreadful objects—the features of one of them being nearly obliterated."—*Hardy's Travels in Mexico.*



fine collection of paintings of the different schools,—native, French, Italian, Dutch. Good pictures are always a real treat to me; and in this collection I noticed several capital things by Rubens, Rembrandt, Holbein, Vandyke, and (to mention a name that is in itself a host) Raphael. A portrait of Rembrandt's second wife, by himself, much pleased me; also a recumbent Venus, by Titian. Of this latter piece I had seen a good copy, by Mr. West the younger, in London. But the grandest thing was a young *John the Baptist* (the picture first noticed in the text), by Raphael. The whole conception breathes the loftiest genius. In the suite of rooms which contain the paintings are some excellent models, in cork, of the classical reliques of ancient Rome.

## STANZA LXXI. PAGE 47.

(36) *Sweet Aphrodité! whiter than the foam.*

Perhaps I may, without offence, remind the *unlearned* reader that the name *Aphrodité*, given to the sea-born Venus, is derived from the Greek word *aphros* (*αφρός*), signifying *foam*.

## STANZA LXXIII. PAGE 48.

(37) ——— to him *who gave*

*Art's* VEHICLE OF KNOWLEDGE to mankind.

“Joanni Gænsfleish, dicto Gutenberg, patricio Maguntino, qui

*primus omnium literas ere imprimendas invenit, hâc arte de orbe toto benè merenti,*”—as runs the inscription on his monument at Mayence.

“ Le 15ème siècle fut une époque de gloire pour Mayence par l'invention de l'imprimerie, qu'en vain Strasbourg et Harlem lui ont disputé. *Jean Gensfleisch* de Sorgenloch, surnommé *Gutenberg*, du nom de son habitation (*la bonne montagne—Gutenberg*), avait fait à Strasbourg dès le commencement de ce siècle l'essai d'imprimer avec des caractères *mobiles*. L'art d'imprimer avec des caractères *immobiles* gravés sur des planches de bois était déjà connu. Il est démontré par des titres juridiques que l'invention commença à Strasbourg, mais ce fut à Mayence que *Gutenberg* l'exécuta et lui donna sa perfection. Il inventa les caractères *mobiles en bois*. *Jean Fust* et *Pierre Schæffer* profitèrent de ses découvertes, et réussirent plus tard dans l'emploi des caractères *mobiles en métal*. Au reste, si les premiers essais d'imprimerie de *Gutenberg* se sont perdus, on ne peut point nier pour cela leur ancienne existence, et il conservera la gloire d'une invention qui a plus puissamment que toute autre événement de l'histoire influé sur l'humanité.”—*Schreiber*.

The little town of Mayence is now completely garrisoned with Austrian and Prussian troops ; six thousand are stationed within it,—a large number for so small a place. The guard-houses and

barracks of each nation stand opposite to each other in a narrow street ; but, with all this contiguity, there appears to be little or no intercourse between the troops.\* I saw the palace in which Napoleon resided when in Mayence ; also the old red *château*, formerly a palace of the Electors, which was converted into a hospital by the French after the fatal battle of Leipsig. It was, at that time, filled with wounded troops : 16,000 men died within its walls !

STANZA LXXIV. PAGE 48.

(38) *Borne on thy sea-like wave, &c.*

We boated it from Mayence to Coblentz, sleeping the first night at Bingen. Nothing can surpass the romantic beauty of the banks of the river between Bingen and Coblentz. There are interesting ruins and towns at every turn ; and the lofty mountainous banks so gird the various divisions of the river, that they have the appearance (to one on the water) of a series of lakes.

\* At the theatre, also, I made the same remark : the Austrian and Prussian troops in the pit kept entirely apart from each other. A Prussian officer of distinction, with his lady, sat in the front box.

## STANZA LXXIV. PAGE 48.

- (39) *Towers, bold in ruin, o'er the Gothic lyre  
Tempt the romancer his wild hand to fling.*

Hear Sir Walter Scott, in his *Life of Mrs. Radcliffe*: "In 1793, Mrs. Radcliffe had the advantage of visiting the scenery of the Rhine, and, although we are not positive of the fact, we are strongly inclined to suppose that 'The Mysteries of Udolpho' were written, or at least corrected, after the date of this journey; for the mouldering castles of the robber chivalry of Germany, situated on the wild and romantic banks of that celebrated stream, seem to have given a bolder flight to her imagination, and a more glowing character to her colouring, than are exhibited in 'The Romance of the Forest.'"

## STANZA LXXVI. PAGE 49.

- (40) *Yet to thy beauty will I do no wrong,  
Nor shame thee with my lay, graced as thou art with song.*

The objects most noted in song lie in the vicinity of the Seven Mountains, between Coblentz and Cologne. We left the Rhine at Cologne.

## STANZA LXXVII. PAGE 50.

- (41) *Where, Mont St. Jean ! thy Belgic Lion's mound  
Commands yon fields of fame, &c.*

The *Montagne du Lion* (erected on the spot where the Prince of Orange received his wound) is a lofty mound of earth, surmounted with a colossal lion in marble.

## STANZA LXXVIII. PAGE 50.

- (42) ——— *where the sod displays  
A fresher verdure.*

Our guide told me that the verdure of the vegetation is observed to be freshest wherever the bodies of soldiers were interred. I certainly remarked several such appearances.

## STANZA LXXIX. PAGE 51.

- (43) *On yon low ridge that flanks the winding road.*

Between La Belle Alliance and La Haye Sainte.

## STANZA LXXXI. PAGE 52.

(44) — *the Sun of Victory arose*  
*O'er Austerlitz.*

“The sun rose with unclouded brilliancy : it was that *sun of Austerlitz* which Napoleon, upon so many succeeding occasions, apostrophised and recalled to the minds of his soldiers. As its first beams rose above the horizon, Buonaparte appeared in front of the army,” &c. &c.— See Sir Walter Scott’s “Life of Napoleon,” vol. v. p. 217.

## STANZA LXXXII. PAGE 52.

(45) — *Woe, woe for him, and shame,*  
*E'er since his eagles of the sun defied*  
*Iberia's vengeful wrath.*

The grand success of Wagram, indeed, was, in point of *time*, subsequent to the invasion of Spain ; but Napoleon, in his exile, always mentioned “the Spanish ulcer” as one capital cause of his ruin.

## STANZA LXXXVI. PAGE 54.

(46) — *in wealth* —

Wealth, too, presented in an aspect that may attract the regards even of a poet.

When in the Downs, and in the grand mouth of the Thames, I felt that I was approaching a great maritime power. Every Englishman, who has the opportunity, should make a point of (once, at least, in his life) sailing up the Thames from Margate. What an idea does such a voyage present of the greatness and glory of Old England! The beautiful banks of the majestic river exhibit perpetually changing scenes of the most diversified interest. Then, what in any other country can equal the prodigious traffic, apparent to the most careless eye, on the banks and on the water? Here you have the visible effects of the sovereignty of the people; here you become conscious that troops, and equipages, and palaces, and Elysian gardens, and squares, do not of themselves constitute the grandeur of a state, or even convey the most impressive picture and image of its importance. Look on the Thames, I say!—Ships innumerable—steamers, colliers, Indiamen, frigates,—glance past you like creations of an enchanter. You no longer wonder at the power and prominence of Great Britain amongst the nations: the sources of that power (moralities apart) seem revealed to you. Verily I believe Napoleon was right when he said that British troops alone would not sufficiently second his ambition. The empire of Charlemagne seems circumscribed, without the paramount advantages of a naval ascendancy.









