THE POETICAL WORKS OF BARRY CORNWALL. VOL. III

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The poetical works of Barry Cornwall. Vol. III by Barry Cornwall

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BARRY CORNWALL

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Trieste

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

BARRY CORNWALL.

VOL. III.

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The story of 'Marcian Colonna' is fictitions; but the catastrophe was suggested by a paper which appeared in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, entitled, 'An Extract from Gosschens's Diary.' My original intention was to paint the fluctuations of a fatalist's mind,—touched with insanity,—alternately raised by kindness and depressed by neglect or severity,—ameliorated by the contemplation of external nature, and generally influenced by the same causes which operate on more healthful temperaments. This intention has been in some measure departed from, and the story gradually took the form in

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which it now stands. The incidents were invented : yet, it may be as well to state that when the tale was near its completion, I read, in Forsyth's Travels, the account of a Princess Pignatelli, whose misfortunes closely resemble those of the heroine of Marcian Colonna.



CONTENTS

OF.

THE THIRD VOLUME.

.

Page

MARCIAN	COLONNA		£017	$\mathbf{r} = \mathbf{r}$	236	÷	≈ 1	- 00	12	1 0	1
---------	---------	--	------	---------------------------	-----	---	-------------	------	----	------------	---

DRAMATIC SCENES.

Julian the Apostate .	73	1	4	20	34	15	÷	÷3	4	$\hat{\mathbf{v}}_{i}$	*	4	99
Amelia Wentworth .													125
The Rape of Proscrpit											•		155

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Hercaft	er		23	÷	+				10	$\overline{\mathbf{x}}$	4	33	÷			12		÷1	04	1	173
The Co.	ne	t	j,	÷		*	$\hat{\mathbf{x}}$	106	100		÷	20		20	•2	26	æ	10	18		179
The Cos A Voice	£												4	4	2	۰.	2		S.,	2	181
Melanel	hol	r	j	1	1			4			4	2	4	2		98	$\hat{\mathcal{R}}$	\mathbf{i}		÷	184
Midsum	m	cr	Ŋ	Ia,	du	058	-	÷	22			•	÷		20		38	÷	i.e		186
Song Night	¥.							÷.	1.0								,	٤.			190
Night	2		Ľ,	2		2	਼			ų,	16	਼	-	4	- 23			÷	4	2	192
Julia .				ŝ	÷	4	4	a,	14	ŝ	12			34	80	3	8	÷	1÷	÷	195
The Los	t :	Se	n,	g:	÷			,	19	2			5		83				•	2	197

CONTENTS.

											į	Page
Stanzas .		2	1		46	4	2	2		2	S.	199
On a Rose												
Sonnet .												
Sonnet .												

viii

21

MARCIAN COLONNA.

PART THE FIRST.

¹⁴ Long years of outrage, calamay, and wrong; Imported madness, prison'd solitode, And the mind's canker, in its savage mood." LAMENT OF TASSO

I.

For ever and for ever shalt thou he Unto the lover and the poet dear, Thou land of smill skies and fountains clear, Of temples, and gray columns, and waving woods, And mountains, from whose rifts the bursting floods Rush in bright tunnelt to the Adrian sea : O thou romantic land of Italy ! Mother of painting and sweet sounds !—the' new The laurels are all torn from off thy brow— Yet, the' the shape of Freedom new no more May walk in beauty on thy piny shore,

в

MARCIAN COLONNA.

Shall I, upon whose soul thy poets' lays, And all thy songs and hundred stories fell Like dim Arabian charms, break the soft spell That bound me to thee in mine earlier days? Never, divinest Italy,—thou shalt be For aye the watchword of the heart to me.

п.

Famous thou art, and shalt be through all time : Not that because thine iron children hurled Like arrows o'er the conquest-stricken world, Their tyrannies,—but that, in a later day, Great spirits, and gentle too, triúmphing came ; And, as the mighty day-star makes its way From darkness into light, they toward their fame Went, gathering splendor till they grew sublime.

Yet first of all thy sons were they who wove Thy silken language into tales of love,

2