

FABLES:

VOL. II.

CONTAINING

C A M B U S C A N,

AN HEROIC POEM,

In Six Books:

FOUNDED UPON AND COMPRIZING A FREE IMITATION OF
CHAUCER'S FRAGMENT ON THAT SUBJECT.

BY

RICHARD WHARTON, ESQ.

Or call up him who left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Cambal and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife
That own'd the virtuous Ring and Glass;
And of the wondrous Horse of Brass
On which the Tartar King did ride.—

MILTON.

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CAMBUSCAN.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CAMBUSCAN, long in martial story known,
In times of yore adorn'd the Tartar throne:
Fierce wars he wag'd the Russian power to quell;
And many a gallant chief untimely fell.

No monarch might with his renown compare,
So high his virtues did Cambuscan bear:
In his rich mind so plenteous seem'd to spring
Each grace, each attribute that decks a king.
Still by his Country's laws his rule he squar'd;
Still the establish'd Rites with reverence shar'd:
Hardy and wise and frugal of his store,
He never squeez'd the groaning land for more;
But just and righteous in his court he sate,
Nor sacrific'd the poor to please the great.

True honour was enthron'd within his breast,
 And courage, never vaunting, ne'er depress'd:
 Age had not yet benumb'd his sinewy arms,
 Or dull'd his eagle eye in war's alarms;
 For none of all his youthful knights around
 Replied more promptly to the trumpets sound.

Nor to th' intrinsic qualities of mind
 Had Fortune here her bounteous gifts confin'd,
 But every charm that wins the vulgar eye
 Shower'd o'er his limbs in prodigal supply;
 In all the man was beauty, strength and grace;
 'Twas hard to say which held the upper place:
 And on his brow the sceptre of command
 Was plainly stamp'd by God's peculiar hand.
 But more—whatever (for his own renown
 To add new lustre to his royal crown,
 Or for his people's good to ease some ill,
 Or higher yet their cup of joy to fill),
 His valour or his policy had plann'd,
 Success with all his works went hand in hand,
 Since first in Sarra (twenty winters past)
 On the Tartarian throne his youth was plac'd.

In early prime, Dame Elfeta his wife
 Bore her first hope, the noble Algarsife;
 Her second, Cambal: and to these confin'd
 Her princely issue of the stronger kind.
 A daughter then she bore, fair Canace,
 The last but not least lov'd of all the three.

To paint her charms would ask a master hand,
 That summons thoughts to life with Fancy's wand:
 E'en He,^a whose words brought all before the eye,
 And cloth'd with shape ideal imag'ry,
 Had fail'd perchance her beauties to pourtray,
 And number her perfections in his lay.
 Far less may I, a poet all unskill'd,
 On such a theme my trembling pencil wield,
 And dwell presumptuous on so fair a face,
 Which Zeuxis' glowing tints had fail'd to trace.

Throughout his reign this King with proud array
 Observ'd with solemn pomp his natal day.
 Then all were call'd his royal feast to share,
 And clarions rung the knell of Toil and Care:
 Then Splendour was display'd, and Dignity,
 With excellence of cheer and welcome free:
 The dance, the pageant, and the rich repast,
 Each other, as they pall'd, by turns replac'd:
 What pleasure each man lov'd, he found it there;
 And who lov'd none was led in all to share:
 That every face Mirth's dimpled livery wore,
 And Cynics laugh'd that frown'd twelve months before.

Now when his twentieth feast Cambuscan held,
 And all were rang'd in Sarra's ample field,

^a *E'en He, &c.*] Alluding to Shakspear's lines in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*.

..... As imagination bodies forth
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
 Turns them to shape.

To Aries' house his car Apollo whirl'd,
 With beams unclouded to revive the world.
 Then starting Nature felt the vernal glow
 Swell in her veins, and smooth'd her furrow'd brow :
 Flickering the song-birds hopp'd from spray to spray,
 And their plumes glisten'd in the noon tide ray,
 While each to love attun'd his narrow throat,
 And in one Sun-beam Winter's reign forgot.
 Short sighted race! your scanty reason sees
 Eternal verdure in fresh opening trees;
 Thinks each new flow'r must e'er the meads adorn,
 And in each day-star hails perpetual morn.—
 Vain hope!—where'er the rapid Sun declines,
 Behind the icy sword of winter shines;
 And *He* but calls to transient life and joy,
 That the keen blast may wither and destroy.

High on his throne, with royal robes o'erspread,
 The badge of empire glittering on his head,
 The King to all his kind regards address'd;
 The life at once and master of the feast.
 The pomp was such as might become the state
 Of one like Sarra's monarch, rich and great;
 Nor cost nor taste was wanting in the treat. }
 The odorous gums, the services of gold,
 The carvings that the Tartar glories told,
 The bowls emboss'd, that equal seem'd to shine
 Without, from gems; within, from sparkling wine:

The viands, ransack'd from the land and sea
 To pamper many-throated Luxury;
 The dance by night, the tournament by day,
 The harper's symphony, the poet's lay,
 Proclaim'd a king: let now my numbers tell
 The wonders at this banquet that befel.

Thus, in his royal hall, in gorgeous state,
 When circled by his peers Cambuscan sate,
 (Listening with eager ears the solemn sound
 That stole from every Minstrel's harp around),
 At once, a novel object struck their view—
 A stranger Knight within the portal drew.
 The Courser he bestrode appear'd of brass:
 Within his grasp he held a Mirror Glass:
 On his right thumb a ring of gold he wore,
 And in his belt a naked sabre bore.
 Attention seiz'd the crowd:—all look'd, none spoke:
 Scarce ev'n a breath the awful silence broke;
 While on his burnish'd courser up the hall
 He pac'd, majestic, and inclin'd to all.
 Arms of bright steel, enrich'd with jewels rare,
 Cas'd all his person; but his head was bare.
 Before the royal board his horse he staid,
 And to the throne a low obeisance made;
 Then, as the peers were marshall'd at the feast,
 With courteous words saluted every guest:
 So graceful, as he spoke, he bow'd his head;
 A turn so polish'd ran through all he said;

That Gawaine^b (once the pride of Arthur's time
 Long lull'd by Fairies in their Elfin clime)
 No sentence could have chang'd, had he been there,
 Or hail'd that presence with a nobler air.
 Then with a manly voice and visage grave,
 Full credence of himself the Stranger gave:
 The purport of his coming first explain'd,
 The Realm from whence, and who the King that reign'd;
 And then, in order due the gifts expos'd,
 Their powers and wonderous properties disclos'd.
 So eloquent he was, that in the speech
 Detraction could no single word impeach:
 And as along his various theme he rang'd,
 Still his harmonious voice and pauses chang'd;
 For ev'ry thrilling glance that round he flung,
 And each bold gesture, from the subject sprung.
 Such is the rare perfection of the art,
 When practis'd Genius plays a master part:
 Such is the charm that, through the ear distill'd,
 Saps the whole soul till melting wisdom yield.
 Oh! may my simple verse but faintly reach
 The substance only of so rich a speech—
 Hopeless to catch the gloss that rhetoric gives;
 The lights, the shades, by which the language lives.

^b *That Gawaine, &c.*] Sir Gawaine, king Arthur's nephew, was the model of Courtesy among the Knights of the Round Table. It is fabled of him, that he was carried away to Fairy Land, and there will remain with the Elves for ever, exempt from mortality.

' I come from one, illustrious Prince,' he said,
 ' One, like thyself, by various realms obey'd :
 ' Far in the South by all the realms, that run
 ' From Afric to the cradle of the Sun.
 ' But ev'n so far Cambuscan's fame extends :
 ' And from th' Ophirian^c throne great Aulum sends
 ' Me, all unmeet, to hail thy royal name,
 ' His thoughts express, and mutual friendship claim.
 ' Deem not from jealous fears his mission springs—
 ' He towers above the thoughts of common kings—
 ' And twenty wars for twenty kingdoms won
 ' His marble walls in living sculpture crown.
 ' And why should Envy, Fear, or Doubt arise
 ' 'Twixt Monarchs, canopied by different skies !
 ' The radiance of his power can never shine
 ' More or less bright, as glows the blaze of thine :
 ' For Worlds^d distinct your separate thrones obey,
 ' And all who feel your seasons feel your sway—

^c *And from, &c.]* Ophir, or Sofala, is situate on the East coast of the Peninsula of Africa, within the tropic of Capricorn.

^d *For Worlds distinct, &c.]* The Dominions of Cambuscan lay entirely without the northern Tropic: Aulum's original possessions lay beyond the equator, and all his conquests within the Tropics: so that the southern Hemisphere exhibited different stars to the Ophirian from those seen by Cambuscan in the Northern; and the phenomena of the Monsoons, which regulated Aulum's navigation, were unknown to the Caspian, Euxine, and Chinese seas, on which alone the subjects of Cambuscan sailed. The seasons also were inverted in the several dominions of these potentates; whence the Ambassador says they rule over distinct worlds.

- ‘ By his own rules our Neptune storms or sleeps,
 ‘ Nor heeds the discord of your lawless deeps:
 ‘ And o’er our Heav’n the glittering orbs that roll,
 ‘ Nor lend nor borrow from the northern Pole—
 ‘ Then to their proper cause these gifts assign;
 ‘ And (great thyself) to kindred worth incline.
 ‘ First then, Oh Prince! behold this brazen Steed:
 ‘ In order, as in bulk, let this precede.
 ‘ Art never modell’d yet so rare a frame
 ‘ Since to her aid she won persuasive flame.
 ‘ These limbs, these muscles of refulgent brass,
 ‘ Limbs, which the breath of life informs, surpass:
 ‘ Nor to her works can Nature’s power impart
 ‘ Such active strength as this derives from Art.
 ‘ Stark as he stands, thy wish shall urge the Steed
 ‘ So quick, thy wish shall scarce outrun his speed:
 ‘ For ’twixt the hour when Phœbus ’gins to gleam,
 ‘ And the next lifting of his golden beam,
 ‘ Round the whole globe his circling course shall wheel,
 ‘ And thou, the Rider, scarce the labour feel.—
 ‘ Nay, if thy new ambition seek to tread
 ‘ Th’ aerial ocean round this planet spread,
 ‘ The Steed, self-borne, through air shall win his way,
 ‘ Rush through the storms, or in the sun-beams play,
 ‘ Or midway pausing in his full career
 ‘ Hang, like the Moon; and view this nether sphere
 ‘ In prospect stretch’d, as one expanse, below:
 ‘ Seas, vales, and plains, and Kâf’s imperial brow.’

' He too can upward aim his spiry flight,
 ' And soar beyond the ken of mortal sight,
 ' Like the bold bird, that seeks the realms above,
 ' And stedfast gazes on the eye of Jove.
 ' Vast was the mind that such a fabric plann'd;
 ' And fraught with skill divine the plastic hand
 ' That with such art the mineral mass could tame,
 ' And breathe mechanic life into the frame.

* *Seas, vales, &c.*] Many different parts of the great chain of mountains which begins at Olympus in the lesser Asia, and, sending out many branches, extends easterly to Thibet, if not to China; were by the ancients called Caucasus. The Orientals in their mythology attribute wonders to this ridge, which they denominate Kâf. They say the mountain forms a girdle round the whole earth, from which the Sun rises, and on which he sets: that it has its foundation on the stone Saxhrat, which is the axis on which the earth performs its daily revolution; and that the smallest particle of that stone, in the possession of any Man, enables him to work miracles. They add that when God intends to make an Earthquake, he commands this stone to give motion to one of its fibres (of which it has many ramifying through the Earth), and all the phenomena of an earthquake instantly take place. They say further, that the interior of Kâf is the prison of the rebellious Genii; but that the Fays, or Pheri, who are good spirits, reside on its summit: that there also the bird Simorganza dwells; of a size so vast, that he would soon devour all eatable things in the creation, were not provisions provided for him in those inaccessible regions by Divine Providence. None of Cambuscan's dominions lay south of this ridge, except Cabulstan, eastward of his place of residence, a newly acquired province, between which and Tartary the ridge is broken and much branched. Georgia, indeed, is intersected by several branches of Caucasus: but, as I take the liberty of using the oriental name of Caucasus, Kâf, in its oriental signification of the '*general ridge itself*,' independent of its branches, it may be said to lay between the dominions of Cambuscan and those of Aulum. Sarra was situated to the north of the ridge, near the present site of Astrachan, on a branch of the Wolga

- ‘ Much toil, much thought, the wond’rous Man em-
 ploy’d;
 ‘ And the best aid from human science tried:
 ‘ A prayer he said o’er every spring and screw;
 ‘ He bless’d each spark that from his anvil flew;
 ‘ And quench’d the glowing brass in consecrated dew. }
 ‘ Nor slept he, but for ten revolving years
 ‘ The sextile waited of three potent stars,
 ‘ When their joint beams (in an auspicious hour)
 ‘ Collected influence on one point should pour:
 ‘ Then plac’d the Palfrey, where the starry ray
 ‘ (Pregnant with charms) might o’er the fabric play:
 ‘ And sigils, fram’d beneath a labouring moon,
 ‘ Stamp’d on his front, ere yet the work was done.
 ‘ This ample Mirror next my Sovereign sends;
 ‘ A kingdom’s welfare on its use depends.
 ‘ Two spells the place of quicksilver supply,
 ‘ And yield a double Focus to the eye.
 ‘ Here, deep within the surface, may you see
 ‘ Treason’s first blush, and dark Conspiracy,
 ‘ Ere yet her purpose to herself be clear;
 ‘ And embryo murders, and imagin’d war,
 ‘ Above, in larger portraiture display’d,
 ‘ Her wrongs are open’d to th’ abandon’d maid:
 ‘ Here shall she faithful love discern from art,
 ‘ And trace the waverings of an alter’d heart;
 ‘ Here see to whom the Knight his hope transfers,
 ‘ And pays that homage which in truth is hers.

‘ This mirror, so endued with virtues rare,
 ‘ He dedicates to Canace the fair;
 ‘ To Canace, the pride of Sarra’s court,
 ‘ Known to the wond’ring world by Fame’s report.
 ‘ But sure ’tis idle at her feet to lay
 ‘ What Magic fram’d Love’s treasons to bewray:
 ‘ Long on the glass those angel eyes shall pore
 ‘ Ere the Charm tell them that *their* reign is o’er;
 ‘ For whosoe’er this Princess chance to view,
 ‘ May perish hopeless, but must perish true.

‘ Her Aulum too (the fairest of the Fair)
 ‘ Entreats this golden Ring to take and wear.
 ‘ This hoop in herbs shall make its wearer wise,
 ‘ And purge the dimness from her mortal eyes:
 ‘ By this the medicinal power is known
 ‘ To ease the fest’ring flesh, or fractur’d bone,
 ‘ And banish from the frame each varied ill
 ‘ That Life in all its accidents can feel.
 ‘ For, when you lightly rub th’ enchanted gold,
 ‘ Flow’rs, hid before, their forms to sight unfold;
 ‘ And on their leaves, in mystic characters,
 ‘ Of which the knowledge this alone confers,
 ‘ Is written, how the Leech that plant should use
 ‘ To close the gash or dissipate the bruise.
 ‘ Yet more; through this, no bird shall utter sound
 ‘ But she its meaning shall at once expound,
 ‘ And in like language answer, if she hold
 ‘ Within her coral mouth this hoop of gold.

‘ Then shall she know when Choirs of songsters raise
 ‘ Their notes to Heav’n in unaffected praise;
 ‘ When Philomel attunes her evening hymn,
 ‘ Or the loud sky-lark chaunts her matins trim:
 ‘ Distinguish then amid the peopled grove,
 ‘ The hum of care, the little arts of love;
 ‘ And, as her famish’d brood the Vulture leads,
 ‘ Learn where the combat burns and where the war-
 rior bleeds.

‘ The naked Sword, that in my belt is hung,
 ‘ Now last shall exercise my weary tongue.
 ‘ With twofold virtue was this Sabre made;
 ‘ Keen are the point and edges; flat the blade:
 ‘ No armour can resist the piercing stroke,
 ‘ Though steel, and thicker than a writhed oak,
 ‘ Whose summit bare with ragged horns appears,
 ‘ The sport of thunder for a thousand years:
 ‘ Nor ever may the power of med’cine heal
 ‘ The flesh, that once its biting edge shall feel,
 ‘ Till of this self-same sword the flatten’d side
 ‘ Be with slow friction to the wound apply’d;
 ‘ Then will the gangrenes to the touch give way;
 ‘ The gashes close, and ev’n the scars decay:
 ‘ So potent is the sword to cure or kill,
 ‘ So steep’d in double magic, good and ill.

‘ Such then, Cambuscan! are the presents giv’n
 ‘ By Him, whose throne beholds the southern heav’n.

' Such gifts he deems, from all his Empire's store,
 ' More precious far than tons of glittering ore;
 ' Richer than all which Ophir's realms combine,
 ' With the bright product of Golconda's mine.
 ' Take them, Oh King! and from thy royal heart
 ' Return the friendship which my words impart:
 ' In either sphere be War's red banner furl'd,
 ' And one wide spreading Olive shade the world.'

He ceas'd; applauses burst from all the host,
 But soon were hush'd in breathing whispers lost.
 As when the billows on the sea-beat shore
 Rush in, and overwhelm some cavern's sandy floor;
 Through the broad space th' expiring waves divide
 With lessening murmurs, and in foam subside.
 At once Cambuscan said, ' Sir Knight! receive
 ' The warmest welcome that a Prince can give:
 ' I greet you for the royal gifts you bring;
 ' I greet you as the semblance of your King;
 ' I greet you for yourself: a nobler Knight
 ' Was never hail'd in Hall, or met in fight.
 ' The power, the grandeur of your Monarch's throne,
 ' Your words avouch, to me before unknown:
 ' Since, 'twixt your mighty monarch's rule and me,
 ' Kâf stands an everlasting boundary;
 ' Kâf, on whose brow the Fays in squadrons bright }
 ' Dwell bless'd; while, in his caves, to central night }
 ' Th' immutable decree has doom'd each rebel Sprite. }

' Great though his name, it seldom meets our ear:
 ' Fame's voice grows weak ere she report it here;
 ' And the proud trophies of his sculptur'd hall
 ' We learn by piecemeal, if we learn at all.
 ' For, as the clouds from yonder mountains height
 ' Lour black at first, and all the plains affright,
 ' But sailing o'er the globe, by motion wear,
 ' Fade by degrees, and melt at last in air;
 ' So Fame, though thundering o'er the nations round,
 ' Speaks less and less distinct till space devour the sound.
 ' But be it as it may; we thank your Lord
 ' For gifts, surpassing what our realms afford:
 ' We have no Glass, the thoughts of Men to prove;
 ' Our crown's sole safeguard is our People's love:
 ' Nor, should I rise in anger, can I cure
 ' The hurts my foes must from this steel endure.
 ' But what we can we will: Cathaia pours
 ' To me her silks; their Gem the Baltic shores:^f
 ' And with perpetual charms Circassia teems,
 ' More bright than diamonds or Aurora's beams,
 ' Of these to share with me your King shall deign,
 ' And taste the riches of my northern reign.
 ' Meantime, Sir Knight! approach, an honour'd guest:
 ' Partake the pleasures of our Tartar feast:
 ' Then late refresh'd, the memory of your toil
 ' Steep in soft slumbers till the morning smile.'

^f *To me, &c.*] Amber is the Baltic Gem.

This said, the Knight retir'd: without the gate
 Dismounting, to a room of costly state,
 Grave Ushers led him; his bright arms unlac'd,
 And o'er his limbs a robe of honour cast.
 Then to the royal board, in due array
 A band of Tartar Nobles led the way,
 And right against the King the Stranger set,
 And serv'd with racy wine and strengthening meat.
 The mirror and the ring the Seneschal
 To Canace presented, in the hall:
 And to three Priests (the delegates of heav'n)
 The Sabre in especial charge was giv'n.
 Holding the Sword they stood in solemn guise;
 Till from the festive board the King should rise:
 For *This* Cambuscan's mighty power ordain'd,
 Should in the sepulchre of Gingham stand,
 Where all the treasures of the Empire shone,
 And none might enter save the king alone.

The Horse was left without; the solar rays
 Reflected, all the metal seem'd to blaze.
 But on the pavement motionless it stood:
 Bootless their force the sturdy Yeomen bow'd,
 Bootless to lift it up with pulleys tried,
 And levers underneath the chest applied.
 Stedfast the frame remain'd, where late the Knight
 (His audience o'er) had halted to alight,
 Like a primæval rock, whose roots have birth
 In the firm centre of the solid earth:

As if the brass deriv'd from him that rode
The powers of life that in its action glow'd.

Great was the press from every part that came,
To vent their wonder on the brazen frame:
So well proportion'd in its height and length,
So finish'd, so compact for speed and strength.
The model seem'd to all, there might not be
A Courser more complete in Tartary:
Nor e'er could art this perfect piece exceed,
Or Nature match the artificial Steed.
But their most wonder was, that brass could move
Along the Earth, or in the Air above?
All said the like was never seen before:
Some, that it sprung from chance; a few, it wore
The traces of a philosophic hand:
And others thought it came from Fairy land.
Loud grew their hum, as of unnumber'd bees
That urge their toil around the dewy trees,
While each the question argued; each express'd
At once his thoughts, nor listen'd to the rest.
Some, who had read of wonders wrought of yore,
With pride unbosom'd all their treasur'd lore;
And spake of Pegasus, the Muses' joy,
And Sinon's wooden Horse, the bane of Troy.
Some, who with penetrating eyes could scan
(At least they thought so) all the wiles of Man,
To augur mischief from the gift began—

}

And said, an armed Host was sure within,
 Which in the dead of night the town would win:
 And others thought the whole was but a sleight,
 A visionary fabric; and the Knight
 Some juggler, us'd with subtleties to wait,
 For hire, at the carousals of the great.
 Thus reason'd they; and thus essay'd to bend
 What their sense reach'd not, to a meaner end:
 And such is Man: whene'er the human mind
 To the first rise or scope of things is blind,
 The worst conclusions from events it draws,
 And all refers to some suspicious cause.

Some of the Mirror talk'd, contriv'd with art
 To bare the secret workings of the heart.
 Some thought it fashion'd by celestial aid;
 Others, that by Catoptrics it was made:
 These said that once imperial Rome possess'd
 A glass like this, that hidden thoughts express'd;
 And shew'd that, in his time, Alhazen^g knew
 (And Aristotle and Vitellion too)
 The rules by which the rays on glasses act;
 And wherefore some reflect and some refract.

Apart from these the scientific knot,
 Whose deep attention the flat Sabre caught,
 On accidents of old in converse fell,
 And gravely cited cases parallel:

^g Chaucer seems to have had very indistinct notions of Optics: Vitellion and Alhazen wrote on perspective.

Of Telephus and of Achilles spoke;^h
 And of the process whence the metal took
 Its temper, and its power to save or kill,
 From simples mix'd in fusion with the steel.

But the enchanted Ring they all agreed,
 Not one among the presents might exceed;
 Yet some there were who e'en of this made light:
 That still is strange, whose cause is out of sight,
 They laughing said: a glass you well discern,
 But cannot trace it to the roots of fern:
 Nor when reduc'd to ash those roots you see,
 Would think that they should e'er transparent be.—
 Nay, still ye guess not whence the thunders rise
 That daily burst and roar along the skies:
 Ye see the Gossamer in air that sails;
 The mist that broods upon the fertile vales;
 Ye witness Neptune with rapacious hand
 Usurp and quit again the barren strand,
 Twice, while this Globe of earth but once revolves;
 Yet none of what he sees the reason solves:
 Then why such wonder here? Th' effect is plain;
 The cause, like others, ye explore in vain.

But Phœbus now from his meridian height
 Was driving to the west the car of light,

^h *Of Telephus, &c.*] Telephus opposed the progress of the Greeks through his dominions in their way to Troy, and was wounded by Achilles with his spear. Ovid says he would have died, if Achilles had not effected his cure by applying the same spear to the wound. Pliny reasons on this transaction.

When, as his ancient custom was, the King
 Bad wide the portals of the chamber fling,
 And rose a tower of God-like majesty.
 At once, from every board, of each degree
 Up sprung the guests; and still awhile they stood }
 Attentive till the cornets, rattling loud, }
 Each to his place should warn the various crowd. }
 Then all were marshall'd by the rank they bore
 In splendid files: the Minstrels went before;
 And as their warlike symphony they play'd,
 The troops each cadence in their march obey'd.
 First to the royal monument they sped,
 Where ever-burning incense grac'd the dead:
 In a wide court it stood; where never sound
 Was heard, save echoes of the Conch profound,
 By self secluded men (who dwell for aye
 In vaults below, nor taste the light of day),
 In solemn alternation slowly blown,
 That the same mournful note prolong'd the sullen tone.
 Here stood the building:¹ its enormous height
 Caught the first glances of the morning light.

¹ *Here stood, &c.*] In this description, and in what follows in the sixth book concerning the tomb of Ginghamcan, the reader will perceive that I have borne in mind the account of the Mausoleum of the Lama in Mr. Turner's account of Thibet. I have not adhered wholly to that model, conceiving that it would be impossible to convey by words alone a distinct idea of the complex parts of that building which Mr. Turner has made familiar to us by his excellent plate. The Red Dragon of the Chinese Empire may be supposed to have been originally the crest of

Of copper was the roof; and round its rim
 Four snaky volumes cast a fiery gleam,
 And up the angles to the summit roll'd,
 Met in a monstrous shape, of dragon mould,
 Which, once distinguish'd as Gingham's crest,
 Now with its crimson scales his tomb compress.
 Full often in the court, in crowds before
 The portal, holy men would Heav'n adore;
 But Mortal ne'er beyond the threshold past,
 Save He, whose hand the Tartar sceptre grac'd.
 Without the walls the long procession staid;
 And, kneeling on the earth, with fervor pray'd,
 While still the dismal knell rung hollow for the
 dead. }

Cambuscan from the priests with solemn look,
 The sword, amidst a general silence, took,
 And past within the dome: meantime the guard
 The chill of lengthen'd expectation shar'd;
 Still gazing on the door, in mute array,
 And counting every moment of his stay.
 And Oh! how their unfolding looks betray'd
 The gathering sound of his returning tread!
 Till once again the golden hinges roll'd;
 And once again they might their Lord behold:

Ginghiz, as the present dynasty in China is Tartarian. The subterranean employment here given to certain priests, I must take upon my own shoulders: but it is not much more irksome than many duties, which, Mr. Turner says, the Gylongs actually practise.

Then (by a tenfold bolt the portal clos'd)
 The order of their march the Seneschal dispos'd.
 Moving in solemn shew, against their way
 (Rais'd for the purpose) a Pavilion lay:
 A choir of Dames was rang'd within the hall;
 And other Minstrels, cloath'd in richest pall,
 Breath'd such delicious music through the air
 From flutes melodious, that 'twas heav'n to hear.
 And straight a merry peal the citterns rung,
 To summon to the dance the fair and young.

Cambuscan, from a silver throne, beheld
 The quaint manœuvres of that gallant field;
 And will'd, in honour of the Knight, that he
 Should dance the round with sprightly Canace.
 The Stranger, in the polish'd arts imbued
 That mark illustrious peers from chieftains rude,
 And tempering still with deference what he said,
 Won smiles of favour from the royal Maid:
 That oft she thought, if worth like this adorn
 A subject, what are they from Aulum born?

They, on whose birth the star of Venus shed
 Its radiance, ever best the measure tread:
 And now that star an influence deign'd to fling
 That freshen'd ev'ry grace, and added to their spring.
 What figures did each pair with nimble feet
 Describe! though sever'd oft, again to meet:
 What precious moments might each youth command
 To breathe a vow or press a willing hand!

There was the blush that cannot praise endure,
 The smile just stealing o'er the lip demure,
 The mincing coyness and the downcast eye,
 Where close in ambush amorous glances lie,
 Till the sour husband from his watch retire,
 Or to repose withdraw the wearied sire.
 Her daughter fondly then each mother ey'd
 And felt the warmth of pardonable pride;
 She thought all saw with her too partial eyes,
 And hop'd the rich would combat for the prize—
 'How sweet the smiles that sport upon her lips!
 'How Cambal gazes as along she trips!
 'Sure those are living, who the times have seen,
 'When charms less winning have preferr'd a Queen.'

None in this dance before his equals prest:
 To revels Ceremony gives a zest.
 Thus, if some practis'd hand a landscape trace,
 Where all the features have their proper grace,
 Meads, swells, and alps, in due gradation join,
 And altering tints the distances define;
 And ev'ry part, by Nature's prime controul,
 Keeps its due rank to harmonize the whole.
 So in the royal presence none might err,
 Or with another's station interfere:
 Its proper rank was mark'd for every class;
 And none their peers in splendour might surpass:
 Of equal water jewels were assign'd
 To each, and none had different gems combin'd:

Each saw the next above outshine his own,
 Till the bright scale of lustre reach'd the throne.
 As radiant stars, with each their share of light,
 Blaze, more or less, but all adorn the night;
 So in this order'd hall the plainest there
 Was plac'd, where plainness aptly might appear:
 In unison the whole before you lay;
 Nor was there aught your judgment wish'd away:
 All parts exactly fitted for the whole,
 And that a perfect sight to charm the soul.
 In midst of all, a master Chamberlain
 Held o'er the general feast a guiding rein:
 And deeply skill'd in festive works was he
 Whose brain devis'd such various revelry;
 Where all was ready, ev'ry sport combin'd,
 To sooth the sense or captivate the mind.
 The careful grooms, in golden ew'rs, brought down
 Store of rich wine to this Pavilion;
 And added spiceries (nutritious fare)
 Th' exhausted strength and spirits to repair;
 And rich confection serv'd, and cooling fruit,
 The thirst of each, and appetite to suit:
 And still the merry pipe so briskly blew;
 The tabor sounded, and the Dancers flew;
 That all was frolic with the light and strong,
 And Age itself look'd wistful on the throng.

To Youth so charming is the sprightly dance
 That time, the while, seems never to advance:

And *those* the rising Sun has often seen
 Dance the same measure on the shaven green,
 Which, ere he slumber'd in the west, began;
 Heedless of his return, that marks the span
 Of days—of life—for life is lapse of years—
 Heedless of all Man seeks, of all he fears.
 Nor would this revel (which Cambuscan's care
 Had thrown betwixt the feast and hour of prayer,
 A transient interlude to please the fair),
 Have ceas'd, while twilight had one ray in store
 To wake a sparkle from the Gems they wore;
 But he, the quaint comptroller of the band,
 Rais'd, at th' appointed hour, his ivory wand.
 At once the pipe was dumb; the sport was o'er;
 And listless stood the dancers on the floor,
 With trembling limbs and with disorder'd dress,
 And locks unbound in many a flowing tress.
 Thus when some potent spell the sky deforms,
 And from their deep abysses calls the storms,
 With a wide sweep the forceful blast descends,
 And all the forest to its impulse bends:—
 This way and that the groaning branches strain;
 Now stoop, and now elastic spring again;
 Till he, who summon'd forth the stormy gloom,
 Drive with his thrilling voice the Tempest home.
 Instant the winds obey the magic will;
 Instant the quivering trees are hush'd and still,

But ruffled with the blast, despoil'd, and rude,
And with light foliage half the plains are strew'd.

But anxious to renew the sacred rite,
And pour a nation's pray'r ere close of night,
Cambuscan bad the long procession speed,
(Himself the first) and to the fane proceed.
Within the mighty dome, with sober pace,
He march'd; the ranks unfolding fill'd the space.
The walls, where clefts aloft let in the light,
In broad projections mark'd the path of night;
And the last radiance of expiring day
Just trembled on the frieze, and died away.
Loud to the throne of Heav'n they rais'd the song;
Responsive music through the temple rung;
Conchs, cymbals, trumpets, shriller flutes of bone,
And brass sonorous, fill'd the choral tone.
Of him they sung,^k who far from mortal view,
High on thy golden summit, *Soomeroo*!
O'er infinite extent his eye-ball rolls,
And worlds in discord with a glance controuls:
Who, for the general welfare, now creates;
Now, as his wisdom wills, annihilates:
Of him, whose pity to mankind infolds
Th' ethereal essence in successive moulds;

^k *Of him, &c.*] The instruments are such as are described as used by the Gylongs in Mr. Turner's book. *Soomeroo* is an imaginary mountain, on which the Thibetians suppose the chief of all the deities to reside.

And, as decays one Lama's earthly form,¹
 Gives the same spirit some new frame to warm :
 Of him they sung, from whom the genial sun
 Learns, for the weal of man, his course to run ;
 Whose voice the slumbering seed in April hears,
 And its green promise to the surface rears ;
 By whom the dreadful arm of war is strung ;
 Who gilds the old with hope, with smiles the young ;
 By whom th' imperial rod Cambuscan bears,
 And in his mighty mind entombs a nation's cares.

The rite concluded, to the royal dome
 With torches blazing to dispel the gloom,
 In self appointed bands they took their way
 To end in joy the revels of the day.
 From the rich roof a thousand tapers hung,
 That o'er the hall a mimic daylight flung :
 The tables were adorn'd with quaint device ;
 The courses light, but dainties all of price ;
 And they who serv'd were tripping pages, dress'd
 In antic shapes, as at a fairy feast.
 Soft breathing melodies, from choirs unseen,
 Swell'd in the breeze, with rural songs between ;
 While burnish'd fountains, as the master will'd,
 Their streams nectareous in the bowls distill'd :

¹ *And as, &c.*] Alluding to the regeneration of the Lama: as soon as the sovereign Lama is dead his spirit passes into the body of a new-born infant, and at a very early period of its new existence is supposed to disclose itself to the higher priests by certain signs to them intelligible.

And all the joys that mortal sense can taste,
When Mirth with Splendour weds, were here embrac'd.

The Nurse of pure digestion, balmy Sleep,
Now o'er the brows of all began to creep,
And whispering, that e'en Bliss had need of rest,
On their dull eyes his leaden lips imprest.
Nor pomp shook off the God, nor jovial wine;
His poppies overtopp'd the drooping Vine:
All felt by slow degress their fire decay;
All late retir'd; Cambuscan led the way.
Cares, Hopes, and Joys, in one repose were drown'd:
And universal stillness brooded round.

BOOK THE SECOND.

BUT anxious cares the strangers mind assail'd,
By passions tost, which art in public veil'd:
Schemes, doubts and hopes, and fears before him roll'd:
Reflexion shook his heart, by nature bold.
Acban his name: to him in Ophir's realm
Great Aulum had consign'd his Empire's helm;
And skill'd he was so dear a charge to bear,
The first in council and the first in war.

Ambition was his God: from nothing grown
So vast, his bulk seem'd equal to a throne:
But, prudent, still he wrought by slow degrees:
To rule aspiring, 'twas his aim to please.
His lowliness was but a mask for pride;
His loyalty to treason near allied;
And howsoe'er he acted, look'd, or said,
All to the sceptre of his wishes led.
For this, the favour of his King he sought;
Fathom'd the close recesses of his thought,
And ev'ry wish ere yet 'twas ripen'd caught:

}

And when he found the splendour of his crown,
 A frontier widening, and increas'd renown,
 Were e'er predominant in Aulum's breast,
 (Sport of his chase and revel of his feast)
 Still creeping into each discourse he held,
 (All other subjects to that point compell'd)
 The flame by crafty soothing Acban fann'd;
 New spoils imagin'd, new invasions plann'd;
 And, though strict justice ne'er his claims allow'd,
 Whate'er they were, his valour made them good:
 Conscious that flattery, cloath'd in flattering deeds,
 The softest unction of the tongue exceeds.
 Still he would picture war, eternal war,
 As the sole scope and end of royal care:
 He whose great mind can marshal, he would say,
 His host to conquest, in a well fought day,
 The moth-worn slaves at home, as pastime rules;
 Peace-lovers, if they reign, must govern fools.

By this a threefold end his craft attain'd;
 All who his glozing swallow'd, soon disdain'd
 The Empire's heir; for he, howe'er his mind
 Teem'd with all virtues that adorn mankind,
 Saw not with Aulum's widely ranging eyes,
 Nor his realms welfare measur'd by its size.
 Next Aulum, us'd from day to day to hear
 In Acban's voice the note of trophies near,
 Still more and more to War and Conquest won,
 Admir'd his fav'rite, and despis'd his son.

Last, the rough soldiers (for this Leader knew
 Ev'n in his strict command to flatter too),
 Him, who to spoil the greedy squadrons led,
 Him, who the sick reliev'd, the needy fed,
 With universal voice to power would raise:
 Acban was all the idol of their praise:
 Acban, the soldier's friend, by all was known;
 Acban protects, and should enjoy the throne
 When Aulum's virtues with his breath are gone. }

Restless he lay: for sleep is not the prize
 Of strength, or bought with gold that all things buys.
 His conscience was to him the magic glass,
 And made in sad review his treacheries pass
 Through his dark mind: abus'd his monarch's ear;
 Foul plots against the kingdom's royal heir;
 And ev'n this embassy betray'd and lost,
 Though by himself advis'd, and back'd by Aulum's host.
 For other words was Acban taught to speak;
 Submission, not alliance, sent to seek.
 Fix'd on one object, his delusive tongue
 Long on Cambuscan's wealth and power had hung,
 And fed rapacious Aulum's eager mind
 With hopes of spoil and fame, to justice blind.
 For this (the troops prepar'd) was Acban sent
 In embassy, to veil their black intent,
 To claim the realms old Cabul's walls around,
 (Then of the Tartar swàÿ the southern bound,)

Which, when the hordes that held them southward
pass'd,

Cambuscan in his ample rule embrac'd:

To claim, with specious plea, this fertile space,

As wrested from the migratory race,

Which late to Aulum's power had homage paid,

And at his feet their wide possessions laid.

But Acban, by a foul Enchanter fraught

With the rich presents for that purpose wrought,

Conceal'd, beneath the semblance of advice,

Dark and broad schemes himself to aggrandize.

For, should the Tartar yield Cabulstan's throne,

He meant to claim that honour as his own,

The meed of high desert and service done:

And should Cambuscan frown on Aulum's claim,

War might afford his hopes a larger aim;

Since, on the brazen Horse, he thought to raise

Such trophies, and so deep to plant his praise,

That Aulum's squadrons, urg'd by headlong zeal,

The bond of loyalty should cease to feel,

Hurl from his height their sovereign's peaceful son,

And Acban's wishes glut with Ophir's splendid crown.

Such were his views, when, on the charmed frame,

In an ill hour to Sarra's court he came;

But the King's greatness and his daughter's eye

Had chang'd at once th' intended Embassy:

For scarce the one had borne a threat of arms;

And his heart felt the other's matchless charms.

He thought a servile soul could never lie
 Beneath such features, flame from such an eye
 As shone on Sarra's throne : unlike to yield,
 This King seem'd more unlike to be compell'd;
 For such a band of peers was marshall'd round,
 Such terrors in each Warrior's visage frown'd,
 Such arms he saw, such steeds, such just array,
 As promis'd all the world an easy prey.
 Ev'n in Cambuscan's mien, his skill could see
 The certain end of rash hostility :
 Like Kâf he stood ; all dreadful, when the storm
 Shoots fiery bolts athwart his gloomy form ;
 Yet mild in sunshine from the northern gale,
 Shielding the riches of the subject vale,
 And, from the polish of his marble brow,
 Reflecting Heav'n's own rays on all below.

But if such thoughts to move him might conspire,
 He felt no less the impulse of desire ;
 And when the Tartar princess met his eyes,
 At once he mark'd her beauties as his prize.
 Oh, mind of Man ! when Beauty spreads her snare,
 How poor thy strength ! how impotent thy care !
 As the vast Dolphins all their power resign,
 And, hook'd, obey the weakest, slightest line ;
 So at the beck of beauty wisdom lies,
 And schemes are chang'd as roll a woman's eyes.
 Then did his fraudulent mind a tale compose
 To win Cambuscan with insidious gloze :

Dropp'd all the menace, all the tone of War,
 And pour'd persuasive soothings in his ear;
 That hospitable rites might yield him space
 To build his mischiefs on a larger base.

The chamber where he lay was wide and high;
 Its front oppos'd against the southern sky;
 And Cynthia, through the windows gleaming bright,
 Shed on the walls and floor a silver light.

At once, as if Eclipse the solar beam
 Had quench'd, and left the Moon forlorn and dim,
 The lustre fail'd: a red and swarthy gloom,

But pervious to the eye, o'erspread the room;
 And just where Slumber oft, with ebon wand,
 Hums in the drowsy ear his murmur bland,
 A figure indistinct was seen to stand. }

Aged and scarcely human was its look;
 Its eyes, like flame seen flashing through a smoke: }
 And thus, with hollow tone, abrupt it spoke: }

' Ill may'st thou rest, Oh Acban! ill deserves

' The man, who from a fraud concerted swerves.

' Trod'st thou upon the mountains of the Moon,^a

' The first uncharmed step, to ask a boon

' Surpassing all below and all above,

' And dar'st thou prostitute that boon on love?

^a *Trod'st thou, &c.*] The mountains of the Moon, called by the Arabs El Komri, are in the heart of Africa, south west of Abyssinia, and north of Sofala, or Ophir. They have never been reached by any known traveller. The oriental mythology places the Dom Daniel, or metropolis of the evil spirits, in a high mountain in Africa.

' Did I construct so deep, so strong a spell,
 ' As binds my soul more horribly to hell,
 ' To frame rare presents for Cambuscan's court,
 ' The gaze of fools and thoughtless women's sport
 ' Had I not thought thy treachery firm and broad,
 ' And thee a fit artificer of fraud,
 ' No aid from me, light Man! had e'er been thine,
 ' Who, frail of purpose, mar'st thy own design.—
 ' Man, unenlighten'd Man, may win a Dame—
 ' I stoop not to assist so poor an aim.'

' Spare,' Acban quick replied, ' Dyr-Zoro! spare
 ' Thy keen reproof: our scheme is yet my care.—
 ' True, I have wish'd to make this Dame my prize;
 ' Fir'd by the sparkles of her radiant eyes:
 ' True, I have giv'n the Horse, no terms propos'd;—
 ' But think not all my purpose is disclos'd.
 ' Cambuscan has the Steed: the magic sword
 ' Is plac'd with reverence in his sacred hoard:
 ' The Glass, the Ring are Canace's; but how
 ' Can they their virtues try till we allow?
 ' Cambuscan has the Steed: the secret skill
 ' To raise, depress, to stop him, and to wheel,
 ' He has not: and till these be fully known,
 ' The Horse is worth the metals weight alone.
 ' The other gifts contain a certain charm;
 ' But thy controlling science can disarm
 ' Their power, if e'er to us they threaten harm;

}

' If ever they who wield them should evade
 ' The complicated snares by Acban laid.
 ' Know then, I gave them, with the poppied balm
 ' Of confidence, suspicion's mind to calm,
 ' And lull the wakeful eyes of policy,
 ' That none, however wise, my deeds might see.
 ' Whilst I (at whom the Tartar nobles stare
 ' As one with whom a Steed that moves in air,
 ' A magic sword, a magic Glass and Ring,
 ' Are valued but as presents for a King),
 ' Dive into ev'ry bosom, separate
 ' The few (if such there be) whose minds are great,
 ' From the base crowd, who flock where'er they find
 ' Power, with a will to feed their vice, combin'd.
 ' These may I mould and fashion to my will,
 ' Where'er their interest calls they follow still,
 ' By natural disposition fram'd for ill.'

' But wherefore this?' the sage Dyr-Zoro said,
 ' To what success will all thy plottings lead?
 ' Not all the mastery of the powerful spell,
 ' Not all the cunning e'er devis'd in Hell,
 ' Can shake Cambuscan on his righteous throne:
 ' His cause, for he is just, heav'n makes its own.

' Those fabrics from my secret science sprung
 ' Tell to that science (but with soundless tongue)
 ' Whatever chance befall them: whence I learn'd
 ' Thy bounty, no equivalent return'd.

' Thus much my charms inform; but in a mind
 ' Involv'd with many a fold of art refin'd,
 ' Where fraud seems truth, and truth (to me who know
 ' Thy nature) seems from artifice to flow,
 ' In a wide maze of falsehood, such as thine,
 ' Not Magic's self can guess at thy design.
 ' Thou cam'st of War or Peace to yield the choice
 ' To Tartary; thyself did'st give th' advice:
 ' And whether War or Peace the King might choose,
 ' 'Twas sure to favour thy ambitious views.
 ' But now, the presents giv'n, the claims must cease;
 ' And Acban lose his hopes in idle peace.'

' If I did counsel Aulum, mighty sage!'

The Warrior cried, ' to brave Cambuscan's rage;
 ' No benefit to him my counsel meant:
 ' His pride a colour to my purpose lent.
 ' Th' intention of my mind when, arm'd by thee
 ' With charms of unexampled mastery,
 ' I reach'd the Tartar court, thy wisdom knows:
 ' From prudence, not from chance, the change arose.
 ' To plan is easy; but experience grave,
 ' Plans to occasion suits, to none a slave:
 ' And sure 'twere less to gain a petty crown,
 ' Than make this Dame and Ophir's realm my own.
 ' 'Tis ineffectual here to work by force;
 ' I trust not, 'gainst this King, thy Brazen Horse:
 ' And Ophir's troops, should Ophir send her bands
 ' To wrest his sceptre from Cambuscan's hands.

‘ Though high in pride, and us’d to victory,
 ‘ Scar’d at his casual glance in shameful rout would fly.

‘ No—Fraud must guide our steps: fair Canace,
 ‘ Cambuscan, too secure, shall trust to me;
 ‘ And, ere the Moon twice change, the steed shall bear
 ‘ To Komri’s distant cave the panting Fair;
 ‘ Where, safe within the circle of thy spell,
 ‘ Far from the ken of Rumour she shall dwell,
 ‘ Till nought too costly for her ransom seem,
 ‘ And Acban gain his wish, a Diadem.
 ‘ For when her charms are mine, I will repair
 ‘ To Aulum, and with falsehoods taint his ear,
 ‘ That he shall think despis’d his embassy,
 ‘ And rush upon his fate, led on by me.
 ‘ Quick from the Caverns, ambush’d where they lie,
 ‘ His squadrons shall the Tartar king defy,
 ‘ And *they*, whom here my former glozing won,
 ‘ Shall raise their standard ’gainst Cambuscan’s crown:
 ‘ Then to th’ astonish’d king shall Acban send
 ‘ Promise of quick relief, and seem a friend;
 ‘ Shall plight his troth fierce Aulum to betray,
 ‘ And all th’ intestine treachery display:
 ‘ Aid on th’ enchanted Horse Cambuscan’s power;
 ‘ And yet uninjur’d Canace restore;
 ‘ So Acban, as her lord, the king will own,
 ‘ And his claims strengthen to th’ Ophirian throne.
 ‘ And he will own me: reasons strong will join
 ‘ With him, to make those glorious objects mine:

' For to his virtuous mind will ne'er be known
 ' That Aulum by my treason lost his crown,
 ' And in the Tartar Court conspiracy was sown. }
 ' To him my crimes will shew as errors light;
 ' Stol'n marriage, sanction'd by no sacred rite—
 ' Revolt—and Magic—but all born of Love—
 ' And what his daughter caus'd he must approve.'
 ' Oh! form'd to rule—in whose unfathom'd breast'
 (Dyr-Zoro said) ' such deep resources rest;
 ' Whose various fraud, whate'er events befall,
 ' Its form can change, and harmonize with all—
 ' If ever mortal from the powers below
 ' Deserv'd their aid, to crown a vassal brow;
 ' If ever wickedness, unsoil'd by good,
 ' Fill'd the whole mind of one of human brood,
 ' (For we, the builders of the powerful spell,
 ' Owe half our being to the sons of hell,)
 ' Acban! 'tis thine: whatever human fraud,
 ' Vers'd in all arts, by no compunction aw'd,
 ' And aided by infernal arts, can win,
 ' Count as thy own, thou masterpiece of Sin?
 ' Much can my skill effect: but to foretel
 ' The course of unborn things, exceeds my spell:
 ' All that the march of Time has yet reveal'd,
 ' All that now is, howe'er in mystery veil'd,
 ' All that his forward path will bring to pass,
 ' Is grav'd by nameless hands on leaves of brass.

' Quick as Time moves, Fate turns the leaf as fast,
 ' And Magic learns the present and the past:
 ' But ne'er was fram'd a spell, so vast in pow'r,
 ' To lift one leaf, unturn'd by Fate before.
 ' Let us then to the present hour confine
 ' Our schemes, to further thy supreme design.—
 ' Cast not a wish beyond: the truly bold
 ' The future seeks not, and contemns, foretold.
 ' What passions in Cambuscan's court prevail,
 ' Where thy deep craft may work, and where may
 ' fail,
 ' My science now shall to thy ear impart,
 ' And aid (if aid it need) thy matchless art.
 ' No vices lurk, no envy, pride or spleen,
 ' In Canace, Cambuscan, or his queen.
 ' In the same path the noble Algarsife
 ' Preserves the spotless progress of his life:
 ' And, if a subject murmur at the throne,
 ' The fault is not the monarch's, but his own:
 ' As in the pure expanse, the planets bright
 ' Move in just measure, with unfading light;
 ' And should some cloud obscure the glittering beam,
 ' From earth the vapour rises, not from them.
 ' But Cambalo capricious fancies move;
 ' By flattery somewhat bias'd, more by love.
 ' His roving eyes a fickle heart evince;
 ' But short attentions please, when from a prince:

‘ And though but few his opening years have been,
 ‘ Those years a dame betray’d and him forsworn have
 ‘ seen,
 ‘ Him thou may’st sap: but lest thy touch profane
 ‘ Wake his inherent worth to just disdain,
 ‘ Win Erbol first—: cold disappointment lours
 ‘ On Erbol’s sanguine youth, and stamps him ours.
 ‘ Bred with the royal sons, and early great,
 ‘ His expectation grasps an higher state:—
 ‘ ’Tis Canace he seeks:—but pomp and pride
 ‘ And grandeur, are his objects, not the bride.
 ‘ Brave, rash, ambitious, profligate and vain,
 ‘ He’d dare the worst, a monarch’s love to gain:
 ‘ Shew but the tinsel glare of wealth and fame,
 ‘ And Erbol will resign the royal Dame,
 ‘ Advance thy plans, Cambuscan undermine,
 ‘ And sooth *his* hate in aiding *thy* design.
 ‘ For, ever prompt in vicious joys to lead,
 ‘ And o’er young Cambal’s mind the canker spread,
 ‘ The prince and king to him their grace deny,
 ‘ And dim with frowns the lustre of his eye:
 ‘ Whence fell Revenge (for Wickedness o’erturn’d
 ‘ More indignation feels than Merit spurn’d,)
 ‘ Inflames each passion, warps each faculty,
 ‘ And gives him, unreserv’d, a tool to thee.
 ‘ This Man, though both in craft and war unskill’d,
 ‘ Assistance, ev’n to Acban’s arm, may yield:

- ‘ Erbol can boast of valour, wealth, and friends
 ‘ Whose manners correspond with crooked ends;
 ‘ For nought but Vice on powerful Vice depends: }
 ‘ And Etha (plac’d by Erbol’s early care)
 ‘ His sister, waits on Canace the fair:
 ‘ Plac’d, to win Canace for Erbol’s wife,
 ‘ Or dazzle with her beauties Algarsife;
 ‘ Fit sister for such brother: she shall blind
 ‘ (For it is keen and shrewd) her lady’s mind:
 ‘ Thy pictur’d virtues, not thy love, disclose;
 ‘ And cheat her ears to listen to thy gloze.
 ‘ Till Confidence her shield from Wisdom steal,
 ‘ And Acban’s many-channel’d frauds prevail.
 ‘ Thy master-hand shall touch another spring:
 ‘ Wolodimir, Muscovia’s humbled king,
 ‘ (Bow’d by Combuscan’s arm) each rolling year
 ‘ His tribute to this court is doom’d to bear;
 ‘ And, while these revels last, in Sarra stay
 ‘ To grace his potent conqueror’s natal day.
 ‘ Nor he alone; but with her sire must come
 ‘ Proud Theodora, now in beauty’s bloom:
 ‘ So wide her charms enraptur’d hearts inspire,
 ‘ That scarce the Princess kindles fiercer fire:
 ‘ But none so struck as noble Algarsife,
 ‘ Who to the Dame devotes his crown and life.
 ‘ Nor lightly does he love: though nurs’d in war,
 ‘ Perchance she may her port too roughly bear;

‘ Yet that superior mind this Princess decks,
 ‘ That sometimes lifts a Dame above her sex.
 ‘ The qualities of Algarsife might move
 ‘ Her heart, and almost win her to his love,
 ‘ But bred to think that martial fame alone
 ‘ Exalts mankind and dignifies a throne,
 ‘ She fain would scorn a youth, whose maiden spear
 ‘ No trophies, but at Tourneys, boasts to bear:
 ‘ And yet again, in patriot anger, vows
 ‘ No Tartar Prince shall boast his vassal as his spouse.
 ‘ What need I shew to thee, what aids arise
 ‘ From these Muscovian jars and jealousies?
 ‘ The King, for he who once has tasted sway,
 ‘ Subdued, can never from his heart obey,
 ‘ Will clip thee in his arms, and give thee all
 ‘ His pow’r can raise, to work Cambuscan’s fall:
 ‘ For his deep thoughts are bent on Russia’s crown;
 ‘ And he disdains the Tartar as a son.

‘ But let me speed away—my tardy flight
 ‘ Must hang upon the doubtful rear of Night:
 ‘ And should a charmer of the shades beneath
 ‘ Linger, till on the world Aurora breathe,
 ‘ In upper air; his power must sink opprest
 ‘ If question’d by the Genie’s ever blest.—
 ‘ Such was our doom of yore: it fits that I
 ‘ Catch the last gloom that gives me safe to fly,
 ‘ And hurry from the fearful glimpse of Morn—
 ‘ Be bold! may Aulum’s crown thy brows adorn.’

He said: the spacious room at once was clear.—
 Envelop'd in his dismal Atmosphere
 He, as he flew, might seem to waking eyes
 A globe of smother'd fire, that cross'd the skies:
 Or as the Moon eclips'd; if through the air
 She shot, as rapid as a falling Star.
 Just at that time it chanc'd a Genie came
 From Sinai's^b top; Maimoune was her name;

^b *From Sinai's, &c.*] In arranging the design of this poem, one of the objects of attention, though not perhaps the most important, was the appropriating of names to the different characters. As it was necessary to oppose supernatural aid to that magic with which Chaucer had furnished his Stranger Knight, the introduction of *machines* became not merely matter of ornament; and in naming these, I was left very much to fancy. With respect to that of the Genie, I took it from the story of Camaralzaman, in the Arabian Nights Entertainments; from whence also the idea of her meeting an evil Spirit in the air was borrowed: and I was the more led to adopt the name, because I learnt, from Mr. Turner's account of his Embassy to Thibet, that *Mahamoonie*, in Sanscrit, signifies *Great Saint*, and is the denomination of the principal Idol in that country. In the first draft of this poem the appearance of Maimoune was thus described——

Light, as the filmy down of Gossamer,
 With folded arms she floated on the air:
 Behind her length of tresses loosely spread,
 In a bright lambent train her path display'd:
 Like lights that, glimmering o'er the northern snow,
 Wave in broad streams and tremble as they glow.

During the course of last summer, in an old Number of a Review, which had never fallen in my way before, I found a criticism on Mr. Southey's Thalaba, a poem which I had not been so fortunate as to see: and the

Hast'ning to perch upon thy cliffs, Cathay,
 And with sweet carols hail the renovating day.
 Light, as the filmy down of Gossamer,
 With folded arms she floated on the air:
 Behind, her length of tresses loosely spread,
 In a resplendent train her course display'd;
 Like the bright path which Barks at midnight leave
 When Phosphor dances on the parted wave.
 Swift as she pass'd, her clear perception found
 Some sprite malign was near, of nether ground—
 'Stay—whatsoever thou art! this sacred time
 'Ill suits,' she said, 'for Hell aloft to climb—
 'Stay—thou that in the expanse of air serene
 'Shew'st to the eye of Morn the dusky torch of Sin!'
 'Tis false!' the Sorcerer cried: 'the cope of night
 'Yet from thy question shrowds my homeward flight.'

reader may judge of my surprize, when I not only found that Mr. Southey
 had also made use of this name *Maimoune*, but had applied to the de-
 scription of her this very idea, by way of simile, in the following
 lines——

Her white hair flowing like the silver streams
 That streak the northern sky.——

I immediately altered my own verses: but I cannot help mentioning the
 circumstance, as it shews how very unjustly we may be accused of steal-
 ing the thoughts of contemporary authors. I have not thought it neces-
 sary to change the name, because that I had originally taken from a book
 well known: and had I not done so, the plagiarism would not have been
 of great importance.

' Turn Spirit! to the East thy sullen eyes,'
 Maimoune said, ' and in the whitening skies
 ' Learn that at my command thy magic lies.' }
 Dyr-Zoro, by a force unseen control'd,
 Then slowly to the East his eye-balls roll'd:
 But, as he turn'd, each glimpse of morning pale
 Shot consternation thro' his cloudy veil;
 For all the cloud that wrapt him as he flew
 Was form'd of hellish shapes, of doubtful hue,
 Still varying; since in ev'ry essence light,
 (Not tangible, but shape defin'd to sight,)
 The flame, which as a soul was lock'd within,
 Would glimmer thro' the insubstantial skin.
 Struck with the morning beam, they fell away
 Like the hoar frost at early dawn of day;
 Ev'n Falsehood, from his cradle with him bred,
 Then left him, terrified; and silent fled }
 Spiral at first and then in masses spread,
 Like the grey vapour that rude altars yield
 When Toil devotes to heav'n the produce of his field.

Now destitute of magic aid, a prey
 To hateful virtue, and more hateful day;
 Tied down to truth, necessity severe
 Exacted from the unwilling Sorcerer }
 Whate'er of secret crimes Maimoune wish'd to hear.
 Why, at that dang'rous hour, his earthy weight
 Encumber'd Air? to whom untimely fate

His labour boded? what wide realm to spoil?
 What Babe to strangle? or what Maid defile?
 On what remorseful Murderer's fever'd brain
 To pour th' oblivious anodyne of gain,
 And urge to rapines new, that many might be slain? }
 Maimoune question'd: but that hell-born tongue
 (Long with delusive lies and glozings hung)
 Sounds, on which Truth might ride, could scarcely
 frame;

And on his forehead glow'd the brand of Shame.
 Drawn out by slow degrees, at length he told
 The deeply-rooted plans of Acban bold;
 And the wide wasting ruin he ordain'd,
 Till Aulum's crown and Canace he gain'd.

Amaz'd Maimoune heard: such complex guilt,
 Such disregard to blood in torrents spilt,
 Such cold indifference to the ties, that bind
 To gratitude the fiercest of our kind,
 Seem'd, to her wondering thought, beyond the span
 Of crime, that might be dar'd by feeble Man.
 Cambuscan well she knew: a soul so great
 Claim'd the best love of all the heav'nly state:
 And, in the Tartar Court, her fostering care
 Had cherish'd oft the supplicating fair.
 But midst the southern race, a deeper hue
 The forehead ting'd, and dy'd the morals too,
 Of all, except the Prince: Al-Kabal's mind,
 To Virtue and her peaceful walks inclin'd,

Oft to restrain ambitious Aulum tried :
 And when he fear'd to blame, apart he sigh'd.
 This Prince, to Aulum's youth, a Georgian bore :
 When with colossal stride, from shore to shore,
 Ginghisca, overshadowing all the land
 From the Propontic to the Caspian strand,
 Sinope, and the Georgian throne o'erthrew ;
 Their Princes exil'd, and their warriors slew ;
 And, looking down on rich Assyria's realm,
 Shook over Taurus' brow the terrors of his helm.
 From Teflis^c then, their ancient throne destroy'd,
 The royal outcasts wandering far and wide,
 Upon their sad reverse great Aulum smil'd ;
 (For Acban had not then around him coil'd)
 And smit with charms which, in that swarthy zone,
 Blaz'd o'er the rest with lustre not their own,
 (As snowdrops seem to boast unequall'd white
 When the black frost prevails, and bitter blight)
 With Georgia's banish'd Princess shar'd his crown ;
 And with her hue, her virtues gave his son.

^c *From Teflis, &c*] Teflis is the principal city of Georgia. Ginghis Khan, having subdued the countries in the neighbourhood of Lake Baikal, advanced against and conquered China, towards the East, and all the kingdoms bordering on the Caspian and Euxine Seas, to the West, as far as the Propontis. His intention of invading Europe was prevented by death ; but one of his sons over-ran all the southern parts of Russia and Poland, as far as the Baltic. Taurus is that part of the great chain of mountains which extends from Olympus to Armenia. Ginghis Khan never advanced south of that part of the ridge.

The lovely flowret, which a driving blast
 Has sown by chance in some sequester'd waste,
 Gay to the eye, and to the nostril sweet,
 Unfolds its charms, where none those charms can meet:
 Yet may those beauties never bloom in vain;
 For Heav'n, that gave them, and heav'n's holy train
 Will nurse them with the best of morning's dew,
 Augment their fragrance, and refresh their hue.
 Thus, though in Ophir's Court Al-Kabal's breast
 On no congenial qualities could rest,
 Nor cull from all the youths the realm might lend
 One whom his heart could cling to as a friend;
 Yet were his opening virtues seen above;
 And all good Spirits blest him with their love:
 Maimoune most: she heard th' Ophirian's plan
 With horror, and indignant thus began.—

‘ I muse not hell-born Sprite! that thou should'st aim
 ‘ To tinge all beings with thy livid flame:
 ‘ From wickedness thou had'st thy origin;
 ‘ And what is first derived from Night and Sin
 ‘ Its mischiefs will pursue as they begin. }
 ‘ I muse, that Man, unfetter'd in his will,
 ‘ With talents apt alike for good and ill,
 ‘ Should leave the pathways that to rapture tend
 ‘ And toil in schemes that in destruction end;
 ‘ That still the passing moments should bestow
 ‘ Their boon, Experience, vainly as they flow.

‘ Since first in Nimrod’s heart ambition swell’d—
 ‘ Nay, since the Cherub Lucifer rebell’d,
 ‘ Whoe’er with one small vice has clogg’d his breast,
 ‘ Has, one by one, done homage to the rest:
 ‘ And History, when she flings her light behind
 ‘ Upon the long array of human kind,
 ‘ Ev’n till the deeper dye of modern crime
 ‘ Fade in the distant perspective of time,
 ‘ Holds out a blazing beacon, still to shew
 ‘ That Virtue is Contentment, Vice is Woe.
 ‘ All, when their course of wickedness is sped,
 ‘ Curse the false meteor which their views misled:
 ‘ Ev’n this bad Man who, won or help’d by thee,
 ‘ Would mount on murder’d kings to sov’reignty,
 ‘ May wish that Komri’s base had been his grave,
 ‘ And his eyes stiffen’d ere he saw thy cave.
 ‘ Hence! in thy cavern’s hell-approaching gloom
 ‘ Brood on the chance to which thy wiles have come:
 ‘ Mourn that, too earnest in thy villainy,
 ‘ That earnestness has given thee up to me —
 ‘ Myself will act—when Man oppos’d to Man
 ‘ Consume in anxious war their little span,
 ‘ We look not from our happy seats in air;
 ‘ Though oft in pity we befriend the fair:
 ‘ But if malignant Spirits interpose
 ‘ With magic to envenom human woes,
 ‘ Ill fits it me to check my saving arm,
 ‘ And leave the feeble race unshielded to the charm.

' Hence! let not mortal or immortal eye
 ' Thy hideous form in upper air descry,
 ' Till Acban, unsupported, have essay'd
 ' And prov'd th' effect of thy infernal aid.
 ' To live unpunish'd on such terms is giv'n.—
 ' Be still! and dread th' avenging wrath of heav'n.'

She spoke: the sullen Charmer heard with awe;
 Felt his shorn powers, and own'd her will his law.
 Wrapt in retiring shades he sped his flight,
 And plung'd into impenetrable night.
 Northward Maimoune turn'd: full well she knew
 That he to terms so sanction'd must be true:
 And swift, as o'er the corn light shadows fly
 Of scatter'd clouds, that scud along the sky,
 To Sarra's palace urg'd her rapid way;
 And paus'd where, lapt in sleep, the Princess lay.
 There, as she hover'd o'er, through all the room
 Ambrosial freshness breath'd and rich perfume;
 The golden bed with brighter burnish glow'd:
 The silken curtains tints more vivid shew'd:
 And in each feature of the slumbering maid
 Th' ethereal presence added grace display'd.

Buoyant, above her head Maimoune hung;
 And from her wings in quick succession flung
 Of thoughts and forms a visionary stream
 That fill'd her fancy with a sprightly dream.
 The Pomp, the Feast, the Dance of yesternight,
 And all the wonders of the Stranger Knight,

With shapes grotesque and wand'ring thoughts combin'd

Danc'd o'er the wavering surface of her mind :

But, as the indistincter notions fled,

A train of order'd thoughts Maimoune led,

And each upon her mind a deep impression made. }

On all the gifts she dwelt; but last and most

On the strange Glass, of magic art the boast.

This Mirror in her grasp she seem'd to hold,

Gazing, as ev'ry wooer's features told

His secret wish; for o'er the narrow space

In turn each Suitor pass'd, and to the next gave place.

Nor those alone whose love before she knew,

But unknown features pass'd in strict review,

Each with a several passion ting'd, and each

As plain confess'd as by extorted speech.

Among the rest the Stranger Knight arose :

But flame was in his eye : his furrow'd brows

With the black scowl of horror were o'erspread;

And all his robe was dy'd a bloody red.

She started at the sight—recov'ring soon

She look'd again—the Stranger Knight was gone—

And in his place a beauteous form was seen,

A youth in semblance, godlike in his mien,

With all the grace that deck'd the Stranger Knight,

But beaming from his eyes a milder light.

Around his head, in many a purpled fold,

A length of snow-white downy cloth was roll'd:

Uncover'd was his neck: a silver vest
 Embrac'd his spreading shoulders and his breast;
 And o'er that vest a robe of blue was thrown
 Loose to his knees, and clasp'd with crimson stone.
 Arch'd, like the span sublime of heav'n, his brow:
 His eye, like Jove himself enthron'd below:
 The sable tresses, clust'ring, strove to deck
 His temples broad and alabaster neck:
 So blooming was his cheek, as is the rose
 That lifts its blushes through untimely snows;
 And the sweet smile that o'er his features crept
 Pearls (such as Thetis once at Ilion wept)
 Shew'd in the coral casket of his lips,
 And sham'd the twofold boast of Indian deeps.
 In his firm grasp two steely jav'lins rung;
 And by his side a Persian sabre hung.

So beauteous was the form, the more she view'd
 The more her eyes were to the Mirror glu'd:
 And, as the gentle Pow'r engross'd her soul,
 On her unconscious cheek warm blushes stole.
 With this, her plumes again Maimoune spread;
 The Youth, the Glass, and all the vision fled.
 The Princess strove to catch its forms again,
 And thoughts on thoughts rose crowded in her
 brain,
 But slumber heavy press'd and tangled all the
 chain.

Betwixt the Euxine^d and the Caspian main,
 Vast branches spread from Kâfs primeval chain.
 In one, whose rocks all intercourse deny
 South from the fertile realm of Circassie,
 Torn in her watry struggle Nature left
 Beside the Caspian shore, a spacious cleft,
 Through which a mighty host in long array
 Might unobserv'd and silent win their way;
 While in the crags above and cliff below
 Deep yawning caverns their recesses shew,
 And offer ambuscade and shelter to a foe. }
 There with provisions stor'd, along the coast,
 Expecting Acban, lay th' Ophirian host,
 Panting for war: from him the soldiers learn'd
 Insatiate love of spoil, and for new ravage burn'd.

But in that silent hour, Al-Kabal's breast
 Far different thoughts and other cares oppress.
 He (though to him Cambuscan was unknown,
 His strength in war, the splendour of his throne)
 Th' ambitious source of Acban's mission mourn'd,
 And fear'd Injustice, though with gold adorn'd.
 Much had he said (what soldier lent an ear?)
 Much urg'd to stay Ambition's mad career;
 And while the dread event was yet but guess'd,
 He knew the cause was foul and trembled for the rest.

^d *Betwixt the Euxine, &c.*] The pass of Derbent is as here described: it is a space left by the abrupt termination of *Caucasus Proper* on the edge of the sea, like the pass of Thermopylæ.

Ev'n then, the shadows of his waking thought
Black shapes of ruin to his slumbers brought,
When to his troubled mind an angel form
(Like Phœbus bursting through a sable storm)
In beauty's full effulgence radiant shone,
And banish'd ev'ry thought but love alone.
Cloath'd in the features fair and graceful mien
Of Canace, appear'd the Elfin Queen,
And breath'd a voice in accents clear but low,
So sweet, from heav'n itself it seem'd to flow.

' Prince! on these features fix thy serious eyes;
 ' And ever in thy memory let them rise:
 ' For when again this face thou shalt behold,
 ' Time's volume will thy destiny unfold.
 ' In me, the close of all thy anguish see;
 ' The spring and scourge of Acban's infamy;
 ' To all, whom War's wide havock shall have spar'd,
 ' The harbinger of peace, and thy reward.'

The form dissolv'd away; the voice no more was
 heard.

Up from his couch Al-Kabal wildly sprung—
Still on his ear the dubious accents hung—
'Who saw her? come from whence? and whither
gone?'
Confus'd he said—'Attended? or alone?'
The guards admir'd, but answer made they none.
'What, are ye lost in wonder? well ye may—
'Oh! be thou Mortal, Houri, Genie, Fay,

‘ That breath’st ambiguous phrases in mine ear,
‘ Sweet as the tones of heav’n that Hermits hear,
‘ Oh! be thy closing sentence soon fulfill’d!
‘ Heav’n to my vows so rich a bounty yield!
‘ Whate’er of hidden sense thy words import—
‘ Take all the splendid pow’r of Ophir’s court—
‘ Take from me all I boast—save heav’n’s regard—
‘ So thou, celestial Dame! be my reward.’

BOOK THE THIRD.

SCARCE had pale Twilight, hoary nurse of Day,
Loos'd on the eastern hills her tresses grey
And to her charge (whose youth and age and prime
Twelve hours complete, re-born in equal time)
The reins entrusting of ethereal light,
Border'd with gold the closing wings of Night;
When, stealing o'er her eyes, the early ray
Chas'd Slumber from the Princess quick away,
And waking her to memory of the past,
Full many a wistful glance around she cast.
Each feature of the Youth her sleep admir'd,
Dwelt on her mind and pleasing thoughts inspir'd:
But who that Youth might be? if Nature e'er
Form'd a mere Mortal in a mould so fair?
Perplex'd she mus'd, with fear and doubt and pain:
And ev'ry thought dismiss'd would soon recur again.

While pond'ring thus, a look she chanc'd to fling
On the broad hoop of her enchanted Ring:
A strong desire rose sudden in her breast
By trial of this gift to prove the rest;

For still upon the Glass her fancy ran,
 The boasted test of all the Suitor train.
 Straight to the Matron, who her earliest care
 Had giv'n the youth of Elfeta to rear,
 And Canace with fondest hopes had nurs'd
 Her second charge, and train'd her like the first,
 She gently call'd—' See Cadigha!' she said,
 ' How the Sun shames us, sluggards, in our bed :
 ' See! Cadigha, how flames the morning ray;
 ' How sprightly sings the Centinel of day:
 ' Quick let me rise : my curious wishes long
 ' To learn the tenor of his early song :
 ' Arouse th' attendant train : descend we now
 ' To parley with the tenants of the bough.'

She spoke; the Dame complied : from room to room
 Ran, as the menials rose, a soften'd hum ;
 As if by chance in some rude Theatre
 The Roscius of the polish'd world appear,
 His name, in half-breath'd tones, is murmur'd round,
 Till in a whirl-pool lost of low and broken sound.
 All throng'd about her with officious care:
 All taught their lips a watchful smile to wear,
 And sought to please her ; but the sweetest far
 Lurk'd in the graceful Etha's dimpled cheek ;
 Etha, whose eye would still good humour speak ;
 Etha, whose art could wrap in giddy smiles
 The stedfast practice of her brother's wiles.

' For thee,' she said, ' sweet Princess! ev'ry spray
 ' Resounds with welcome to the rising day :
 ' The varied tribes of air around thee throng,
 ' And pour with copious eloquence their song ;
 ' For, now no more unnotic'd shall they sing—
 ' Clear flows their language thro' thy wond'rous Ring.
 ' Sure *He*, who sent these presents has a mind
 ' More piercing than the rest of human kind ;
 ' For this, which yields to Man another clue
 ' To science, teeming rich with pleasures new,
 ' He sends of all thy Race to *thee* alone,
 ' To whom of knowledge old the paths are known.
 ' Come Princess! of aerial harmony
 ' Though heav'n reserve the secret sense for thee,
 ' The swelling sounds on Etha's ear shall fall ;
 ' What fits our talents Heav'n affords to all.'

Thus Etha ended ; ever wont to meet
 Fair Canace, with such good-morrow sweet ;
 Then took, and kiss'd her hand : th' attendant throng
 With airy step before her danc'd along,
 Fair as the Graces in the fabled grove
 Glide in the pathway of the Queen of Love.
 Beside the gate, on either hand they stood ;
 And as the Princess pass'd, obsequious bow'd ;
 Whilst she with Etha near, upon the lawn
 Burst in full radiance like another dawn,
 And tenfold beauty shed o'er all the scene :
 Gloss to the gorgeous flow'rs and freshness to the green.

Thin vapours, from the fertile meadows borne,
 The mounting day-star of his beams had shorn;
 And his slant ray in broader surface shew'd
 His full red orb, that like a furnace glow'd.
 Yet did his light and '*morning's breezy call*'
 Wake ev'ry dormant spark of life in all :
 The sun-born insects wanton'd in his beam,
 And toil'd for nothing through life's busy dream ;
 And ev'ry bird with blandishments of love
 Or plaints or soothings, fill'd the vocal grove :
 Unconscious then that Canace was near,
 And all they sung had meaning to her ear.
 And, ever and anon, as in her sight
 They hopp'd and peck'd or urg'd their jerking flight,
 Their notice by soft words she sought to bribe,
 And win short converse from the thoughtless tribe.
 But they, who in her converse nothing found
 Save thoughts they felt not, and familiar sound,
 Still peck'd and hopp'd, and, heeding nought beside,
 Their little scope of voice to love applied :
 For little else can Instinct's compass reach :
 'Tis Reason that impresses worth on speech.
 The Dame pass'd on, the tangled paths among ;
 And sometimes stopp'd and listen'd to the song ;
 Till, perch'd upon a poplar's wither'd bough
 Unbark'd and bleach'd as Dover's chalky brow,
 Alone a snow-white Falcon she espied :
 Sad seem'd the noble bird, and sore she sigh'd ;

And rais'd her piercing voice so shrill and high,
 That the wide woods re-echo'd with her cry.
 And with her crooked beak her breast she tore,
 Till all the grass beneath was dy'd in gore :
 And oft, as one whose mind had lost its guide,
 Struck her hard pinions 'gainst her downy side,
 So sad that all who heard her clamours loud
 (E'en the fierce tyrants of the distant wood)
 Some tears had dropp'd, if to their instinct Heav'n
 Tears, that adorn Humanity, had giv'n.

For never Man, though vers'd in Falconry
 And knowing^a by his hawk each man's degree,
 Such shape, such colour saw, such graceful mien,
 What time she hung her spreading vans between,
 And clove so smooth the liquid fields of air
 That none the whistling of her plumes might hear :
 Nor on the cliffs could any Falc'ner find
 One like this single bird, of all the kind,
 Or wild, or such as stoop to Man's command :
 She seem'd a pilgrim from a foreign land.

But Canace, who heard and understood
 That Reason in this strain of sorrow flow'd,
 Rush'd onward to the tree and spread her pall
 To catch the sufferer should she fainting fall :
 And, as in what she heard she well might trace
 A mind beyond the vulgar feather'd race,

^a *And knowing, &c.*] In antient times each rank had its proper hawk assigned to it, from the Emperor to the Holy Water Clerk.

Much did she say to soothe the Falcon's grief,
 And proffer'd o'er and o'er her best relief,
 And urg'd her all her miseries to explain ;
 Since cureless, till divulg'd, is woe or pain.
 ' Me, Falcon! thou mayst trust ; my pity feels
 ' Each drop that o'er thy milk-white plumage steals :
 ' And, as I am the daughter of a King,
 ' When I shall know thy sorrows hidden spring,
 ' All that my power or woman's wit can give
 ' Shall join, this anguish from thy mind to drive.
 ' Say, is thy true-love lost? or droops some friend
 ' In the sad scale of sickness to her end?
 ' Or Death's or Cupid's malice dost thou mourn?
 ' Of these the sharpest sorrow e'er is born.
 ' Know thou, that, taught by chance, my healing skill
 ' Can drugs of such a force from herbs distil
 ' As to thy pain shall yield a quick relief,
 ' And close those bloody monuments of grief.'

But in her soothing when the royal Maid
 Touch'd on the tender string of love betray'd,
 The Falcon louder yet began to cry,
 And sobb'd with such heart-rending agony,
 That her frail nature sunk; and from the tree
 She dropt before the feet of Canace.
 The Princess on her breast the sufferer laid
 And smooth'd her plumes and kiss'd her drooping head,
 Till from her death-like swoon at last she woke,
 And thus with sighs to her protectress spoke.

' That gentle hearts with pity soonest teem
 ' Needs little proof of argument, I deem :
 ' This ev'ry hour's experience must express ;
 ' Compassion springs alone from gentleness.
 ' Now hear my dreadful tale and thou shalt know
 ' The bitter source from whence my sorrows flow ;
 ' And others, ere they love, be warn'd by me,
 ' That oaths are but the bait of treachery.

' Where first I saw the light ; what fost'ring care
 ' First launch'd me on the buoyant stream of air
 ' And taught me quick from clime to clime to sail,
 ' And stretch my pinions boldly to the gale,
 ' Love, bitter Love, has cancel'd from my mind :
 ' No trace of what I was remains behind.
 ' My weak remembrance cannot further turn
 ' Than the sad era of the love I mourn :
 ' The date, the progress of that love is plain ;
 ' But all beyond has faded from my brain.

' In early youth^b a Tercelet I knew,
 ' Fair in his form and splendid in his hue ;
 ' But beauty was with him for vice a screen ;
 ' Grace was without, but treachery within.

^b *In early youth, &c.*] Most, if not all hawks, lay three eggs ; a large one, containing a female bird, which in that genus is always superior in size to the male ; a smaller one, which is addle ; and a still less, which contains the male bird : the addle egg is generally thrown out of the nest by the old ones : from the above circumstance, the Italians call a male hawk *Terzeletto* ; whence our term, *Tercelet*, which signifies the same thing.

' Yet was his manner so enwrapt with art,
 ' Such frankness hid the falsehood of his heart,
 ' That none could doubt he had a perfect soul,
 ' Or guess beneath the varnish all was foul.
 ' Ev'n as the deadly snake in ambush lies
 ' Coil'd up among the flow'rs enamel'd dyes,
 ' Ev'n so in mild observance, courtship sweet,
 ' And cares that ever tried my wish to meet,
 ' In vows of constancy, and witching smiles,
 ' This hypocrite conceal'd his fatal wiles.

' Love that soon ripens, oft decays as soon ;
 ' But mine, tho' short of date, was hardly won.
 ' Full oft the changeful Moon her horn renew'd,
 ' Ere I this Terc'let with affection view'd
 ' And took his vows before the Gods above:—
 ' Ah! sad exchange of perjury for love.—
 ' Each the same tale with different meanings told ;
 ' The heart he gave was tinsel, mine was gold :
 ' Yet when his hope with smiles I stoop'd to bless
 ' And stak'd upon his faith my happiness,
 ' Think not, I suffer'd then the lawless god
 ' At his wild will to riot in my blood ;
 ' Ev'n in the transport of that tender hour,
 ' I gave my constant heart, but gave no more ;
 ' Nor can the over-weening traitor say
 ' When he destroy'd my peace, he flung me spoil'd
 away.

' Ah ! yet I see him when with downcast eye
 ' And falt'ring voice, I own'd his victory—
 ' What eloquence of thanks each glance conveys !
 ' What bliss he shews, and in a thousand ways !
 ' Sure never Subject of the Paphian Boy
 ' Or felt, or seem'd to feel, sincerer joy :—
 ' Not He, whose fatal rape a dream foretold ;
 ' Not Troilus, the Prince of lovers old ;
 ' Not Jason, doom'd by Justice to atone
 ' (Such Justice is not now) for mischiefs done.

' One morn with grief he gave my fears to know
 ' That from me he awhile, perforce, must go,
 ' For grave and high affairs requir'd him thence—
 ' 'Twas all, heav'n knows ! 'twas all a mere pretence !—
 ' But so this traitor said : no living tongue
 ' Can picture half the pain my heart that wrung ;
 ' I doubted not his truth : had e'er my mind
 ' Guess'd but this worst of miseries behind,
 ' The hour of death and parting had been one,
 ' And, Lady ! you had never heard my moan.
 ' His absence, then, was all I had to grieve—
 ' Now I have prov'd him false—and yet I live !
 ' Ere yet he went, I pledg'd again my troth
 ' And took, ah fragile tie ! his mutual oath :
 ' Again his arts the flatt'ring Tercelet plied,
 ' Anticipating joys that would betide,
 ' When uncontroul'd he nam'd me for his bride :

' And, as if he were hurt as deep as I,
 ' Echo'd my lamentations, sigh for sigh.
 ' 'Tis well—let my misfortunes others teach
 ' That they in acts are worst who are the best in speech.

' The time arriv'd, and ta'en our last adieu,
 ' With well dissembled woe away he flew;
 ' Thither he went, where high affairs requir'd;
 ' But went where other charms his fancy fir'd,
 ' Went where a newer love he chanc'd to see
 ' And soon forgot himself, forgetting me.
 ' Lady, desire of change in *Men* prevails:—
 ' Search nature through, new fangled are the males;
 ' And weak restraints our best caresses prove
 ' To curb the rovings of their wayward love.
 ' For fickle is the sex; they toil to gain
 ' Our all of love, and then that love disdain:
 ' 'Tis Novelty they seek, to nothing true:
 ' And when they vow you're fair, they mean you're new.

' This Tercelet, though swell'd with decent pride
 ' As to the royal Eagle near allied,
 ' Yet in caprice forgot his high degree,
 ' And sacrific'd his pride for novelty.
 ' A Kite, ° the basest Hawk that sails in air,
 ' Grov'ling in manners though in plumage fair;

° *A Kite, &c.*] Kites were formerly held to be of a base nature, like vultures, as preying only on carrion: but I fancy there is no truth in the notion. Ben Jonson reckons the Kite in very low company, though he

' He saw, admir'd, and woo'd—no thought of me!
 ' Away at once with truth and constancy——
 ' He wastes his love on one whom all despise;
 ' And I must nurse a grief that nothing remedies!'

Thus mourn'd the Falcon, in a loftier strain
 Than ever bird shall pour a plaint again;
 And as she ceas'd her wretched fate to tell,
 Into her death-like swoon again she fell.
 Then Canace with fresh caresses sought
 To soothe her sorrows; and attentive brought
 To her rich chamber, where a spacious mew
 Was fram'd with speed and lin'd with velvet blue, }
 A symbol that the heart within was true.
 The space around she dy'd a willow green;
 There pictur'd the unfaithful birds were seen.
 The Tercelet stood foremost in degree,
 And shone the Prince of Infidelity;
 While all the chatterers, Starling, Daw, and Pye,
 Flung on the perjur'd race foul obloquy.

These objects to divert the Falcon's mind
 And sooth her sorrows, Canace design'd :
 The rankling wounds to cure, her magic Ring
 Taught her from whence the potent herb to bring.

calls it a bird of prey ; but it is where he speaks of such birds as scent dying carcasses—

Vulture, Kite,
 Raven, and Gor-crow, all my birds of prey—

At hand, amidst a lonely grove, it grew;
But though of heav'nly brightness was its hue,
Save she who wore the ring none might that bright-
ness view.

This Herb, which could the flitting soul recal,
A Monarch midst the plants, excell'd them all.
By day, like gold appear'd its petals bright ;
But like the Glow-worm's lamp they shone by night :
The stem and foliage were a bloody red :
And the strong root with silvery fibres spread.
O'er the wide wounds the sov'reign juice she press'd ;
The wounds at once the sovereign juice confess'd ;
The jagged flesh was clos'd ; the pain gave way ;
The scars were lost and smooth the plumage lay ;
As when a lake's wide surface feels the blast
And wrinkling heaves in billows black and vast,
If lenient oil some tutor'd hand distil
On the wild waves, its power at once they feel ;
Where'er it floats the swelling surge subsides,
And not a curl the smooth expanse divides.

Acban, meantime in gorgeous robes array'd,
His early homage to Cambuscan paid.
' Great King !' he said, ' let not my speech offend,
' When for thy weal I pray, my sov'reign's friend.
' Oh ! on thy life may lasting sunshine play
' And new-born blessings mark each natal day !—
' Long, long, may heav'n that day returning yield,
' And thy green age with added honor gild !

' Oft while I live, sweet memory will recal
 ' The pomp, the pleasures of Cambuscan's hall;
 ' And I will say, when years shall authorize
 ' My lips to counsel (for the old are wise)
 ' Ye, who would build your fame on man's esteem,
 ' Act like Cambuscan, and be lov'd like him.
 ' But now oh King! the fleeting hours command
 ' My swift departure, though my wish withstand:
 ' Long dreary paths have I to traverse now,
 ' Toil in my limbs and caution on my brow;
 ' For, ere I see my King, o'er many an heath
 ' And forest, the familiar haunt of death,
 ' And many a desart wide have I to pass,
 ' Scarce seen or number'd on that Horse of Brass
 ' Which now to thee, Cambuscan, I resign——
 ' Thy toils determine with the birth of mine!'

' Sir Knight,' Cambuscan said, ' a little stay
 ' Let our persuasion pluck from haste away:
 ' With a short absence shall your King dispense,
 ' Nor while, we speak your welcome, force you
 hence.
 ' Though toilsome be your way, the labour still
 ' Now or hereafter you alike will feel;
 ' And as for twenty days we hold our feast,
 ' So long our love entreats you for a guest.
 ' Tartars have little shew, applause to win;
 ' Their treasur'd excellence is hid within:

' But whatsoe'er pertains to War's delight,
 ' That here a Warriør's visit may invite,
 ' Ourselves will shew to such a noble Knight.
 ' And, in the revels, be our Peers your guide;
 ' Or both our Sons the social task divide:
 ' While from our hoards fit presents we select.
 ' The heart that sends, supplies the gift's defect.'

The Knight replied, ' Oh King, 'tis thine to will;
 ' My humbler part those wishes to fulfil:
 ' And Aulum will not sure a day deny
 ' To pleasures, given beneath Cambuscan's eye.
 ' O'er all the globe of earth, like Night and Day,
 ' Ye stretch your sceptres with divided sway:
 ' How blest my lot could I revolving run
 ' Through both your Empires, like the general Sun,
 ' And at the feet of each alternate lay
 ' That homage I to one was born to pay!
 ' So might I, in your various virtues, scan
 ' At leisure, the true excellence of Man;
 ' So might I see the buds these Princes shew
 ' Burst into bloom that shall with honour glow;
 ' And study all the charms thy court can boast;
 ' Now seen by glimpses and forever lost,
 ' And as enjoy'd the least regretted most.
 ' As the night wand'ring Trav'ler, who by chance
 ' Sees through a rifted cloud pale Cynthia glance,
 ' For that one moon-beam feels acuter pain,
 ' When darkness folds him in her arms again.

‘ Here then for twenty days be my sojourn :
 ‘ That period past, to Ophir I return.
 ‘ But when the twentieth morning shall appear,
 ‘ From me the wond’rous secrets thou shalt hear,
 ‘ By which the motion of that steed is rul’d,
 ‘ And safely mount by my experience school’d.
 ‘ In public view of all, in open day,
 ‘ My hand shall bid the springs within him play
 ‘ And to thy ear the use of each impart ;
 ‘ Myself instructed by the Maker’s art :
 ‘ Then to thy care commit the Brazen Frame,
 ‘ Which Time the first of wonders shall proclaim.
 ‘ Meantime, oh King ! thy mutual gifts prepare ;
 ‘ Such intercourse of love I joy to bear :
 ‘ And, if my pray’rs prevail, the infant Peace
 ‘ Shall flourish long, and teem with large increase
 ‘ Of royal friendship ’twixt the Monarchs twain,
 ‘ And wealth and plenty to each glad domain.
 ‘ For me, thy favours in my grateful breast
 ‘ Wake thanks sincere ; and be those thanks express’d :
 ‘ Yourself, your house, my gratitude demand ;
 ‘ We feel a kindness in a foreign land :
 ‘ And for the favors giv’n and promis’d now
 ‘ My best of service to that house I vow.
 ‘ Oh, may ye, when my steps I homeward bend,
 ‘ Reluctant lose me, as, in part, a friend !’

He ended : Algarsife, while o’er his head
 Soft Modesty and youth their graces shed,

With eyes declined but with majestic mien,
 His guidance proffer'd through the festive scene :
 ' If aught, Sir Knight,' he said, ' my youth can do
 ' To serve, befriend, amuse, or honor you,
 ' The courtesy will sure itself requite ;
 ' For worth is gain'd by converse with a knight :
 ' And Him whose presence high the Sire esteems,
 ' His honor'd friend the Son with reverence deems.'
 But Cambalo before the nobles prest
 And gaily to the Knight his speech address—
 ' The pleasure of this revel, great before,
 ' Thy presence, Knight! shall make us prize the more :
 ' Each in the sports for praise will doubly try,
 ' And brighter lustre beam from Beauty's eye ;
 ' That, when return'd in safety to thy Lord,
 ' Thy tongue impartial may this truth record ;
 ' Of all the realms the spacious earth contains
 ' Love's favorite mansion is on Sarra's plains,
 ' There her best art prolific Nature shews ;
 ' There softest blends the Lily and the Rose ;
 ' There marks the figure with a bolder line
 ' And adds a graceful mien almost divine.
 ' In the gay feast, be Cambalo thy guide :
 ' Erbol, my friend, be ever at thy side ;
 ' So shall our joys from thee receive a zest,
 ' And thou, Sir Knight! those joys unclouded taste.'

He spoke; Cambuscan rose : with reverence due
 Attended by each Prince the Knight withdrew.

Each Prince, as fair occasion call'd, his guest
 Conducted oft to those he lov'd the best;
 Both wish'd to please, for both had gracious minds;
 But as around an oak the ivy winds,
 So did capricious levity degrade
 The nobler bent that Cambal's mind display'd.
 He to wild pleasures, with his Erbol led;
 But pleasures furnish'd means to Acban's head:
 In Erbol's ear his craft unnotic'd pour'd
 Foul drops of treason 'gainst his mighty Lord,
 Which, circulating slow through all his frame,
 Rais'd, by degrees, his passions to a flame.
 From Acban's powerful hand his eager soul
 Grasp'd honor, wealth, and pow'r without controul;
 And, so his hopes that eminence might climb,
 He shrunk from nought, nor peril, toil nor crime.
 Oft too, when gayer pastimes paus'd awhile,
 Cambal would feed his fire with Etha's smile.
 Thither, without a fixt design, he stray'd;
 For Cambal lov'd (or thought he lov'd) the Maid;
 She, fond of homage, though to Algarsife
 She once aspir'd, and sought to be his wife,
 Was pleas'd with Cambalo's uncertain flame,
 And pleas'd the more when Acban with him came.
 For, taught by him, she hop'd the throne to share
 With Cambal wedded; when the righteous heir
 And great Cambuscan fell by his pernicious snare.

Thus did this child of Sin his toils extend;
 Treacherous to all, to all a seeming friend:
 That tempting bait, selecting which might reach
 The master-vice predominant in each;
 But studious of his single weal alone;
 Each lost Accomplice ready to disown
 Should the scheme fail, or when the prize was won. }
 But with such clouds our Sense the Passions blind,
 Perverse, we ne'er suspect the fraud behind;
 Till, drawn by Him we trust from Virtue's path,
 Ruthless he leave us to disgrace and death.
 Blind Ignorance! does Vice its aim pursue
 Through toil and peril for no selfish view?
 Does he who leads iniquity, forego,
 That thou may'st seize, the spoils that from it flow?
 Or does he use, while he may want, thy aid,
 To spurn thee, when thy little part is play'd?
 The more capacious mind that comprehends
 Wide schemes, and others to its purpose bends,
 With small concessions, petty bribes, cajoles
 The narrow appetites of puny souls, }
 And wins, for his own use, the confidence of fools.
 Thus for the New-born shoals the Angler tries
 To clothe his hooks for prey of larger size;
 But still his bait in ruffled waters throws,
 Nor trusts it to the lucid lake's repose:
 The shoals that headlong rush against the stream,
 The fatal worm as Fortune's favour deem,

And gorging what they think propitious heav'n
 To feed their lusts has prodigally giv'n,
 Assist that hand, which while they yet devour,
 Checks the unnotic'd rod : their joys are o'er—
 And they, suspended in the self-same flood,
 Lure in their turn, and other dupes delude.

But Algarsife, who lov'd the Russian Dame
 With warmer, purer and more lasting flame,
 Oft from the joyous board would draw his guest
 With sight of Theodora to be blest,
 And as he seem'd in earnest to confer
 On matters high with old Wolodimir,
 His eye, his thought, his tongue, would stray to her. }
 Then would the stranger talk of battles won,
 Of marshall'd ranks and glory's deathless crown,
 In mute suspense while Theodora hung
 On the proud accents of his copious tongue,
 And Algarsife, unflesh'd in victory,
 Felt his cheeks kindle and his pulse beat high.
 But chief the hoary King, whose best of life
 Had labour'd in the glorious fields of strife,
 In what he heard retrac'd his earlier days,
 And his own echo'd to another's praise.
 In every word he found the perfect Knight;
 Skill'd to rehearse as well as act in fight;
 And growing to the tale, he found again
 A bounding current dance in ev'ry vein :

With firmer grasp he clench'd his staff of age,
 And his eyes gleam'd, as in the battle's rage;
 With sighs, reflecting on his humbled crown,
 He view'd the Chief, and wish'd for such a Son!
 Then fir'd again, forgot that he was old,
 And Acban's scheme succeeded ere 'twas told.
 Thus fares the age-worn Steed, whose vigorous prime
 Paus'd not the mountain's steepy ridge to climb,
 To bound o'er plains, to swim the rapid flood,
 When horns and hounds resounded through the wood:
 If chance the cheerful music reach his ears,
 He starts, he snorts, his noble crest he rears,
 O'er the smooth turf, with active motion skims,
 And feels a long-lost lightness in his limbs.

Thus they in Sarra pass'd their annual feast;
 Most in the sports employed, in frauds their guest.
 Cautious he tried who best might be beguil'd:
 The bad made worse, the wav'ring heart defil'd;
 Seduc'd by praise and poison'd where he smil'd. }
 But none perceiv'd the mischiefs spreading round,
 And still they danc'd and sung, and still the feast was
 crown'd.

As, when its poisonous fumes the Marsh exhales,
 Silent they ride upon the passing gales,
 And wafted into Man, with common breath,
 The vital functions taint with hidden death:
 But till the Dog-star dart his sultry ray
 Or foul debauch corrupt our mortal clay,

The pest lies latent: still the seeds are cast
Wide, and more wide, and dreadful burst at last.

Meantime, in ambush hid where Aulum lay,
Anxious he chaf'd at Acban's long delay;
For from the ambush to Cambuscan's throne
A Pilgrim in three days with ease had gone.
But when that Moon, whose newly lighted ray
Had seen the envoy born through air away,
Now in the wane revers'd her blunter horn,
But lent no guidance to his wish'd return;
Lost in amaze the king conven'd his peers
To his clos'd tent, and thus express'd his fears.
' What cause, oh Warriors! can so long withhold
' Our Envoy, prompt in thought, in action bold?
' Can this rude king, a stranger to the laws
' That bind the world as in a common cause,
' Our pow'r contemn, and him in bonds detain—
' Or doom, base wretch! to violence and pain?
' Or must we tremble lest our loss proceed
' From the strange nature of this Brazen Steed,
' Which flies, perchance, by strong attraction drawn,
' To the far realms where Komri's caverns yawn?
' Or in straight course its hapless charge may bear,
' Till snatch'd beyond th' upholding atmosphere
' It fall, with due support no more supplied,
' And fall for ever in the boundless void?
' Warriors, to you 'tis known, and to the rest,
' How close we strain'd this Acban to our breast:

‘ Him then, or slain, or if in bonds he groan,
 ‘ Thy fall, Tartarian King! shall late atone.
 ‘ But leave we him——A nearer care demands
 ‘ Our wisest judgments, and our readiest hands.
 ‘ In deserts rude and wide our army lies:
 ‘ And though past foresight present want supplies, }
 ‘ Though we have scouts to guard against surprize, }
 ‘ Tell me, ye Chiefs! if first Cambuscan learn
 ‘ Our Envoy’s message, and prevent return,
 ‘ Will not his prudence (for the sounds of Fame
 ‘ Cambuscan’s warlike qualities proclaim)
 ‘ Fence ev’ry fort, exert his mighty sway
 ‘ And swell his host each moment we delay,
 ‘ While far around our van and flank and rear }
 ‘ His squadrons of their stores the districts clear }
 ‘ And tame by famine whom in arms they fear?
 ‘ This might be *done*, oh Chiefs! and if it might,
 ‘ ’Tis ours to deem it *done* by such a Knight;
 ‘ And once foreseen ’tis ours the blow to ward;—
 ‘ Light falls a blow, that falls on men prepar’d.
 ‘ Three ways, oh Warriors! at our option lie
 ‘ To shun this crafty Monarch’s subtlety:—
 ‘ Or let us pause and send a spy before
 ‘ The councils of Cambuscan to explore:
 ‘ Or quick, if pervious be the middle space,
 ‘ Our former footsteps to the ships retrace;
 ‘ Then trust the Caspian wave, and seek again
 ‘ Through Parthia’s deserts our Kermanian plain:

' Or undismay'd, a nobler course pursue ;
 ' To our own honor, yet unstain'd be true,
 ' And rapid as the sands of Afric's waste
 ' Whirl all-destructive, driv'n before the blast,
 ' At Sarra's wall for fame and empire strive,
 ' Ere half Cambuscan's vassal kings arrive.
 ' These modes of action to our choice are free :
 ' 'Tis mine to weigh the counsel giv'n by ye :
 ' Then ponder, if ye doubt, upon the three.'

' If what I thought were worth a Monarch's ear,
 ' At once,' said Amda, ' we should rush to war.—
 ' E'en while your spies the Tartar force explore
 ' It swells in bulk and courage ev'ry hour ;
 ' And if a thought of flight could touch the brave,
 ' Flight from this place leads only to the grave ;
 ' Such numerous bands will rise on our retreat,
 ' Each plain laid waste and ev'ry path beset—
 ' But, sacred Prophet ! did I hear aright ?
 ' Can Aulum entertain a thought of flight ?
 ' Oh ! dreadful is the death of those who fly—
 ' The brave advancing, conquers with his eye—
 ' Our feet are form'd by Nature to advance :
 ' Forward our hands to shake the lifted lance ;
 ' And he that turns his forehead from a foe,
 ' Invites his fate and cannot ward a blow.—
 ' What shall we turn and leave the Tartar wall
 ' If Acban from within for vengeance call ?

' Is this the due return we make to him,
 ' Of great exploits the head, the heart, the limb?
 ' To leave him gall'd with a barbarian's chain,
 ' While meanly we th' Ophirian frontiers gain?
 ' Forbid it, heav'n! did this alone incite,
 ' This thought alone should drive us to the fight.'

' And it shall drive us—were our person there
 ' Acban for us would ev'ry danger dare,'—
 The Monarch cried: ' the heavy stores relade
 ' Quick on the mules, and be the march array'd.'—
 ' Oh! pause,' Al-Kabal said, ' imperial Sire!
 ' Act not when passions fierce your mind inspire.
 ' Who proves Cambuscan of a barbarous mind?
 ' Why such a cause for Acban's stay assign'd?
 ' Proceed—if groundless be these vain alarms,
 ' That, and that only, justifies your arms:
 ' But if some treaty his return impede;
 ' If sickness stay him; or th' infernal steed
 ' Scorn such controul, and snatch the Knight away }
 ' Where Phoebus never lifts his blessed ray, }
 ' To Sorcerers and their baleful Gods a prey:
 ' If chance like this your Envoy's absence cause,
 ' Tis you that break the barrier of the laws.—
 ' You by your Envoy, terms of peace propose
 ' (But terms which your ambitious views disclose)
 ' And while, perhaps, the King your offer weighs
 ' Or knows it not, while Acban distant strays;

‘ You, like portentous thunder from on high,
 ‘ When not a cloud pollutes the sapphire sky,
 ‘ Rush with fierce troops, unknowing how to spare,
 ‘ Ere shakes the Olive with the breath of War,
 ‘ On wretches, unresisting, unarray’d,
 ‘ Stretch’d in the comforts of that sacred shade.
 ‘ Pause, ere the dye be thrown; and ascertain
 ‘ What cause your Envoy may so long detain:
 ‘ So shall you still your fame unspotted bear,
 ‘ Of peace observant, or excus’d in war.
 ‘ Oh! let not carnage from light fancy rise—
 ‘ The ill strikes sure; the cause is bare surmise:
 ‘ First let another Chief be sent, to find
 ‘ If customs long rever’d Cambuscan bind;
 ‘ If Acban reach’d the royal mansion learn,
 ‘ And reaching, what prevents the Knight’s return.
 ‘ This task (lest some my calm advice impeach
 ‘ And tax my deeds as they belied my speech)
 ‘ Myself will undertake, and willing share
 ‘ Whatever perils yonder Knight may bear.
 ‘ But none I dread.—In ev’ry order’d state
 ‘ Necessity will social laws create:
 ‘ I fear no fraud in royal diadems;
 ‘ For cunning is the fruit of baser stems;
 ‘ And, fraught with terms of peace, I freely go
 ‘ Amid the thickest battle of the foe!’

‘ Not so, my Son!’ the Monarch mild rejoin’d,
 Struck with the greatness of Al-Kabal’s mind,

' Howe'er thy wish from high-bred honor came,
 ' Thy ardour praising, I thy counsel blame:
 ' Ill fits it I indulge thy bold design,
 ' And trust in camps unknown such hopes as thine:
 ' Seek fame, my Son! in perils nobly dare—
 ' But seek it in the open front of war:
 ' So shalt thou swell the realms my sword has won,
 ' And with new trophies deck my laurel'd throne.
 ' But now enough.—To thy unpractis'd years
 ' A treacherous aspect sudden inroad wears:
 ' But learn, my Son, this useful truth from me;
 ' The soul of War is Opportunity.
 ' Time, as he flies us, from his hoary wings
 ' In drops minute the fleeting moments flings—
 ' Oh, catch them as they fall! ere yet, conjoin'd,
 ' They mingle^d in the tide that rolls behind:
 ' For they that miss them as around they show'r,
 ' Wail as they will, may ne'er behold them more.—
 ' The hour then let not idle scruples lose
 ' To hurl our force on unexpected foes;
 ' If now to fight Cambuscan be compell'd,
 ' Great as he is, he fights without a shield:
 ' For of his numerous vassals few can join,
 ' And feeble bulwarks thwart a foe's design.

^d *They mingle, &c.*] ' The Valley that thou seest is the Vale of
 ' Misery; and the Tide thou seest is part of the great Tide of Eternity.'
 Spect. No. 159. Vision of Mirza.

' And grant our fears for Acban's safety vain—
 ' Grant that some other cause the Chief detain—
 ' How easy 'tis, some fair pretence to find
 ' For the wise measures of the prudent mind!
 ' And ev'n should rage at first that Monarch warm,
 ' Subdued, 'twill sink; for he must fear our arm.
 ' Now, let each Leader to his post attend:
 ' All to our instant march their service bend,
 ' And scouts on ev'ry side their search extend. }
 ' The thirst of spoil each soldier now forego,
 ' Nor blaze a falchion, till we meet the foe—
 ' Veil the bright helmet, low your ensigns bear,
 ' Speed lead the van, and Silence close the rear!'

At once to raise the Camp the Chiefs began,
 And busy murmurs through the ramparts ran;
 Quick ev'ry Tent on hardy mules was plac'd,
 And the long line beyond th' entrenchments past;
 Quick, as in Caledonia's lonely vales
 (What time blue mist athwart the mountains sails)
 Ideal forms^c the funeral pageant shew
 To some hoar Seer, foreboding kindred woe,
 And, ere his aged eyes have look'd their fill,
 Fade into air along the distant hill.—
 So quick, so silent, march'd the troops away;
 And the wide camp an useless desert lay.

^d *Ideal forms, &c.*] Vide a Treatise on Second Sight. Vide also Dr. Johnson's luminous passages on that doctrine.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

As when declining Autumn's sickly breath
Flings o'er the grove the yellow hue of death,
None mark the leaves, as one by one they fall,
But grieve and wonder when they miss them all:
So, in this Revel, each succeeding day
Stole from their banquet unobserv'd away;
Nor did they count each morning as it rose,
But started at the feast's lamented close;
Save Acban, all: He labour'd hour by hour,
His snares drew tighter, and increas'd his pow'r:
In Erbol still and brave Wolodimir
Each thought that favour'd him his art would stir;
And soon the seeds, he scatter'd, grew to bear,
In minds so fram'd, the crimson fruit of War.
So in the Javan soil, which quick obeys
The call prolific of the solar rays,
When scarce the hind beneath the palmy bough
Has dried the sweat of culture on his brow,

The stalk springs rapid from th' expanding grain
 And Plenty waves her banner o'er the plain.
 Wolodimir arous'd his subjects ire ;
 And Erbol Vice dejected tried to fire,
 Tempting the most with hope, and some with hire. }
 But Cambal chief, th' Ophirian's art essay'd
 A little tainted, lower to degrade ;
 He thought that one, who in the sensual train
 Of Vice, would oft his princely honors stain,
 Nor started at the hideous form beneath,
 When Pleasure deck'd it with her flow'ry wreath,
 Craft might with ease in worse attempts engage ;
 For scarce distinct is crime in each successive stage.
 But in the soul of Cambal, though disgrac'd
 By levities, proud honour first was plac'd, }
 And pleasure next, and slavish vice the last :
 Oh ! never might so rich a mind be won
 To league with traitors 'gainst a father's crown :
 Vicious he was, but never prone to ill ;
 Vice was subservient to his youthful will ;
 And, when the gust of luxury was o'er,
 His soul shook off the taint and bow'd to virtue's
 pow'r.

Thus on old Ocean's breast the Sea-mew rides,
 And to her use compels the peopled tides ;
 But nought of moisture can her plumes receive ;
 The waves roll round her and no vestige leave ;

And when aloft she spreads her pinions light,
 No dampness clogs them or retards her flight.
 Of Cambal, wary Acban soon despair'd;
 And 'gainst detection warn'd his friends to guard:
 But promis'd Etha still, that her command
 Should give the reins to either brother's hand;
 That Erbol rank and pow'r should foremost claim;
 While Acban but possess'd the royal dame:
 Securing, as the mighty Aulum's spoil,
 The southern districts to reward his toil;
 And marking, as Wolodimir's domain,
 The realms that border on the Baltic Main.
 For carefully the plan by all was laid;
 Events foreseen, contingent crosses weigh'd,
 And fixt the time their purpose to declare,
 When Acban by surprize should snatch away the fair.

But now at length the twentieth Sun arose,
 Like a funereal torch, the sports to close.
 All knew the Knight was thence that morn to go,
 And, first, the secrets of the Steed to show:
 And all began, at early dawn, to pass
 Towards the base-court, where stood the Horse of
 Brass.

The Centinels, attentive, open'd wide
 The palace-portal, to receive the tide
 Which thronging ev'ry spacious street, drew nigh;
 Impatience in their step, and wonder in their eye.

The busy pages deck'd the royal halls
 Where glowing azure ting'd the lofty walls;
 And round the columns, of vermilion hue,
 Hung flow'rs, fresh dropping with the morning dew.
 When from the lofty dome, his Sons between,
 The King descended with his graceful Queen
 And Canace the fair; whose ev'ry look
 Through beauty's bloom her untold feelings spoke.
 Wolodimir, with all his Russian train,
 Erbol, with all th' associates he could gain,
 Lin'd the base-court: the master chamberlain
 The order'd line of nobles forward led,
 Where Aeban stood alone, beside the Steed.

Alone he stood: for all th' expecting crowd,
 By Marshals rang'd, a vacant space allow'd:
 And to Cambuscan said; 'Oh King! draw near:
 ' Some little suits alone thy private ear:
 ' The rest of what I tell, let all around us hear.
 ' Know then, such pow'r the framer's art conferr'd,
 ' My lips can utter forth a magic word
 ' Which glittering as he stands and large of size,
 ' Shall snatch at once the Courser from our eyes;
 ' And that same word, revers'd, has equal force
 ' As quick to vision to restore the Horse;
 ' And whosoe'er may touch the frame, when you
 ' Pronounce the potent sound, shall vanish too.
 ' But this, 'tis obvious, must from all be hid
 ' Save thee, oh King! the master of the Steed:

' Nor this alone my prudent care conceals;
 ' The touch peculiar that the fabric wheels
 ' And sinks and raises, as through air you go;
 ' None but your own instructed ear must know :
 ' Else moody discontent or sullen hate
 ' (When sudden danger lour'd upon the state)
 ' Might with a breath your strongest hope destroy,
 ' And 'gainst the throne itself this gift employ.

' Oh King! draw near'—alone Cambuscan came,
 And silent standing by the magic frame,
 While the first word yet hung on Acban's lip
 The image from his eye-ball seem'd to slip;
 And instant, as the second sound was heard,
 In the same shape and place the Horse appear'd.

But none among the crowd, that stood beyond,
 Might catch the whisper of that magic sound;
 They miss'd the Horse, and saw him re-appear;
 And watch'd the Monarch's face, of graver cheer,
 With anxious doubt imprest, and with religious
 fear.

Then Acban thus resum'd: ' This Talisman,
 ' To snatch the treasure from the view of man,
 ' And, when it fits, to sight again restore,
 ' My lips have vested in thy royal pow'r:
 ' Now then I mount: two slender pins behold,
 ' One in each ear, compos'd of beaten gold;
 ' When I shall turn the right, the horse shall rise
 ' In spiry circuit soaring to the skies;

‘ And, downward when I wish my course to bend,
 ‘ I touch the left, and he will straight descend.’
 He said; and mounting, from his shoulders flung
 His robe, and turn’d the pin, and upward sprung,
 Light as the sky-lark wings her tow’ry flight
 To chaunt a requiem to departing night.
 High o’er their heads he rode; then from above
 Quick glancing, like the flaky wrath of Jove,
 At once upon the vacant space he stood,
 While shouts of wonder burst from all the crowd.
 Then thus; ‘ From what is done, you plainly see
 ‘ How strong, how swift, the Courser carries me.
 ‘ But lest, unus’d to an aerial course,
 ‘ You fear the motion of this Magic Horse,
 ‘ Or think, when from aloft your eyes discern
 ‘ The Globe convex on all sides from you turn,
 ‘ Distracted, you should feel your brain go round,
 ‘ And lose your seat, and tumble on the ground;
 ‘ Let one, the boldest of the warrior train,
 ‘ Fill the soft saddle when I mount again,
 ‘ While I behind him, with my truncheon, guide
 ‘ Our progress through the paths of ether wide.
 ‘ This safe atchiev’d, ere yet my practis’d hand
 ‘ To thee, oh King! resign the Steed’s command,
 ‘ Another, dearer, venture will I dare;
 ‘ And to the clouds escort some noble fair—
 ‘ Ev’n royal Canace to trust may deign
 ‘ The well-prov’d safety of my guiding rein.’—

'What needs,'—Cambuscan interrupting cried,—
 'What needs the Courser further should be tried?
 'No further proofs of safety will I see—
 'Is't not enough the Steed was brought by thee?
 'Thou hast already taught me to command—
 'An impulse speaks within—let none withstand!'

He said; and sudden, ere th'astonish'd Knight
 Could check his rashness or direct aright,
 Leapt on the Horse and touch'd the spring, and flew
 Swift as an arrow from a Giant's eugh.

Amazement tied the tongues of all the train;
 But had all cried, their clamours had been vain.

Then, circling, he began in spires to rise:

The Queen, the crowd, still follow'd with their eyes;

And Acban stood aghast with horror and surprize;

For, in this chance, he saw his plans o'erturn'd;

Since well he knew the Monarch, yet unlearn'd

In the true secret how to guide the Steed,

And turn him downward and his course impede,

Must rise in circles (widening, as the air,

More distant from the earth, became more rare)

Till Famine's wasting hand by slow degrees

Should sap the vigour of his sinewy knees,

And drag him, just expiring, from the Horse,

The sport of winds, an insubstantial corse:

Nor might the utmost reach of magic pow'r

E'er give his longing eyes to see the Courser more.

As eager school-boys oft, in crowds, are seen
 Watching the motion of their light machine,
 Which with broad bosom hangs upon the gales
 And seems to lessen, as aloft it sails;
 So gaz'd the Queen, and so the Princes gaz'd,
 And Canace with hands to heav'n uprais'd;
 So did Cambuscan, to their eyes, appear
 In form less broad, and less in outline clear.
 And, as when, ending their parental care,
 The Storks their young to lunar regions bear;
 With vigorous wing they cut the upper sky,
 And in the liquid light escape the eye—
 So tow'r'd, at length, the Monarch o'er his host;
 Now twinkling seen, and now in ether lost.
 But Elfeta still watch'd his fancied flight,
 Though on the empty air she fix'd her sight:
 Like marble, in her solemn grief, she stood;
 And the big tears involuntary flow'd.
 Till Canace (whose filial care supprest
 Each throbbing sigh that struggled in her breast)
 With a soft kiss the pearly sorrows stopt
 That trembling hung awhile, ere yet they dropt,
 And caught her hand, and from the public eye
 Led the sad queen to grief and privacy.

Not so the Prince; for black suspicion swell'd
 His heart, though candour at the thought rebell'd.
 He might observe, in all the Courser's flight,
 The different guidance of the King and Knight:

For as in measur'd circles rose the one,
 Unvarying like a dull automaton,
 Acban, above, below, around, would wheel;
 And shew, at ev'ry turn, a master's skill
 To stop, advance, to rise or sink at will:
 And, musing, he revolv'd within his mind,
 That Acban, though he seem'd of gentle kind,
 Was master of a powerful fabric, made
 By magic arts; and magic oft is bad:
 But still, though young, too cautious to confide
 In semblance (little oft to truth allied)
 In silence on the skies his looks he bent
 And waited, all in vain, his Sire's descent.
 But fiery Cambalo, unus'd to rein
 The burst of temper with cool reason's chain,
 Though all unconscious of the doubts that stung
 His brother's mind, and trembled on his tongue,
 Found in the lengthen'd absence of his Sire
 Enough th' impatience of his soul to fire;
 And, fixing on the Knight his alter'd eye,
 'Return the King, false traitor! or you die—
 'Return,' he cried, 'a father to our arms,
 'Or hope not to escape by hellish charms.'—
 'Forbear,' sage Algarsife in haste exclaim'd,—
 'Reproach is harsh; but heavier to be blam'd
 'When, sprung alone from dark suspicion's breast,
 'It charges falsehood on a public guest.

‘ Yet must I say (and thou, Sir Knight! wilt hear
 ‘ With grief, if innocent; if false, with fear)
 ‘ The loss we now deplore, if loss it be,
 ‘ Intended, or by chance, still springs from thee.
 ‘ The bleeding realm and we, Cambuscan’s seed,
 ‘ Require thee, Knight! to justify the deed:
 ‘ The means employ’d our doubts might authorize;
 ‘ For spells from pacts unholy often rise:
 ‘ If thou restore not, in a little space,
 ‘ The Prince, the Friend, the Father of our race;
 ‘ Or prove thy truth (and think not words can charm }
 ‘ The vengeful sorrows that our bosoms warm), }
 ‘ Nor Hell, nor Aulum saves thee from our arm.’ }

‘ Unthinking Prince!’ presumptuous Erbol cried,
 ‘ Has heav’n both head and hand to thee denied?
 ‘ These words to Acban? is there one, who hears
 ‘ Thy foul upbraiding, but the Knight reveres?
 ‘ Say, is there one of high or low degree
 ‘ But rather kneels to him than bows to thee?
 ‘ Learn prudence, Prince! Cambuscan now remov’d,
 ‘ Obedience passes to the best belov’d:
 ‘ And wisdom bids us crave the man you scorn
 ‘ To choose our King, from those of Ginghis born.’—
 ‘ Heav’ns! is it Erbol speaks?’ with faltering voice
 Said Cambalo, ‘ does he propose the choice?
 ‘ Does he forget the ordinance divine
 ‘ That binds succession in the imperial line?

' Sure, heav'n this day, for past offences, pours
 ' The direst vengeance from its penal stores:
 ' Cambuscan lost—our honour'd guest the cause—
 ' And Erbol rebel to our sacred laws—
 ' What means my friend?' 'Thy friend will soon be
 tried—

' He loves thee.'—Erbol unabash'd replied:
 ' To thee, the throne the soldiers have assign'd;
 ' To Algarsife, what fits his feeble mind.'—
 ' The throne to me?' and while he furious spoke
 The beams of honour play'd o'er Cambal's look—
 ' The throne to me? Now, noble Algarsife!
 ' I feel the curses of a vicious life:
 ' Had I ta'en virtue for my guide, like thee,
 ' No traitor for his Prince had fixt on me.
 ' But to thy title my strong service now
 ' This blot upon my faith shall disavow:
 ' And he that dares impeach thy lawful pow'r,
 ' Though once my second self, is lov'd no more.'

Then Algarsife; 'To me whatever heav'n,
 ' Of Greatness or debasement, may have given,
 ' That heav'n will teach with equal mind to bear;
 ' To serve, or govern as Cambuscan's heir.
 ' Thy words to notice, Erbol! I disdain:
 ' Thy soul is eager, wicked, weak, and vain.'—
 ' If I have err'd,' replied the fearful youth,
 (For little did he deem of Cambal's truth),

‘ If I have err’d, oh Chiefs! the wrong impute
 ‘ To rashness, springing from affection’s root:
 ‘ Cambal I lov’d, since first the manly grace
 ‘ Stole o’er the softer beauties of his face;
 ‘ Nor I alone, but all the troops have lov’d:
 ‘ But, if my warmth your just displeasure mov’d,
 ‘ Hear, when I swear to *him* I true remain,
 ‘ Friend, if he serve; or subject, if he reign.’
 ‘ Oh Princes!’ Acban slow began to say,
 ‘ Ill suit these jarrings with this awful day.
 ‘ Ye deem Cambuscan by my art betray’d:—
 ‘ I blame not charges by distraction made.
 ‘ But ye may come to know, what wrong your thought
 ‘ To me, to honour, to yourselves has wrought:
 ‘ Time, who its vivid hue from glory steals,
 ‘ To poise that waste, mysterious facts reveals;
 ‘ And Time shall prove (what blots soe’er obscure
 ‘ My dim renown) from this my soul is pure.
 ‘ A messenger of Peace, I brought this frame,
 ‘ An earnest of *his* love from whom I came.
 ‘ Would *he* send ruin as a pledge of love?
 ‘ Or know Cambuscan’s self the Horse would prove?
 ‘ Did I to this rash act your Sire invite?
 ‘ Did I not rather ask, that some bold knight
 ‘ Before me on the saddle should be plac’d,
 ‘ A Damsel next, and your Cambuscan last?
 ‘ Why then impute to me, what Fortune’s will
 ‘ Has order’d, all our minds with grief to fill?—

‘ Like youthful features, Lords! the youthful breast
 ‘ By a slight impulse is with ease imprest:
 ‘ On ye, whose skins the tints of nature shew,
 ‘ How soon the north-wind strikes a scarlet glow!
 ‘ How soon upon your ivory necks, the Sun
 ‘ Leaves of his burning touch the traces brown!
 ‘ While he, on whom the damps of midnight, fall’n,
 ‘ Have by the parching beam been dried at dawn,
 ‘ Through many a toilsome year, no change displays
 ‘ From the keen blast, or from the fervid rays.
 ‘ Ev’n thus it fares, young Princes! with your minds:
 ‘ Ye the first thought or good or evil blinds;
 ‘ And as ye hotly think or well, or ill,
 ‘ Ye load with favours, or ye rush to kill.
 ‘ But I have learnt appearance to mistrust,
 ‘ Nor act on semblance, till I find it just.
 ‘ Oft in the far horizon’s rugged line
 ‘ Thin spiry clouds with massive rocks combine;
 ‘ But these with lightest breezes change their form;
 ‘ While mountains stand, unalter’d by the storm.
 ‘ And thus, as passions bias, rash surmise
 ‘ Prints varying outlines on the mental eyes;
 ‘ But if the mind one fixt impression shews,
 ‘ We know ’tis truth from whence the image flows.
 ‘ Then listen to my words: though high in air
 ‘ The King be borne, it fits not to despair:
 ‘ Haply to view his subject realms he strays,
 ‘ Till distance from his sight those realms erase;

' Or haply what I boasted he will try,
 ' And round the Globe of earth undaunted fly.—
 ' If this his wish, the Sun again shall rise
 ' Ere his lov'd aspect greet your longing eyes;
 ' And ye, mean time, distracting doubt shall tear;
 ' Nor Acban's self exclude some pangs of fear.
 ' But, rul'd by reason, now dismiss the thought
 ' That I, your guest, this dread event have wrought;
 ' And when each, separate, communes with his breast,
 ' Let each his mind of such base doubts divest.'

He ceas'd; nor fail'd the vulgar to convince,
 To startle Cambal, and perplex the Prince:
 For Algarsife through all the gloze could find
 A something, but he knew not what, behind;
 As nought is seen distinct through colour'd glass,
 And ev'n the rays are tinctur'd as they pass.
 Then thus he spoke: ' Your words, Sir Knight! are
 wise:

' More speak I not, till wary friends advise:
 ' If Erbol be but true to Cambalo,
 ' So shall he to myself attachment shew.
 ' Now let each grieving friend apart retire,
 ' And weary heav'n with pray'rs to save our Sire.'

Cautious he said; for well his wisdom knew
 That Erbol's vices sway'd a numerous crew.—
 Then with the royal train in silent grief withdrew. }

But Acban, howsoe'er at first dismay'd,
 Now with more cheerful eye th' event survey'd.

Apart, in council with Wolodimir,
 And Erbol, and each discontented peer,
 Soon a new scheme his wisdom could arrange,
 Which to his good might turn this sudden change.
 Compos'd he spoke, and each confederate cheer'd;
 For fearful ev'n Wolodimir appear'd.

' Beyond our sum of hope, this favouring day
 ' Has snatch'd the mightiest of our foes away,
 ' And little risk my friends remains to try:—
 ' The head lopt off, the members prostrate lie.
 ' Perhaps my guardian powers (for pow'rs there are
 ' Of whom your Knight is the peculiar care)
 ' Urg'd the bold King to spring upon the Steed,
 ' Lest wisdom should our wish'd exploit impede:
 ' For uninstructed in the master pin
 ' Which rules the complicated springs within,
 ' To turn the Courser shall exceed his pow'r,
 ' And ne'er shall earth alive receive him more.
 ' How easy then, to seize the vacant throne,
 ' By none defended, or by boys alone?
 ' How easy this vast empire to divide,
 ' Enough for us and many more beside?
 ' But ye, whose hearts a sense of injuries fires,
 ' Yet mask the courage which your nerve inspires:
 ' In the dark look of sorrow veil your hate;
 ' Pretend an anxious interest in the state,
 ' And with the general voice your Acban execrate. }

‘ For I must hence, to bring the needful aid—
 ‘ Mere curses will not hurt my absent head ;
 ‘ Though all, when I am gone, in furious zeal
 ‘ Swear that by me their moon-struck Monarch fell.
 ‘ But when the battle joins (for Algarsife
 ‘ Will hold his sceptre while he holds his life)
 ‘ Lead off your squadrons : though their bulk be
 small,
 ‘ Some disaffection, prov’d, will sow distrust in all :
 ‘ And while the panic reigns, my sword will shew
 ‘ The path to conquest through th’ astonish’d foe.
 ‘ But chief, oh Erbol ! bend thy utmost care
 ‘ The errors of thy rashness to repair :
 ‘ Win the young king, till to thy martial hand
 ‘ He give the guidance of the veteran band,
 ‘ Whom, long from arms retir’d, th’ alarm shall call
 ‘ The stronger to replace, and man the wall.
 ‘ Thus, when our armies meet upon the plain,
 ‘ And uproar all around and horrors reign,
 ‘ With ease may’st thou the royal dome surprize,
 ‘ And keep secure the beauteous sacrifice,
 ‘ Till Acban (overthrown th’ opposing bands)
 ‘ Can seize the only prey his hope demands.’
 Cheerful he spoke, and from the Chiefs retir’d :
 They long his unexhausted art admir’d ;
 Then parting, each confirm’d his trusty pow’r.
 And anxious waited for the signal hour.

Meantime the Monarch in th' aerial height
 With pleasure, long, pursued his spiral flight:
 Far smoother did the Steed in ether float,
 Than down a dimpled current glides a boat
 When the oars sleep, when Zephyr's self is still,
 And scarce a ripple clings around the keel.
 Then stretch'd beneath his feet, in wide survey,
 The elevated plains of Sarra lay:
 As, when some merchant future gain projects
 And with an anxious look the Chart inspects,
 At once the torrid shores that gold supply
 And either India, fill his greedy eye:
 Of each the profits glitter in his soul,
 And doubtful where to fix, he wanders o'er the
 whole:

So far'd the Tartar King; when from on high
 O'er many a subject realm he roll'd his eye.
 Far in the East, and scarce within his ken,
 The Mongal districts lay, the hive of men
 From whence his mighty father Ginghis pour'd,
 And with such matchless prowess whirl'd his sword,
 That all had bow'd the iron yoke beneath,
 But trembling Europe clasp'd the knees of Death,
 And woo'd the Pow'r to wave his icy hand
 And save the choicest portions of her land.
 There had Cambuscan fixt his fond regard;
 But other scenes a like affection shar'd:

North^a, where his arms to polish'd arts restor'd
 The mines which Altai's snowy wastes afford ;
 By Griffins guarded once against the one-ey'd
 horde. }

West, where Crimca spreads her verdant vales,
 And her surge whitens with a thousand sails ;
 And South—but as he southward turn'd his eyes
 Where Kâf shuts up the view and props the skies,
 Amaz'd he spied the bold Ophirian train
 Wind in long columns o'er the fertile plain.

What such a band of warriors might forebode
 He fear'd; and anxious for his country's good
 (For friends, expected march, in secret, foes)
 Touch'd the left pin—but still the Courser rose!
 Stooping, again his utmost force he tried
 To bend it, as its fellow bent, aside ;
 But still that utmost force the slender pin defied. }

Thus the tall spire, that crowns the sacred pile
 Where solemn chauntings swell from aisle to aisle,
 Bends not, nor totters, though the autumnal storm
 With gather'd rage assault its tapering form.

^a North, &c] The Altai, or Golden Mountains, the scene of the battles between the Griffins and the Arimaspians (when the latter purloined the treasures of the former) lay to the north of Sarra. The Arimaspians were a fabulous people having one eye, in the middle of the forehead; they were said to steal the treasures of the Griffins, an animal partly Lion and partly Eagle, inhabiting Imaus, now Altai.

Sudden, again he tried; again he fail'd:
 A keener anguish now his mind assail'd:
 For their quick march the rapid squadrons won
 Within short distance of th' imperial town;
 And (as the feast had e'en for hinds a charm)
 None, at their toil disturb'd, spread round th' alarm.
 Not for himself he fear'd: but mourn'd to view
 How near his unsuspecting friends they drew,
 When none the close approach or danger knew. }
 The horrors of surprize, the city storm'd,
 And his rich dome with ravages deform'd,
 The rack, to stretch for gold the quiv'ring limb,
 The outcries to high heav'n, the prayers for him,
 Rose vivid in his mind: for he had seen
 The features of Defeat and knew her frightful mien.
 Oh! he might witness, when he could but grieve,
 (Forbid by Fate and Magic to relieve)
 His host o'erthrown, his mighty empire spoil'd,
 The Princes slain, the royal dames defil'd,
 And hang suspended in the air, so near,
 That ev'ry sufferer's shriek would reach his ear.
 Not with more anguish, from her tow'r, the bride
 Beholds the dusty whirlwind rolling wide,
 And catches, as the gale blows softly by,
 The last vibration of each wretch's cry,
 When her lov'd lord an outlaw band repels,
 And none the various turns of battle tells.

But higher still the stubborn Courser wheel'd,
 And clouds below the Sarran plain conceal'd;
 Conceal'd his palace, hid th' invading crew,
 And gave to Fancy all that must ensue.

Acban with speed his splendid robe laid by,
 And loos'd the glittering falchion from his thigh.
 A boar-spear in his hand, and coarsely clad,
 In silence through the busy town he sped,
 And drew no notice on his humble head;
 Unknown, unheeded, by the self-same throng
 That worshipp'd, when in state he pass'd along,
 Oh God of Man's affection! gaudy state!
 What wonders can thy magic touch create!
 Disrob'd, a King is nothing: on a throne,
 Each blood-stain'd outcast is a Philip's son.
 Then, Virtue! trust not to thy inward gem;
 Catch the eye first; then win the heart's esteem.

A Horse, beside the portal, Erbol's care
 Provided, to his camp the Knight to bear.
 But scarce had he began his journey's toil,
 His course directing to the close defile,
 Ere in a hollow way that cross'd the mead
 (Bare now and dry, but once a river's bed)
 He saw a long extended column wind;
 And all that Aulum thought at once divin'd.
 Surpriz'd, but not confus'd, more firm and broad
 Instant he wove the tissue of his fraud;

And forward sprung and shouted from the van:—
 The well known sound along the column ran,
 And, loudly echoing to the furthest rear,
 Taught the glad soldiers that their chief was near.
 Then hast'ning to the King, who clasp'd with joy
 That breast which toil'd his empire to destroy,
 ' Oh Sov'reign! ' he exclaim'd, ' though us'd to find
 ' In all thy acts a penetrating mind,
 ' The Prophet, I must think, this march has led,
 ' Or swum in nightly visions round thy head,
 ' And told thee all yon traitor King has done,
 ' And bad thee seize the undefended town.'
 ' Nor nightly dream, nor Heav'n confess'd has told,'
 The King replied, ' whate'er yon walls infold.
 ' Concern for thee, alone among our foes,
 ' Rous'd us, long doubting, from the camp's repose;
 ' And hither have we march'd, thy life to save,
 ' Or with their dearest purple dye thy grave.
 ' But this is not a time to tell our fears—
 ' Thy look, thy coming teems with other cares—
 ' Tell then, but briefly, what thy long delay
 ' Caus'd in yon tow'rs? what brought thee now
 away,
 ' And what affords those tow'rs an easy prey?'
 He ceas'd, and Acban thus—' If chance have
 giv'n
 ' This lucky march, be chance the soldier's heav'n!

‘ The King is snatch’d away—the loyal band
 ‘ Palsied with mute amazement feeble stand,
 ‘ While Insurrection bares her scowling brow,
 ‘ And all, who late caball’d, breathe fierce defiance
 now—

‘ But I should tell thee, that when first I came
 ‘ And spoke the terrors of my sovereign’s name,
 ‘ The mighty warrior vail’d his lofty tone
 ‘ And gladly bought thy smiles with Cabul’s crown:
 ‘ But when our hands the solemn truce had sign’d,
 ‘ When oaths had pass’d, the truce more firm to bind,
 ‘ When, unsuspecting of the King’s intent,
 ‘ The pledges of thy favour I had sent—
 ‘ Then did this traitor-king his pact rescind,
 ‘ And shew’d the Tartar features of his mind;
 ‘ Decreeing all the presents to retain,
 ‘ But ne’er to yield Cabulstan’s rich domain,
 ‘ And in my person spurning Aulum’s reign. }
 ‘ For in his pride of heart (when nought was said,
 ‘ But Justice flush’d some honest brows with red)
 ‘ Rashly he leap’d upon the Steed (when I }
 ‘ Had taught him by what spring aloft to fly,
 ‘ And that alone of all the mystery:)
 ‘ And, calling on his monstrous deities,
 ‘ Dared uninstructed in the air to rise.
 ‘ But as he rose, in all who saw the sight,
 ‘ On wonder fear ensued, on fear delight,

- ‘ Succeeding, as when night’s dark shades give way
 ‘ To morning dim, that brightens into day;
 ‘ For thralldom had engender’d hate before;
 ‘ (Though frowns were smooth’d and gloss’d by heavy
 pow’r)
 ‘ And Aulum’s greatness (told by me) had shewn
 ‘ Cambuscan sat on no unrival’d throne;
 ‘ But should Rebellion from her forehead fling
 ‘ The vizor, fear-impos’d, a mightier king
 ‘ Would dignify her acts and all her sinews string. }
 ‘ Why should I waste the precious time, to say
 ‘ Amid the royal race what dire dismay,
 ‘ What consternation ran? among the great
 ‘ What jarring counsels mimic’d wise debate?
 ‘ While Treason took her time to clamour loud,
 ‘ And Uproar storm’d amid the senseless crowd.
 ‘ Then haste! ere yet the boiling passions cool,
 ‘ While yet nor loyalty nor treason rule,
 ‘ Haste, monarch! to th’ attack.’—He said, and shook
 His rattling spear: Al-Kabal sudden spoke—
 ‘ Stay, mighty Aulum, yet; to war who leans
 ‘ May treat of peace, but e’er neglects the means.
 ‘ The solemn treaty by Cambuscan made,
 ‘ By *him* was broken: so your envoy said.—
 ‘ *He* then alone deserves your vengeful hand;
 ‘ By him the gifts were seiz’d, the realm retain’d:
 ‘ But they who groan beneath this tyrant’s yoke
 ‘ Should claim your aid, and not your rage provoke.

- ‘ They counsel’d not this fraud; but in their eyes
- ‘ Your envoy saw th’ indignant sparkles rise,
- ‘ When this base king the sacred pact o’erturn’d,
- ‘ And heav’n’s dread rites and Aulum’s empire spurn’d.
- ‘ Did any peers (for some in ev’ry land
- ‘ Rank next the crown, in talents or command)
- ‘ In speech or look to this foul act accede?
- ‘ Not one—they shudder at the faithless deed.
- ‘ Nay, at this hour, when Acban calls you on
- ‘ Their rallying to prevent and storm the town,
- ‘ They, whom you doom to death, espouse your cause,
- ‘ And scorn an outrage on the public laws.
- ‘ But say, if milder justice bid you spare,
- ‘ Does policy or prudence urge the war?
- ‘ If in his noon of life, when he could boast
- ‘ Tried friends around him, and a loyal host,
- ‘ Cambuscan scarce refus’d the lands you claim,
- ‘ Subdued by the bare sound of Aulum’s name;
- ‘ Will he, who now the tottering empire sways,
- ‘ Whom scarce one warrior from his heart obeys,
- ‘ Whom open insurrection menaces,
- ‘ Or treachery undermines by slow degrees:
- ‘ Will he (depriv’d of that infernal steed
- ‘ From whose imagin’d aid might spring Cambuscan’s
deed)
- ‘ Will he brave Aulum’s near impending pow’rs?
- ‘ Or brave those brows on which Rebellion lours?

- ‘ No—but if you, by thirst of carnage driv’n,
- ‘ Reject the counsels which my youth has giv’n,
- ‘ Each faction will postpone the private jar,
- ‘ Bound by the stronger fear of outward war :
- ‘ For ev’n the few, whom Acban’s words have won
- ‘ To build their hopes on Aulum’s pow’rful throne,
- ‘ Will shrink, amaz’d at such o’erbearing aid,
- ‘ And doubt *their* friendship *who* uncall’d invade.
- ‘ For once then, Sire ! let age to youth give way ;
- ‘ Let your experience my advice obey :
- ‘ Straight let some knight or herald, from the town
- ‘ Call him, whose head sustains Cambuscan’s crown,
- ‘ And, midway from our host, upon the plain
- ‘ To meet this king let not thyself disdain.
- ‘ Then shalt thou urge the terms before propos’d,
- ‘ (The terms with which Cambuscan’s self had clos’d)
- ‘ And offer yet thy onset to restrain,
- ‘ So fertile Cabul own in peace thy reign ;
- ‘ And thou shalt rule the kingdom happier far
- ‘ By reason gain’d, than if subdued in war.’

Al-Kabal ceas’d : the monarch thus replied :

- ‘ Well hast thou spoken ; be thy counsel tried.
- ‘ If to our *name* one gem, of those that shine
- ‘ Bright in his crown, this feeble prince resign ;
- ‘ A nobler jewel he may choose to yield,
- ‘ Nor risk the dreadful sentence of the field,
- ‘ When, from their toil refresh’d, some other day
- ‘ He sees our army wheel in fierce array.

' Meantime, with rapid marches now oppress,
 ' Let ev'ry squadron snatch a timely rest,
 ' While all our seeming cares are to the league
 address.

' Be it thy task, oh Amda! from the wall
 ' This new-born monarch to our view to call;
 ' And thine, my best-lov'd Acban! to prepare
 ' (Our strongest plea) the last resort of war.'

He said; the council clos'd: Al-Kabal's mind
 Sunk at the foul injustice now design'd;
 But none might seek to change the monarch's will;
 'Twas all he could to tremble, and to feel:

While Acban, joyful (for this interview
 The eyes of Algarsife from Erbol drew,
 And furnish'd space his mischiefs to renew,)
 With speed refresh'd the host; and rest and food,
 The solace of all ill, man's common good,
 Us'd as the prelude to fresh scenes of blood.

But Amda, with a troop of knights around,
 Gallant as May and rich caparison'd,
 Beneath the turret urg'd his proud demand
 Of conference, with the monarch of the land.
 Then to the rampart with majestic pace
 Advanc'd the hope of Sarra's royal race,
 Begirt with peers, a venerable choir
 Lov'd by the son as honour'd by the sire:
 And as he pass'd, the thronging multitude
 The young resemblance of Cambuscan view'd,

And still the more they gaz'd, they lov'd the more,
 And fancied many a grace they ne'er observ'd before.
 As when an oak which long had rais'd its head
 The single ornament of all the glade,
 Split by the forky bolt, at once gives way,
 And yields the grove, long shadow'd, to the day :
 If shelter'd by its arms, a scion rise
 With glossy rind and of no vulgar size,
 The swains well pleas'd its youthful grace admire,
 And eager catch some relict of its sire,
 Thus did the Tartars joy their Prince to see,
 And all with shouts approv'd their loyalty ;
 Shouts, that in Erbol's ear detested rung,
 And o'er his ardent look dejection flung.

' Sir King ! ' with proud demeanor Amda said,
 ' Advanc'd before his host, on yonder mead,
 ' The Monarch of the South in mercy deigns
 ' With him to parley who in Sarra reigns :
 ' So may he yet his half-drawn sabre sheathe,
 ' And the pale North again in safety breathe.'

He ceas'd : the Tartar chiefs with fury burn'd :
 Unruffled Algarsife these words return'd.

' Strange is your Monarch's message ; strange the
 time
 ' He seeks, unharbinger'd, this distant clime.
 ' If this same sun, now blazing near its height,
 ' Had seen your coming with its earliest light,

‘ Your words, sir Knight! had reach’d Cambuscan’s
ear—

‘ But now you speak to one who cannot hear.
‘ In Sarra there is none who wears the crown:
‘ And Sarra’s rule the northern empires own.
‘ This day, by all good men for aye deplor’d,
‘ Has foulest magic reft us of our lord;
‘ This day, that shews your king; this day, that bears
‘ Words harsh and blunt to unaccustom’d ears.
‘ But think not, we are mov’d by aught but grief;
‘ In mind, in acts, each Tartar is a chief:
‘ And if his sword entire your king should shew,
‘ There are, who still can lead against a foe.
‘ But pass we that—in peace, Sir Knight! return;
‘ Your monarch’s will the Tartar court shall learn.
‘ Yet ere your speedy course his presence join,
‘ Myself, and all that boast the royal line,
‘ Will on the plain your unknown monarch meet;
‘ There hear his words, and there at leisure treat.’

He said; the Knight retir’d: then Algarsife—

‘ Oh greatness! still the aim of fraud and strife—
‘ Who now shall doubt our stifled fears were just?
‘ Who now shall Acban’s honied language trust?
‘ But haste! let Canace and Cambal join
‘ (Weak image of our Sire) their steps with mine;
‘ For till we clearly know Cambuscan’s fate,
‘ His issue with joint power shall rule the state;

‘ And, whatsoe’er this dark invader seek,
 ‘ Still shall our royal deeds our royal lineage speak.’

This said, descending from the battlement,
 Through the wide gate with hasty step they went;
 And choosing from the peers a gallant few,
 Of valour prov’d and of allegiance true,
 Each took a courser which its burden bare
 So lightly that it seem’d to tread on air.
 Each Prince a jav’lin seiz’d, that sprightly rung
 As on the saddle with a bound he sprung;
 And as they rode, with Canace between,
 The threefold elegance had Phidias seen,
 His art had stamp’d them for the twins of Jove
 Return’d with Helen, safe from Theseus’ love.
 On ev’ry side were Henchmen of the Dame:
 The field with steel and jewels seem’d to flame;
 War’s gayest pomp the noble troop combin’d;
 Their crimson banner danc’d upon the wind:—
 Quick as they pass’d, their coursers loudly neigh’d,
 And the hills answer’d, as the trumpets bray’d.

Now either squadron met upon the plain:
 Aulum surpriz’d beheld the Tartar train.
 But when Al-Kabal in the Princess view’d
 (Her presence mark’d her of Cambuscan’s blood)
 The eye, the form, the features, and the air,
 Th’expression, of the visionary fair;
 Warm love, with wonder mixt, his bosom fill’d
 And through each vein a sudden rapture thrill’d:

Three times to speak his hopes he rashly tried;
 Three times its office due his tongue denied,
 By reason check'd, or by Maimoune tied. }
 Then pondering what the mystic form had told,
 That she his fates, rewarding, would unfold,
 His ecstasy at last the Prince restrain'd,
 And, propt upon his jav'lin, forward lean'd;
 In mute suspense devouring all he heard
 And anxious till th' enigma should be clear'd.
 Fair Canace, till Anlum silence broke,
 Fixt on the ground her unassuming look;
 Then lifting up her eyes, amaz'd she view'd
 The image, that her glass pourtray'd, renew'd:
 The same Al-Kabal's face, the same his size,
 The same the speaking lustre of his eyes!
 And oh! she thought, might Acban's mirror prove
 A faithful index to the book of love,
 In strict alliance might the storm subside
 And she be destin'd for that stranger's bride;
 That stranger, blest with ev'ry charm of face,
 With manly mien, and more than human grace,
 And blest with inward purity, to pass
 The strict ordeal of that wondrous glass.—
 But still perplexing fears her mind distress— }
 The mirror might be false, like all the rest—
 Yet still she wish'd it true, for love was in her breast. }
 Acban perhaps the guileful present gave
 Her heart in treacherous bondage to enslave;

That tempting lure, perhaps, the traitor chose,
 To fasten half her soul on Sarra's foes;
 Drest *him* in smiles, *who* sought her country's fate;
 And painted love upon the brows of Hate.

'Twas thus the flame, by fairy practice caught,
 Maimoune's purpose in each bosom wrought.

Aulum the noble youths a while survey'd;
 Then with imposing temper gravely said,
 ' Princes! whoe'er ye be, who rule this land,
 ' Where late a mighty chief, Cambuscan, reign'd,
 ' Ill will it suit ye, callow on the throne,
 ' The claims of Faith and Justice to disown.
 ' For me, where'er my subject realms extend,
 ' My arms to all alike protection lend;
 ' Or if they breathe Arabia's rich perfume,
 ' Or weave the downy webs of India's loom,
 ' Or, ruder, dwell where Afric stretches forth
 ' Her southern point, to meet the icy North,
 ' All in their King a father's care confess;
 ' Their injuries I revenge, or I redress.
 ' When Cabul's realm Cambuscan late subdued,
 ' And from their seats expell'd its tenants rude,
 ' To me they cried; for to my sov'reign sway
 ' They bow'd, and all the tribes that near them lay:
 ' And little did it like my lofty throne
 ' That vassals, tho' despis'd and scarcely known,
 ' Beneath another's rod should undefended groan. }

‘ A chief I sent, a chief of mighty fame,
 ‘ Those districts at Cambuscan’s hand to claim;
 ‘ But still averse to war (an evil great
 ‘ Ev’n when ’tis kindled by some petty state,
 ‘ But ah! so dreadful, when by Aulum’s pow’r,
 ‘ That the world trembling waits the final hour :)
 ‘ Averse to war, my noble envoy tried
 ‘ With gifts, unequall’d in the world beside,
 ‘ And offers of our friendship, to induce
 ‘ The cession of that realm, in lasting truce;
 ‘ That Justice to the weak might yield their own,
 ‘ And the strong rest unshaken on his throne.
 ‘ Such terms the King approv’d, the presents took,
 ‘ Confirm’d the treaty, and that treaty broke.’—
 ‘ No treaty e’er was made, no districts nam’d.’—

Sudden indignant Algarsife exclaim’d—

‘ Your speech, however drest in royal phrase,
 ‘ Th’ invader’s, not the monarch’s, heart bewrays—
 ‘ For never did Cambuscan’s pow’r subdue
 ‘ Cabulstan’s tribe, or wrest that land from you :
 ‘ Those tribes, a wand’ring horde ’twixt man and brute,
 ‘ Range as caprice inclines or pastures suit;
 ‘ And great Cambuscan (whom to call our Sire
 ‘ Must with no common warmth our souls inspire;
 ‘ Spread o’er those plains a people us’d to toil;
 ‘ Bad commerce in th’ abundant country smile;
 ‘ His favours show’r’d, new denizens to draw,
 ‘ Enrich’d with arts and humaniz’d with law.—

- ‘ Whence then could’st thou the rising kingdom claim
 ‘ For tribes without or country, king, or name?
 ‘ No better title can such wretches yield
 ‘ (Mere transient shepherds) to that fertile field,
 ‘ Than Indus, rolling through a thousand lands,
 ‘ Gives o’er them to the Prince who at its mouth com-
 mands.
 ‘ And never did that treacherous envoy dare
 ‘ To ask those lands; and never threaten’d war;
 ‘ He came, Cambuscan’s natal day to greet
 ‘ With gifts from Aulum’s love, but not to treat.—
 ‘ Oh, spirit of Cambuscan ! had that Knight
 ‘ Dar’d but to hint at any other’s right
 ‘ To the least flow’r which vernal suns distain
 ‘ Beneath the shelter of thy mighty reign—
 ‘ Oh! happy had he been to mount his steed,
 ‘ And doubly grateful for aerial speed.
 ‘ No—my great Sire those tribes did ne’er expel:
 ‘ Cambuscan never stoop’d a throne to steal.
 ‘ Your envoy of those districts never spoke:
 ‘ No treaty e’er was made, and none was broke.—
 ‘ A Steed of Brass (the special work of hell)
 ‘ Was earnest of your love, and prov’d it well;
 ‘ Your charms my Sire remove, and now you claim
 ‘ What, while he liv’d, you never dar’d to name—
 ‘ But know, such cursed arts in vain you try:—
 ‘ In vain the aid of hell so dear you buy—

' What though the dreadful King be basely slain?
 ' His soldiers, arms, and energies remain—
 ' Yet, though unseen, he animates us all;
 ' He hovers round, and in his sight ye fall.
 ' Away—disgrac'd, detected as ye be,
 ' Learn to revere the name of such a King as he.'

' Well may this monarch chafe,' Al-Kabal said,
 ' If Acban ne'er a claim on Cabul made.
 ' Nor muse I, though his bosom anger warm
 ' And his rash lips with words intemperate arm,
 ' That his youth kindles, when a stranger pow'r
 ' A treaty would enforce, unknown before.
 ' But sure, if wilful silence be the cause
 ' That to this bloody stake our armies draws,
 ' When now 'tis known that Acban never nam'd
 ' The provinces, by him which Aulum claim'd,
 ' What now prevents, that in alliance tied
 ' Your empires meet, and all your jars subside?
 ' Oh! might my weak persuasion both incline
 ' To close your eyes of rage, and see with mine;
 ' How soon might peace your pow'rful realms unite,
 ' And tender interests draw that union tight!'

' Degenerate Son!' the Monarch sternly cried,
 ' To Candor, Cowardice is near allied:
 ' 'Tis not a wish to spare the waste of life
 ' That prompts thee to dissuade our glorious strife;
 ' The timid wish for peace, for war the brave—
 ' The King seeks fame; security, the slave.—

‘ What wisdom taught thy candor, to believe
 ‘ That *he* speaks truth and Acban’s words deceive?
 ‘ The tales this beardless warrior tells you now
 ‘ The treacherous workings of his Sire avow—
 ‘ So poor a game would wary Acban play,
 ‘ And give the Steed unrecompens’d away?
 ‘ Or say he did—would this egregious king
 ‘ Mount, ere instructed in the secret spring?
 ‘ The very death he dies his theft reveals,
 ‘ And proves the fact this treacherous prince conceals—
 ‘ But let him yield the long-demanded realm,
 ‘ Or dread our instant vengeance on his helm.’

Frowning, he ended : but a gloomier frown
 Darken’d the forehead of his generous son;
 While conscious merit and indignant shame
 Flush’d o’er his cheek a momentary flame.
 As when from Ætna’s mouth black volumes roll
 And in untimely darkness wrap the pole;
 By fits the livid flashes upward fly,
 And gleam a dreadful blush athwart the sky.
 In silence stood the Prince; but inly mourn’d,
 And the base charge with noble anger scorn’d:
 Eager he long’d his valorous soul to prove,
 And Ardour check’d awhile the pow’r of Love.

But Algarsife, who heard with deep disdain,
 And thought the more his Sire by magic slain,
 With keener words retorted Aulum’s threat,
 And dar’d him instant on the plain to meet.—

While Cambal storm'd, and loud on either side
 The angry peers their opposites defied;
 And sheaths the ready sabres scarce could hide.

Incens'd they parted; for abortive peace
 The fire of deadly warfare will increase.

Each to his troops in silence quick withdrew;
 None spread the banner, none the clarion blew;
 For all were bent on fight, and death was in their
 view.

But Canace, opprest with various grief,
 Hung on the image of the nameless chief;
 Her father's flight, her country's tottering state,
 Her brother's peril, and the stern debate,
 Came crowding in her mind; but love, betwixt,
 His rule asserted, and her fancy fixt
 On what the Prince of tender bonds had said;
 And whisper'd, that for *her* that wish was made.
 Uncheck'd, her courser pranc'd along the plain;
 Loose on his neck she flung the golden rein:
 Now downward she her pensive eyes inclin'd
 And dropt a tear; now cast a look behind,
 And war's eventful prospect chill'd her mind.

Acban meantime (the joyful tidings heard)
 High o'er the troops th' Ophirian standard rear'd.
 The ranks he marshall'd, with a master's thought;
 And to his proper ground each soldier brought,
 That all their skill in combat might exert;
 Some in close fight, in skirmish some alert,

Some train'd with darts a distant war to wage,
 Some horse to horse with lances to engage;
 Careful that all was balanc'd, and the line
 To one sole object might its force combine;
 Nor, with its centre firm and wings too long,
 Some parts be broken, while the rest were strong:
 On ev'ry rank his equal mind he bent,
 And pois'd the whole, to speed the wish'd event.

Thus, when the pow'rs of darkness o'er the void
 Bridg'd from the depth to earth a passage wide,
 When with so just a poise the span was thrown,
 So balanc'd in the fabric ev'ry stone
 That each to all gave strength, though weak alone; }
 Scarce, in that arch, th' artificers of ill
 Fram'd each compartment with more fatal skill,
 To bear th' eternal passage to and fro,
 And the wild anarchy that boiled below,
 Than Acban in this front of war display'd;
 Alike to stand the charge, or for th' assault array'd.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

BUT Sarra now unfolded all her gates
And to her sons consign'd the Tartar fates.
Forth from each portal rush'd an iron tide;
The veterans first, behind the youths untried;
And in their due array, by practice skill'd,
All to their custom'd ranks the squadrons wheel'd,
Thus when, at Discord's call, the Founder's hand
Unbars his furnace to the channel'd sand,
Flaming, the liquid brass flows out, and fills
The ducts prepar'd, and in a thousand rills
Each to its mould assign'd, obedient, glides:
Death with malignant smile o'er all the work presides,
 Apart, with holy priests, the youthful chief
Sought, in the sacred fane, the best relief:
With solemn rites the choral voice implor'd
Effective succour from heav'n's mighty Lord;
And echoing through the dome the music rung,
When Algarsife the sacred incense flung

Amid th' eternal flame; and kneeling vow'd
 The Lama's shrine with costly gifts to load,
 So victory his first essay might crown,
 And deeds of arms proclaim Cambuscan's son.
 Then to the royal mansion quick he past,
 And the sad Queen with filial love embrac'd:
 Some tears the hero to affection gave
 Pensive—the feeling heart is ever brave:
 But Elfeta herself not long withheld
 The prop of Sarra's welfare from the field;
 For, with fierce war familiar, well she knew
 Cambuscan's blood to peril still was due.
 And, 'Go,' she cried, 'this thought thy soul inspire
 'To noble deeds—Cambuscan is thy Sire:
 'Is—or if death for ever close his eyes,
 'His murder to thy arm for vengeance cries.
 'Us, whom these walls inclose, to save from chains;
 'To prove th' unsullied current in thy veins,
 'That still a hero's son, a second Phoenix reigns;
 'Were spur enough: but Duty now conspires,
 'Calls from the tomb and wakens all thy fires.
 'This be thy word—this drive thee on the foe—
 'Cambuscan fell, and Acban struck the blow!'

The Matron spoke, nor did the Prince reply:
 His answer was the sparkle of his eye.
 Quick as he past along the halls of state
 (Where hundreds murmur'd round of Sarra's fate)

Timourshah staid his step: twelve times the Moon
 Short homage with her transient beams had won,
 And twelve times (prodigal of borrow'd light)
 Had wander'd unobserv'd in cheerless night,
 Since Sarra's pride the chief had loath'd to share,
 Nor harbour'd other guests, than grief and care.
 For his three sons, by him to glory train'd
 And far the dearest in Cambuscan's band,
 Relentless Death had struck by Wolga's stream,
 Too'soon—but spar'd the interval to fame:
 His daughter too (whose earliest hour of life
 Gave to the tomb his long lamented wife)
 Ere yet the sods were dry that cover'd o'er
 His warriors, slept her sleep to wake no more.
 Her, left by one she lov'd, and worn with grief,
 And drooping to the last, the sad relief,
 From scenes that to her mind recall'd the vow
 (Her richest treasure once, her misery now)
 Fair Theodora's soft attention drew
 To other thoughts, to realms and pastimes new;
 What time her sire (his first obedience done)
 Silent return'd to Moscow's barren throne:
 But as their sweeping oars the sailors plied,
 Wolga, with whirling eddies black and wide,
 Absorb'd the bark she prest and whelm'd her in his }
 tide.

Thus, the last fibre broken that conjoin'd
 Timourshah with the rest of human kind,

From intercourse of man the sage retir'd,
 And brooded on the thoughts his grief inspir'd.
 Nor had he deign'd that sorrow to forego,
 Had Sarra never seen a foreign foe,
 And public fear prevail'd o'er private woe:
 But when a pow'r, by greatness uncontroll'd,
 Was found from war Cambuscan to withhold;
 When Sarra's foes without denounced her fall,
 And inexperience rul'd within her wall;
 Upstarting from his solitude, again
 The hoary warrior sought the haunts of men,
 And wiping from his mind all chances past,
 Firm, as in former perils, stood at last.
 ' Oh Algarsife!' he said, ' if heav'n have will'd
 ' That ev'n so soon the King to fate must yield,
 ' Heav'n too has will'd that thy career of fame
 ' Begun, like his, in youth, should blaze the same,
 ' And gild Ginghisca's race with double flame.
 ' The servant of thy Sire behold in me—
 ' All who ador'd Cambuscan, cling to thee.
 ' Occasion now calls hastily—let all
 ' Or in the spring of life, or in the fall,
 ' Shew now the little strength their limbs may boast;
 ' And, if not vigor, courage string your host.
 ' I, on whose forehead channell'd age appears,
 ' (Though more impair'd by sorrow than by years)
 ' To younger hands the van of war resign—
 ' The care of Sarra's sacred domes be mine.—

‘ Give then to well-prov’d faith, and to the skill
 ‘ Which practice yields, not merit; give to fill
 ‘ That station, which no Tartar long has known,
 ‘ To guard the ramparts of the menac’d town.’
 ‘ What? is Timourshah, then, the fittest man,’
 Said Erbol, ‘ to protect the royal train?
 ‘ Will Algarsife for such a function choose
 ‘ A moody, discontented, sour recluse,
 ‘ Who, with his child, to sepulture consign’d
 ‘ The best affections of the human mind,
 ‘ And lives a stain to charity, a foe
 ‘ To all, who social bliss and union know?
 ‘ Is he, who has not now a tie that draws
 ‘ His loyalty to thine or any cause,
 ‘ More fit for such a charge, than one whose kin
 ‘ Share in this place the fortunes of the Queen?’—
 ‘ Shame on thy lips profane!’ Timourshah cried,
 ‘ Am I disloyal, if my children died?
 ‘ Am I denied to bring the throne relief,
 ‘ Because its bounties fail’d to sooth my grief?
 ‘ Are there no ties a patriot soul that bind
 ‘ To his own soil, but pledges left behind?
 ‘ Perhaps to thee there are not—Algarsife,
 ‘ It shames me to be one in such a strife:
 ‘ My claim I drop: nor would a sceptre wield,
 ‘ If one, the meanest, thought my hand unskill’d.—
 ‘ But trust not Erbol—tho’ his warmth may please—
 ‘ He cannot be sincere—in times like these
 ‘ None but rank traitors fancy treacheries.’ }

' Oh good old Lord!' the Prince with smiles replied,
 ' Thy breast can never be to fraud allied.—
 ' With rapture we proclaim thy service prov'd,
 ' And hail thee, as Cambuscan's best belov'd:
 ' The charge be thine: and let us deem that youth
 ' Misguided, and no flaw in loyal truth,
 ' From Erbol this injurious challenge wrung:
 ' For zeal is thoughtless and of froward tongue.'—
 ' Not so!' exclaim'd fair Canace, ' not so—
 ' The truth of each let Acban's index shew.—
 ' The virtues of his ring myself have tried.—
 ' Ah! would his Courser's pow'r could be denied:
 ' Then right before these Chiefs his mirror hold,
 ' And the deep-working of their thoughts unfold.'—
 ' What? by a traitor's present, noble Dame,'
 Said Erbol, ' do you try a Tartar's fame?
 ' Such hateful arts a king should ne'er employ,
 ' But, as the bane of confidence, destroy.'—
 ' Oh! bring it,' cried Timourshah: ' Honesty,
 ' If heav'n shall probe it, will on heav'n rely,
 ' And any fraud of hell with scorn defy.' }
 This said, th' imperial beauty gave command, }
 Majestic turning to her menial band; }
 To give the pow'rful mirror to her hand: }
 Forward Timourshah stept—the younger knight
 Disclaim'd acquittance built on magic sleight;
 And turning his black features, stood aloof
 To shield his treason from that open proof.

But when, within the mirror, Canace
 Might the just image of Timourshah see,
 Not alter'd in expression, feature, shade,
 Nor aught, gloss'd over, by the glass betray'd,
 To all the honest portraiture she shew'd,
 And ev'ry good man's heart with pleasure glow'd.
 Then thus—' Will Erbol yet refuse to see
 ' The sanction of this Knight's integrity?
 ' He who has blam'd, 'should be the first to seize
 ' Th' occasion to retract his calumnies;
 ' And though the pride of Erbol's mighty name
 ' Such idle exculpation may disclaim,
 ' Yet will he joy to see this Lord abide
 ' The test, by which my weakness wish'd him tried.'
 She spoke, insidious: Erbol, anxious now
 Timourshah's faith retracting to allow
 (For the rash charge by flattery to atone,
 And praising one man's fealty, salve his own,)
 Mov'd hastily—the Princess chang'd her place
 And on the polish'd surface caught his face:
 Ah! whosoe'er has known some thoughtless child
 Suck death from berries, by their bloom beguil'd;
 Or whosoe'er has watch'd the varying mien
 Of Nature, in some rich, sequester'd scene,
 Where the same objects different hues assume
 As lighten'd by the Sun, or wrapt in gloom,
 He knows that features, still the same, may wear
 Expression, chang'd at once to foul from fair.

Quick, as the rays from Erbol's manly face
 His image in the glass began to trace,
 The portraiture confus'd th' observers saw,
 As if within the mirror lurk'd a flaw;
 And though resemblance just the image bore,
 A dark, dilated look the features wore,
 That something foul and horrible design'd,
 And by his monstrous visage mark'd his monstrous
 mind.

The gazers from the glass affrighted flew,
 Ev'n Erbol shrunk with horror at the view;
 And, ' Curse on all who frame, and all who trust
 ' Such baubles, to degrade the brave and just'—
 He cried, impetuous: then with furious look
 And hasty footsteps from th' assembly broke,
 And to his muster'd bands the way he took.

}

But Algarsife, confirm'd and not inform'd,
 Wreck'd not how fierce the treacherous warrior
 storm'd;

And instant in unblazon'd arms prepar'd,
 Attentive to each post, the town to guard.
 The tender youth, too weak of limb to bear
 The toilsome service of external war,
 Upon the wall he plac'd; and join'd to these
 All whom life's chill decline began to freeze.
 To that weak state in which his race began,
 Soon, soon returns the meteor strength of man:

The glories of the sky in boundless space
 Roll, in due cycles, to the self-same place,
 And still unfading the same path repeat.—
 Man sets for ever, one short course complete!
 Thus, with the shew of war the rampart lin'd,
 Among his troops the Prince the field assign'd.
 At distance, on the right, the hollow way
 That shelter'd Aulum's secret progress, lay:
 Thither, the covert of those rocks beneath
 To fill the brakes with unexpected death,
 An ambush Algarsife dispatch'd in haste,
 And at its head the Russian monarch plac'd.
 Ah confidence undue! but none might see
 Wolodimir, and think conspiracy
 Lurk'd in the silver vesture of his age:
 So manly was his look, and all his words so sage.
 Yet by the daughter's love the Prince was led;
 Honouring the Sire, to her his court he paid:
 And all approv'd the choice: the Muscovite
 Half arm'd, excell'd in desultory fight:
 And that rough ground, impervious to the horse,
 No scope afforded to a solid force;
 But for light skirmish all the place was fit,
 Conceal'd th' attack, and shelter'd the retreat.
 Then through the ranks the youthful leader rode
 Observant, and commands on all bestow'd,
 On all, save Erbol: him, detested long,
 His prudence left unnotic'd in the throng;

For though his love alledg'd for Cambalo
 Might salve his late offending, and allow
 Some charge of trust his rank to signalize;
 Too plain the glass had mark'd his treacheries.
 Then Algarsife (in ranks dispos'd the rest)
 Thus in a modest tone the troops address:
 ' Soldiers! it fits not me, with ardent words
 ' To whet the temper of your veteran swords:
 ' Rather 'tis yours to cast a doubtful eye
 ' When a youth leads you, so unlearn'd as I.
 ' But let the mournful cause, that gives ye me
 ' For him, whose very voice was victory,
 ' Heal my defects: that yon base wretch may feel
 ' Your valour compensates my want of skill.
 ' Now hear my solemn pledge, in open day:
 ' And as I keep it, scorn me or obey.
 ' Wherever dire mischance may seem to threat;
 ' Where'er the troops are broken or retreat;
 ' Wherever Aulum storms, or Acban fights;
 ' Wherever Danger shrieks, or Fame invites,
 ' There shall ^a ye still observe this virgin plume;
 ' The star to guide ye through the battle's gloom.
 ' Muse not that I, whom now ye call your King,
 ' Omit the magic sabre forth to bring.

^a *There shall, &c.*] This idea is taken from the well-known speech of Henry IVth of France.

' Within the royal tomb is plac'd the sword;
 ' None may that gate unbar, but Sarra's Lord:
 ' And I, though call'd her Lord, will yet refrain;
 ' For my heart whispers, that I do not reign.
 ' But if I do—Cambuscan never fought
 ' With arms unholy, by enchantment wrought:
 ' The spells he trusted in his bosom sate:
 ' His be my sword, for him I emulate.
 ' Nor shall the sheath again its lustre shade,
 ' Till Ophir's richest blood have smok'd upon its blade.'

He ceas'd: the squadrons rais'd a general cry
 That echo'd far and wide along the sky,
 And startled in his rank the stedfast enemy. }
 But Algarsife that instant gave the word,
 And the troops forward, like a deluge, pour'd.
 He all the diffidence of youth laid by;
 Loud was his voice, and piercing was his eye;
 A perfect leader ev'ry act betray'd,
 Cambuscan's heir, and born to be obey'd.
 The Chiefs with wonder saw the sudden change;
 How keen his mind would o'er the battle range;
 Each want forestal, each chance of danger weigh,
 And scan in thought the waverings of the day.
 For, on the sudden now by perils prest,
 War's various art unfolded in his breast;
 And, in each knightly grace and science skill'd,
 He shone at once the wonder of the field.

Thus when the tepid gales in early Spring
 Wave o'er the slumbering earth their genial wing,
 From the oak's utmost root its vital flood
 Swells through the trunk, and forms the knotty bud,
 Where, perfect in its shape, the foliage lies;
 But waits the influence of serenest skies,
 To burst its narrow dwelling, and unfold
 Its form complete, and verdure ting'd with gold.

Now, as one mass compact, each army swept
 Onward, and each a dreadful silence kept:
 As when two clouds in summer's heat appear
 Charg'd with the seeds of elemental war,
 Louring, from adverse points they slowly sail,
 And stillness overcomes the languid gale.—

So, terrible in silence, either host
 Marching, the middle space was quickly lost:
 While in the rest his spear each horseman set
 And, far before the others, furious met.
 Their shiver'd staffs the air with splinters fill'd,
 And all the shock confess'd and backward reel'd,
 As when^b, by whirlwinds driv'n, the Pontic Isles
 Clash: upward flies the spray and each recoils.

^b *As when, &c.*] The Cyanean rocks, or Symplegades, are situated near the mouth of the Bosphorus, in the Euxine; and were supposed to float and be dashed against each other by storms. The notion of their floating may have arisen (as some travellers say) from their appearing very differently situated, with relation to each other, as a ship passes within sight of them. Pliny enumerates them among the islands in Pontus, or the Euxine Sea.

Among the Tartars, Cambal, new to blood,
 Smil'd o'er the scene and not inactive stood:
 Headlong he rush'd amid the thickest foe,
 And Death obedient follow'd ev'ry blow;
 Like one to slaughter us'd he seem'd to fare,
 And claim'd an instant fellowship with war.
 As when^c, from thirsty Zaara, on her wings
 The Pelican her giant offspring brings,
 And, many a desert travers'd, stoops again
 Upon the sounding borders of the main;
 The chaos of the surge each youngling braves,
 By nature taught, and riots in the waves:
 Thus Cambal through the swelling carnage strode,
 And scarce the boldest such an onset stood.

Him, from the adverse lines Al-Kabal view'd,
 Mad with the relish of new-tasted blood:
 Straight, images of triumph fill'd his mind;
 And, through the squadrons glancing like the wind,
 Above the din of battle loud he cried,
 And the brave youth to single fight defied:
 For deathless wreaths Al-Kabal deem'd to bear
 From one so worthy of his maiden spear.

^c *As when, &c.*] The Pelicans breed in the desert, and after the season of incubation repair to the ocean. Whether the common opinion, that they bring down their young to the shore before the latter can fly, and then the unfledged brood betake themselves to the waters, be true, or whether they fly thither when able, is not very material; for their instinctive acquaintance with that element is the same in both cases.

Instant his course the Tartar warrior staid;
 And turning short the awful call obey'd:
 As when the falc'ner's whistle strikes the ear
 Of his keen hawk, just pouncing on the deer,
 Quick, as from polish'd brass is thrown the light,
 She turns, and backward wings her willing flight;
 So sharply Cambal rein'd his bounding steed,
 And couch'd his lance anew, and paus'd from those
 that fled:

While th' Ophirian troops their ranks repair'd,
 And all the line alike the battle shar'd;
 War's fury wider spread less terrible appear'd. }
 Thus if or chance, or will, a stream obstruct,
 Drawn from its channel through some narrow duct
 Where deep and strong it roll'd with rapid course
 Lending to labour artificial force;
 Again, upon a wider surface spread,
 It gently murmurs in its antient bed.

It chanc'd that Cambal urg'd his furious way
 Where late the victims of his valour lay,
 And all around a slippery, slimy mass
 Of gore and entrails mixt, defil'd the grass.
 There floundering midway in the fierce career,
 Down fell both horse and man: the beamy spear }
 Doubling beneath him, snapt—Al-Kabal near
 The chance observ'd, and rein'd his eager steed,
 And lightly vaulted on the purpled mead—

‘ I wage no war with those whom chance o’er-
throws’—

He said—‘ Fame springs not but from equal foes:
‘ If hurt, oh Chief! go safely from the fight;
‘ Thy trophies won display no vulgar knight:
‘ But, if uninjur’d still thy strength remain,
‘ Behold me here dismounted on the plain:
‘ Gladly my arm the glittering spear resigns,
‘ Since none oppos’d of equal terror shines;
‘ And my good sword shall purchase fame alone,
‘ Or add one wreath to those by thee already won.’

The Prince at last discumber’d, up he sprung
And from his hand the broken weapon flung:
At once black choler boiling in his breast,
And with the warrior’s courtesy opprest—
‘ Sir Knight,’ he said, ‘ no outward bruise I find:
‘ The deadly hurt I feel is in my mind.
‘ Thy courtesy, whatever blow I strike,
‘ Upon my feeling heart will grave the like;
‘ And, should my arms with victory be crown’d,
‘ Thy name will more than mine be still renown’d.’

Closing, the combat equal stood awhile;
The strength of Cambal match’d Al-Kabal’s skill;
And both with caution struck and steady eye,
More earnest to defend than to annoy,
Till Cambal, sudden, with a backward blow
The guard eluded of his active foe,
And from Al-Kabal’s arm the blood was seen to flow. }

Oh! what a throng of passions swell'd his heart,
 Excell'd in strength and overmatch'd in art,
 And the first knight encounter'd, doom'd to wear
 Th' expected trophies of his maiden spear!
 As the gaunt Lioness, in covert found
 Lurking with her defenceless whelps around,
 To them alone her savage thoughts extends,
 Nor forward springs, but as she flies defends,
 Till distant darts arrest her infant care:—
 Then caution dies—then all her soul is war—
 Then her fangs foam and then her eyeballs glare: }
 So fierce Al-Kabal on the Tartar flew—
 To meet so fierce a foe the Tartar knew;
 And with such horror rag'd the mortal fight
 That ev'ry soldier paus'd and wonder'd at the sight:
 Till, careless both to ward, and both intent
 To strike, their shields, their helmets, their hauberks
 rent,
 Red conquest hovering with impartial wings,
 And the blood spouting from a thousand springs,
 Each fighting on the ground where first he stood,
 Nor either yet subduing or subdued,
 At once each warrior aim'd a final blow,
 Heedless of that impending from his foe:
 Full at the neck his sword Al-Kabal drove—
 The sword stopt shorter, and the shoulder clove;
 Beneath the arm the Tartar aim'd too well—
 Both struck together, both together fell,

Both side by side bereft of motion lay,
 Both by their speechless troops were slowly borne
 away.

Erbol, for he (while Cambal fought) stood by
 And watch'd the combat with malicious eye,
 Now of the chance to Etha tidings brought,
 And her too ready ear, insidious, taught
 How Canace from Sarra might be lur'd,
 And safely by th' Ophirian chief secur'd.
 Then culling from the host his trusted crew
 To Acban's ensign o'er the field withdrew:
 Acban of all the specious lure he told;
 Then in th' Ophirian bands his troops enroll'd.
 But Algarsife, who, when the fight began,
 Stood foremost, blazing in the Tartar van,
 And first distain'd the ground with blood of man,
 Incens'd the rebel's treacherous act beheld,
 And loud reproach'd him as he pass'd the field—
 ' Fly traitor! hope not Acban shall requite,
 ' But speedy vengeance overtake, thy flight—
 ' Whoe'er betrays her, when his country calls,
 ' Scorn'd by mankind, by heav'n detested falls.'—
 Furious he spoke, and couch'd his gleaming spear,
 And claim'd the traitor from the furthest rear:
 Impetuous through th' obstructing ranks he rode,
 And with stunn'd steeds and men his pathway
 strow'd;

But never paus'd, nor stopt, nor look'd aside,
 Till Erbol midst his rebel band he spied,
 And, with a voice that knell'd his fate, defied. }
 Then, aiming low his lance with level true,
 The horse, roll'd backwards, on the plain he threw,
 And through base Erbol's breast a passage tore,
 And shew'd the spear beyond him, dropping gore:
 Then scorning the vile crew, whom fear compell'd
 In heaps confus'd and shuddering on the field,
 Back with a solemn pace the Prince inclin'd;
 And sometimes stopt, and cast a frown behind }
 That all their strength unstrung and wither'd ev'ry
 mind.

As when, on Snowden's brow, the Goats invite
 Th' imperial Eagle from his lofty flight,
 One from the huddled flock he stoops to seize,
 Then spreads his vans again and mounts upon the
 breeze.

Etha meantime, with well-feign'd anguish, told
 To Canace the fate of Cambal bold:

' Oh! haste,' she said, ' oh! snatch him from the
 tomb,
 ' Ere seal'd by Fate's irrevocable doom—
 ' That Ring was surely brought by heav'n's command
 ' To save the dearest life in Sarra's land—
 ' Oh, haste! on him its wond'rous virtues try—
 ' The prayers of all thy pow'rful aid shall buy.'

‘ Yes; I will go:’ she said, ‘ if yet he breathe
 ‘ My pow’r shall snatch him from untimely death:
 ‘ This Ring experience now determines true—
 ‘ Ah! would the other gifts as well we knew.—
 Sighing, she paus’d: then thus—‘ What friendly care
 ‘ Convey’d my brother from the fields of war?
 ‘ Where lies he now? on the tumultuous plain,
 ‘ Or borne to Sarra by his duteous train?’
 ‘ Not yet in Sarra,’ artful Etha said,
 ‘ Too weak to move, he on the grass is laid ;
 ‘ Apart, where yet untrod the herbage grows,
 ‘ In yon cool shade his languid limbs repose:
 ‘ Ev’n, so good fortune wills. in yonder glade
 ‘ Where late thy ring the healing plant display’d.
 ‘ Speed we, while any sparks of life remain :
 ‘ One moment lost not years of grief regain.’

Prudence, the guard of man’s unruffled hour,
 The softer passions melt, the strong o’erpow’r:
 And Canace, though fear, like hers awake,
 At such a daring step alarm might take,
 Though the dark plots of that eventful time
 Might justify the dread of secret crime,
 Lost in one tender wish all cautious doubt,
 Fearing nor fraud within, nor force without,
 Her ev’ry thought employing, ere too late,
 Cambal to find and stay the hand of fate.

Rising, her step she to the portal bent;
 Her maids attending follow’d where she went;

And, issuing, hurried to the lonely glade
Where Cambal's bleeding limbs, she deem'd, were
laid.

But ah! she found in that sequester'd place
No brother stretch'd, and none of Tartar race:
Acban, the traitor, with his knights was there;
Acban, the traitor, clasp'd the trembling fair;
Acban, the traitor, that dark shade conceal'd,
Acban, whose arm was strong, whose heart was steel'd.
Aghast she stopt:—o'er Etha's face she stole
A piercing glance, that stript her guilty soul:
And in an instant all the complex chain
Of fraud, she saw; and all her fate was plain.
Oh! chilling was the thought: no friend was by—
She, whom she lov'd, her deepest enemy:
Yet did her eye disdain to drop a tear;
A Princess still she stood, majestic in despair.
' Oh lady! fear not; in a blessed hour,'
Smiling he said, ' you sought this distant bow'r—
' Think not a brother here your ring shall try—
' Short was his date, and clos'd is Cambal's eye.
' Acban, the stranger knight your court admir'd,
' By Canace's unequall'd beauties fir'd,
' Acban seduc'd you to this lonely grove;
' And he, who can command it, begs your love.
' Ev'n from the moment when aloft in state
' (Where near Cambuscan's royal chair you sate)

‘ Entering the joyous hall your charms I saw,
 ‘ I lov’d—and Love observes no moral law :
 ‘ Ev’n when I first beheld that form divine,
 ‘ I vow’d to make such heav’nly beauties mine :
 ‘ For as my name stands first in deeds of arms,
 ‘ That eminence may claim the brightest charms.—
 ‘ Think then my crimes (for crimes I freely own)
 ‘ Sprung from your eyes, and sprung from them alone.
 ‘ To Sarra’s court I came, a loyal knight,
 ‘ A bold asserter of my sov’reign’s right;
 ‘ But loyalty and faith for you I broke;
 ‘ I came a warrior, but a lover spoke—
 ‘ Threats, frowns, defiance faded from my mind :
 ‘ Your matchless image only staid behind.
 ‘ For you, great Aulum’s wish at nought I set,
 ‘ And sooth’d the monarch whom I came to threat;
 ‘ Nor did one thought my fervid bosom move,
 ‘ But to prolong my stay, and win your love.
 ‘ But, lady! Fate (and Fate obstructs the best,
 ‘ Still eager from their end our plans to wrest)
 ‘ Fate came between, my purpose to impede,
 ‘ And urg’d your sire to mount the Brazen Steed
 ‘ Untutor’d, yet, to guide that magic frame;
 ‘ And with my credit overthrew my claim.
 ‘ But from Cambuscan’s fate my soul is pure;
 ‘ He owes it to his rashness, too secure
 ‘ And fain to think that strength the steed could rein—
 ‘ And still he onward flies, nor can his course restrain.

' Oh! let not then your heart with rage be fir'd,
 ' Nor blame deceit, which love alone inspir'd:
 ' Oh! gracious bend; and to a husband yield
 ' What by a lover's force may be compell'd:
 ' So shall at once the battle's fury cease,
 ' And the fierce nations join in lasting peace;
 ' So shall your race remain, and Algarsife
 ' Enjoy, with honours long, his forfeit life.
 ' Well may you deem, by all my art has done,
 ' By the gifts laid before Cambuscan's throne,
 ' That by no vulgar knight your hand is sought—
 ' Fame, wealth, and pow'r, my valorous deeds have
 bought:

' And if your kind assent my wishes crown,
 ' The splendors of the east shall be your own.
 ' Nay more, obedient to my pow'rful call
 ' Aerial treasures at your feet shall fall;
 ' Unfading joys shall bless your mortal span,
 ' And Genies in your service vie with man.'

The arch deceiver spoke; and o'er his brow
 Love seem'd a shade of tenderness to throw;
 And his keen eyes with double fire to glow:
 But Canace, while hate her bosom fill'd,
 And fear of ills to come yet urg'd to yield,
 Some moments paus'd; her bosom torn between
 Dread of his power and horror at his sin.—
 Just at that moment o'er the traitor's head
 (On air impress'd) Maimoune's pow'r display'd.

The selfsame form (unseen of all but her)
 The dream had shewn in fancied portraiture :
 There was the scowl, that hell within him shew'd ;
 The eyes of flame, the vesture dy'd in blood,
 And villainy by ev'ry mark exprest,
 That once alarm'd, but now consol'd her breast.
 Well, from the vision of the morn, she read
 And from those features hung o'er Acban's head,
 (Sad contrast to the softness on his brow
 And a sure index of the frauds below),
 That some good being for her safety wrought;
 And Acban's real mind by pageants taught
 To warn her of the snares his treachery wove,
 Using for foulest ends the soothing tones of love.
 Then, trusting in that unknown pow'r, whose care
 Her vision prov'd and that embodied air,
 With resolution firm she arm'd her heart,
 But temper'd what she said with prudent art.
 Thus Canace replied ; ' The speech I hear
 ' My grief allays not, though it calms my fear.
 ' On Cambal's wound I thought my ring to prove—
 ' You tell me he is dead—and yet you talk of love !
 ' Suits it a knight of gentle heart, like you,
 ' At such an hour as this for love to sue
 ' From Canace, the sport of cruel fate,
 ' Intruding on her thoughts the marriage state,
 ' When her great sire is lost, her brother slain,
 ' And Sarra menac'd by an hostile train ?

' To turn those arms were truer courtesy,
 ' Which, menacing my country, menace me;
 ' And still the storm which threatens the brother's life,
 ' Ere yet you claim the sister as your wife.
 ' My heart nor doubts your worth, nor doubts nor seeks
 ' Those unknown joys, of which your passion speaks:
 ' But know, Sir Knight! through all the wide domain
 ' From far^d Cipango to the Pontic Main;
 ' The Lama^e, still renewing, all adore;
 ' The sage vicegerent of supernal pow'r.
 ' His sacred precepts sink in ev'ry mind;
 ' And all our thoughts and all our actions bind:
 ' But, long of yore, those holy lips forbad
 ' The nuptial rites to any Tartar maid,
 ' Till (if her sire should live) her sire had smil'd
 ' His wish'd assent, and bless'd his duteous child.
 ' If then too soon we mourn Cambuscan's death,
 ' If yet, though distant far, that monarch breathe;

^d *From far, &c.*] Japan is called Cipango by Marco Polo. The Lama is in fact acknowledged as far as the Japanese sea to the east, and by some tribes as far as Russia west.

^e *The Lama, &c.*] The Lama is not considered as a divinity, but as a sovereign pontiff, whose soul is always present, animating the frame of an Infant, when dismissed from that body it late inspired; and so migrating to other human forms in succession: a sort of perennial Pope. The infant is generally recognized soon after the death of the old Lama, by certain signs which the principal officers of that court pretend to find; in consequence (as is supposed) of a previous agreement among themselves, in what family the dignity for that time shall be vested.

‘ Till his return our union shall allow,
 ‘ My lips shall ne’er pronounce the marriage vow:
 ‘ Ne’er, till that vow infringe not heav’n’s decree,
 ‘ Shall bridal torch illumine the fane for me:
 ‘ And if you truly love, your art will find
 ‘ Some spell, the Courser’s winged speed to bind;
 ‘ That, grateful all to you for his return,
 ‘ My sire’s consent may gild our marriage morn.’
 ‘ Oh lady !’ Acban cried, ‘ ’twere double pain
 ‘ To think your sire should e’er return again.
 ‘ Once have you mourn’d him, and abortive hope
 ‘ A second source of equal grief will ope:
 ‘ For he has reach’d his fate’s extremest bourn;
 ‘ Never, ah never ! fated to return.
 ‘ He vainly (for he scorn’d my words to hear)
 ‘ Deems the sole spring is lodg’d in either ear:
 ‘ But, though the right the turning hand obeys,
 ‘ Ruling the springs the horse that upward raise,
 ‘ Immoveable, the left all force withstands:
 ‘ One only screw its motive pow’r commands:
 ‘ And never can the uninstructed mind
 ‘ That master screw o’er all the fabric find.
 ‘ Hid in the centre of the head it lies,
 ‘ At equal distance fixt between the eyes;
 ‘ And the left eye-lid a small spring conceals,
 ‘ Which locks the motion of the secret wheels:
 ‘ And that once slightly press’d, the wheels within
 ‘ Give life and motion to the secret pin.

' But hope not, lovely mourner! hope not thou
 ' That heav'n this chance of safety may allow.
 ' Then wait not his return—that thought be o'er—
 ' Heav'n smiles not on him, and he reigns no more.
 ' Thou then my wishes crown, oh royal Maid!
 ' If softer pity fail, let fear persuade—
 ' 'Tis true, my love, my life, my soul is yours—
 ' But never warrior woman's scorn endures—
 ' If to my suit your yielding heart incline,
 ' A general peace the blest assent shall sign:
 ' If not—behold these knights in fierce array—
 ' Who scorns to be my wife must be my prey—
 ' Nay, did yon rampart still thy charms secure,
 ' Think'st thou 'twould long my conquering force
 endure?
 ' Think'st thou the Tartar domes would long remain,
 ' Their prince, their nobles, and their armies slain?
 ' Oh! take the love, oh! take the grace I give—
 ' And let thy kindred, name, and empire live—
 ' Else the next sun must rise on thy disgrace,
 ' And gild the carnage of thy destin'd race.'

Thus while, unus'd, the truth he deign'd to show,
 Fiend like, that evil ev'n from truth might flow,
 Sensations, differing far from what he thought,
 In Canace his dark prediction wrought:
 And from his gloomiest words some hope she stole,
 And distant comfort faintly warm'd her soul:

As, when collected clouds obscure the light,
 And menace mortals with eternal night,
 Burst by their forked offspring, to the view
 The chasm discloses tints of azure hue.
 For when he told the secret, to impede
 The upward motion of that dang'rous steed,
 The means in her strong fancy seem'd to spring
 To use that secret, and redeem the king.
 With art unwonted (for Maimoune then
 Breath'd o'er her and refin'd her troubled brain)
 The Princess spoke—' Thy planet rules the hour:
 ' Resistance boots not, unsupplied with pow'r—
 ' Yet let not eager haste, Sir Knight! disgrace
 ' A Princess, not the meanest of her race:
 ' Let honourable robes my limbs invest;
 ' Let solemn rites our nuptial vows attest;
 ' And Elfeta (her lord for ever gone)
 ' A daughter's marriage bless, and save a son.
 ' Thou, while to Sarra speeds my hasty step,
 ' From fresh assault the savage forces keep;
 ' But from the ears of rumour careful hide
 ' That Canace prepares to be thy bride.—
 ' Here stay—one little hour is all I crave:
 ' Then wed me like a Princess, not a slave.'

She said; and called her train and left the glade—
 Acban remain'd, and scornful thus he said:
 ' Weak woman, go! thou think'st to be my wife
 ' Unspotted, and redeem thy brother's life;

'That I to aid me Hell and Earth compell'd,
 ' A husband's distaff at thy beck to wield;
 ' Deeming thy charms an empire's blaze above,
 ' And all my deeds attributing to love.
 ' Yes, thou shalt wed: but ere I make thee mine,
 ' Thy Algarsife his being shall resign.
 ' He shall not live to tax me with this deed,
 ' And claim that empire which is Acban's meed.
 ' One little hour she craves—one little hour
 ' Shall see her brother floating in his gore:
 ' And he dispatch'd, and Canace a bride,
 ' By whom shall Acban's title be denied?
 ' Will Aulum doubt it? let him doubt who dares—
 ' My crown who questions, his own tomb prepares—
 ' Hence—yonder tumult points me out the way—
 ' Win fame, oh Algarsife! while yet you may—
 ' But some remain, to guard the royal maid
 ' If she return ere Acban's part be play'd.'—
 He spoke—and mounting, with a whirlwind's speed
 Rush'd to the thickest fight and thunder'd o'er the
 dead,

But while in amorous parley Acban stood,
 War frown'd more horrid, stain'd with dust and blood.
 Aulum but little time to sorrow spar'd
 At the sad fate which brave Al-Kabal shar'd:
 ' Well hast thou prov'd thyself great Ophir's son,'
 He said, ' but my applause too dearly won:

' Yet ere night thicken, many a Tartar slave
 ' Shall tend *his* ghost who mark'd thee for the g.
 ' Their hope, their Algarsife, shall curse the hour
 ' That cropt the promise of thy opening flow'r;
 ' And all the desolated North shall learn
 ' That kingdoms blaze to grace a Prince's urn.
 ' No more'—with him his mightiest warriors clos'd,
 Rush'd on and bore down all things that oppos'd—
 As when (enrich'd by many a swelling tide
 That rolls unseen from Andes' desert side)
 Maragnon, ^f like a mighty ocean, pours
 Through realms unheard of by the adverse shores;
 To his enormous force th' Atlantic leaves
 Free passage, and rolls back his broken waves.
 Loud as the trumpet's voice the monarch cried
 On Algarsife; him singly still defied
 To combat, of unbroken lists assur'd;
 And by the flitting souls of both the knights adjur'd.
 But Algarsife, by dearer ties compell'd,
 Fought in the distant quarter of the field.
 For when the Tartar forces first were drawn
 From Sarra's wall, and marshall'd on the lawn;

^f *Maragnon*, &c] In Harris's Col. Voy. vol. i. is the account of a voyage to South America, by Mr. Harcourt, of Stanton Harcourt; in which it is observed, that thirty leagues at sea, off the mouth of the Maragnon, or river of the Amazons (which is probably the widest, if not the largest river in the world), the water is fresh: the impulse of the stream keeping off the ocean.

Wolodimir the plans of future fight
 Revolving, and of Theodora's flight,
 Bad yoke the palfreys to her car of state,
 And will'd the damsel on the plain to wait,
 To mark the chiefs their thickening lines prepare;
 (Her soul delighted in the pomp of war;)

That she, as by degrees the squadrons fill'd
 The swells and hollows of the nearer field,
 Some further distance from the town might win,
 And in the rolling dust her progress screen.
 But when the prince (no doubts the generous stir)
 The ambush trusted to Wolodimir,
 The monarch pour'd in Theodora's ear
 Dark words, but such as fill'd her soul with fear—

'Thou on our march attend; some compass make;
 'Beyond the ken of Sarra's wall o'ertake
 'Thy father—for at hand is now the hour
 'When Russia shall resume her antient pow'r.'

Muttering, he spoke: the cloud that overspread
 His visage, settled on his daughter's head;
 And while, with ease assum'd, he form'd his band,
 On her Despondence laid his icy hand.
 Fain would she think the risk of war was all
 She dreaded, lest her much lov'd sire should fall;
 A tie, yet unacknowledg'd, bound her heart:
 Loath was the dame from Algarsife to part:
 His form, his face, the virtues of his mind,
 A little had her lofty thoughts inclin'd;

And from the martial energy that play'd
(Omen of future glory) round his head,
A hero's excellence her hope could scan
Mixt with the gentler attributes of man.
Silent she heard her sire, and silent pour'd
Her sorrows, for she fear'd a parent's word:
And climbing on her chariot, many a look
She cast behind; and many a farewell took;
And scarce she rais'd her lash and scarce the reins
 she shook,
But quicker than she wish'd the chariot flew;
Soon dusty spires hid Sarra from her view;
Soon to the Russian troops she came; and soon
A wood of well-known spears around her shone.
Then issuing forth, the monarch gave command
To spread the banner of his native land—
' Again, my soldiers! see this banner wave—
' What needs the brave man speak, to urge the brave?
' Whoe'er a Tartar hurls upon the plain,
' He breaks a link in Russia's hateful chain.—
' With ye are all the hopes of Russia's crown—
' Ere by Cambuscan spoil'd, I had a son!
' Now, while we haste yon sable troops to join,
' All, all, your arms to save this maid combine.'—
He said—the loyal band with loud acclaim
Hail'd him once more their King and throng'd around
 the Dame.

But from the centre where the royal plume
 Appear'd, a Pharos³ in the battle's gloom,
 The Prince with anguish mark'd the Russian train
 Unfold their numbers on the open plain;
 He mark'd their banner, mark'd their march incline }
 Far from their destin'd post, towards Aulum's line, }
 And mark'd upon the car a female form divine.
 Frenzied he cried—' Oh Tamugin! look there—
 ' The Muscovites in Erbol's treason share—
 ' Haste—let th' unlook'd for chance our coursers
 wing—
 ' This post be Barka's care—but save the King.'
 He said—to intercept the march they flew—
 And clouds of dust obscur'd them from the view
 As when in Lybia's deserts sands are seen
 Whirling, all fly; for death is hid within—
 So, as the cloud extended, all gave way
 And Russia stopt and thicken'd her array.
 But Amda, when that onset he beheld,
 Quick from the flank with bands selected wheel'd,
 And, while in front the Russian couch'd his spear,
 Hemm'd in the Prince and hung upon his rear; }
 And havock chang'd her place, and all the war was }
 there.
 But, active, at each post the chiefs were found;
 All skill'd, all strong, and all in arms renown'd:

³ *Appear'd, a Pharos, &c.*] The watch tower on the Island Pharos,
 off Alexandria, has given one liberty to call any beacon a Pharos.

Here Tamugin, here Casan dreadful stood;
 And Alaf, who might boast of royal blood:
 And Algarsife, by all th' assailants fear'd,
 Flam'd ev'ry where, and fatal still appear'd;
 As when from sulphurous clouds the bolt breaks forth,
 Where'er pale mortals gaze, east, west, south, north,
 The universal flash all scape denies,
 And shoots, where'er they turn, before their eyes.
 But most the youth against the Russians prest,
 Driv'n by the impulse reigning in his breast:
 For there, beneath the flag, in gallant state
 Enclos'd by warriors, Theodora sate.
 ' Behold!' he said, ' what deeds these ruffians try—
 ' Love, faith, and honour, they at once defy—
 ' Though fugitives they be, I only claim
 ' The jewel they have stol'n, the Russian Dame:—
 ' Yield her, barbarians! and depart at will—
 ' Or all, my vengeance, save the King, shall feel.'
 ' Forbear rash Prince,' Wolodimir replied;
 ' Love and subjection are but ill allied.
 ' Thy hopes upon eternal ice are thrown,
 ' If ever thou didst look to be my son—
 ' True, thou art royal, noble, fair and brave—
 ' But Prince, remember! I was once thy slave.
 ' Away—the blest occasion calls me on
 ' And shews me once again Muscovia's crown.'

He said, and gave the sign: the opening files
 On either flank spread round the Prince their toils,

And hemm'd him close; while wheeling from the rear
Towards Aulum's troops her knights convey'd the fair:
But not unseen of Algarsife—he flew
Instant—he overtook, he struck, he slew.
Nine times he whirl'd his dreadful sword around,
And nine brave knights fell headless on the ground;
As when some hind, in winter's pinching hour,
For the gaunt ox prepares the well-dried store,
Fast as he lifts his engine's iron jaw,
Closing, it cuts at once the yielding straw;
So quick, so fatal, fell the Tartar sword:
But all around the mingled squadrons pour'd
And, as the fleetest came from either host,
Panting, all order in pursuit was lost:
Here Amda gave command, and Casan there—
And close beside him old Wolodimir;
All were on ev'ry side beset with foes;
Each at the soldier next him dealt his blows—
While pressing still on Theodora's train
Her the Prince tried to seize, but tried in vain!
For still fresh knights oppos'd, and still fresh knights
were slain.

But Theodora, bending from her car,
Hung on the various chances of the war,
And watch'd each act of strength, each turn of sleight,
And rivetted her eyes upon the Knight.
Unnumber'd Tartars were by Amda kill'd;
Like pestilence, brave Alaf swept the field;

Confusion doubled all the rage of war,
And Acban's thrilling voice shot horror from afar.

Fierce, as a griffin from Imaus' brow
Darts headlong on his Arimasian foe,
The chief rush'd on—for Algarsife he came—
But Algarsife fought only for the Dame;
And there so thick the living barrier stood,
That not to Acban's force was way allow'd:
Yet, where he press'd, the storm so dreadful broke
That all the battle to the centre shook:
As when, beneath Calabrian mountains pent,
The fiery deluge struggles for a vent,
If earth's incumbent weight no passage leave
For egress, far and wide the vallies heave.
Alaf the warrior's fury first withstood,
And first defil'd that mighty sword with blood.
Useless the thick battalions made the spear,
Since no void space remain'd for the career;
But Alaf with both hands his lance upheld,
And with such impulse thrust at Acban's shield,
That the broad point within the targe was fixt,
The double hides and steely boss betwixt.
Then Acban—' I did think no blood should stain
' My sword, till Algarsife himself were slain.
' Ye force me, fools! unwilling, now to draw
' That steel, which gorges Death's insatiate maw:
' But since ye thirst of Acban's arm to try,
' Taste thou the first—thee dead, let thousands die.'

He spoke; and lopping first, with sidelong blow,
 The lance, struck forward at th' astonish'd foe:
 Thro' his bright helm the sweeping falchion past,
 Thro' neck and breast with steely rings encas'd,
 Nor spent its force, but seam'd him to the waist. }

Then, grimly smiling, on the rest he flew;
 And Tamugin, Cambuscan's friend, o'erthrew:
 As the brave warrior with his sword prepar'd
 (For broken was his shield) his breast to guard,
 Sheer through the blade the steel of Acban found
 Its way, and cleft his heart, and roll'd him on the
 ground.

No moment lost, he turn'd upon the crowd
 And deluges of blood around him flow'd:
 Thick, as successive chips from marble fly
 When on some block their skill the sculptors try,
 Arms, limbs, and heads in horrid show'rs around
 Leapt from his whirling sword, and strew'd the ground.
 Blind in his rage he struck with random force;
 Heaping the plain with many a Russian corse;
 And, but the snowy turban mark'd a friend,
 Nought from his sword might Ophir's sons defend.
 With wretches far and wide the field was spread,
 Convuls'd and gasping, or already dead;
 And desolation seem'd to reign alone
 Where late the gallant pomp of battle shone.
 As when descending rain to giant height
 Swells the soft grass, that April gives to light,

And o'er the various plants, that fragrant blow,
 Sheds all the gayest tints of Iris' bow;
 Mindful of chill December's niggard reign,
 The broad scythe gleams o'er the devoted plain:
 Then Devastation triumphs o'er the scene;
 And the deep dye at once of Summer green,
 And flow'rs, ah! fair to form the rustic wreath—
 Fade to the languid hue of withering death.

Amda meantime, who first the motion view'd
 Of Algarsife, and first his steps pursued,
 Close to the band of Theodora fought
 And from the Prince himself new laurels sought.
 Alone he burnt to try the stern debate—
 Desire of glory urg'd him on, and Fate.
 ' Oh Prince!' he said, ' from meaner warfare stay—
 ' A warrior calls thee—thou his call obey!
 ' I never sunk beneath a conqueror's blow;
 ' Nor does a stronger arm thy valour know;
 ' Here, then, each meets in fight an equal mate;
 ' And here, if either fall, ennobled is his date.'
 Courteous he spoke: the Prince his course restrain'd,
 The call obey'd, but to reply disdain'd.
 One object only fill'd his ardent breast,
 They who, opposing, round the Princess prest,
 They were his only foes; he scorn'd the rest.
 In gloomy silence turning to the war,
 Rage strung his arm, but laid his bosom bare;

For while on high he aim'd his glittering blade
 (Too careless of himself) at Amda's head;
 Brave Amda caught the moment, to assail;
 And drew a stream of purple o'er his mail.
 ' By honour thou wast led,' said Algarsife,
 ' To tempt my sabre in this single strife—
 ' Lo! then, the honour that thy hopes have gain'd!
 ' The arms of Algarsife with gore distain'd.—
 ' Rest thou content—my turn is yet to come :
 ' From thy vain-glorious challenge date thy doom.'—
 He said; and rush'd impetuous on the foe,
 No time allow'd to strike or ward a blow;
 As when four woodmen round some master oak
 Their axes ply, with one continued stroke,
 Though firm his stubborn fibres long remain,
 He shakes at last, and thunders to the plain;
 So Amda overborne by strength, and stunn'd,
 Stoop'd his majestic stature to the ground:
 Senseless he fell, and scarr'd with gashes wide;
 And his soul floated on the purple tide.
 Amazement seiz'd at once on ev'ry breast;
 And Theodora scarce her praise suppress.

But Aulum now, the noble Barka slain,
 Upon the broken troops press'd on amain.
 To Algarsife the broken troops retir'd;
 His plume, at distance seen, their hopes inspir'd;
 And hotter grew the fight: the King behind,
 With Acban and Wolodimir combin'd;

And, of the knights who girt the royal maid,
The few who liv'd unwearied strength display'd.
More close around the Prince the squadrons prest;
Thin grew his ranks; the space for fight decreas'd;
Groans, shrieks and clamour echo'd through the air:
And all was horror, tumult and despair.

BOOK THE SIXTH.

Thus, while the fiends of war more dreadful grew,
Their forms dilating, blacker in their hue,
Fair Canace, releas'd, gave ample scope
To the glad presage of exuberant hope.
Well knew the Dame, the magic Ring had giv'n
A messenger to scale the heights of heav'n :
That Ring, though giv'n to her for ends unknown,
Might yet restore Cambuscan to his throne;
That Steed, for ill prepar'd with many a charm,
Bear to the fight the tempest of his arm;
And, as the order wise of earthly things
Corn, the great good, from rankest compost brings,
So Heav'n might by itself o'erturn the spell;
And blessings spring from stratagems of hell.

Thus pondering in the silence of her thought
(Her maids dismiss'd) the painted room she sought,
And to the Falcon thus—' Not thou alone
' Bow'd by misfortune's hand art doom'd to moan :

Four equal walls compos'd th' exterior case,
 Each narrowing to the summit from its base:
 Twelve columns propt a marble architrave
 Eastward; a porch beneath, protection gave
 To all, whom silent Melancholy led
 To muse upon the memory of the dead.
 In front, above the columns proudly rais'd,
 The symbol of Tartarian pow'r was plac'd,
 The model of that shield, which Gingham bore;
 The source of Tartar fame in times of yore.
 Behind that lofty shield, a vacancy
 (Left in the solid wall) both broad and high,
 Pour'd light upon the wonders hid within,
 The jewel'd pavement, and the golden shrine;
 Where, midst the treasures of the world, was laid
 The last, the rarest gift, th' enchanted blade.

Straight as an arrow's path, the monarch held
 His course, and plunging down behind the shield
 First touch'd again the ground within the dome;
 And thus with awful voice address the tomb.
 ' Hail holy place! as now thy walls inclose
 ' Ginghamcan, may these limbs in thee repose!
 ' Ah! doom'd, how late, to bleach on desert plains,
 ' No trophy rais'd to mark the sad remains.
 ' But thou, oh pow'r! who giv'st me to return,
 ' Give me to save from spoil this honour'd urn!
 ' No useless, idle being now be mine:
 ' But let my deeds deserve thy aid divine!

' To me, oh bird! has equal Heav'n assign'd
 ' Ills unforeseen, and of no common kind.
 ' But as my hand all-seeing Mercy gave
 ' Thy woes to solace, and thy life to save;
 ' So may it give to thy unwearied wing
 ' To chase my sorrows, and restore a king.
 ' Know, from Cambuscan I derive my birth;
 ' The mightiest of the mighty powers on earth:
 ' Him, first of those who liv'd but yesternight,
 ' Has Heav'n hurl'd headlong from his glorious height;
 ' And, while ensnar'd by wicked sorcery
 ' He wanders in the azure fields on high,
 ' War seeks these domes to level in the dust:
 ' And Slavery, led by unremitting Lust,
 ' This ill-starr'd form has mark'd, the destin'd prey
 ' Of him, whose magic sought my sire to slay.
 ' A stranger knight but late to Sarra came,
 ' Whose courser mov'd in air, a brazen frame:
 ' Dispatch'd (he said) from regions far away
 ' To hail with gifts Cambuscan's natal day.
 ' This courser, with unholy sigils made,
 ' Was at Cambuscan's feet submissive laid:
 ' In an ill hour 'twas giv'n; and in a worse
 ' (Which all good men in after times shall curse)
 ' Th' impostor shew'd, or seem'd to shew, the springs
 ' Which in his course supply external wings.
 ' Alas! those secrets but in part he told;
 ' Nor of substantial use did aught unfold;

' He shew'd, the hollow of each ear within,
 ' Commodious to the touch, a golden pin;
 ' Of these, the left commands the screw that stays
 ' His upward flight; the right, his weight can raise:
 ' But though this pin, thro' which the Steed ascends,
 ' To the first impulse of the hand attends,
 ' Yet the depressing spring to none will yield,
 ' Stubborn, till by a master screw compell'd
 ' Which in the corresponding eye is hid;
 ' And moves not, till light pressure touch the lid.
 ' But nothing of this spring Cambuscan knew:
 ' Pleas'd with the gift, at once he upward flew,
 ' The right ear touch'd; but never shall descend,
 ' Untutor'd how the master-screw to bend,
 ' Till some good spirit, borne on angel wing,
 ' Compress the eye-lid and unlock the spring.
 ' Thou then, oh Falcon! whom this traitor's aid
 ' Thro' me has giv'n again thy plumes to spread—
 ' Oh use them—for thy heart can feel distress,
 ' And grateful empires shall thy pinions bless—
 ' Use them, to save the father of my race;
 ' Him who alone can shield me from disgrace.
 ' For who can shield me else? a dreadful knight,
 ' With whom the pow'rs of earth and hell unite,
 ' Hangs o'er us, while our host his art deprives
 ' Of its best hope; one brother scarce survives,
 ' And one (more blest perchance) no longer lives. }

- ' Thee too, whose breast has felt the shaft of love,
 ' The secret sorrows of my soul shall move:
 ' A youth there is—he leads yon adverse line—
 ' Whom Heav'n in visions has reveal'd as mine;
 ' And heav'n—for sure my passion springs from
 heav'n—
 ' My soul devoted to that youth has giv'n.
 ' But Acban—he from whom our sorrows came—
 ' *He* who perfidious gave the brazen frame—
 ' *He* who in battle threatens Algarsife—
 ' claims me, the purchase of that brother's life!—
 ' Oh! speed thy blest assistance—rise on high,
 ' And widely search yon sapphire canopy:—
 ' Oh! drive thy air-borne strength against the spring,
 ' And, ere his life be lost, redeem the king!
 ' Then, master of his course, that vengeful arm
 ' Shall turn on Acban his infernal charm;
 ' Once yet again his conquering sword display,
 ' And fix the doubtful fortune of the day.'

Thus Canace—the Falcon brief return'd,
 ' Enough—my willing ears enough have learn'd:
 ' And may the monarch heal thy double woe,
 ' As my quick flight my gratitude shall show.'
 Instant she rose; and from the chamber's height
 Gave to the buoyant air her plumy weight.
 Aloft upon her sounding wings she soar'd,
 And wheeling all around, the skies explor'd,
 Unseeing and unseen, in search of Sarra's lord.

}
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So when^d Britannia late, by science led,
 Plough'd, many a dismal year, the wat'ry bed,
 Lands, imag'd long in theories, to explore
 And fix the bounds of ocean and of shore;
 Patient from clime to clime her Tiphys steer'd,
 Where ne'er the tones of human voice were heard;
 Where nought was seen of nature's cheerful hue,
 And one sole bark held all the life he knew.
 Not with less ardour, less unconquer'd zeal,
 Through the wide æther did the Falcon wheel;
 Far from the view of earth and earthly things,
 And only trusting to her sail-broad wings.
 Changing full oft her course, she quickly found
 (Where still his upward flight in spires he wound)
 The melancholy king: resign'd to fate
 With his arms folded on the Steed he sate;
 And, lowly bending to Heav'n's chast'ning hand,
 He tried no more the courser to command.
 Thus pond'ring in his progress, he beheld
 The Falcon gliding through the azure field;
 And 'what,' he mus'd, 'has drawn thy course so
 far,
 'Lost in the vast expanse of boundless air?

^a *So when, &c.*] Alluding to the voyages of Captain Cook, in which (the second particularly) he frequently saw no horizon but sea for long intervals. Tiphys, the name of the pilot in the Argonautic expedition, is used by poets *generally* as a *pilot of eminence*. Vid. Serv. ad. Virg. Ec. 4.

‘ Whence ne’er thy homeward journey thou can’st
 trace
 ‘ Through the still uniformity of space,
 ‘ And wand’ring, till thy vigorous pinions pine,
 ‘ Must perish with a fate as sad as mine.
 ‘ But thou, whose breast no rays of thought illumine,
 ‘ Blest with a soul unconscious of its doom,
 ‘ Know’st not, how deep reflexion wounds the mind;
 ‘ Painting the pangs of mourners left behind,
 ‘ Of thousands, calling vainly for thy aid,
 ‘ Of a wife living, when proud foes invade!
 ‘ Thou from the miseries of mind art free—
 ‘ And half misfortune’s page is blank to thee.’

Thus while he mus’d, the Falcon took her course
 Above, on either side, below the horse,
 And with attention all the frame survey’d,
 Ere she to free the spring her effort made:
 While with amaze the King observ’d her flight
 Nor aught of what she did escap’d his sight.
 Then high upon the left she sudden flew,
 And pounc’d upon the spring, with aim so true
 That all her weight upon the eye-lid press’d;
 And that blest weight the master screw confess’d:
 For as th’ elastic metal felt the stroke,
 The ear, now free to motion, slightly shook.
 At once the obvious change the King perceiv’d;
 The omen of his safety quick receiv’d;

And hail'd the Falcon, wanderer now no more,
 The sacred agent of superior pow'r.
 Instant, to turn the screw his hand essay'd;
 Th' obedient ear his slightest touch obey'd,
 As pliant, as the supple joints that writhe
 When the snake winds, the tufted grass beneath.

Now, governing the springs, the King bestrode
 With ease the Brazen Steed, and downward rode.
 Sublime the Falcon perch'd upon his head,
 And round his brows her snowy pinions spread:
 While, rapid as a comet sweeps through air,
 Pregnant with ills of pestilence and war,
 Th' enchanted horse his double burden bore
 To Sarra's royal domes, and to the battle's roar.
 Towards earth obliquely glancing, he beheld
 On either side the posture of the field;
 How on the right the combat fiercest rag'd,
 Where secret love the ruling swords engag'd;
 And saw, with anguish saw, his noblest son
 Hemm'd in, and midst an host of foes, alone.
 Fir'd at the danger, quick his hand he laid
 On his left thigh—his thigh sustain'd no blade!—
 For nor his hand the jav'lin, nor his side
 The sword, supported, when the Steed he tried.
 One moment did he pause: then turn'd the horse
 And towards the royal tomb inclin'd his course.

Superior o'er the rest that building rose,
 The sacred mansion of a king's repose,

‘ Oh! let this sabre now supply my need—
 ‘ As does th’ enchanted frame, the Brazen Steed—
 ‘ And yonder treacherous knight shall rue the hour
 ‘ When his craft gave them to Cambuscan’s power.’
 He said ; and seized the sword and touch’d the
 screw,

And upwards o’er the shield quick glancing flew,
 So eager to confront his hated foe
 That ev’n Enchantment’s arrowy speed seem’d slow,
 But inly grieving that, with magic fraught,
 Not now, as once, the field of fame he sought
 In valour only trusting, and the God
 Who portions rout and conquest with his nod,
 Thus pray’d Cambuscan in his airy course—
 ‘ Oh Power supreme ! thou know’st my soul abhors
 ‘ All spells, all fabrics by unholy lore
 ‘ And sigils fram’d, and planetary power ;
 ‘ Nor would I use them, now that fraudulent fiend
 ‘ No more by dark hypocrisy is screen’d,
 ‘ But so impetuous is th’ invaders course
 ‘ That my best aid were late, without the horse,
 ‘ And in the fight my presence would afford
 ‘ A short-liv’d hope, unfurnish’d with a sword.
 ‘ Deign then, oh great protector ! to allow
 ‘ The transient use of cursed weapons now,
 ‘ And thou shalt see Cambuscan spurn the charms
 ‘ When blest occasion points to other arms ;

' Nor one of all the magic presents touch
 ' Save when the tottering state their use avouch ;
 ' But ne'er beneath that plea man's empty wishes
 couch.'

Such was his prayer ; and instant to the fight
 Where tumult loudest call'd, he shap'd his flight.

But though the myriads who the rampart lin'd
 To anxious terror all their eyes resign'd,
 And, gazing only on their dreaded foes,
 Saw not the King descend, nor when he rose ;
 Yet Canace, with eye-balls turn'd on high,
 Caught the first blackness floating in the sky,
 And mark'd its growing form and lessening height,
 Till all the image burst upon her sight :
 And ' see,' she cried, ' to life and us restor'd,
 ' Fierce on the Brazen Steed descends the Tartar
 lord !'

Then, light as zephyr sweeps the morning dew,
 To Elfeta the joyful Princess flew,
 And tried to tell her tale, forgot the most,
 And half of what she said in rapture lost.—
 But when the Queen had learnt her lord was near,
 She heard not any more, nor wish'd to hear ;
 If Heav'n had deign'd his safety to allow,
 Too full was her fond heart to wonder how :
 Then thus ; ' Oh what a life of prayer we owe
 ' To him, whose mercy wards so dire a blow !

' And Heav'n, amid the choral praise it hears,
 ' Receives no thanks so pure as joyful tears.—
 ' Haste, haste we to the field! and let these eyes
 ' That wept his loss, behold his victories—
 ' For never magic can his lance rebate,
 ' Or hell a pow'r to stand his arm create.'

She spoke; in haste they pass'd: the rumour
 spread,

Grew as it went, and spoke of Aulum dead:
 And while upon the wall in mute dismay
 The veterans watch'd the fortune of the day,
 Within, the sounds of joy began to rise,
 And priests ordain'd the grateful sacrifice.

Meantime Cambuscan, darting from on high, }
 Beheld a crowned flag, and, standing nigh,
 The form august of silver'd royalty. }
 In arms again he knew Wolodimir,
 Vast in his bulk, unknowing how to fear;
 Who five long years the Tartar pow'r defied,
 On the broad banks of Wolga's glassy tide.
 Indignant at the sight, Cambuscan drove
 The brazen fabric from his course above,
 And at the King his fatal sword impell'd—
 Wolodimir fell prostrate on the field—
 Loud scream'd the Falcon, loud Cambuscan cried, }
 The startled troops rush'd back on ev'ry side,
 And Terror stay'd the combat far and wide. }

' Ourself will grant ye sustenance; our bands
 ' Shall safe escort ye through our subject lands;
 ' Thence may the Pow'r above your progress bless,
 ' As ye refrain from wrong and live in peace!
 ' But see our Queen approaches—see she bends
 ' O'er some ill-fated warrior, borne by friends.
 ' Oh, bitterness of war! ev'n victory
 ' From unavailing grief is never free:
 ' And Death has now been busy, to allay
 ' The joy that Sarra feels for such a day.'

Cambuscan ended: Elfeta drew near
 And flew into his arms; then dropt a tear
 And turn'd her streaming eyes to Cambal's bier.

' Look there, my Lord! that one of Sarra's sons
 ' For Ophir's slaughter'd royalty atones,
 ' Th' invaders to relieve their woe may tell,
 ' And sanctify the hour when Cambal fell.
 ' But yet he is not dead—oh! let him tase,
 ' Ere from his lips for ever life be past,
 ' A sire's embrace—oh Cambal! ope thine eyes,
 ' And hail Cambuscan yielded from the skies;
 ' Thyself, alas! the only sacrifice.'—

Then Canace—' The traitor Acban gave
 ' A Ring, of pow'r the life of man to save,
 ' Among the baleful presents, which he brought
 ' From Ophir, and our general sorrow wrought.
 ' This Ring the sovereign's wish and your decree
 ' In a propitious hour assign'd to me:

As when the clouds let loose their fires within,
 And Death is felt before the flash is seen,
 If chance some master bull the stroke receive—
 Herd, herdsman, dogs at once the victim leave,
 And, flying to the copse, from luring death
 Seek shelter, panic struck, and pant beneath:
 Such universal dread the armies fill'd,
 While o'er their heads th' unlook'd for warrior wheel'd.

But Acban knew at once the Horse of Brass,
 And guess'd (ah wretch!) what knight the warrior was:
 Soon Algarsife perceiv'd the King return'd,
 And bless'd that hope which in his heart had burn'd:
 Soon Theodora that return deplor'd,
 Her sire the victim of th' enchanted sword—
 ' Oh Prince,' she cried, ' who war'st to make me thine,
 ' Is my sire's murder of thy love the sign?
 ' Hear, Heav'n! and sanction what my duty swears!
 ' If the King die, my heart no Tartar shares.—
 ' Wolodimir for me that arm defied;
 ' He fought for Theodora, and he died:
 ' Thy tongue, that bid the troops my father save,
 ' Belied thy wish—nor art thou truly brave—
 ' 'Twas mean to feign affection for a foe,
 ' While magic hover'd o'er and struck the blow.'
 ' Oh! listen not alone to grief and rage—
 ' Distinction fades,' he cried, ' when troops engage:
 ' He knew not—he who struck Wolodimir—
 ' The bitterness of love that triumphs here;

' Knew not thy sire's revolt, thy flight, the cause
 ' That to this place the shock of battle draws—
 ' He struck at random, warm to save a son,
 ' Nor guess'd my foes best interests were my own—
 ' Relent—ah yet relent!' He cried in vain;
 While Acban mark'd him through the flying train;
 While furious Aulum at the last drew near,
 Alone untainted with the general fear:
 Both 'gainst the Prince their utmost force address;
 But different motives sprung in either breast;
 Aulum, with thirst of blood and stubborn pride
 Inflated, to avenge Al-Kabal tried:
 But Acban, in that horse returning, read
 Black fate impending o'er his destin'd head:
 And vainly deem'd on vanquish'd Algarsife
 To rest the safety of his forfeit life.
 Both (ere Cambuscan in his flight could trace
 The warriors, mingled in so small a space)
 Both rush'd on Algarsife—and Acban's spear
 Whizz'd through his courser's head from ear to ear:
 And as the Princess' grace he sought in vain,
 Roll'd backward by the Steed, he tumbled on the
 plain.

There as he lay, encumber'd with the load,
 Dismounting, o'er the ruin Acban strode,
 And, ' Stay thy course of death!' he cried aloud, }
 ' Restrain the Horse, Cambuscan! or thy son
 ' Pays the dear price of all thy victories won.'

Just at that instant Aulum rais'd his sword
 (Regardless of th' imperious warrior's word)
 And aiming at the Prince with giant force,
 Cambuscan to the rescue drove his horse
 And with such fury dash'd upon his head,
 That sense, at once, and life from Aulum fled.
 But the elastic frame so strongly shook
 Bounding, the monarch's knees their hold forsook,
 And headlong on the clanging ground he came—
 Acban pronounc'd the word and vanish'd was the
 frame.

Quick rose the King: though his collected soul
 Forgot not how that absence to control,
 A nobler victim Acban seem'd to stand
 Due to the might of his unaided hand:
 And scorning to debase his holy tongue
 With charms, from cowardice and sorcery sprung,
 On the pale traitor (who by fear misled
 Pronounc'd the spell before he touch'd the steed
 Nor shar'd its influence) with a torrent's might
 The dread avenger rush'd, and pinn'd him to the fight.

But Acban now, no chance to 'scape allow'd,
 Call'd up his scatter'd thoughts, and louring stood,
 Like Ephialtes, chief of giant birth,
 When pausing on th' extremest verge of earth
 Again upon th' ethereal host he turn'd,
 And fac'd the light'nings which avenging burn'd,

When equal terrors round him seem'd to glow,
 Above the wrath of Heav'n, the yawning gulph below.
 New strength each limb of Acban seem'd to share,
 Strung by the tenfold vigor of despair;
 And, had the fire of virtue beam'd within,
 A nobler form of man heav'n ne'er had seen.
 While confident, oppos'd, the Tartar king
 Found his accustom'd ardour in him spring;
 And, as he mov'd, the eyes of all his host
 Dwelt on him, their support, their joy, their boast.
 As when of yore across the barren sand
 Unnumber'd Israel march'd, by Heav'n's command,
 A pillar of bright flame sublime appear'd,
 Their path directed, and their anguish cheer'd:
 Such, and so glorious, great Cambuscan shone;
 And Hope and Fear had birth from him alone.

Loathing the sword, on which the breath of hell
 (Though for the traitor's aid) had stamp'd a spell,
 A stone's misshapen bulk he seiz'd in haste
 And aiming at his foe, with fury cast
 Tempestuous, as huge Ætna; when her fires
 Fling through the air some rock, in whirling spires,
 Till distant seas receive the craggy spoil,
 And sailors turn the prow, and shun the new-born isle.
 Scarce with less force the weight Cambuscan threw:
 But Acban all the arts of combat knew
 And lightly leapt aside, while just beyond
 The falling mountain rooted in the ground

Stood fixt—a monument in after times
Of great Cambuscan's force and Acban's crimes.

Th' Ophirian, not remiss, with active bound
Sprung on the King, and circling plied around
With wary eye, to strike, if to his sword
Some part unfenc'd might any aim afford.
Then thus the King; ' Oh Being! from thy height
' Behold me! with detested arms I fight.—
' But if thy wisdom at this hour ordain
' That by such means this knight of hell be slain,
' Oh! let this dreadful hour my deed excuse,
' Nor fade my glory from the arms I use!'
Instant he drew again that hateful sword,
And on the chief a storm of horror pour'd:
But wheresoever fell the flashing steel,
Acban was gone; and with unequall'd skill
Flying he fought.—The King where'er he fled
Was with him; hate gave pinions to his speed.—
As when enrag'd the royal bird assails
A Goshawk, tow'ring on th' ethereal gales,
Him, as he plunges headlong from on high,
The Hawk eludes and shoots along the sky;
So Acban still escap'd; so still the King
Assail'd him, active answering spring for spring;
And still their hands th' offensive combat plied,
And thousand strokes were aim'd on either side;
But, though their blows deceiv'd the common eyes,
Each measur'd still his own and caught his enemies.

Thus while they fought, the Prince (who long
opprest

By the dead courser stretch'd across his breast,
Had striv'n, with his returning sense, to cast
The weight aside, and freed his limbs at last
Arising, the decisive combat view'd ;
While all the troops around expecting stood,
His lady now nor flying nor pursued :
While yet 'twixt chivalry's long sanction'd form,
He paus'd, and filial duty's impulse warm,
Or to abide th' event, or lend his aid,
And half rais'd up appear'd his reeking blade,
The monarch's high command his wish restrain'd,
And in the ranks a mute spectator chain'd.
But longer as the furious battle held,
Rage still the more Cambuscan's arm impell'd ;
While, close above, her wings of snowy hue
The Falcon wav'd, and clamour'd as she flew :
And, as th' Ophirian's strength by labour fail'd,
The King with doubling eagerness assail'd,
And urg'd his foe, and struck with fiercer force—
While Acban, in the anguish of remorse,
Felt weak his mighty limbs, destroy'd the spell,
And nothing of his sorcery left but hell.
Then, stumbling, as he sprung to scape the blade,
Cambuscan's dreadful gripe his progress staid :
With his left hand he seiz'd him as he reel'd ;
Dropping his charmed sabre on the field,

In the black plume his better hand he wound,
 And dragg'd him vainly struggling to the ground.
 Straight, pressing with his foot the chief beneath,
 He grasp'd and twitch'd the channel of his breath,
 And wrenching backwards that detested head,
 In thick convulsive sobs the mournful spirit fled.
 Grim rose the King: and, with the face display'd,
 Flung towards the shuddering troops their leader dead;
 A trophy due to mightier strength alone,
 Nor by th' enchanted sabre meanly won.
 Then (while the Falcon stoop'd with pinions clos'd
 And on the summit of his helm repos'd)
 Cambuscan rais'd his well-known voice on high,
 And Sarra's walls resounded victory.

Th' Ophirians now, their great example slain,
 Stood silent, fixt with horror to the plain:
 And the proud spirit, by his valour fed,
 At once in the remotest legions fled.
 As when, in dead of night, the flames devour
 Some spacious magazine or lofty tower,
 On every side the flaky volumes roll,
 And shoot, and spread, and sparkle o'er the pole:
 But if mechanic pow'r, apply'd by man,
 Show'r copious floods where first the fire began,
 When on the ember'd beams the fluid preys,
 The flame by fits breaks out, by fits decays,
 Till soon, their fountains stopt, the blazes die
 And the scene sinks in darkness from the eye;

So faded in the troops the rage of war;
 Palsied was ev'ry voice, and quiet ev'ry spear.

Fierce in the purple hour was Sarra's King;
 But soft in peace, as is the breath of spring.
 The traitor kill'd, he saw th' Ophirian bands
 In dumb obedience wait his high commands,
 And satiate, sheath'd his sword; for human blood
 Looks hideous, save with Fury's optics view'd.
 The dreadful frown that brooded on his brow,
 The fire that seem'd in either eye to glow,
 Soon past away: athwart the monarch's face
 Diffusing Mercy shed celestial grace:
 O'er the pale troops assuring smiles he flung,
 And in their fearful bosoms comfort sprung.
 So cheerful look the swains of Egypt's soil
 When Sirius from his caverns calls the Nile,
 And Plenty, stooping from the Nubian hills,
 Her foyson o'er the teeming vale distills.
 Then thus the monarch—' For no fault of yours
 ' The havock of this day mankind endures.
 ' Ye, loyal to your King, his word obey'd:
 ' The forfeit of his crime your King has paid.
 ' The final doom of those who fell in war
 ' Remains with Heav'n: 'tis mine the rest to spare.
 ' Here on this bloody plain your tents display,
 ' And to the dead your countries honours pay:
 ' Nine days for rest we give ye, and to mourn
 ' Your slaughter'd warriors; on the tenth return.

' Propitious—for when, curious, I essay'd
 ' Those qualities the traitor's speech display'd,
 ' That milk-white Falcon I to life restor'd
 ' Which to our hopes redeem'd our royal lord.
 ' 'Twere long to tell the process of my plan;
 ' By what 'twas aided, and in what began;
 ' For Cambal lies expiring, and the Ring
 ' (If means like this be sanction'd by the King)
 ' Will heal his ghastly wounds, the life-blood stay,
 ' And with new vigour animate the clay.
 ' Lov'd as he is, to use such means I fear'd
 ' To save him, till Cambuscan's voice were heard:
 ' But had he wander'd still in air above,
 ' No scruples had repress'd a sister's love.'

She said: in mute suspense Cambuscan stood: }
 The King forbad the charm; the sire allow'd; }
 For Sarra's weal might spare one champion's blood. }
 Pale Cambal lay, depriv'd of ev'ry grace
 That youth flung plenteous o'er his manly face;
 Each feature overspread with livid hue,
 And his lips crimson faded into blue:
 But still within the vital embers glow'd,
 And still his heart propell'd the sluggish blood.
 As when his vest o'er Nature Winter draws,
 Her tints expunges, and suspends her laws;
 Though mountain rills their rapid course forego
 And, fixt, are blended with the dazzling snow,

Some drops beneath their fluid state retain,
 And creep in hollow channels to the main :
 So, though his features wore the garb of death,
 The lungs of Cambal faintly play'd beneath.
 Cambuscan oft, when from some gaping wound
 A drop of blood well'd trickling to the ground,
 Would turn to call for Canace, to bring
 The speedy succour of her magic Ring,
 But holy horror check'd the parent's word :—
 For from the Ring he shrunk, and from the sword,
 And whatsoe'er its pow'r to magic ow'd ;
 And deem'd to use them was to war with God.
 But, while conflicting thoughts his bosom tore ;
 While Cambal fainting lay, and drench'd in gore,
 As if his soul but staid to join in flight
 Wolodimir's and brave Al-Kabal's sprite,
 Just lingering on the confines of the night ;
 While the Queen pray'd her lord the cure to grant ;
 While Canace held forth the healing plant,
 Anxious to catch one accent, that allow'd
 To crush into the wound the juicy flood—
 A solemn stillness hung upon the air :
 And fairy strains swell'd softly from afar,
 Sweet, as when Zephyr, with his viewless wings,
 Steals casual music from Eolian strings ;
 And gales that from Elysium seem'd to come
 Breath'd o'er the place ineffable perfume :

Then burst upon their view a vivid light,
 Eclipsing day, all colourless and bright;
 As when the sun, just mounting in the sky,
 Behind a gilded cloud eludes the eye,
 A gleam of splendor fills the space below,
 Clear as the noon, but pure as winter's snow.
 Dumb admiration seiz'd on all the band;
 The healing herb fell from the Princess' hand;
 Cambuscan's self was mov'd: a glow of red
 O'er Cambal's cheek th' immortal odours shed;
 And life almost resum'd its functions in the dead. }
 Then sudden, glancing on the beams of light,
 A form seraphic stood confess'd to sight:
 Impress'd with female features was the face,
 (If aught of human lurk in angel grace)
 And on her brows a diadem she wore:
 So rich a crown ne'er shone on earth before:
 For ev'ry gem had been a falling star,
 Caught by the Elves that sport in upper air, }
 And link'd with jet to bind Maimoune's hair.
 Her vest, as lucid as the milky way,
 Loose from her shoulders hung, in folds to play,
 And in each look benignity appear'd,
 Which all, who felt a spotless conscience, cheer'd:
 But whosoe'er had modell'd fraud and lies,
 Shrunk, like^b the serpent from a charmer's eyes.

^b *Shrunk, like, &c.*] According to Mr. Bruce in his account of the Cerastes, when any person, armed by the means which are common in

‘ Mortal,’ she cried, ‘ thy doubts, thy fears I know:
 ‘ I reverence thy fear, I feel thy woe:
 ‘ The love of holy sprites the virtuous share;
 ‘ And thou, Cambuscan! art Maimoune’s care:
 ‘ Nor thou alone, but all whoe’er can claim
 ‘ To trace their blood from thy majestic stream;
 ‘ All, whom the volumes of the fates consign
 ‘ By hymeneal rites to thee or thine.
 ‘ Well hast thou fear’d with charms to kill or save;
 ‘ For charms pollute the good, demean the brave.
 ‘ But Heav’n delights to punish, with the knife
 ‘ Edg’d by the murderer ’gainst another’s life;
 ‘ And oft ordains that mighty kings shall wear
 ‘ The fetters, they for peaceful realms prepare.
 ‘ Know then, the guilt of magic only lies
 ‘ With him, from whom the foul enchantments rise;
 ‘ And deem not, that the wrath of Heav’n pursues
 ‘ Whoe’er, by chance acquir’d, such fabrics use.
 ‘ False Acban feels the judgment of his spell;
 ‘ For the design was his, and but the work from hell.
 ‘ But now, to heal the ills from him that sprung;
 ‘ And make the instrument redress the wrong;
 ‘ To work by offer’d means th’ Almighty will;
 ‘ The lot of Dames and Princes to fulfil;

Africa, takes a viper in his hands, the animal loses its vivacity, and remains faint and sickly till released from his touch: although it immediately recover its full vigour and venomous power afterwards.

‘ Of charms possess’d it fits thee to avail
 ‘ Thy arm, and use them for the general weal.
 ‘ Low Cambal lies, a trifier now no more,
 ‘ But tried and prov’d in battle’s dreadful hour:
 ‘ His crimes (for crimes could taint Cambuscan’s son)
 ‘ By silent penitence are purg’d and gone;
 ‘ And he shall live to thank a sister’s aid,
 ‘ And bless with faithful love a long neglected maid.
 ‘ By Cambal’s side behold another bier;
 ‘ (For hands unseen convey’d and plac’d it there)—
 ‘ Ev’n now Al-Kabal feels the touch of death,
 ‘ Nor now had liv’d, but Fate retain’d his breath.
 ‘ Let Canace to both the Ring apply;
 ‘ *This* with a brother’s name her aid shall buy,
 ‘ And Heav’n to *That* ordains a dearer tie. }
 ‘ Nor yet let Mercy slumber, when the plant
 ‘ Hath rais’d fresh life in either combatant;
 ‘ Thee let her urge, Cambuscan! to restore
 ‘ One, late thy victim in the battle’s hour:
 ‘ ’Tis thine the Russian monarch to forgive;
 ‘ And from the sword the only pow’r derive }
 ‘ To heal the wound it gave, and bid him live.’
 Maimoune ceas’d: Cambuscan instant said,
 ‘ Thy will, oh Queen! shall be by me obey’d.
 ‘ I loath’d the arms with which a sorc’rer fought;
 ‘ Not a son’s life with magic had I bought:
 ‘ But the best wisdom that to man is giv’n,
 ‘ Weighs but as chaff, against the breath of Heav’n.

' Let Canace employ her magic Ring
 ' For both the bleeding youths—and hither bring
 ' The victim of this sword, the Russian king.' }

Cambuscan said: the ready menials bore
 The King from where he lay, besmear'd with gore;
 Nor yet had recollection's pow'r return'd,
 But his half open'd eyes with fury burn'd.
 Cambuscan straight the magic steel display'd:
 Ten thousand terrors flam'd upon its blade,
 And Ophir shrunk, at such a gleam dismay'd. }
 Yet once he turn'd his eyes, and once again,
 For a new sanction from th' aerial Queen,
 Till at the last confirm'd, the flatten'd side
 He stoop'd and to the yawning gash applied.
 Wolodimir that magic virtue found;
 For not a trace remain'd of all the wound;
 And, as unconscious of the blood he lost,
 Firm stood the King, the bulwark of his host;
 Though of events foregone his memory
 Was dull, and round he look'd with asking eye.

Scarce did the fair her sire's permission hear,
 When, trembling, she approach'd the double bier.
 At first the med'cine o'er Al-Kabal's breast
 She held, but virgin shame the act repress'd:
 In Cambal's gaping wounds the herb she crush'd:
 The power thro' all the branching vessels rush'd, }
 And health o'er every stiffening feature flush'd. }

As when a falling stone may chance to break
 The dead repose of some sequester'd lake,
 In undulating rings the motion spreads,
 And wider from the center still recedes,
 Till the remotest bay the shock explore,
 And the waves faintly curl and kiss the shore :
 So life's returning warmth o'er Cambal came
 And sought the deep recesses of his frame.
 Not with less pow'r, but with less steady arm,
 On the Ophirian Prince she tried the charm.
 The first-fruits of his breath he spent in sighs ;
 And gazing wildly with his languid eyes,
 Of recollections mixt a chaos rose
 Of wounds, and flight, and death, and friends, and
 foes,

Till the fair form that bended o'er his bier
 And bath'd his wounds with many a pearly tear,
 To one sole object soon his eyes confin'd ;
 And love dispell'd the clouds that wrapt his mind.

Maimoune then began : but, ere she spoke,
 From her celestial eyes such influence broke,
 That all the fiercer passions of mankind
 Were lost, at once, in every soldier's mind :
 Desire of blood, and nobler thirst of fame,
 Ambition, and Resentment's stronger claim
 To Harmony and gentle Love gave place,
 And a wide wish to benefit their race.

Thus spake the Queen : ‘ Behold ! how Heav’n can foil
 ‘ The rarest product of a sorc’rer’s toil :
 ‘ The Ring, the Sabre, and the Brazen Steed,
 ‘ Fram’d that false Acban’s treasons might succeed,
 ‘ Have wrought, through me, the converse of his will ;
 ‘ And he has plung’d in sin your cup of bliss to fill.
 ‘ Acban and Amda for their crimes atone :
 ‘ Aulum for spoil has lost both life and throne :
 ‘ But different fates attend Al-Kabal’s worth,
 ‘ And him, the monarch of the icy north.
 ‘ Cambuscan’s mightier arm and Heav’n’s decree
 ‘ Subdued his power, but still his mind was free :
 ‘ And, if he leagued with Erbol’s rebel train,
 ‘ He leagued his antient empire to regain.
 ‘ No hate, no commerce with the powers below,
 ‘ Wolodimir’s great soul would ever know :
 ‘ A chief of royal birth and royal fame,
 ‘ His shield, his views, and all his acts proclaim ;
 ‘ Nor does the Russian maid her line disgrace ;
 ‘ Of elevated mind and faultless face.
 ‘ Her to the Tartar heir my will assigns,
 ‘ And in one wreath the hostile crowns entwines.
 ‘ No less a meed she merits ; and a meed
 ‘ Greater than him, was ne’er by Heav’n decreed.
 ‘ His mighty mind reflects the martial fire,
 ‘ The mercy, greatness, wisdom of his sire,
 ‘ Though modesty so checks them, that he shines
 ‘ Dim, as the Moon, ere Phœbus yet declines ;

‘ Hereafter doom’d a lustre to display,
 ‘ Bright, as the glories of his acts to-day.
 ‘ Nor does alone Maimoune’s fostering pow’r
 ‘ On Algarsife the nuptial blessing show’r;
 ‘ For brave Al-Kabal’s virtues is prepar’d
 ‘ In Canace, his best, his lov’d reward.
 ‘ Ev’n in their cradled years, where’er I flew,
 ‘ Nought as this pair so precious met my view:
 ‘ She seem’d with him each virtue to divide,
 ‘ And sovereign Nature mark’d her for his bride.
 ‘ For this, alarm’d, when (by my pow’r oppress’d)
 ‘ Dyr-Zoro, Acban’s artful scheme confest,
 ‘ When human fraud, by specious magic crown’d,
 ‘ Array’d against this damsel’s peace I found;
 ‘ By dreams, which from his spells I learn’d to build,
 ‘ Against seductive arts her breast I steel’d;
 ‘ And with so nice a touch in visions wrought,
 ‘ That each, unseen, the soft infection caught:
 ‘ On either’s mind the other’s form engrav’d
 ‘ (Unconscious how) that willing mind enslav’d;
 ‘ And fairy means, enforc’d by Acban’s crime,
 ‘ Atchiev’d, in haste, the work of chance and time.
 ‘ And muse not thou, if ruling Fate unite
 ‘ Whom worlds have sever’d, in the nuptial rite:
 ‘ For Tartary and Ophir’s regions lie
 ‘ Ev’n as a speck, beneath the all-seeing eye;
 ‘ And Virtue, wheresoe’er her germs appear,
 ‘ Commends them all alike to Heav’n’s parental care.

- ‘ Nor wonder, chief of men ! that Heav’n’s decree
- ‘ By wedlock should establish amity :
- ‘ For nuptial love can heal a nation’s jars,
- ‘ And leagues, on wedlock built, gain strength by
years.
- ‘ Know, all these loves in Elfin Power began ;
- ‘ Source of whatever sooths the lot of man :
- ‘ And they, who by Maimoune’s art are led
- ‘ To seek the blessings of the nuptial bed,
- ‘ Clear to the last shall drain the draught of life ;
- ‘ Unting’d by sorrow and unsour’d by strife.’

Maimoune ceas’d awhile—a pause ensued :

Ev’n they, whose hopes were blest, in silence stood :

For bliss no gratulating speech affords ;

Joy at the full is ignorant of words.

At length the King ; ‘ Thy high behests disclose

‘ That goodness, which for man in angels glows.

‘ Reveal’d by thee are Sarra’s destinies ;

‘ And what thou say’st Cambuscan ratifies.’

He spoke : the Power delay’d not to resume

Her speech, and tell to all their final doom.

‘ To Cambal now, with different thoughts, I turn :

‘ He is not guiltless ; he has much to mourn.

‘ There was—his alter’d looks the truth proclaim—

‘ There was a much belov’d, much injur’d dame :

‘ But can those alter’d looks for deeds atone,

‘ By which that dame is lost, for ever gone ?

' Can sorrow now thy Zelica restore
 ' Fresh in her charms, as in thy happier hour?
 ' Can Penitence redeem that fair one now?
 ' Or smooth the wrinkles on Timourshah's brow?
 ' Oh! prompt is man to sin; and readier still
 ' To wish undone th' irrevocable ill:
 ' But thou, by youth and vanity impell'd,
 ' Thy best of thoughts by Erbol's counsel quell'd,
 ' Misled by Etha (whom remorse has driv'n,
 ' Self-doom'd, to her account with vengeful heav'n)
 ' Did'st leave a dame, who only liv'd for thee,
 ' To misery, to despondence—but to me—
 ' To me, who use the pow'rs on Elves bestow'd
 ' To save the innocent and bless the good.'

' Oh sovereign of my fate!' the warrior cried,
 ' Let me the justice of my doom abide:
 ' More heinous than thy charge my crime I see;
 ' My bitterest accuser speaks in me.
 ' Nor let that chief, who mourns his daughter lost,
 ' Whose life's autumnal strength I nipt with frost,
 ' Think that, in all my wildness, e'er decay'd
 ' The image of that wrong'd, lamented maid:
 ' Still to my startled mind she would appear,
 ' And in my dying hour I griev'd for her.
 ' But if, by thee protected, she survive—
 ' If Cambal's self be yet allow'd to live—
 ' Oh! let repentance now and years of pain
 ' The jewel, which my folly lost, regain:

‘ Oh! to these arms my Zelica restore,
 ‘ Some pilgrimage, some strict noviciate o’er.’—
 To whom the Queen—‘ Pure justice is with him
 ‘ In excellence and pow’r who reigns supreme.
 ‘ But we, the meanest of the choirs on high
 ‘ Whose essence bows not to mortality,
 ‘ Frail in ourselves, excuses love to find
 ‘ Or pardon, for the frailties of mankind.
 ‘ For me, who with the lucid planet move
 ‘ That rules the wayward accidents of love,
 ‘ First of the Elves, her airy train among,
 ‘ Who sport around her as she rolls along,
 ‘ And loudly carol, when her beams adorn
 ‘ The brows of evening, or foretell the morn;
 ‘ Where’er attendant on her march I fly,
 ‘ All lovers hearts are subject to my eye;
 ‘ And, not unknown to me, thy early age
 ‘ Burnt for the daughter of that noble sage,
 ‘ Timourshah, trusted by Cambuscan’s care
 ‘ To train thy youth and Algarsife’s to war:
 ‘ Nor, unobserv’d by me, did Zelica
 ‘ Feel the pure flame about her bosom play:
 ‘ I witness’d, when eternal faith you swore;
 ‘ I witness’d, when that vow was lost in air;
 ‘ When none with Etha might your homage share. }
 ‘ Then was the time for pitying Elves to aid,
 ‘ Till heav’n should chasten thee, the drooping maid.

- ' Silent, her head upon her hand she bow'd,
 ' And slowly, one by one, the tear-drops flow'd:
 ' Gaunt Melancholy stood beside her bed
 ' Telling sad tales of dames by men betray'd,
 ' And reckoning o'er the vows by Cambal made. }
 ' Instant I snatch'd her from that monster's view—
 ' 'Twas all I could, whilst thou wast yet untrue.—
 ' The gulphy Wolga gap'd at my command;
 ' I wafted unobserv'd the crew to land;
 ' Of human form depriv'd, I gave the fair
 ' On snowy plumes to range the ambient air,
 ' And to oblivion in her brain consign'd
 ' The traces of her station and her kind;
 ' Though still the shadow of her grief remain'd:
 ' The features lost the outline she retain'd,
 ' And of neglected love and faithless birds com- }
 plain'd.
 ' Lo! where she quits the royal perch she chose
 ' And stoops to me, the guardian of her woes:
 ' For, chang'd into a Hawk, my prescient care
 ' Plac'd her, where Canace her cries might hear;
 ' And, ere she lost again her pow'rs of flight,
 ' Restor'd through her Cambuscan to the fight— }
 ' For preternatural means must vanquish magic
 sleight.
 ' But here thy sorrows end; and she, whose doom
 ' Thy charms invested with no vulgar plume,

‘ Now tells thee that requited love is thine,
 ‘ And bids thee take again thy form divine.’

Scarce were the closing words pronounc’d and
 heard,

When in the Falcon’s place a dame appear’d;
 As quick, as when the north-wind drives the rack,
 The clouds, dispersing, various outlines take,
 And none the gradual change of shape can note,
 But see the vapours in new figures float;
 The paragon of birds at once became
 Fair, as upon the field the loveliest dame.
 Mute wonder seiz’d on all; the new-born maid,
 Unconscious where she was, the throng survey’d,
 Like one, who in a vision seems to view
 Of knights and stately dames a gallant crew,
 With forms that, once familiar to his eyes,
 Bewilder’d then he cannot recognize.
 But ere the wanderings of her thought were o’er,
 Ere Cambalo his gratitude could pour,
 Maimoune once again the silence broke,
 And to her gazing audience solemn spoke.
 ‘ Hear, mortals! hear your doom: to Algarsife
 ‘ Fate portions^c Theodora as his wife:

^c *Fate portions, &c.*] In the following lines, the catastrophe of the poem is summed up: how far it will be found consonant to the outline left by Chaucer, for the fable which he either actually completed or intended to complete, is not for *him* who undertook to fill up the chasm,

‘ For her he bravely fought; for her had bled,
 ‘ But his sire sav’d him by the Brazen Steed.

to judge: He is sensible that in one respect he has not fulfilled Chaucer’s design, viz. in not making Cambal and Algarsife jointly engage Canace’s lover *in lists*, Cambal only, as the poem now stands, engaging that lover in single combat, during *a battle*. This deviation was not without consideration: It was thought injudicious to engraft, on Chaucer’s stock, a poem of very great length; but had the several topics laid down by him been made the subject of so many distinct actions, interspersed with the speeches, descriptions, &c. which poetry requires, double the number of the books, which now comprize the fable, would have been required. And if the tournament in which all pretenders to Canace were to show their prowess by overcoming her two brethren had been introduced, it must have been necessarily a distinct action of itself, independent of, and probably subsequent to, the winning of Theodora: Whereas by making all Chaucer’s topics, as far as might be, parts of one action; and that one action, immediately resulting from the stranger’s bringing the magic horse to Sarra, it is hoped that the spirit, if not the letter, of Chaucer’s plan is adhered to, within a compass not quite disproportionate to that of some of the tales completed by himself. It may not be impertinent to point out to the reader, before I insert the lines in which Chaucer lays down the subject of his intended work, that where he says he will ‘speak of Cambuscan *that* in his time many a city wanne,’ he does not say that he will treat of the *winning* of those cities, but of *him* who *did win* them: so that the introduction of Wolodimir and the allusion to Cambuscan’s long wars in, and final conquest of, Muscovy, will satisfy that part of the argument. Chaucer’s lines are as follows:

I woll no more speke of hir ring,
 Till it come eft to purpose, for to sain
 How that this Falcon gat hir love again
 Repentant, as the story telleth us,
 By mediation of *Camballus*,
 The kinges son, of which that I you told;
 But henceforth I woll my proces hold
 To speke of adventures and batailles,
 That yet was never hird so grete mervails.

' In Cambal let the Falcon find again
 ' Her Tercelet, the cause of all her pain:
 ' And let Al-Kabal, who in front of war
 ' Dar'd the bold brethren of the Tartar fair,
 ' With her the bliss of pure affection share :
 ' While thou, the first in virtues as in state,
 ' In wisdom and in valour truly great,
 ' Beyond the common term thy years shall stretch,
 ' And what a man should be, to future ages teach.

}

' But let the chance of this eventful day
 ' The miseries of vice to all display.
 ' Observe, in the dire end of Acban's fraud,
 ' Mov'd by no scruples, by no terrors aw'd,
 ' In Aulum's mad ambition, all his pow'r
 ' Lost in th' indulgence of his thirst for more,
 ' How vainly man employs his span of days,
 ' His greatness on another's fall to raise!
 ' Heedless, as to the tomb his foes are cast,
 ' That he must follow, though he follow last.

First woll I tell you of Cambuscan
 That in his time many a city wan ;
 And after woll I speke of Algarsif
 How that he wan Theodora to his wif,
 For whom full oft in grete peril he was,
 Ne had he ben holpen by the Hors of Bras.
 And after woll I speke of *Caballo*
 That fought in listes with the brethren two
 For Canace, er that he might hir winne ;
 And there I left I woll again beginne.

‘ From Kâf’s vast ridge, which to Cathay extends
 ‘ Nor westward, till it frown on Europe, ends,
 ‘ What thousand streams in various channels flow,
 ‘ Or parch’d by heat or swol’n by melted snow!
 ‘ Some with still course creep slowly to the shore; }
 ‘ Some o’er rough rocks in shallow torrents roar; }
 ‘ Some thro’ the delug’d vales destruction pour; }
 ‘ This, through unpeopled tracts, its humble course
 ‘ Unnotic’d holds, and single, from its source:
 ‘ This greedy, from the mountains’ fountful sides
 ‘ Swells its broad stream with tributary tides,
 ‘ And as proud tow’rs and gallant ships it laves, }
 ‘ Sees wealth and empire float upon its waves, }
 ‘ And drinks^d the prayers of idolizing slaves. }
 ‘ But, whether deep or shallow, still or loud,
 ‘ One destiny awaits on ev’ry flood:
 ‘ All, howsoe’er their course attention claim,
 ‘ Lose in the sea their being and their name:
 ‘ Quick let them run, or slow, at last they fall
 ‘ Into one whelming main that swallows all;
 ‘ And their resistless force, their wealth, their pride
 ‘ Adds not one surge to Ocean’s boundless tide.
 ‘ Such, mortals! is to ye the general doom:
 ‘ Toil as ye will, ye toil but for a tomb.

^d *And drinks, &c.*] Alluding to the Ganges, whose waters are considered as sacred by the Hindûs and other oriental nations.

' The youth that languishes, the maid that frowns,
 ' Who pine in chains, who cumber thrones on thrones,
 ' The monarch, on whose front the diamond shines,
 ' And he who seeks it in damp, loathsome mines,
 ' All tend one way; or plodding in distress,
 ' Or borne upon the wings of happiness:
 ' Howe'er their little day of life be past,
 ' In pleasure, or in pain, they meet at last.
 ' Enjoyment is the jewel, which to find,
 ' Mortals! ye toil; all different ways inclin'd;
 ' Each looking through the colour of his mind. }
 ' Some see it as a king, with purple robe,
 ' Upon his sceptre balancing the globe:
 ' Some in such mighty heaps of glittering ore,
 ' That ages were too short to count the store:
 ' Some in the sweet variety, that decks
 ' With still bewitching charm, the softer sex:
 ' But all their object with like speed pursue,
 ' With hopes untir'd, with fancies ever new.
 ' Wise, unrelenting, vigilant, and brave,
 ' And guarded against all things, but the grave,
 ' Still ye look forward, though perversely blind
 ' To the wide chasm that yawns for all your kind.
 ' But know, that wheresoe'er your lot is cast,
 ' There, there alone, your happiness is plac'd:
 ' And as ye further from that spot advance,
 ' The nearer do ye rush to sour mischance.

' Learn then, from hence, Ambition to repress;
 ' Nor seek, in hollow grandeur, Happiness:
 ' For Vice must fail, though Hell its arms employ:
 ' And Virtue, Heaven-assisted, teems with joy.'

She ceas'd—at once the fairy light was gone;
 And Phœbus with unrival'd splendor shone.

Still, prostrate on the plain, the troops ador'd,
 And hung attentive on Maimoune's word:
 Awe check'd their very breath; their blood ran chill;
 Suspended ev'n was pleasure's rapturous thrill:
 And, when the vision fled, a pause ensued,
 As if they listen'd yet to hear the voice renew'd.
 Cambuscan first arose: his eyes he threw
 Around him; all was vacant to the view:
 But by degrees aside the film he flung
 Which, o'er his mind, the flow of wondrous things
 had hung.

Turn'd towards the eastern clime, with lifted hands,
 Silent, he pray'd: then thus address his bands.

' Ye! who have seen th' angelic form with me;
 ' Ye! who have heard pronounc'd her high decree;
 ' What boots to say, that to the sovereign will
 ' I bend, and swear each mandate to fulfil?
 ' For when Heav'n deigns its purpose to display,
 ' 'Tis not desert, but duty, to obey.
 ' Now hear Cambuscan's word: Wolodimir,
 ' No more a vassal, owes no homage here:

' Free, from this hour, he holds the Russian throne;
 ' And no superior feels, but God alone:
 ' That Theodora's sire may never frown,
 ' And curse a Lord, when he should bless a Son.
 ' To thee, young Prince! whose early virtues move
 ' Aerial beings to protect thy love,
 ' Whate'er a sire's regard, a monarch's pow'r,
 ' May furnish, to adorn thy nuptial hour,
 ' Cambuscan gives; if, blest in such a bride,
 ' The world can aught of value yield beside.
 ' Thou, Zelica! whose soft perfections won
 ' Celestial aid, though lost upon my son,
 ' Whose plumed shape Maimoune doom'd to save
 ' Me, the mark'd victim of that fraudulent slave,
 ' Oh! mayst thou, from the cause of thy distress,
 ' Now find its cure, and date thy happiness.
 ' But for these fabrics, forg'd for Acban's aid,
 ' Far from man's view be they for ever laid!
 ' Once yet again will I bestride the horse,
 ' And urge to those embattled rocks my course
 ' Which, on the brows of Kâf, from human eye
 ' Screen the delights beyond and empyrean sky.
 ' There, on some spire of lasting adamant
 ' To reach whose height an eagle's power were scant,
 ' The Sabre and the Mirror and the Ring,
 ' Safe from audacious mortals, will I fling:
 ' Then glancing downward, tread this holy ground;
 ' And let my lips pronounce the fateful sound

- That wraps in everlasting clouds the Steed:
‘ Sav’d from so dread a spell, the world shall bless the
 deed.
‘ For, if Heav’n grant my prayer, no son of mine,
‘ No far descendant of Cambuscan’s line,
‘ Shall need Enchantment to assist his arm,
‘ But in his virtues find a stronger charm:
‘ So shall the Tartar power that strength surpass
‘ Which rests its greatness on a Horse of Brass.’

THE END.

But when, within the mirror, Canace
 Might the just image of Timourshah see,
 Not alter'd in expression, feature, shade,
 Nor aught, gloss'd over, by the glass betray'd,
 To all the honest portraiture she shew'd,
 And ev'ry good man's heart with pleasure glow'd.
 Then thus—' Will Erbol yet refuse to see
 ' The sanction of this Knight's integrity?
 ' He who has blam'd, should be the first to seize
 ' Th' occasion to retract his calumnies;
 ' And though the pride of Erbol's mighty name
 ' Such idle exculpation may disclaim,
 ' Yet will he joy to see this Lord abide
 ' The test, by which my weakness wish'd him tried.'
 She spoke, insidious: Erbol, anxious now
 Timourshah's faith retracting to allow
 (For the rash charge by flattery to atone,
 And praising one man's fealty, salve his own,)
 Mov'd hastily—the Princess chang'd her place
 And on the polish'd surface caught his face:
 Ah! whosoe'er has known some thoughtless child
 Suck death from berries, by their bloom beguil'd;
 Or whosoe'er has watch'd the varying mien
 Of Nature, in some rich, sequester'd scene,
 Where the same objects different hues assume
 As lighten'd by the Sun, or wrapt in gloom,
 He knows that features, still the same, may wear
 Expression, chang'd at once to foul from fair.