

IV  
CANTO VI.

## ARGUMENT.

*Introduction—The power of Love to soften adversity—Exhortation to guard Love from the attacks of Ill-temper, which conduct to Indifference and Disgust—Psyche becalmed—Psyche surprised and carried to the Island of Indifference—Pursued and rescued by her Knight—The Voyage concluded—Psyche brought home beholds again the Temple of Love—Is reunited to her Lover, and invited by Venus to receive in Heaven her Apotheosis—Conclusion.*

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CANTO VI.

WHEN pleasure sparkles in the cup of youth,  
And the gay hours on downy wing advance,  
Oh! then 'tis sweet to hear the lip of truth  
Breathe the soft vows of love, sweet to entrance  
The raptured soul by intermingling glance  
Of mutual bliss; sweet amid roseate bowers,  
Led by the hand of Love, to weave the dance,  
Or unmolested crop life's fairy flowers,  
Or bask in joy's bright sun through calm unclouded hours.

Yet they, who light of heart in may-day pride  
 Meet love with smiles and gaily amorous song,  
 (Though he their softest pleasures may provide,  
 Even then when pleasures in full concert throng)  
 They cannot know with what enchantment strong  
 He steals upon the tender suffering soul,  
 What gently soothing charms to him belong,  
 How melting sorrow owns his soft control,  
 Subsiding passions hushed in milder waves to roll.

When vexed by cares and harassed by distress,  
 The storms of fortune chill thy soul with dread,  
 Let Love, consoling Love! still sweetly bless,  
 And his assuasive balm benignly shed:  
 His downy plumage o'er thy pillow spread  
 Shall lull thy weeping sorrows to repose;  
 To Love the tender heart hath ever fled,  
 As on its mother's breast the infant throws  
 Its sobbing face, and there in sleep forgets its woes.

Oh! fondly cherish then the lovely plant,  
 Which lenient Heaven hath given thy pains to ease;  
 Its lustre shall thy summer hours enchant,  
 And load with fragrance every prosperous breeze,  
 And when rude winter shall thy roses seize,  
 When nought through all thy bowers but thorns  
     remain,  
 This still with undeciduous charms shall please,  
 Screen from the blast and shelter from the rain,  
 And still with verdure, cheer the desolated plain.

Through the hard season Love with plaintive note  
 Like the kind red-breast tenderly shall sing,  
 Which swells mid dreary snows its tuneful throat,  
 Brushing the cold dews from its shivering wing,  
 With cheerful promise of returning spring  
 To the mute tenants of the leafless grove.  
 Guard thy best treasure from the venom'd sting  
 Of baneful peevishness; oh! never prove  
 How soon ill-temper's power can banish gentle Love!

Repentance may the storms of passion chase,  
 And Love, who shrunk affrighted from the blast,  
 May hush his just complaints in soft embrace,  
 And smiling wipe his tearful eye at last :  
 Yet when the wind's rude violence is past,  
 Look what a wreck the scattered fields display !  
 See on the ground the withering blossoms cast !  
 And hear sad Philomel with piteous lay  
 Deplore the tempest's rage that swept her young away.

The tears capricious beauty loves to shed,  
 The pouting lip, the sullen silent tongue,  
 May wake the impassioned lovers tender dread,  
 And touch the spring that clasps his soul so strong ;  
 But ah, beware ! the gentle power too long  
 Will not endure the frown of angry strife ;  
 He shuns contention, and the gloomy throng  
 Who blast the joys of calm domestic life,  
 And flies when discord shakes her brand with quarrels  
 rife.

Oh! he will tell you that these quarrels bring  
 The ruin, not renewal of his flame:  
 If oft repeated, lo! on rapid wing  
 He flies to hide his fair but tender frame;  
 From violence, reproach, or peevish blame  
 Irrevocably flies. Lament in vain!  
 Indifference comes the abandoned heart to claim,  
 Asserts for ever her repulsive reign,  
 Close followed by disgust and all her chilling train.

Indifference, dreaded power! what art shall save  
 The good so cherished from thy grasping hand?  
 How shall young Love escape the untimely grave  
 Thy treacherous arts prepare? or how withstand  
 The insidious foe, who with her leaden band  
 Enchains the thoughtless, slumbering deity?  
 Ah, never more to wake! or e'er expand  
 His golden pinions to the breezy sky,  
 Or open to the sun his dim and languid eye.

Who can describe the hopeless, silent pang  
With which the gentle heart first marks her sway?  
Eyes the sure progress of her icy fang  
Resistless, slowly fastening on her prey;  
Sees rapture's brilliant colours fade away,  
And all the glow of beaming sympathy;  
Anxious to watch the cold averted ray  
That speaks no more to the fond meeting eye  
Enchanting tales of love, and tenderness, and joy.

Too faithful heart! thou never canst retrieve  
Thy withered hopes: conceal the cruel pain!  
O'er thy lost treasure still in silence grieve;  
But never to the unfeeling ear complain:  
From fruitless struggles dearly bought refrain!  
Submit at once—the bitter task resign,  
Nor watch and fan the expiring flame in vain;  
Patience, consoling maid, may yet be thine,  
Go seek her quiet cell, and hear her voice divine!



But lo! the joyous sun, the soft-breathed gales  
By zephyrs sent to kiss the placid seas,  
Curl the green wave, and fill the swelling sails ;  
The seamen's shouts, which jocund hail the breeze,  
Call the glad knight the favouring hour to seize.  
Her gentle hostess Psyche oft embraced,  
Who still solicitous her guest to please  
On her fair breast a talisman had placed,  
And with the valued gem her parting blessing graced.

How gaily now the bark pursues its way  
Urged by the steady gale! while round the keel  
The bubbling currents in sweet whispers play,  
Their force repulsive now no more they feel ;  
No clouds the unsullied face of heaven conceal,  
But the clear azure one pure dome displays,  
Whether it bids the star of day reveal  
His potent beams, or Cynthia's milder rays  
On deep cerulean skies invite the eye to gaze.

Almost unconscious they their course pursue,  
 So smooth the vessel cuts the watery plain;  
 The wide horizon to their boundless view  
 Gives but the sky, and Neptune's ample reign:  
 Still the unruffled bosom of the main  
 Smiles undiversified by varying wind;  
 No toil the idle mariners sustain,  
 While, listless, slumbering o'er his charge reclined,  
 The pilot cares no more the unerring helm to mind.

With light exulting heart glad Psyche sees  
 Their rapid progress as they quit the shore:  
 Yet weary languor steals by slow degrees  
 Upon her tranquil mind; she joys no more  
 The never changing scene to wander o'er  
 With still admiring eye; the enchanting song  
 Yields not that lively charm it knew before,  
 When first enraptured by his tuneful tongue  
 She bad her vocal knight the heavenly strain prolong.

A damp chill mist now deadens all the air,  
A drowsy dullness seems o'er all to creep,  
No more the heavens their smile of brightness wear,  
The winds are hushed, while the dim glassy deep  
Oppressed by sluggish vapours seems to sleep;  
See his light scarf the knight o'er Psyche throws,  
Solicitous his lovely charge to keep  
From still increasing cold; while deep repose  
Benumbs each torpid sense and bids her eye-lids close.

Now as with languid stroke they ply the oars,  
While the dense fog obscures their gloomy way;  
Hymen, well used to coast these dangerous shores,  
Roused from the dreaming trance in which he lay,  
Cries to the knight in voice of dread dismay,  
“Steer hence thy bark, oh! yet in time beware;  
“Here lies Petrea, which with baneful sway  
“Glacella rules, I feel the dank cold air,  
“I hear her chilling voice, methinks it speaks despair!”

Even while he speaks, behold the vessel stands  
 Immoveable! in vain the pilot tries  
 The helm to turn; fixed in the shallow strands,  
 No more obedient to his hand, it lies,  
 The disappointed oar no aid supplies  
 While sweeping o'er the sand it mocks their force.  
 The anxious knight to Constance now applies,  
 To his oft tried assistance has recourse,  
 And bids his active mind design some swift resource,

Debating doubtfully awhile they stood,  
 At length on their united strength rely,  
 To force the bark on the supporting flood;  
 They rouse the seamen, who half slumbering lie,  
 Subdued and loaded by the oppressive sky.  
 Then wading mid the fog, with care explore  
 What side the deepest waters may supply,  
 And where the shallows least protect the shore,  
 While through their darksome search the star sheds  
 light before.

Mean time deep slumbers of the vaporous mist  
 Hang on the heavy eye-lids of the fair;  
 And Hymen too, unable to resist  
 The drowsy force of the o'erwhelming air,  
 Laid at her feet at length forgets his care.  
 When lo! Glacella's treacherous slaves advance,  
 Deep wrapt in thickest gloom; the sleeping fair  
 They seize, and bear away in heedless trance,  
 Long ere her guardian knight suspects the bitter chance.

Thus the lorn traveller imprudent sleeps  
 Where his high glaciers proud Locendro shews;  
 Thus o'er his limbs resistless torpor creeps,  
 As yielding to the fatal deep repose  
 He sinks benumbed upon the Alpine snows,  
 And sleeps no more to wake; no more to view  
 The blooming scenes his native vales disclose,  
 Or ever more the craggy path pursue,  
 Or o'er the lichen'd steep the chamois chase renew.

Lo! to their queen they bear their sleeping prey,  
 Deep in her ice-built castle's gloomy state,  
 There on a pompous couch they gently lay  
 Psyche, as yet unconscious of her fate,  
 And when her heavy eyes half opening late  
 Dimly observe the strange and unknown scenes,  
 As in a dream she views her changed estate,  
 Gazing around with doubtful, troubled mien  
 Now on the stupid crowd, now on their dull proud queen

With vacant smile, and words but half exprest,  
 In one ungracious, never-varying tone,  
 Glacella welcomes her bewildered guest,  
 And bids the chief supporter of her throne  
 Approach and make their mighty mistress known,  
 Proud Selfishness, her dark ill-favoured lord!  
 Her gorgeous seat, which still he shared alone,  
 He slowly leaves obedient to her word,  
 And ever as he moved the cringing train adored.

Nought of his shapeless form to sight appears,  
 Impenetrable furs conceal each part;  
 Harsh and unpleasing sounds in Psyche's ears  
 That voice which had subdued full many a heart;  
 While he, exerting every specious art,  
 Persuades her to adore their queen's control;  
 Yet would he not Glacella's name impart,  
 But with false title, which she artful stole  
 From fair Philosophy, deludes the erring soul.

" Rest, happy fair!" he cries, " who here hast found  
 " From all the storms of life a safe retreat,  
 " Sorrow thy breast henceforth no more shall wound  
 " Nor care invade thee in this quiet seat:  
 " The voice of the distressed no more shall meet  
 " The sympathising ear; another's woes  
 " Shall never interrupt the stillness sweet,  
 " Which here shall hush thee to serene repose,  
 " Nor damp the constant joys these scenes for thee  
 disclose.

" Fatigue no more thy soft and lovely frame  
 " With vain benevolence and fruitless care ;  
 " No deep heaved sigh shall here thy pity claim,  
 " Nor hateful want demand thy wealth to share ;  
 " For thee shall Independence still prepare  
 " Pleasures unmingled, and for ever sure ;  
 " His lips our sovereign's peaceful laws declare,  
 " Centre existence in thyself secure,  
 " Nor let an alien shade thy sunshine e'er obscure."

He spoke, and lo ! unnumbered doors unfold,  
 And various scenes of revelry display ;  
 Here Grandeur sunk beneath the massive gold ;  
 Here discontented Beauty pined away,  
 And vainly conscious asked her promised sway ;  
 Here Luxury prepared his sumptuous feast,  
 While lurking Apathy behind him lay  
 To poison all the insipid food he drest,  
 And shake his poppy crown o'er every sated guest.



The hireling minstrels strike their weary lyre,  
 And slumber o'er the oft repeated strain ;  
 No listless youth to active grace they fire :  
 Here Eloquence herself might plead in vain,  
 Nor one of all the heartless crowd could gain :  
 And thou, oh ! sweeter than the Muses song,  
 Affection's voice divine ! with cold disdain  
 Even thou art heard, while mid the insulting throng  
 Thy daunted, shivering form moves timidly along !

Thus o'er the oiled surface softly slides  
 The unadmitted stream, rapid it flows,  
 And from the impervious plain pellucid glides ;  
 Repulsed with gentle murmurs thus it goes,  
 Till in the porous earth it finds repose,  
 Concealed and sheltered in its parents breast :—  
 Oh ! man's best treasure in this vale of woes !  
 Still cheer the sad, and comfort the distress,  
 Nor ever be thy voice by selfishness opprest !

Psyche with languid step he leads around,  
 And bids her all the castle's splendour see.  
 Here Dissipation's constant sports abound,  
 While her loose hand in seeming bounty free,  
 Her scentless roses, painted mimicry,  
 Profusely sheds ; here Pride unheeded tells  
 To nodding crowds his ancient pedigree ;  
 And Folly with reiterated spells  
 To count her spotted cards the yawning group compels.

“ See how, attentive to her subjects ease,”  
 To their reluctant prey exclaims her guide,  
 “ Each fleeting joy of life she bids them seize,  
 “ Anxious for each gay pastime to provide ;  
 “ See her fast spreading power increasing wide,  
 “ Adored and worshipped in each splendid dome !  
 “ Lo ! Beauty glows for ever at her side,  
 “ She bids her cheek the unvarying rose assume ;  
 “ And Bacchus sees for her his votive ivy bloom.

“ Is aught then wanting in this fairy bower ?  
 “ Or is there aught which yet thy heart can move ?”  
 That heart, unyielding to their sovereign’s power,  
 In gentle whispers sighing answers, “ Love !”  
 While scornful smiles the fond reply reprove,  
 “ Lo !” he exclaims, “ thy vanquished Cupid view ;  
 “ He oft with powerful arms had vainly strove  
 “ Our sovereign’s rocky fortress to subdue,  
 “ Now, subject to her reign, he yields obedience due.”

Wondering she gazed around, and where he points,  
 An idiot child in golden chains she spies,  
 Rich cumbrous gems load all his feeble joints,  
 A gaudy bandage seels his stupid eyes,  
 And foul Desire his short-lived torch supplies :  
 By the capricious hand of Fashion led,  
 Her sudden starts with tottering step he tries  
 Submissive to attend : him had she bred,  
 And Selfishness himself the nursling ever fed.

With lustre false his tinsel arms to deck  
Ungraceful ornaments around him shone,  
Gifts of his sportive guide ; she round his neck  
A glittering cord insultingly had thrown,  
Loading its pendent purse with many a stone  
And worthless dross, and ever as he went,  
His leaden darts, with wanton aim unknown,  
Now here, now there, in careless chance she sent,  
That oft their blunted force in empty air was spent.

Shocked, from the gross imposture Psyche turned  
With horror and disgust her fearful eye ;  
Her fate forlorn in silent anguish mourned,  
And called her knight with many a hopeless sigh.  
But see, the crowds in sudden tumult fly !  
The doors, fast closing to exclude some foe,  
Proclaim to Psyche's hopes her hero nigh :  
Escaping from her guard she flies, when lo !  
His form the bursting gates in awful beauty shew.

“ Fly from these dangerous walls,” his page exclaims ;  
 “ Swift let us haste our floating bark to gain !  
 “ See thy knight’s wondrous dart in terror flames ;  
 “ Soon shall these ice-built walls no shape retain !  
 “ Nor can their Queen his dreaded sight sustain.”  
 Scarcely she heard while rapidly she fled,  
 Even as a bird, escaped the wily train  
 The fowler with destructive art had spread,  
 Nor panting stays its flight, nor yet foregoes its dread.

See how astonished now the crowd supine,  
 Roused by his potent voice, confused arise ;  
 In tottering masses o’er their heads decline  
 Dissolving walls ; they gaze with wild surprise,  
 And each affrighted from the ruin flies :—  
 Pitying he views the vain unfeeling band  
 Beneath his care, a vile and worthless prize,  
 Their Queen alone his vengeful arms demand,  
 But unknown force was hers his terrors to withstand.

A shield she had of more than Gorgon power,  
 And whom she would she could transform to stone,  
 Nor ever had it failed her till that hour :  
 She proves his form invincible alone,  
 And calls its force petrific on her own.  
 Amazed he sees the indurated train,  
 The callous tenants of the silent throne,  
 And all the marble subjects of their reign,  
 Inviolably hard, their breathless shape retain.

The magic shield he thence in triumph bore,  
 Resolved, in pity to the human race,  
 Her noxious hands its might should guide no more,  
 And bade the seas conceal its Hydra face :  
 Oh! kindly meant, though much defeated grace !  
 For though the o'erwhelming weight of sounding waves  
 Conceal its rugged orb a little space,  
 Snatched by Glacella from the dark deep caves,  
 Once more the arm of Love with potent spell it braves.

But Psyche, rescued from their cruel scorn,  
 Urges her knight to hasten from the shore :  
 The buoyant vessel on the billows borne  
 Rides proudly o'er the mounting surge once more ;  
 Again they spread the sails, the feathered oar  
 Skims with impatient stroke the sparkling tide ;  
 The blushing Hymen now their smiles restore  
 Again to frolic gaily at their side,  
 Though still their playful taunts reproach their slum-  
 bering guide.

Psyche looks back with horror on the coast ;  
 Black, drear, and desolate is all the scene :  
 The rocky cliffs still human shape may boast ;  
 There the sad victims of the cruel Queen,  
 Memorials of her baneful power, are seen :  
 No vine crowned hills, no glowing vales appear,  
 Nor the white cottage laughs upon the green ;  
 The black and leafless thorn alone is there,  
 And the chill mountains lift their summits wild and bare.

Her spirits lighten as they leave behind  
The dreary prospect of Glacella's isle;  
She blest with gladdened heart the light-winged wind  
That bears her swiftly from a scene so vile;  
With glistening eye, and hope's prophetic smile,  
She hears her knight foretel their dangers o'er,  
That sure success shall crown their fated toil,  
And soon arriving at that happy shore,  
Love shall again be found, and leave his bride no more.

Now, from light slumbers and delicious dreams,  
The jocund cry of joy aroused the fair;  
The morn that kissed her eyes with golden beams,  
Bade her the universal transport share;  
Divinely breathed the aromatic air,  
And Psyche's heart, half fainting with delight,  
In the peculiar odour wafted there  
Recalled the breezes which, o'er scenes most bright,  
Their wings of perfume shook, and lingering stayed  
their flight.



The lovely shore the mariners descry,  
And many a gladsome cheer the prospect hails;  
Its graceful hills rise full before the eye,  
While eagerly expanding all their sails  
They woo the freshness of the morning gales:  
The approaching scenes new opening charms display,  
And Psyche's palpitating courage fails,  
She sees arrived at length the important day,  
Uncertain yet of power the mandate to obey.

But one dear object every wish confines,  
Her spouse is promised in that bower of rest;  
And shall the sun, that now so cheerful shines,  
Indeed behold her to his bosom prest,  
And in his heavenly smiles of fondness blest?  
Oh! 'tis too much!—exhausted life she fears  
Will struggling leave her agitated breast,  
Ere to her longing eyes his form appears,  
Or the soft hand of Love shall wipe away her tears.

Oh! how impatience gains upon the soul  
 When the long promised hour of joy draws near!  
 How slow the tardy moments seem to roll!  
 What spectres rise of inconsistent fear!  
 To the fond doubting heart its hopes appear  
 Too brightly fair, too sweet to realize;  
 All seem but day-dreams of delight too dear!  
 Strange hopes and fears in painful contest rise,  
 While the scarce trusted bliss seems but to cheat the eyes.

But safely anchored in the happy port,  
 Led by her knight the golden sands she prest:  
 His heart beat high, his panting breath heaved short,  
 And sighs proclaim his agitated breast  
 By some important secret thought opprest:  
 "At length," he cries, "behold the fated spring!  
 "Yon rugged cliff conceals the fountain blest,  
 "(Dark rocks its crystal source o'ershadowing,  
 "And Constance swift for thee the destined urn shall  
 bring."

He speaks, but scarce she hears, her soul intent  
Surveys as in a dream each well known scene:  
Now from the pointed hills her eye she bent  
Inquisitive o'er all the sloping green ;  
The graceful temple meet for Beauty's queen,  
The orange groves that ever blooming glow,  
The silvery flood, the ambrosial air serene,  
The matchless trees that fragrant shade bestow,  
All speak to Psyche's soul, all seem their queen to know.

Let the vain rover, who his youth hath past  
Misled in idle search of happiness,  
Declare, by late experience taught at last,  
In all his toils he gained but weariness,  
Wooed the coy goddess but to find that less  
She ever grants where dearest she is bought ;  
She loves the sheltering bowers of home to bless,  
Marks with her peaceful hand the favourite spot,  
And smiles to see that Love has home his Psyche brought.

On the dear earth she kneels the turf to press,  
 With grateful lips and fondly streaming eyes,  
 "Are these the unknown bowers of Happiness?  
 "Oh! justly called, and gained at last!" she cries,  
 As eagerly to seize the urn she flies.  
 But lo! while yet she gazed with wondering eye  
 Constance ascends the steep to gain the prize,  
 The eagle's eyry is not built so high  
 As soon she sees his star bright blazing to the sky.

With light and nimble foot the boy descends,  
 And lifts the urn triumphant in his hand;  
 Low at the turf-raised altar Psyche bends,  
 While her fond eyes her promised Love demand;  
 Close at her side her faithful guardians stand,  
 As thus with timid voice she pays her vows,  
 "Venus, fulfilled is thine adored command,  
 "Thy voice divine the suppliant's claim allows,  
 "The smile of favour grant, restore her heavenly spouse."

Scarce on the altar had she placed the urn,  
 When lo! in whispers to her ravished ear  
 Speaks the soft voice of Love! "Turn, Psyche, turn!  
 " And see at last, released from every fear,  
 " Thy spouse, thy faithful knight, thy lover here!"  
 From his celestial brow the helmet fell,  
 In joy's full glow, unveiled his charms appear,  
 Beaming delight and love unspeakable,  
 While in one rapturous glance their mingling souls  
     they tell.

Two tapers thus, with pure converging rays,  
 In momentary flash their beams unite,  
 Shedding but one inseparable blaze  
 Of blended radiance and effulgence bright,  
 Self-lost in mutual intermingling light;  
 Thus, in her lover's circling arms embraced,  
 The fainting Psyche's soul, by sudden flight,  
 With his its subtlest essence interlaced;  
 Oh! bliss too vast for thought! by words how poorly traced!

Fond youth ! whom Fate hath summoned to depart,  
And quit the object of thy tenderest love,  
How oft in absence shall thy pensive heart  
Count the sad hours which must in exile move,  
And still their irksome weariness reprove ;  
Distance with cruel weight but loads thy chain  
With every step which bids thee farther rove,  
While thy reverted eye, with fruitless pain,  
Shall seek the trodden path its treasure to regain.


For thee what rapturous moments are prepared !  
For thee shall dawn the long expected day !  
And he who ne'er thy tender woes hath shared,  
Hath never known the transport they shall pay,  
To wash the memory of those woes away :  
The bitter tears of absence thou must shed,  
To know the bliss which tears of joy convey,  
When the long hours of sad regret are fled,  
And in one dear embrace thy pains compensated !

Even from afar beheld, how eagerly  
 With rapture thou shalt hail the loved abode!  
 Perhaps already, with impatient eye,  
 From the dear casement she hath marked thy road,  
 And many a sigh for thy return bestowed:  
 Even there she meets thy fond enamoured glance:  
 Thy soul with grateful tenderness o'erflowed,  
 Which firmly bore the hand of hard mischance,  
 Faints in the stronger power of joy's o'erwhelming trance.

With Psyche thou alone canst sympathise,  
 Thy heart benevolently shares her joy!  
 See her uncloset her rapture beaming eyes,  
 And catch that softly pleasurable sigh,  
 That tells unutterable ecstasy!  
 While hark melodious numbers through the air,  
 On clouds of fragrance wafted from the sky,  
 Their ravished souls to pious awe prepare,  
 And lo! the herald doves the Queen of Love declare.

With fond embrace she clasped her long lost son,  
And gracefully received his lovely bride,  
“ Psyche! thou hardly hast my favour won!”  
With roseate smile her heavenly parent cried,  
“ Yet hence thy charms immortal, deified,  
“ With the young Joys, thy future offspring fair,  
“ Shall bloom for ever at thy lover’s side;  
“ All ruling Jove’s high mandate I declare,  
“ Blest denizen of Heaven! arise its joys to share.”

She ceased, and lo! a thousand voices, joined  
In sweetest chorus, Love’s high triumph sing;  
There, with the Graces and the Hours entwined,  
His fairy train their rosy garlands bring,  
Or round their mistress sport on halcyon wing;  
While she enraptured lives in his dear eye,  
And drinks immortal love from that pure spring  
Of never-failing full felicity,  
Bathed in ambrosial showers of bliss eternally!





Dreams of Delight farewell! your charms no more  
Shall gild the hours of solitary gloom!  
The page remains—but can the page restore  
The vanished bowers which Fancy taught to bloom?  
Ah, no! her smiles no longer can illumine  
The path my Psyche treads no more for me;  
Consigned to dark oblivion's silent tomb  
The visionary scenes no more I see,  
Fast from the fading lines the vivid colours flee!



## NOTES.

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Page 108. *Thus on his bark the bold Biscayen stands,*

The whale fishery, on the coast of Greenland, was first carried on by the sailors of the Bay of Biscay.

*See Goldsmith's Animated Nature, vol. vi.*

Page 156. *The mystic honours next of Fauna—*

Fauna, called also the Bona Dea, during her life was celebrated for the exemplary purity of her manners, and after death was worshipped only by women.

Page 157. ————— *Bellerophon,*  
*And Peleus flying the Magnesian plain;*

Ut Præterit mulier perfida credulum  
 Falsis impulerit criminibus, nimis  
     Casto Bellerophonti  
     Maturare necem, refert,  
 Narrat pene datum Pelea Tartaro,  
 Magnessam Hyppolyten dum fugit abstinens.

*Hor. Ode vii. lib. iii.*

Page 158. *Acastus' mourning daughter—*

*Laodamia.*

Page 158. *And thee, Dictynna!—*

A virgin of Crete, who threw herself from a rock into the sea, when pursued by Minos. The Cretans, not contented with giving her name to the rock which she had thus consecrated, were accustomed to worship Diana by the name of her unfortunate votary.

Page 161. *Still in that tuneful form—*

In a grove, sacred to Diana, was suspended a syrinx (the pipe into which the nymph Syringa had been metamorphosed) which was said to possess the miraculous power of thus justifying the calumniated.

Page 162. *The stream's rude ordeal—*

The trial of the Stygian fountain, by which the innocent were acquitted, and the guilty disgraced; the waters rising in a wonderful manner, so as to cover the laurel wreath of the unchaste female, who dared the examination.

Page 162. ————*the daring Clusia—*

Who, to avoid the violence of Torquatus, cast herself from a tower, and was preserved by the winds, which, swelling her garments, supported her as she gently descended to the earth.

Page 162. — *those, whom Vesta in the trying hour—*

Claudia, a vestal, who having been accused of violating her vow, attested her innocence by drawing up the Tiber a ship, bearing a statue of the goddess, which many thousand men had not been able to remove.—Æmilia, who was suspected of unchastity from having inadvertently suffered the sacred flame to expire, by entrusting it to the care of a novice, but, imploring Vesta to justify her innocence, she tore her linen garment, and threw it upon the extinguished ashes of the cold altar; when, in the sight of priests and virgins, a sudden and pure fire was thus enkindled.—Tucia, who being falsely accused, carried water from the Tiber to the forum in a sieve, her accuser miraculously disappearing at the same time.

Page 162. — *thou, whose purest hands—*

Sulpicia, a Roman lady of remarkable chastity; chosen by the Sibyls to dedicate a temple to Venus Verticordia, in order to obtain greater purity for her contemporary country-women.

Page 163. ————— *Sinope's wiles!*

The nymph Sinope, being persecuted by the addresses of Jupiter, at length stipulated for his promise to grant her whatever she might ask, and having obtained this promise, claimed the gift of perpetual chastity.

————— Sinope

Nympha prius, blandosque Jovis quæ luserat ignes  
Cœlicolis inmota procis.—

*Val. Flac. lib. v. ver. 110.*