

P O E M S

BY THE

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L O N D O N :

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T H E
P R E F A C E.

SOME years have elapsed since the greatest part of the following Poems were published in Dublin; and probably they would never have been printed in London, but that a critique appeared on them in Murray's Review, for October 1787: they are now offered to the public, that the public may judge for themselves.

The learned reviewer allows me some knowledge of Italian and Chivalry: what the extent of his *Tuscan* literature may be, I do not pretend to determine; but I must roundly assert, that he is only a *novice* in chivalry. It was an *unknightly* deed to attack me where I was a stranger, and when I was unprepared for defence. He blames me for my *extravagant* praise of Ariosto: on that ground I will boldly meet him, since I am confident of pardon from every reader of that delightful poet.

1 The

The ingenious gentleman says, my muse *blusters*. I am better pleased that ~~she~~ should bluster, than be "dull as the lake that sleeps beneath the storm." Could I presume to judge of the poetical abilities of my unknown friend, from his critical exhibition, I should address him in the words of Virgil—

Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
Quale sopor—

I have read somewhere, that national reflections are always made by the ignorant and the prejudiced. The learned reviewer is displeased with some rhymes, which he chuses to call *Hibernian*. The rhymes I admit are weak, and proposed to have altered them, if the poems ever went through a second edition. Similar rhymes, however, frequently occur in Pope, whose pronunciation was never vitiated by crossing the Irish channel. Some feeble rhymes, I fear, will *still* be found in the Gierusalemme Soggettita; but from the frequent occurrence of the same rhymes in Spenser's Stanza, the defect is almost unavoidable.

The ingenious gentleman has detected two bulls—First, "Echo wails her loss in speechless woe *." I would advise him, always to consult the original, before he censures the translation.

* Αχὼ δ' ἐν πετρῇσιν ἑδύρεται, ὅτι σιωπῇ,
Κικετοῖ μίμνεται τὰ σα χεῖλια.

If the passage be a bull, it is the bull of Moschus; and I fancy it will be admitted that Moschus was no Irishman.—Second, “Deep Aonian rill.” I shall not enter into an hydrostatical argument with the learned reviewer about the depth of rills, springs, fountains, &c. but I am satisfied, that if I had said his muse had drank at a shallow rill (should he prove to be a brother bard), he would take it as a very indifferent compliment. However, to insinuate myself in some measure into his good graces, I have absorbed the rill, and have generously refreshed him with a fountain.

Of his profound observations on expletives, monosyllables, &c. I leave him full and undisputed possession, and now I bid him an everlasting adieu.—As a friend, I would advise him never to go to Ireland: there he will meet with no mercy: there

“ Bulls roam at large, and butt at all mankind.”

E R R A T A.

- Page 3, line 11, *for* *prowefs'd* *read* *prowest*.
—— 123, —— 4, *for* *Tow'ring in* *read* *In tow'ring*.
—— 191, note, *for* *Ilyffus* *read* *Iliffus*——*after* *biographical* *add* *anecdote*.
—— 193, line 11, *for* *with* *read* *wifh*.
—— 198, —— 3, *for* *he* *read* *we*.
—— 212, —— 27, *for* *I view* *read* *I'll view*.
—— 219, —— 11, *for* *grace* *read* *race*.
—— 223, —— 4, *for* *Spangerfi* *read* *Spargerfi*.

C A M B U S C A N;

OR, THE

S Q U I R E ' S T A L E.

THE RIGHT REVEREND THE
LORD BISHOP OF DOWN AND CONNOR.

WHAT Chaucer sung in Woodstock's rural
 bow'rs,
 Was marr'd by death, or Time's unsparing hand;
 The Swain of Mulla next essay'd his pow'rs,
 And the fair legend of Camballo plann'd.
 My bark advent'rous strikes the magic strand;
 The blue-eyed Nereids on her track attend:
 She wafts the prowess'd knights of Eastern land,
 Who aid the feeble arm, the fair defend,
 And glitt'ring crowns from sanguine tyrants rend.
 Like *them*, be ardent for the public weal,
 Nor from the sphere of honour e'er descend,
 Thy spirit pious, without bigot zeal;
 May thy sun set, as rose thy early dawn;
 Thy name as spotless as thy hallow'd lawn!

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE ingenious Mr. Warton, in the first volume and fifteenth section of his History of English Poetry, speaks of the story of CAMBUSCAN in terms of the highest respect. He says, that after the KNIGHT'S TALE, it is the noblest of the productions of Chaucer: he proves that it is an Arabian fiction, engrafted on Gothic chivalry. This Poem was continued by Spenser, and admired by Milton. It has been considerably improved by Mr. BOYSE, the Modernizer. The Concluder feels his poetic powers far inferior to those of CHAUCER and SPENSER; but as he endeavours to amuse, hopes for the indulgence of the Public.

C A M B U S C A N;

OR, THE

S Q U I R E ' S T A L E.

I.

WHERE peopled Scythia's verdant plains extend,
East of that sea, in whose unfathom'd flood
Long-winding Volga's rapid streams descend,
Near Oxus' bank an ancient city stood;
Then Sarra, but to later ages known
By rising Samarcand's imperial name;
There, held a potent prince his honour'd throne,
And distant nations own'd Cambuscan's fame:
So was the sultan call'd, whose lengthen'd sway,
Surrounding realms revere, and pleas'd his own obey.

II.

When nervous youth had brac'd his valiant breast,
 Oft had the Russian felt his dreadful arm ;
 The Persian oft his martial pow'r carefs'd,
 And the wild Cossack shrunk at his alarm :
 Strict to the law th' Arabian prophet taught,
 Compassionately just, and gently kind,
 His virtue scarce was shaded with a fault,
 True was his league, and constant as his mind :
 Great wealth he had, but well that wealth enjoy'd,
 And pow'r, Heaven's noblest gift, as nobly he employ'd.

III.

To raise the honours of his spotless state,
 (A joy too seldom known in regal life !)
 Fortune had blest'd him with an equal mate,
 And given the fair Eltheta to his wife :
 The graceful queen, majestic to the view,
 Whose blooming youth had blest'd the hero's arms,
 Her high descent from great Arfaces drew,
 And native dignity adorn'd her charms ;
 Two manly sons their faithful union bound,
 And one unblemish'd maid, with ev'ry virtue crown'd.

IV.

Algarfise first, who grac'd his youthful bed,
 Breath'd all the victor's irresistible flame ;
 In camps beneath his father's conduct bred,
 His warrior bosom swell'd for endless fame ;
 Well practis'd he, the daring troops to head,
 Bold to attack, or strike the steady blow,
 Or skill'd with art the patient march to lead
 O'er the long desert and—surprise the foe ;
 With missive death to guard the wheeling rear,
 As darts the bolt of Jove,—and shines to disappear.

But

V.

But young Camballo's more reflective mind
 From his great fire's immediate temper drew
 A softer turn, and studiously inclin'd
 To judge of fame, in a superior view ;
 To mend the genius of the barren soil,
 With prudent laws the social ties to bind,
 To cherish commerce, and encourage toil,
 With health the youth to form, with truth the mind ;
 Arts, whence the public welfare takes its rise,
 And empire lifts her head, exalted to the skies.

VI.

Beneath some rooted oak's projected shade,
 Where twine the laurel, and the olive bloom ;
 In mildest grace amidst the shelter'd bed,
 The nascent rose displays its soft perfume :
 Such Canace, with all becoming state,
 While Love inthron'd from her enchanting brow
 Dispers'd a thousand arrows wing'd with fate,
 And smil'd to rule th' admiring world below :
 Her form was harmony—all grace her air,
 As if perfection, pleas'd, had plac'd its centre there.

VII.

No affectation fully'd beauty's pride ;
 No vanity bespoke a wanton fire ;
 In all her action virtue seem'd to guide,
 Nor knew her chaster breast a loose desire.
 As thro' the lucid diamond's polish'd face,
 Refulgent pierce the treasur'd rays of light ;
 No spot the native lustre can deface,
 Which, view'd in every shape, is always bright :
 So thro' fair beauty's mirror undefil'd,
 With still attractive charms internal wisdom smil'd.

VIII.

Now twice ten years had good Cambuscan reign'd,
 By early wars secur'd in honour'd ease;
 And peace at home, and fame abroad maintain'd,
 Mark'd the meridian glory of his days.
 In those blest times no labour'd structures rose,
 Where grandeur from the public ruin springs,
 The splendid trophies of a people's woes;
 The dearly purchas'd palaces of kings:
 Far other state his dignity supports,
 Beyond the borrow'd blaze of Europe's gilded courts.

IX.

Yet goodness still a nobler show supply'd,
 Than glittering guards, to awe the subject eye,
 The hospitable gates were ever wide,
 And safe the wretched to their prince drew nigh.
 As the warm sun diffuses golden day,
 So smil'd the common father of the land;
 As spreads o'er earth the all-enlivening ray,
 So felt the meanest his extensive hand.
 Happy, where thus the sovereign's bounty warms,
 And goodness lends to pow'r a plenitude of charms.

X.

From Aries now approach'd the solar flame,
 While wakeful spring the wint'ry chain unbinds;
 Nature re-kindles to the amorous beam,
 And swells luxuriant in the western winds;
 At Flora's call a thousand beauties rise,
 To dress with sweets the fair enamell'd ground,
 And to the happy sense and ravish'd eyes,
 Waft new delight and fragrant pleasure round.
 Each bird proclaims his joy, and thro' the grove
 Resounds the heavenly song of harmony and love.

The

THE SQUIRE'S TALE.

XI.

The season this, when (so their prophet taught)
The joyful city kept the holy feast,
Which the wild Saracen with secret thought
Reveres, the Bairam of the turban'd East :
On whose preceding eve, with wonted state,
Thro' ev'ry street the royal herald's sound
Proclaims Cambuscan's feast to crowds who wait,
With fond acclaiming joy their passage round :
Peace smiles on every brow,—and Sarra, glad,
Prepares to keep the day, in all her pomp array'd.

XII.

Now rose Aurora, robed in pleasing grey,
Her sober mantle edg'd with beamy gold ;
The early clarion hails the dawning ray,
The gates their iron portals wide unfold ;
High on a rock, encircled by the flood,
Where silver mazes oft deceiv'd the eyes,
The palace rose :—below the city flood,
In circuit fair and glitter'd to the skies:
A gentle rising fill'd the space between,
With sylvan pride adorn'd, and banks of native green.

XIII.

Here, so the sultan's honour'd mandate bore,
Soon as the sun disclos'd his orient pride,
Thro' the glad multitude, that throng'd before,
The Tartar lords conven'd on ev'ry side :
Along the fair ascent, in shining train,
Towards the palace march the noble band,
Pleas'd to renew their annual vows again,
To see their king, and hail his just command ;
And wish to the past years by fate decreed,
In fair continued course—the future may succeed.

XIV.

But wife Cambuscan, who observant knew
 The Pow'r supreme from whom all greatness flows,
 On this peculiar day, with homage due,
 To Heaven returns the service grandeur owes :
 No vain idolatry his heart deceiv'd,
 No flattering names of Mighty, High or Great ;
 Grateful he offers ev'ry praise receiv'd
 From a glad people and a happy state :
 And chiefly on this morn his heart prepares
 To pay his humble thanks in sacrifice and pray'rs.

XV.

The pomp begins, the yielding crowd give way ;
 A thousand horse the bright procession lead ;
 A chosen troop, with bows and quivers gay,
 And bold Algarfife glitters at their head :
 Toil mark'd each limb, and on their hardy brow
 Sate dreadless valour, mix'd with awe severe ;
 Yet each seem'd pleas'd to grace the triumph now,
 And peace had soften'd half the victor's air :
 While as they pass, redoubled shouts arise,
 And Oxus' hilly bank the echo long supplies.

XVI.

The pontiffs next, administers of law,
 The hoary Molla, and the Cadi sage,
 Whose venerable looks impress'd an awe ;
 For wisdom gives new dignity to age.
 Not the sour aspect, nor the formal beard,
 Nor faint-like visage, nor dejected air ;
 But virtue dress'd in cheerfulness appear'd,
 And health and temperance were pictur'd there.
 The joy'd spectators much their sight approve,
 Whose goodness careful gain'd the people's honest love.

ALL

XVII.

All in the midst, with precious care inroll'd
 In tissued bands bedrop'd with many a gem;
 A camel proud, bedeck'd with silk and gold,
 The Koran bore, which Mussulmen esteem :
 Around the Emirs, whose illustrious race
 From the great prophet claims its high descent,
 All rob'd in green advanc'd, with gentle pace,
 Bestowing numerous blessings as they went :
 A silence deep ensues,—and ev'ry look
 With conscious awe salutes the heaven-descended book.

XVIII.

Then came the merchants, an unnumber'd band,
 With more familiar mien, the sons of peace !
 For commerce now establish'd thro' the land
 Had shed its sweets, and dwelt in ev'ry face.
 Plain was their garb, and free from gaudy pride ;
 For yet no baneful luxury was known ;
 But wealth domestic well that show supply'd,
 And frugal manners kept the wealth their own.
 Fond of the arts he rais'd, with gentle air
 Camballo graceful rode a Polish courser fair.

XIX.

Amidst the guardian sages of the throne,
 Where prudent counsels propp'd his settled state,
 Distinguish'd far, the much-lov'd monarch shone,
 Less in magnificence than virtue great.
 Not the rich crimson which his person dress'd,
 Nor Indian diamond his tiara crown'd ;
 Not the Siberian fur, nor Persian vest,
 Nor Syrian fabre which his vesture bound ;
 Such wide respect produc'd, or fond acclaim,
 As join'd in friendly bands the King's and Father's
 name.

XX.

Here the enfeebled fight its force excell'd,
Eager its great protector to survey ;
As fond the eye of infancy beheld,
Striving to bear some feature fond away,
That age the grateful image might renew,
That youth might strong imprint Cambuscan's name ;
While to the worthy monarch's smiling view
His people's bliss in present prospect came :
A pleasure this, which virtue only finds,
The wreath which truth confers, and fame eternal binds.

XXI.

The rites perform'd—and every prayer address,
Which faith exacts, or piety can pay ;
The day's fair interval the people past
In manly exercise, and floral play :
Algarfise pleas'd the active youth regards,
Excites the modest, and commends the brave ;
Assigns proportion'd merit its rewards,
And teaches all with vigour to behave :
In mimic squadrons forms the flying horse,
And animates the rage, and order of the course.

XXII.

Mean while Cambuscan, with the elder chiefs
And young Camballo, held the cool debate ;
With care consult to ease the people's griefs,
The means to strengthen and improve the state.
From neighb'ring tribes commission'd envoys press,
To court his friendship, or his league renew ;
From subject provinces with glad address,
New deputies salute their monarch's view,
Who all with condescending grace receives,
And tenderly to each his just instructions gives.

Now

XXIII.

Now from the zenith flam'd the orb of day,
 When to the royal square, selected place,
 The warlike trumpet warns the guests away,
 Where the king's banquet spreads its gladsome face;
 Decent around the pleas'd attendants smile,
 Appointed to fulfil their lord's commands :
 The meanest they salute with courteous style,
 And not a stranger unregarded stands.
 Well from their prince they learn the gentle art
 With fair humanity to charm the honest heart.

XXIV.

Near hand, allotted to the princely train,
 A spacious hall receiv'd each nobler guest ;
 Where to the dazzled eye a brighter scene
 Display'd the treasures of the downy east ;
 The walls dispread with Persia's tapestry shine ;
 The azure roof emboss'd with figur'd gold,
 Of Casbin's richest loom the carpets twine,
 Where many a flow'ry maze appear'd enroll'd,
 And golden censers, plac'd in proper room,
 With all Arabia's sweets embalm'd the fragrant dome.

XXV.

Silent around, the slaves attendant wait ;
 Silent, the watchful grooms dispose the feast :
 Silence and order mark the Asian state,
 The sign imperial and submissive breast :
 With China's largest bowls they spread their board,
 From ev'ry element the spoils they take,
 The richest dainties Sarra can afford,
 Fish from the stream, and fowls that haunt the lake ;
 The fawn and stag the spacious forests yield,
 And herbs and various fruits, the cultivated field.
 Their

XXVI.

Their drinks, sherbets attemper'd to the taste,
 A thousand diff'rent ways with eastern art ;
 Where mingling spices give a racy zest,
 And warm, like cordial wine, the gladden'd heart.
 Mean time the commons, with inferior fare,
 Harsh seeming to our nicer eye, regale ;
 The forest-fruits, the curdled milk of mare,
 Or grain, the product of the fertile vale :
 With purest water from the crystal stream,
 That feeds with cool supplies life's quick consuming
 flame.

XXVII.

Concludes the feast, with ev'ry service paid,
 When from the public square's capacious bound
 Appear full fifty youths in white array'd,
 Of comely form, with rich tiaras crown'd ;
 Each at his side, with care attendant leads
 A shapely courser of Tartarian breed ;
 Who, neighing, seems to spurn the ground he treads,
 As conscious of his servitude decreed :
 Marks of that duty Sarra loyal owes,
 For all the peaceful sweets Cambuscan's reign bestows.

XXVIII.

An hundred virgins, each of fairest hue,
 In flowing robes of brightest azure drest,
 Succeed in soft procession, two by two ;
 Their beauteous brows with flow'ry chaplets grac'd ;
 Their lovely hands a shining treasure bore,
 Which new-establish'd commerce brought from far ;
 The Indian gem, the pearl from Ormus' shore,
 The Tyrian purple, and the painted jar ;
 Or the domestic spoils of Sarra's field,
 The costly-ermin'd furs her ample forests yield.

These

XXIX.

These presents offer'd with respectful care,
 Rewarded by the gracious monarch's smile,
 Amidst the dome a second train appear
 Of foreign beauties from Circassia's soil :
 From native sweets the infant-captives brought,
 With melting charms barbaric hearts to move,
 Early in ev'ry art of pleasing taught,
 To sing, to smile, to languish, and to love :
 Magnificently gay, the band advance,
 And with harmonious air begin the wanton dance.

XXX.

At this—a fight too loose for wisdom's awe,
 Whose strictness views such mirth with eye severe,
 Prepare the king and sages to withdraw,
 That youth its more appropriate joys may share ;
 When unforeseen, as wak'ning tempests rise,
 When troubled ocean heaves with conscious fear,
 Such, and so strange the gath'ring murmur flies,
 Increasing, till it gains the royal ear :
 Sudden the music stops,—the dancers cease,
 And new-born wonder fits confess'd in ev'ry face.

XXXI.

Soon shines the cause—for now the crowd divides,
 When nobly mounted, of distinguish'd mien,
 Ent'ring, a graceful stranger boldly rides ;
 His helm unbrac'd, and in his visage seen
 Valour, by long experience made sedate :—
 His courser formed of brass, whose burnish'd light
 Reflected beamy rays of mimic heat ;
 A moving meteor to the dazzled sight !
 Proud of his charge he fiercely glanc'd disdain,
 And bent his shapely neck beneath the potent rein.

The

XXXII.

The knight's right hand the flaming steed compell'd
 With gentle awe, and half his rage repress'd ;
 His left to view a polish'd mirror held,
 Of oval form, in figur'd gold enchas'd :
 His finger glitter'd with the radiant pride
 An oriental sapphire wide display'd :
 A naked scymitar adorn'd his side,
 With Torquoise-hilt, of damask'd steel the blade :
 His comely personage, and strange attire,
 Cambuscan studious eyes, and much the court admire.

XXXIII.

Then mild advancing, where th' imperial throne
 Erected, to the distant sight ascends ;
 Quick from his wondrous steed alighting down,
 Before the king the gentle envoy bends ;
 Then to the throng'd assembly turns his eyes,
 With due obedience paid to all around ;
 While general silence marks a pleas'd surprise,
 And not a whisper steals along the ground :
 Each aspect earnest on the issue hung,
 When thus the knight began, with ungraceful tongue.

XXXIV.

' To thee, for virtue as for arms renown'd,
 ' Whose name to distant lands extends its rays ;
 ' Whose youth with fame, whose age with honours
 crown'd,
 ' Asia repeats—too narrow for thy praise !
 ' Our holy Califf, whose all-righteous sway
 ' Thro' happy nations spreads one common smile,
 ' Northward from Ormus to the Euxine sea,
 ' And west from Indus to the banks of Nile ;
 ' To thee, Al-rafchid, round whose renown'd head
 ' May Heav'n its balmy dew of constant blessings shed.

To

XXXV.

- ' To thee, whose piety his zeal befriends,
- ' Whose arms have triumph'd in the prophet's cause ;
- ' These marks of amity our Califf sends,
- ' Proofs of his estimation and applause :
- ' Nor slight the presents, though no form they wear,
- ' That seem attractive to a monarch's eye ;
- ' More secret worth they boast, and virtues rare,
- ' Than all the treasures hid beneath the sky,
- ' Which heav'n-taught science only can bestow,
- ' And mystic Talismans, that rule the world, below.

XXXVI.

- ' This steed, which, mighty prince, you now behold
- ' As motionless,—tho' recent from the reins,
- ' Form'd tho' in semblance of metallic mould,
- ' Yet in himself the springs of life retains :
- ' Less fleet the feather'd arrow wings its way,
- ' Borne on the pinions of the breezy wind ;
- ' Less swift the canvass'd vessel skims the sea,
- ' Than leave his steps the less'ning space behind,
- ' Brave the surrounding deep, where oceans flow,
- ' Or mount the steep broad rock, and lose the plain
below.

XXXVII.

- ' Or would'st thou from the sphere terrestrial rise,
- ' And learn the boundless regions of the air ?
- ' Th' aerial guide shall waft thee thro' the skies
- ' To the remotest star that glitters there !
- ' Firm shall he bear thy trusted weight impress'd
- ' Thro' floods that threaten, or thro' fires that glow ;
- ' Or guard thee with impenetrable breast,
- ' Thro' pointed javelins o'er the prostrate foe :
- ' For the sage author form'd his just design
- ' With planetary skill, and artifice divine.

' Yet

XXXVIII.

- Yet rooted shall the beauteous image stand,
 - A lifeless monument shall press the place ;
 - Void of all sense, and deaf to all command,
 - Nor human force disturb it from its base ;
 - Unless thy thought the mystic words retain,
 - That wake to motion the insensate mass ;
 - That give direction to the rapid rein,
 - Or stop the springs of animated brass.'
- He paus'd—diffusive as the murmur ran ;
When thus resuming soon—th' ambassador began.

XXXIX.

- This mirror—~~so~~ our empress fair commands,
- As pledge of mutual faith and friendship meant,
- To thy imperial consort's beauteous hands,
- With grateful joy, commission'd, I present :
- No specious forms from hence reflected glare,
- No shadowy objects of material kind ;
- But mental truths within disclos'd appear,
- Fate's future births inquiry here shall find ;
- And in the optic plane thy thought shall trace
- The various fortunes wait thy long descended race.

XL.

- Does war or faction threaten thy promis'd reign—
 - Here shalt thou see the perils, and avert :
 - Does plague or famine hover near thy plain—
 - A timely caution shall arise from art :
 - If falsehood lurks in flatt'ry's fair disguise—
 - Here truth's fair beam shall point the siren's face :
 - If vice, by virtue's ruin, aims to rise—
 - Here shall it meet thy knowledge and disgrace :
 - And thy observant thought with ease shall find
 - The variegated shapes that veil the human mind.
- Here

XLI.

- Here pleas'd, thy gentle sultaneſs ſhall prove
- A thouſand ways the ſportive mirror's ſkill ;
- Survey the crafts of jealousy and love,
- The ſtratagems that wait a female will :
- Thro' ev'ry maze the ſhifting heart purſue,
- From fancy's ſtart, to reaſon's cloſe retreat ;
- Obſerve imagination's ſubtle clue,
- And mark ideas, how they riſe and ſet.
- Gain'd but the key—which to the queen I bear,
- Long may her virtues prove the guardian mirror's
care !'

XLII.

- So ſaid,—the preſent with complacent air,
To an attendant near, the envoy gave ;
When thus proceeding—' Further ſpeaks my care ;
• If thou, all-gracious monarch, grant the leave ;
• For thus our ſov'reign lady bade me ſay ;
• Pleas'd, has ſhe heard a northern princeſs' fame :
• One faith we keep, one prophet we obey ;
• Let cloſer bands unite our ſiſter's name :
• The roſe of Tigris, Sarra's violet woos,
• And with this myſtic ring her valu'd frienſhip ſues.

XLIIF.

- When from the earth the King of Wiſdom fled,
- Whoſe ſcience pierc'd thro' matter's boundleſs field ;
- When mourn'd the eaſt that Salomon was dead,
- To whom the realms of ſpirit ſtood reveal'd ;
- The potent ſeal incircling, grac'd his hand,
- Whence all its pow'r this gem's impreſſion takes,
- Obedient nature feels its wide command,
- And at its call a new creation breaks.
- Each vegetable birth its power reveals,
- The noxious weed that kills, or plant that wholeſome
heals.

XLIV.

- ‘ Or would the princess, while with cheerful eyes
- ‘ She views the beauties of the op’ning spring,
- ‘ Curious inquire the language of the skies,
- ‘ Or learn the notes the feather’d nations sing ?
- ‘ Hence shall the vocal natives of the groves
- ‘ With well known hymns salute her early walk ;
- ‘ Hence shall their laws, their manners, and their loves,
- ‘ Become familiar subjects of her talk :
- ‘ And while the sylvan world her thoughts command,
- ‘ Her grateful mind shall own a princess’ generous hand.

XLV.

- He said, and bow’d, and speech resum’d once more,
- While from his side he drew the shining blade,
 - ‘ And last this gift the Califf’s order bore,
 - ‘ Be to your princely sons with honour paid :
 - ‘ Such is the temper of the deadly steel,
 - ‘ Nor the firm marble, nor the rooted oak,
 - ‘ Nor arms of adamant its touch can feel
 - ‘ Unmov’d, or bear the fury of its stroke :
 - ‘ No earthly wight its contest may endure,
 - ‘ No skill of pharmacy its least erasure cure.

XLVI.

- ‘ Yet strange, tho’ true, its double charms prevail,
- ‘ With friendly care to raise the vanquish’d foe ;
- ‘ The fatal wound the hilt alone can heal,
- ‘ And with immediate ease relieve the blow ;
- ‘ From the deep gash tho’ stream’d the vital flood,
- ‘ And the wing’d soul fate ready to depart,
- ‘ Restrain’d at once, shall stop the issuing blood,
- ‘ With cordial life again to warm the heart :
- ‘ Its sov’reign touch the balm of health restore,
- ‘ As mercy’s gentle hand allays the rage of pow’r.

Nor

XLVII.

- ‘ Nor judge, great prince, the gifts as ill assign’d,
 ‘ Directed by our Califf’s holy views ;
- ‘ Safe is the steed, in thy disposing mind,
 ‘ Whose virtue never can his power abuse :
- ‘ The mirror well thy consort may behold,
 ‘ Reflecting all her innocence sincere ;
- ‘ Well may the ring the daughter’s hand enfold,
 ‘ Whose soul is like the spotless person, fair :
- ‘ And aided by the sword, thy future race
- ‘ Shall to the toils of war unite the arts of peace.

XLVIII.

- Submits he ceas’d :—when rising from his throne
 The monarch mild descending stretch’d his hand,
 Well pleas’d the grateful embassy to own,
 Borne by the service of so wise a hand :
- When thus :—‘ Kind stranger! not the voice of fame,
 ‘ That spreads its sound diffus’d to either pole,
 ‘ Can raise the lustre of our Califf’s name,
 ‘ Or more endear his virtues to my soul :
- ‘ In whom the prophet’s viceroy I revere,
 ‘ And with continued joy his daily praises hear.

XLIX.

- ‘ His noble gifts with pleasure I receive,
 ‘ Which secret worth, and mystic value boast ;
- ‘ But more esteem the faith he yields to give,
 ‘ His friendship ever wish’d and honour’d most :
- ‘ Yet rare thy presents and exceeding far
 ‘ The various gems our eastern world brings forth,
- ‘ The ruby rich, the diamond’s mimic star,
 ‘ Or the unblemish’d pearl of orient worth ;
- ‘ Greatly beyond what Sarra’s regions lend,
- ‘ Or all the sylvan spoils her ample forests send.

Welcome

L.

- Welcome thy presence on this festal day,
 To grace the honours of our royal feast,
 When pleasure fits on ev'ry aspect gay,
 And in my people's joy is mine confess'd :
 Tho' us'd to better cheer which Heav'n bestows,
 On lands in happier climes their lot assign'd ;
 Where Bagdad rises, or where Tygris flows,
 And earth untaught is still benignly kind,
 Where the mild sun declines in beauty gay,
 Or beams with orient charms to dress the face of day.

LL.

- Yet here till thy return, the greeting find,
 Our barren country yields the toiler's use ;
 Where nature won, and by compulsion kind,
 Consents but coy to aid the slow produce ;
 Yet such the pow'r of the industrious hand,
 That year by year the soil more kindly grows,
 Art pours new beauties o'er the changing land,
 And by degrees increasing plenty flows ;
 Our forests shrink, as new plantations rise,
 And culture spreads new fields to the delighted skies.

LII.

- Mean time, associate at our royal board,
 Accept the cares our gratitude would pay ;
 Freely command what Sarra can afford,
 To ease the labours of the tedious way.
 He ceas'd,—and smiling with a gracious hand
 He plac'd the honour'd stranger by his side,
 While round the noblest chiefs, and shining band,
 Approach to welcome him with decent pride.
 His courteous speech and manner all admire,
 And of the Syrian court the news they much inquire.

LIII.

Now plenteous had the gentle envoy din'd,
 Pleas'd with the treatment which the monarch gave,
 When from the zenith now the sun declin'd,
 To cool his ardours in the Caspian wave ;
 When thus the king—' Not here we boast the means
 ' To give thy character the honours due ;
 ' One easy step to crown thy toil remains ;
 ' Eastward our regal castle stands in view ;
 ' There take thy rest most welcome, and receive
 ' That friendship and respect our amity shall give.

LIV.

The monarch rose,—th' officious guard attend ;
 The knight with graceful air his courser leads,
 On horseback with the Tartar prince ascends,
 And to the palace all the pomp proceeds :
 But most his steed from the admiring crowd
 New wonder drew and much inquiry rais'd :
 So stately was his port, so firm he trod,
 That all his gesture and proportion prais'd ;
 And own'd, of foreign and domestic breed,
 Eye never yet had seen a more majestic steed.

LV.

Of due dimensions was his mediate size,
 While, loosely floating from his swan-like crest,
 Bright wav'd his mane ;—deep piercing were his eyes,
 Strong were his limbs, and broad his burnish'd breast ;
 Thick from his nostrils breath'd the fiery steam ;
 His tail behind a length of splendour flew ;
 He seem'd to move within an orb of flame ;
 So much appear'd the wondrous object new,
 That all intent, pursue th' amazing sight ;
 So much does vulgar minds all novelty delight.

Now

LVI.

Now to the palace reach'd the cavalcade,
Where the strange warrior and the king alight,
And with his usual grace Cambuscan paid
Repeated welcome to the Syrian knight ;
Strict o'er his horse's neck the passive reins
With artificial care the envoy drew,
When lo ! all motionless the form remains,
Nor life discover'd, nor sensation knew :
Fix'd as the basis of the rocky stone,
The dead inactive brass return'd a hollow groan.

LVII.

They bear the Califf's sword before the king,
While to the hall of state the knight attends ;
Inward the mirror and the mystic ring
To the imperial fair the sultan sends ;
Kindly requiring to the present feast
The beauteous queen and princess may repair,
With royal kindness to regale their guest,
And all the rights of hospitable care :
That Syrian dames from his report may know,
That gentleness can live amidst a land of snow !

LVIII.

Mean time without, around the famous horse
In crowds the Usbeck city seems to spread ;
Much they survey his make, and much discourse,
As varied notions fill the vulgar head :
To magic some the strange effects impute,
Each to his fancy forms a diff'rent cause ;
Little they reason, greatly they dispute,
And still the loudest most attention draws :
As ignorance to knowledge pores its route,
Never proceeds direct—but wanders still about.

Like

LIX.

Like as a swarm of bees new gath'ring play,
 Issuing advent'rous from their native home ;
 They spread thick murm'ring to the evening-ray,
 And yet of habitation dubious roam ;
 Till the wise husbandman, with tuneful sound,
 Beneath the shade the vagrant tumult draws ;
 They wandering stop, and view the dome around,
 And fix their colony with loud applause :
 So, circling round the horse, the Tartars crowd,
 And speak their vast surprise with acclamations loud.

LX.

Return we now, invited to the hall,
 Where fairer objects our attendance claim ;
 Such as are envy'd and admir'd by all,
 The graceful courtier, and the beauteous dame ;
 What, tho' no dances fir'd the virgin chaste,
 Less charming did the mild engager seem ?
 What, tho' no smiles the courtier's brow defac'd,
 Less worthy was his honour of esteem ?
 To us, indeed, such manners wild may show,
 Where dress creates a Belle, and vanity a Beau.

LXI.

Yet as restraint but fans the am'rous fire,
 And nature's laws can never be suppress'd ;
 So the soft bosom heav'd with young desire,
 And the fond eye the tender heart confess'd :
 Venus, who then in Pisces held her court,
 With friendly rays beheld th' enamour'd pair,
 Approv'd the intercourse, and bless'd the sport,
 Beyond my faint description to declare :
 Her arts the Roman muse can better tell,
 For none should sing of love, but those his influence feel.

LXII.

Nor wanted cordial drinks, or viands rare
 To cheer the soul and grace the royal feast ;
 The gentle empress made that task her care,
 With choicest fare to treat the grateful guest :
 But, more than all, her matchless converse charm'd,
 Where wisdom flow'd from the instructed heart ;
 Where beam'd kind gentleness, and beaming warm'd
 With cunning softness the attracted heart.
 Scarce could the ravish'd knight his looks refrain ;
 Or if she ceas'd, not with the joy commence again.

LXIII.

Oft to the king unseen he turn'd his eyes,
 Or in the sons remark'd their father's air ;
 Oft he beheld the queen with new surprise,
 But most the princess, amiably fair !
 The more he look'd, he saw on each impress
 The marks of majesty that awe the sight,
 An air of greatness not to be express'd,
 Which calls for homage, while it gives delight ;
 Something that more of dignity confers,
 Than all the glittering toys the ermin'd monarch wears.

LXIV.

Hard to describe, whence springs this air assign'd,
 In man and brute, to excellence of race ;
 This outward mark of a superior mind,
 That seems to claim precedence of place ;
 But that experience shows, by constant course,
 The noblest animals their like create ;
 From the selected sire, the generous horse
 Derives his fire, and springs from earth elate ;
 Hears the glad trumpet calling from afar,
 And rapid pours his flight amidst the rage of war.

LXV.

In man's imperial race th' effect's the same,
 Whatever cause the like distinction breeds;
 Whether from mutual passion springs the flame,
 Or minds congenial stamp the vital seeds:
 Else on extended Guinea's torrid coast,
 Where the broad mouth and nose depreſt prevail,
 In thoſe who regal blood and lineage boaſt
 Why do the gen'ral features rarely fail?
 Why ſhows the Auſtrian lip the Auſtrian line?
 And in ſome ſemblant mark the hero loves to ſhine.

LXVI.

Now the ſhrill trumpet warn'd the flight of day,
 The loud Muëzin call'd to ev'ning pray'r;
 When roſe Cambuſcan, ſuch his uſual way,
 With all his court to worſhip to repair.
 That duty paid,—returning as they paſs
 Along the ſpacious caſtle's outer ſquare,
 The ſultan ſtopp'd to view the ſteed of braſs,
 Incompaſs'd as he ſtood by numbers there;
 And begs the knight the ſecret would diſcloſe,
 To which the beauteous form the pow'rs of motion owes.

LXVII.

To which the knight—'O king! whoſe juſt concern
 ' Still nouriſhes devotion's pureſt flame;
 ' Nor need I tell—nor need thy wiſdom learn
 ' The wonders wrought by the Almighty name.
 ' By this inſpir'd, our holy prophet wrought
 ' Performances exceeding reaſon's line;
 ' High miracles beyond the reach of thought,
 ' That infidels might own the faith divine,
 ' Whoſe call the earth, and air, and fire obey,
 ' And the relentless grave, and the unfathom'd ſea!

LXVIII.

- ' When taught by this, the slumb'ring steed you wake,
 ' Firm seize the reins, and with this pin secure ;
 ' Undaunted then the destin'd journey take,
 ' Thro' ev'ry element the course is sure.
 ' Wouldst thou thy march continue, or be still,
 ' Touch but the pin, and whisper but the word ;
 ' The steed obedient shall observe thy will,
 ' Shall vanish at thy call, or stand restor'd ;
 ' Only the bridle and the pin retain,
 ' Else lost is ev'ry care, and ev'ry project vain.'

LXIX.

So said—he to the king's attentive ear,
 With rev'rence due, the mystic word unfolds ;
 The monarch bow'd, and with concealing care
 The word repeats, and fast the bridle holds ;
 Quick as life's current glides along the veins,
 The warm sensation so his touch perceiv'd,
 That thaw'd the stiffness of the brazen reins,
 While the firm chest with new vibration heav'd :
 His eyes their fire resum'd, he rais'd his head,
 And stately walk'd along, as pleas'd the sultan led.

LXX.

Cambuscan much the gentle steed caress'd,
 Thus grown familiar to his leading hand ;
 The gentle steed an equal joy confess'd,
 To serve the generous monarch's just command :
 Much to the num'rous court, assembled round,
 The king his shape and his behaviour prais'd ;
 The court applauding still return'd the sound,
 And all the voice of admiration rais'd :
 Till from his neck the reins at once he drew,
 And vanish'd quick the steed from ev'ry mortal's view.

The

LXXI.

The sword and bridle, with peculiar care,
 Deputed nobles, by the king's command,
 Safe to the castle's strongest fortrefs bear,
 Where all the monarch's ample treasures stand ;
 The royal company direct return,
 In social mirth to crown the happy night ;
 While round perfum'd a thousand tapers burn,
 And the whole palace seems illumin'd bright ;
 The feast renews, the converse sprightly grows,
 And cheerfulness around her balmy influence throws.

LXXII.

The worthy king, whose long experienc'd years
 Had made him judge of manners and of minds,
 Pleas'd with the Syrian's converse much appears,
 For virtue soon its own resemblance finds :
 Some secret sympathy of nature draws,
 With its coercive bands, the noble soul ;
 As unisons accord harmonious cause,
 Or the fond needle trembles to its pole :
 'Tis thus each other know the truly great,
 Without the tedious form inferior friendships wait.

LXXIII.

Mean time, between the princes rose debate
 About the wondrous steed the envoy brought,
 Algarfife urging, with his usual heat,
 The motion some informing Genii wrought :
 But cool Camballo, with a sceptic air,
 Seem'd to believe the secret lay within,
 That hid remain'd the springs of action there,
 And mov'd or ceas'd directed by the pin :
 Each brings new proofs the other to confute,
 Till to the monarch's ear arriv'd the warm dispute.

LXXIV.

Silent a while the king reflection made,
 And saw the point not easy to decide ;
 Till kind remembrance usher'd to his aid
 A hoary sage, whose skill he oft had try'd ;
 By birth a Mede, but whose inquiring fight
 Each region of the travell'd east had known,
 Wisdom the object sole of his delight,
 And the whole sphere of knowledge seem'd his own ;
 Nor read in books alone, his generous mind
 Embrac'd with cordial zeal the welfare of mankind.

LXXV.

The various faiths the peopled world divide,
 Justly impartial had his thought survey'd ;
 Reason his standard still, and truth his guide,
 Nor interest, prejudice or passion weigh'd :
 The Magi's books he knew, the Brachmin's lore,
 Th' Egyptian figure, and the Jewish rite,
 The Christian law intended to restore,
 But now defac'd by superstition quite :
 With the mix'd plan th' Arabian prophet drew,
 O'er Asia now which spread, as new religions do.

LXXVI.

He saw that nature thro' her wide command
 O'er all her works diffus'd one equal smile ;
 Nor kept the bounties of her lavish hand
 Confin'd to this, or that peculiar soil ;
 He knew, that vain was ev'ry art, design'd
 To check the freedom of the human will ;
 That no restraints could shackle up the mind,
 Which, self-determin'd, kept her empire still :
 And, in th' extended scene of human race,
 As varied were the thoughts, as various was the face.
 Hence

LXXVII.

Hence Cōfroes (so the Median sage's name)
 This healing principle reflective drew ;
 Others opinions candid not to blame,
 But calm the paths of wisdom to pursue :
 Pleas'd, with the little nature's hand requires,
 Wealth, honour, pleasures, titles he disdain'd ;
 Few were his wants, as mod'rate his desires,
 The happy master of himself he reign'd !
 A joy to all, but minds serene, unknown,
 Beyond the wreaths of fame, or splendours of a throne.

LXXVIII.

On a fair bank, by Oxus' winding shore,
 Inclos'd with wood, a little spot he found ;
 There had he fix'd his rest—and, greatly poor,
 Liv'd on the fruits of his domestic ground.
 Oft had Cambuscan, tir'd with cares of state,
 Sought the refreshment of his little cave ;
 There philosophic held the cool debate,
 Nor scorn'd the counsels which his wisdom gave ;
 Whose life reveal'd the value of his art,
 And to the learned head was join'd the honest heart.

LXXIX.

For him immediate then the sultan sends,
 His seasonable presence to require ;
 The worthy sage the messenger attends,
 And comes obedient to the king's desire.
 His head, with age's frost was silver'd o'er,
 But on his cheek still blush'd the temp'rate rose ;
 Decent, tho' plain, a flowing robe he wore,
 And manly dignity his person shows.
 For such his carriage seem'd, and gentle port,
 As if his life had been no stranger to a court.

LXXX.

The Syrian knight (for so requests the king)

The nature of the Califf's gifts explains :

The horse, the sword, the mirror, and the ring,

And points the qualities which each retains :

When thus Cambuscan—' Cosroes ! O declare,

' For best the truth thy wisdom can impart,

' Whence boast these presents such perfection rare ?

' From nature springs the secret, or from art ?

' Or animates the steed some pow'r divine ?

' Or do mechanic wheels direct the bold design ?

LXXXI.

To whom the sage—' Not mighty prince, we boast,

' Of such mysterious gifts to judge the cause :

' Least knows the wisest, when he knows the most

' Of matter's properties, and motion's laws :

' Form'd of two principles distinguish'd quite,

' We find distinctly our corporeal frame :

' Spirit, we know, with matter can unite ;

' Yet search in vain from whence the union came,

' Or where subsists invisible the tie

' Which fastens life itself, and loosing which we die.

LXXXII.

' What gives commission to the wintry war,

' When the loud storm enshafes the troubled deep ;

' Or sooths to peace the elemental jar,

' And hushes the relenting winds to sleep ;

' What causes the pale moon's alternate light,

' By turns replenish, and by turns decay,

' Fair as she glides along the face of night,

' And shapes thro' mazy clouds her pathless way ;

' Or from what origin those clouds ascend,

' In vain our feeble sense would strive to comprehend.

All

LXXXIII.

- All the phenomena of boundless air,
 • Which strike with wonder the unsettled eye,
- The meteor's flash, the comet's ruddy glare,
 • Or the loud thunder bursting from the sky ;
- The dark eclipse, when o'er the orb of day
 • Its gloomy stain prevailing darkness sheds ;
- The shining bow, whose variegated ray
 • O'er the pale cloud its painted circlet spreads ;
- In vain our low researches would pursue,
- With weak defective schemes of science still untrue.

LXXXIV.

- Yet science fees direct—far as it may,
 • While ignorance in endless darkness pores ;
- Safe treads the sage, where reason points the way,
 • One sov'reign Cause discovers and adores :
- The further that in nature's road he treads,
 • He sees eternal Wisdom guide the whole ;
- The more the glitt'ring page of heav'n he reads,
 • He feels that wisdom penetrates the soul ;
- And what the vulgar view with careless eyes,
- Silent contemplates he with pleasure and surprise.

LXXXV.

- Matter he sees, as struggling to a birth,
 • Thro' all its elemental forms aspire,
- Earth rise from water, air refine from earth,
 • To mount, and purify itself in fire ;
- Fire, the first principle, whose vital ray,
 • Heat, motion, sense, and life productive breeds,
- That circling from th' exhaustless source of day,
 • Wakens from death the dull material seeds ;
- That to itself attractive, all invites,
- Till in the parent-cause creation fond unites.

LXXXVI.

- ‘ This, sure, we know,—that matter has its laws,
- ‘ By which impell’d, the stubborn mass obeys ;
- ‘ That secret sympathy some objects draws,
- ‘ And by its pow’r can seeming wonders raise :
- ‘ Hence, would it seem, that this mysterious horse,
- ‘ Tho’ form’d to semblance of material mold,
- ‘ Is taught to move by sympathetic force,
- ‘ And to perform at will the actions told ;
- ‘ As the Greek Pegasus was fam’d to bear
- ‘ The bold Bellerophon through tracts of boundless air.

LXXXVII.

- ‘ Hence taught, the sage to matter can infuse
- ‘ New qualities to suit his just design ;
- ‘ Can shape the mass subservient to his views,
- ‘ And give the workmanship a stamp divine :
- ‘ Thus, in the honour’d Califf’s precious sword
- ‘ Opposing virtues may their influence shed ;
- ‘ The hilt may salutary balm afford,
- ‘ To close the wound the edge relentless made.
- ‘ As fam’d Achilles’ spear confess’d the art
- ‘ To cure th’ inflicted stroke, and ease the deadly smart.

LXXXVIII.

- ‘ Thus may the mirror and the mystic ring
- ‘ The gentle knight’s description well maintain ;
- ‘ From planetary skill their virtues spring,
- ‘ Which only deep-read science can attain :
- ‘ As o’er affrighted Misraim’s fertile land
- ‘ The wand of Moses desolation spread,
- ‘ Or grac’d the signet Salomon’s right hand,
- ‘ Whose pow’r could wake the slumbers of the dead ;
- ‘ Could from the eye remove the veil of night,
- ‘ And place the realms of spirit to th’ astonish’d sight !

But

LXXXIX.

- ‘ But while, Cambuscan, thou exalt thy head,
- ‘ In peaceful sway and foreign friendships blest,
- ‘ Remember Heav’n, that all thy greatness made,
- ‘ Nor let weak pride pollute thy royal breast.
- ‘ All that we see in life’s deceitful dream,
- ‘ Like us, the vain spectators, glides away !
- ‘ Only great Orosmanes shines the same,
- ‘ Unwasted fountain of eternal day !
- ‘ Who in himself all nature comprehends,
- ‘ From whom all beings spring, in whom all being ends.

XC.

He ceas’d—attentive as the Syrian knight
 Heard the sweet accents flowing from his tongue,
 And felt within such exquisite delight,
 He had not thought a summer’s audience long.
 The monarch thanks return’d—th’ applauding crowd
 With common voice repeat the sage’s praise :
 Night now began to spread her heavy shroud,
 And call the weary’d limbs to needful ease :
 Cambuscan rose—the court retire to rest,
 And on her midnight throne deep silence reigns confest.

XCI.

O gentle sleep ! thou cherisher of health !
 From temp’rance bred, the nurse of sweet repose !
 In whom the peasant finds a mine of wealth,
 To whom his happiness the lover owes ;
 Thou balm of life ! whose kindly warmth restores
 Light to the eyes, and vigour to the heart ;
 Whose presence luxury in vain implores,
 Kind while thou fly’st to take affliction’s part ;
 Say, by what magic fetters dost thou bind
 In thy delightful thrall the agitated mind ?

XCII.

Inthron'd on mazy Oxus' verdant shore,
 We left thee, goddess, of thy sway posselt;
 Cambuscan's palace felt thy peaceful pow'r,
 And thro' the gloom thy influence fate confest:
 Fair dreams, thy beauteous handmaids, all around
 To ev'ry guest thy busy mandates spread;
 Each, by their ministry, contented found,
 The sep'rate joy to which their wishes led:
 Soft am'rous vows th' unblushing virgin hears,
 And to the warrior's view the glitt'ring camp appears.

XCIII.

Thee, placid queen of night—the Sultan own'd,
 In shining visions of recover'd arms:
 Thou, to the Syrian lengthen'd wisdom's fount,
 And Cosroes still his fix'd attention charms:
 But most the Tartar princess claim'd thy care,
 To sooth the soft impatience of her breast;
 Her curious thoughts the ring's impression bear,
 And new ideas interrupt her rest:
 In fancy she surveys the sylvan scenes,
 And hears the feather'd choirs—and learns their tune-
 ful strains.

XCIV.

Calm were her usual slumbers wont to be;
 Calm as the current of her temp'rate blood;
 Calm as her blameless soul, from passions free,
 That knew no evil, and that wish'd all good:
 Yet something—whence she knew not what or how,
 Invasive now infected her repose:
 She felt soft quiet vanish from her brow,
 And ere the morning dawn'd, the princess rose:
 She calls her virgin-train, who near remain'd,
 And instant at her call her virgin-train attend.

Great

. XCV.

Great was their fright, and obvious their concern,
 What cause so soon their gentle mistress rais'd;
 Till from herself inform'd, her health they learn,
 And by her smiles they find their fears appeas'd;
 But chief Olinda—more a friend than slave,
 Whom from Podolia lawless rapine drew;
 Whom to his daughter great Cambuscan gave,
 By purchase his, ere yet herself she knew:
 Whose modest worth had gain'd the princess' ear,
 By long experienc'd ties of faithful duty dear.

XCVI.

Now rosy morn, the harbinger of day,
 Beam'd o'er the azure hills with radiance bright;
 Awak'ning nature felt the gladfome ray,
 And smil'd as conscious of approaching light;
 When the fair princess issu'd to the plain,
 Attended by a band of lovely maids:
 Such Cynthia, when amidst her sportive train,
 Her early horn resounds in Latmos' shades:
 Cloth'd in a lightsome dress, thus bends her way,
 To grace the flow'ry fields, this charming Queen of May.

XCVII.

By Oxus' side, engirt with wood-brow'd hills,
 A spacious compass lay the sylvan scene;
 Thro' which, clear-streaming, ran two mazy rills,
 That fed the soil with ever-living green;
 But as the ground unequal check'd the view,
 So by degrees its varied beauties rose;
 Dales, rocks or groves form landscapes ever new,
 And blending prospects new delights disclose.
 Nature unrival'd here maintain'd her part,
 Too sweetly wild for Chance, too greatly bold for Art.
 From

XCVIII.

From teeming earth the vapour now exhal'd,
 That courts the presence of the orient sun;
 But thro' the mist the ruddy orb prevail'd,
 All warm with joy, his daily course to run:
 By the clear river stretch'd the winding vale,
 Where, as it often chanc'd, the princess stray'd;
 A thousand sweets embalm'd the spicy gale,
 A thousand flow'rs luxuriant bless'd the mead;
 Which, as her virgins sport, they pull with care,
 The morning-wreath to form, for Canace to wear.

XCIX.

There safe the elk, the antelope, and deer,
 The harmless shelter of the place enjoy'd;
 Crop'd the sweet herb, or drank the fountain clear,
 No fears alarm'd them, for no foes annoy'd:
 With vocal music now the forests ring,
 As artless love inspires the melting voice;
 And nature, kindling at the smile of spring,
 Teaches her happy children to rejoice:
 Fair Canace the soft sensation feels,
 And with the whisp'ring breeze the virtuous pleasure
 steals.

C.

As from the native blind's unconscious eyes,
 The skilful leech th' affailing speck withdraws;
 Sudden he sees a world unknown arise,
 Where objects multiply'd confusion cause:
 With such emotion did the princess' ear
 Receive the language of the woods around:
 So by her mystic ring instructed, hear,
 That not devoid of reason was the sound;
 While with responsive note the nations sing,
 Hail to the rose of May! hail, lovely queen of spring!
 But

CL.

But stop we here, ere too prolix we be,
 The wanton error, that of many a muse,
 Who, lur'd by ev'ry flow'r, and ev'ry tree,
 Too far the too inviting path pursues ;
 Lest the tir'd ear reject the tedious strain,
 Judgment should still the flights of fancy guide ;
 The point propos'd should reason firm retain,
 That fame may o'er the lasting work preside.
 Mind we th' unerring law of sacred song,
 That the delightful tale should never be too long.

CII.

But as she nearer to the forest drew,
 A diff'rent object claim'd her gentle care ;
 Of foliage stript, alone, an alder grew,
 Whose naked branches trembled to the air :
 From hence shrill cries a beauteous Falcon sent,
 Which well her bitterness of woe express'd ;
 While, ever as she shriek'd, with cruel bent
 She fix'd her beak impressivè in her breast ;
 So that the tide of life, fast flowing round,
 Distain'd the wither'd bark, and trickled to the ground.

CIII.

Fair seem'd her form, and fair her aspect seem'd,
 As ever eye beheld, or Falcon wore ;
 Like the pure snow, her silver plumage beam'd,
 With mingling ruddy streaks empurpl'd o'er !
 Such was her look, that not the tyger fell,
 Who lawless roams the desert wild for prey ;
 Nor eagle fierce, that from her airy cell
 Wings with destructive aim her rapid way ;
 But would have soften'd been to hear her lay,
 And, by compassion taught, have felt their rage decay.
 Mov'd

CIV.

Mov'd with the plaintive anguish of her tongue,
 Her mournful gesture, and her bleeding wound ;
 The neighb'ring birds from ev'ry thicket throng,
 And silent hear, and droop the wing around !
 Soon the mild princess, thro' her tender soul,
 Felt the prevailing force of pity glide ;
 The voice of sorrow all her senses stole,
 As from the tree distinct the Falcon cry'd,
 ' O gentle stranger, some compassion show ;
 ' O heavenly beauty, deign to ease my matchless woe.

CV.

Quick to the tree the gentle princess flew,
 Where still her sad laments the mourner made ;
 And in the Falcon's tongue (which then she knew)
 With accent mild, and tender look, she said :
 ' Much suffering bird, the fairest of thy kind !
 ' Whate'er misfortunes thus thy anguish move,
 ' In me, the daughter of a monarch, find
 ' A friend, with me a sure protection prove :
 ' My hands thy wounds shall heal with precious balm,
 ' And, on my breast reclin'd, thy woes shall know a
 calm.

CVI.

' But why thy breast this boundless sorrow fills,
 ' Which sighing echo wafts the woods around ?
 ' Why from thy breast the crimson drop distils,
 ' That mars the verdure of the blasted ground ?
 ' If death has robb'd thee of thy slaughter'd mate,
 ' For whom despairing, comfortless you show ;
 ' Or if some envious shaft with cruel fate
 ' Has pierc'd thy bosom with a deadly blow ;
 ' Oh-quick the cause reveal ;—for never yet,
 ' On one of feather'd kind, so was my fancy set !'

Scarce

CVII.

Scarce had she spoke,—when from the lifeless spray,
 Where perch'd the Falcon did her griefs repeat,
 The fluttering mourner fell, and panting lay,
 As pleas'd to die beneath the prince's feet.
 Soon from the earth the bird her pity rais'd,
 And in her lap with fond indulgence plac'd ;
 Then call'd her maids, who on the action gaz'd,
 And bound its wounds, and tenderly embrac'd :
 Till, by her hands reviv'd, the Falcon woke,
 Grateful beheld the fair, and faintly thus bespoke :

CVIII.

‘ O blest compassion ! heav’n-descended child !
 ‘ Whose power is best perceiv’d in noblest hearts ;
 ‘ Who dress’d in smiles of patience, meekly mild,
 ‘ To want, relief ; to mis’ry, ease imparts ;
 ‘ By thee inspir’d—this heav’nly maid has felt
 ‘ A pain for sorrows, to herself unknown ;
 ‘ With kind humility has comfort dealt
 ‘ To me, amidst the wilds of nature thrown :
 For which may guardian Heav’n her virtues shield
 From all the poison’d arts that drove me to the field.

CIX.

Yet, tho’ reflection should convey a dart
 ‘ With every word to wing my fleeting life ;
 The story of my woe shall I impart
 ‘ At thy command, and bear the cruel strife :
 So may the sad relation be believ’d,
 ‘ Which from experience deeply wounded flows,
 That thy superior virtue, undeceiv’d,
 ‘ May scorn the semblance faithless manhood shows ;
 Their vows, their sighs, and all the flatt’ring arts
 y which they, skill’d, betray deluded virgin-hearts.’
 She

CX.

She ceas'd—as if oppress'd—nor longer spoke,
 With sad remembrance inward so she pain'd ;
 She droop'd her head—a flood of anguish broke,
 And scarce her form the signs of life retain'd ;
 While Canace bestow'd a tender tear,
 'To see the wretched Falcon's hapless state ;
 With kisses oft she sought her griefs to cheer,
 Carefs'd her gently, and bewail'd her fate :
 Till kindness does reviving warmth infuse,
 And thus the pensive bird the song of woe renews:

CXI.

' Where rapid Niefter rolls his noisy wave,
 ' High in a marble cliff that brow'd the flood ;
 ' My peaceful birth indulgent nature gave,
 ' Securely there our nest paternal flood :
 ' I liv'd my honour'd parents' dear delight,
 ' Cherish'd with sylvan fruits and choicest grain ;
 ' My youth they form'd, and taught my early flight,
 ' To skim the wood, or circle o'er the plain.
 ' Of all the numerous natives of the sky,
 ' None (so bethought me) seem'd so blest and glad as I.

CXII.

' By fortune favour'd, and by nature free,
 ' Artless I flew where health and pleasure call'd ;
 ' No fears alarm'd, no dangers threaten'd me,
 ' No sickness griev'd, nor servitude inthrall'd :
 ' Form'd to sincerity, my honest thought
 ' No guile imagin'd, as no guile it knew ;
 ' Too fond belief!—which future mischiefs wrought,
 ' And into woe my heedless footsteps drew :
 ' For such the fate of the most candid mind,
 ' True honour needs no vows,—no vows can falsehood
 bind. ' Not

CXIII.

Not distant far, by the descending stream,
 A Tercelet held his wood-enshelter'd nest;
 Such of his manners spoke propitious fame,
 As ev'ry virtue had adorn'd his breast;
 Thus prepossess'd,—delighted I beheld,
 So full of gentle courtesy he seem'd,
 All former observation stood excell'd,
 I saw,—admir'd;—reflected,—and esteem'd:
 For judg'd such carriage with destructive show
 Conceal'd a darksome well of treason hid below!

CXIV.

As where gay flow'rs in wild profusion rise,
 Th' embosom'd serpent glides his wily head;
 Deplete with malice till the time he spies,
 When unperceiv'd he may his venom shed:
 So with fair semblance of unfelt delight,
 This sly deceiver constant duty paid;
 Early or late he faithful watch'd my flight,
 With zeal conducted, and with care obey'd:
 So us'd each artifice my heart to move,
 His monster of his kind—this hypocrite in love.

CXV.

Yet, while his tenderness my mind surveys,
 I wonder not that, foolish, I believ'd:
 Yet, when I think on his engaging ways,
 I scarce know how to call myself deceiv'd.
 So upright to appearance his intent,
 So far his conduct seem'd from selfish view,
 Dishonour might have wonder'd what it meant,
 And blush'd to wear a livery so true:
 So fair to light the stately tomb remains,
 That in its loathsome vault the spoils of death contain.
 'Thus

CXVI.

- ‘ Thus for successive years, with humble air,
- ‘ This wretch disloyal holy love profan’d ;
- ‘ With constant vows still won my open ear,
- ‘ Till by degrees my yielding mind he gain’d :
- ‘ To hear his plaintive tale beneath the shade,
- ‘ Pleas’d have I oft consum’d the summer’s day ;
- ‘ Still the fond tale a fresh impression made,
- ‘ And more enamour’d still I went away :
- ‘ With female pride prevailing pity strove,
- ‘ And what was friendship first, now soften’d into love.

CXVII.

- ‘ Yet in my weakness—virtue still I ey’d ;
- ‘ Nor lost its native purity my heart ;
- ‘ Love, tho’ he fetter’d—led me not aside,
- ‘ And virgin chastity maintain’d its part :
- ‘ Tho’ choice enthron’d him in my conscious breast,
- ‘ The best---the dearest of his noble kind ;
- ‘ Lord of my wishes, tho’ he reign’d confess’d,
- ‘ His empire still was bounded by the mind ;
- ‘ In me, unblemish’d honour lent the fire,
- ‘ The mutual flame to feed---I thought should ne’er expire.

CXVIII.

- ‘ Thus won by seeming love, and vain desert,
- ‘ My mind deluded grasp’d its fatal chain ;
- ‘ I fear’d no treachery, void of ev’ry art,
- ‘ Lov’d as I was, I joy’d to love again :
- ‘ So, in the sight of heav’n and conscious day,
- ‘ We mutual one unalter’d passion swore.
- ‘ Ne’er did till then the traitor seem so gay,
- ‘ Ne’er felt my harmless breast such joy before ;
- ‘ As when I yielded all my heart as free,
- ‘ As simple I believ’d he his had given to me.

‘ But

CXIX.

- But well this truth prophetic love has read,
 ‘ A thief and faithful lover think not one ;
- For soon as he beheld his conquest made,
 ‘ Increasing show of transport he put on ;
- Before my feet in seeming trance he lay,
 ‘ And tho’ deep silence all his speech suppress’d,
- With false delight I saw his pinions play,
 ‘ And his fond eye his happiness confess’d :
- Convinc’d, to demonstration, I remain’d,
- No mortal lover yet so well the passion feign’d.

CXX.

- Not Paris, who th’ Idalian nymph betray’d ;
 ‘ Not Troilus, who inconstant Cressida won ;
- Not Jason, who deceiv’d the Colchian maid ;
 ‘ Not Lamech, first who chose two wives for one ;
- Not Adam, who for one his Eden lost,
 ‘ With all the sons of his degen’rate race,
- Could equal art with this impostor boast,
 ‘ Or act the counterfeit with such a grace.
- Such was his specious shadowing of disguise,
- No woman had escap’d, had she been e’er so wise.

CXXI.

- No wonder then, if I, all unadvis’d,
 ‘ Whom no experience caution’d to beware ;
- If unsuspecting, I was soon surpris’d,
 ‘ And heedless caught in the delusive snare :
- If simple, charm’d with love’s attractive show,
 ‘ Its new-born pleasure, and deceitful sweet,
- My heart, unguarded, open’d to the foe,
 ‘ And cherish’d in itself the fatal heat :
- Our thoughts, our pains, our wishes seem’d the same ;
- New love appear’d to raise a more enduring flame.
 ‘ Thus

CXXII.

- ‘ Thus twice the sun renew’d the smiling year,
‘ And saw our mutual soft endearments crown’d ;
- ‘ His fight, my bliss ; his safety, all my fear ;
‘ In him was ev’ry other object drown’d.
- ‘ Had I a sigh he seem’d not to divide ?
‘ Had he a pain I made not all my own ?
- ‘ I held him more than all the world beside ;
‘ I liv’d---I wish’d to live for him alone :
- ‘ Dearer he was to me in ev’ry part,
- ‘ Than was the vital stream that circled round my heart.

CXXIII.

- ‘ Near the lone ruins of a wasted tow’r,
‘ Encompass’d by the river’s murmur’ing fall,
- ‘ Oft were we wont to pass the ev’ning-hour,
‘ Safe in the shelter of the ivy’d wall ;
- ‘ There was our meeting fix’d that hapless day,
‘ Happy whose light these eyes had never seen ;
- ‘ Slow pass’d to me the tedious time away,
‘ Till the deep shadows darken’d half the green :
- ‘ Impatient, I observ’d the night’s increase,
- ‘ And ere th’ appointed time I wing’d me to the place.

CXXIV.

- ‘ There I the traitor found,---who pensive stood,
‘ Perch’d on a turret, as to mark my flight ;
- ‘ Sad seem’d his aspect---drooping was his mood ;
‘ Ne’er had I seen him in such heavy plight.
- ‘ Trembling, I ask’d the cause ; but ask’d in vain ;
‘ Foreboding silence gave me nought to know :
- ‘ I press’d him to reply, whence rose his pain ?
‘ His eyes responsive only told his woe :
- ‘ Till with a forc’d constraint, and piercing look,
- ‘ His feeble voice he rais’d, and thus prepar’d, he spoke :
‘ Hard

CXXV.

Hard is the lot the bolder male attends,
 Where dangers threat, by honour forc'd to go;
 While nature kind your softer sex defends,
 And guardian-beauty shields from ev'ry blow.
 Love, weeping love, can tell with what regret
 Reluctant I obey the tyrant-guide;
 How much I wail the rigor of my fate,
 That tears me, gentle charmer! from thy side.
 Judge thou the strife, and with impartial aim,
 Give (if thou canst) my peace, or vindicate my flame.

CXXVI.

He ceas'd---unusual horror seiz'd my breast,
 A mix'd confusion, never felt before;
 Scarce my dim eye the rising grief repress'd;
 I lov'd his safety,---but his honour more!
 Then death prevailing rends the tortur'd heart,
 And hovers o'er the fight his dreadful shade,
 Such at that instant was my speechless smart;
 Such was the anguish on my senses prey'd.
 Firm, as I could, I yet withheld a cry,
 And thoughtful thus I made, determin'd, my reply.

CXXVII.

No' love can ill this sudden shock sustain,
 (And never love as yet exceeded mine!)
 'T since thy glory calls thee from the plain,
 Content I sacrifice my will to thine!
 Complaints are vain; where fame invites thee, go;
 Yet, for my sake, amidst the warrior-strife,
 Sav'n from thy head avert each pointed blow,
 And with thy safety bring me more than life:
 For this, each morning-orison shall rise;
 For this, each ev'ning-hymn invoke the guardian skies.
 ' Yet

CXXVIII.

- ‘ Yet tho’ harsh fate for years prolong’d thy stay,
‘ Love constant shall supply my faithful flame;
- ‘ Then, as if lost but the preceding day,
‘ Still wilt thou find my tenderness the same;
- ‘ When the pure soul a chaste affection binds,
‘ Nor time, nor death the union can impair;
- ‘ Heav’n, pleas’d, surveys this sympathy of minds,
‘ That, like itself, enkindles brightly fair.
- ‘ Fly then to conquest---fortune be thy guide !
- ‘ Of this assur’d, no pow’r our faith shall e’er divide.

CXXIX.

- ‘ What need I, princess fair! describe his shows,
‘ His varied action, and his fond discourse ?
- ‘ His vows repeated, and dissembled woes ?
‘ *Who cou’d speak better? Who could practise worse?*
- ‘ Such was his agony---so deep his cries;
‘ Such all the shapes of his experienc’d art ;
- ‘ That more instructed thought, and wiser eyes
‘ Perhaps had seen, he over-did his part ;
- ‘ But innocence my weaker judgment bound,
‘ *None treason well can know, but who has treason found !*

CXXX.

- ‘ Doleful we parted on the gloom of night,
‘ With weary wing my wind-rock’d nest I fought ;
- ‘ He, vig’rous, southward urg’d his rapid flight,
‘ With new direction, and inconstant thought.
- ‘ Well had he learn’d this maxim of mankind,
‘ That no restraint the appetite cou’d cool ;
- ‘ That the soft passion languishes confin’d;
‘ But when directed, free by beauty’s rule;
- ‘ As fancy leads, exerts a nobler aim ;
- ‘ With novelty supplies the still-reviving flame.

‘ Like,

CXXXI.

- Like as the foolish bird, who wild incag'd,
 ' (Tho' kind you tend him, and tho' fond you feed)
- Yet bears his loss of liberty enrag'd,
 ' Nor all your gentle usage deigns to heed:
- Were you to line his prison-bars with silk,
 ' Disdainful shall he tear the trophies up;
- Were you to mix his mews of honey'd milk,
 ' He loaths the dainties, and he spurns the cup.
- But give him leave,---the libertine shall rove,
- To feed on vilest worms, a vagrant in the grove.

CXXXII.

- 'Twas so this Terelet, whom I once esteem'd
 ' A miracle of constancy and truth,
- (Such as in virtue counterfeit he seem'd
 ' With all the splendour of unblemish'd youth!)
- Fir'd by no prospect of superior fame,
 ' But led by vain desire of wanton change,
- He shun'd my sight, forgot his ancient flame,
 ' In search of lawless pleasure wild to range.
- A wretched Kyte had struck his fickle eye;
- A Kyte! the coarsest bird that wings the midway sky.

CXXXIII.

- So spoke report, nor I the tale believ'd,
 ' So much my heart was wedded to its foe;
 - Till by my own inquiry undeceiv'd,
 ' My error late I found, I found it so!
 - Then first I knew, not love the passion bred,
 ' Whose semblance fair this hypocrite express'd;
 - But phantasy the idle vapour fed,
 ' A meteor vain of gallantry at best.
 - A real tenderness can ne'er decline;
 - Of genuine virtue still is constancy the sign.
- D
- Thus

CXXXIV.

- ' Thus now this Kyte my wanderer enjoys,
 ' Forgetful of his violated vows;
 ' More artful she, perhaps, her pow'r employs,
 ' To seize the kind occasions love allows!
 ' To try if real be the wooer's pain,
 ' By wiles that ev'n his artifice may blind;
 ' To practise coyness, and to act disdain,
 ' Arts never suited to my plainer mind;
 ' Whose innocence alone supports its grief,
 ' Till Heav'n shall end my woe, or timely send relief.'

CXXXV.

More had she spoke---but as she thus bewail'd,
 Prevailing anguish gain'd the dubious sway;
 Short grew her breath! her little spirits fail'd,
 And in the princess' lap she dy'd away!
 Mov'd at the sight, the nymphs with busy care,
 To give the mourner and their mistress ease;
 Who safe conveys her from the dang'rous air,
 And homeward with a gentle pace conveys;
 Where in her own apartment safely plac'd,
 The wounded bird she leaves, its just repose to taste.

CXXXVI.

Next Canace humane her thought bestows,
 From ev'ry potent herb and root to choose
 Ingredients bland, the med'cine to compose,
 And in the fores the balm of health infuse;
 Recov'ring soon, beneath her watchful eye,
 The gentle bird a fairer face assumes;
 Her wounds reclose---she shows eternal joy,
 And with new life her varied plumage blooms.
 Grateful her fair deliverer is confess'd,
 She sips her rosy lip, and flutters round her breast.

Yet

CXXXVII.

Yet but imperfect pleasure she reveal'd,
 A cloud of anguish darken'd still her mien;
 In vain with fond endeavour she conceal'd
 The melancholy grief that reign'd within:
 With friendly zeal the gen'rous princess strove
 To cure this deeper wound which sorrow made;
 To cool the fever of consuming love,
 Which slowly wasting on her quiet prey'd:
 And fought by reason calm, and mild discourse,
 To mitigate the deep disease's rooted force.

CXXXVIII.

Close by her fair alcove's projected side,
 She for the fav'rite bird a mew prepares,
 Adorn'd with all the elegance of pride,
 Of gold the wires, of gold the fretted bars:
 In gold the crystal ewer she encas'd,
 A figur'd vase of gold contain'd her food;
 Her cage around with golden foliage grac'd,
 Of gold the polish'd perch on which she stood;
 Hung o'er a canopy of velvet-blue,
 The emblem sweet of hope, and perseverance true!

CXXXIX.

Full in a rich entablature oppos'd,
 Depicted was there many a faithless fowl;
 There in their proper colours stood disclos'd
 The fickle Tercelet, and the treach'rous Owl;
 The caitiff Cuckoo flew attended there,
 Whom all the feather'd tribes avoid with scorn;
 Nor fail'd the tell-tale Daw, or prattling Stare
 The enigmatic portrait to adorn:
 High in the centre was the Jay espy'd,
 Who ap'd their sev'ral airs---well practis'd to deride.

CXL.

Here shall we leave, how by Camballo's care,
Return'd the Tercelet with repentant wing;
Nor yet the Mirror's wondrous pow'rs declare;
Nor the Sword's virtues, to restore the king;
Nor of Cambuscan's conquests yet discourse,
Whence gain'd Algarife Thedora to wife,
Great peril 'scaping, thro' the Brazen Horse:
These we defer---to tell Camballo's strife,
And how three mighty brethren he surpass'd;
Then where we first began, shall we conclude at last

HERE ENDS CHAUCER.

C A M B U S C A N;

OR, THE

S Q U I R E ' S T A L E .

CXLI.

WIDE spread the fame of Canace the fair,
Held of her sex most learned in her days;
Her ring disclosing ev'ry science rare,
And ev'ry secret work of nature's ways.
The voice of beasts and birds, or wild, or tame,
The pow'r of herbs and plants she fully knew;
But what augmented more her other fame,
(Tho' dark events lay open to her view)
She modest was in all her deeds and words,
And wondrous chaste of life, tho' lov'd of knights and
lords.

CXLII.

Her many a lord, and many a knight her lov'd,
 But she to none of them her liking lent,
 Nor never was with fond affection mov'd,
 No single look once out of order went ;
 So well her thoughts all lawless passions rul'd,
 For love of honour, or for dread of blame,
 And or extinguish'd quite, or duly cool'd,
 She smother'd, or she never felt the flame ;
 Her eyes, like wary centinels well stay'd,
 Still watch'd on ev'ry side, of secret foes afraid.

CXLIII.

So much the rather, as she shun'd to love,
 So much the rather, she to love was fought ;
 What fail'd not much unquiet strife to move,
 And 'midst her suitors frequent contests wrought :
 That oft for her in bloody arms they fight,
 Encount'ring danger for the thankless maid ;
 Whom when Camballo (wife and valiant knight !)
 Perceiv'd, he nor could temper, nor dissuade ;
 From ills he could not help, he cast to raise,
 And turn both him and her to honour and to praise.

CXLIV.

One day, that met this troop of warlike merit,

Amongst them all he made this fix'd decree ;

(All men of passion, and all men of spirit !

The harder so to make them well agree !)

• Be this the hour to fix my sister's choice,

• Be, of the crowd that to her bed pretend,

• Three chose, the stoutest call'd by common voice,

• The stoutest of the three the strife shall end.

• Then each with me shall combat for her sake ;

• The victor of them all our Canace shall take.'

Bold

CXLV.

Bold was the challenge, as himself was bold,
 With courage full of daring and emprise,
 Approv'd in acts too num'rous to be told,
 Whence lasting honours to his mem'ry rise ;
 But what secur'd him of the wish'd event,
 Whence, tho' full brave, some confidence might spring,
 Was the sure aid his royal sister lent,
 The influence of her rarely-gifted Ring,
 That, 'mongst the many virtues which we read,
 Had pow'r to staunch all wounds that mortally did bleed.

CXLVI.

So was that Ring's great virtue known to all,
 That dread of this, and his redoubted might,
 Did all that youthful rout so much appall,
 That none of them durst undertake the fight :
 More wise they ween'd to make of love a play,
 Than life to hazard for fair lady's grace ;
 While yet uncertain (should they gain the day)
 They in her fight might hope the foremost place :
 Tho' for her sake they all that peril ran,
 Who could be sure of her, or think himself the man ?

CXLVII.

Among the lovers were three brethren bold—
 Three bolder brethren never yet were born ;
 Born of one mother, in one happy mould,
 Born at one burthen, in one happy morn ;
 Thrice happy morn, thrice happy mother, hail !
 That brought three such, three such not to be found,
 Three males united as one single male !
 The first was Priamondo, far renown'd ;
 Nor less the second, Diamondo nam'd ;
 With Triamondo last, yet equally as fam'd.

CXLVIII.

Stout Priamondo, not so *strong* to strike ;
Strong Diamondo, not so *stout* a knight ;
 But Triamondo, *stout* and *strong* alike.
 On *Horse* would Triamondo choose to fight ;
 Felt Priamondo best on *Foot* his force,
 And so delighted to maintain his ground ;
 To Diamondo, equal *Foot* or *Horse* ;
 With *Curtax* deep wou'd Diamondo wound ;
 And Triamondo handled *Spear* and *Shield* ;
 But *Curtax*, *Shield* and *Spear* would Priamondo wield.

CXLIX.

These brothers lov'd each other wondrous well,
 And by such firm affection were ally'd ;
 As if one soul might in three bosoms dwell,
 And in three equal parts her pow'rs divide :
 Like three fair arms, uniting as they spread,
 That from one root their vital sap derive,
 They crown their mother with one tow'ring head,
 And, like the root that bids them bloom and thrive :
 Such was their mother ! at one happy birth-
 Three sons producing, three, the noblest sons of earth !

CL.

Of secret things their mother had the skill,
 Knew nature's laws ; a nymph of fairy kind !
 Hence by her art cou'd model to her will,
 And to her use each living creature bind :
 Thereto, she was right fair to mortal eye,
 Loath she, to mortal eye, to show how fair ;
 Tempting to touch, and charming to descry ;
 Her stature, goodly ; delicate, her air.
 But she, as wont the nymphs of sylvan race,
 In forests spent her days, and lov'd in wilds to chase.
There,

CLI.

There, on a day, a noble, youthly knight,
 Adventures seeking in the savage wood,
 By great good fortune got of her the fight,
 As she sat careless by a crystal flood ;
 And on her, unawares, he laid his hand,
 Combing her locks, her head to new-array ;
 In vain she strove his ardour to withstand,
 The too intemp'rate youth wou'd have his way ;
 Oppressing her by force (as bards have told)
 Three lovely sons he got, that prov'd three champions
 Bold !

CLII.

These, long she foster'd in the lonely wood,
 Till to the ripeness of man's state they grew ;
 Then showing forth signs of their father's blood,
 Arms first they love, adventures then pursue :
 Adventures, where they knew to seek, they sought,
 Which, for their safety, pain'd their mother's mind ;
 Fortho' their pow'rs they prov'd, and wonders wrought,
 Yet he that seeks mischance, mischance may find :
 For he that danger rather courts than shuns,
 The greater is his heart, the greater hazard runs.

CLIII.

For this, she wish'd the number of their days
 To know, and to enlarge with long extent ;
 By wondrous skill, thro' subterraneous ways,
 Down to the mansion of the Fates she went ;
 Down to the bottom of the deep abyss,
 Far under ground she went to realms of night,
 Where Demogorgon sits in gloomy bliss,
 Far from the eye of heav'n, or view of light ;
 And rules the hideous chaos ; there she hies,
 The Fates to try, where hid their dreadful dwelling lies.

CLIV.

She found them there, all seated in a round,
 Full in the midst the direful distaff stands;
 Where drawing out the lines of life, she found
 The fatal Sisters, with unweary'd hands:
 Sad Clotho held the rock; the vital twine
 With pain by grievously Lachesis was spun;
 But ah! how soon was all their fair design,
 How soon! by cruel Atropos undone!
 With steel accurst she cut the twist in twain:
 Most wretched man, whose days depend on threads so vain!

CLV.

Ent'ring she bow'd, and bending fate to rest;
 Their labour, then, survey'd with anxious grace:
 And comprehending soon, the Fates address'd.
 Trembling in heart and looking pale in face,
 To tell her cause of coming she began—
 To whom, fierce Atropos! 'Intruder bold!
 'That search the secrets of the life of man!
 'That dare, from mortal what is hid, behold!
 'Well worthy thou to be of Jove accurst,
 'And shorten'd of their twine thy sons, in secret nurst.

CLVI.

Whereat she, sore afraid, the Fates besought
 Pardon to grant, and rigour to abate;
 And pray'd to see how strong their twine was wrought,
 And know the utmost measure of their date:
 This Clotho grants; so Destiny ordain'd;
 And gives her to inspect the fated line:
 The mother to the soul was inly pain'd,
 Nor cou'd forbear to murmur and repine:
 Spun were their threads, she thought, as spiders spin,
 As thin as webs they seem'd, and yet as short as thin.

For

CLVII.

For longer measure and for stronger thread,
 She strait began the Sisters to engage ;
 That so their lives might be prolong'd (she said).
 But Lachesis as soon began to rage :
 ' Deem you alike, fond dame (the Goddess cry'd),
 ' Alike of Human things, and things Divine ?
 ' That alter'd they may be (oh mortal pride !)
 ' And chang'd, at pleasure, for those sons of thine ?
 ' Not so ; for what the Destinies decree,
 ' Not all the Gods can force, not Jove himself can free.'

CLVIII.

' If then the term of life (the Nymph rejoin'd)
 ' Can neither be, or lessen'd, or enlarg'd,
 ' Grant this (this grant will ease a mother's mind)
 ' With either's soul be either's body charg'd :
 ' So when you doom the eldest of the three
 ' (Whose life, I see, is shortest), pass his soul ;
 ' Transfer it to the second in degree,
 ' And let the third and last possess the whole :
 ' Thus each, in other, shall his life prolong,
 ' In life of other, each shall thus be trebly strong.'

CLIX.

The careful Sisters granted her request,
 With full contented mind the Nymph departs ;
 Return'd, she meets her sons in armour drest,
 Not to her wish, nor knew they of her arts ;
 From them conceal'd she what the Fates design'd,
 And how their lives were lengthen'd, fear'd to tell ;
 Yet oft as fair occasion she cou'd find,
 She bids son trust to son, whate'er befel :
 ' Let brother on his brother's safety wait,
 ' Give love for love, my boys, whate'er your future fate.

CLX.

And firm in friendship liv'd they all their days,-

Rash discord never ent'ring either mind ;

Which added much to all their other praise,-

And now in love of Canace they join'd :

As by affection natural 'twas agreed,

Each cou'd not but approve what each approv'd

And tho' same likings sure averfions breed,

Here lov'd they more, because alike they lov'd :

Hence the dire conflict grew including all,

As oft great matter growing from beginning small:

CLXI.

O ! why do wretched men so much desire

To draw their days to the remotest date ?

Why do not rather wish them to expire,

Knowing the certain misery of their state ?

Toft like the vessel on the surging wave,

What ills await them, threat'ning to devour !

One danger, from the cradle to the grave,

Attends, for death attends them every hour ;

And who most happy seems, and least complains,

Is yet as near his end, as he that suffers pains !

CLXII.

For this, I hold the Nymph more fond than sage,

Her children's life thus seeking to prolong ;

To lengthen mis'ry, she wou'd lengthen age,

But she that means the right, can act no wrong.

And happy each in other breath'd the three,

Of other each approving, and approv'd ;

So courteous each with other to agree,

It made them more esteem'd of friends they lov'd ;

And each with other so for valour priz'd,

It made them dreaded more of foes whom they despis'd.

These

CLXHI.

These three that hardy challenge took in hand,
 With great Camballo to maintain the fight;
 The day was set, that all might understand,
 And pledges pawn'd, as claim'd the martial rite:
 That day (and ne'er was day of equal dread
 Known, or to those before, or those since born)
 Soon as the face of heav'n was streak'd with red,
 These warlike champions hail the rising morn:
 And, glorious as the sun, in armour shine,
 Assembling in the field, the challenge to define.

CLXIV.

The field with lifts was all around inclos'd,
 To bar the press of people far away;
 And at one side six judges were dispos'd,
 To view and deem the deeds of arms that day.
 Fresh in array, and beautiful to fight,
 Fair Canace adorn'd a stately stage,
 Rais'd opposite; the fortune of the fight
 Engag'd to see: her beauty was the gage!
 There to be seen as his most worthy wife
 Who purchas'd her full fair, at venture of his life.

CLXV.

Camballo enter'd first the lifted space,
 With stately step, that scorn'd the pow'r of chance;
 As sure of conquest, fearless was his face;
 As fearless, tho' less sure, the three advance;
 Their 'scutcheons richly gilt, and streaming high,
 Their banners, that on day reflected day;
 Thrice marching round the list, they charm'd the eye,
 Such was their manly port, and brave array:
 Thrice bow'd they lowly to the noble maid,
 The while the trumpets shrill, and loud the clarions play'd.

Advanc'd

CLVI.

Advanc'd the challenger with hardy stride,
 All arm'd to point, his challenge to maintain ;
 Him Priamondo met with equal pride,
 To point all arm'd, to take it in disdain.
 A trumpet blew. Strait closing, hand to hand,
 With furious force and fell intent they met ;
 Careless of peril in the furious stand,
 Life they expos'd, as life had been a debt :
 A debt so deeply 'gag'd, that they esteem'd
 'Twas folly now to spare, what cou'd not be redeem'd.

CLXVII.

Well practis'd Priamondo was in fight,
 And great his skill in use of spear and shield ;
 Nor less approv'd Camballo's martial might,
 Nor less his skill, or shield or spear to wield.
 'Twas hard to guess which was the hardier foe,
 For equal ev'ry blow on either side ;
 And either side sent death at every blow,
 It seem'd, that chance, not merit, must decide.
 Each eyes the other with such watchful care,
 That short falls ev'ry blow, or vainly glides in air.

CLXVIII.

Yet one of many with unlucky glance
 (Of many one by Priamondo sent)
 Took place, directed less by aim than chance,
 And passing thro' Camballo's shoulder went :
 It went ; his shield it forc'd him to forego,
 Much was he griev'd, and rag'd with high disdain ;
 Yet from the wound no blood he felt to flow,
 But wondrous pain ; his courage rose with pain ;
 That urg'd his haughty soul to vengeance fell :
 Smart daunts not mighty hearts, but makes them more
 to swell. With

CLXIX.

With that he bad his poignant jav'lin fly
 Full at his foe, and close beneath his shield;
 It enter'd thro' his mail, and pierc'd his thigh,
 The blood gush'd forth and stain'd the grassy field:
 With double force it flew and reach'd the knight,
 Much was the knight incumber'd with the wound:
 To stand unable, or erect his height,
 For, here and there, he reel'd along the ground.
 So as the sapless oak, thro' age declin'd,
 Submits to ev'ry blast, and bends to ev'ry wind.

CLXX.

Soon as Camballo his condition spy'd,
 Full at the spear he caught with all his might;
 Meaning to draw, or thrust from side to side,
 And so at one attempt conclude the fight.
 Deep was the point infix'd, and hard he drew;
 Hard tho' he drew, still back the foe reclin'd;
 Freed from the weapon on the knight he flew
 (Broke was the staff, the head was left behind);
 At which the hero, more enrag'd than tam'd,
 Re-charging him afresh, thus scornfully exclaim'd.

CLXXI.

‘ Here, take the meed of thy mischallenge, take!
 ‘ Thus long have I permitted thee to live;
 ‘ Not for thine own, but for thy sister's sake,
 ‘ A debt I might forbear, but not forgive.’
 The wicked weapon heard the wrathful vow,
 And pass'd to second his vindictive ire;
 His beaver pierc'd, and shiver'd on his brow,
 That with the force it forc'd him to retire,
 Then broke, half quiv'ring in his head-piece stood,
 And half the owner held, and curs'd the treach'rous
 wood. The

CLXXII.

The sudden shock with rage Camballo bore,
 And, where it struck, from forth his beaver drew
 The shorten'd spear, that pain'd him as he tore,
 He diw, and back at Priamondo threw;
 The faithless weapon found a ready way
 To pierce his gorget where his neck was bare;
 Where lies the pipe commission'd to convey,
 Fresh to the lab'ring breast, the vital air:
 Thence streams of purple blood, the last of life,
 Dismiss his weary soul, and end the doubtful strife.

CLXXIII.

His weary soul from earthly bondage freed,
 Nor fled to heav'n, where some say spirits fly;
 Nor vanish'd into air, as others plead,
 Nor chang'd into a star, adorn'd the sky;
 Nor sought direct (a solitary shade!)
 In Pluto's gloomy realm, eternal rest;
 But thro' traduction, (as his mother pray'd)
 Pass'd instantaneous to his brother's breast;
 His brother next in order that surviv'd,
 In whom he liv'd anew, of former life depriv'd.

CLXXIV.

He, when he spy'd him breathless on the field,
 Was touch'd with sorrow for his brother's fate;
 Way to his sorrow yet he scorn'd to yield,
 But rather rous'd to vengeance and to hate.
 Nor this the time to wail, or to condole,
 But fierce he rushes to renew the fight;
 Thro' secret impulse of his gen'rous soul,
 As in reversion of his brother's right:
 And, challenging the virgin as his due,
 The foe was soon address'd: the trumpets freshly blew.
 With

CLXXV.

With that, together both so fiercely clos'd,
 As limb from limb, each other meant to rend ;
 Foot fix'd to foot, and hand to hand oppos'd,
 Nor plate nor mail the hideous show'r defend ;
 So deadlily they dealt their axes round,
 Riv'd was the plate, and shatter'd was the mail ;
 Pain felt the one, the other dy'd the ground,
 Fire flash'd from ev'ry blow, trail after trail ;
 As fast as lightning after thunder flies,
 That fill'd the crowded list with terror and surprise.

CLXXVI.

As when two tigers, prick'd with hungry rage,
 Chance in the chace to meet the wish'd-for spoil,
 On which they hope their famine to assuage,
 And gain a feastful harvest of their toil ;
 To make the just partition both refuse,
 And both contest the fortune of the day ;
 Hence strife-full broil, and cruel fight ensues,
 While neither lets the other touch the prey :
 And either scorns with other to partake :
 So strove these warlike knights, for this fair lady's sake.

CLXXVII.

Full many a blow, and mortally design'd,
 Was interchang'd ; yet short fell ev'ry blow ;
 For they were all so warded or declin'd,
 That life in each stood fearless of her foe :
 Till Diamondo, scorning long delay
 Of wav'ring fortune, fix'd to neither side ;
 Resolv'd to end the doubt at one essay,
 And at one aim the battle to decide ;
 ' Take this for Priamondo !' (fierce he spoke)
 And heav'd his murd'rous axe, and gave a vengeful
 stroke ! The

CLXXVIII.

The vengeful stroke had finish'd soon the strife,
 Sped, as was meant, so deadly was it meant !
 Soon had it from the body forc'd the life,
 But this Camballo's better fates prevent.
 He mark'd him as he rais'd and lower'd his hand,
 And judg'd the blow would fall with mighty sway,
 So swerv'd as it arriv'd, and slip'd his stand,
 And sudden to its fell intent gave way ;
 Missing the mark, to which the eye was bound,
 Nigh fell'd him his right arm, his right foot plow'd the
 ground.

CLXXIX.

As when a vulture, greedy of his prey,
 By hunger prest, (and hunger heart can lend !)
 Strikes at a heron, in th' ethereal way,
 On whom his feather'd forces downward bend ;
 Nought seems that can defend her from her foe,
 Herself the fowl defends with wary care ;
 She spies him, as he stoops, eludes the blow,
 And makes him spread his wings in empty air ;
 That with his proper weight deceiv'd in fight,
 Nigh to the ground he falls, and scarce recovers flight.

CLXXX.

The fair occasion, when Camballo spy'd,
 Full at the knight he drove with all his pow'r ;
 Ere for assault or ward he could provide,
 And smote him with his axe, in luckless hour ;
 With dire dexterity the stroke was sped,
 Then as recover'd from his stoop the foe ;
 And from his shoulders off it bore his head,
 The headless trunk stood heedless of the blow !
 A while it stood, as still respiring breath,
 Till feeling life to fail, it fell ; and slept in death.

Amaz'd

CLXXXI.

Amaz'd were the spectators of the field,
 So long erect an headless trunk to see ;
 With arms, that void of life vain weapons wield,
 Unknowing of the fates' divine decree !
 For tho' one soul from out his body fled,
 'Twas that which from his brother he deriv'd ;
 And, but that thus dismember'd of the head,
 His body would have liv'd and had reviv'd :
 Where, as his soul no fitting mansion found,
 The lifeless corse is left to fall and spread the ground.

CLXXXII.

Yet left not either soul the doubtful strife,
 Nor yet retir'd to seat of heav'nly rest ;
 But fill'd with double grief and double life,
 Their last lov'd mansion, Triamondo's breast !
 Inly he felt a more than mortal smart,
 And strait he leap'd into the empty field,
 With more than common strength, or common heart,
 And menac'd with his spear, and shook his shield.
 Thus brave Camballo bravely he address'd,
 Who fac'd the foe, and soon the fight was closely prest.

CLXXXIII.

Well might you wonder how that noble knight
 Was able to sustain wound after wound ;
 And what empower'd him to renew the fight,
 And how on foot he could maintain his ground :
 Yet had you then him forth advancing seen,
 As fierce he seem'd, as fresh the field to take,
 As had he been new-form'd, new-soul'd had been,
 The semblance of the new-recruited snake,
 That, soon as spring dispels the wintry cold,
 Throws off his ragged skin, and shines in scales of gold.
 'Twas

CLXXXIV.

'Twas all thro' virtue of the ring he wore,
 Whence wounded, not a single drop he bled ;
 His weaken'd strength her working pow'rs restore,
 The stone, therein encas'd, such influence shed ;
 Else how cou'd one of equal might with most,
 With most of equal might, yet still but one !
 Before so many, no less mighty, boast,
 And go the road to honour he had gone ?
 Or think to match three such in equal fight ?
 Three such ! as match'd an host ! an host in either knight !

CLXXXV.

Yet this in Triamondo rais'd no dread,
 Nor yet of glorious vict'ry he despair'd ;
 But closing him, well arm'd from foot to head,
 What man cou'd do, he did, cou'd dare, he dar'd :
 Thick pour'd his blows, as hail-stones from the sky,
 On ev'ry side he struck, hew'd, urg'd, and press'd ;
 All doubt or cou'd he stand, or wou'd he fly,
 So fast the foe his iron axe address'd,
 That sparks of fire from ev'ry stroke issue,
 As fast as from the rock the sprays of briny dew !

CLXXXVI.

Much was Camballo daunted by the blows,
 So thick they fell, so forcibly were sent,
 Constrain'd (to such a height his fury rose)
 Back to retire, and somewhat to relent ;
 Safer, he judg'd, to ward than to withstand
 The rage of passion, rising in its course ;
 He waits his shorter breath, and lighter hand,
 Then fresh assails him with superior force :
 That caus'd the foe, abated of his heat,
 Fast, forward as he press'd, now backward to retreat.

As.

CLXXXVII.

As when the tide, from ocean newly sped,
 Flows up the Shenan with contrary course;
 O'er-rules the stream, in his own watry bed,
 And makes him seem to have an adverse source:
 Back tow'ards his spring the current re-ascends,
 And borders, lately pass'd, again surveys;
 But when again the flood its vigour spends,
 Then back his borrow'd waters he repays;
 And sends the sea his own with double gain,
 And tribute with his own, as sov'reign of the main.

CLXXXVIII.

Various as these, the tides of battle flow,
 With diverse fortune doubtful to be deem'd;
 Now this the better had, now had his foe,
 Then one half vanquish'd, then the other seem'd:
 Yet victor each himself in valour thought,
 And held his rival dying, if not dead;
 Felt many a pang Camballo, while they fought,
 And blood abundant Triamondo shed;
 That with the wasting of his vital flood,
 Faintly he breath'd at heart, on foot he feebly stood,

CLXXXIX.

Camballo stronger still, and greater grew,
 Nor felt his blood to waste, nor pow'rs to fail;
 From wound new made he gather'd vigour new,
 So much the virtues of the ring prevail:
 Like as the tree, by blights or length of years,
 Tho', wither'd, to the trunk it droops the head;
 Reviv'd, when prun'd with careful skill, appears,
 And joys again to flourish and to spread;
 New fruit producing from the husband's toil,
 As fresh as when it first was planted in the soil.

Thro'

CXC.

Thro' like advantage in his strength he rose,
 And smote with wondrous force the adverse knight;
 There, where the seams the jointed hauberk close,
 That down he fell, as dead to human fight:
 Dead yet he was not! yet he suffer'd death!
 Death sure as suffers ought of mortal state!
 Felt the last struggle of expiring breath!
 And pay'd a life at the demand of fate!
 For strait one soul from out his body flies,
 From human mis'ry freed, and seeks its native skies.

CXCI.

Mean time, while all that spy'd him deem'd him dead,
 For visible to all he seem'd to die!
 As rising from a dream he rear'd his head,
 And sudden on his foe began to fly!
 At so uncouth a fight the foe, amaz'd,
 Lost pow'r of speech, nor utterance cou'd afford;
 Unmov'd, as he had seen a ghost, he gaz'd,
 And slow of action held his idle sword;
 Till struck full oft by his impetuous arm,
 To strike he was constrain'd, to save himself from harm:

CXCII.

Yet from that hour more warily he fought,
 In fear the Stygian gods to unbefriend;
 As one, to save himself, that rather fought,
 Than fast pursued another to offend;
 Nor life, nor labour chose to spend in vain.
 When Triamondo found his cooler play,
 He judg'd it follow'd, or from fear or pain,
 Ill able to support the closing fray;
 Or that the knight could ill on foot endure,
 A sign that must to him the vict'ry soon assure.

Joy'd

CXCIII.

Joy'd to the soul, on high he rais'd his hand,
 In mind to give the last decisive blow ;
 The foe to end, or fear'd he to withstand,
 Or dar'd he to withstand, to end the foe.
 Camballo mark'd him, not inclin'd to yield,
 And nothing slow to save his threaten'd head ;
 His sword he drew, and pass'd his op'ning shield,
 Slight was the op'ning, slight the pass was sped :
 He struck him, as to strike his hand he rear'd ;
 Beneath his arm it went, and at his back appear'd.

CXCIV,

Yet Triamondo's axe pursued its way,
 And fell full heavy on Camballo's crest ;
 The hero in a swooning absence lay,
 An hideous wound was on his head imprest ;
 His shield with brims of brass was plaited round,
 And there it found a rest, nor farther sped ;
 Else had the knight been cleav'd, and spread the ground,
 Down to the breast dislever'd from the head ;
 So both at once fell breathless on the field,
 And each to other seem'd the vict'ry there to yield.

CXCv.

The crowd conclude the fight was at an end ;
 The marshals of the field and judges rose ;
 Wail'd Canace her brother as her friend ;
 They rend the trophies, and the lists they close :
 Nought rested but to speak their fun'ral praise ;
 Ascertain'd now, by death the doubtful strife :
 When lo ! at once their living forms they raise,
 One, from his ring ; one, from his treble life ;
 And both together rising (wond'rous fight !)
 Fresh, other each assail'd, and fierce renew'd the fight.
 Each

CXCVI.

Each claiming then the other as his prize,
 Begun, as had the fight but then begun ;
 Alike, strokes, wounds, shields, weapons they despise,
 And danger rather try to find than shun ;
 Death fear'd they not, nor yet for life they car'd,
 Life to let out, alike, or death let in ;
 For death they valu'd not, nor life they spar'd,
 Or who was to be won, or who to win :
 More to be kill'd desirous, than to kill ;
 To both life seem'd a load, and safety seem'd an ill.

CXCVII.

While thus the battle hung, a doubtful scale !
 Unsure to whom the balance wou'd decline,
 Sad ev'ry heart, and ev'ry face grew pale,
 The close of all unwilling to divine ;
 All suddenly a clamorous noise they heard,
 That seem'd some perilous tumult to portend :
 As something strange at near approach appear'd,
 And caus'd the crowd the vault of heav'n to rend ;
 With cries of women, and alarms of boys,
 Such as the troubled theatre full oft annoys.

CXCVIII.

Each champion heard the clamour from afar,
 But what it brought not sudden cou'd devise ;
 When lo ! they spy'd, fair seated on a car,
 A maid that cou'd not fail to touch their eyes :
 Fast as a whirlwind drives, she drives along,
 And lovely was the virgin to behold !
 Yet faster way she made amidst the throng,
 For that her car was all adorn'd with gold ;
 It seem'd as for some Persian monarch plan'd,
 With various gems enrich'd, and show'd a master hand.

Drawn

CXCIX.

Drawn was her car (what wondrous is to tell)
 By two grim lions, subject to command ;
 And tho' they look'd in fierceness to excel
 Their savage kind, yet tame they bore her hand :
 Erect on foot, high rais'd, the damsel stood,
 And more than human seem'd to human sight :
 Bright as the dame that bore her in the wood
 She shone (and either shone as angel bright) ;
 But with her beauty bounty might compare,
 Which of the two in her might claim the greater share.

CC.

The fair was daughter to th' enamour'd Knight,
 Who once again oppress'd the sylvan maid ;
 Long had he watch'd to gain the pleasing sight,
 Till unawares he caught her in the shade :
 In magic lore the mother deeply skill'd,
 Her child in all her subtle arts improv'd ;
 And now she came, with kind affection fill'd,
 To aid her brother, whom she dearly lov'd ;
 In haste she came to pacify the strife,
 For bad the loss or gain, where gain or loss is life.

CCI.

Her as the crowd press'd nearer to behold,
 Less tractable her ireful leaders grew ;
 Numbers they drove before, as sheep to fold,
 And numbers, roll'd in dust, for haste o'erthrew ;
 That in the mix'd confusion of the throng,
 For fear of danger, some to distance fly ;
 For curiosity, some rac'd along ;
 Some for themselves, and some for others cry ;
 Some laugh for fancy, some for wonder shout ;
 And some, that would seem wise, their wonder turn to
 doubt.

In her right hand a rod of peace she bore :
 Around, two serpents mutually were wound ;
 Bound firmly by the tail in lovely lore,
 And both were with one olive garland crown'd ;
 Like to the wand that wields the Son of May,
 Seals he in sleep the eye, or opes in light ;
 Draws he from hell the shade, or drives away
 The foul from earth ; day ministr'ring or night :
 And in her other hand she held a vase
 With choice Nepenthe fill'd, a juice of sov'reign grace.

CCIII.

Nepenthe ! drink prepar'd by heav'nly art !
 By gods devis'd, all sorrow to assuage !
 To chase the grief of soul, and gall of heart,
 Whence spring fore anguish and contentious rage !
 To age it gives sweet peace and quiet rest ;
 Firm friendship, and unalter'd love, to youth ;
 The mind establishes, and cheers the breast ;
 Reserv'd for such as wisdom court and truth.
 Few by the gods to taste it are assign'd ;
 But all assign'd to taste it bliss eternal find.

CCIV.

Such men of worth, deriv'd of mortal birth,
 As mighty Jove advances to the sky,
 Gods for their merit made from sons of earth,
 Partake of this, ere yet to heav'n they fly.
 Secure of joys that will for ever last,
 All mem'ry here they drown of human care ;
 All hope, or fear, of future or of past,
 Then, unrememb'ring, to the blest repair.
 Heroes of old of this were giv'n to taste,
 Ere yet among the gods immortal they were plac'd.

Much

CCV.

Much more of price, and of more gracious pow'r,
 This than the fountain in Ardenna found;
 Of which Renaldo drank in happy hour,
 As sings the Tuscan poet far renown'd:
 For that had pow'r to change the bent of mind,
 For love to hate, a change of evil choice;
 But this reverse, from hate to love inclin'd,
 Who would not to this virtue yield his voice?
 Hate is of brutes, and what the gods detest;
 But love the gift of Heav'n, and glads the human breast.

CCVI.

Now close beside the list her leaders stand,
 And strong-inclosing bars the list surround:
 She strikes the bars, that open to her hand,
 Then enter'd, quits her car, and takes the ground:
 'Friendship and peace to all!' (the virgin cry'd)
 'Friendship and peace! the greatest good in life!
 First to her brother was the wish apply'd,
 Whom, sorely griev'd, she found in bloody strife;
 Last, to the foe, whose warlike air and grace,
 Then secret, touch'd her soul, and dy'd her conscious
 face.

CCVII.

Both slightly bow'd—(for small was their delight,
 As then, to entertain the lovely maid)
 Then turn'd them to the battle: at the sight,
 Between them on the field herself she laid:
 With double hopes disturb'd and double fears,
 Nought that could move the reconciler spares:
 With sighs now intermixing soft'ning tears,
 And pow'rful reasons adding now to pray'rs:
 For cordial peace, not horrid war, she fought,
 By all they held most dear! by her for whom they
 fought!

CCVIII.

But, when she found she could not so prevail,
 She touch'd them lightly with her powerful wand ;
 Then, sudden as the hearts of cowards fail,
 Down fall their watchful fwords, and motionless they
 stand ;
 They stand as men possess'd with panic fright,
 Struck with they know not what of dread surprise.
 Thus, ere their scatter'd pow'rs they could unite,
 Or free their mighty souls from mightier ties,
 Her golden bowl, with sweet oblivion fraught,
 She reach'd ; and, glad for thirst, each drank an hearty
 draught.

CCIX.

Soon as they tasted once the juice divine,
 Wonder it was the sudden change to see.
 From deadly stroke in kind embrace they join,
 And hands they plight, no more to disagree.
 In amity such enmity to close,
 And foe with foe as friend with friend to yield ;
 And faithful friends to rise from mortal foes,
 This turn of things amaz'd the crowded field ;
 The crowded field with joy and wonder rise,
 One loud applause ensues, re-echoing thro' the skies.

CCX.

When gentle Canace this sees and hears,
 In haste she from her lofty seat descends ;
 And soon amidst the combatants appears,
 To know if so the cruel conflict ends.
 When certain found ; all due respect she pay'd,
 In manner easy, and in speech polite ;
 And, for her conduct, praising much the maid,
 At Sarra begs her to dispose the night ;
 And add this other favour to the rest,
 The friendship to accept that firmly she profess.
 Agreed

CCXI.

Agreed with true sincerity of heart :

The trumpets sounded, and the judges rose ;
 With glee and gladsome cheer the crowd depart,
 To march together both the champions chose ;
 And both together chose the maids to ride ;

Cambina, prudent umpire of the day,
 With sweet affection taking to her side

Fair Canace, as fresh as rose in May ;
 Thence to Cambuscan's palace they retir'd,
 By all applauded each, and each by all admir'd.

CCXII.

In perfect love there many a day they spend,

Camballo with Cambina led his life ;
 And who, but Triamondo, could pretend
 A rightful claim to Canace as wife ?

I pass the joyous feasts, the solemn rites,
 Things well to be conceiv'd, tho' not express ;
 The days of dalliance, and of bliss the nights :
 Suffice, that each in each was fully blest ;
 So join'd by love, and so by friendship bound,
 That never since their days were four so happy found.

CCXIII.

It rises oft in life (as here it rose)

That mortal foes to faithful friends may turn ;
 And so may faithful friends to mortal foes,
 As reasons temper, or as passions burn ;
 For oft some dire mistake misleads the will,
 As well in hate of foes, as love of friends.

Hence enmity, that not proceeds of ill,
 But of occasion, with th' occasion ends ;
 And friendship, which a faint affection breeds
 Without regard of good, dies like ill-grounded seeds.

HERE ENDS SPENSER.

C • A M B U S C A N,

OR, THE

S Q U I R E ' S T A L E .

CCXIV.

ALGARSIFE questing after high emprise,
Impell'd, meanwhile, thro' air the brazen steed,
He shap'd his oblique road 'tween earth and skies,
From dull incumbrance of our planet freed :
The magic fabre pendant by his side,
For deeds of danger was his soul prepar'd ;
He shook the heron's plume with martial pride :
Such uncouth guise the subject nations fear'd.
Thus the red comet shoots thro' æther's fields,
And to the sons of men dismay and terror yields.

CCXV.

Sarra's imperial tow'rs he left behind,
 And the mild green of Sogd's delicious vale ;
 He pass'd those meads where Oxus' waters wind,
 And Cachmire's interchange of hill and dale :
 Then tow'rs the golden South he bent his course,
 Where potent Indus Persia's border laves ;
 Now banks abrupt restrain his headlong force,
 Now o'er the level plains he pours his waves :
 Prolific Indus, like fam'd Egypt's Nile,
 Diffuses plenty round, and meliorates the soil.

CCXVI.

Ev'n on the utmost margin of the flood
 Two mighty hosts advanc'd in long array ;
 Their ferried spears uprose an iron wood ;
 Their splendid bucklers dimm'd the eye of day ;
 The gorgeous ensigns wanton'd in the wind,
 Emblaz'd with costly pearl, and flaming gold :
 Full in the van the haughty chieftains shin'd,
 Of stature lofty, and demeanor bold.
 This prospect touch'd with joy the truly brave,
 And to the dastard heart a transient courage gave.

CCXVII.

Hither the hardy Persian leads his bands,
 To try the conflict of wide-wasting war ;
 Oppos'd to him the Indian monarch stands,
 With all the legions of rich Malabar :
 The beauteous Thedora is the cause of strife,
 Fair as the diamond's or the full-moon's beam :
 The Persian seeks the damsel for his wife ;
 For her he sighs, for her his sorrows stream.
 Revenge, at length, inflames this angry lord ;
 Against her father's realms he draws the ruthless sword.

CCXVIII.

In combat fierce the thronging squadrons clos'd,
 Loud was the clang of helms and clashing shields :
 Hauberk to hauberk, sword to sword oppos'd,
 Grim Mars in thunder echoed round the fields.
 Algarife hov'ring in mid-air beheld
 The dubious contest with an eager eye :
 The manly with his beating bosom swell'd,
 His knightly prowess in the fray to try :
 Now on the battle's farthest edge he spied
 A rich pavilion, grac'd with gems and filken pride.

CCXIX.

Beneath the shadow of a waving palm,
 Which gently courted ev'ry breeze that blew
 (The air all fragrance, and the earth all balm),
 The stately tent was rais'd of azure hue :
 Here Thedora, the fatal maid, reclin'd,
 Musing on each event of doubtful war ;
 The gorgeous majesty of either Ind
 Must bow, perhaps, to Persia's luckier star :
 Frequent she sigh'd, and shed the briny tear,
 When the dull groan of death assail'd her list'ning ear.

CCXX.

Thus the grey willow mourns beside the brook,
 Stealing his brown wave under secret shade,
 Where ill-starr'd shepherds hang their useless crook,
 Whence wreaths of sorrow for the love-lorn maid.
 Her wondrous beauty dims the Tartar's sight,
 He feels a wound from Cupid's golden dart ;
 Soon from his airy steed dismounts the Knight,
 T' explain the feelings of his gentle heart :
 The plumed helmet from his brow he takes ; [wakes.
 Mild are his soothing words, the flow'rs thus Zephyr

CCXXI.

' O fairer than our Prophet's favour'd green,
 ' The rose of Shiraz on thy cheek prevails ;
 ' Like Leb'non's cedar is thy stately mien,
 ' Thy breath is sweet as Tibet's musky gales.
 ' Tho' shades of sorrow veil thy radiant eyes,
 ' No dim suffusion can their glory shroud ;
 ' Thus Cynthia's bow shines out thro' dusky skies,
 ' And virgin silver lines the sable cloud.
 ' Say, charming Princess, whence thy troubles spring :
 ' Behold thy servant here, the son of Sarra's king.'

CCXXII.

With scornful eye the Princess view'd the chief,
 And, as rage prompted, haughtily reply'd,
 ' Go lend thy aid to those who need relief :
 ' Avaunt ! all further converse is deny'd.'
 Algarfise hears indignant, yet he loves ;
 Refrless beauties thro' her anger shine ;
 Celestial graces speak while she reproves,
 A thousand Cupids round her person twine ;
 Oh ! had her face in heav'nly smiles been dress'd,
 Above all earthly men Algarfise had been blest.

CCXXIII.

Now at the tent arriv'd a wounded knight,
 His helm unplum'd, his buckler cleft in twain,
 He cry'd, ' O Princess, speedy be thy flight ;
 ' The Indians yield, thy royal father's slain.'
 What tongue can paint fair Thedora's distress ?
 Her pride, her passion the high dame forsook :
 Around her tent the hostile squadrons press,
 Now on the Tartar she vouchsafes to look :
 ' Forgive (she says) ! thy semblance speaks thee brave ;
 ' O save an helpless maid, O Prince of Sarra, save !'
This.

CCXXIV.

This lenient soon the warrior's wrath allay'd,
 Love brac'd his arm, love made his courage strong;
 In circles dire he wound the fatal blade,
 And rush'd impetuous 'midst the Persian throng.
 Thus the bold eagle pounces on his prey,
 Which, with keen vision, he descries from far.
 Algarfise shone the hero of the day,
 Like glitt'ring Sirius, or Orion's star;
 The Mede and Persian fled, where'er he turn'd;
 Around the gallant Knight the rage of battle burn'd.

CCXXV.

The fierce Hyrcanian's strength's of no avail,
 The Parthian's blunted arrows idly fall;
 The jav'lins rattle on Algarfise's mail,
 And quick rebound, as from a brazen wall.
 The angry Sultan chafed with high disdain
 To see his legions shrink beneath the sword;
 Headlong he rush'd athwart th' ensanguin'd plain,
 To measure faulchions with the Tartar lord.
 Algarfise saw his haughty foe draw nigh;
 Rage on his forehead flam'd, defiance in his eye.

CCXXVI.

As two tall gallies off Biserta's shore,
 Fraught with the iron instruments of death,
 Work'd thro' the billows by the dashing oar,
 In fierce fight grapple for the victor's wreath;
 Thus for fair Thedora clos'd each hardy knight.
 Revenge and love inflam'd the Sultan's breast,
 Love made Algarfise terrible in fight:
 The keenest sword deserv'd the lady best.
 A wondrous stroke the valiant Persian lent;
 The Tartar bow'd his head, his helm of proof was bent.

CCXXVII.

Algarife soon recover'd from the blow ;
 And, like a wounded serpent swell'd with ire,
 He smote with so much fellness on his foe,
 That from his eye-balls flash'd the living fire.
 Where the broad shoulder to the neck is knit,
 The brand descended with resistless sway :
 In fatal spot the Persian king was hit,
 The griding steel his sword-arm lopp'd away.
 The sever'd limb now trembled on the ground;
 The body follow'd soon, and fell with thund'ring sound.

CCXXVIII.

Th' astonish'd Persians see their monarch die,
 Revenge and grief by turns possess their soul ;
 All on the Usbeck chief their weapons try ;
 What single arm can such an host controul ?
 Algarife finds to numbers he must yield :
 To guard the Princess is his special care ;
 He screens the maid behind his ample shield,
 Tho' arrows whiz around, tho' lances glare.
 At length he gains the river's flow'ry side,
 Where stands the brazen steed, by all men undescried.

CCXXIX.

He turns the pin, then speaks the secret charm,
 And mounts aloft : the Princess sits behind :
 Swift as the arrow from the Bactrian's arm,
 He cuts the skies, and leaves the war behind.
 From rich Sabæan shores to Egypt's fane
 The phoenix flies : the feather'd tribes behold
 Th' unrivall'd glories of his sweeping train,
 His plumes of purple, and his eye of gold.
 Thus the scar'd Persians see Algarife rise :
 In vain their missiles fly, in vain their rending cries.

CCXXX.

Algarlife bent his flight tow'rds Caff's wild hills,
 And saw the springs of Ganges and of Ind ;
 Those mighty rivers, swell'd by countless rills,
 Thro' orient realms in pomp majestic wind.
 Caff's horrent hills this solid globe surround ;
 Rocks pil'd on rocks sustain the starry skies :
 The summit with eternal snow is crown'd,
 To whose vast height no eagle's wing can rise :
 Here dusky mists and exhalations form ; [storm.
 Here angry meteors glare, here broods the howling

CCXXXI.

And here the potent Sultan of the East
 The evil Genii in dark cells confin'd ;
 Wise Salomon, to whose sagacious breast
 The Lord of Nature wondrous pow'rs assign'd :
 In flinty caverns here the Demons rave,
 Hurling forth clouds of smoke and floods of flame :
 God and his Prophet impiously they brave,
 And dare to violate high Allah's name.
 The Usbeck heard the grating voice of pain,
 The scorpion's sounding lash, the clank of iron chain.

CCXXXII.

Eblis, when brave Algarlife he descry'd,
 Eblis, the leader of that murky crew,
 Swoln with deep anguish, and malicious pride,
 Against the faithful to the Prophet flew.
 Like a thick vapour from the ground he rose,
 And with his darkness overcast the day :
 To an unwieldy bulk the monster grows,
 From ev'ry side he shoots a livid ray.
 Tow'rds heaven's blue vault he spreads his dusky wings ;
 He wields a burning mace, which fiery sparkles flings.
 Algarlife

CCXXXIII.

Algarlife now beheld the evil sprite,
 And to great Allah and his Prophet pray'd ;
 New vigor strung the sinews of the Knight,
 He fac'd fierce Eblis with his magic blade.
 Full at the Demon's head he aim'd a blow,
 Who, tho' of frame immortal, felt a wound :
 Blood, such as spirits shed, began to flow,
 And drops of purple ichor stain'd the ground.
 Bellowing grim Eblis fled : the rocky shore,
 And Caff's encircling hills, re-echoed to the roar,

CCXXXIV.

Much was the gentle Thedora oppress'd,
 Malicious Eblis hop'd to see her fall :
 But lo ! the bird of Isaac shone confess'd !
 (His plumes are stretch'd at the believer's call)
 Delicious bev'rage in his bill he brought,
 Which still'd each nerve, and lull'd corrosive care ;
 Swift is his flight as poet's glancing thought,
 No bird more beauteous wings his way thro' air.
 Green is his breast, his wings of scarlet hue,
 His crest of shining white, his neck of glossy blue.

CCXXXV.

What bright rewards await the chosen few
 Who love Religion, and her laws revere !
 Their meads are freshen'd with the morning dew,
 Damasco's rose, Obollah's stream is there.
 To them the dark-eyed Howries shall belong,
 And silver waves o'er agate beds shall roll ;
 Soft nightingales shall pour the melting song,
 T' attune each harsh discordance of the soul.
 Such is their lot who bow at Mecca's shrine,
 And at Medina pray, where stands the tomb divine.
 Algarlife

CCXXXVI.

Algarfife still his devious road purfu'd,
 And with the setting sun to earth declin'd;
 Then with the blushing dawn his toil renew'd,
 When golden radiance o'er the landscape shin'd.
 Much did he wish to soothe the Indian maid,
 And dry her sorrows for her father's death:
 ' Unwise the man who mourns the parted shade,
 ' And hopes by sighs to renovate the breath.
 ' Death, cruel caitiff! when he hurls his dart,
 ' Aims an unerring stroke, and deeply wounds the heart.

CCXXXVII.

' Yet death can ease us from a world of woe,
 ' From pining anguish, and convulsive pain:
 ' Why should our tears for noble spirits flow?
 ' Their life was trouble, but their end is gain.
 ' Ours is the loss, who thro' this dreary vale
 ' Must walk our journey of dull heavy years,
 ' While active Mem'ry in the passing gale
 ' Hears the departed friend, or thinks she hears;
 ' Sees the lov'd image by the moon's wan beam,
 ' Or mournful converse holds, entranc'd in nightly dream.'

CCXXXVIII.

To beauteous Thedora thus Algarfife spokel;
 His words were such as wisdom must approve:
 The damsel view'd him with a soften'd look,
 His kind attentions won her soul to love.
 Now over Tibet's musky realms they flew,
 And Kasgar's tow'rs in distant prospect lay;
 A mountain's dusky summit rose to view,
 When in the glimm'ring West had sunk the day.
 Beneath the spreading shade the Princess slept,
 While faithful watch and ward the gallant Usbeck kept.
 But

CCXXXIX.

But broken were the slumbers of the night,
 And fearful dreams appall'd the sleeping fair;
 Her father's spectre swam before her sight,
 Algarife seem'd to vanish into air:
 Now with some favour'd rival was he seen
 On beds of dalliance, and in bow'rs of rest;
 He now appear'd along the lifted green,
 In single combat by his foe oppress'd;
 Now in the eddying pool he whirl'd around,
 He strove to gain the shore, but in the surge was drown'd.

CCXL.

Like perturbation seiz'd the Tartar's mind,
 And wayward visions floated round his head;
 His troubled spirit no repose could find,
 His strength, his courage, and his mem'ry fled:
 Worthless to him his Thedora appears,
 Her beauties wither'd in their summer prime;
 He sighs and mourns, with unavailing tears,
 The cruel havoc of devouring time.
 Now with the sun the Knight and Lady rose;
 Their mutual love was gone, their hearts oblivion froze.

CCXLI.

They hasten towards the mountain dark and steep,
 Where at its foot a lazy river rolls;
 On the damp feggy bank they wail and weep,
 For direful magic all their pow'r controuls.
 Black grow their tongues, and faded is their bloom;
 Their skins are shrivell'd, dimm'd their radiant eyes;
 Yon saphire vault is charg'd with murky gloom,
 Each beam of hope, each bright idea flies:
 On dark and dismal objects now they muse,
 And stray 'midst cypress groves, and sad funereal yews.

This

CCXLII.

This rock the Melancholy Mountain's nam'd,
 Possess'd of potent talismanic pow'r;
 Of hardest adamant the sides are fram'd,
 And on its summit stands a sable tow'r,
 Whence baleful Demshack sheds his influence round,
 And sends his sprites the virtuous to annoy.
 Luckless the stranger in his circle found,
 The curfed elves his wonted peace destroy;
 To deep distress for ever he's consign'd,
 To blank distrust and doubt, which chill the noble mind.

CCXLIII.

Here numbers crowd beneath the twilight shade,
 Where moping owls and boding ravens dwell:
 Some mourn a parent, some the first-lov'd maid,
 Some dire disasters from feign'd friendship tell:
 Such strange delusions the old wizard makes,
 To plunge these wretches in eternal woes;
 Their varied troubles his delight he makes,
 Their tears the spring from whence his river flows.
 Here brave Algarife and his love remain,
 To melancholy doom'd, coerc'd by magic chain.

CCXLIV.

Meantime Cambuscan over Sarra reign'd,
 Bless'd with the joys of undisturb'd repose;
 Impartial truth and justice he maintain'd,
 Belov'd by friends, and dreadful to his foes.
 But fickle Fortune's ever on the change,
 Ev'n mighty kings to her caprice must bend;
 Cambuscan soon must feel her influence strange,
 And from his throne to humble state descend.
 But virtue still shall shield the god-like man;
 His sun shall brightly set, as it to rise began.

Now

CCXLV.

Now Cofroes came, who dwell'd by Oxus' shore :

His hair was silvered by the hand of age,
Deep was he vers'd in ev'ry mystic lore,

And Sarra own'd him for her wisest sage.
These words to good Cambuscan he address'd :

- ' Thy love to Allah, gracious Prince, is known,
- ' Thy prompt obedience to his high behest,
- ' Thy prayer and praise before the heav'nly throne ;
- ' In me his Prophet's messenger revere ;
- ' Mine are the words of truth, illustrious Sultan, hear.

CCXLVI.

- ' Much have I read each aspect of the skies ;
- ' Disastrous planets on thy empire frown :
- ' See ! from the North what angry meteors rise,
- ' The bloody falchion, and inverted crown ;
- ' I hear destruction in the fullen storm,
- ' Which sounds so hollow from the mutt'ring East :
- ' I see the lightning the broad oak deform,
- ' And pierce th' imperial eagle's dauntless breast.
- ' Such omens dire mischance to thee declare : [war.
- ' On thee Mars frowns malign, and shakes his lance for

CCXLVII.

- ' A golden circlet shines round Mecca's fane,
- ' See ! rays of comfort from the holy tomb,
- ' * Zohara beams on Hejaz' sandy plain ;
- ' Her glowing radiance dissipates the gloom.
- ' Lead not thy armies to th' embattled field,
- ' Thy steps direct tow'ards Mecca's sacred walls ;
- ' Brave not the blast, but to its fury yield.
- ' The bending reed is safe, the cedar falls.
- ' Thy gallant sons 'midst hostile camps shall shine :
- Theirs be the crimson sword, the olive-branch be thine.'

* The Arabic name for the planet Venus.

CCXLVIII.

Now came the partner of Cambuscan's reign,
 And in her hand the magic mirror bore ;
 What countless legions crowd the crystal plain,
 From Jaic's stream, from Volga's frozen shore !
 ' Behold (said Cosroes) thy unnumber'd foes,
 ' The fierce Circassian leads his bands to war ;
 ' From ev'ry side the wave of battle flows,
 ' Podolia's prince, and Russia's haughty czar.
 ' From icy Tanais pours a mighty host ;
 ' Like locusts thick they swarm, and desolate the coast.'

CCXLIX.

Cambuscan wish'd to try his martial force,
 And head his warriors in the fields of fame ;
 But prudent Cosroes stopp'd his rapid course,
 With sage advice he check'd his gen'rous flame.
 In pilgrim's weeds the monarch was attir'd,
 Eltheta wore a gown of sober grey ;
 Unknown to all but Cosroes they retir'd,
 And left the palace at the close of day :
 Then to his rural cell the sage return'd,
 And for his sov'reign's weal his anxious bosom burn'd.

CCL.

Thro' the thick forest walk'd the royal pair,
 The glitt'ring crown and sceptre laid aside ;
 They felt the chillness of the midnight air,
 The moon's dim ray and twinkling stars their guide.
 Cambuscan thus his faithful consort cheers :
 ' Praise to great Allah for his mercies sent !
 ' What matchless blessings mark'd our tranquil years !
 ' His hand afflicts us for some good intent.
 ' By grief the soul of man is purify'd.
 ' Thus in the searching flame the golden ingot's try'd.
 ' And

CCLI.

- ‘ And what is man, the pageant of an hour,
 ‘ With crowns adorn’d, in ermin’d purple drest ?
 ‘ Short is his date, like the deciduous flow’r,
 ‘ His life a fleeting glory at the best.
 ‘ Shall I presume to combat with my God,
 ‘ And wage proud warfare ’gainst his high decree ?
 ‘ No—let me humbly bow, and kiss the rod:
 ‘ I feel the distance ’tween my God and me.
 ‘ Calm resignation is the child of heav’n,
 ‘ Fair as the setting sun in summer’s glowing ev’n.’

CCLII.

The banks of Oxus now the wand’rers pass,
 And the wide plains of fertile Khorasan;
 They toil’d along Noubendigan’s brown waste,
 And cross’d the flow’ry vale of green Bavan.
 Shiraz, at length, the weary travellers gain,
 Shiraz, renown’d for maids, and gen’rous wine;
 Abundant roses vermeil o’er the plain,
 And raptur’d poets sing the lay divine.
 A caravan of pilgrims here they found,
 For Mecca’s sacred shrine and fam’d Medina bound.

CCLIII.

With them Cambuscan trac’d the arid lands
 Which spread beyond Euphrates’ foaming wave,
 Where deadly Samiel whirls the scorching sands,
 And whelms the stranger in a fiery grave.
 Wide as the sea the level stretches round;
 No deep’ning verdure may relieve the eye,
 Save where the grove of branching palm is found,
 To shade the pilgrim from the fervid sky;
 And if he hear the sound of tinkling rills,
 He rushes to the spring, his empty cruise he fills.

But

CCLIV.

But sad deception oft tormēts the swain,
 When the false lake its silver face displays,
 The shining vapor of the desert plain
 Reflects, like glassy waves, the solar blaze :
 From the parch'd tongue the mimic stream recedes,
 The wretch in anguish rolls his haggard eyes.
 Thus when in spring soft show'rs refresh the meads,
 The transient rainbow from the shepherd flies :
 Slow mov'd the pilgrims thro' the torrid wild,
 Faint was their weary step, but hope their pain beguil'd.

CCLV.

On Irak's confine, in a winding dale
 Their tents they pitch'd, to pass the sultry hours :
 Lo! war's harsh sound rush'd on the loaded gale,
 The furious Bedouin came with all his pow'rs.
 The trembling caravan affrighted stands :
 Too weak to combat with a mighty host,
 To heav'n, in agony, they rear their hands :
 Despair has seiz'd them, and their spirit's lost.
 His homely surecoat off, Cambuscan's seen
 Alone in splendid mail, to guard his much-lov'd queen.

CCLVI.

Mean time Camballo, with Cambina fair,
 And Triamondo, with his lovely mate,
 Had met adventures strange, and perils rare ;
 Such is the chequer'd lot of man's estate.
 Those gallant lords contemn'd soft beds of down,
 And filken dalliance with the courtly dame :
 They fought the lonely wild, where dangers frown,
 To win bright honour, and a deathless name.
 In knightly castles, and in ladies' bowers,
 Certes they might have staid, and spent the lazy hours.
Long

CCLVII.

Long was the gentle Canace distress'd
 To see her fav'rite Falcon inly pine;
 Dull grew the splendid plumage of her breast,
 Her head she droop'd—her eye had ceas'd to shine.
 Still for the faithless Tercelet much she mourn'd,
 He was her earliest and her latest care:
 For him with constant ardor still she burn'd,
 For him she offer'd up her daily pray'r,
 ' O may my Tercelet spread his beauteous wing,
 ' Safe from the fowler's shaft, and far-destroying sling!

CCLVIII.

' May no rude storm impede his airy flight,
 ' Nor soaring eagle wound in cruel war!
 ' Soft be his mossy nest to pass the night,
 ' In some sequester'd grove from danger far!
 ' And when my frame shall be dissolv'd by death,
 ' O might he know how true an heart I bore!
 ' How that I nam'd him with my latest breath;
 ' Love reign'd triumphant, all resentment o'er!
 Those tender strains the beauteous Princess heard;
 Her woes she pitied much, and for her Falcon fear'd.

CCLIX.

She now resolv'd the vagrant bird to find,
 And tell the sorrows of his faithful mate;
 She hop'd compassion would subdue his mind,
 Whene'er he knew the Falcon's languid state.
 Her Triamondo she persuades to go,
 With sage Camballo, and his lovely wife:
 Their noble breasts with equal friendship glow
 Thro' all the dark vicissitudes of life:
 Sarra's unbounded forests first they tried;
 The Tercelet hence had flown, nor was his flight descried.

Next

CCLX.

Next Persia's ample realm they travell'd o'er,
 And search'd each province with a curious eye;
 And now they saw rich Ormus' tepid shore,
 Where lucid pearls with India's diamonds vie:
 Here the light galley wafts them o'er the main,
 And boldly thro' the dang'rous streights they sail;
 With ev'ry nerve the lab'ring oar they strain,
 And with their swelling canvas catch the gale.
 In ocean's vast domain themselves they found,
 The azure sky above, the foaming billows round.

CCLXL

Hard is the conflict in the angry deep,
 With adverse tides, with howling winds and waves;
 In vain his road the pilot strives to keep,
 Wet Notus blows, and purple Eurus raves:
 The day is cover'd with a veil of clouds,
 No screaming sea-mew dares to spread her plume;
 His feeble ray in mist each planet shrouds,
 Red lightnings only break the horrid gloom.
 Arabia's spicy shore at length they reach,
 And rest their weary limbs along the shelving beach.

CCLXII.

Bold was the man who first from forests bore
 The advent'rous pine, the foaming sea to plough;
 With beating heart he view'd the less'ning shore,
 And to blue Neptune offer'd up his vow.
 What toils will not the love of gain surmount!
 From clime to clime see hoary Avarice runs!
 Of greatest perils making light account,
 Of deadly midnight damps, and sickly furs:
 And when dire Febris shall consume his frame,
 His wealth he leaves behind, no glory marks his name.

Not

CCLXIII.

Not so the gen'rous Knights of ancient times,
 Who fought Fame soon, and wore her laurel long .
 They live immortal in the poet's rhymes,
 The fav'rite subjects of heroic song ;
 The choicest wits Cambuscan's line have sung,
 In Woodstock's green shades their exploits were told,
 By gentle Chaucer ; Mulla's shores have rung
 With Triamondo and Camballo bold,
 Who now advanc'd along th' Arabian strand :
 Sore buffeted by storms, with joy they trod the land.

CCLXIV.

Two moons they wander'd thro' those wide domains
 Where the fierce Saracen for plunder roams ;
 The patient camel bears him o'er the plains,
 Indignant of the rein, his coarser foams.
 The fickle Tercelet in those wilds they fought ;
 But vain their labour and incessant care :
 One day deep musing, sage Camballo thought
 His sister's ring might find his flight thro' air :
 Some Genius might this potent gem obey,
 Whose wondrous force is felt thro' ev'ry land and sea.

CCLXV.

The ring he took, and under secret shade
 Invok'd the spirits that with Eblis fell :
 An angry Demon shot athwart the glade ;
 Proud was his gait, his surly frown was hell.
 ' Slave to the pow'rful seal, I here attend,
 ' From realms of woe, where luckless Genii weep,
 ' At thy desire thro' heav'n's blue fields to wend,
 ' Or bear thy message thro' the gloomy deep.'
 The spectre ceas'd—and thus Camballo said, [is fled.]
 ' Say, where the wand'ring bird, which we have fought,
 ' To

CCLXVI.

- ' To Shedad's paradise (the fiend reply'd)
- ' By wondrous chance the vagrant bird has flown ;
- ' To ev'ry mortal entrance is deny'd,
- ' Save to the owner of thy ring alone.
- ' In boundless deserts is green Irem plac'd,
- ' With joyous spring and smiling freshness crown'd ;
- ' Thus blooms the rose amidst the sterile waste ;
- ' Thus in dark caverns is the em'erald found.
- ' By thee the Orient's boast may be survey'd,
- ' By Efar first beheld, who fought his camel stray'd.

CCLXVII.

- ' Once in Arabia haughty Shedad reign'd,
- ' And humbled Asia own'd his high command ;
- ' By magic lore his empire was maintain'd,
- ' And deep-read wizards came from ev'ry land.
- ' In robes of lucid glory some were drest,
- ' Some had the shaggy spoils of Scythia's shore ;
- ' Some proudly glitter'd with the dragon's crest,
- ' Some shook the woodland with the lion's roar.
- ' To all th' imperial mandate straight was giv'n,
- ' To build a stately dome, which might ascend to heav'n.

CCLXVIII.

- ' Of rich materials was the fabric rais'd,
 - ' Of costly metal, starr'd with many a gem ;
 - ' The lovely garden envy must have prais'd,
 - ' Loaded with fruits and flow'rs of noble stem.
 - ' But Allah's vengeance tow'ring Shedad slew,
 - ' (Fierce was his lightning on that signal day !)
 - ' A veil of darkness o'er the scene he threw,
 - ' And clos'd its beauties from the visual ray.'
- Camballo by the hand the sprite now took, [shook.
 They mounted from the earth, the knight, tho' valiant,
 F With

CCLXIX.

With aching eye Camballo view'd the scene,
 He saw the sky with starry circles bright ;
 He saw the earth array'd in lively green,
 Till Irem's garden rush'd upon his sight :
 No earthly paradise with this could boast ;
 Ev'n the grim spectre felt a gleam of joy !
 With eager step they trod the fairy coast,
 No wintry winds, no blasting heats annoy.
 Soft zephyrs blew, the balmy air was mild,
 The flow'rs perennial bloom'd, and spring eternal smil'd.

CCLXX.

The palace dimm'd the rash beholder's eye,
 Yet on the bright enchantment still he gaz'd :
 The sapphire oped its clear cerulean dye,
 The ruby glow'd, the sparkling diamond blaz'd :
 There the brown forest stretch'd its deep'ning shade,
 Here sunny lawns, and gently-swelling hills ;
 The stately stag now bounded o'er the glade,
 Tow'rd osier-fringed lakes, and babbling rills.
 And here the garden spread its florid pride,
 Great nature reign'd o'er all, by art diversified.

CCLXXI.

On ev'ry bough the mellow bull-finch sung,
 The melting red-breast caroll'd forth his strain ;
 Like strings of pearl the feather'd warblers hung,
 Thick as, when Iris shines, the drops of rain.
 Camballo soon the long-sought Tercelet spy'd ;
 He flew from tree to tree, from spray to spray ;
 He spread his shining wings with gallant pride,
 And seem'd to revel in eternal May.
 Now to some favour'd female he inclin'd,
 Then wav'd his wanton plumes, and left the fair behind.

CCLXXII.

Camballo sage the sportive bird addrest,

- ' White is thy wing, O Tercelet, as the snow,
- ' Soft is the glossy down, which shades thy breast,
- ' Thy meking eyes with tenderness o'erflow.
- ' But does thy soul with such fair shew accord ?
- ' Has love's unfully'd flame sublim'd thy heart ?
- ' Hast thou ne'er prov'd a fickle, faithless lord ?
- ' Nor to thy fair one caus'd unceasing smart ?
- ' Hast thou ne'er left thy gentle mate to pine,
- ' While constancy was hers, and cold indiff'rence thine ?

CCLXXIII.

- ' Celestial constancy's a jewel rare,
- ' Admir'd by mortals, and by gods approv'd ;
- ' Worthless the heart which many objects share,
- ' Tho' fair the objects by that heart below'd.
- ' Wide let our friendship and our bounty stream,
- ' The dews of evening moisten ev'ry field ;
- ' But let one fav'rite mistress be our theme ;
- ' No second picture decks the champion's shield.
- ' O Tercelet, thou hast left thy love to mourn,
- ' For thee her beauty fades ; now to thy love return.'

CCLXXIV.

- Thus spoke the Prince, a portrait forth he drew,
Which shew'd the Falcon with disorder'd plume ;
Sore was the Tercelet troubled at the view,
Repentance came, and sorrow's raven gloom :
- ' Sir Knight (he cry'd), my error has been great,
 - ' Much have I injur'd love's immortal laws ;
 - ' It wounds my soul to learn my Falcon's fate,
 - ' And my unkindness the destructive cause :
 - ' With speed the pleasing mandate I obey,
 - ' And to my mistress fly—O point the shortest way.'

CCLXXV.

The Tercelet pitch'd on good Camballo's hand,
 The Genius wafts th' advent'rous chief thro' air,
 He soon regains the solitary strand,
 Where the companions of his travel were :
 Scarce could the golden cage the bird confine,
 When she beheld her much lov'd Tercelet nigh ;
 Again her silver wings began to shine,
 And love's soft liquid trembled in her eye.
 The Tercelet own'd his crime—his mate forgave ;
 Pleas'd were the gentle dames, and pleas'd the champions
 brave.

CCLXXVI.

What greater blessing than to see content
 And warm benevolence diffus'd around !
 To find the heart replete with good intent,
 Unblemish'd honour, friendship frank and sound !
 To see resentment into love subside ;
 Distrust remov'd, and rancour cease to burn !
 To see the virtuous stem affliction's tide,
 And all their sorrows into gladness turn !
 Such the first pleasure of the gen'rous mind,
 That wishes well to all, and cherishes mankind.

CCLXXVII.

The Tercelet found, tow'rd's Sarra's walls they bend,
 Thro' deserts skirted by Euphrates' flood ;
 As down the mountain's side the chiefs descend,
 They view a scene of horror, and of blood ;
 A single knight, encompass'd by his foes,
 Perform'd high feats of chivalry most rare.
 The youthful band the lion thus o'erthrows,
 His flank he lashes, and his eye-balls glare ;
 The brown Numidian darts his pointed spear,
 The lordly savage roars—the hunter's pale with fear.
 Some

CCLXXVIII.

Some in confusion o'er the valley fled,
 And the grim Arab chas'd his trembling prey ;
 Here bales of precious merchandize were spread,
 And welt'ring in their gore the owners lay.
 With grief Camballo the sad scene beheld,
 He spurr'd his courser to th' enfanguin'd field ;
 Bold emulation Triamondo swell'd,
 He drew his sword, and grasp'd his shining shield.
 Thus from the clouds two thunderbolts are driv'n,
 The solid rock is struck, the tow'ring pine is riv'n !

CCLXXIX.

Great was their succour to the lonely knight,
 The swarthy Bedouin shrunk beneath their arm,
 The Arab chieftain blew the horn of fight,
 And thronging squadrons came at the alarm :
 The gallant worthies now were sore beset,
 Tho' high their courage, tho' their swords were good ;
 In feats of war three braver never met
 At fam'd Albracca, or Ardenna's wood.
 Fierce is their rage, like show'rs of wint'ry hail ;
 But numbers hem them round, and numbers must prevail.

CCLXXX.

Help unexpected gracious Allah gave,
 And rescued honour from the lawless foe ;
 Various the means of Providence to save
 The faithful Mussulman from death and woe.
 Now thro' mid-air a warrior shot along,
 Bright were his arms, his steed of burnish'd brass ;
 Dismay and wonder seiz'd the hostile throng,
 Their strength was wither'd like the blighted grass.
 The bold Algarfise was this hardy knight ;
 He reach'd the bloody plain, and mingled in the fight.

CCLXXXI.

Now unavailing was the Arabs' force,
 No temper'd mail withstood th' enchanted blade;
 Their barb'rous captain lay an headless corse,
 To realms of darkness fled his guilty shade.
 O'er prostrate heaps Algarife proudly rode,
 With trembling lips the wretches pray'd for life;
 His breast with courage and with pity glow'd;
 Those godlike passions seldom are at strife.
 The noble spirit greatly can forgive;
 It sheathes the reeking sword, and bids the foeman live.

CCLXXXII.

The rescued warriors tow'rd's Algarife flew,
 The brazen courser made the champion known;
 Cambuscan shed the fond paternal dew,
 And each bold brother claim'd the chief his own.
 Camballo marvell'd much to see his fire
 A wand'ring pilgrim in the lonely wild;
 Musing he view'd Eltheta's strange attire,
 Who now approach'd—the royal parents smil'd.
 Fair Canace with meek Cambina came,
 And Cosroes now appear'd, with India's lovely dame.

CCLXXXIII.

To paint the pleasures of this friendly band,
 The flowing soul, and ev'ry feeling fine,
 Would claim the pencil of some chosen hand,
 And mighty pow'rs, by far surpassing mine:
 A lighter task to court th' Heroic Muse,
 To sing the portance and the guise of war;
 To steep our temples in Mæonian dews,
 And draw the iron Godhead on his car;
 Than to untwine each fibre of the heart,
 To give the thrill of joy, or wound with sorrow's dart.

Now

CCLXXXIV.

Now in a narrow vale the flow'r is met
 Of knightly valour, and of beauty rare ;
 Those radiant suns and stars shall never set,
 Their worthy deeds are Fame's peculiar care :
 The royal Sultan, and his much-lov'd Queen,
 Beheld the charming Thedora with delight ;
 They now survey'd Cambina's graceful mien,
 And now on Canace they fix'd their sight.
 At length sage Cosroes spoke, benign his look,
 Sweet were the words he said, befitting wisdom's book.

CCLXXXV.

- Great Prince, the cloud of thy affliction's past,
 • And brightness covers thy horizon round ;
- Virtue surmounts the ills of life at last,
 • And leaves her vot'ry with fair triumph crown'd :
- Tow'rd Mecca's temple cease thy step to bend,
 • For God himself thy piety has prais'd ;
- His holy Prophet calls thee son and friend,
 • And from thy tablet each dark spot is raz'd :
- Imperial Sarra soon shalt thou behold ;
- Loud is the battle's din, in blood are helmets roll'd.

CCLXXXVI.

- Soon as my Sultan left his princely state,
 • His foes unfurl'd the crimson flag of war,
- Dire Mavors struck at Sarra's strongest gate,
 • The fierce Circassian storm'd, and Moscow's Czar :
- Now in my rustic hermitage retir'd,
 • I view'd the mirror to my care consign'd
- By fair Eltheta's hand, and much admir'd
 • The wondrous cunning of the artist's mind :
- There great Cambuscan's dangers I descry'd,
- And eke his gallant son's, and what did them betide.

CCLXXXVII.

- Sore was I troubled at Algarfife's lot,
 ' Enslav'd by ruthless Demshack's baneful power ;
- His friends, his love, his martial fame forgot,
 ' He languish'd out the melancholy hour :
- O'er a black marble fountain still he hung,
 ' And livell'd the current with perpetual tears ;
- Slow were the fault'ring accents of his tongue,
 ' And lost the vigor of his youthful years :
- His beauteous mistress wither'd by his side :
- Thus fades the violet's hue, when nipp'd in vernal pride.

CCLXXXVIII.

- Great was my wish to aid the luckless knight,
 ' But hard the task, tho' glorious the emprise :
- A willing spirit makes each labour light ;
 ' I left my cell, when morn illum'd the skies ;
- In pilgrim's garb thy realm I travell'd o'er,
 ' And cross'd the loud Jaxartes' angry wave,
- Where the wild Tartar roams the Caspian shore,
 ' Where dashing billows beat, and tempests rave.
- No influence of the moon the Caspian knows,
- Impell'd by winds alone, it neither ebbs nor flows.

CCLXXXIX.

- O'er many a sandy desert now I pass'd,
 ' While thirst and hunger close besieged me round ;
- Beneath a palm at length my limbs I cast,
 ' Where a tall grove the lawns of Yulduz crown'd :
- Lo ! to my eye a beauteous nymph appear'd,
 ' Like a bright Hourie's was her purple bloom ;
- Her heav'nly speech my drooping spirits cheer'd ;
 ' Her voice was music, and her breath perfume.
- Cosroes (said she) Alzobah's words attend,
 The Fairy of this grove, the Prophet's faithful friend,
 ' Belov'd

CCXC.

- Belov'd of Mahomet, to me is known
- Thy wish, fell Demshack's magic to destroy;
- One Talisman supports his power alone,
- With that he wounds and blasts celestial joy.
- What toil the mountain's glassy side to climb,
- And its high adamantine top to gain,
- Where stands the castle built by mystic rhyme,
- Where hideous goblins drag the galling chain!
- The fatal Talisman is guarded there;
- If broken by thy hand, the whole dissolves in air.

CCXCI.

- This apple take, more fragrant than the rose,
- Its smell thy thirst and hunger will allay;
- Thy anger shall its further use disclose.
- Thus said, she melted like thin mist away.
- Bright was the apple as the golden ore:
- Its sides display'd the scarlet's blushing die;
- The rich perfumes of Ternate and Tidore
- Could not with its ambrosial fragrance vie.
- No more the wants of mortal flesh I knew; [view.
- Pale Famine, with her train, had vanish'd from my

CCXCII.

- At length I trod on Demshack's wizard ground,
- And in the mirror all his arts beheld;
- In swarms the meagre spectres flitted round,
- And weeping wretches his black river swell'd.
- Now on the Melancholy Hill I gaz'd,
- And for a moment felt its baleful gloom;
- Like slipp'ry ice the lofty sides were glaz'd,
- Or like the polish'd marble of the tomb!
- From morn till eve I labour'd to ascend;
- But vain was all my toil, and seem'd in nought to end

CCXCIII.

- ‘ Still as I strove to mount, my footing fail’d;
- ‘ With rage and disappointment I was stung;
- ‘ Again the arduous journey I assail’d,
- ‘ And from my hand the golden apple flung :
- ‘ Soon as it touch’d the ground, it burst in twain ;
- ‘ I then perceiv’d of silk a lengthen’d clew ;
- ‘ Shap’d like a ladder’s step was every skein ;
- ‘ And strait Alzobah’s latent words I knew.
- ‘ This to the slipp’ry mountain I apply’d,
- ‘ And now I climb’d with ease its adamant side.

CCXCIV.

- ‘ The summit gain’d, I fought the fable tow’r,
- ‘ And unawares the dire enchanter found ;
- ‘ His ‘Talisman I broke, dissolv’d his pow’r,
- ‘ And with strong fetters the vile felon bound.
- ‘ From its deep basis was the mountain rent,
- ‘ And the fork’d lightning shot a dismal glare !
- ‘ The hellish spirits, long in prison pent,
- ‘ Snatch’d the magician thro’ the troubled air ;
- ‘ The wretched caitiff joint by joint they tore,
- ‘ And left his lifeless trunk to parch upon the shore.

CCXCV.

- ‘ No vestige of th’ enchantment now remains ;
- ‘ Brown is the mountain, and the groves are green ;
- ‘ Thus wintry snows, which whiten’d o’er the plains,
- ‘ Thaw’d by the vernal sun, no more are seen.
- ‘ The knights and gentle dames, by woe consum’d,
- ‘ Now dried their tears, and wore the smile of joy ;
- ‘ Again the warriors shone, the maidens bloom’d,
- ‘ They tasted pleasure void of sad alloy :
- ‘ Fair Thedora once more Algarfife knew,
- ‘ And to his charming queen the gallant Tartar flew.

‘ Thy

CCXCVI.

‘ Thy danger in the mirror next we trac’d,
 ‘ And then th’ enchanted courser we bestrode :
 ‘ Swift as the falcon by the eagle chas’d,
 ‘ He shot thro’ air—the fervid metal glow’d.
 ‘ Now to great Allah thanks and praise return ;
 ‘ Lo ! from thy lips his bounteous hand removes
 ‘ The vase of woe, and opes the golden urn,
 ‘ Whence streams abundance o’er the land he loves.’
 Here Cosroes ceas’d—declin’d the western sun,
 The star of twilight rose—Night spread her mantle dun.

CCXCVII.

Now shone Aurora rob’d in beaming gold,
 And with her blushes ting’d the orient skies ;
 Down the slope mountain’s side the mist was roll’d,
 And early hunters saw the goddess rise :
 Forth came Cambuscan with his princely train,
 They cross’d Euphrates where proud Babel stood ;
 They journey’d thro’ fam’d Irak’s boundless plain,
 Stem’d the swift Tigris, brav’d his angry flood ;
 The Parthian provinces they travers’d o’er,
 And now in safety reach’d dark Oxus’ mazy shore.

CCXCVIII.

These valorous knights the Queen and ladies left,
 And fled to summon Usbeck’s scatter’d powr’s ;
 The troops in Sarra were of hope bereft,
 War echo’d round them, blood distain’d their tow’rs :
 The mighty ram advanc’d with martial pride,
 Dire was its pressure on the yielding walls ;
 But hardy warriors fill’d the breaches wide,
 Huge rocks they hurl’d, and hot sulphureous balls
 Apall’d the Russian view’d with fear-fraught eye
 Th’ enormous mass rush down, and saw whole squadrons
 die. !

CCXCIX.

Now twice ten thousand horse Cambuscan rais'd,
 And with as many foot Algarife came ;
 Full in the front the dauntless champion blaz'd,
 The brazen courser seem'd a moving flame !
 In radiant armour good Camballo shin'd,
 Close by his side was Triamondo seen ;
 Cambuscan's banner floated in the wind,
 A golden crescent in a field of green.
 That day the regal crimson was supprest,
 And in the prophet's green the noble Prince was drest.

CCC.

A splendid Koran, rich with gems and gold,
 Was borne thro' all the host by Mollahs sage ;
 Mohammed's miracles were here enroll'd,
 And holy Imams read the sacred page ;
 The loud-ton'd trumpet gave its angry jar ;
 In four divisions bold the Tartars rush'd,
 Algarife thunder'd o'er the ranks of war ;
 His magic courser horse and rider crush'd.
 Now fully the besieged from Sarra's walls,
 And on the hostile rear Cambuscan ruthless falls.

CCCI.

A sudden panic seiz'd the Russian host,
 By wasting fires on ev'ry side inclos'd :
 The leaders strove to rouse their courage lost ;
 The haughty Czar Cambuscan's sword oppos'd.
 Great was his strength, his courage high and bold,
 And manly battle with the King he made ;
 His arms were burnish'd steel inlaid with gold,
 And of the finest temper was his blade :
 Fell was the warfare, pond'rous was the stroke, (oak.
 Might cleave the mountain rock, might rive the forest
 The

CCCII.

The stern Circassian with Camballo join'd,
 His trusty fabre each bold champion drew ;
 But to Camballo victory soon inclin'd,
 Brave Triamondo Albumazar flew :
 By Sencla's stream was Albumazar bred,
 Where spacious Seray rears her tow'ring walls ;
 In verdant lawns his lowing beeves he fed,
 Where silver Sencla into Volga falls.
 No more he'll drive his herds to Sencla's wave,
 Nor in deep Volga's flood his wearied members lave.

CCCIII.

How hard to paint Algarife's valor well,
 And sing the prowess of his nervous arm !
 Let Bucifer and fierce Namaran tell:
 Vain were their helmets forg'd by magic charm.
 As the keen otter hunts the finny brood,
 And makes the tenants of the brook his prey,
 The amber wave he stains with purple blood,
 Black death and rapine mark the tyrant's way ;
 So bold Algarife spread destruction round,
 And likethetorrent rag'd, which sweepsoff ev'ry mound.

CCCIV.

Amrou with grief the recreant battle views;
 From swift Araxes gallant Amrou came;
 Mogan's vast plain Araxes' wave bedews,
 Renown'd for courfers of immortal fame.
 He woo'd the Muse, and sung the lofty strain ;
 He lov'd meek solitude and soften'd gloom ;
 He caught each link of Fancy's finest chain,
 And wove the tissue of her airy loom.
 This dauntless bard Algarife now withstood,
 And drew his trenchant blade against that man of blood.

The

CCC.V.

The weighty faulchion Amrou lifted high,
 It fell with fury on Algarfife's crest ;
 The wary Usbeck Prince, all heart, all eye,
 Aim'd the keen weapon at his foeman's breast :
 The breast-plate yielded to the magic sword,
 Wide was the wound the ruthless iron made !
 Then kind compassion touch'd the Tartar lord ;
 The weeping Muses for their vot'ry pray'd :
 Oft had Algarfife heard the poet's song,
 When erst his troops he led the Caspian hills along.

CCC.VI.

He to the wound the turquoise hilt apply'd,
 And in a moment staunch'd the sable gore ;
 Half-pleas'd the Bard retir'd, with blushing pride,
 Resolv'd to meet his noble foe no more.
 Araxes' nymphs shall hail thy lov'd return,
 For thee their vows, for thee their streams shall flow ;
 And when reclin'd beside their silver urn,
 Thou wak'st the lyre, or tun'st the harp to woe ;
 Let not Time's hand Algarfife's mem'ry blot ;
 A gen'rous deed should live, should never be forgot.

CCC.VII.

Cambuscan still contends with Moscow's Czar ;
 Fierce is the conflict of the royal foes !
 Each chief is skill'd in ev'ry flight of war,
 The bold attack and sure defence he knows.
 On high Cambuscan seem'd to aim the wound,
 On high the Czar deceiv'd would ward the blow ;
 He in his heart the deadly weapon found,
 It laid the pride of all the Russias low ;
 The haughty spirit from her mansion flew,
 And from this life of cares to other worlds withdrew.

Thus

CCCVIII.

Thus falls the stately tow'r, which long had stood
 The shock of armies, and the waste of time;
 Thus falls the oak, the monarch of the wood,
 By lightning blasted in his fullest prime.
 Of what avail are pomp and titles now?
 See! the proud Czar, defil'd with dust and gore!
 The regal diadem adorn'd his brow,
 He heard the Caspian and the Baltic roar.
 Long did he blaze unrivall'd in the field:
 But to the stronger arm, the weaker, war must yield.

CCCIX.

Pale fear and terror o'er the Russians reign'd,
 On ev'ry side their broken squadrons fled;
 Decisive conquest now the Tartars gain'd,
 They chas'd till Phœbus streak'd the west with red.
 Cambuscan then his royal palace sought;
 His subjects saw their honour'd prince return:
 On fortune's mazes much the monarch thought,
 Much on those gorgeous things which sages spurn.
 Virtue he found to be the truest friend.
 She guards the hero's fame, with glory gilds his end.

CCCX.

Algarfise's nuptials with his Indian maid,
 The feasts and pastimes of the joyous court,
 Some future Bard, who haunts the Muses shade,
 From Fame's bright chronicle may well report:
 Cambuscan saw his noble offspring shine,
 Rever'd by princes, by the people lov'd;
 Unfully'd was the radiance of his line,
 Brave were the youths, the maidens unprov'd.
 At last the long and splendid scene was clos'd,
 And in the calm of death the godlike man repos'd.

F I N I S.

