

The Feast of the Poets.

"A feast of nectar's sweets
Where no death surfeit reigns."

Not to interrupt our readers from the deathless
writings of the immortal Childe, we have deter-
mined to commence the third of this year's "Feasts"
with the

BEAUTIES OF BYRON.

NO. XI.

"CHILDE HAROLD."

The following stanzas picture in glowing but truth-
ful colours the national "spree" of the Spanish
people—the bull-fight. "The Spaniards" received
this sport from the Moors, among whom it was cele-
brated with great pomp and splendour:—

The Sabbath comes, a day of blessed rest,
What halloo is to this Christian feast?

Lo! it is sacred to a solemn fast:
Lo! it is heard you not the great monarch's roar?

Crashing the lance, he smites the infuriated gore,
Of man and steed, and earth beneath his hoofs;

The third of arches shakes with shouts for more;
Yells the mad crowd ere entrails freshly torn;

For shrieks the female eye, nor e'er affects to mourn.
The lists are open, the Spanish arena clear'd;

Thousands on thousands, and the shouting goes,
Crashing the lance, he smites the infuriated gore;

Low e'er the first loud trumpet's roll is heard,
No vacant space for later yell is found;

Here dance, grandees, and chivalry comes about
Skill'd in the eye of a roguish eye;

Yet ever will inclined to lead the wound:
Now through their cold disdain are don'd to die,

As moon-struck birds count down the gallant archer,
Husk'd is the din of tongues on gallant steeds;

With milk-white steed, gold spur, and light-pol'd
Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds;

And lowly bending to the lists advance;
Rich are their scarfs, their chargers featly prance;

If in the dangerous game the prize is lost,
The crowd's not silent, and the ladies lowly glance;

Best prize of butcher's art, they bear away,
And all that tinge or chiefs e'er gain their tails repay.

In costly chain and costly cloak array'd,
But all aloft, the light-limb'd monarch clear;

Stands in the centre, e'er to invade
The herd of lions, and not to follow;

The ground, with cautious feet he traverses o'er,
Last-gaunt unseen should lurk to thwart his speed;

His arms a dart, he flings aloft, nor more
Can man achieve without the friendly steel;

Alas! too oft condemn'd for him to bear and bleed,
Three sounds the clarian; lo! the signal falls;

The den exclaims, and expectation waits,
Bombs round the circle's edge are whizzed;

And wildly starting, spins with sounding foot,
The steed, not blindly rushing on his foe;

There, there, he plants his threatening foot, to suit
His first attack, wide as the world is wide;

His angry tail; red rolls his eye collected glow,
Sudden, close his eye is fixed; away;

Swain, thou heedless boy! prepare the spear:
Now is the time, to perish, or to slay;

The skill that yet may check his mad career,
With wild-limb'd courage the nimble charger rear;

On fumes the bull, but the infuriated goes;
Streams from his flank the crimson torrent clear;

He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes;
Dart follows dart, lance, lance; loud hollowings speak
His woes.

Again he comes; new dart nor lance avail,
Nor the wild plunge of the infuriated horse;

Though man and steed are avenging arms assail,
Vain are his weapons, vain is his force;

One gallant steed is stretch'd a mangled corpse;
Another, hideous sight! unscathed appears;

His eye checks the bull's panting snout;
Though death-struck, the combatant he bears;

Staggering, but steaming aghast, his lord unarm'd he bears,
Full, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last;

Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,
Mid wounds, and clanging darts, and lances breast;

And fies disabled in the brutal fray;
And now the infuriated archer him pursues;

Sheds the red blood, and the infuriated he brand;
Once more through all he bursts his thundering way;

Yield ye! the snorting quags the courage hard,
Wraps his fierce eye—his pass—the sink upon the sand!

Where his vast neck, just mingling with the spine,
Shed in his form the deadly weapon lies;

He roars—he starts—disclaiming to decline;
Slowly he falls, and the infuriated he bears;

Without a groan, without a struggle dies,
The infuriated archer appears—on high;

The horse is dead—sight slight for vulgar eyes—
Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as fly,

Hurl the dead bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by,
Although the "Frank robber" no longer openly

domineers over Spain, since France's ruin and in-
trigue, that curse of millions, and the last half

year, is at work, productive of their usual in-
fernal results. It is to the intrigue and corruption

set in play by the pretended peace-loving hypocrite,
Louis XVIII., that the royal Ruler, Christina,

gave her return to the country from which she was
previously expelled; and Spain, once the consequent

terror and slaughtering which, during the last
two years, have caused that unhappy land. True,

Spain is no longer at war with the Frank; but the
still more hideous civil war from which the country

has so long suffered, and the termination of which is
yet far distant, has been prolonged by the infernal

intrigues of the infamous traitor of the barricades.
The following stanzas (which we conclude our

extracts from the first canto of *Childe Harold's*)
are therefore at the present time yet applicable to dis-
trasted, elected, and

Such be the sons of Spain, and strange her fate!
They fight for freedom who were never free;

A kingless people for a nerveless state,
Her vessels combat when their chiefs are free;

True to the vestiges of Treachery;
Of a land whose people, though in blood and life,

Trade points the path that leads to liberty;
Back to the struggle, battle in the strife;

War, war is still the cry, "war even to the knife!"
Ye, who would more of Spain and Spaniards know,

Go, read what'er is writ of bloodiest strife;
What'er be vengeance urged on foreign foe

Can act, is acting there against man's life;
From flashing scimitar to steel knife,

War mauls each and each weapon to his need—
So may he guard the sister and the wife,

So may he make each curb oppressor bleed,
So may each dose deserve the most remorseless deed.

Not all the blood at Talavera shed,
Not all the massacre of Saragossa's fight,

Not Albura lavish of the dead,
Have won for Spain her free and right;

When shall her olive-branch be free from light?
When shall she cease to be a land of strife and fight?

How many a doubtful day she free in night,
Ere the Frank robber turn him from his spoil,

And Freedom's stranger-tree grow native of the soil!
The living poet next claims our attention. Turn

we, therefore, now to
THE PURGATORY OF SUICIDES. A Prison
Rhyme, in Ten Books, By Thomas Cooper, the

Childe. We intended to have this week repeated the lead-
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poem; but find that we do so, we should
leave ourselves no room for what will please our

readers much better—extracts from the poem itself.
We have determined, therefore, to postpone insertion

of the *Childe*'s criticism until we have gone through
the poem, when we will give the points of the several

reviews that may come under our notice; so that while
reviewing the poem, we may also review the poem's

reviewers.
The second book opens with an address to the Lyre;

and in the first eight stanzas a just tribute of grate-
ful admiration is paid to CHAUCER, SPENSER, SHAKES-
PEARE, DRYDEN, and SHELLEY. These stanzas are

very powerfully written; and could we have found
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address, says the *Childe*'s reviewer, "is rich in
the passionate language of admiration. Such a

strain has not been sung in England for two hundred
years. Knowing that this verse has been written in

a prison cell, that the author has been self-taught,
that he is a poor Christian scholar, we read in all

the work of an inextinguishable dream."
Dad of the mighty harp, whose golden chords,
Strung by thy Eternal, no bedding there

Found among mortals and their low records,
But pealed high anthems to the throne supreme;

O, thundering echoed where the lurid gleam
Of Eternity revealed the primal fall!

Since thou art "dumb," and "deaf"—I will deem
This grateful ode no dangerous of a thrall.

But banquet-chamber where the mind holds festival
Great minstrel, let the night entomb the day—

Let bolts and bars, in mockery, fall still dumb;
So that heaven-robed, thou walkst with me,—thy lay

Shall dissipate all thought of prison-gloom.
Tremendous spirit,—in this narrow room

Untrammelled by walls, by fetters, by the door,
Of man, crushed from his cradle to the tomb

Of tyrants,—how hast thou thy nights beguiled!
Smoothing the raven down of darkness till it smiled.

I joy that my young heart a covenant made
To take thee for its guide in patriot deed;

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But, by thy name on England's loam borne
In pride,—while all her sons thy lineage boast!

The awful hour is at hand—Dost thou not know
And lo! the day is come—dost thou not know?

Nay!—but we'll win thee back, thy laurel wreath,
She shall return, with face more heavenly fair,

And grace'd with the light of heaven's smile;
Ay,—shall return,—for we'll be kinder yet—

We'll win thy "mountain nymph, sweet Liberty!"
Thou, and the glorious phalanx of the free,

Hampden, and Pym, and Elliot, Selden, Vane,
Marvell, and martyr'd Sidney,—what were ye—

Our elder brethren!—and the kindly chain
Ye loose!—we'll break!—ye have not waded and bled in

vain!
Honour—all honour to thee, patriot bard!
With whom I took sweet counsel in my youth;

I joy, that though my lowly lot was hard,
My spirit, raised by thine, forgot his fall tooth:

And, smiling, dared the dim old man's full tooth:
I joy, that all enamour'd of thy song,

While slumbers' esteem'd my ways uncouth,
I wandered, by day's dawn, the woods among;

Or, idly, with midnight lamp, my grateful task prolong.
Yet to Paradise,—whose glory blum'd

My path of youthful penury, till grew
The desert to a garden, and Life bloom'd

With hope and joy, "sweet Liberty"—honour due
I cannot render thee—nor reverence true

This heart shall give thee, till it reach the verge
Where human splendours lose their lustre here;

And when, in death, my mortal joys all merge—
Thy grand and gorgeous mansion, Milton,—thy dirge!

In this book we are introduced to the spirits of
three famous suicides, the two first Greek; the third,

Indian—EMPERORS.
— who to be deemed
A god leapt fondly into Dana's flames;

— who to be deemed
Philo's Elysium kept into the sea;

and CALANUS—
— whom Euthymus Philip's son beheld

— while plunging through the angry sea,
And warrior braves the wondering tumult swell'd;

— who, on his gashed steed, unaided,
Into the future flames,—seem'd to die

By nature's gradual law!
The discussion in which the two Greeks engage,

subsequently shared in by the Indian, seems to us
somewhat tiresome; at all events, the main portion

of the book does not at all approach its spirited and
beautiful opening, leaving the second, we come at

once to the third book, which opens with a magnifi-
cent address to the Sun:—

Hail, glorious Sun!—all hail the captive's friend!
Giver of present joys, and future sorrow

Woe enter and abide, and, traitorous, lend
Thy aid to oppressor's tyrannical power;

Great Excelsior, that brings up the train
Of childhood's joyance, and youth's dazzling dreams

From the hearth's splendour,—until, again,
I live in exile, mid woods, and streams,

And golden flowers that laugh while kissed by thy bright
beams!

Aye,—once more,—mirror'd in the silver Trent,
The woe-limb'd wretch I think I view thee!

With woe-limb'd woe; or, till dawned and spent
With eagerness, peer up the vaulted blue

With shaded eyes, watching the dark pursue
Har dight flight,—then, on a fragrant bed

Of downy clouds, still sweet with dew, I lie,
Dream how the heavenly chambers overhead

With steps of grace and joy the holy angels tread.
In language that does him honour as a man as well

as a poet, he pays homage to the memory of his
mother:—

O heart,—now cold in the devouring grave,
And torn, no more, by scorn and suffering—

Though death-struck, the combatant he bears;
Staggering, but steaming aghast, his lord unarm'd he bears,

Full, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
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To take thee for its guide in patriot deed;

To take thee for its guide

The Chairman.—Mr. Roberts, are you instructed to press the case, and take out a warrant of distress against the parties?

Mr. Roberts.—I am, sir. The money must be paid.

The Chairman.—Then take out your warrant, and execute it as soon as possible.—This afternoon, if you can.

A woman of the name was then granted, and the parties left the court.

DROVER CURABLE BY HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—EXTRAORDINARY CASE.—Mrs. Charlotte Diggle, residing at one of the Clapton-road, Westminster, was afflicted by the water dropsy, so dreadfully swollen in body and legs, as to be increased to double her natural size. Medical men had declared her past recovery, and indeed her death was daily expected; yet, however extraordinary it may appear, she was cured in a few secretarial inches in bulk, after taking only a few doses of the medicine. This wonderful recovery is a perfect cure for any dropsy, and is a complete proof of the efficacy of Holloway's Pills.

