S. T. Coleridge
THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

COLERIDGE, SHELLEY, AND KEATS;

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

PHILADELPHIA:
CRISSY & MARKLEY, No. 4, MINOR STREET.
1847.
In adding to our edition of Coleridge's Poems, his Prose works, we have thought proper to confine the collection to his acknowledged works, as they were published with his own final revision. The "Table Talk," "Letters, Conversations, and Recollections," and the "Literary Remains," published since his decease, afford the most remarkable specimens of what is technically called "book-making," which have appeared in modern times. The most cursory examination of them must satisfy any candid person that they form no exception to the general rule which excludes such compilations from a permanent place in any collection of a great author's works. They are made up chiefly of recollected conversations, imperfect notes of lectures, and notes written on the margins of the books in his library. Not a single complete treatise—not even a finished essay, can be found in the volumes. The reader will therefore not be surprised at their having been wholly excluded from this collection. The same principle has caused the exclusion of several pamphlets relating to local and temporary politics.
Memoir of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

No writer of the age was more the theme of panegyric by his friends, and of censure by his enemies, than Coleridge. It has been the custom of the former to injure him by extravagant praise, and of the latter to pour upon his head much unmerited abuse. Coleridge has left so much undone which his talents and genius would have enabled him to effect, and has done on the whole so little, that he has given his foes apparent foundation for some of their vituperation. His natural character, however, was indolent; he was far more ambitious of excelling in conversation, and of pouring out his wild philosophical theories—of discoursing about the mysteries of Kant, and the dreams of metaphysical vanity, than "in building the lofty rhyme." His poems, however, which have been recently collected, form several volumes;—and the beauty of some of his pieces so amply redeems the extravagance of others, that there can be but one regret respecting him, namely, that he should have preferred the shortlived perishing applause bestowed upon his conversation, to the lasting renown attending successful poetical efforts. Not but that Coleridge may lay claim to the praise due to a successful worship of the muses; for as long as the English language endures, his "Geneviève" and "Ancient Mariner" will be read: but he has been content to do far less than his abilities clearly demonstrate him able to effect.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born at Ottery Saint Mary, a town of Devonshire, in 1772. His father, the Rev. John Coleridge, was vicar there, having been previously a schoolmaster at South Molton. He is said to have been a person of considerable learning, and to have published several essays in fugitive publications. He assisted Dr. Kennicott in collating his manuscripts for a Hebrew bible, and, among other things, wrote a dissertation on the "Ayea." He was also the author of an excellent Latin grammar. He died in 1782, at the age of sixty-two, much regretted, leaving a considerable family, of which nearly all the members are since deceased.

Coleridge was educated at Qrist's Hospital-school, London. The smallness of his father's living and large family rendered the strictest economy necessary. At this excellent seminary he was soon discovered to be a boy of talent, eccentric but acute. According to his own statement, the master, the Rev. J. Bowyer, was a severe disciplinarian after the inane practice of English grammar-school modes, but was fond of encouraging genius, even in the lads he flagellated most unmercifully. He taught with assiduity, and directed the taste of youth to the beauties of the better classical authors, and to comparisons of one with another. "He habituated me," says Coleridge, "to compare Lucretius, Terence, and above all the chaste poems of Catullus, not only with the Roman poets of the so called silver and brazen ages, but with even those of the Augustan era; and, on grounds of plain sense and universal logic, to see and assert the superiority of the former, in the truth and nativeness both of their thoughts and diction. At the same time that we were studying the Greek tragic poets, he made us read Shakespeare and Milton as lessons; and they were the lessons too which required most time and trouble to bring up, so as to escape his censure. I learned from him that poetry, even that of the loftiest, and seemingly that of the wildest odes, had a logic of its own, as severe as that of science, and more difficult; because more subtle and complex, and dependent on more and more fugitive causes. In our English compositions (at least for the last three years of our school education) he showed no mercy to phrase, image, or metaphor, unsupported by a sound sense, or where the same sense might have been conveyed with equal force and dignity in plainer words. Lute, harp, and lyre, muse, muses, and inspirations—Pegasus, Parnassus and Hippocrene, were all an abomination to him. In fancy, I can almost hear him now exclaimed—'Harp! harp! lyre! pen and ink, boy, you mean! muse, boy, muse! your nurse's daughter, you mean! Pierian spring! O ay! the cloister pump, I suppose.'" In his "Literary Life," Coleridge has gone into the conduct of his master at great length; and, compared to the majority of pedagogues who ruled in grammar-schools at that time, he seems to have been a singular and most honorable exception among them. He sent his pupils to the university excellent Greek and Latin scholars, with some knowledge of Hebrew, and a considerable insight into the construction and beauties of their vernacular language and its most distinguished writers—a rare addition to their classical acquirements in such foundations.

It was owing to a present made to Coleridge of Bowles' sonnets by a school-fellow (the late Mr. Middleton) while a boy of 17, that he was drawn away from theological controversy and wild metaphysics to the charms of poetry. He transcribed these sonnets no less than forty times in eighteen
MEMOIR OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

months, in order to make presents of them to his friends; and about the same period he wrote his Ode to Chatterton. "Nothing else," he says, "pleased me; history and particular facts lost all interest in my mind." Poetry had become insipid; all his ideas were directed to his favorite theological subjects and mysticisms, until Bowles' sonnets, and an acquaintance with a very agreeable family, recalled him to more pleasant paths, combined with perhaps far more of rational pursuits.

When eighteen years of age, Coleridge removed to Jesus College, Cambridge. It does not appear that he obtained or even struggled for academic honors. From excess of animal spirits, he was rather a noisy youth, whose general conduct was better than that of many of his fellow-collegetians, and as good as most: his follies were more remarkable only as being those of a more remarkable personage; and if he could be accused of a vice, it must be sought for in the little attention he was inclined to pay to the dictates of sobriety. It is known that he assisted a friend in composing an essay on English poetry while at that University; that he was not unmindful of the muses himself while there; and that he regretted the loss of the leisure and quiet he had found within its precincts.

In the month of November, 1793, while laboring under a paroxysm of despair, brought on by the combined effects of pecuniary difficulties and love of a young lady, sister of a school-fellow, he set off for London with a party of colleagues, and passed a short time there in joyous conviviality. On his return to Cambridge, he remained but a few days, and then abandoned it for ever. He again directed his steps towards the metropolis, and there, after indulging somewhat freely in the pleasures of the bottle, and wandering about the various streets and squares in a state of mind nearly approaching to frenzy, he finished by enlisting in the 15th dragoons, under the name of Clumberbach. Here he continued some time, the wonder of his comrades, and a subject of mystery and curiosity to his officers. While engaged in watching a sick comrade, which he did night and day, he is said to have got involved in a dispute with the regimental surgeon; but the disciple of Esculapius had no chance with the follower of the muses; he was astounded and put to flight by the profound erudition and astonishing eloquence of his antagonist. His friends at length found him out, and procured his discharge.

In 1794, Coleridge published a small volume of poems, which were much praised by the critics of the time, though it appears they abounded in obscurities and epithets too common with young writers. He also published, in the same year, while residing at Bristol, "The Fall of Robespierre, an Historic Drama," which displayed considerable talent. It was written in conjunction with Southey; and what is remarkable in this composition is, that they began it at 7 o'clock one evening, finished it the next day by 12 o'clock noon, and the day after, it was printed and published. The language is vigorous, and the speeches are well put together and correctly versified.—Coleridge also, in the winter of that year, delivered a course of lectures on the French revolution, at Bristol.

On leaving the University, Coleridge was full of enthusiasm in the cause of freedom, and occupied with the idea of the regeneration of mankind. He found ardent coadjutors in the same enthusiastic undertaking in Robert Lovell and Robert Southey, the present courtly laureate. This youthful triumvirate proposed schemes for regenerating the world, even before their educations were completed; and dreamed of happy lives in aboriginal forests, republics on the Mississippi, and a newly-dreamed philanthropy. In order to carry their ideas into effect they began operations at Bristol, and were received with considerable applause by several inhabitants of that commercial city, which, however remarkable for traffic, has been frequently styled the Boeotia of the west of England. Here, in 1795, Coleridge published two pamphlets, one called "Conscious to the People, or Addresses to the People;" the other, "A protest against certain bills (then pending) for suppressing sedition meetings."

The charm of the political regeneration of nations, though thus warped for a moment, was not broken. Coleridge, Lovell and Southey, finding the old world would not be reformed after their mode, determined to try and found a new one, in which all was to be liberty and happiness. The deep woods of America were to be the site of this new golden region. There all the evils of European society were to be remedied, property was to be in common, and every man a legislator. The name of "Pantisocracy" was bestowed upon the favored scheme, while yet it existed only in imagination. Unborn ages of human happiness presented themselves before the triad of philosophical founders of Utopian empires, while they were dreaming of human perfectibility—a harmless dream at least, and an aspiration after better things than life's realities, which is the best that can be said for it. In the midst of these plans of vast import, the three philosophers fell in love with three sisters of Bristol, named Fricker (one of them, afterwards Mrs. Lovell, an actress of the Bristol theatre, another a mantua-maker, and the third a day-school), and all their visions of immortal freedom faded into thin air. They mar ried, and occupied themselves with the increase of the corrupt race of the old world, instead of peopling the new. Thus, unhappily for America and mankind, failed the scheme of the Pantisocracy, on which at one time so much of human happiness and political regeneration was by its
founders believed to depend. None have revived the phantasy since; but Coleridge has lived to sober down his early extravagant views of political freedom into something like a disavowal of having held them; but he has never changed into one of the generous principles of human freedom, which he ever espoused; while Southey has become the enemy of political and religious freedom, the supporter and advocate of arbitrary measures in church and state, and the vituperator of all who support the recorded principles of his early years.

About this time, and with the same object, namely, to spread the principles of true liberty, Coleridge began a weekly paper called "The Watchman," which only reached its ninth number, though the editor set out on his travels to procure subscribers among the friends of the doctrines he espoused, and visited Birmingham, Manchester, Derby, Nottingham, and Sheffield, for the purpose. The failure of this paper was a severe mortification to the projector. No ground was gained on the score of liberty, though about the same time his self-love was flattered by the success of a volume of poems, which he republished, with some communications from his friends Lamb and Lloyd.

Coleridge married Miss Sarah Fricker in the autumn of 1795, and in the following year his eldest son, Hartley, was born. Two more sons, Berkley and Derwent, were the fruits of this union. In 1797, he resided at Nether Stowey, a village near Bridgewater, in Somersetshire, and wrote there in the spring, at the desire of Sheridan, a tragedy, which was, in 1813, brought out under the title of "Remorse." The name it originally bore was Osorio. There were some circumstances in this business that led to a suspicion of Sheridan's not having acted with any great regard to truth or feeling. During his residence here, Coleridge was in the habit of preaching every Sunday at the Unitarian Chapel in Taunton, and was greatly respected by the better class of his neighbors. He enjoyed the friendship of Wordsworth, who lived at Allfoxden, about two miles from Stowey, and was occasionally visited by Charles Lamb, John Thelwall, and other congenial spirits. "The Brook," a poem that he planned about this period, was never completed.

Coleridge had married before he possessed the means of supporting a family, and he depended principally for subsistence, at Stowey, upon his literary labors, the remuneration for which could be but scanty. At length, in 1798, the kind patronage of the late Thomas Wedgwood, Esq., who granted him a pension of 100l. a-year, enabled him to plan a visit to Germany; to which country he proceeded with Wordsworth, and studied the language at Ratzeburg, and then went to Göttingen. He there attended the lectures of Blumenbach on natural history and physiology, and the lectures of Eichhorn on the New Testament; and from professor Tychyen he learned the Gothic grammar. He read the Minnesinger and the verses of Hans Sachs, the Nuremberg cobbler, but his time was principally devoted to literature and philosophy. At the end of his "Biographia Literaria," Coleridge has published some letters, which relate to his sojourn in Germany. He sailed, September 16th, 1798, and on the 19th landed at Hamburg. It was on the 20th of the same month that he says he was introduced to the brother of the great poet Klopstock, to professor Ebeling, and ultimately to the poet himself. He had an impression of awe on his spirits when he set out to visit the German Milton, whose humble house stood about a quarter of a mile from the city gate. He was much disappointed in the countenance of Klopstock, which was inexpressive, and without peculiarity in any of the features. Klopstock was lively and courteous; talked of Milton and Glover, and preferred the verse of the latter to the former,—a very curious mistake, but natural enough in a foreigner. He spoke with indignation of the English translations of his Messiah. He said his first ode was fifty years older than his last, and hoped Coleridge would revenge him on Englishmen by translating his Messiah.

On his return from Germany, Coleridge went to reside at Keswick, in Cumberland. He had made a great addition to his stock of knowledge, and he seems to have spared no pains to store up what was either useful or speculative. He had become master of most of the early German writers, or rather of the state of early German literature. He dived deeply into the mystical stream of Teutonic philosophy. There the predictions of his earlier years no doubt came upon him in aid of his researches into a labyrinth which no human clue will ever unravel; or which were one found capable of so doing, would reveal a mighty nothing. Long, he says, while meditating in England, had his heart been with Paul and John, and his head with Spinoza. He then became convinced of the doctrine of St. Paul, and from an anti trinitarian became a believer in the Trinity, and in Christianity as commonly received; or, to use his own word, found a "re-conversion." Yet, for all his arguments on the subject, he had better have retained his early creed, and saved the time wasted in travelling back to exactly the same point where he set out, for he finds that faith necessary at last which he had been taught, in his church, was necessary at his first outset in life. His arguments, pro and con, not being of use to any of the commonalty, and the exclusive property of their owner, he had only to look back upon his laborious trifling, as Grotius did upon his own toils, when death was upon him. Metaphysics are most unprofitable
things; as political economists say, their labors are of the most "unproductive" class in the community of thinkers.

The next step of our poet in a life which seems to have had no settled object, but to have been steered compassless along, was to undertake the political and literary departments of the Morning Post newspaper, and in the duties of this situation he was engaged in the spring of 1809. No man was less fitted for a popular writer; and, in common with his early connexions, Coleridge seems to have had no fixed political principles that the public could understand, though he perhaps was able to reconcile in his own bosom all that others might imagine contradictory, and no doubt he did so conscientiously. His style and manner of writing, the learning and depth of his disquisitions for ever came into play, and rendered him unintelligible, or, what is equally fatal, unreadable to the mass. It was singular, too, that he disclosed in his biography so strongly his unsettled political principles, which showed that he had not studied politics as he had studied poetry, Kant, and theology. The public of each party looks upon a political writer as a sort of champion round whom it rallies, and feels it impossible to follow the changeable leader, or applaud the addresses of him who is inconsistent or wavering in principles: it will not back out any but the firm unflinching partisan. In truth, what an ill compliment do men pay to their own judgment, when they run counter to, and shift about from points they have declared in indelible ink are founded on truth and reason irrefutable and eternal! They must either have been superficial smatterers in what they first promulgated, and have appeared prematurely in print, or they must be tinctured with something like the hue of unchristened apostasy. The members of what is called the "Lake School" have been more or less strongly marked with this reprehensible change of political creed, but Coleridge the least of them. In truth he got nothing by any change he ventured upon, and, what is more, he expected nothing; the world is therefore bound to say of him what cannot be said of his friends, if it be true, that it believes most cordially in his sincerity—and that his obliquity in politics was caused by his superficial knowledge of them, and his devotion of his high mental powers to different questions. Notwithstanding this, those who will not make a candid allowance for him, have expressed wonder how the author of the "Conscious ad Populum," and the "Watchman," the friend of freedom, and one of the founders of the Pantocracy, could afterwards regard the drivelling and chicanery of the pettitlogging minister, Perceval, as glorious in British political history, and he himself as the "best and wisest" of ministers! Although Coleridge avowed his belief that he was not calculated for a popular writer, he endeavored to show that his own writings in the Morning Post were greatly influential on the public mind. Coleridge himself confessed that his Morning Post essays, though written in defence or furtherance of the measures of the government, added nothing to his fortune or reputation. How should they have been effective, when their writer, who not long before addressed the people, and echoed from his compositions the principles of freedom and the rights of the people, now wrote with scorn of "mob-sycophants," and of the "half-witted vulgar?! It is a consolation to know that our author himself lamented the waste of his manhood and intellect in this way. What might he not have given to the world that is enduring and admirable, in the room of these misplaced political lucubrations? Who that has read his better works will not subscribe to this truth?

His translation of Schiller's Wallenstein may be denominated a free one, and is finely executed. It is impossible to give in the English language a more effective idea of the work of the great German dramatist. This version was made from a copy which the author himself afterwards revised and altered, and the translator subsequently republished his version in a more correct form, with the additional passages and alterations of Schiller. This translation will long remain as the most effective which has been achieved of the works of the German dramatists in the British tongue.

The censure which has been cast upon our poet for not writing more which is worthy of his reputation, has been met by his enumeration of what he has done in all ways and times; and, in truth, he wrote a vast deal which passed unnoticed, upon fleeting politics, and in newspaper columns, literary as well as political. To the world these last go for nothing, though the author calculated the thought and labor they cost him at full value. He conceded something, however, to the prevailing idea respecting him, when he said, "On my own account, I may perhaps have had sufficient reason to lament my deficiency in self-control, and the neglect of concentrating my powers to the realization of some permanent work. But to verse, rather than to prose, if to either, belongs the voice of mourning," for

Keen pangs of love awakening as a babe, Turbulent, with an outcry in the heart, And fears self-wil'd that shunn'd the eye of hope, And hope that scarce could know itself from fear; Sense of past youth, and manhood come in vain, And genius given and knowledge won in vain, And all which I had cultiv'd in wood-walks wild, And all which patient toil had rear'd, and all Commune with thee had open'd out—but flowers Strew'd on my corpse, and borne upon my bier, In the same coffin, for the self-same grave!

S. T. C."

In another part of his works, Coleridge says speaking of what in poetry he had written, "as to myself, I have published so little, and that little
of so little importance, as to make it almost ludicrous to mention my name at all.” It is evident, therefore, that a sense of what he might have done for fame, and of the little he had done, was felt by the poet; and yet, the little he did produce has among it gems of the purest lustre, the brilliancy of which time will not deaden until the universal voice of nature be heard no longer, and poetry perish beneath the dull load of life’s hackneyed realities.

The poem of "Christabel," Coleridge says, was composed in consequence of an agreement with Mr. Wordsworth, that they should mutually produce specimens of poetry which should contain "the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader, by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colors of imagination. The sudden charm, which accidents of light and shade, which moon-light or sun-set diffused over a known and familiar landscape, appeared to represent the practicability of combining both." Further he observes on this thought, "that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts. In the one, the accidents and agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural; and the excellence to be aimed at was to consist in the interesting of the affections by the dramatic truth of such emotions as would naturally accompany such situations, supposing them real, etc. For the second class, subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life." Thus, it appears, originated the poems of the "Ancient Mariner," and "Christabel," by Coleridge, and the "Lyrical Ballads" of Wordsworth.

Perhaps there is no English writer living who understood better than Coleridge the elements of poetry, and the way in which they may be best combined to produce certain impressions. His definitions of the merits and differences in style and poetic genius, between the earliest and latest writers of his country, are superior to those which any one else has in his power to make; for, in truth, he long and deeply meditated upon them, and no one can be dissatisfied by the reasons he gives, and the examples he furnishes, to bear out his theories and opinions. These things he did as well or better in conversation than in writing. His conversational powers were indeed unrivalled, and it is to be feared that to excel in these, he sacrificed what was more durable; and that he resigned, for the pleasure of gratifying an attentive listening circle, and pleasing thereby his self-love by its applause, much that would have delighted the world. His flow of words, delivery, and variety of information were so great, and he found it so captivating to enchain his auditors to the ear of his triumphant eloquence, that he sacrificed to this gratification what might have sufficed to confer upon him a celebrity a thousand times more to be coveted by a spirit akin to his own.

It is equally creditable to the taste and judgment of Coleridge, that he was one of the first to point out, with temper and sound reasoning, the fallacy of a great portion of Wordsworth’s poetic theory, namely, that which relates to low life. Wordsworth contended that a proper poetic diction is a language taken from the mouths of men in general, in their natural conversation under the influence of natural feelings. Coleridge wisely asserted, that philosophers are the authors of the best parts of language, not clowns; and that Milton’s language is more that of real life than the language of a cottager. This subject he has most ably treated in chapter 17 of his Biographia Literaria.

Two years after he had abandoned the Morning Post, he set off for Malta, where he most unexpectedly arrived on a visit to his friend Dr. Stodont, then king’s advocate in that island, and was introduced by him to the Governor, Sir Alexander Ball, who appointed him his secretary. He remained in the island fulfilling the duties of his situation, for which he seems to have been but indifferently qualified, a very short period. One advantage, however, he derived from his official employ: that of the pension granted by Government to those who have served in similar situations. On his way home he visited Italy; entered Rome, and examined its host of ancient and modern curiosities, and added fresh matter for thought to his rapidly accumulating store of ideas. Of this visit he gives several anecdotes; among them one respecting the horns of Moses on Michael Angelo’s celebrated statue of that lawgiver, in tended to elucidate the character of Frenchmen; Coleridge was all his life a hater of France and Frenchmen, arising from his belief in their being completely destitute of moral or poetical feeling. A Prussian, who was with him while looking upon the statue, observed that a Frenchman was the only animal, “in the human shape, that by no possibility can lift itself up to religion or poetry.” A foolish and untrue remark on the countrymen of Fenelon and Pascal, of Massillon and Cornelle.

Just then, however, two French officers of rank happened to enter the church, and the Goth from the Elbe remarked that, the first things they would notice would be the “horns and beard” (upon which the Prussian and Coleridge had just been rearing theories and quoting history), and that the associations the Frenchmen would connect with them “would be those of a he-goat and a cuckold.” It happened that the Prus.Goth was right: the officers did pass some such joke upon the figure. Hence, by inference, would the poet have his readers deduce the character of a people, whose literature, science, and civilization are perhaps only not the very first in the world.

Another instance of his fixed and absurd dislike of every thing French, occurred during the delivery of a course of Lectures on Poetry, at the
Royal Institution, in the spring of 1808; in one of which he astonished his auditory by thanking his Maker, in the most serious manner, for so ordering events, that he was totally ignorant of a single word of "that frightful jargon, the French language!" And yet, notwithstanding this public avowal of his entire ignorance of the language, Mr. Coleridge is said to have been in the habit, while conversing with his friends, of expressing the utmost contempt for the literature of that country!

In the years 1809–10, Mr. Coleridge issued from Grasmere a weekly essay, stamped to be sent by the general post, called "The Friend." This paper lasted for twenty-seven numbers, and was then abruptly discontinued; but the papers have since been collected and enlarged in three small volumes.

In the year 1812, Mr. Coleridge, being in London, edited, and contributed several very interesting articles to, Mr. Southey's "Omniana," in two small volumes. In the year 1816, appeared the Biographical Sketches of his Literary Life and Opinions, and his newspaper Poems re-collected under the title of "Sibylline Leaves."

About this time he wrote the prospectus of "The Encyclopædia Metropolitana," still in the course of publication, and was intended to be its editor; but this final mistake was early discovered and rectified.

In the year 1816 likewise was published by Mr. Murray, at the recommendation of Lord Byron, who had generously befriended the brother (or rather the father) poet, the wondrous ballad tale of "Christabel." The author tells us in his preface that the first part of it was written in his great poetic year, 1797, at Stowey; the second part, after his return from Germany, in 1800, at Keswick: the conclusion yet remains to be written! The poet says, indeed, in this preface, "As in my very first conception of the tale, I had the whole present to my mind, I trust that I shall yet be able to embody in verse the three parts yet to come." We do not pretend to contradict a poet's dreams; but we believe that Mr. Coleridge never communicated to mortal man, woman, or child, how this story of witchcraft was to end. The poem is, perhaps, more interesting as a fragment. For sixteen years we remember it was used to be recited and transcribed by admiring disciples, till at length it was printed, and at least half the charm of the poet was broken by the counterspell of that rival magician, Faust. In 1818 was published the drama of Zapolya. In 1825, "Aids to Reflection, in the Formation of a Manly Character, on the several grounds of Prudence, Morality and Religion; illustrated by select passages from our older Divines, especially from Archbishop Leighton." This is for the most part a compilation of extracts from the works of the Archbishop.

To conclude the catalogue of Mr. Coleridge's works, in 1830 was issued a small volume "On the Constitution of the Church and State, according to the idea of each, with Aids towards a right Judgment on the late Catholic Bill."

In the year 1828, the whole of his poetical works, including the dramas of Wallenstein (which had been long out of print), Remorse, and Zapolya, were collected in three elegant volumes by Mr. Pickering.

The latter years of Mr. Coleridge's life were made easy by a domestication with his friend Mr. Gillman, the surgeon of Highgate Grove, and for some years, the poet deservedly received an annuity from his Majesty of £100 per annum, as an Academician of the Royal Society of Literature. But these few most honorable pensions to worn-out veterans in literature were discontinued by the late ministry. Mr. Coleridge contributed one or two erudite papers to the transactions of this Society. In the summer of 1828, Mr. Coleridge made the tour of Holland, Flanders, and up the Rhine as far as Bergen. For some years before his death, he was afflicted with great bodily pain; and was on one occasion heard to say, that for thirteen months he had found this cause walked up and down his chamber seventeen hours each day. He died on the 25th of July, 1834, having previously written the following epitaph for himself:

"Stop, Christian pass-er-by! stop, child of God! And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod A poet lies, or that which once seem'd he — Oh, lift a thought in prayer for S. T. C. — He, that he, who, many a year, with toil of breath, Found death in life, may here find life in death! Mercy for praise — to be forgiven for fame, He ask'd and hoped through Christ. Do thou the same."

This is perfection — worthy of the author of the best essay on epitaphs in the English language. He was buried in Highgate Church. He has left three children, namely, Hartley, Derwent, and Sara. The first has published a volume of poems, of which it is enough to say that they are worthy of Mr. Wordsworth's verses addressed to him at "six years old." The second son is in holy orders, and is married and settled in the west of England; and the poet's daughter is united to her learned and lively cousin, Mr. Henry Nelson Coleridge, the author of "Six Months in the West Indies." This young lady had the good
fortune to be educated in the noble library on the banks of the Cumberland Greta, where she assisted her accomplished uncle in translating from the old French the history of the Chevalier Bayard, and from the Latin the account of the Abipones, or Equestrian Indians of South America, by the Jesuit Martin Dobrizhoffer; both of which works were published by Mr. Murray.

"But of his native speech, because well nigh Disuse in him forgetfulness had wrought, In Latin he composed his history, A garrulous but a lively tale, and fraught With matter of delight and food for thought; And if he could, in Merlin's glass, have seen By whom his tomes to speak our tongue were taught, The old man would have been as pleased (I ween) As when he won the ear of that great empress queen."  

SOUTHEY's Tale of Paraguay.

The following brief sketches of Coleridge's character are selected from among the numerous notices which appeared in various reviews and periodicals at the time of his decease.

"As a great poet, and a still greater philosopher, the world has hardly yet done justice to the genius of Coleridge. It was in truth of an order not to be appreciated in a brief space. A far longer life than that of Coleridge shall not suffice to bring to maturity the harvest of a renown like his. The ripening of his mind, with all its golden fruitage, is but the seed-time of his glory. The close and consummation of his labours (grievous to those that knew him, and even to those that knew him not,) is the mere commencement of his eternity of fame. As a poet, Coleridge was unquestionably great; as a moralist, a theologian, and a philosopher, of the very highest class, he was utterly unapproachable. And here, gentle reader, let me be plainly understood as speaking not merely of the present, but the past. Nay, more. Seeing that the earth herself is now past her prime, and gives various indications of her beginning to 'grow grey in years,' it would, perhaps, savour more of probability than presumption, if I were likewise to include the future. It is thus that, looking both to what is, and to what has been, we seem to feel it, like a truth intuitive, that we shall never have another Shakespeare in the drama, nor a second Milton in the regions of sublimer song. As a poet, Coleridge has done enough to show how much more he might and could have done, if he had so thought fit. It was truly said of him, by an excellent critic and accomplished judge, 'Let the dullest clod that ever vegetated, provided only he be alive and hears, be shut up in a room with Coleridge, or in a wood, and subjected for a few minutes to the ethereal influence of that wonderful man's monologue, and he will begin to believe himself a poet. The barren wilderness may not blossom like the rose; but it will seem, or rather feel to do so, under the lustre of an imagination exhaustless as the sun.'

"At the house of the attached friend, under whose roof this illustrious man spent the latter years of his life, it was the custom to have a conversazione every Thursday evening. Here Coleridge was the centre and admiration of the circle that gathered round him. He could not be otherwise than aware of the intellectual homage of which he was the object; yet there he sat, talking and looking all sweet and simple and divine things, the very personification of meekness and humility. Now he spoke of passing occurrences, or of surrounding objects,—the flowers on the table, or the dog on the hearth; and enlarged in most familiar wise on the beauty of the one, the attachment, the almost moral nature of the other, and the wonders that were involved in each. And now, soaring upward with amazing majesty, into those sublimer regions in which his soul delighted, and abstracting himself from the things of time and sense, the strength of his wing soon carried him out of sight. And here, even in these his eagle flights, although the eye in gazing after him was dazzled and blinded, yet ever and anon a sunbeam would make its way through the loopholes of the mind, giving it to discern that beautiful amalgamation of heart and spirit, that could equally raise him above his fellow-men, or bring him down again to the softest level of humanity. 'It is easy,' says the critic before alluded to,—'it is easy to talk—not very difficult to speakify—hard to speak; but 'discourse' is a gift rarely bestowed by Heaven on mortal man. Coleridge has it in perfection. While he is discoursing, the world loses all its common-places, and you and your wife imagine yourselves Adam and Eve, listening to the affable archangel Raphael in the garden of Eden. You would no more dream of wishing him to be mute for awhile, than you would a river, that 'imposes silence with a stilly sound.' Whether you understand two consecutive sentences, we shall not stop too curiously to enquire; but you do something better—you feel the whole, just like any other divine music. And 'tis your own fault if you do not 'a wiser and a better man arise to-morrow's morn.'"

The Metropolitan.

An elaborate and admirable critique on Coleridge's "Poetical Works," in "The Quarterly Review, No. CIII.," written just before his death, opens as follows:

2

11
visited Mr. Coleridge have left him with a feeling akin to the judgment indicated in the above remark. They admire the man more than his works, or they forget the works in the absorbing impression made by the living author. And no wonder. Those who remember him in his more vigorous days can bear witness to the peculiarity and transcendent power of his conversational eloquence. It was unlike any thing that could be heard elsewhere; the kind was different, the degree was different; the manner was different.

The boundless range of scientific knowledge, the brilliancy and exquisite nicety of illustration, the deep and ready reasoning, the strangeness and immensity of bookish lore, were not all; the dramatic story, the joke, the pun, the festivity, must be added; and with these the clerical-looking dress, the thick waving silver hair, the youthfully-colored cheek, the indefinable mouth and lips, the quick yet steady and penetrating greenish-grey eye, the slow and continuous enunciation, and the everlasting music of his tones,—all went to make up the image and to constitute the living presence of the man."

"It is with deep regret that we announce the death of Mr. Coleridge. When the foregoing article on his poetry was printed, he was weak in body, but exhibited no obvious symptoms of so near a dissolution. The fatal change was sudden and decisive; and six days before his death he knew, assuredly, that his hour was come. His few worldly affairs had been long settled; and, after many tedious adieux, he expressed a wish that he might be as little interrupted as possible. His sufferings were severe and constant till within thirty-six hours of his end; but they had no power to affect the deep tranquillity of his mind, or the wonted sweetness of his address. His prayer from the beginning was, that God would not withdraw his Spirit; and that by the way in which he would bear the last struggle, he might be able to evince the sincerity of his faith in Christ. If ever man did so, Coleridge did."
THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

SAMUEL T. COLE RIDDE
Contents.

MEMOIR OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE .......................... v

JUVENILE POEMS .................................................. 1

Genevieve .......................................................... 2
Sonnet, to the Autumnal Moon ................................. 2
Time, Real and Imaginary, an Allegory ....................... ib.
Monody on the death of Chatterton .......................... 4
Songs of the Pixies.................................................. 4
The Raven, a Christmas Tale, told by a School-boy to his little Brothers and Sisters 5
Absence: a Farewell Ode on quitting School for Jesus College, Cambridge .................. ib.
Lines on an Autumnal Evening ................................. ib.
The Rose ........................................................... 6
The Kiss ............................................................ 6
To a Young Ass—its Mother being tethered near it ....... 7
Domestic Peace ...................................................... 7
The Sigh ............................................................. ib.
Epitaph on an Infant ............................................. ib.
Lines written at the King's Arms, Ross ....................... ib.
Lines to a beautiful Spring in a Village ................. 8
Lines on a Friend, who died of a frenzy fever ......... ib.
To a Young Lady, with a Poem on the French Revolution .............................. ib.

Sonnet, "My heart has thanked thee, Bowies! for those soft strains" 9

______ "As late I lay in slumber's shadowy vale" ........ ib.
______ "Though roused by that dark vizir, Riot rude" .... ib.
______ "When British Freedom for a happier land" ...... ib.
______ "It was some spirit, Sheridan! that breathed!" ...... ib.
______ "O what a loud and fearful shriek was there" ..... ib.
______ "As when far off the warbled strains are heard!" . ib.
______ "Thou gentle look, that didst my soul beguile" ... ib.
______ "Pale roamer through the night! thou poor forlorn!" ib.
______ "Sweet Mercy! how my very heart has bled!" ...... ib.
______ "Thou bleakest, my poor heart! and thy distress!" ib.
______ To the Author of the "Robbers" ......................... ib.

Lines composed while climbing the left ascent of Brockley Coomb, Somersetshire, May, 1795 ...................................................... ib.

Lines, in the manner of Spenser .............................. 11
______ imitated from Ossian ........................................ ib.
The Complaint of Ninathauma ............................... ib.
The Complaint of Ninathauma, imitated from the Welsh ........................................ ib.
______ to an infant ................................................ ib.
______ in answer to a Letter from Bristol ................. 12
______ to a Friend, in answer to a melancholy Letter . 13

Religious Musings; a Desultory Poem .......................... 13
The Destiny of Nations; a Vision ........................... 17

SHYLLINE LEAVES:—

I. POEMS OCCASIONED BY POLITICAL EVENTS, OR FEELINGS CONNECTED WITH THEM.

Ode to the Departing Year ................................... 21
France; an Ode .................................................... 23
Fears in Solitude; written in April, 1798, during the alarm of an Invasion .............. 24
Fire, Famine, and Slaughter; a War Eclogue ............... 26
Recantation—illustrated in the Story of the Mad Ox ......................................................... 27

II. LOVE POEMS.

Introduction to the tale of the Dark Ladie ................. 28
Lewti, or the Circassian Love Chaunt ......................... 29
The Picture, or the Lover's Resolution .................... 30
The Night Scene; a Dramatic Fragment ..................... 31
To an Unfortunat Woman, whom the Author had known in the days of her innocence .......... 32
To an Unfortunat Woman at the Theatre ................. 33
Lines, composed in a Concert-room ......................... ib.
The Keepsake ....................................................... ib.
To a Lady, with Falconer's "Shipwreck" ................... 34
To a Young Lady, on her Recovery from a Fever .......... ib.
Something childish, but very natural—written in Germany .................. ib.
Home-sick—written in Germany ......................... ib.
Answer to a Child's Question .............................. ib.
The Visionary Hope .............................................. 35
The Happy Husband; a Fragment ......................... ib.
Recollections of Love ............................................ ib.
On Revisiting the Sea-shore after long absence ........ ib.
The Composition of a Kiss ...................................... 36

III. MEDITATIVE POEMS.

Ilynn before Sun-rise, in the Vale of Chamonix ........ ib.
Lines written in the Album at Elbingerdorke, in the Hartz Forest ........................... 37
On observing a Blossom on the 1st of February, 1796 ............................................. ib.
The Eolian Harp—composed at Cleveldon, Somersetshire ............................................ ib.
Reflections on having left a Place of Retirement ........ 38
To the Rev. Geo. Coleridge of Ottery St. Mary, Devon—with some Poems ................. 39
Inspection for a Fountain on a Heath ..................... ib.
A Tombless Epitaph ............................................ 39
This Lime-tree Bower my Prison ......................... 40
To a Friend, who had declared his intention of writing no more Poetry .................. ib.
To a Gentleman—composed on the night after his Recitation of a Poem on the Growth of an Individual Mind ........................................... 41
# CONTENTS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Nightingale; a Conversation Poem</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frost at Midnight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To a Friend, together with an unfinished Poem</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Hour when we shall meet again</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lines to Joseph Cottle</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## IV. ODYS AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.
- The Three Graves; a Fragment of a Sexton's Tale
- Dejection; an Ode
- Ode to Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire
- Ode to Tranquillity
- To a Young Friend, on his proposing to domesticate with the Author
- Lines to W. L. Esq., while he sang to Purcell's Music
- Addressed to a Young Man of Fortune, who abandoned himself to an indolent and causeless Melancholy
- Sonnet to the River Otter
- — composed on a Journey homeward: the Author having received intelligence of the Birth of a Son, Sept. 20, 1796
- Sonnet—To a Friend, who asked how I felt when the Nurse first presented my Infant to me
- The Virgin's Cradle Hymn
- On the Christening of a Friend's Child
- Epitaph on an Infant
- Melancholy; a Fragment
- Tell's Birth-place—imitated from Stolberg
- A Christmas Carol
- Human Life, on the Denial of Immortality
- The Visit of the Gods—imitated from Schiller
- Elegy—imitated from Akenside's blank verse Inscriptions
- Kubla Khan; or a Vision in a Dream
- The Pains of Sleep

## APPENDIX.
- Apologetic Preface to "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter"

## THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER
- Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came
- The Rime of the Ancient Mariner
- The Song of the -
- The Wandering of Cain
- Allegoric Vision
- The Improvisatore, or "John Anderson, my joy, John"
- The Garden of Boccaccio

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS—
- PROSE IN RHYME; OR EPIGRAMS, MORALITIES, AND THINGS WITHOUT A NAME.
  - Love
  - Duty surviving Self-love, the only Sure Friend of Declining Life; a Soliloquy
  - Phantom or Fact? a Dialogue in Verse
  - Work without Hope
  - Youth and Age
  - A Day-dream
  - To a Lady, offended by a sportive observation that women have no souls
  - "I have heard of reasons manifold"
  - Lines suggested by the Last Words of Bentley
  - The Devil's Thoughts
  - Constancy to an Ideal Object
  - The Suicide's Argument, and Nature's Answer
  - The Blossoming of the Solitary Date-tree; a Lament
  - Fancy in Nubibus, or the Poet in the Clouds
  - The Two Founts; Stanzas addressed to a Lady on her recovery, with unblemished looks, from a severe attack of pain
  - What is Life?
  - The Exchange
  - Sonnet, composed by the Sea-side, October, 1817

## THE PICCOLOMINI, OR THE FIRST PART OF WALLENSTEIN; a Drama, translated from the German of Schiller

## THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN; a Tragedy, in Five Acts

## THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE; an Historic Drama

## PART II. THE SEQUEL, ENTITLED "THE USURPER'S FATE"
- "The Usurper's Fate"
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

Juvenile Poems.

PREFACE.

Compositions resembling those here collected are not unfrequently condemned for their querulous Egotism. But Egotism is to be condemned then only when it offends against time and place, as in a History or an Epic Poem. To censure it in a Monody or Sonnet is almost as absurd as to dislike a circle for being round. Why then write Sonnets or Monodies? Because they give me pleasure when perhaps nothing else could. After the more violent emotions of Sorrow, the mind demands amusement, and can find it in employment alone: but, full of its late sufferings, it can endure no employment not in some measure connected with them. Forcibly to turn away our attention to general subjects is a painful and most often an unavailing effort.

But O! how grateful to a wounded heart
The tale of Misery to impart—
From others' eyes bid artless sorrows flow,
And raise esteem upon the base of Woe.

The communicativeness of our Nature leads us to describe our own sorrows; in the endeavor to describe them, intellectual activity is exerted; and from intellectual activity there results a pleasure, which is gradually associated, and mingles as a corrective, with the painful subject of the description.

"True!" (it may be answered) "but how are the Public interested in your sorrows or your Description?" We are for ever attributing personal Unities to imaginary Aggregates. What is the Public, but a term for a number of scattered individuals? of whom as many will be interested in these sorrows, as have experienced the same or similar.

Holy be the lay
Which mourning soothes the mourner on his way.

If I could judge of others by myself, I should not hesitate to affirm, that the most interesting passages are those in which the Author develops his own feelings! The sweet voice of "Conus" never sounds so sweetly, as when it speaks of itself; and I should almost suspect that an unkindly heart, who could read the opening of the third book of the Paradise Lost without peculiar emotion. By a Law of our Nature, he, who labors under a strong feeling, is impelled to seek for sympathy; but a Poet's feelings are all strong. Quisquid amet valde amat. Akenside therefore speaks with philosophical accuracy when he classes Love and Poetry, as producing the same effects:

Love and the wish of Poets when their tongue
Would teach to others' bosoms, what so charms
Their own.

Pleasures of Imagination.

There is one species of Egotism which is truly disgusting; not that which leads us to communicate our feelings to others but that which would reduce the feelings of others to an identity with our own. The Atheist, who exclaims "pshaw!" when he glances his eye on the praises of Deity, is an Egotist; an old man, when he speaks contemptuously of Loves verses, is an Egotist; and the sleek Favorites of Fortune are Egotists, when they condemn all "melancholy, discontented" verses. Surely, it would be candid not merely to ask whether the poem pleases ourselves, but to consider whether or no there may not be others, to whom it is well calculated to give an innocent pleasure.

I shall only add, that each of my readers will, I hope, remember, that these Poems on various subjects, which he reads at one time and under the influence of one set of feelings, were written at different times and prompted by very different feelings; and therefore that the supposed inferiority of one Poem to another may sometimes be owing to the temper of mind in which he happens to peruse it.

My poems have been rightly charged with a profusion of double-epithets, and a general turgidness I have pruned the double-epithets with no sparing hand; and used my best efforts to tame the swell and glitter both of thought and diction. This latter

* Without any feeling of anger, I may yet be allowed to express some degree of surprise, that after having run the critical gauntlet for a certain class of faults, which I had, viz. a too ornate and elaborately poetic diction, and nothing having come before the judgment-seat of the Reviewers during the long interval, I should for at least seventeen years, quarter after quarter, have been placed by them in the foremost rank of the proscripted, and made to abide the brunt of abuse and ridicule for faults directly opposite, viz. bald and prosaic language, and an affected simplicity both of matter and manner faults which assuredly did not enter into the character of my compositions.—Literary Life, i. 31. Published 1817.
fault however had insinuated itself into my Religious Musings with such intricacy of union, that sometimes I have omitted to disentangle the weed from the fear of snapping the flower. A third and heavier accusation has been brought against me, that of obscenity; but not, I think, with equal justice. An Author is obscure, when his conceptions are dim and imperfect, and his language incorrect, or unappropriate, or involved. A poem that abounds in allusions, like the Bard of Gray, or one that impersonates high and abstract truths, like Collin’s Ode on the poetical character, claims not to be popular—but should be acquitted of obscenity. The deficiency is in the Reader. But this is a charge which every poet, whose imagination is warm and rapid, must expect from his contemporaries. Milton did not escape it; and it was adduced with virulence against Gray and Collins. We now hear no more of it: not that their poems are better understood at present, than they were at their first publication; but their fame is established; and a critic would accuse himself of frigidity or inattention, who should profess not to understand them. But a living writer is yet sub judice; and if we cannot follow his conceptions or enter into his feelings, it is more consoling to our pride to consider him as lost beneath, than as soaring above us. If any man expect from my poems the same easiness of style which he admires in a drinking-song, for him I have not written. Intelligibilia, non intellectum adfero. I expect neither profit nor general fame by my writings; and I consider myself as having been amply repaid without either. Poetry has been to me its own "exceeding great reward." It has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude: and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the Good and the Beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.

S. T. C.

**JUVENILE POEMS.**

**GENEVIEVE.**

Maid of my Love, sweet Genevieve! In beauty’s light you glide along: Your eye is like the star of eve, And sweet your voice, as seraph’s song.

Yet not your heavenly beauty gives This heart with passion soft to glow: Within your soul a voice there lives! It bids you hear the tale of woe.

When sinking low the sufferer wan Beholds no hand outstretched to save, Fair, as the bosom of the swan That rises graceful o’er the wave, I’v seen your breast with pity heave, And therefore love I you, sweet Genevieve!

**SONNET.**

TO THE AUTUMNAL MOON.

Mild Splendor of the various-vested Night! Mother of wildly-working visions! hail! I watch thy gliding, while with watery light Thy weak eye glimmers through a fleecy veil; And when thou lovest thy pale orb to shroud Behind the gather’d blackness lost on high; And when thou darrest from the wind-rent cloud Thy placid lightning o’er the awaken’d sky Ah such is Hope! as changeful and as fair! Now dimly peering on the wistful sight; Now hid behind the dragon-wing’d Despair. But soon emerging in her radiant might, She o’er the sorrow-clouded breast of Care Sails, like a meteor kindling in its flight.

**TIME, REAL AND IMAGINARY.**

**AN ALLEGORY.**

On the wide level of a mountain head I knew not where, but ’t was some fairy place Their pinions, ostrich-like, for sails outspread, Two lovely children run an endless race, A sister and a brother! This far outstript the other; Yet ever runs she with reverted face, And looks and listens for the boy behind: For he, alas! is blind! O’er rough and smooth with even step he pass’d, And knows not whether he be first or last.

**MONODY ON THE DEATH OF CHATTERTON.**

**O WHAT a wonder seems the fear of death, Seeing how gladly we all sink to sleep, Babes, Children, Youths and Men, Night following night for three-score years and ten. But doubly strange, where life is but a breath To sigh and pant with, up Want’s rugged steep. Away, Grim Phantom! Scorpion King, away Reserve thy terrors and thy stings display For coward Wealth and Guilt in robes of state Lo! by the grave I stand of one, for whom A prodigal Nature and a niggard Doom (That all bestowing, this withholding all) Made each chance knell from distant spire or dune Sound like a seeking Mother’s anxious call, Return, poor Child! Home, weary Truant, home! Thee, Chatterton! these unblest stones protect From want, and the bleak freezings of neglect. Too long before the vexing Storm-blast driven, Here hast thou found repose! beneath this sod! Thou! O vain word! thou dwell’st not with the dead Amid the shining Host of the Forgiven Thou at the throne of Mercy and thy God The triumph of redeeming Love dost hymn (Believe it, O my soul!) to harps of Seraphim.

Yet oft, perfervce (‘tis suffering Nature’s call,) I weep, that heaven-born Genius so shall fall; And oft, in Fancy’s saddest hour, my soul Averted shudders at the poison’d bowl. Now grous my sickness heart, as still I view Thy corse of livid hue: Now indignation checks the feeble sigh, Or flashes through the tear that glistens in mine eye.
Is this the land of song-embossed line?
Is this the land, where Genius ne'er in vain
Poured forth his lofty strain?
Ah me! yet Spenser, gentlest bard divine,
Beneath chill Disappointment's shade
His weary limbs in lonely anguish laid.
And o'er her darling dead
Pity hopeless hung her head,
While "mid the pelling of that merciless storm,"
Sink to the cold earth Otway's famish'd form!

Sublime of thought, and confident of fame,
From vales where Avon winds, the Minstrel* came-
Light-hearted youth! 'tis he, as he hastens along,
He meditates the future song,
How dauntless Ælia fray'd the Dacian foe;
And while the numbers flowing strong
In eddies whirl, in surges throng,
Exulting in the spirits' genial three,
In tides of power his life-blood seems to flow.

And now his cheeks with deeper ardors flame,
His eyes have glorious meanings, that declare
More than the light of outward day shines there,
A holier triumph and a sternier aim!
Wings grow within him, and he soars above
Or Bard's, or Minstrel's lay of war or love.
Friend to the friendless, to the Sufferer health,
He hears the widow's prayer, the good man's praise.
To scenes of bliss transmutes his fancied wealth,
And young and old shall now see happy days.
On many a waste he bids trim gardens rise,
Gives the blue sky to many a prisoner's eyes;
And now in wrath he grasps the patriot steel,
And her own iron rod he makes Oppression feel.

Sweet Flower of Hope! free Nature's genial child!
That didst so fair disclose thy early bloom,
Filling the wide air with a rich perfume!
For thee in vain all heaven's aspects smiled;
From the hard world brief respite could they win—
The frost nipp'd sharp without, the canker prey'd within!
Ah! where are fled the charms of vernal Grace,
And Joy's wild gleams that lighten'd o'er thy face?
Youth of tumultuous soul, and haggard eye!
Thy wasted form, thy hurried steps, I view,
On thy wan forehead starts the lethal dew,
And oh! the anguish of that shuddering sigh!

Such were the struggles of the gloomy hour,
When Care, of wither'd brow,
Preparr'd the poison's death-cold power:
Already to thy lips was raised the bowl,
When near thee stood Affection meek
(Her bosom bare, and wildly pale her cheek,) Thy sullen gaze she bade thee roll
On scenes that well might melt thy soul;
Thy nativ cot she flash'd upon thy view,
Thy nativ cot, where still, at close of day,
Face smiling sate, and listen'd to thy lay;
Thy Sister's shrieks she bade thee hear,
And mark thy Mother's thrilling tear;
See, see her breast's convulsive throe,
Her silent agony of woe!

Ah! dash the poison'd chalice from thy hand!
And thou hadst dash'd it, at her soft command,

But that Despair and Indignation rose,"
And told again the story of thy woes;
Told the keen insult of the unfeeling heart;
The dread dependence on the low-born mind;
Told every pang, with which thy soul must smart,
Neglect, and grinning Scorn, and Want combined!
Recoiling quick, thou bad'st the friend of pain
Roll the black tide of Death through every freezing vein!

Ye woods! that wave o'er Avon's rocky steep,
To Fancy's ear sweet is your murmuring deep!
For here she loves the cypress wreath to weave,
Watching, with wiseful eye, the saddening tints of eve.
Here, far from men, amid this pathless grove,
In solemn thought the Minstrel wont to rove,
Like star-beam on the slow sequester'd tide
Lone-glittering, through the high tree branching wide
And here, in inspiration's eager hour,
When most the big soul feels the mastering power,
These wilds, these caverns roaming o'er,
Round which the screaming sea-gull's sour,
With wild unequal steps he pass'd along,
Oft pouring on the winds a broken song;
Anon, upon some rough rock's fearful brow
Would pause abrupt—and gaze upon the waves below.

Poor Chatterton! he sorrows for thy fate
Who would have praised and loved thee, ere to late.
Poor Chatterton! farewell! of darkest hues
This chaplet cast I on thy unshap'd tomb;
But dare no longer on the sad theme muse,
Least kindred woes persuade a kindred doom:
For oh! big gallow's drops, shook fromolly's wing.
Have blacken'd the fair promise of my spring;
And the stern Fate transfierced with viewless dart
The last pale Hope, that shiver'd at my heart!

Hence, gloomy thoughts! no more my soul shall dwell
On joys that were! No more endure to weigh
The shame and anguish of the evil day,
Wisely forfieit! O'er the ocean swell
Sublime of Hope I seek the cotinged dell,
Where Virtue calm with careless step may stray
And, dancing to the moon-light roundelay.
The wizard Passions weave a holy spell!

O Chatterton! that thou wert yet alive!
Sure thou wouldest spread the canvas to the gale
And love with us the tinkling team to drive
O'er peaceful Freedom's undivided pale;
And we, at sober eve, would round thee throng.
Hanging, enraptured, on thy stately song!
And greet with smiles the young-eyed Poesy
All deify'd, as hour Antiquity.

Alas vain Phantasties! the fleeting brood
Of Woe self-solecized in her dreamy mood!
Yet will I love to follow the sweet dream,
Where Susquehanah pours his untamed stream
And on some hill, whose forest-frowning side
Waves o'er the murmurs of his calmer tide
Will rise a solemn Cenotaph to thee,
Sweet Harper of time-shrouded Minstrelsy!
And there, soothed sadly by the dirgeful wond,
Muse on the sore ills I had left behind

* Avon, a river near Bristol; the birth-place of Chatterton.
SONGS OF THE PIXIES.

The Pixies, in the superstition of Devonshire, are a race of beings invisibly small, and harmless or friendly to man. At a small distance from a village in that county, half-way up a wood-covered hill, is an excavation called the Pixies' Parlor. The roots of old trees form its ceiling; and on its sides are innumerable ciphers, among which the author discovered his own cipher and those of his brothers, cut by the hand of their childhood. At the foot of the hill flows the river Otter.

To this place the Author conducted a party of young Ladies, during the summer months of the year 1793; one of whom, of stature elegantly small, and of complexion colorless yet clear, was proclaimed the Faery Queen. On which occasion the following irregular Ode was written.

I.
Whom the untutored Shepherds call
Pixies in their madrigal,
Fancy's children, here we dwell:
Welcome, Ladies! to our cell.
Here the wren of softest note
Builds its nest and warbles well;
Here, the blackbird strains his throat;
Welcome, Ladies! to our cell.

II.
When fades the moon all shadowy-pale,
And scents the cloud before the gale,
Ere Morn with living gems bedight,
Purples the East with streaky light,
We sip the furze-flower's fragrant dew,
Clad in robes of rainbow hues;
Or sport amid the rosy gleam,
Soothed by the distant-tinkling team.
While lusty Labor scouting sorrow,
Bids the Dame a glad good-morrow,
Who jogs the accents'd road along,
And paces cheery to her cheerful song.

III.
But not our silkworm pinion
We scorn amid the blaze of day,
When Noontide's fiery-tressed minion
Flashes the fervid ray.
Aye from the sultry heat
We to the cave retreat.
O'recanopied by huge roots intertwined
With wilder texture, blacken'd o'er with age:
Round them their mantle green the ivies bind,
Beneath whose foliage pale,
Fain'd by the unfrequent gale,
We shield us from the Tyrant's mid-day rage.

IV.
Thither, while the murmuring throng
Of wild-bees hum their drowsy song,
By Indolence and Fancy brought,
A youthful Bard, "unknown to Fame,"
Voices the Queen of Sollem Thought,
And heaves the gentle misery of a sigh,
Gazing with tearful eye,
Around our sandy spot appear.
Many a rudely-sculptured name
To pensive Memory dear!
Weaving gay dreams of sunny-illuminated hue,
We glance before his view.

O'er his hush'd soul our soothing witcheries shed,
And twine our faery garlands round his head.

V.
When Evening's dusky car,
Crownd with her dewy star,
Steals o'er-the fading sky in shadowy flight
On leaves of aspen trees
We tremble to the breeze,
Veil'd from the greater ken of mortal sight
Or, haply, at the visionary hour,
Along our wildly-bower'd sequester'd walk,
We listen to the enamour'd rustic's talk;
Heave with the heavings of the maiden's breast,
Where young-eyed Loves have built their turtle nest;
Or guide of soul-subduing power
The electric flash, that from the melting eye
Darts the fond question and the soft reply.

VI.
Or through the mystic ringlets of the vale
We flash our fiery feet in gamesome pranks,
Or, silent-sandalled, pay our defter court
Circling the Spirit of the Western Gale,
Where warried with his flower-caressing sport
Supine he slumbers on a violet bank;
Then with quaint music hymn the parting gleam
By lonely Otter's sleep-persuading stream;
Or where his waves with loud unquiet song
Dash'd o'er the rocky channel froth along
Or where, his silver waters smoothed to rest,
The tall tree's shadow sleeps upon his breast.

VII.
Hence, thou lingerer, Light!
Eve sadders into Night.
Mother of wildly-working dreams! we view.
The sombre hours, that round thee stand
With downcast eyes (a duteous band!)
Their dark robes dripping with the heavy dew
Sorceress of the ethereal throne!
Thy power the Pixies own,
When round thy raven brow
Heaven's lucent roses glow,
And clouds, in watery colors drest,
Float in light drapery o'er thy sable vest:
What time the pale moon sheds a softer day,
Mellowing the woods beneath its pensive beam:
For 'mid the quivering light 't is ours to play,
Aye dancing to the cadence of the stream.

VIII.
Welcome, Ladies! to the cell
Where the blameless Pixies dwell:
But thou, sweet Nymph! proclaim'd our Faery Queen,
With what obeisance meet
Thy presence shall we greet?

For lo! attendant on thy steps are seen
Graceful Ease in artless stole,
And white-robed Purity of soul,
With Honor's softer mission,
Mirth of the loosely-flowing hair,
And meek-eyed Pity eloquently fair,
Whose tearful cheeks are lovely to the view
As snow-drop wet with dew.
IX.
Unboastful maid! though now the Lily pale
Transparent grace thy beauties meek;
Yet ere again along the empurpled vale,
The purpled vale and elfin-haunted grove,
Young Zephyrs his fresh flowers profusely throws,
We'll tinge with livelier hues thy cheek;
And haply, from the nectar-breathing Rose
Extract a blush for love!

THE RAVEN.
A CHRISTMAS TALE, TOLD BY A SCHOOL-BOY TO HIS
LITTLE BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

Underneath a huge oak tree
There was, of swine, a huge company,
That grunted as they crunch'd the mast:
For that was ripe, and fell full fast.
Then they trotted away, for the wind grew high:
One acorn they left, and no more might you spy.
Next came a raven, that liked not such folly:
He belong'd, they did say, to the witch Melancholy!
Blackest jet, as if his soul were blacker yet.
Flew low in the rain, and his feathers not wet.
He pick'd up the acorn and buried it straight
By the side of a river both deep and great.
Where then did the Raven go?
He went high and low,
Over hill, over dale, did the black Raven go.
Many Summers, many Springs
Travell'd he with wandering wings:
Many Summers, many Winters—
I can't tell half his adventures.

At length he came back, and with him a She,
And the acorn was grown to a tall oak tree.
They built them a nest in the topmost bough,
And young ones they had, and were happy ever.
But soon came a woodman in leathern guise,
His brow, like a pent-house, hung over his eyes.
He'd on ax in his hand, not a word he spoke,
But with many a hem! and a sturdy stroke;
At length he brought down the poor Raven's own oak.
His young ones were kill'd; for they could not depart,
And their mother did die of a broken heart.

The boughs from the trunk the woodman did sever;
And they floated down on the course of the river.
They saw'd it in planks, and its bark they did strip,
And with this tree and others they made a good ship.
The ship it was launch'd; but in sight of the land
Such a storm there did rise as no ship could withstand.
It bulged on a rock, and the waves rush'd in fast:
The old' Raven flew round and round, and caw'd to the blast.

He heard the last shriek of the perishing souls—
See! see! o'er the topmast the mad water rolls!
Right glad was the Raven, and off he went fleet,
And Death riding home on a cloud he did meet,
And he thank'd him again and again for this treat:
They haul taken his all, and Revenge was sweet!

ABSENCE.
A FAREWELL ODE ON QUITTING SCHOOL FOR JESUS
COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Where graced with many a classic spoil
Cam rolls his reverend stream along,
I haste to urge the learned toil
That sternly chides my lovelorn song:
Ah me! too mindful of the days
Illumed by Passion's orient rays,
When Peace, and Cheerfulness, and Health
Enrich'd me with the best of wealth.

Ah fair delights! that o'er my soul
On Memory's wing, like shadows fly!
Ah Flowers! which Joy from Eden stole
While Innocence stood smiling by!
But cease, fond heart! this bootless moan:
Those hours on rapid pinions flown
Shall yet return, by Absence crown'd
And scatter lovelier roses round.

The Sun who ne'er remits his fires
On heedless eyes may pour the day:
The Moon, that oft from Heaven retires,
Endears her renovated ray.
What though she leaves the sky unblest
To mourn awhile in murky vest?
When she relumes her lovely light,
We bless the wanderer of the night.

LINES ON AN AUTUMNAL EVENING.
O thou, wild Fancy, check thy wing! No more
Those thin white flakes, those purple clouds explore.
Nor there with happy spirits speed thy flight
Bathed in rich amber-glowing floods of light;
Nor in yon gleam, where slow descends the day
With western peasants hailing the morning ray!
Ah! rather bid the perish'd pleasures move,
A shadowy train, across the soul of Love!
O'er Disappointment's winter desert fling.
Each flower that wreatheth the dewy locks of Spring
When blushing, like a bride, from Hope's trim bower
She leap'd, awak'n'd by the pattering shower.
Now sheds the sinking Sun a deeper gleam,
Aid, lovely Sorceress! aid thy poet's dream!
With fairy wand O bid the Maid arise,
Chaste Joyance dancing in her bright-blue eyes:
As erst when from the Muses' calm abode
I came, with Learning's meed not unbestow'd;
When as she twined a laurel round my brow,
And met my kiss, and half return'd my vow,
O'er all my frame shot rapid my thrill'd heart,
And every nerve confess'd th' electric dart.

O dear deceit! I see the Maiden rise,
Chaste Joyance dancing in her bright-blue eyes!
When first the lark, high soaring, swells his throat,
Mocks the tired eye, and scatters the wild note,
I trace her footsteps on the ac-went'd lawn,
I mark her glancing 'mid the gleam of dawn.
When the bent flower beneath the night-dew weeps
And on the lake the silver lustre sleeps,
Amid the paly radiance soft and sad,
She meets my lonely path in moon-beams clad.
With her along the streamlet's brink I rove;
With her I list the warblings of the grove;
And seems in each low wind her voice to float,
Lone-whispering pity in each soothing note!

Spirits of Love! ye heard her name! obey
The powerful spell, and to my haunt repair.
Whether on clustering pinions ye are there,
Where rich snows blossom on the myrtle trees,
Or with fond languishment around my fair
Sigh in the loose luxuriance of her hair;
O heed the spell, and hither wing your way,
Like far-off music, voyaging the breeze!

Spirits! to you the infant Maid was given,
Form'd by the wondrous alchemy of heaven!
No fairer maid does Love's wide empire know,
No fairer maid e'er heaved the bosom's snow.
A thousand Loves around her forehead fly;
A thousand Loves sit melting in her eye;
Love lights her smile—In Joy's red nectar dips
His myrtle flower, and plants it on her lips.
She speaks! and hark that passion-warbled song—
Still, Fancy! still that voice, those notes prolong.
As sweet as when that voice with rapturous falls
Shall wake the sofit'd echoes of Heaven's hails!

O (have I sigh'd) were mine the wizard's rod,
Or mine the power of Proteus, changeful god!
A flower-entangled arbor I would seem,
To shield my Love from noon tide's sultry beam:
Or bloom a Myrtle, from whose odorous boughs
My love might weave gay garlands for her brows.
When twilight stole across the fading vale,
To fan my love I'd be the Evening Gale;
Mourn in the soft folds of her swelling vest,
And flutter my faint pinions on her breast!
On Seraph wing I'd float a dream by night,
To soothe my Love with shadows of delight:
Or soar aloft to be the Spangled Skies,
And gaze upon her with a thousand eyes!

As when the Savage, who his drowsy frame
Had bask'd beneath the Sun's unclouded flame,
Awakes amid the troubles of the air,
The sky's deluge, and white lightning's glare—
Aghast he scorns before the tempest's sweep,
And sad recalls the sunny hour of sleep:—
So toss'd by storms along life's wildering way,
Mine eye reverted views that cloudless day,
When by my native brook I want to rove,
While Hope with kisses nursed the Infant Love.

Dear native brook! like Peace, so placidly
Smoothing through fertile fields thy current meek!
Dear native brook! where first young Poetry
Stared wildly-eager in her noontide dream!
Where blameless pleasures dimple—quiet sheek,
As water-lilies ripple thy slow stream!
Dear native haunts! where Virtue still is gay,
Where Friendship's fix'd star sheds a mellow'd ray,
Where Love a crown of thornless Roses wears,
Where sofit'd Sorrow smiles within her tears;
And Memory, with a Vestal's chaste employ,
Uncessing feeds the lambent flame of joy!

No more your sky-larks melting from the sight
Shall thrill the attuned heart-string with delight—
No more shall deck your pensive Pleasures sweet
With wreaths of sober hue my evening seat.
Yet dear to Fancy's eye your varied scene
Of wood, hill, dale, and sparkling brook between
Yet sweet to Fancy's ear the warbled song,
That soars on Morning's wings your vales among

Scenes of my Hope! the aching eye ye leave,
Like you bright hues that paint the clouds of eve!
Tearful and saddening with the sudden'd blaze,
Mine eye the gleam pursues with wistful gaze.
Sees shades on shades with deeper tint impend,
Till chill and damp the moonless night descend

---

THE ROSE.

As late each flower that sweetest blows
I pluck'd, the Garden's pride!
Within the petals of a Rose
A sleeping Love I spied.

Around his brows a beaumy wreath
Of many a lucent hue;
All purple, glow'd his cheek, beneath
Inebriate with dew.

I softly seized the unguarded Power,
Nor scared his balmy rest;
And placed him, caged within the flower,
On spotless Sara's breast.

But when unweeting of the guile
Awoke the prisoner sweet,
He struggled to escape awhile,
And stamp'd his fiery feet.

Ah! soon the soul-entrancing sight
Subdued the impatient boy!
He gazed! he thrilled with deep delight;
Then clapp'd his wings for joy.

"And O! he cried—" Of magic kind
What charm this Throne endure!
Some other Love let Venus find—
I'll fix my empire here."

---

THE KISS.

One kiss, dear Maid! I said and sigh'd—
Your scorn the little boon denied.
Ah why refuse the blameless kiss?
Can danger lurk within a kiss?

Yon viewless Wanderer of the vale,
The Spirit of the Western Gale,
At Morning's break, at Evening's close
Inhales the sweetness of the Rose.
And hovers o'er the uninjured bloom
Sighing back the soft perfume.
Vigor to the Zephyr's wing
Her nectar-breathing kisses fling;

---
And He the glitter of the Dew 
Scatters on the Rose's hue. 
Bashful, lo! she bends her head, 
And darts a blush of deeper red!

Too well those lovely lips disclose 
The triumphs of the opening Rose; 
O fair! O graceful! bid them prove 
As passive to the breath of Love.

In tender accents, faint and low, 
Well-pleased I hear the whisper'd "No!" 
The whisper'd "No"—how little meant! 
Sweet falsehood that endears consent!

For on those lovely lips the while 
Dawns the soft-relenting smile, 
And tempts with feign'd dissolution coy 
The gentle violence of Joy.

---

TO A YOUNG ASS. 

ITS MOTHER BEING TETHERED NEAR IT. 

Poor little foal of an oppressed race! 
I love the languid patience of thy face, 
And oft with gentle hand I give thee bread, 
And clap thy ragged coat, and pat thy head. 
But what thy dulled spirits hath dismay'd, 
That never thou dost sport along the glade? 
And (most unlike the nature of things young) 
That earthward still thy moveless head is hung! 
Do thy prophetic fears anticipate, 
Meek Child of Misery! thy future fate? 
The starving meal, and all the thousand aches 
"Which patient merit of the unworthy takes?" 
Or is thy sad heart thrill'd with filial pain 
To see thy wretched mother's shorten'd chain? 
And truly, very piteous is her lot— 
Chain'd to a log within a narrow spot 
Where the close-eaten grass is scarcely seen, 
While sweet around her waves the tempting green!

Poor Ass! thy master should have learnt to show 
Pity—best taught by fellowship of woe! 
For much I fear me that he lives like thee, 
Half famish'd in a land of luxury! 
How askingly its footsteps hither bend? 
It seems to say, "And have I then one friend?"

Innocent Fool! thou poor despised forlorn! 
I hail thee brother—spite of the fool's scorn! 
And fain would take thee with me, in the dell 
Of peace and mild equality to dwell, 
Where Toil shall call the charmer Health his Bride, 
And Laughter tickle Plenty's ribless side! 
How thou wouldst toss thy heels in gamesome play, 
And frisk about, as lamb or kitten gay! 
Yea! and more musically sweet to me 
Thy dissant harsh bray of joy would be, 
Than warbled melodies that soothe to rest 
The aching of pale fashion's vacant breast!

---

DOMESTIC PEACE. 

Tell me, on what holy ground 
May Domestic Peace be found? 
Halecyon Daughter of the skies, 
Far on fearfull wings she flies, 

From the pomp of sceptred state, 
From the rebel's noisy hate. 
In a cottaged vale She dwells 
Listening to the Sabbath bells. 
Still around her steps are seen 
Spotless Honor's meeker mien, 
Love, the sire of pleasing fears, 
Sorrow smiling through her tears, 
And, conscious of the past employ, 
Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

---

THE SIGH. 

When Youth his faery reign began 
Ere sorrow had proclaim'd me man; 
While Peace the present hour beguiled, 
And all the lovely prospect smiled; 
Then, Mary! mid my lightsome glee 
I heaved the painless Sigh for thee. 

And when, along the waves of woe, 
My harass'd heart was doom'd to know 
The frantic burst of outrage keen, 
And the slow pang that gnaws unseen; 
Then shipwreck'd on life's stormy sea, 
I heaved an anguish'd Sigh for thee! 

But soon reflection's power impress'd 
A stiller sadness on my breast; 
And sickly hope with waning eye 
Was well content to drop and die: 
I yielded to the stern decree, 
Yet heaved a languid Sigh for thee! 

And though in distant climes to roam, 
A wanderer from my native home, 
I fain would soothe the sense of Care 
And lull to sleep the Joys that were! 
Thy Image may not banish'd be— 
Still, Mary! still I sigh for thee. 

June, 1794.

---

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT. 

Ere Sin could blight or Sorrow fade, 
Death came with friendly care; 
The opening bud to Heaven convey'd, 
And bade it blossom there.

---

LINES WRITTEN AT THE KING'S ARMS ROSS.

FORMERLY WRITTEN AT THE HOUSE OF THE "MAN OF ROSS." 

Richer than miser o'er his countless hoards, 
Nobler than kings, or king-polluted lords, 
Here dwell the man of Ross! O Traveller, hear! 
Departed merit claims a reverent tear. 
Friend to the friendless, to the sick man health, 
With generous joy he view'd his modest wealth; 
He hears the widow's heaven-breath'd prayer of praise, 
He mark'd the shelter'd orphan's tearful gaze, 
Or where the sorrow-shrivell'd captive lay 
Pours the bright blaze of Freedom's noontide ray. 
Beneath this roof if thy cheer'd moments pass, 
Fill to the good man's name one grateful glass.
To higher zest shall Memory wake thy soul,
And Virtue mingle in the emboiled bowl.
But if, like me, through life's distressful scene,
Lonely and sad, thy pilgrimage hath been;
And if thy breast with heart-sick anguish fraught,
Thou journeyest onward tempest-toss'd in thought;
Here cheat thy cares! in generous visions melt,
And dream of goodness, thou hast never felt!

**LINES TO A BEAUTIFUL SPRING IN A VILLAGE.**

Once more, sweet Stream! with slow foot wander-
ing near,
I bless thy milky waters cold and clear.
Escaped the flashing of the noctide hours
With one fresh garland of Fiorian flowers
(Ere from thy zephyr-haunted brink I turn)
My languid hand shall wrestle thy mossy urn.
For not through pathless grove with murmur rude
Thou soothest the sad wood-nymph, Solitude;
Nor thine unseen in cavern depths to well,
The Hermit-fountain of some dripping cell!
PRIDE of the Vale! thy useful streams supply
The scatter'd cots and peaceful hamlet nigh.
The elfin tribe around thy friendly banks
With infant uproar and soul-soothing pranks,
Released from school, their little hearts at rest,
Launch paper navies on thy waveless breast.
The rustic here at eve with pensive look
Whistling horn ditties leant upon his crook,
Or, starting, pauses with hope-mingled dread
To list the much-loved maid's accus'tom'd tread:
She, vainly mindful of her dame's command,
Loiters, the long-fill'd pitcher in her hand.
Unboastful Stream! thy fount with pebbles falls
The faded form of past delight recalls,
What time the morning sun of Hope arose,
And all was joy; save when another's woes
A transient gloom upon my soul imprest,
Like passing clouds impictured on thy breast.
Life's current then ran sparkling to the noon,
Or silvery stole beneath the pensive Moon:
Ah! now it works rude brakes and thorns among,
Or o'er the rough rock bursts and foams along!

**LINES ON A FRIEND,**

**WHO DIED OF A FRENZY FEVER INDUCED BY CALUM-
NIOUS REPORTS.**

EDMUND! thy grave with aching eye I scan,
And truly groan for Heaven's poor outcast—Man!
'Tis tempest all or gloom: in early youth,
If gifted with the Ithuriel lance of Truth,
We force to start amid her feign'd caress
Vice, siren-hag! in native ugliness;
A brother's fate will haply rouse the tear,
And on we go in heaviness and fear!
But if our fond hearts call to Pleasure's bower
Some pimzy Pou'ly in a careless hour,
The faithless guest shall stamp the enchanted ground
And mingled forms of Miserie arise round:
Heart-fretting Fear, with pallid look aghast,
That courts the future woe to hide the past;
Remorse, the poison'd arrow in his side,
And loud lewd Mirth, to anguish close allied:
'Till Frenzy, fierce-eyed child of moping pain,
Darts her hot lightning flash athwart the brain.
Rest, injured shade! Shall Slander squinting near
Spit her cold venom in a dead Man's ear?
'Twas thine to feel the sympathetic glow
In Merit's joy, and Poverty's meek woe;
Thine all that cheer the moment as it flies,
The **zolless** Cares, and smiling Courtesy;
Nursed in thy heart the firmer Virtues grew,
And in thy heart they wither'd! Such chill dew
Wan indolence on each young blossom shed;
And Vanity her filmy net-work spread,
With eye that roll'd around, in asking gaze,
And tongue that traffick'd in the trade of praise.
Thy follies such! the hard world mark'd them well:
Were they more wise, the proud who never fell?
Rest, injur'd shade! the poor man's grateful prayer
On heavenward wing thy wounded soul shall bear
As oft at twilight gloom thy grave I pass,
And sit me down upon its recent grass,
With introverted eye I contemplate
Similitude of soul, perhaps of—Fate!
To me hath Heaven with bounteous hand assign'd
Energetic Reason and a shaping mind,
The daring ken of Truth, the Patriot's part,
And Pity's sigh, that breathes the gentle heart.
Sloth-jaundic'd! all! and from my graspless hand
Drop Friendship's precious pearls, like hour-glass
sand.
I weep, yet stooj not! the faint anguish flows,
A dreamy pang in Morning's feverish doze.

Is this piled earth our being's passless mound?
Tell me, cold grave! is Death with poppies crown'd
Tired sentinel! 'mid piffling stars I nod,
And fain would sleep, though pillow'd on a cloid!

**TO A YOUNG LADY, WITH A POEM ON**

**THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.**

Morn on my early youth I love to dwell,
Ere yet I bade that friendly dome farewell,
Where first, beneath the echoing cloisters pale,
I heard of guilt and wonder'd at the tale!
Yet though the hours flew by on careless wing,
Full heavily of Sorrow would I sing,
Aye as the star of evening flung its beam
In broken radiance on the wavy stream,
My soul amid the pensive twilight gloom
Mourn'd with the breeze, O Lee Boo! o'er thy tomb
Where'er I wander'd Pit'y still was near,
Breathed from the heart and glisten'd in the tear
No knell that told, but fill'd my anxious eye,
And suffering Nature wept that one should die!

Thus to sad sympathies I soothe my breast,
Calm, as the rainbow in the weeping West:
When slumbering Freedom roused with high disdain
With giant fury burst her triple chain!

* Lee Boo, the son of Abna Thule, Prince of the Pelew Islands, came over to England with Captain Wilson, died of the small-pox, and is buried in Greenwich churchyard. — See Keate's
† Souther's Retrospect.
Fierce on her front the blasting Dog-star glow'd;  
Her banner, like a midnight meteor, flow'd;  
And as the yellings of the storm-rent skies!  
She came, and scattered battles from her eyes!  
Then Exultation waked the patriot fire,  
And swept with wilder hand the Alcanean lyre.  
Red from the tyrant's wound I shook the lance,  
And strode in joy the reeking plains of France!

Fallen is the oppressor, friendless, ghastly, low,  
And my heart aches, though Mercy struck the blow.  
With weariest thought once more I seek the shade,  
Where peaceful Virtue weaves the myrtle braid.  
And O! if eyes whose holy glances roll,  
Swift messengers, and eloquent of soul;  
If smiles more winning, and a gentler mien  
Than the love-wilder'd Munin's brain hath seen.  
Shaping celestial forms in vacant air,  
If these demand the impassion'd poet's care—  
If Mirth and softest Sense and Wit refined,  
The blameless features of a lovely mind;  
Then happily shall my trembling hand assign  
No fading wreath to beauty's saintly shrine.  
Nor, Sara! thou these early flowers refuse—  
Ne'er turn'd the snake beneath their simple boses;  
No purple bloom the child of nature brings  
From Flattery's night-shade; as he feels, he sings.  

September, 1792.

SONNET.

Content, as random Fancies might inspire,  
If his weak harp at times, or lonely lyre  
He struck with desolatory hand, and drew  
Some softer tones to Nature not untrue.  

My heart has thank'd thee, Bowles! for those soft strains,  
Whose sadness soothes me, like the murmuring  
Of wild-bees in the sunny showers of spring!  
For hence not callous to the mourner's pains  
Through youth's gay prime and thornless path I went;  
And when the mightier throes of man began,  
And drove me forth, a thought-bewilder'd man!  
Their mild and manliest melancholy lent  
A mingled charm, such as the pang consign'd  
To slumber, though the big tear it renew'd;  
Bidding a strange mysterious Pleasure brood  
Over the weary and tumultuous mind,  
As the great Spirit erst with plastic sweep  
Moved on the darkness of the uniform'd deep.

SONNET.

As late I lay in slumber's shadowy vale,  
With wetted cheek and in a mourner's guise,  
I saw the painted form of Freedom rise:  
She spoke! not sadder means the autumnal gale—  
"Great Son of Genius! sweet to me thy name,  
Ere in an evil hour with alter'd voice  
Thou hast Oppression's hirling crew rejoice,  
Blasting with wizard spell my laurel'd flame,  
Yet never, Burke! thou drank'st Corruption's bowl!  
The stormy Pity and the cherish'd lure  
Of Pomp, and prou'd Precipitance of soul  
Wild'er'd with meteor fires. Ah spirit pure!  
That error's mist had left thy purged eye;  
So might I clasp thee with a mother's joy!

SONNET.

Though roused by that dark Vizir, Riot rude  
Have driven our Fairest over the ocean swell  
Though Superstition and her woful brood  
Bay his mild radiance, impotent and fell;  
Calm in his halls of brightness he shall dwell.  
For lo! Religion at his strong behest  
Starts with mild anger from the Papal spell,  
And flings to earth her tinsel-glittering vest,  
Her mitred state and cumbrous pomp unholy;  
And Justice wakes to bid the Oppressor wail.  
Insulting, evade the wrongs of patient Folly;  
And from her dark retreat by Wisdom won,  
Meek Nature slowly lifts her matron veil  
To smile with fondness on her gazing son!

SONNET.

When British Freedom for a happier land  
Spread her broad wings, that flutter'd with affright,  
ERSKINE! thy voice she heard, and paused her flight  
Sublime of hope! For dreadless thou didst stand  
(Thy censer glowing with the hallow'd flame)  
A hireless Priest before the insulted shrine,  
And at her altar pour the stream divine  
Of unmatch'd eloquence. Therefore thy name  
Her sons shall venerate, and cheer thy breast  
With blessings heavenward breathed. And when  
The doom  
Of Nature bids thee die, beyond the tomb  
Thy light shall shine: as sunk, beneath the West,  
Though the great Summer Sun eludes our gaze,  
Still burns wide Heaven with his distended blaze.

SONNET.

It was some Spirit, SHERIDAN! that breathed  
O'er thy young mind such wildly various power!  
My soul hath mark'd thee in her shaping hour,  
Thy temples with Hymettian flow'rs wreath'd:  
And sweet thy voice, as when o'er Laura's brow  
Sad music trembled through Vanellois's glass;  
Sweet, as at dawn the love-lorn serenade  
That wafts soft dreams to Slumber's listening ore  
Now patriot rage and indignation high  
Swell the full tones! And now thine eye-beam dance  
Meaning of Scorn and Wit's quaint revelry!  
Writhe's inly from the bosom-probing glance  
The Apostle by the brainless rout adored,  
As erst that elder fiend beneath great Michael's sword

SONNET.

O what a loud and fearful shriek was there,  
As though a thousand souls one death-groan pour'd  
Ah me! they view'd beneath a hirling sword  
Fallen Kosciusko! Through the barthen'd air
COLERIDGE’S POETICAL WORKS.

(As pauses the tired Cossack’s barbarous yell,
Of triumph on the chill and midnight gale
Rises with frantic burst or sudden swell
The dirge of murder’d Hope! while Freedom pale
Bends in such anguish o’er her destined bier,
As if from eldest time some Spirit meek
Had gather’d in a mystic urn each tear
That ever on a Patriot’s furrow’d cheek
Fit channel found; and she had drain’d the bowl
In the mere wilfulness, and sick despair of soul!

SONNET.

As when far off the warbled strains are heard
That soar on Morning’s wing the vales among,
Within his cage the imprison’d matin bird
Swells the full chorus with a genrous song:
He bathes no pinion in the dewy light,
No Father’s joy, no Lover’s bliss he shares,
Yet still the rising radiance cheers his sight;
His Fellows’ freedom soothes the Captive’s cares:
Thou, FAYETTE! who didst wake with startling voice
Life’s better sun from that long wintry night,
Thus in thy Country’s triumph shalt rejoice,
And mock with raptures high the dungeon’s might:
For lo! the morning struggles into day,
And Slavery’s spectres shriek and vanish from the ray!

SONNET.

Thou gentle Look, that didst my soul beguile,
Why hast thou left me? Still in some fond dream
Revisit my sad heart, auspicious Smile!
As falls on closing flowers the lunar beam:
What time, in sickly mood, at parting day
I lay me down and think of happier years;
Of joys, that glimmer’d in Hope’s twilight ray,
Then left me darkling in a vale of tears.
O pleasant days of Hope—for ever gone!
Could I recall you!—But that thought is vain.
Avail not Persuasion’s sweetest tone
To lure the fleet-wing’d travellers back again:
Yet fair, though fain, their images shall gleam
Like the bright rainbow on a willowy stream.

SONNET.

Pale Roamer through the Night; thou poor Forlorn!
Remorse that man on his death-bed possess,
Who in the coudrosoul hour of tenderness
Betray’d, then cast thee forth to Want and Scorn!
The world is pitiless: the Chaste one’s pride,
Mimic of Virtue, scowls on thy distress:
Thy loves and they, that envied thee, deride;
And Vice alone will shelter wretchedness!
O! I am sad to think, that there should be
Cold-boss’d lewd ones, who endure to place
Foul offerings on the shrine of Misery,
And force from Famine the caress of Love;
May He shed healing on the sore disgrace,
He, the great Comforter that rules above!

SONNET.

Sweet Mercy! how my very heart has bled
To see thee, poor Old Man! and thy grey hairs
Hear with the snowy blast: while no one cares
To clothe thy shrivell’d limbs and palisied head.
My Father! throw away this tatter’d vest
That mocks thy shivering, take my garment—use
A young man’s arm! I’ll melt these frozen dews
That hang from thy white beard and numb thy breast.
My Sara too shall tend thee, like a Child:
And thou shalt talk, in our fire-side’s recess,
Of purple Pride, that scowls on Wretchedness.
He did not so, the Galilean mild,
Who met the Laza rubbing from rich men’s doors,
And call’d them Friends, and heal’d their noiseless
Sore!

SONNET.

Thou bleakest, my poor Heart! and thy distress
Reasoning I ponder with a scornful smile,
And probe thy sore wound sternly, though the while
Sworn be my eye and dim with heaviness.
Why didst thou not listen to Hope’s whisper bland?
Or, listening, why forget the healing tale,
When Jealousy with feverish fancies pale
Jarr’d thy fine fibres with a maniac’s hand?
Faint was that Hope, and rayless!—Yet ’twas fair
And soothed with many a dream the hour of rest:
Thou shouldst have loved it most, when most oppressed
And nursed it with an agony of Care,
Even as a Mother her sweet infant heir
That wan and sickly droops upon her breast!

SONNET.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE “ROBBERS.”

Schiller! that hour I would have wished to die,
If through the shuddering midnight I had sent
From the dark dungeon of the tower time-rent.
That fearful voice, a famish’d Father’s cry—
Lest in some after moment aught more mean
Might stamp me moral! A triumphant shout
Black Horror scream’d, and all her goblin rout
Diminish’d shrunk from the more withering scene!
Ah Bard tremendous in sublime!
Could I behold thee in thy loftier mood
Wandering at eve with finely frenzied eye
Beneath some vast old tempest-swinging wood!
Awhile with mute awe gazing I would brood:
Then weep aloud in a wild ecstasy!

LINES

COMPOSED WHILE CLIMBING THE LEFT ASCENT OF BROCKLEY COOM, SOMERSETSHIRE, MAY, 1795

With many a pause and of-retroverted eye
I climb the Coomb’s ascent: sweet songs near
While shade their wild-wood melody:
Far off the unvarying Cuckoo soothes my ear.
Up scour the startling stragglers of the Flock
That on green plots o’er precipices browse:
From the forced fissures of the naked rock
The Yew-tree bursts! Beneath its dark-green boughs

20
LINES
IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER.

O Peace! that on a lillied bank dost love
To rest thine head beneath an Olive Tree,
I would, that from the pinions of thy Dove
One quill withoutpain ypluck'd might be!
For I! I wish my Sara's frowns to see,
And faim to her some soothing song would write,
Lest she present my ruse disconsolate,
Who vow'd to meet her ere the morning light,
But broke my plighted word—ah! false and recreant wight!

Last night as I my weary head did pillow
With thoughts of my dislayer'd Fair engross'd,
Chill Fancy droop'd I wretched herself with willow,
As though my breast entomb'd a pining ghost.
'From some brest couch, young Rapture's bridal boast,
Rejected Slumber! hither wing thy way;
But leave with me the matin hour, at most!
As nightsclosed Floweret to the orient ray,
My sad heart will expand, when I the Maid survey.'

But Love, who heard the silence of my thought,
Contrived a too successful wife, I ween:
And whisper'd to himself, with malice fraught—
'Too long our Slave the Damsel's smiles hath seen:
To-morrow shall he ken her alter'd mien!'—
He spake, and ambush'd lay, till on my bed
The morning shot her dewy glances keen,
When as I gan to lift my drowsy head—
"Now, Bard! I'll work thee wo!'" the laughing Elfin said.

Sleep, softly-breathing God! his downy wing
Was fluttering now, as quickly to depart;
When twang'd an arrow from Love's mystic string,
With pathless wound it pierced him to the heart.
Was there some magic in the Elfin's dart?
Or did he strike my couch with wizard lance?
For straight so fair a Form did upwards start
(No fairier deck'd the Bowers of old Romance)
That Sleep cranium'd grew, nor moved from his sweet trance!

My Sara came, with gentlest look divine;
Bright shone her eye, yet tender was its beam:
I felt the pressure of her lip to mine!
Whispering we went, and Love was all our theme—
Love pure and spotless, as at first, I deem,
He sprang from Heaven! Such joys with Sleep did fade,
That I the living Image of my Dream
Fondly forgot. Too late I woke, and sigh'd—
"O! how shall I behold my Love at eventide!"

IMITATED FROM OSSIAN.

The stream with languid murmur creeps,
In Lumin's flowery vale:
Beneath the dew the Lily weeps,
Slow-waving to the gale.

"Cease, restless gale!" it seems to say,
"Nor wake me with thy sighing!"
The honors of my vernal day
On rapid wing are flying.

"To-morrow shall the Traveller come
Who late beheld me blooming;
His searching eye shall vainly roam
The dreary vale of Lumin."

With eager gaze and wetted cheek
My wonted haunts along,
Thus, faithful Maiden! thou shalt seek
The Youth of simplest song.

But I along the breeze shall roll
The voice of feeble power;
And dwell, the moon-beam of thy soul,
In Slumber's nightly hour.

THE COMPLAINT OF NINATHOMA

How long will ye round me be swelling,
O ye blue-tumbling waves of the Sea?
Not always in Caves was my dwelling,
Nor beneath the cold blast of the Tree.
Through the high-sounding halls of Cathloma
In the steps of my beauty I stray'd;
The Warriors beheld Ninathoma,
And they blessed the white-bosom'd Maid!

A Ghost! by my cavern it darted!
In moon-beams the Spirit was drest—
For lovely appear the departed
When they visit the dreams of my rest!
But, disturb'd by the Tempest's commotion,
Fleet the shadowy forms of Delight—
Ah cease, thou shrill blast of the Ocean!
To howl through my Cavern by Night.

IMITATED FROM THE WELSH

If, while my passion I impart,
You deem my words untrue,
O place your hand upon my heart—
Feel how it throbs for you!

Ah no! reject the thoughtless claim,
In pity to your lover!
That thrilling touch would aid the flame
It wishes to discover.

TO AN INFANT

An cease thy tears and Sobs, my little Life;
I did but snatch away the unclasp'd Knife:
Some safer Toy will soon arrest thine eye,
And to quick Laughter change this peevish mien.
Poore Stomblar on the rocky cost o' Woe,
Tutor'd by Pain each source of Pain to know!
Alike the Good and Scourching fire
Awake thy cager grasp and young desire;
Alike the Good, the Ill offend thy sight,
And rouse the stormy sense of shrill affright!
Untaught, yet wise! 'mid all thy brief alarms
Thou closely clingest to thy Mother's arms,
Nestling thy little face in that fond breast
Whose anxious heavings lull thee to thy rest!
Man's breathing Miniature! thou makest me sigh—
A Babe art thou—and such a thing am I!
To anger rapid and as soon appeased,
For trifles mourning and by trifles pleased,
Break Friendship's Mirror with a techy blow,
Yet snatch what coals of fire on Pleasure's altar

O thou that rearest with celestial aim
The future Seraph in my mortal frame,
Thrice-holy Faith! whatever thorns I meet
As on I totter with unpractised feet,
Still let me stretch my arms and cling to thee,
Meek Nurse of Souls through their long Infancy!

---

LINES
WRITTEN AT SHURTON BARS, NEAR. BRIDGEWATER,
SEPTEMBER, 1795, IN ANSWER TO A LETTER
FROM BRISTOL.

Good verse most good, and bad verse then seems better
Received from absent friend by way of Letter.
For what so sweet can labor'd days impart
As one rude rhyme warm from a friendly heart?

Nor travels my meandering eye
The starry wilderness on high;
Nor now with curious sight
I mark the glow-worm, as I pass,
Move with "green radiance" through the grass,
An emerald of light.

O ever present to my view!
My wafted spirit is with you,
And soothes your boding fears:
I see you all oppress'd with gloom
Sit lonely in that cheerless room—
Ah me! You are in tears!

Beloved Woman! did you fly
Chill'd Friendship's dark disliking eye,
Or Mirth's untimely clin?
With cruel weight these trifles press
A temer sore with tenderness,
When aches the void within.

But why with sable wand unlless'd
Should Fancy rove within my breast
Dim-viaged, shapes of Dread!
Untenantry its beautyeous clay
My Sara's soul has wing'd its way,
And hovers round my head!

I felt it prompt the tender Dream,
When slowly sunk the day's last gleam;

You roused each gentler sense
As, sighing o'er the Blossom's bloom,
Meek Evening wakes its soft perfume
With viewless influence.

And hark, my Love! The sea-breeze moans
Through you reft house! O'er rolling stones
In bold ambitious sweep,
The onward-surging tides supply
The silence of the cloudless sky
With mimic thunders deep.

Dark reddening from the channell'd Isle*
(Where stands one solitary pile
Unslated by the blast)
The Watch-fire, like a sullen star
Twinkles to many a dozing Tar
Rude cradled on the mast.

Even there—beneath that light-house tower—
In the tumultuous evil hour
Ere Peace with Sera came,
Time was, I should have thought it sweet
To count the echoings of my feet,
And watch the storm-vex'd flame.

And there in black soul-jaundiced fit
A sad gloom-pamper'd Man to sit,
And listen to the roar:
When Mountain Surges bellowing deep
With an uncouth monster leap
Plunged foaming on the shore.

Then by the Lightning's blaze to mark
Some toiling tempest-shatter'd bark;
Her vain distress-guns hear;
And when a second sheet of light
Flash'd o'er the blackness of the night—
To see no Vessel there!

But Fancy now more gaily sings:
Or if awhile she drop her wings,
As sky-larks 'mid the corn,
On summer fields she grounds her breast:
The oblivious Poppy o'er her nest
Nods, till returning morn.

O mark those smiling tears, that swell
The open'd Rose! From heaven they fell,
And with the sun-beam blend.
Bless'd visitations from above,
Such are the tender woes of Love
Fostering the heart, they bend!

When stormy Midnight howling round
Beats on our roof with clattering sound,
To me your arms you'll stretch:
Great God! you'll say—To us so kind,
O shelter from this loud bleak wind
The houseless, friendless wretch!

The tears that tremble down your cheek,
Shall bathe my kisses chaste and meek

* The Holmes, in the Bristol Channel.
In Pity's dew divine:
And from your heart the sighs that steal
Shall make your rising bosom feel
The answer ing swell of mine!

How oft, my Love! with shapings sweet
I paint the moment we shall meet!
With eager speed I dart—
I seize you in the vacant air,
And fancy, with a Husband's care
I press you to my heart!

'T is said, on Summer's evening hour
Flashes the golden-color'd flower
A fair electric flame:
And so shall flash my love-charged eye
When all the heart's big ecstasy
Shoots rapid through the frame!

---

LINES
TO A FRIEND IN ANSWER TO A MELANCHOLY LETTER.

Away, those cloudy looks, that laboring sigh,
The pensive offspring of a sickly hour!
Nor meanly thus complain of Fortune's power,
When the blind Gamester throws a luckless die.

Yon setting Sun flashes a mournful gleam
Behind those broken clouds, his stormy train:
To-morrow shall the many-color'd main
In brightness roll beneath his orient beam!

Wild, as the autumnal gust, the hand of Time
Flies o'er his mystic lyre: in shadowy dance
The alternate groups of Joy and Grief advance,
Responsive to his varying strains sublime!

Bears on its wing each hour a load of Fate;
The swain, who, lull'd by Seine's mild murmurs, led
His weary oxen to their nightly shed,
To-day may rule a tempest-troubled State.

Nor shall not Fortune with a vengeful smile
Survey the sanguinary Despot's might,
And haply hurl the Pageant from his height,
Uncv't to wander in some savageisle.

There, shiv'ring sad beneath the tempest's frown,
Round his tir'd limbs to wrap the purple vest;
And mix'd with nails and beads, an equal jest:
Barter, for food, the jewels of his crown.

---

RELIGIOUS MUSINGS;
A DESULTORY POEM,
WRITTEN ON THE CHRISTMAS EVE OF 1794.

This is the time, when most divine to hear,
The voice of Adoration roars me,
As with a Cherub's trump: and high upborne,
Yes, mingling with the Choir, I seem to view
The vision of the heavenly multitude,
Who hymn'd the song of Peace o'er Bethlehem's fields!

Yet thou more bright than all the Angel blaze,
That harbinger'd thy birth, Thou, Man of Woes!

Despised Galilean! For the Great
Invisible (by symbols only seen)
With a peculiar and surpassing light
Shines from the visage of the oppress'd good Man
When heedless of himself the scourged Saint
Mourns for the Oppressor. Fair the vernal Mead.
Fair the high Grove, the Sea, the Sun, the Stars,
True impress each of their creating Sire!
Yet nor high Grove, nor many-color'd Mead,
Nor the green Ocean with his thousand Isles,
Nor the star'd Azure, nor the sovran Sup,
E'er with such majesty of portraiture
Imaged the supreme beauty uncreate,
As thou, meek Savior! at the fearful hour
When thy insulted Anguish wing'd the prayer
Harps'd by Archangels, when they sing of Mercy!
Which when the Almighty heard from forth his
Throne,
Diviner light fill'd Heaven with ecstasy!
Heaven's hymnings paused and Hell her yawning mouth
Closed a brief moment.

Lovely was the death
Of Him whose life was love! Holy with power
He on the thought-benighted sceptic beam'd
Manifest Godhead, melting into day
What floating mists of dark Idolatry
Broke and misshaped the Omnispresent Sire:
And first by Fear uncharm'd the drowsed Soul.
Till of its nobler nature it 'gan feel
Dim recollections: and thence soar'd to Hope,
Strong to believe whate'er of mystic good
The Eternal dooms for his immortal Sons.
From Hope and firmer Faith to perfect Love
Attracted and absorb'd: and centred there
God only to behold, and know, and feel,
Till by exclusive Consciousness of God
All self-annihilated it shall make
God its Identity: God all in all!
We and our Father one!

And bless'd are they,
Who in this fleshly World, the elect of Heaven,
Their strong eye darting through the deeds of Men,
Adore with stedfast unresuming gaze
Him Nature's Essence, Mind, and Energy!
And gazing, trembling, patiently ascend
Treading beneath their feet all visible things
As steps, that upward to their Father's Throne
Lead gradual—else nor glorified nor loved.
They nor Contempt embosm nor Revenge.
For they dare know of what may seem deform
The Supreme Fair sole Operant: in whose sight
All things are pure, his strong controlling Love
Alike from all edifying perfect good.
Theirs too celestial courage, ily arm'd—
Dwarving Earth's giant brood, what time they muse
On their great Father, great beyond compare!
And marching onwards view high o'er their heads
His waving Banners of Omnipotence.

Who the Creator love, created might
Dread not: within their tents no terrors walk.

---

* To Νοητον ευρήματας ας πολλον
Ως εις τον γενετορα.

DAMAS. de Myst. Αιγυπτ. 23
For they are holy things before the Lord,
Aye unprofane, though Earth should league with
Hell;
God's Altar grasping with an eager hand,
Fear, the wild-visaged, pale, eye-starting wretch,
Sure-refuged bears his hot pursuing fiends
Yell at vain distance. Soon refresh'd from Heaven,
He calls the throb and tempest of his heart.
His countenance settles; a soft solemn bliss
Swims in his eye—his swimming eye upraised:
And Faith's whole armor glitters on his limbs!
And thus transfigured with a dreadless awe,
A solemn hush of soul, meek he beholds
All things of terrible seeming; yea, unmove'd
Vievan' the inimitable ministers
That shower down vengeance on these latter days.
For kindling with interior Deity
From the celestial Mercy-seat they come,
And at the renovating Wells of Love
Have fill'd their Vials with salutary Wrath,
To sickly Nature more medicinal
Than what soft balm the weeping good man pours
Into the lone despoil'd traveller's wounds!

Thus from the Elect, regenerate through faith,
Pass the dark Passions and what thirsty Cares
Drink up the spirit and the dim regards
Self-centre. Lo they vanish! or acquire
New names, new features—by supernal grace
Enrobed with light, and naturaliz'd in Heaven.
As when a shepherd on a vernal morn
Through some thick fog creeps timorous with slow
foot.
Darkling he fix's on the immediate road
His downward eye: all else of fairest kind
Hid or deform'd. But lo! the bursting Sun!
Touch'd by the enchantment of that sudden beam,
Straight the black vapor melteth, and in globes
Of dewy glint germs each plant and tree;
On every leaf; on every blade it hangs!
Dance glad the new-born intermingling rays,
And wide around the landscape streams with glory!

There is one Mind, one omnipresent Mind,
Omnific. His most holy name is Love.
Truth of subliming import! with the which
Who feeds and saturates his constant soul,
He from his small particular orbit flies
With bless'd outstarting! From Himself he flies,
Stands in the Sun, and with no partial gaze
Views all creation; and he loves it all,
And blesses it, and calls it very good!
This is indeed to dwell with the Most High!
Cherubs and rapture-trembling Seraphim
Can press no nearer to the Almighty's Throne.
But that we remain unconscious, or with hearts
Unfeeling of our universal Sire,
And that in his vast family no Cain
Injures uninjured (in her best-aim'd blow
Victorious Murder a blind Suicide),
Haply for this some younger Angel now
Looks down on Human Nature: and, behold!
A sea of blood bestrew'd with wrecks, where mud
Emulating Interests on each other rush
With unhelm'd rage!

"T is the sublimes of man,
Our miscon'd Majesty, to know ourselves

Parts and proportions of one wondrous whole!
This Fraternity Man, this constitutes
Our charities, and bearings. But 'tis God
Diffus'd through all, that doth form all one whole;
This the worst superstition, him except
Aught to desire, Supreme Reality!
The plenitude and permanence of bliss!
O Fiends of Superstition! not that oft
The erring Priest hath stain'd with brother's blood
Your grisly idols, not for this may wrath
Thunder against you from the Holy One!
But o'er some plain that steameth to the sun,
Peopled with Death; or where more hideous Trade
Loud-laughing packs his bailes of human anguish:
I will raise up a mourning, O ye Fiends!
And curse your spells, that film the eye of Faith,
Hiding the present God; whose presence lost,
The moral world's cohesion, we become
An anarchy of Spirits! Toy-bewitch'd,
Made blind by lusts, dishearted of soul,
No common centre Man, no common sire
Known the Word! A sortid solitary thing.
(Mid countless brethren with a lonely heart
Through courts and cities the smooth Savage roam'd,
Feeling himself, his own low Self the whole;
When he by sacred sympathy might make
The whole one Self! Self that no alien knows!
Self, far diffus'd as Fancy's wing can travel
Self, spreading still! Oblivious of its own,
Yet all of all possessing! This is Faith!
This the Messiah's destined victory

But first offences must come! Even now*
(Black Hell laughs horridly—to hear the scoff!)
'Thee to defend, meek Galilean! Thine
And thy mild laws of love unutterable,
Mistrust and Emissary have burst the bands
Of social Peace; and listening Treachery lurks
With pious vows to snare a brother's life;
And childless widows o'er the groaning land
Wail numberless; and orphans weep for bread;
'Thee to defend, dear Savior of Mankind!
'Thee, Lamb of God! Thee, blameless Prince of Peace!
From all sides rush the thisty brood of War
And that foul Woman of the North,
The lustful Murderess of her wedded Lord!
And he, natural Mind! whom (in their songs
So bards of elder time had hapsy feign'd)
Some Fury fondled in her hate to man,
Bidding her serpent hair in mazy surge
Lick his young face; and at his mouth inbreath the
Horrible sympathy! And league'd with these
Each petty German princeling, nursed in gore
Soul-harden'd barterers of human blood!

* January 21st, 1784, in the debate on the Address to his Majesty, on the speech from the Throne, the Earl of Guildford moved an Amendment to the following effect:—"That the House hoped his Majesty would seize the earliest opportunity to conclude a peace with France," etc. This motion was opposed by the Duke of Portland, who "considered the war to be merely grounded on one principle—the preservative of the Christian Religion." May 30th, 1784, the Duke o. Bedford moved a number of Resolutions, with a view to the Establishment of a Peace with France. He was opposed (among others) by Lord Abingdon in these memorable words:
"The best road to Peace, my Lords, is War! and War carried on in the same manner in which we are taught to worship our Creator, namely, with all our souls, and with all our minds, and with all our hearts, and with all our strength."
Death's prime Slave-merchants! Scorpion-whips of Fate!
Nor least in savagery of holy zeal,
Apt for the yoke, the race degenerate,
Whom Britain erst had blush'd to call her sons!
Thou to defend the Moloch Priest prefers
The prayer of hate, and bellows to the herd,
That: Deity, Accomplish Deity
In the fierce jealousy of waken'd wrath
Will go forth with our armies and our fleets,
To scatter the red ruin on their foes?
O blasphemy! to mingle fiendish deeds
With blessedness!

Lord of unseeping Love,*
From everlasting Thou! We shall not die.
These, even these, in mercy didst thou form,
Teachers of Good through Evil, by brief wrong
Making True love, and her future might
Magick o'er the fix'd untrebling heart.

In the primeval age a dateless while
The vacant Shepherd wander'd with his flock,
Pitching his tent where'er the green grass waved.
But soon Imagination conjured up
An host of new desires: with busy aim,
Each for himself, Earth's eager children toil'd.
So Property began, two-streaming fount,
Whence Vice and Virtue flow, honey and gall.
Hence the soft couch, and many-color'd robe,
The timbrel, and arch'd dome and costly feast,
With all the inventive arts, that nursed the soul.
To forms of beauty, and by sensual wants
Unsensitized the mind, which in the means
Learn'd to forget the grossness of the end,
Best pleased with its own activity.

And hence Disease that withers manhood's arm,
The dagger'd Envy, spirit-quenching Want,
Warriors, and Lords, and Priests—all the sore ills
That vex and desolate our mortal life.
Wide-wasting ills! yet each the immediate source
Of mightier good. Their keen necessities
To ceaseless action goading human thought
Have made Earth's reasoning animal her Lord;
And the pale-featured Sage's trembling hand
Strong as an host of armed Deities,
Such as the blind Ionian fabled erst.

From Avarice thus, from Luxury and War
Sprang heavenly Science; and from Science Freedom.
O'er waken'd realms Philosophers and Bards
Spread in concentric circles: they whose souls,
Conscious of their high dignities from God,
Brook not Wealth's rivalry! and they who long
Emanour'd with the charms of order hate
The unseemly disproportion: and whose'er
Turn with mild sorrow from the victor's car
And the low puppetry of thrones, to muse
On that last triumph, when the patriot Sage
Call'd the red lightnings from the o'er-crushing cloud.
And dash'd the audacious Terrors on the earth
Smiling majestic. Such a phalanx ne'er
Measured firm paces to the calming sound
Of Spartan flute! These on the fated day,

When, stung to rage by Pity, eloquent men
Have roused with pealing voice unnumber'd tribes
That toil and groan and bleed, hungry and blind
These hush'd awhile with patient eye serene,
Shall watch the mad careering of the storm;
Then o'er the wild and wavy chaos rush
And tame the outrageous mass, with plastic might
Mocking Confusion to such perfect forms
As erst were wont, bright visions of the day!
To float before them, when, the Summer noon,
Beneath some arch'd romantic rock reclined,
They felt the sea-breeze lift their youthful locks;
Or in the mouth of blossoms, at mild eve,
Wandering with desultory feet inhaled
The wafted perfumes, and the rocks and woods
And many-tinted streams and setting Sun
With all his gorgeous company of clouds
Ecstatic gazed! then homeward as they stray'd
Cast the sad eye to earth, and inly mused
Why there was Misery in a world so fair.
Ah far removed from all that glads the sense,
From all that softens or ennobles Man,
The wretched Many! Bent beneath their loads
They gape at pageant Power, nor recognize
Their cots' transmuted plunder! From the tree
Of Knowledge, ere the terial sap had risen
Rudely disbar'd! Blessed Society!
Fittest depicted by some sun-scorch'd waste,
Where off majestic through the tinted noon
The Simoom sails, before whose purple pomp
Who falls not prostrate dies! And where by night
Fast by each precious fountain on green herbs
The lion couches; or hyena dips
Deep in the lucid stream his bloody jaws.
Or serpent plants his vast moon-glittering 'bulk,
Caught in whose monstrous twin' Behemoth yells
His bones loud-crushing!

O ye numberless,
Whom foul Oppression's ruffian glutony
Drives from life's pleasurable feast! O thou poor wretch,
Who nursed in darkness and made wild by want,
Roosted for prey, yea thy unnatural hand
Dost lift to deeds of blood! O pale-eyed form,
The victim of seduction, doom'd to know
Polluted nights and days of blasphemy;
Who in lofted orgies with lewd wassailers
Must gaily laugh, while thy remember'd home
Gnaws like a viper at thy secret heart!
O aged Women! ye who weekly catch
The morsel toss'd by law-forced Charity,
And die so slowly, that none call it murder!
O loathly Suppliants! ye, that unreceived
Tutter heart-broken from the closing gates
Of the full Lazar-house: or, gazing, stand
Sick with despair! O ye to Glory's field
Forced or ensnared, who, as ye gasp in death,
Bleed with new wounds beneath the Vulture's beak
O thou poor Widow, who in dreams dost view
Thy Husband's mangled corpse, and from that dote
Start'st with a shriek; or in thy half-thatch'd cot
Waked by the wintry night-storm, wet and cold,
Cow'rst o'er thy screaming baby! Rest awhile

* Behemoth, in Hebrew, signifies wild beasts in general. Some believe it is the elephant, some the hippopotamus; some affirm it is the wild bull. Poetically, it designates any large quadruped.
Children of Wretchedness! More groans must rise.
More blood must stream, or ere your wrongs be full.
Yet is the day of Retribution high:
The Lamb of God hath opened the fifth seal:
And upward rush on swiftest wing of fire
The innumerable multitude of wrongs:
By man on man inflicted! Rest awhile,
Children of Wretchedness! The hour is nigh;
And lo! the Great, the Rich, the Mighty Men,
The Kings and the Chief Captains of the World,
With all that fix'd on high like stars of Heaven
Shot baleful influence, shall be cast to earth,
Vile and down-trodden, as the unfruitful fruit
Shook from the fig-tree by a sudden storm.
Even now the storm begins: *each gentle name,
Faith and meek Piety, with fearful joy
Tremble far-off—for lo! the Giant Frenzy,
Uprooting empires with his whirlwind arm,
Mocketh high Heaven; burst hideous from the cell
Where the old Hag, unconquerable, huge,
Creation's eyeless drudge, black Ruin, sits.
Nursing the impatient earthquake.

O return!
Pure Faith! meek Piety! The abhorred Form
Whose scarlet robe was stiff with earthly pomp,
Whose iniquity in cups of gold,
Whose names were many and all blasphemous,
Hatred met the horrible judgment! Whence that cry?
The mighty army of soul Spirits shriek'd
Dishonored of earth! For she hath fallen.
On whose black front was written Mystery;
She that real'd heavily, whose wine was blood;
Still that work'd whoremorn with the Demon Power,
And from the dark embrace all evil things
Brought forth and nurtured: mitred Atheism:
And patient Folly who on bended knee
Gives back the steel that stabb'd him; and pale

Fear
Hunted by ghastlier shapings than surround
Moon-blasted Madness when he yells at midnight!
Return, pure Faith! return, meek Piety!
The kingdoms of the world are yours: each heart,
Self-govern'd, the vast family of Love
Raised from the common earth by common toil,
Enjoy the equal produce. Such delights
As float to earth, permitted visiunts!
When in some hour of solemn jubilee
The massy gates of Paradise are thrown
Wide open, and forth come in fragments wild
Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies.
And odors snatch'd from beds of Amaranth,
And they, that from the crystal river of life
Spring up on freshen'd wing, ambrosial gales!
The favor'd good man in his lonely walk
Perceives them, and his silent spirit drinks
Strange bliss which he shall recognize in heaven.
And such delights, such strange beauty
Seize on my young anticipating heart
When that blest future rushes on my view!
For in his own and in his Father's might
The Savior comes! While as the Thousand Years
Lead up their mystic dance, the Desert shouts!
Old Ocean claps his hands! The mighty Dead
Rise to new life, who'er from earliest time
With conscious zeal had urged Love's wondrous plan.
Coadjutors of God. To Milton's trump
The high Groves of the renovated Earth
Unbosom their glad echoes: inly hush'd,
Adoring Newton his serener eye
Raises to heaven: and he of mortal kind
Wisest, he* first who mark'd the ideal tribes
Up the fine fibres through the sentient brain.
Lo! Priestley there, Patriot, and Saint, and Sage,
Him, full of years, from his loved native land
Statesmen blood-stain'd and Priests idolatrous
By dark lies maddening the blind multitude
Drove with vain hate. Calm, pitying, he retired,
And mused expectant on these promised years.

O years! the blest pre-eminence of Saints!
Ye sweep athwart my gaze, so heavenly bright,
The wings that veil the adoring Seraph's eyes,
What time he bends before the Jasper Throne,†
Reflect no lovelier hues! yet ye depart,
And all beyond is darkness! Heights most strange,
Whence Fancy falls, fluttering her idle wing.
For who of woman born may paint the hour,
When seized in his mid course, the Sun shall wave
Making noon FASTLY! Who of woman born
May image in the workings of his thought,
How the black-visaged, red-eyed Fiend outstretches
Beneath the unsteady feet of Nature groans,
In feverish slumber—destin'd then to wake,
When fiery whirlwinds thunder his dread name
And Angels shout, Destruction! How his arm
The last great Spirit lifting high in air
Shall swear by Him, the ever-living One,
Time is no more!

Believe thou, O my soul
Life is a vision shadowy of Truth;
And vice, and anguish, and the wormy grave,
Shapes of a dream! The veiling clouds retire,
And lo! the Throne of the redeeming God
Forth flashing unimaginable day,
Wraps in one blaze earth, heaven, and deepest hell
Contemplant Spirits! ye that hover o'er
With untired gaze the immeasurable fount
Ebullient with creative Deity.
And ye of plastic power, that interfused
Roll through the grasser and material mass
In organizing surge! Holies of God!
(And what if Monads of the infinite mind)
I haphazard journeying my immortal course
Shall sometime join your mystic choir? Till then
I discipline my young novitiate thought
In ministries of heart-stirring song.
And eye on Meditation's heavenward wing
Soaring aloft I breathe the empyreal air
Of Love, omnic, omnipresent Love,
Whose day-spring rises glorious in my soul
As the great Sun, when his influence
Sheds on the frost-bound waters—the glad stream
Flows to the ray, and warbles as it flows.

* David Hartley.
† Rev. Chap. iv, v, 2 and 3.—And immediately I was in the
Spirit: and behold, a Throne was set in Heaven, and one set
on the throne. And he that sat was to look upon like a jasper
and sardine stone, etc.
‡ The final Destruction impersonated.
And what if some rebellious, o'er dark realms
Arrogate power I yet these train up to God,
And on the rude eye, unconfirmed for day,
Flash meteor-light better than total gloom
As ere from Lisle-Oaive's vapour head
The Lapland Murder beholds the far-off Sun
Dart his slant beam on unebying snows,
While yet the stern and solitary Night
Breaks no alternate sway, the Boreal Morn
With mimic Instru substitutes its gleam,
Guiding his course or by Niemi lake
Or Balda-Zhiok,* or the mossy stone
Of Solfar-kapper,t while the snowy blast
Drifts arrowy by, or eddies round his sledge,
Making the poor babe at its mother's back!
Scream in its scanty cradle: he the while
Wins gentle solace as with upward eye
He marks the streamy banners of the North,
Thinking himself' those happy spirits shall join
Who there in floating robes of rosy light
Dance sportively. For Fancy is the Power
That first unsensilizes the dark mind,
Giving it new delights; and bids it swell
With wild activity, and soaring air,
By obscure fears of Being invisible,
Emancipates it from the grasser thrall
Of the present impulse, teaching Self-control,
Till Superstition with unconscious hand
Seat Reason on her throne. Wherefore not vain
Nor yet without permitted power impress'd,
I deem'd those legends terrible, with which
The polar ancient thrills his uncouth throng;
Whether of pitting Spirits that make their moon
O'er slaughter'd infants, or that Giant Bird
Vuoelho, of whose rushing wings the noise
Is Tempest, when the unutterable shape's
Speeds from the mother of Death, and utters once
That shriek, which never Murderer heard and lived.
Or if the Greenland Wizard in strange trance
Pierces the untravell'd realms of Ocean's bed
(Where live the innocent, as far from cares
As from the storms and overwhelming waves
Dark tumbling on the surface of the deep),
Over the abyss, even to that uttermost cave
By misshapen prodigies beleaguer'd, such
As Earth ne'er bred, nor Air, nor the upper Sea.

There dwells the Fury Form, whose unheard
name
With eager eye, pale cheek, suspended breath,

* Balda Zhiok: i.e. mons altitudinis, the highest mountain
in Lapland.
† Solfar Kapper: caputim Solfar, hic locus omnium quot-
quot veterrum Lapponiorum superstiti sacrificia religiosaque cul-
tui dedicavit, celebratisimas erat, in parte sinus astrissibus semel-
hilarissimis spatio a mari distatus. Ipsa locus, quem curositatis
gratia aliquando me invisacne memini, dubius praetali lapidibus,
sibi invicem opposita, quorum alter musco circumanus erat,
constabat.—Legnum De Lapponibus.
‡ The Lapland Women carry their infants at their back in a
piece of excavated wood, which serves them for a cradle.
Opposite to the infant's mouth there is a hole for it to breathe
through.—Mirandum prorsum et vix tenaciae cisis cujus
manc et subtilissimae Uni FOR. I. Contegit. Lappones hymenius
thee facultates per vastas montes, per-
que horrenda et invia toqua, eo pressitum tempore quae omnis
perpetuis nivibus obiecta sunt et nivs ventra agitantur et in
gyros aguntur, viam ad destitis loca ubique errori invirose
pose, lacunam autem infantum si quem habebat, ipsa mater
in doro bajalat, in excavato serio (Gied'tk ipse vocavat) quod
pro conis utuntur: in hoc infans panis et pellibus conovolutus
colligatus jacet.—Legnum De Lapponibus
§ Juhiho Albinus.
And lips half-opening with the dread of sound,
Unesleeping Silence guards, worn out with fear,
Lest, haply escaping on some treacherous blast,
The fateful word let slip the Elenens,
And frenzy Nature. Yet the wizard her,
Arm'd with Tammearneck's* power, the Spirit of Good,
Forces to unchain the fœdul progeny
Of the Ocean's stream.—Wild phantasies! yet wise,
On the victorious goodness of High God
Teaching Reliance, and Medicinal Hope,
Till from Bethabara northward, heavenuly Truth,
With gradual steps winning her difficult way,
Transfer their rude Faith perfected and pure.

If there be Beings of higher class than Man,
I deem no nobler province they possess,
Than by disposal of apt circumstance
To rear up Kingdoms: and the deeds they prompt,
Distinguishing from mortal agency,
They choose their human ministers from such states
As still the Epic song half fears to name,
Repell'd from all the Ministrelies that strike
The Palace-roof and soothe the Monarch's pride.

And such, perhaps, the Spirit, who (if words
Witness'd by answering deeds may claim our Faith)
Held commune with that warrior-maid of France
Who scourged the Invader. From her infant days,
With Wisdom, Mother of retired Thoughts,
Her soul had dwelt: and she was quick to mark
The good and evil thing, in human lore
Undisciplined. For lowly was her Birth,
And Heaven had doom'd her early years to Toil,
That pure from Tyranny's least deed, herself
Unfear'd by Fellow-natures, she might wait
On the poor Laboring man with kindly looks,
And minister refreshment to the tired
Way-wanderer, when along the rough-hewn Bench
The sweltry man had stretch'd him, and afo
Vacantly watch'd the rudely pictured board
Which on the Mulberry-bough with welcome creak
Swung to the pleasant breeze. Here, too, the Maid
Learn'd more than Schools could teach: Man's shifting
Mind.
His Vices and his Sorrows! And full oft
At Tales of cruel Wrong and strange Distress
Had wept and shiver'd. To the tottering Eld
Still as a Daughter would she run: she placed
His cold Limbs at the sunny Door, and loved
To hear him story, in his garrulous sort,
Of his eventful years, all come and gone.

So twenty seasons past. The Virgin's Form,
Active and tall, nor Sloth nor Luxury
Had shrunk or paled. Her front sublime and broad,
Her flexible eye-brows wildly hair'd and low,
And her full eye, now bright, now unillum'd,
Spake more than Woman's Thought; and all her face

*They call the Good Spirit Tammearneck. The other great but malignant spirit is a nameless Female; she dwells under the sea in a great house, where she can detain in captivity all the animals of the ocean by her magic power. When a death befals the Greenlanders, an Anekok or musician must undertake a journey thither. He passes through the kingdom of souls, over an horror abyss into the Presence of this phantom, and by his enchantments causes the captive creatures to ascend directly to the surface of the ocean.—See Crantz's Hist. of Greenland, vol. 1, 266.

Was moulded to such features as declared
That Pity there had oft and strongly work'd,
And sometimes Indignation. Bold her mien
And like a haughty Huntress of the woods
She mov'd: yet sure she was a gentle maid!
And in each motion her most innocent soul
Dum'd forth so brightly, that who saw would say
Guilt was a thing impossible in her!
Nor idly would have said—for she had lived
In this bad World as in a place of Tombs,
And touch'd not the pollutions of the Dead.

'Twas the cold season, when the Rustic's eye
From the drear desolate whiteness of his fields
Rolls for relief to watch the skiey tints
And clouds slowly varying their huge imagery;
When woodward's were wont, the healthful Maid
Had left her pallet ere one beam of day
Slanted the fog-smeke. She went forth alone,
Urged by the indwelling angel-guide, that oft,
With dim inexplicable sympathies
Disquieting the Heart, shapes out Man's course
To the predoom'd adventure. Now the nascent
She climbs of that steep upland, on whose top
The Pilgrim-Man, who long since eye had watch'd
The alien shine of unconcerning Stars,
Shouts to himself, there first the Abbey-light's
Seen in Neufchatel's vale; now slopes adown
The winding sheeck-track vale-ward: when, behold
In the first entrance of the level rond
An unattended Team! The foremost horse
Lay with stretch'd limbs; the others, yet alive,
But stiff and cold, stout motionless, their manes
Iear with the frozen night-dews. Dismally
The dark-red down now gimmer'd: but its gleams
Disclosed no face of man. The Maiden paused,
Then lend'd, who might begot. No voice replied
From the thwart wain at length where reach'd her ear
A sound so feeble that it almost seem'd
Distant: and feebly, with slow effort push'd,
A miserable man crept forth: his limits
The silent frost had eat, scathing like fire.
Faint on the shafts he rested. She, meantime,
Saw crowded close beneath the coveriture
A mother and her children—lifeless all,
Yet lovely! not a lineament was marr'd—
Death had put on so slumber-like a form!
It was a piteous sight; and one, a babe,
The crisp milk frozen on its innocent lips,
Lay on the woman's arm, its little hand
Stretch'd on her bosom.

Mutely questioning,
The Maid gazed wildly at the living wretch.
He, his head feebly turning, on the group
Look'd with a vacant stare, and his eye spoke
The drowsy pang that steals on worn-out anguish.
She shudder'd: but, each vainer pang sublded,
Quick disentangling from the foremost horse
The rustic bands, with difficulty and toil
The stiff cramp'd team forced homeward. Thers arrived.
Anxiously tend'd him she with healing herbs,
And weeps and prayers—but the numb power of Death
Spreads o'er his limbs; and ere the moontide 'sour,
The hovering spirits of his Wife and Babes
Hail him immortal! Yet amid his pangs,
With interruptions long from ghastly threes,
His voice had falter'd out this simple tale.

The Village, where he dwelt an Husbandman,
By sudden inroad had been seized and fired
Late on the yester-evening. With his wife
And little ones he hurried his escape.
They saw the neighboring Hamlets flame, they
heard
Uproar and shrieks! and terror-struck drove on
Through unrequested roads, a weary way!
But saw nor house nor cottage. All had quench'd
Their evening hearth-fire: for the alarm had spread.
The air clip'd keen, the night was fang'd with frost,
And they provisionless! The weeping wife
Ill bush'd her children's means; and still they
mourn'd.
Till Fright and Cold and Hunger drank their life.
They closed their eyes in sleep, nor knew 't was
Death.
He only, lashing his o'er-wearied team,
Gain'd a sad respite, till beside the base
Of the high hill his foremost horse dropp'd dead.
Then hopeless, strengthless, sick for lack of food,
He crept beneath the coverture, entranced,
Till waken'd by the maiden.—Such his tale.

Ah! suffering to the height of what was suffer'd,
Stung with too keen a sympathy, the Maid
Brooked with moving lips, mute, startled, dark!
And now her flash'd tumultuous features shot
Such strange vivacity, as fires the eye
Of misery Fancy-crazed! and now once more
Naked, and void, and fit, and all within
The unquiet silence of confused thought
And shapeless feelings. For a mighty hand
Was strong upon her, in the heat of soul.
To the high hill-top tracing back her steps,
Aside the beacon, up whose smoulder'd stones
The tender ivy-trails crept thinly, there,
Unconscious of the driving element,
Yes, swallow'd up in the ominous dream, she sate
Ghastly as broad-eyed Slumber! a dim anguish
Breathed from her look! and still, with pant and sob,
Only she toil'd to flee, and still subdued,
Felt an inevitable Presence near.

Thus as she toil'd in troublous ecstasy,
An horror of great darkness wrapt her round,
And a voice uttered forth uncannily tones,
Calming her soul,—O Thou of the Most High
Chosen, whom all the perfected in Heaven
Behold expectant—

[The following fragments were intended to form part of the
Poem when finished.]

"Maid beloved of Heaven!"
(To her the tutelary Power exclaim'd)
* Of Chaos the adventurous progeny.
Thou seest; foul missionaries of foul sire,
Fierce to regain the losses of that hour
When Love rose glittering, and his gorgeous wings
Over the abyss flutter'd with such glad noise,
As what time after long and pestilent calms,
With slimy shapes and miscreated life
Poisoning the vast Pacific, the fresh breeze
Wakens the merchant-sail uprising. Night
A heavy unimaginable moan

Sent forth, when she the Protoplasm beheld
Stand beauteous on Confusion's charmed wave.
Moan'd she fled, and entered the Profound
That leads with downward windings to the Cave
Of darkness palpable, Desert of Death
Sunk deep beneath Gerhems's mossy roots.
There many a dateless age the Beldame lurk'd
And trembled; till engender'd by fierce Hate,
Fierce Hate and gloomy Hope, a Dream arose,
Shaped like a black cloud mark'd with streaks of fire.
It roused the Hell-Hag; she the dew damp wiped
From off her brow, and through the uncouth maze
Retraced her steps; but ere she reach'd the mouth
Of that drear labyrinth, shuddering she paused,
Nor dared re-enter the diminish'd Gulf.
As through the dark vaults of some moulder'd
Tower
(Which, fearful to approach, the evening Hind
Circles at distance in his homeward way)
The winds breathe hollow, deem'd the plaining groan
Of prison'd spirits; with such fearful voice
Night murmur'd, and the sound through Chaos went
Leap'd at her call her hideous-fronted brood!
A dark behest they heard, and rush'd on earth;
Since that sad hour, in Camps and Courts adored,
Rebels from God, and Monarchs o'er Mankind!"

From his obscure haunt
Shriek'd Fear, of Cruelty the ghastly Dam,
Feverish yet freezing, eager-paced yet slow,
As she that creeps from forth her swampy reeds,
Ague, the biform Hag! when early Spring
Beams on the marsh-bred vapors.

"Even so" (the exulting Maiden said;
"The sainted Heralds of Good Tidings fell,
And thus they witness'd God! But now the clouds
Treading, and storms beneath their feet, they soar
Higher, and higher soar, and soaring sing
Loud songs of Triumph! O ye spirits of God,
Hover around my mortal agonies!"
She spoke, and instantly faint melody
Melds on her ear, soothing and sad, and slow,—
Such Measures, as at calmest midnight heard
By aged Hermit in his holy dream,
Foretell and solace death; and now they rise
Louder, as when with harp and mingled voice
The white-robed* multitude of slaughter'd saints
At Heaven's wide-open'd portals gratulatant
Receive some martyr'd Patriot. The harmony
Entranced the Maid, till each suspended sense
Brief slumber seized, and confused ecstasy.

At length awakening slow, she gazed around:
And through a Mist, the relic of that trance
Still thinning as she gazed, an Isle appear'd,
Its high, o'er-hanging, white, broad-breasted cliffs,
Glass'd on the subject ocean. A vast plain
Stretch'd opposite, where ever and anon

* Revel. vi. 9, 11. And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held. And white robes were given unto every one of them, and it was said unto them that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow servants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled.
The Plow-man, following sad his meagre team,
Turn'd up fresh sculls unstartled, and the bones
Of fierce hate-breathing combatants, who there
All mingled lay beneath the common earth,
Death's gloomy reconcilement! O'er the Fields
Stept a fair form, repairing all she might,
Her temples olive-wreathed; and where she trod
Fresh flowerets rose, and many a foodful herb.
But wan her cheek, her footsteps insecure,
And anxious pleasure beam'd in her faint eye,
As she had newly left a couch of pain,
Pale Convalescent! yet some time to rule
With power exclusive o'er the willing world,
That bless'd prophetic mandate then fulfill'd,
Peace be on Earth! A happy while, but brief,
She seem'd to wander with ambibous feet,
And heal'd the recent harm of chill and blight,
And nursed each plant that fair and virtuous grew.

But soon a deep prescurvive sound moan'd hollow:
Black rose the clouds, and now (as in a dream)
Their reddening shapes, transformed to Warrior-hosts,
Coursed o'er the Sky, and battled in mid-air.
Nor did not the large blood-drops fall from Heaven
Portentous! while aloft were seen to float,
Like hideous features booming on the mist,
Wan Stains of ominous Light! Resign'd, yet sad,
The fair Form bowed her olive-crowned Brow,
Then o'er the plain with oft-reverted eye
Fled till a Place of Tomba she reach'd, and there
Within a ruined Sepulchre obscure
Found Hiding-place.

The delegated Maid
Gazed through her tears, then in sad tones exclain'd,
"Thou mild-eyed Form! wherefore, ah! wherefore fled?
The power of Justice, like a name all Light,
Shone from thy brow; but all they, who unblamed
Dwelt in thy dwellings, call thee Happiness.
Ah! why, uninjured and unpupoted,
Should multitudes against their brethren rush?
Why sow they guilt, still reaping Misery?
Lenient of care, thy songs, O Peace! are sweet,
As after showers the perfumed gale of eve,
That slings the cool deeps on a feverous cheek:
And gay the grassy altar piled with fruits.
But boasts the shrine of Daemon War one charm,
Save that with many an orgie strong and foul,
Dancing around with interwoven arms,
The Maniac Suicide and Giant Murder
Exult in their fierce union! I am sad,
And know not why the simple Peasants crowd
Beneath the Chieftains' standard!" Thus the Maid.

To her the tutelary Spirit replied:
"When Luxury and Lust's exhausted stores
No more can rouse the appetites of Kings;
When the low flattery of their reptile Lords
Falls flat and heavy on the accustom'd ear;
When Eumuchs sing, and Fools buffonerie make,
And Dancers writhe their harlot-limbs in vain;
Then War, and all its dread vicissitudes
Pleasingly agitate their stagnant Hearts;
Its hopes, its fears, its victories, its defeats,
Insipid Royalty's keen confidntion!
Therefore uninjured and unprofited

(Victims at once and Executioners),
The congregated Husbandmen lay waste
The Vineyard and the Harvest. As long
The Bothic coast, or southward of the Line,
Though hush'd the Winds and cloudless the high
Noon.
Yet if Leviathan, weary of ease,
In sports unwieldy toss his Island-bulk,
Ocean behind him billows, and before
A storm of waves breaks foamy on the strand.
And hence, for times and seasons bloody and dark.
Short Peace shall skin the wounds of causeless War
And War, his stained sinews knit anew,
Still violate the unfinished works of Peace.
But yonder look! for more demands thy view!" He said:
And straightway from the opposite Isle
A Vapor sailed, as when a cloud, exhaled
From Egypt's fields that steam hot pestilence,
Travels the sky for many a trackless league,
Till o'er some Death-dom'd land, distant in vain,
It broods incumbent. Forthwith from the Plain,
Facing the Isle, a brighter cloud arose,
And steer'd its course which way the Vapor went.

The Maiden paused, musing what this might mean.
But long time pass'd not, ere that brighter cloud
Return'd more bright; along the plain it swept;
And soon from forth its bursting sides emerged
A dazzling form, broad-bosom'd, bold of eye.
And wild her hair, save where with laurels bound.
Not more majestic stood the healing God,
When from his bow the arrow sped that swel
Huge Python. Shriek'd Ambition's giant throng,
And with them hiss'd the Locust-fiends that crawled
And glitter'd in Corruption's slimy track.
Great was their wrath, for short they knew their reign;
And such commotion made they, and uproar,
As when the mad Tornado bellows through
The guilty islands of the western main,
What time departing from their native shores,
Eboe, or Koromantyn's plain of Palms,

* The slaves in the West-Indies consider death as a passport to their native country. This sentiment is thus expressed in the introduction to a Greek Prize-Ode on the Slave-Trade, of which the ideas are better than the language in which they are conveyed.

Ω σκοτών τοιχας, θοινατες, πολεοτιων
Ες γενος σπευδος υποξηχοιν Ατα
Ου εξειδην αθ γενων στραγμαδοι;
Ουδεν δολογυμω,
Αλλα και κυλοσες χοροταυτιως
Κασαρον χαρα γοβερος μει εκα
Αλλα ωμος Ελευθερες συνοεικες,
Στοντε Τυμανεν!

Δαιμοις επε τετεργεισε σοι
Α! Ξαλλασαν καθηρωνες οιιμα
Αθιερολαγοις υπο πονο ανειε
Πατριο επι αιαν.
Ενθα μαν Ερεαςι Εφροικωμεν
Αμφη σηγην κεινων νυ θαλων,
Ουσο νυ βρατος επαυν βρατει, τα
Δενε λεγουει.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.
Leaving the Gates of Darkness, O Death! hasten thou to a Race yoked with Misery! Thou wilt not be received with

30
The infuriate spirits of the Murder'd make Fierce merriment, and vengeance ask of Heaven. Warm'd with new influence, the unwholsome plain Sent up its foulest fogs to meet the Morn: The Sun that rose on Freedom, rose in blood!

"Maiden beloved, and Delegate of Heaven!" (To her the tutelary Spirit said) "Soon shall the Morning struggle into Day, The stormy Morning into cloudless Noon. Much hast thou seen, nor all canst understand— But this be thy best Omen—Save thy Country!"

I incisions of cheeks, nor with funeral intonation—but with circulating dances and the joy of songs. Thou art terrible indeed, yet thou dwellest with Liberty, stern Genius: Borne on thy dark pinions over the swelling of ocean, they return to their native country. There, by the side of Fountains beneath Citron-groves, the lovers tell to their beloved what horrors, being Men, they had endured from Men.

Thy saying, from the answering Maid he pass'd, And with him disappear'd the Heavenly Vision.

"Glory to Thee, Father of Earth and Heaven! All-conscious Presence of the Universe! Nature's vast Ever-acting Energy! In Will, in Deed, Impulse of All to All! Whether thy love with unrefracted ray Beam on the Prophet's purified eye, or if Dissecting realms the enthusiast, wild of thought. Scatter new frenzies on the infected throng, Thou both inspiring and predooming both, Fit instruments and best, of perfect end: Glory to Thee, Father of Earth and Heaven!"

And first a landscape rose, More wild and waste and desolate than where The white bear, drifting on a field of ice, Howls to her sunder'd cubs with piteous rage And savage agony.

**Sibylline Leaves.**

I POEMS OCCasionED BY POLITICAL EVENTS OR FEELINGS CONNECTED WITH THEM.

When I have borne in memory what has tamed Great nations, how ennobling thoughts depart When men change swords for legers, and desert The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed I had, my country! Am I to be blamed? But, when I think of Thee, and what Thou art, Verily, in the bottom of my heart, Of those unfinal fears I am ashamed. But dearly must we prize thee; we who find In thee a bulwark of the cause of men; And I by my affection was beguiled. What wonder if a poet, now and then, Among the many movements of his mind, Felt for thee as a Lover or a Child. Wordsworth.

ODE TO THE DEPARTING YEAR.*

Io'v, Io'v, & & & &
Ye! "Be deine òdòro'màntex pòvòs
Stróbè, pàdàsów òpó'miòs òpó'miòs.
* * * *
Thè méllon õøë. Kèi õ pòvòs pádrò
'Agan y' òdòro'màntí õ' òpó.'

Aéshyl. Agam. 1225.

ARGUMENT.
The Ode commences with an Address to the Divine Providence, that regulates into one vast harmony all the events of time, however calamitous some of them may appear to mortals. The second Strophe calls on men to suspend their private joys and sorrows, and devote them for a while to the cause of human nature in general. The first Epode speaks of the Empress of Russia, who died of an apoplexy on the 17th of November, 1796; having just concluded a subsidiary treaty with the Kings combined against France. The first and second Antistrophe describe the Image of the Departing Year, etc. as in a vision. The second Epode prophesies, in anguish of spirit, the downfall of this country.

I. Spirit who sweepest the wild Harp of Time! It is most hard, with an untroubled ear Thy dark inwoven harmonies to hear! Yet, mine eye fix'd on Heaven's unchanging clime, Long when I listen'd, free from mortal fear, With inward stillness, and submitted mind; When lo! its folds far waving on the wind, I saw the train of the DEPARTING YEAR! Starting from my silent sadness, Then with no unholy madness, Ere yet the enter'd cloud foreclosed my sight, I raised the impetuous song, and solemnized his flight.

II. Hither, from the recent tomb. From the prison's dire gloom, From Distemper's midnight anguish; And thence, where Poverty doth waste and languish, Or where, his two bright torches blending, Love illumines manhood's maze; Or where, o'er cradled infants bending, Hope has fix'd her wishful gaze, Hither, in perplexed dance, Ye Woes! ye young-eyed Joys! advance!
By Time's wild harp, and by the hand
Whose indefatigable sweep
Raises its fateful strings from sleep,
I bid you haste, a mix'd tumultuous band!
From every private bower,
And each domestic hearth,
Haste for one solemn hour;
And with a loud and yet a louder voice,
O'er Nature struggling in portentous birth
Weep and rejoice!
Still echoes the dread Name that o'er the earth
Let slip the storm, and woke the brood of Hell:
And now advance in saintly Jubilee
Justice and Truth! They too have heard thy spell,
They too obey thy name, Divinest Liberty!

III.
I mark'd Ambition in his war-array!
I heard the mailed Monarch's troubous cry—
"Ah! wherefore does the Northern Conqueress stay!
Groans not her chariot on its onward way?"
Fly, mailed Monarch, fly!
Stunn'd by Death's twice mortal mace,
No more on Murder's lurid face
The insatiate hug shall gloat with drunken eye!
Manes of the unnumber'd slain!
Ye that gasp'd on Warsaw's plain!
Ye that erst at Ismail's tower,
When human ruin choked the streams,
Fell in conquest's glutted hour,
'Mid women's shrieks and infants' screams!
Spirits of the unconfin'd slain,
Sudden blasts of triumph swelling,
Oft, at night, in misty train,
Rush around her narrow dwelling!
The exterminating fiend is fled—
(Foul her life, and dark her doom)
Mighty armies of the dead
Dance like death-fires round her tomb!
Then with prophetic song relate,
Each some tyrant-murderer's fate!

IV.
Departing Year! 'twas on no earthly shore
My soul beheld thy vision! Where alone,
Voiceless and stern, before the cloudly throne,
Aye Memory sits: thy robe inscribed with gore,
With many an unimaginable groan
Thou storied'st thy sad hours! Silence ensued,
Deep silence o'er the ethereal multitude,
Whose locks with wreaths, whose wreaths with
glories shone.
Then, his eye wild ardors glancing,
From the choired Gods advancing,
The Spirit of the Earth made reverence meet,
And stood up, beautiful, before the cloudy seat.

V.
Throughout the blissful thong,
Hush'd were harp and song:
Till wheeling round the throne the Lampads seven
(The mystic Words of Heaven),
Permissive signal make:
The fervent Spirit bow'd, then spread his wings and
spake!

"Thou in stormy blackness thronging
Love and uncreated Light,
By the Earth's unsolaced groaning,
Seize thy terror, Arm of might!
By Peace with proffer'd insult sacred,
Masked Hate and envying Scorn!
By Years of Invoc yet unborn!
And Hunger's bosom to the frost-winds bare!
But chief by Afric's wrongs,
Strange, horrible, and foul!
By what deep guilt belongs
'To the deaf Synod, 'full of gifts and lies'!
By Wealth's insensate laugh! by Torture's howl!
Avenger, rise!
For ever shall the thankless Island scowl,
Her quiver full, and with unbroken bow?
Speak! from thy storm-black Heaven, O speak aloud
And on the darkling foe
Open thine eye of fire from some uncertain cloud!
O dart the flash! O rise and deal the blow!
The past to thee, to thee the future cries!
Hark! how wide Nature joins her groans below!
Rise, God of Nature! rise!"

VI.
The voice had ceased, the vision fled;
Yet still I gasp'd and reel'd with dread.
And ever, when the dream of night
Renews the phantom to my sight,
Cold sweat-drops gather on my limbs;
My ears throb hot; my eye-balls start;
My brain with horrid tumult swims;
Wild is the tempest of my heart;
And my thick and struggling breath
Imitates the toil of Death!
No stronger agony confounds
The Soldier on the war-field spread,
When all fored one with toil and wounds,
Death-like he dozes among heaps of dead
(The strife is o'er, the day-light fled,
And the night-wind clamors hoarse!
See! the starting wretch's head
Lies pillow'd on a brother's corse!"

VII.
Not yet enslaved, not wholly vile,
O Albion! O my mother Isle!
Thy valleys, fair as Eden's bowers,
Glitter green with sunny showers;
Thy grassy uplands' gentle swells
Echo to the bleat of flocks
(Those grassy hills, those glittering dells
Proudly ramparted with rocks);
And Ocean, 'mid his up roar wild
Speaks safety to his ISLAND-CHILD!
Hence, for many a fearless age
Has social Quiet loved thy shore!
Nor ever proud Invader's rage
Or sack'd thy towers, or stain'd thy fields with gore

VIII.
Abandon'd of Heaven! mad Avarice thy guide,
At cowardly distance. yet kindling with pride—
'Mid thy herds and thy corn-fields secure thou hast stood,
And join'd the wild yelling of Famine and Blood!
The nations curse thee! They with eager wondering
Shall hear Destruction, like a Vulture, scream!
Strange-eyed Destruction! who with many a dream
Of central fires through neither seas upthundering
Soothes her fierce solitude; yet, as she lies
By livid fount, or red volcanic stream,
If ever to her lidless dragon-eyes,
O Albion! thy predestin'd ruins rise,
The fiend-hag on her perilous couch doth leap,
Muttering distemper'd triumph in her charmed sleep.

IX.
Away, my soul, away!
In vain, in vain, the Birds of warning sing—
And hark! I hear the famish'd brood of prey
Flap their lank pennons on the groaning wind!
Away, my soul, away!
I, unpartaking of the evil thing,
With daily prayer and daily toil
Soliciting for food my scanty soil,
Have wail'd my country with a loud lament.
Now I recollect my immortal mind
In the deep sabbath of meek self-content;
Cleanse'd from the vaporous passions that bedim
God's Image, sister of the Seraphim.

FRANCE.
AN ODE.

I.
Ye Clouds! that far above me float and pause,
Whose pathless march no mortal may control!
Ye Ocean-Waves! that, wheresoe'er ye roll,
Yield homage only to eternal laws!
Ye Woods! that listen to the night-birds' singing,
Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,
Save when your own imperious branches swinging,
Have made a solemn music of the wind!
Where, like a man beloved of God,
Through glooms, which never woodman trod,
How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound,
Inspired, beyond the guess of folly,
By each rude shape and wild unconquerable sound!
O ye loud Waves! and O ye Forests high!
And O ye Clouds that far above me soar'd!
Thou rising Sun! thou blue rejoicing Sky!
Yea, every thing that is and will be free!
Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
With what deep worship I have still ador'd
The spirit of divinest Liberty.

II.
When France in wrath her giant-lims uprear'd,
And with that oath, which smote air, earth and sea,
Stamp'd her strong foot and said she would be free,
Bear witness for me, how I hoped and fear'd!
With what a joy my lofty gratulation
Unaw'd I sang, amid a slavish band:
And when to whelm the disinherited nation,
Lake fiends embattled by a wizard's wand,
The Monarchs march'd in evil day,
And Britain joined the dire array;
Though dear her shores and circling ocean,
Though many friendships, many youthful loves
Had sworn the patriot emotion,
And flung a magic light o'er all her hills and groves;
Yet still my voice, unalter'd, sang defeat
To all that braved the tyrant-quelling lance,
And shame too long delay'd and vain retreat!
For ne'er, O Liberty! with partial aim
I dimm'd thy light or damp'd thy holy flame;
But bless'd the peans of deliver'd France,
And hung my head and wept at Britain's name.

III.
"And what," I said, "though Blasphemy's loud scream
With that sweet music of deliverance strove
Though all the fierce and drunken passions wove
A dance more wild than e'er was maniac's dream!
Ye storms, that round the Dawning East assembled,
The Sun was rising, though he hid his light!
And when, to soothe my soul, that hoped and trembled,
The dissonance ceased, and all seem'd calm and bright;
When France her front deep-scar'd and gory
Conceal'd with clustering wreaths of glory;
When, insupportably advancing,
Her arm made mockery of the warrior's tramp;
While timid looks of fury glancing,
Domestic treason, crush'd beneath her fatal stomp,
Writhe like a wounded dragon in his gore;
Then I reproach'd my fears that would not flee;
"And soon," I said, "shall Wisdom teach her lore
In the low huts of them that toil and groan!
And, conquering by her happiness alone,
Shall France compel the nations to be free,
Till Love and Joy look round, and call the Earth
their own."

IV.
Forgive me, Freedom! O forgive those dreams!
I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,
From bleak Helvetia's icy caverns sent—
I hear thy groans upon her blood-stain'd streams!
Heroes, that for your peaceful country perish'd
And ye that, fleeting, spot your mountain-snows
With bleeding wounds; forgive me that I cherish'd
One thought that ever bless'd your cruel foes!
To scatter rage, and traitorous guilt,
Where Peace her jealous home had built,
A patriot race to disinherit
Of all that made their stormy wilds so dear;
And with inexpiable spirit
To taint the bloodless freedom of the mountaineer—
O France, that mockest Heaven, adulterous, blind,
And patriot only in pernicious toils!
Are these thy boasts, Champion of human-kind?
To mix with Kings in the low lust of sway,
Yell in the hunt, and share the murderous prey;
To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils
From Freemen torn; to tempt and to betray!

V.
The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,
Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad game
They burst their manacles and wear the name
Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain!
O Liberty! with profitless endeavor
Have I pursued thee, many a weary hour;
But thou nor stilledst the victor's strain, nor ever
Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power.
Alike from all, hove'er they praise thee
(Not prayer nor boastful name delays thee),
Alike from Priestcraft's harpy minions,
And factious Blasphemy's obscurer slaves,
Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,
The guide of homeless winds, and playmates of the
waves!
And there I felt thee—on that sea-cliff's verge
Whose pines, scarce travel'd by the breeze above,
Had made one murmur with the distant surge!
Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,
And shot my being through earth, sea, and air,
Possessing all things with intensest love,
O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there.

February, 1797.

FEARS IN SOLITUDE.

WRITTEN IN APRIL, 1798, DURING THE ALARM OF
AN INVASION.

A green and silent spot, amid the hills,
A small and silent dell! O'er stiller place
No sinking sky-lark ever poised himself.
The hills are heathy, save that swelling slope,
Which hath a gay and gorgeous covering on,
All golden with the never-bloomless furze,
Which now blooms most profusely; but the dell,
Bathed by the mist, is fresh and delicate
As vernal corn-field, or the unripe flax,
When, through its half-transparent stalks, at eve,
The level Sunshine glimmers with green light.
Oh! 'tis a quiet spirit-healing nook!
Which all, methinks, would love; but chiefly he,
The humble man, who, in his youthful years,
Knew just so much of folly, as had made
His early manhood more securely wise!
Here he might lie on fern or wither'd heath,
While from the singing-lark (that sings unseen
The minstrelsy that solitude loves best),
And from the Sun, and from the breezy Air,
Sweet influences trembled o'er his frame;
And he, with many feelings, many thoughts,
Made up a meditative joy, and found
Religious meanings in the forms of nature!
And so, his senses gradually wrapt
In a half-sleep, he dreams of better worlds,
And dreaming hears thee still, O singing-lark!
That singest like an angel in the clouds!

My God! it is a melancholy thing
For such a man, who would fall fain preserve
His soul in calmness, yet perforse must feel
For all his human brethren—O my God!
It weighs upon the heart, that he must think
What uproar and what strife may now be stirring
This way or that way o'er these silent hills—
Invasion, and the thunder and the shout,
And all the crash of onset; fear and rage,
And undetermined conflict—even now,
Even now, perchance, and in his native isle
Carnage and groans beneath this blessed Sun!
We have offended, Oh! my countrymen!
We have offended very grievously,
And been most tyrannous. From east to west
A groan of accusation pierces Heaven!
The wretched pleads against us; multitudes
Countless and vehement, the Sons of God,
Our Brethren! Like a cloud that travels on,
Steam'd up from Cairo's swamps of pestilence,
Even so, my countrymen! have we gone forth
And borne to distant tribes slavery and pangs,
And, deadlier far, our visage, whose deep taint
With slow perdition murders the whole man,
His body and his soul! Meanwhile, at home,
All individual dignity and power
Ingulf'd in Courts, Committees, Institutions,
Associations and Societies,
A vain, speech-mouthing, speech-reporting Guild,
One Benefit-Club for mutual flattery.
We have drunk up, demure as at a grace,
Pollutions from the brimming cup of wealth;
Contemptuous of all honorable rule,
Yet bartering freedom and the poor man's life
For gold, as at a market! The sweet words
Of Christian promise, words that even yet
Might stem destruction were they wisely preach'd,
Are mutter'd o'er by men, whose tones proclaim
How flat and wearisome they feel their trade;
Rank scoffers some, but most too indolent
To deem them falsehoods or to know their truth.
Oh! blasphemous! the book of life is made
A superstitious instrument, on which
We gabble o'er the oaths we mean to break;
For all must swear—all and in every place,
College and wharf, council and justice-court;
All, all must swear, the briber and the bribed,
Merchant and lawyer, senator and priest.
The rich, the poor, the old man and the young;
All, all make up one scheme of perjury.
That faith doth ree; the very name of God
Sounds like a juggler's charm; and, bold with joy
Forth from his dark and lonely hiding-place,
(Portentous sight!) the owlet Atheism,
Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon.
Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them close,
And hooting at the glorious Sun in Heaven,
Cries out, "Where is it?"

Thankless too for peace
(Peace long preserved by fleets and perilous seas),
Secure from actual warfare, we have loved
To swell the war-whoop, passionate for war!
Alas! for ages ignorant of all
Its ghastly workings (fumine or blue plague,
Battle, or siege, or flight through wintry snows).
We, this whole people, have been clamorous
For war and bloodshed; animating sports,
The which we pay for as a thing to talk of;
Spectators and not combatants! No guess
Anticipative of a wrong unfelt,
No speculation or contingency,
However dim and vague, too vague and dim
To yield a justifying cause; and forth
(Stuff'd out with big preamble, holy names,

34
And adjurations of the God in Heaven),
We send our mandates for the certain death
Of thousands and ten thousands! Boys and girls,
And women, that would groan to see a child
Pull off an insect's leg, all read of war,
The best amusement for our morning-meal!
The poor wretch, who has learnt his only prayers
From curses, who knows scarcely words enough
To ask a blessing from his Heavenly Father,
Becomes a fluent phrasesman, absolute
And technical in victories and defeats,
And all our dauntless terms for fratricide;
Terms which we trundle smoothly o'er our tongues
Like mere abstractions, empty sounds, to which
We join no feeling and attach no form!
As if the soldier died without a wound;
As if the fibres of this godlike frame
Were gored without a pang; as if the wretch,
Who fell in battle, doing bloody deeds,
Pass'd off to Heaven, translated and not kill'd:
As though he had had no wife to pine for him,
No God to judge him! Therefore, evil days
Are coming on us, O my countrymen!
And what if all-avenging Providence,
Strong and retributive, should make us know
The meaning of our words, force us to feel
The desolation and the agony
Of our fierce doings!

Spare us yet awhile,
Father and God! O! spare us yet awhile!
Oh! let not English women drag that flight
Painting beneath the burthen of their babes,
Of the sweet infants, that but yesterday
Laugh'd at the breast! Sons, brothers, husbands, all
Who ever gazed with fondness on the forms
Which grew up with you round the same fire-side,
And all who ever heard the sabbath-bells
Without the infidel's scorn, make yourselves pure!
Stand forth: be men! repel an impious foe,
Impious and false, a light yet cruel race,
Who laugh away all virtue, mingling mirth
With deeds of murder; and still promising
Freedom, themselves too sensuous to be free,
Poison life's amities, and cheat the heart
Of faith and quiet hope, and all that soothes
And all that lifts the spirit! Stand we forth;
Render them back upon the insulted ocean,
And let them toss as silly on its waves
As the vile sea-weed, which some mountain-blast
Swept from our shores! And oh! may we return
Not with a drunken triumph, but with fear,
Repeating of the wrongs with which we stung
So fierce a foe to frenzy!

I have told,
O Britons! O my brethren! I have told
Most bitter truth, but without bitterness.
Nor deem my zeal or fictitious or mistimed;
For never can true courage dwell with them,
Who, playing tricks with conscience, dare not look
At their own vices. We have been too long
Lupes of a deep delusion! Some, belike,
Groaning with restless anxiety, expect
All change from change of constituted power;
As if a Government had been a robe,
On which our vice and wretchedness were tagg'd
Like fancy points and fringes, with the robe
Pull'd off at pleasure. Fondly these attach
A radical causation to a few
Poor drudges of chastising Providence,
Who borrow all their hues and qualities
From our own folly and rank wickedness,
Which gave them birth and nursed them. Others,
Meanwhile,
Dote with a mad idolatry; and all
Who will not fall before their images,
And yield them worship, they are enemies
Even of their country!

Such have I been deem'd—
But, O dear Britain! O my Mother Isle!
Needs must thou prove a name most dear and holy
To me, a son, a brother, and a friend,
A husband, and a father! who revere
All bonds of natural love, and find them all
Within the limits of thy rocky shores.
O native Britain! O my Mother Isle!
How shouldst thou prove aught else but dear and holy
To me, who from thy lakes and mountain-hills,
Thy clouds, thy quiet dales, thy rocks and seas,
Have drunk in all my intellectual life,
All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts,
All adoration of the God in nature,
All lovely and all honorable things,
Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel
The joy and greatness of its future being?
There lives no form not feeling in my soul
Unborrow'd from my country. O divine
And beauteous island! thou hast been my sole
And most magnificent temple, in the which
I walk with awe, and sing my stately songs,
Loving the God that made me!

May my fears,
My filial fears, be vain! and may the vaunts
And menace of the vengeful enemy
Pass like the gust, that roar'd and died away
In the distant tree: which heard, and only heard
In this low dell, bow'd not the delicate grass.

But now the gentle dew-fall sends abroad
The fruit-like perfume of the golden furze:
The light has left the summit of the hill,
Though still a sunny gleam lies beautiful,
Aslant the ivied beacon. Now farewell,
Farewell, awhile, O soft and silent spot!
On the green sheep-track, up the heathy hill,
Homeward I wind my way; and lo! recall'd
From bodings that have well-nigh wearied me,
I find myself upon the brow, and pause
Startled! And after lonely sojourning
In such a quiet and surrounding nook,
This burst of prospect, here the shadowy main,
Dim-tinted, there the mighty majesty
Of that huge amphitheatre of rich
And elmly fields, seems like society—
Conversing with the mind, and giving it
A livelier impulse and a dance of thought!
And now, beloved Stowey! I behold
Thy church-tower, and, methinks, the four huge elms
Clustering, which mark the mansion of my friend,  
And close behind them, hidden from my view,  
is my own lowly cottage, where my babe  
And my babe's mother dwell in peace! With light  
And quicken'd footsteps thitherward I tend,  
Remembering thee. O green and silent dell!  
And grateful, that, by nature's quietness  
And solitary musings, all my heart  
is soft'en'd, and made worthy to indulge  
Love, and the thoughts that yearn for human-kind.  

Nether Stowey, April 28th, 1798.

FIRE, FAMINE, AND SLAUGHTER.  
A WAR ECLOGUE.  
WITH AN APOLOGETIC PREFACE.  

The Scene a desolated Tract in La Vendée. FAMINE  
is discovered lying on the ground; to enter FIRE  
and SLAUGHTER.

FAMINE.  
SISTERS! sisters! who sent you here?  

SLAUGHTER (to FIRE).  
I will whisper it in her ear.

FIRE.  
No! no! no!  
Spirits hear what spirits tell:  
'Twill make a holiday in Hell.  
No! no! no!  
Myself, I named him once below,  
And all the souls, that damned be,  
Leapt up at once in anarchy,  
Clapped their hands and danced for glee.  
The: ... no longer heeded me;  
But laugh'd to hear Hell's burning rafters  
Unwillingly re-echo laughters!  
No! no! no!  
Spirits hear what spirits tell!  
'Twill make a holiday in Hell!

FAMINE.  
Whisper it, sister! so and so!  
In a dark hint; soft and slow.

SLAUGHTER.  
Letters four do form his name—  
And who sent you?  

BOTH.  
The same! the same!  

SLAUGHTER.  
He came by stealth, and unlock'd my den,  
And I have drunk the blood since then  
Of thrice three hundred thousand men.

BOTH.  
Who bade you do it?  

SLAUGHTER.  
The same! the same!

Letters four do form his name.  
He let me loose, and cried Halloo!  
To him alone the praise is due.

FAMINE.  
Thanks, sister, thanks! the men have bled,  
Their wives and their children faint for bread.  
I stood in a swampy field of battle;  
With bones and sculls I made a rattle,  
To frighten the wolf and carrion crow,  
And the homeless dog—but they would not go.  
So off I flew; for how could I bear  
To see them gorge their dainty fare!  
I heard a groan and a peevish squall,  
And through the chink of a cottage-wall—  
Can you guess what I saw there?

BOTH.  
Who bade you do't?

FAMINE.  
The same! the same!  
Letters four do form his name.  
He let me loose, and cried Halloo!  
To him alone the praise is due.

FIRE.  
Sisters! I from Ireland came!  
Hedge and corn-fields all on flame,  
I triumph'd o'er the setting sun!  
And all the while the work was done  
On as I strode with my huge strides,  
I flung back my head and I held my sides,  
It was so rare a piece of fun  
To see the swelter'd cattle run  
With uncouth gallop through the night,  
Scared by the red and noisy light!  
By the light of his own blazing cot  
Was many a naked rebel shot:  
The house-stream met the flame and hiss'd,  
While crash! fell in the roof, I wist,  
On some of those old bedrid nurses,  
That deal in discontent and curses.

BOTH.  
Who bade you do't?

FIRE.  
The same! the same!  
Letters four do form his name.  
He let me loose, and cried Halloo!  
To him alone the praise is due.

ALL.  
He let us loose, and cried Halloo!  
How shall we yield him honor due?

FAMINE.  
Wisdom comes with lack of food,  
I'll gnaw, I'll gnaw the multitude,
Till the cup of rage o'erbrim:
They shall seize him and his brood—

SLAUGHTER.
They shall tear him limb from limb!

FIRE.
O thankless beldames and untrue!
And is this all that you can do
For him who did so much for you?
Nine-and-twenty times he, by my troth!
Lath richly cater'd for you both;
And in an hour would you repay
An eight years' work?—Away! away!
alone am faithful! I
Xing to him everlastingly.

1796.

RECANTATION

*Illustrated in the Story of the Mad Ox.*

An Ox, long fed with musty hay,
And work'd with yoke and chain,
Was turn'd out on an April day,
When fields are in their best array,
And growing grasses sparkle gay,
At once with sun and rain.

The grass was fine, the sun was bright,
With truth I may aver it;
The Ox was glad, as well he might,
Thought a green meadow no bad sight,
And frisk'd to show his huge delight,
Much like a beast of spirit.

"Stop, neighbors! stop! why these alarms?
The Ox is only glad."
But still they pour from cots and farms—
Halloo! the parish is up in arms
(At hoasting hunt has always charms),
Halloo! the Ox is mad.

The frightened beast scamper'd about,
Plunge! through the hedge he drove—
The mob pursue with hideous rout,
A bull-dog fastens on his snout,
He gores the dog, his tongue hangs out—
He's mad, he's mad, by Jove!

"Stop, neighbors, stop!" aloud did call
A sage of sober hue,
But all at once on him they fall,
And women squeak and children squall,
"What! would you have him toss us all?
And dawme who are you?"

Ah, hapless sage! his ears they stung,
And curse him o'er and o'er—
"You bloody-minded dog!" (cries one,)  
To slit your windpipe were good fun—
"O'd bly—you for an impious* son!
Of a Presbyterian w—re!"

* One of the many few words which the most uneducated
ad about this time a constant opportunity of acquiring from
sermons in the pulpit, and the proclamations on the
banners.

"You'd have him gore the parish-priest,
And run against the altars—
You Fiend!"—The sage his warnings ceased,
And North, and South, and West, and East;
Hallow! they follow the poor beast,
Mat, Dick, Tom, Bob, and Walter.

Old Lewis, 't was his evil day,
Stood trembling in his shoes;
The Ox was his—what could he say?
His legs were stiffen'd with dismay,
The Ox ran o'er him 'mid the fray,
And gave him his death's bruise.

The frightened beast ran on—but here,
The Gospel scarce more true is—
My muse stops short in mid-career—
Nay! gentle reader! do not sneer,
I cannot choose but drop a tear,
A tear for good old Lewis.

The frightened beast ran through the town,
All fellow'd, boy and dad,
Bull-dog, Parson, Showman, Clown,
The Publicans rush'd from the Crown,
"Halloo! hamstring him! cut him down!"

They drove the poor Ox mad.

Should you a rat to madness tease,
Why even a rat might plague you:
There's no philosopher but sees
That rage and fear are one disease—
Though that may burn and this may freeze
They're both alike the ague.

And so this Ox, in frantic mood,
Faced round like any Bull—
The mob turn'd tail, and he pursued,
Till they with fright and fear were stew'd,
And not a chick of all this brood
But had his belly-full.

Old Nick's astride the beast, 'tis clear—
Old Nicholas to a tittle!
But all agree he'd disappear,
Would but the parson venture near,
And through his teeth, right o'er the steer
Squirt out some fasting-spite.†

Achilles was a warrior fleet,
The Trojans he could worry—
Our parson too was swift of feet,
But show'd it chiefly in retreat!
The victor Ox scour'd down the street,
The mob fled hurry-skurry.

Through gardens, lanes, and fields new-plow'd,
Through his hedge and through her hedge,
He plunged and toss'd, and bellow'd loud,
Till in his madness he grew proud
To see this helter-skelter crowd
That had more wrath than courage.

† According to the superstition of the West Countries, if you
meet the Devil, you may either cut him in half with a straw, or
you may cause him instantly to disappear by spitting over his
horns.
Alas! to mend the breaches wide
He made for these poor ninnies,
They all must work, whate'er betide,
Both days and months, and pay beside
(Sad news for Avarice—And for Pride)
A sight of golden guineas.

But here once more to view did pop
The man that kept his senses.
And now he cries—"Stop, neighbors! stop!
The Ox is mad! I would not swap.
No, not a school-boy's farthing top
For all the parish fences.

"The Ox is mad! Ho! Dick, Bob, Mat!
What means this coward fuss!
Ho! Stretch this rope across the plat—
'Twill trip him up—or if not that,
Why, damme! we must lay him flat—
See, here's my blunderbus!"

"A lying dog! just now he said,
The Ox was only glad,
Let's break his Presbyterian head!"—
"Hush!" quoth the sage, "you've been misled,
No quarrel now—let's all make head—
You drove the poor Ox mad!"

As thus I sat in careless chat,
With the morning's wet newspaper,
In eager haste, without his hat,
As blind and blundering as a bat,
In came that fierce aristocrat,
Our purdy woollen draper.

And so my Muse perforce drew bit,
And in he rush'd and panted—
"Well, have you heard?"—"No! not a whit."
"What! hasn't you heard?"—"Come, out with it!"
"That Tierney votes for Mister Pitt,
And Sheridan's recanted."

II. LOVE POEMS.

Quas humilis tenero styes olim effudit in two.
Perlegis hic lacrymas, et quod phaneratus acuta
Ille puero fecit mili cupide vulnus,
Omnia paullustim consumit longior atas.
Vivendique simul moritur, ragnosque manendo.
Iape mihi collatus est in non ille ludor:
Frons alia est, moruesque nilii, nova mentis imago,
Voxque ait solat—
Pecore nunc gelide cadit muscorum amantes,
Jamoque aranea pudet. Veteres tranquilla tumultus
Mens horret relegansque alium putat ista locumten.

Petrarch.

INTRODUCTION TO THE TALE OF THE DARK LADIE.

The following Poem is intended as the introduction to a somewhat longer one. The use of the old Ballad word Ladie for Lady, is the only piece of obsolete ness in it; and as it is professedly a tale of ancient times, I trust that the affectionate lovers of venerable antiquity [as Camden says] will grant me their pardon, and perhaps may be induced to admit a force and propriety in it. A heavier objection may be adduced against the author, that in those times of fear and expectation, when novelties explode around us in all directions, he should presume to offer to the public a silly tale of old-fashioned love.

But five years ago, I own I should have allowed and felt the force of this objection. But, alas! explosion has succeeded explosion so rapidly, that novelty itself seems to appear new; and it is possible that now even a simple story, wholly uninspired with politics or personality, may find some attention amid the hubbub of revolutions, as to those who have remained a long time by the falls of Niagara, the lowest whispering becomes distinct and audible.

S. T. C.

Dec. 21, 1799.

O leave the lily on its stem;
O leave the rose upon the spray;
O leave the elder bloom, fair maids!
And listen to my lay.

A cypress and a myrtle-bough
This morn around my harp you twined
Because it fashion'd mournfully
Its murmurs in the wind.

And now a Tale of Love and Woe,
A woful Tale of Love I sing;
Hark, gentle maidens, hark! it sighs
And trembles on the string.

But most, my own dear Genevieve,
It sighs and trembles most for thee!
O come, and hear what cruel, wrongs
Betfell the Dark Ladie.

Few Sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve!
She loves me best, whence'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stir this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oh! ever in my waking dreams,
I dwell upon that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I file,
Beside the ruin'd tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve,
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She lean'd against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight,
She stood and listen'd to my harp,
Amid the ling'ring light.

I play'd a sad and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that fitted well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a fitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And how for ten long years he woe'd
The Ladie of the Land.
I told her bow she pined; and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleasing tone
With which I sung another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listen'd with a slitting blush;
With downcast eyes, and modest grace;
And she forgive me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed this bold and lonely Knight,
And how he roam'd the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day or night;

And how he cross'd the woodman's paths,
Through briars and swampy mosses beat;
How boughs rebounding scoured his limbs,
And low stubs gored his feet;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade;

There came and look'd him in the face
An Angel beautiful and bright;
And bow knew it was a Fiend,
This miserable Knight!

And how, unknowing what he did,
He leapt amid a lawless band
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Ladie of the Land!

And how she wept, and claspg'd his knees;
And how she tended him in vain—
And meekly strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain:

And how she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay;

His dying words—but when I reach'd
That tend'rest strain of all the ditty,
My fal-'ring voice and pausing harp
Disturb'd her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrill'd my guiltless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blush'd with love and maiden-shame;
And, like the murmurs of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

I saw her bosom heave and swell,
Heave and swell with inward sighs—
I could not choose but love to see
Her gentle bosom rise.

Her wet cheek glow'd: she stepst aside,
As conscious of my look she steppt'd;
Then suddenly, with tim'rous eye,
She flew to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms,
She press'd me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, look'd up,
And gazed upon my face.

'T was partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 't was a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride.

And now once more a tale of woe,
A woeful tale of love I sing:
For thee, my Genevieve! 't sighs,
And trembles on the string.

When last I sang the cruel scorn
That crazed this bold and lonely Knight,
And how he roam'd the mountain-woods
Nor rested day or night;

I promised thee a sister tale
Of man's perfidious crueltv:
Come, then, and hear what cruel wrong
Befell the Dark Ladie.

LEWITI, OR THE CIRCASSIAN
LOVE-CHAUNTED.

At midnight by the stream I roved,
To forget the form I loved.
Image of Lewit! from my mind
Depart; for Lewit is not kind.

The moon was high, the moonlight gleam
And the shadow of a star
Heaved upon Tamaha's stream;
But the rock shone brighter far,
The rock half-shelter'd from my view
By pendent boughs of tressy yew—
So shines my Lewit's forehead fair,
Gleaming through her sable hair.
Image of Lewit! from my mind
Depart; for Lewit is not kind.

I saw a cloud of palest hue,
Onward to the moon it pass'd;
Still brighter and more bright it grew
With floating colors not a few.
Till it reach'd the moon at last:
Then the cloud was wholly bright
With a rich and amber light!
And so with many a hope I seek
And with such joy I find my Lewit:
And even so my pale wan cheek
Drinks in as deep a flush of beauty!
Nay, treacherous image! leave my mind,
If Lewit never will be kind.
The little cloud—it floats away,
Away it goes; away so soon?
Alas! it has no power to stay:
Its hues are dim, its hues are gray—
Away it passes from the moon!
How mournfully it seems to fly,
Ever fading more and more,
To joyless regions of the sky—
And now 'tis whiter than before!
As white as my poor cheek will be,
When, Lewti! on my couch I lie,
A dying man for love of thee.
Nay, treacherous image! leave my mind—
And yet thou didst not look unkind.

I saw a vapor in the sky,
Thin, and white, and very high;
I ne'er beheld so thin a cloud;
Perhaps the breezes that can fly
Now below and now above,
Have snatch'd aloft the lawny shroud
Of Lady fair—that died for love.
For maids, as well as youths, have perish'd
From fruitless love too fondly cherish'd.
Nay, treacherous image! leave my mind—
For Lewti never will be kind.

Hush! my headless feet from under
Slip the crumbling banks for ever:
Like echoes to a distant thunder,
They plunge into the gentle river.
The river-swans have heard my tread,
And startle from their reedy bed.
O beauteous Birds! methinks ye measure
Your movements to some heavenly tune!
O beauteous Birds! 't is such a pleasure
To see you move beneath the moon,
I would it were your true delight
To sleep by day and wake all night.

I know the place where Lewti lies,
Where all the night has closed her eyes:
It is a breezy jasmine-bower,
The nightingale sings o'er her head:
Voice of the Night! had I the power
That leafy labyrinth, to thread,
And creep, like thee, with soundless tread,
I then might view her bosom white
Heaving lovely to my sight,
As these two swans together heave
On the gently swelling wave.

Oh! that she saw me in a dream,
And dreamt that I had died for care;
All pale and wasted I would seem,
Yet fair withal, as spirits are!
I'd die indeed, if I might see
Her bosom heave, and heave for me!
Soothe, gentle image! soothe my mind!
To-morrow Lewti may be kind.

1795.

THE PICTURE, OR THE LOVER'S RESOLUTION.

Through weeds and thorns, and matted underwood
I force my way; now climb, and now descend

O'er rocks, or bare or mossy, with wild foot
Crushing the purple whorls; while oft unseen,
Hurrying along the drifted forest-leaves,
The scared snake rushes. Onward still I toil,
I know not, ask not whither! A new joy,
Lovely as light, sudden as summer gust,
And gladsome as the first-born of the spring,
Beckons me on, or follows from behind,
Playmate, or guide! The master-passion quell'd,
I feel that I am free. With dun-red bark
The fir-trees, and the unfrequent slender oak,
Forth from this tangle wild of bush and brake
Soar up, and form a melancholy vault
High o'er me, murmuring like a distant sea.

Here Wisdom might resort, and here Remorse;
Here too the lovelorn man who, sick in soul,
And of this busy human heart awearry,
Worships the spirit of unconscious life
In tree or wild-flower.—Gentle Lunatic!
If so he might not wholly cease to be,
He would far rather not be that, he is;
But would be something, that he knows not of,
In winds or waters, or among the rocks!

But hence, fond wretch! breathe not conta here!
No myrtle-walks are these: these are no groves
Where Love dare loiter! If in sullen mood
He, should stray hither, the low stumps shall go
His dainty feet, the brier and the thorn
Make his plumes haggard. Like a wounded bit
Easily caught, ensnare him, O ye Nymphs,
Ye Oreads chaste, ye dusky Dryadies!
And you, ye Earth-winds! you that make at m
The dew-drops quiver on the spiders' webs!
You, O ye wingless Airs! that creep between
The rigid stems of heath and bitten furze,
Within whose scanty shade, at summer-noon,
The mother-sheep hath worn a hollow bed—
Yet, that now cool has fleece with dropless dam
Now pant and murmur with her feeding lamb.
Chase, chase him, all ye Fays, and elfin Gnomes
With prickles sharper than his darts bemock
His little Godship, making him perforse
Creech through a thorn-bush on you hedgehog's I

This is my hour of triumph! I can now
With my own fancies play the merry fool,
And laugh away worse folly, being free.
Here will I seat myself, beside this old,
Hollow, or weedy oak, which ivy-twine
Clothes as with net-work: here will I could
Lims, Close by this river, in this silent shade,
As safe and sacred from the step of man
As an invisible world—unheard, unseen,
And list'ning only to the pebbly brook
That murmurs with a dead, yet tinkling sound
Or to the bees, that in the neighboring trunk
Make honey-hoards. The breeze, that visits m
Was never Love's accomplice, never raised
The tendril ringlets from the maiden's brow,
And the blue, delicate veins above her cheek; 
Ne'er play'd the wanton—never half-disclosed
The maiden's snowy bosom, scattering thence
Eye-poisons for some love-dissembler'd youth,
Who ne'er henceforth may see an aspen-grove

40
hiver in sunshine, but his feeble heart
half flow away like a dissolving thing.

Sweet breeze! thou only, if I guess aright,
liest the feathers of the robin's breast,
hat swells its little breast, so full of song,
aging above man, on the mountain-sit.
no thou, too, desert Stream! no pool of thine,
ough clear as lake in latest summer eve,
c e'er reflect the stately virgin's robe,
he, the form divine, the downcast look
omplacent! Behold! her open palm
resses her cheek and brow! her elbow rests
 the bare branch of half-grown tree,
that leans towards its mirror! Who erewhile
ad from her countenance turn'd, or look'd by
stealth
'
'or fear is true love's cruel nurse), he now
now sheath gay and unoffending eye,
'orships the watery idol, dreaming hopen
elusive to the soul, but fleeting, vain,
'en as that phantom-world on which he gazed,
at not unheeded gazed: for see, ah! see,
h sportive tyrant with her left hand plucks
heads of tall flowers that behind her grow,
chins, and willow-herb, and fox-glove bells:
an suddenly, as one that toys with time,
aters them on the pool! Then all the charm
broken—all that phantom-world so fair'
mishes, and a thousand circles spread,
ad each misshapes the other. Stay awhile,
'sor youth, who scarcely darest lift up thine eyes!
stream will soon renew its smoothness, soon
ere visions will return! And lo! he stays;
and soon the fragments dim of lovely forms
me trembling back, unite, and now once more
he pool becomes a mirror; and behold
ch wild-flower on the marge inverted there,
and there the half-uprooted tree— but where,
where the virgin's snowy arm, that lean'd
its bare branch! He turns, and she is gone!
henward she steals through many a woodland
maze
which he shall seek in vain. Ill-fated youth!
ay day by day, and waste thy manly prime
mad love-yearning by the vacant brook;
'llick thoughts bewitch thine eyes, and thou
hold at her shadow still abiding there,
Nuiad of the Mirror!

Not to thee,
wild and desert Stream! belongs this tale:
omy and dark art thou—the crowned firs
are from thy shores, and stretch across thy bed,
making thee doleful as a cavern-Well:
ve when the shy king-fishers build their nest
thy steep banks, no loves hast thou, wild stream!

This be my chosen haunt—emancipate
on passion's dreams, a Freeman, and alone,
ise and trace its devious course. O lead,
add me to deeper shades and lonelier glooms.
! stealing through the canopy of firs,
low fair the sunshine spots that mossy rock,
de the river, whose disparted waves
of asunder with an angry sound,
low soon to reunite! And see! they meet,
tich in the other lost and found: and see

Placeless, as spirits, one soft water-sun
Throbbing within them, Heart at once and Eye!
With its soft neighborhood of filmy clouds,
The stains and shadings of forgotten tears,
Dimness o'erwom with lustre! Such the hour
Of deep enjoyment, following love's brief fends,
And hark, the noise of a near waterfall!
I pass forth into light—I find myself
Beneath a weeping birch (most beautiful
Of forest-trees, the Lady of the woods),
Hard by the brink of a tall weedy rock
That overbrows the cataract. How bursts
The landscape on my sight! Two crescent hills
Fold in behind each other, and so make
A circular vale, and land-lock'd, as might seem,
With brook and bridge, and gray stone cottages,
Half hid by rocks and fruit-trees. At my feet,
The whorle-berries are bedewed with spray,
Dash'd upwards by the furious waterfall.
How solemnly the pendant ivy mass
Swings in its winnow: all the air is calm.
The smoke from cottage-chimneys, tinged with
light,
Rises in columns; from this house alone,
Close by the waterfall, the column slants,
And feels its ceaseless breeze. But what is this?
That cottage, with its slanting chimney-smoke,
And close beside its porch a sleeping child,
His dear head pillow'd on a sleeping dog—
One arm between its fore-legs, and the hand
Holds loosely its small handful of wild-flowers,
Unfilleted, and of unequal lengths:
A curious picture, with a master's haste
Sketch'd on a strip of pinky-silver skin,
Peel'd from the birchen bark! Divinest maid!
You bask her canvas, and these purple berries
Her pencil! See, the juice is scarcely dried
On the fine skin! She has been newly here;
And lo! you patch of heath has been her couch—
The pressure still remains! O blessed couch!
For this mayst thou flower early, and the Sun,
Slanting at eve, rest bright, and linger long
Upon thy purple bells! O Isabel!
Daughter of genius! stateliest of our maids!
More beautiful than whom Alceus woed,
The Lesbian woman of immortal song!
O child of genius! stately, beautiful,
And full of love to all, save only me,
And not ungentle e'en to me! My heart,
Why beats it thus? Through yonder coppice-wood
Needs must the pathway turn, that leads straightway
On to her father's house. She is alone!
The night draws on—such ways are hard to hit—
And fit it is I should restore this sketch,
Dropt unwitting, no doubt. Why should I yearn
To keep the relic? 't will but idly feed
The passion that consumes me. Let me haste!
The picture in my hand which she has left,
She cannot blame me that I follow'd her;
And I may be her guide the long wood through

THE NIGHT-SCENE.

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

SANDOVAL.

You loved the daughter of Don Manrique! 41
COLERIDGE'S POETICAL WORKS.

EARL HENRY.

Loved?

SANDOVAL.

Did you not say you wo'd her?

EARL HENRY.

Once I loved

SANDOVAL.

And wo'd, perchance,

One whom you loved not!

EARL HENRY.

Oh! I were most base,

Not loving Oropeza. True, I wo'd her,

Hoping to heal a deeper wound; but she

Met my advances with impassion'd pride,

That kindled love with love. And when her sire,

Who in his dream of hope already grasp'd

The golden circlet in his hand, rejected

My suit with insult, and in memory

Of ancient feuds pour'd curses on my head,

Her blessings overtook and baffled them!

But thou art stern, and with unkindly countenance

Art inly reasoning whilst thou listenest to me.

SANCOVAL.

Anxiously, Henry! reasoning anxiously.

But Oropeza—

EARL HENRY.

Blessings gather round her!

Within this wood there winds a secret passage,

Beneath the walls, which opens out at length

Into the gloomiest covert of the garden—

The night ere my departure to the army,

She, nothing trembling, led me through that gloom,

And to that covert by a silent stream,

Which, with one star reflected near its marge,

Was the sole object visible around me.

No leaflet stirr'd; the air was almost sultry;

So deep, so dark, so close, the umbrage o'er us!

No leaflet stirr'd;—yet pleasure hung upon

The gloom and stillness of the balmy night-air.

A little further on an arbor stood,

Fragrant with flowering trees—I well remember

What an uncertain glimmer in the darkness

Their snow-white blossoms made—thither she led me.

To that sweet bower! Then Oropeza trembled—

I heard her heart beat—if 't were not my own.

SANCOVAL.

A rude and scaring note, my friend!

EARL HENRY.

Oh! no!

I have small memory of aught but pleasure.

The inquietudes of fear, like lesser streams

Still flowing, still were lost in those of love:

So love grew mightier from the fear, and Nature,

Fleeing from Pain, shelter'd herself in Joy.

The stars above our heads were dim and steady,

Like eyes suffused with rapture. Life was in us;

We were all life, each atom of our frames.

A living soul—I vow'd to die for her;

With the faint voice of one who, having spoken,

Relapses into blessedness, I vow'd it:

The solemn vow, a whisper scarcely heard,

A murmur breathed against a lady's ear.

Oh! there is joy above the name of pleasure,

Deep self-possession, an intense repose.

SANCOVAL (with a sarcastic smile).

No other than as eastern sages paint.

The God, who floats upon a lotos leaf,

Dreams for a thousand ages; then awaking,

Creates a world, and smiling at the bubble,

Relapses into bliss.

EARL HENRY.

Ah! was that bliss

Fear'd as an alien, and too vast for man?

For suddenly, impatient of its silence,

Did Oropeza, starting, grasp my forehead?

I caught her arms; the veins were swelling on the

Through the darklower she sent a hollow voice

Oh! what if all betray me? what if thou?

I swore, and with an inward thought that seem'd

The purpose and the substance of my being,

I swore to her, that were she red with guilt,

I would exchange my unblench'd state with hers.

Friend! by that winding passage, to that bower

I now will go—all objects there will teach me

Unwavering love, and singleness of heart.

Go, Sandoval! I am prepared to meet her—

Say nothing of me—I myself will seek her—

Nay, leave me, friend! I cannot bear the tomen

And keen inquiry of that scanning eye—

[EARL HENRY RETURES INTO THE WOOD.}

SANCOVAL (alone).

O Henry! always strivest thou to be great

By thine own act,—yet art thou never great

But by the inspiration of great passion.

The whirl-blast comes, the desert-sands rise up

And shape themselves: from Earth to Heaven stand,

As though they were the pillars of a temple,

Built by Omnipotence in its own honor!

But the blast pauses, and their shaping spirit

Is fled: the mighty columns were but sand,

And lazy snakes trail o'er the level ruins!

TO AN UNFORTUNATE WOMAN,

WHOM THE AUTHOR HAD KNOWN IN THE DAYS OF HER INNOCENCE.

MYRTLE-LEAF that, ill bespied,

Finest in the gladsome ray,

Soil'd beneath the common tread,

Far from thy protecting spray!

When the Partridge o'er the sheaf

Whirr'd along the yellow vale,

Sad I saw thee, heedless leaf!

Love the dalliance of the gale.

Lightly didst thou, foolish thing!

Heave and flutter to his signs,

While the flatterer, on his wing,

Woo'd and whisper'd thee to rise.
Gaily from thy mother-stalk
Wert thou danced and wafted high—
Soon on this unshelter'd walk
Flung to fade, to rot and die.

O give me, from this heartless scene released,
To hear our old musician, blind and gray
(Whom stretching from my nurse's arms I kiss'd),
His Scottish tunes and warlike marches play
By moonshine, on the balmy summer-night,
The while I dance amid the tedded hay
With merry maid's, whose ringlet cast in light

Or lies the purple evening on the bay
Of the calm glossy lake, O let me hide
Unheard, unseen, behind the alder-trees
For round their roots the fisher's boat is tied,
On whose trim seat doth Edmund stretch at ease,
And while the lazy boat sways to and fro,
Breathes in his flute sad airs, so wild and slow,
That his own cheek is wet with quiet tears.

But O, dear Anne! when midnight wind careers,
And the gust pelting on the out-house shed
Makes the cock shrilly on the rain-storm crow,
To hear thee sing some ballad full of woe,
Ballad of shipwreck'd sailor floating dead,
Whom his own true-love buried in the sands!
Thee, gentle woman, for thy voice remeasures
Whatever tones and melancholy pleasures
The things of Nature utter; birds or trees,
Or noon of ocean-gale in weedy caves,
Or where the stiff grass 'mid the heath-plant waves,
Murmur and music thin of sudden breeze.

THE KEEPSAKE.

The tedded hay, the first fruits of the soil,
The tedded hay and corn-sheaves in one field,
Show summer gone, ere come—The foxglove tall
Sheds its loose purple bells, or in the gust,
Or when it bends beneath the up-springing lark,
Or mountain-finch alighting. And the rose
(In vain the darling of successful love)
Stands, like some boasted beauty of past years,
The thorns remaining, and the flowers all gone.
Nor can I find, amid my lonely walk
By rivulet, or spring, or wet road-side,
That blue and bright-eyed floweret of the brook,
Hope's gentle gem, the sweet Forget-me-not!* 
So will not fade the flowers which Emmeline
With delicate fingers on the snow-white silk
Has work'd (the flowers which most she knew I loved),
And, more beloved than they, her auburn hair.

In the cool morning twilight, early waked
By her full bosom's joyous restlessness,
Softly she rose, and lightly stole along,
Down the slope coppice to the woodbine bower,
Whose rich flowers, swinging in the morning breeze,
Over their dim fast-moving shadows hung,
Making a quiet image of disquiet
In the smooth, scarcely moving river-pool.
There, in that bower where first she own'd her love
And let me kiss my own warm tear of joy
From off her glowing cheek, she sate and stretch'd

* One of the names (and merititg to be the only one) of the
* Mysotis Scorpioides Palustris, a flower from six to twelve inches high, with blue blossom and bright yellow eye. It has
* the same name over the whole Empire of Germany (Vorgränze nicti) and, we believe, in Denmark and Sweden.
The silk upon the frame, and work'd her name
Between the Moss-Rose and Forget-me-not—
Her own dear name, with her own auburn hair!
That forced to wander till sweet spring return,
I yet might ne'er forget her smile, her look,
Her voice (that even in her mirthful mood
Has made me wish to steal away and weep,
Nor yet the entrancement of that maiden kiss
With which she promised, that when spring return'd,
She would resign one half—of that dear name,
And own thenceforth no other name but mine!

TO A LADY.
WITH FALCONER'S "SHIPWRECK."

Ah! not by Cam or Isis, famous streams,
In arched groves, the youthful poet's choice;
Nor while half-listening, 'mid delicious dreams,
To harp and song from lady's hand and voice;
Nor yet while gazing in sublimer mood
On cliff, or cataract, in Alpine dell;
Nor in dim cauve with bladdery sea-weed strewn,
Framing wild fancies to the ocean's swell;
Our sea-bard sang this song! which still he sings,
And sings for thee, sweet friend! Hawk, Pity, hark!
Now mounts, now totters on the Tempest's wings,
Now groans, and shivers, the replunging Bark!

"Cling to the shrouds!" In vain! The breakers roar—
Death shrieks! With two alone of all his clan
Forlorn the poet paced the Grecian shore,
No classic roamers, but a shipwreck'd man!
Say then, what muse inspired these genial strains,
And lift his spirit to so bright a flame!
The elevating thought of suffer'd pains,
Which gentle hearts shall mourn; but chief, the name
Of Gratitude! Remembrances of Friend,
Or absent or no more! Shades of the Past,
Which Love makes Substance! Hence to thee I send,
'O dear as long as life and memory last!
I send with deep regards of heart and head,
Sweet maid, for friendship form'd! this work to thee:
And thou, the while thou canst not choose but shed
A tear for Falconer, wilt remember me.

TO A YOUNG LADY.
ON HER RECOVERY FROM A FEVER.

Way need I say, Louisa dear!
How glad I am to see you here
A lovely convalescent;
Risen from the bed of pain and fear,
And fev'ish heat incessant.
The sunny Showers, the dappled Sky,
The little Birds that warble high,
Their vernal loves commencing,
Will better welcome you than I
With their sweet influencing.
Believe me, while in bed you lay,
Your danger taught us all to pray:
You made us grow devouter!
Each eye look'd up, and seem'd to say
How can we do without her?
Besides, what vex'd us worse, we knew.
They have no need of such as you
In the place where you were going;
This World has angels all too few,
And Heaven is overflowing!

SOMETHING CHILDKSH, BUT VERY NATURAL.
WRITTEN IN GERMANY.

If I had but two little wings,
And were a little scathemy bird,
To you I'd fly, my dear!
But thoughts like these are idle things,
And I stay here.
But in my sleep to you I fly:
'I'm always with you in my sleep!
The world is all one's own.
But then one wakes, and where am I?
All, all alone.
Sleep stays not, though a monarch bids:
So I love to wake ere break of day:
For though my sleep be gone,
Yet, while 'tis dark, one shuts one's lids,
And still dreams on.

HOME-SICK.
WRITTEN IN GERMANY.

'Tis sweet to him, who all the week
Through city-crowds must push his way,
To stroll alone through fields and woods,
And hallow thus the Sabbath-Day
And sweet it is, in summer bower,
Sincere, affectionate, and gay,
One's own dear children feasting round.
To celebrate one's marriage-day.
But what is all, to his delight,
Who having long been doom'd to roam,
Threw off the bundle from his back,
Before the door of his own home?
Home-sickness is a wasting pang;
This feel I hourly more and more:
There's Healing only in thy wings,
Thou Breeze that playest on Albion's shore

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Do you ask what the birds say? The Sparrow, the Dove,
The Linnet and Thrush, say, "I love and I love
In the winter they're silent—the wind is so strow.
What it says, I don't know, but it sings a loud song
But green lentils, and blossoms, and sunny w-
weather,
And singing, and loving—all come back togethe
THE VISIONARY HOPE.

Sad lot, to have no Hope! Though lowly kneeling
He fain would frame a prayer within his breast,
Would fain entreat for some sweet breath of healing,
That his sick body might have ease and rest;
He strove in vain! the dull sighs from his chest
Against his will the stifling load revealing,
Though Nature forced; though like some captive guest,
Some royal prisoner at his conqueror's feast,
An alien's restless mood but half concealing,
The sternness on his gentle brow confess'd,
Sickness within and miserable feeling:
Though obscure pangs made curses of his dreams,
And dread each sleep, each night repell'd in vain.
Each night was scatter'd by its own loud screams,
Yet never could his heart command, though fain,
One deep full wish to be no more in pain.

That Hope, which was his inward bliss and boast,
Which waned and died, yet ever near—him stood,
Though changed in nature, wander where he would—
For Love's Despair is but Hope's pining Ghost!
For this one Hope he makes his hourly moan,
He wishes and can wish for this alone!
Pierced, as with light from Heaven, before its gleams
(Oh, the love-stricken visionary deams)
Disease would vanish, like a summer shower,
Whose dews fling sunshine from the noon-tide bower!
Or let it stay! yet this one Hope should give
Such strength that he would bless his pains and live.

THE HAPPY HUSBAND.

A FRAGMENT.

Oft, oft methinks, the while with Thee
I breathe, as from the heart, thy dear
And dedicated name, I hear
A promise and a mystery,
A pledge of more than passing life,
Yea, in that very name of Wife!
A pulse of love, that ne'er can sleep!
A feeling that upbruits the heart
With happiness beyond desert,
That gladness half requests to weep;
Nor bless I not the keener sense
And unalarming turbulence
Of transient joys, that ask no sing,
From jealous fear, or coy denying;
But born beneath Love's brooding wing,
And into tenderness soon dying,
Wheel out their giddy moment, then
Resign the soul to love again.

A more precipitated vein
Of notes, that eddy in the flow
Of smoothest song, they come, they go,
And leave the sweeter under-strain

ON REVISITING THE SEA-SHORE, AFTER LONG ABSENCE.

God be with thee, gladsome Ocean!
How gladly greet I thee once more!
Ships and waves, and ceaseless motion,
And men rejoicing on thy shore.

Dissuading spake the mild Physician,
"Those briny waves for thee are Death!"
But my soul fulfill'd her mission,
And lo! I breathe untroubled breath!

Fashion's pining sons and daughters,
That seek the crowd they seem to fly,
Trembling they approach thy waters;
And what cares Nature, if they die?

Me a thousand hopes and pleasures,
A thousand recollections bland,
Thoughts sublime, and stately measures
Revisit on thy echoing strand.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LOVE.

How warm this woodland wild Recess!
Love surely hath been breathing here,
And this sweet bed of health, my dear!
Swells up, then sinks, with faint caresses,
As if to have you yet more near.

Eight springs have flown, since last I lay
On seaward Quantock's heathy hills,
Where quiet sounds from hidden rills
Float here and there, like things astray,
And high o'erhead the sky-lark shrills

No voice as yet had made the air
Be music with your name; yet why
That asking look! that yearning sigh?
That sense of promise everywhere—
Beloved! flew your spirit by?

As when a mother doth explore
The rose-mark on her long-lost child
I met, I loved you, maiden mild!
As whom I long had loved before—
So deeply, had I been beguiled.

You stood before me like a thought,
A dream remember'd in a dream.
But when those meek eyes first did seem
To tell me, Love within you wrought—
O Greta, dear domestic stream!

Has not, since then, Love's prompture deep,
Has not Love's whisper evermore,
Been ceaseless, as thy gentle roar?
Sole voice, when other voices sleep,
Dear under-song in Clamor's hour.

SIBYLLINE LEAVES.

But the Lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings; and for ever sings he—
"I love my Love, and my Love loves me!"

Its own sweet self—a love of Thee
That seems, yet cannot greater be!

Under strong medical recommendation not to bathe.

God be with thee, gladsome Ocean!
How gladly greet I thee once more!
Ships and waves, and ceaseless motion,
And men rejoicing on thy shore.

Dissuading spake the mild Physician,
"Those briny waves for thee are Death!"
But my soul fulfill'd her mission,
And lo! I breathe untroubled breath!

Fashion's pining sons and daughters,
That seek the crowd they seem to fly,
Trembling they approach thy waters;
And what cares Nature, if they die?

Me a thousand hopes and pleasures,
A thousand recollections bland,
Thoughts sublime, and stately measures
Revisit on thy echoing strand:

45
DREAMS (the soul herself forsaking),
    Tearful raptures, boyish mirth;
Silent adorations, making
    A blessed shadow of this Earth!
O ye hopes, that stir within me,
    Health comes with you from above!
God is with me, God is in me!
I cannot die, if Life be Love.

THE COMPOSITION OF A KISS.

CUPID, if storying legends* tell aright,
Once framed a rich elixir of delight.
A chalice o’er love-kindled flames he fix’d,
And in it nectar and ambrosia mix’d:
With these the magic dews, which evening brings,
Brush’d from the Æidian star by fey’ry wings:
Each tender pledge of sacred faith he join’d,
Each gentler pleasure of the unspotted mind—
Day-dreams, whose tints with sportive brightness glow.
And Hope, the blameless parasite of love.
The eyeless Chemist heard the процесс rise,
The steamy chalice bubbled up in sighs;
Sweet sounds transpired, as when th’emamour’d dove
Pours the soft murm’ring of responsive love.
The finish’d work might Envy vainly blame,
And “Kisses” was the precious compound’s name.
With half the god his Cyprian mother blest,
And breathed on Sara’s lovelier lips the rest.

III. MEDITATIVE POEMS,
IN BLANK VERSE.

Yea, he deserves to find himself deceived,
Who seeks a heart in the unthinking Man.
Like shadows on a stream, the forms of life
Impress their characters on the smooth forehead:
Naught sinks into the Bosom’s silent depth.
Quick sensibility of Pain and Pleasure
Moves the light flacks lightly; but no soul
Warmeth the inner frame.

Schiller.

HYMN BEFORE SUN-RISE, IN THE VALE
OF CHIAMOUNY.

Besides the Rivers Arve and Arveiron, which have their sources in the foot of Mont Blanc, five conspicuous torrents rush down its sides, and within a few paces of the Glaciers, the Gentiana Major grows in immense numbers, with its “flowers of loveliest blue.”

Hast thou a charm to stay the Morning-Star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause

*Effluxit quondam blandum meditata laborem
Baia lascivâ Cypria Diva maris.
Ambrosium succus occitâ temperat arte.
Fragransque infuso nectaris intus opus.
Sufficit et partem meliss, quod subdolus olim
Non impune favis surripuisset Amor.
Dessusul viola foliis ad mixtas odoris.
Et sporis mavis gloriosa rapta rostri.
Addit et ilexbras et mille et mille leporis.
Et quod Acidillus gaudia Cestus habet.
Ver hic compositi Desa basia; et omnia libaras
Iovianus nitidum sparsa per ora Ciclis

CARM. QUOD. VOL. II.

On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
Risest from forth thy silent Sea of Pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deepest is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge; but when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshipp’d the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my Thought,
Yea with my Life and Life’s own secret Joy:
Till the dilating Soul, exult, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there
As in her natural form, swell’d vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest—not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole Sovereign of the Vale!
O struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink:
Companion of the Morning-Star at dawn,
Thyself earth’s rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald: wake, O wake, and utter praise! Who sauk thy sunless pillars deep in earth!
Who fill’d thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee Parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who call’d you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns call’d you forth.
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered and the same for ever!
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy
Unceasing thumler and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye Ice-falls! ye that from the mountain’s brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty Voice,
And stopp’d at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent caracrats!
Who made you glorious as the Gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full Moon? Who bade the Sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet—
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voce
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sound!
And they too have a voice, you piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

46
Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, play-mates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element!
Uter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!
Thou too, hear Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Of from whose feet the Avalanche, unheard,
Shouts downward, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast—
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bow'd low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kindly Spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread Ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the Stars, and tell you rising sun
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

LINES
WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM AT ELINGERODE, IN THE HARTZ FOREST.

I stood on Brocken's sovran height, and saw
Woods crowding upon woods, hills over hills,
A surging scene, and only limited
By the blue distance. Heavily my way
Downward I drag'd through fir-groves evermore,
Where bright green moss heaps in sepulchral forms
Speckled with sunshine; and, but seldom heard,
The sweet bird's song became a hollow sound;
And the breeze, murmuring indistinguishably,
Preserved its solemn murmur most distinct
From many a note of many a waterfall,
And the brook's chatter; 'mid whose islet stones
The dimy kindling with its tinkling bell
Lea'd frolicsome, or old romantic goat
Sat, his white beard slow waving. I moved on
In low and languid mood: for I had found
That outward forms, the loveliest, still receive
Their finer influence from the Life within:
Fair ciphers else: fair, but of import vague
Or unassuming, where the Heart not finds
History or prophecy of Friend, or Child,
Or gentle Maid, our first and early love,
Or Father, or the venerable name
Of our adored Country! O thou Queen,
Thou delegated Deity of Earth,
O dear, dear England! how my longing eye
Turn'd westward, shaping in the steady clouds
Thy sands and high white cliffs!

* The highest mountain in the Hartz, and indeed in North Germany.

Fill'd with the thought of thee this heart was proud
Yea, mine eye swam with tears: that all the view
From sovran Brocken, woods and woody hills,
Floated away, like a departing dream,
Feble and dim! Stranger, these impulses
Blame thou not lightly; nor will I profane,
With hasty judgment or injurious doubt,
That man's sublimer spirit, who can feel
That God is everywhere! the God who framed
Mankind to be one mighty Family,
Himself our Father, and the World our Home.

ON OBSERVING A BLOSSOM ON THE FIRST OF FEBRUARY, 1796.

Sweet Flower! that peeping from thy russet stem
Unfoldest timidly (for in strange sort
This dark, frieze-coated, hoarse, teeth-chattering month
Hath borrow'd Zephyr's voice, and gazed upon thee
With blue voluptuous eye), alas, poor Flower!
These are but futilities of the faithless year.
Perchance, escaped its unknown polar cave,
E'en now the keen North-East is on its way.
Flower that must perish! shall I liken thee
To some sweet girl of too rapid growth,
Nipp'd by Consumption 'mid untimely charms?
Or to Bristow's Bard,* the wondrous boy!
An Amaranth, which earth scarce seem'd to own,
Till Disappointment came, and pelting wrong
Beat it to earth? or with indignant grief
Shall I compare thee to poor Poland's Hope,
Bright flower of Hope kill'd in the opening bud?
Farewell, sweet blossom! better be thine,
And mock my boding! Dim simulides
Weaving in moral strains, I've stolen one hour
From anxious Self, Life's cruel Task-Master!
And the warm woings of this sunny day
Tremble along my frame, and harmonize
The atemper'd organ, that even saddest thoughts
Mix with some sweet sensations, like harsh tunes
Play'd deftly on a soft-toned instrument.

THE EOLIAN HARP.

COMPOSED AT CLEVEDON, SOMERSETSHIRE.

My pensive Sara! thy soft cheek reclined
Thus on mine arm, most soothing sweet it is
To sit beside our cot, our cot o'ergrown
With white-flower'd Jasmin, and the broad-leaved Myrtle,
(Meet's seem them of Innocence and Love?)
And watch the clouds, that late were rich with light,
Slow suddenng round, and mark the star of eve
Sereney brilliant (such should wisdom be)
Shine opposite! How exquisite the scents
Snatch'd from you bean-field! and the world so
hush'd!
The stillly murmurs of the distant Sea
Tells us of Silence.

And that simplest Lute,
Placed length-ways in the clasping casement, hark
How by the desultory breeze caress'd,
Like some coy maid half yielding to her lover.

* Charterton.

* Charterhouse's Hymn to the Penates.

E2
It pours such sweet upbraiding, as must needs
Tempt to repeat the wrong! And now, its strings
Boldlier swept, the long sequacious notes
Over-delicious surges sink and rise.
Such a soft floating witchery of sound
As twilight Elfin make, when they at eve
Voyage on gentle gales from Fairy-Land,
Where Melodies round honey-dropping flowers,
Footless and wild, like birds of Paradise,
Nor pause, nor perch, hovering on untamed wing!
O the one life within us and abroad,
Which meets all motion and becomes its soul,
A light in sound, a sound-like power in light,
Rhythm in all thought, and joyance everywhere—
Methinks, it should have been impossible
Not to love all things in a world so fill’d;
Where the breeze warbles, and the mute still air
Is Music slumbering on her instrument.

And thus, my love! as on the midway slope
Of yonder hill I stretch my limbs at noon,
Whilst through my half-closed eye-likes I behold
The sunbeams dance, like diamonds, on the main,
And tranquil muse upon tranquillity;
Full many a thought uncall’d and undetain’d,
And many idle flitting phantasies,
Traverse my indolent and passive brain,
As wild and various as the random gales
That swell and flutter on this subject lute!

And what if all of animated nature
Be but organic harps diversely framed,
That tremble into thought, as oer them sweeps,
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
At once the Soul of each, and God of All!

But thy more serious eye a mild reproof
Darts, O beloved woman! nor such thoughts
Dim and unhallow’d dost thou not reject,
And biddest me walk humbly with my God.
Meek daughter in the family of Christ!
Well hast thou said and highly dispraised
These shapings of the unregenerate mind;
Bubbles that glitter as they rise and break
On vain Philosophy’s aye-babbling spring.
For never guiltless may I speak of him,
The Incomprehensible! save when with awe
I praise him, and with Faith that inly feels;
Who with his saving mercies healed me,
A sinful and most miserable Man,
Wild’d and dark, and gave me to possess
Peace, and this Cot, and thee, heart-honor’d Maid!

REFLECTIONS ON HAVING LEFT A PLACE
OF RETIREMENT.

Sermoni propriis.—Hor.

Low was our pretty Cot: our tallest rose
Peep’d at the chamber-window. We could hear,
At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,
The Sea’s faint murmur. In the open air
Our myrtles blossom’d; and across the Porch
Thick jasminas twined: the little landscape round
Was green and woody, and refresh’d the eye.
It was a spot which you might aptly call
The Valley of Seclusion once I saw
(Hallowing his Sabbath-day by quietness)
A wealthy son of commerce santer by,
Bristown’s citizen: methought, it call’d
His thirst of idle gold, and made him muse
With wiser feelings; for he paused, and look’d
With a pleased sadness, and gazed all around,
Then eyed our cottage, and gazed round again,
And sigh’d, and said, it was a blessed place.
And we were bless’d. Of with patient ear
Long-listening to the viewless sky-lark’s note
(Viewless or haply for a moment seen
Gleaming on sunny wings), in whisper’d tones
I’ve said to my beloved, “Such, sweet girl!
The inobtrusive song of Happiness,
Unearthly minstrelsy! then only heard
When the soul seeks to hear; when all is hush’d,
And the Heart listens!”

But the time, when first
From that low dell, steep up the stony Mount
I climb’d with perilous toil, and reach’d the top,
Oh! what a goodly scene! Here the bleak Mount,
The bare bleak Mountain speckled thin with sheep
Gray clouds, that shadowing spot the sunny fields;
And River, now with bushy rocks o’erbrown’d,
Now winding bright and full, with naked banks;
And Seats, and Lawns, the Abbey and the Wood,
And Cots, and Hamlets, and faint City-spire;
The Channel there, the Islands and white Sails,
Dim Coasts, and cloud-like Hills, and shoreless
Ocean—
It seem’d like Omnipresence! God, methought,
Had built him there a Temple: the whole World
Seem’d imaged in its vast circumference,
No wish profoun’d my overwelmed heart.
Blest hour! It was a luxury,—to be!

Ah! quiet dell! dear cot, and Mount sublime!
I was constrain’d to quit you. Was it right,
While my unnumber’d brethren toil’d and bled,
That I should dream away the intrusted hours
On rose-leaf beds, pampering the coward heart
With feelings all too delicate for use?
Sweet is the tear that from some Howard’s eye
Drops on the cheek of One he lifts from Earth:
And He that works me good with unmoved face,
Does it but half; he chills me while he aids,
My Benefactor, not my Brother Man!
Yet even this, this cold beneficence
Praise, praise it, O my Soul! oft as thou scamm’st
The Staggard Pity’s vision-veaving tribe!
Who sighs for wretchedness, yet shun the wretched
Nursing in some delicious solitude
Their slothful loves and dainty Sympathies!
I therefore go, and join head, heart, and hand,
Active and firm, to fight the bloodless fight

Yet oft, when after honorable toil
Rests the tired mind, and waking loves to dream,
My spirit shall revisit thee, dear Cot!
Thy jasmine and thy window-peeping rose,
And myrtles fearless of the mild sea-air.
And I shall sigh fond wishes—sweet Abode!

48
Ah!—had none greater! And that all had such!  It might be so—but the time is not yet.
Speed it, O Father! Let thy Kingdom come!

TO THE REV. GEORGE COLERIDGE OF
OTTERY ST. MARY, DEVON.
WITH SOME POEMS.

Notus in fratres animi paterni.
Hoc. Carm. lib. i. 2.

A blessed lot hath he, who having pass’d
His youth and early manhood in the stir
And turmoil of the world, retreats at length,
With cares that move, not agitate the heart.
To the same dwelling where his father dwelt;
And happy views his tottering little ones,
Embrace those aged knees and climb that lap,
On which first kneeling his own infancy
Lisp’d his brief prayer.  Such, O my earliest Friend!
Thy lot, and such thy brothers too enjoy.
At distance did ye climb Life’s upland road,
Yet cheer’d and cheerful; now fraternal love
Hath drawn you to one centre.  Be your days
Holy, and blest and blessing may ye live!

To me th’ Eternal Wisdom hath dispensed
A different fortune and more different mind—
Me from the spot where first I sprang to light
Too soon transplanted; ere my soul had fix’d
Its first domestic loves; and hence through life
Chasing chance-started Friendships.  A brief while
Some have preserved me from Life’s pelting ills;
But, like a tree with leaves of feeble stem,
If the clouds lasted, and a sudden breeze
Ruffled the boughs, they on my head at once
Dropp’d the collected shower; and some most false,
False and fair foliaged as the Manchincel,
Have tempted me to slumber in their shade
E’en mid the storm; then breathing sublimest laps,
Mix’d their own venom with the rain from Heaven,
That I woke poison’d!  But, all praise to Him
Who gives us all things, more have yielded me
Permanent shelter; and beside one Friend,
Beneath th’ impervious covert of one Oak,
I’ve raised a lowly shed, and know the names
Of Husband and of Father; nor unhearing
Of that divine and nightly-whispering Voice,
Which from my childhood to materter years
Spoke to me of predestinated wreaths,
Bright with no fading color!

Yet at times
My soul is sad, that I have roam’d through life
Still most a stranger, most with naked heart
At mine own home and birth-place: chiefly then,
When I remember thee, my earliest Friend!
Thee, who didst watch my boyhood and my youth;
Didst trace my wanderings with a Father’s eye;
And boding evil, yet still hoping good,
Rebuked each fault, and over all my woes
Sorrow’d in silence!  He who counts alone
The beatings of the solitary heart,
That Being knows, how I have loved thee ever,
Loved as a brother, as a son revered thee!
Oh! ‘tis to me an ever-new delight,
To talk of thee and thine: or when the blast
Of the shrill winter, rattling our rude sash,
Endears the cleanly hearth and social bowl;
Or when as now, on some delicious eve,
We, in our sweet sequester’d orchard-plot,
Sit on the tree crooked earthward; whose old boughs,
That hang above us in an arborous roof,
Stirr’d by the faint gale of departing May,
Send their loose blossoms slanting o’er our heads!

Nor doest not thou sometimes recall those hours,
When with the joy of hope thou gavest thine ear
To my wildfirstling-lays.  Since then my song
Hath sounded deeper notes; such as becom
Or that sad wisdom fully leaves behind;—
Or such as, tuned to these tumultuous times,
Cope with the tempest’s swell!

These various strains
Which I have framed in many a various mood,
Accept, my Brother! and (for some perchance
Will strike discordant on thy milder mind)
If aught of Error or intemperate Truth
Should meet thine ear, think thou that riper age
Will calm it down, and let thy love forgive it!

INSCRIPTION FOR A FOUNTAIN ON A HEATIL.
This Sycamore, oft musical with bees,—
Such tents the Patriarchs loved!  O long unharm’d
May all its aged boughs o’er-canopy
The small round basin, which this jutting stone
Keeps pure from falling leaves!  Long may the Spring,
Quietly as a sleeping infant’s breath,
Send up cold waters to the traveller
With soft and even pulse!  Nor ever cease
Yon tiny cone of sand its soundless dance,
Which at the bottom, like a fairy’s page,
As merry and no taller, dances still,
Nor wrinkles the smooth surface of the Fount.
Here twilight is and coolness: here is moss,
A soft seat, and a deep and ample shade.
Thou mayst till far and find no second tree.
Drink, Pilgrim, here!  Here rest! and if thy heart
Be innocent, here too shalt thou refresh
Thy spirit, listening to some gentle sound,
Or passing gale or hum of murmuring bees!

A TOMBLESS EPITAPH.
’T is true, Idoloclastes Satyrane!
(So call him, for so mingling blame with praise,
And smiles with anxious looks, his earliest friends,
Masking his birth-name, wont to character
His wild-wood fancy and impetuous zeal)
’T is true that, passionate for ancient truths,
And honoring with religious love the Great
Of older times, he hated to excess,
With an unequied and intolerant scorn.
The hollow puppets of a hollow age,
Ever idolatrous, and changing ever
Its worthless Idols! Learning, Power, and Time
(Too much of all) Thus wasting in vain war

49
Of fervid colloquy. Sickness, 'tis true,
Whole years of weary days, besieged him close,
Even to the gates and inlets of his life!
But it is true, no less, that strenuous, firm,
And with a natural gladness, he maintain'd
The citadel unconquer'd, and in joy
Was strong to follow the delightful Muse.
For not a hidden Path, that to the Shades
Of the beloved Parnassian forest leads,
Lurk'd undiscover'd by him; not a rill
There issues from the fount of Hippocrene,
But he had traced it upward to its source,
Through open glade, dark glen, and secret dell,
Knew the gay wild-flowers on its banks, and cull'd
Its medicable herbs. Yea, of all alone,
Piercing the long-neglected holy cave,
The haunt obscure of old Philosophy,
He bade with lifted torch its starry walls
Sparkle as erst they sparkled to the flame
Of odorous lamps tended by Saint and Sage.
O framed for calmer times and nobler hearts!
O studious Poet, eloquent for truth!
Philosopher! contemning wealth and death,
Yet docile, childlike, full of life and love!
Here, rather than on monumental stone,
This record of thy worth thy Friend inscribes;
Thoughtful, with quiet tears upon his cheek.

THE LIME-TREE BOWER MY PRISON.

In the June of 1797, some long-expected Friends paid a visit
To the Author's Cottage; and on the morning of their arrival,
he met with an accident, which disabled him from walking during the whole time of their stay. One Evening, when they had left him for a few hours, he composed the following lines in the Garden Bower.

Well, they are gone, and here must I remain,
This Lime-tree bower my prison! I have lost
Beauty and feelings, such as would have been
Most sweet to my remembrance, even when age
Had dimm'd mine eyes to blindness! They, meanwhile,
Friends, whom I never more may meet again,
On-springy heath, along the hill-top edge,
Wander in gladness, and wind down, perchance,
To that still roaring dell, of which I told:
The roaring dell, o'erwooded, narrow, deep,
And only speckled by the mid-day sun;
Where its slim trunk the Ash from rock to rock
Flings arching like a bridge;—that branchess Ash,
Unsun'd and damp, whose few poor yellow leaves
Ne'er tremble in the gale, yet tremble still,
Fann'd by the waterfall! and there my friends
Behold the dark-green ile of long lank weeds,
That all at once (a most fantastic sight!)
Still nod and drip beneath the dripping edge
Of the blue clay-stone.

Now, my Friends emerge
Beneath the wide wide Heaven,—and view again
The many-steeped tract magnificent
Of hilly fields and meadows, and the sea,
With some fair bark, perhaps, whose sails light up

The slip of smooth clear blue betwixt two isles
Of purple shadow! Yes, they wander on
In glairness all; 'tis thou, methinks, most glad,
My gentle-hearted Charles! for thou hast pined
And hunger'd after Nature, many a year,
In the great city pent, winning thy way
With sad yet patient soul, through evil and pair
And strange calamity! Ah! slowly sink
Behind the western ridge, thou glorious Sun!
Shine in the slant beams of the sinking orb,
Ye purple heath-flowers! richlier burn, ye clouds!
Live in the yellow light, ye distant groves!
And kindle, thou blue Ocean! So my Friend,
Struck with deep joy, may stand, as I have stood,
Silent with swimming sense; yea, gazing round
On the wide landscape, gaze till all doth seem
Less gross than boolly; and of such hues
As veil the Almighty Spirit, when yet he makes
Spirits perceive his presence.

TO A FRIEND

WHO HAD DECLARED HIS INTENTION OF WRITING
NO MORE POETRY.

DEAR Charles! whilst yet thou wert a babe, I wero
That Genius plunged thee in that wizard font

* The Asplenium Scolopendrium, called in some countries
the Adder's Tongue, in others the Hart's Tongue; but With-
ering gives the Adder's Tongue as the trivial name of the
Ophioglossum only.

† Some months after I had written this line, it gave me plea-
sure to observe that Bartram had observed the same circum-
stance of the Savannah Crane. "When these Birds move
their wings in flight, their strokes are slow, moderate and
Hight Castalie: and (suretues of thy faith)
That Pity and Simplicity stood by,
And promised for thee, that thou shouldst renounce
The world's low cares and lying vanities,
Stedfast and rooted in the heavenly Muse,
And wash'd and sanctified to Poesy:
Yes—thouwert plunged, but with forgetful hand
Held, as by Theseis erst her warrior Son:
And with those recreant unbaptized heels
Thou'tripping from thy bounden ministeries—
So sore it seems and burs rhomese a task
To weave unwithering flowers! But take thou heed:
For thou art vulnerable, wild-eyed Boy,
And I have arrows* mystically dipp'd,
Such as may stop thy speed. Is thy Burns dead?
And shall he die unwep'd, and sink to Earth
"Without the meed of one melodious tear?"
Thy Burns, and Nature's own beloved Bard,
Who to the "Illustrous of his native land
'So properly did look for patronage."
Ghost of Maccenas! hide thy blushing face!
They snatch'd him from the Sickle and the Plow—
To gauge Ale-Firkins.

Oh! for shame return!
On a bleak rock, midway the Aonian Mount,
There stands a lone and melancholy tree,
Whose aged branches in the midnight blast
Make solemn music: pluck its darkest bough,
Ere yet the unwholesome night-dew be exhaled,
And weeping wreath it round thy Poet's tomb.
Then in the outsquirks, where pollutions grow,
Pick the rank herbane and the dusky flowers
Of night-shade, or its red and tempting fruit.
These with stopp'd nostril and glove-guarded hand
Knit in nice intertexture, so to twine.
The illustrious brow of Scotch Nobility.

1796.

TO A GENTLEMAN.

COMPOSED ON THE NIGHT AFTER HIS RECITATION
OF A POEM ON THE GROWTH OF AN INDIVIDUAL
MIND.

FRIEND of the Wise! and Teacher of the Good!
Into my heart have I received that lay
More than historic, that prophetic lay,
Wherein (high theme by thee first sung aright)
Of the foundations and the building up
Of a Human Spirit thou hast dared to tell
What may be told, to the understanding mind
Reveals; and what within the mind,
By vital breathings secret as the soul
Of vernal growth, oft quickens in the heart
Thoughts all too deep for words!—

Theme hard as high!

Of smiles spontaneous, and mysterious fears
The first-born they of Reason and twin-birth),

regular; and even when at a considerable distance or high
above us, we plainly hear the quill feathers; their shafts and
webs upon one another creak as the joints or working of a
vessel in a tempestuous sea."

* Vide Pind. Olymp, iii. 1. 186.
* Verbatim from Burns's dedication of his Poems to the No-
  melody and Gentry of the Caledonian Hunt.

SIBYLLINE LEAVES.

Of tides obedient to external force,
And currents self-determined, as might seem,
Or by some inner Power; of moments awful,
Now in thy inner life, and now abroad,
When Power stream'd from thee, and thy soul
received
The light reflected, as a light bestow'd—
Of Fancies fair, and milder hours of youth,
Hyblean murmurs of poetic thought
Industrious in its joy, in Vales and Glens
Native or outland, Lakes and famous Hills!
Or on the lonely High-road, when the Stars
Were rising; or by secret Mountain-streams,
The Guides and the Companions of thy way!

Of more than Fancy, of the Social Sense
Distending wide, and Man beloved as Man,
Where France in all her towns lay vibrating
Like some becalmed bark beneath the burst
Of Heaven's immediate thunder, when no cloud
Is visible, or shadow on the Main.
For thou wert there, thine own-brows garlanded,
Amid the tremor of a realm aglow,
Amid a mighty nation jubilant,
When from the general heart of human-kind
Hope sprang forth like a full-born Deity!
—Of that dear Hope afflicted and struck down
So summon'd homeward, thenceforth calm and sure
From the dread watch-tower of man's absolute Self,
With light unwaning on her eyes, to look
Far on—herself a glory to behold,
The Angel of the vision! Then (last strain)
Of Duty, chosen laws controlling choice,
Action and Joy!—An orphic song indeed,
A song divine of high and passionate thoughts,
To their own music chanted!

O great Bard!
Ere yet that last strain dying awed the air,
With stedfast eye I view'd thee in the choir
Of ever-enduring men. The truly Great
Have all one age, and from one visible space
Shed influence! They, both in power and act,
Are permanent, and Time is not with them,
Save as it worketh for them, they in it.
Nor less a sacred roile, than those of old,
And to be placed, as they, with gradual fame
Among the archives of mankind, thy work
Makes audible a linked lay of Truth,
Of Truth profound a sweet continuous lay,
Not learnt, but native, her own natural notes
Ah! as I listen'd with a heart forlorn,
The pulses of my being beat anew;
And even as life returns upon the drown'd,
Life's joy rekindling roused a throng of pangs—
Keen Pangs of Love, awakening as a babe
Turbulent, with an outcry in the heart;
And Fears self-swear'd, that shum'd the eye of Hope
And Hope that scarce would know itself from Fear
Sense of past Youth, and Manhood come in vain
And Genius given, and knowledge won in vain
And all which I had call'd in wood-walks wild
And all which patient toil had rear'd, and all,
Commune with thee had open'd out—but flowers
Strew'd on my corse, and borne upon my bier,
In the same coffin, for the selfsame grave!

That way no more! and ill beseems it me,
Who came a welcome in herald's guise.
Singing of Glory, and Futurity,
To wander back on such unhealthful road,
Plucking the poisons of self-love! And ill
Such intertwine besees triumphal wreaths
Strew'd before thy advancing!

Nor do thou,
Sage Bard! impair the memory of that hour
Of my communion with thy nobler mind
By Pity or Grief, already felt too long!
Nor let my words import more blame than needs.
The tumult rose and ceased: for Peace is nigh
Where Wisdom's voice has found a listening heart.
Amid the howl of more than wintry storms,
The Halcyon hears the voice of vernal hours
Already on the wing.

Eve following eve,
Dear tranquil time, when the sweet sense of Home
Is sweetest! moments for their own sake hall'd
And more desired, more precious for thy song,
In silence listening; like a devout child.
My soul lay passive, by the various strain
Driven as in surges now beneath the stars,
With momentary Stars of my own birth,
Fair constellated Foam,* still darting off
Into the darkness; now a tranquil sea,
Outspread and bright, yet swelling to the Moon.

And when—O Friend! my comforter and guide!
Strong in thyself, and powerful to give strength!—
Thy long sustained song finally closed,
And thy deep voice had ceased—yet thou thyself
 Wert still before my eyes, and round us both
That happy vision of belov'd faces—
Scarcely conscious, and yet conscious of its close
I sat, my being blended in one thought
(Thought was it? or Aspiration? or Resolve?)
Absorb'd, yet hanging still upon the sound—
And when I rose, I found myself in prayer.

THE NIGHTINGALE:
A CONVERSATION POEM;
WRITTEN IN APRIL, 1798.

No cloud, no relic of the sunken day
Distinguishes the West, no long thin slip
Of sulien light, no obscure trembling hues.
Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge!
You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
But hear no murmuring: it flows silently,
O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still,
A balmy night! and though the stars be dim,
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
And hark! the Nightingale begins its song,

"Most musical, most melancholy! bird!
A melancholy bird! Oh! idle thought!
In nature there is nothing melancholy.
But some night-wandering man, whose heart was
pierced
With the remembrance of a grievous wrong.
Or slow distempered, or neglected love
(And so, poor Wretch! filled all things with himself
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
Of his own sorrow), he and such as he,
First named these notes a melancholy strain.
And many a poet echoes the conceit;
Poet who hath been building up the rhyme
When he had better far have stretch'd his limbs
Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell,
By Sun or Moon-light, to the influxes
Of shapes and sounds and shifting elements
Surrendering his whole spirit, of his song
And of his frame forgetful! so his fame
Should share in Nature's immortality,
A venerable thing! and so his song
Should make all Nature lovelier, and itself
Be loved like Nature! But 't will not be so;
And youths and maidens most poetical,
Who lose the deepening twilights of the spring
In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still,
Full of meek sympathy, must heave their sighs
O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.

My friend, and thou, our Sister! we have learnt
A different lore: we may not thus profane
Nature's sweet voices, always full of love
And joyance! "Tis the merry Nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music.

And I know a grove
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
Which the great lord inhabits not; and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
Thin grass and king-cups grow within the paths
But never elsewhere in one place I knew
So many Nightingales; and far and near,
In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,
They answer and provoke each other's song,
With skirmish and capricious passagings.
And murmurs musical and swift jug jug.
And one low piping sound more sweet than all—
Stirring the air with such a harmony,
That should you close your eyes, you might almost
Forget it was not day! On moonlight bushes,
Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclosed,
You may perchance behold them on the twigs,
Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both brigh
and full,
Glistening, while many a glow-worm in the shade
Lights up her love-torch.

* "A beautiful white cloud of foam at momentary intervals
coursed by the side of the vessel with a roar, and little stars
of flame danced and sparkled and went out it; and every
now and then light detachments of this white cloud-like foam
darted off from the vessel's side, each with its own small con-
stellation, over the sea, and scoured out of sight like a Tartar
 troop over a wilderness."—The Friend, p. 220.

† This passage in Milton possesses an excellence far superi-
to that of mere description. It is spoken in the character of the
melancholy man, and has therefore a dramatic propriety. The
author makes this remark, to rescue himself from the charg
of having alluded with levity to a line in Milton: a charge
the which none could be more painful to him, except perhaps the
of having dictated his Bible.

52
Frost at Midnight.

Frost performs his secret ministry,
Unheeded by any wind.
The owlet's cry
Came loud—and hark, again! loud as before.
The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,
Have left me to that solitude, which suits
Abstruser musings: save that at my side
My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.
'Tis calm indeed! so calm, that it disturbs
And vexes meditation with its strange
And extreme stillness. Sea, hill, and wood,
This populous village: Sea, and hill, and wood,
With all the numberless goings on of life,
Immaterial as dreams! the thin blue flame
Lies on my low burnt fire, and quivers not;
Only that film, which flutters'd on the grate,
Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
Thus thinks, its motion in this hush of nature,
Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,
Making it a companionable form,
Whose puny flaps and frisks the idling Spirit
By its own moods interprets, everywhere
Echo or mirror seeking of itself,
And makes a toy of Thought.

But O! how oft,
How oft, at school, with most believing mind
Pressageful, have I gazed upon the bars,
To watch that fluttering stranger! and as oft
With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt
Of my sweet birth-place, and the old church-tower
Whose bells, the poor man's only music, rang
From morn to evening; all the hot Fair-day,
So sweetly, that they stunn'd and haunted me
With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear
Most like articulate sounds of things to come!
So gazed I, till the soothing things, I dreamt,
Lulled me to sleep, and sleep prolong'd my dreams:
And so I brooded all the following morn,
Awed by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye
Fix'd with mock study on my swimming book:
Save if the door half-open'd, and I snatch'd
A hasty glance, and still my heart leapt up,
For still I hoped to see the stranger's face,
Townsman, or aunt, or sister more beloved,
My play-mate when we both were clothed alike!

Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
Fill up the interspersed vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought?
My babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore,
And in far other scenes! For I was rear'd
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.
But thou, my babe! shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language, which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself.
Great universal 'Teacher!' he shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothes the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the evade-drops fall
Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet Moon.

TO A FRIEND.

TOGETHER, WITH AN UNFINISHED POEM

Thus far my scanty brain hath built the rhyme
Elaborate and swelling: yet the heart
Not owns it. From thy spirit-breathing powers
I ask not now, my friend! the aiding verse,
Tendid to thee, and from my anxious thought
Of dissonant mood. In fancy (well I know)
From business wand'ring far and local cares,
Thou creepest round a dear-loved Sister's bed
With noiseless step, and watchest the faint look,
Soothing each pang with fond solicitude,
And tenderest tones medicinal of love.
And I too a Sister had, an only Sister—
She loved me dearly, and I dotted on her!
To her I pour'd forth all my puny sorrows
(As a sick patient in his nurse's arms),
And of the heart those hidden maladies
That shrink ashamed from even Friendship's eye.
Oh! I have woke at midnight, and have wept
Because she was not!—Cheerily, dear Charls! Thou thy best friend shall cherish many a year:
Such warm presages feel I of high Hope.
For not uninterested the dear maid
I've view'd—her soul affectionate yet wise,
Her polish'd wit as mild as lument glories,
That play around a sainted infant's head.
He knows (the Spirit that in secret sees,
Of whose omniscient and all-spreading Love
Aught to improve* were impotence of mind)
That my mute thoughts are sad before his throne,
Prepared, when he his healing ray vouchsafes,
To pour forth thanksgiving with lifted heart,
And praise Him Gracious with a Brother's joy!
December, 1794.

THE HOUR WHEN WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

Composed during illness and in absence.

Dim hour! that sleep'st on pillowing clouds afar,
O rise and yoke the turtles to thy car!
Bend o'er the traces, blame each lingering dove,
And give me to the bosom of my love!
My gentle love, agitating and cares,
With heaving heart shall cradle me to rest;
Shed the warm tear-drop from her smiling eyes,
Lull with fond woes, and med'cine me with sighs:—
While finely-flushing float her kisses meek,
Like melted rubies, o'er my pallid cheek.
Chill'd by the night, the drooping rose of May
Mourns the long absence of the lovely day;
Young Day, returning at her promised hour,
Weeps o'er the sorrows of her fav'rite flower;
Weeps the soft dew, the balmy gale she sighs,
And darts a trembling lustre from her eyes.
New life and joy th' expanding flow'rt ret feels:
His pitying Mistress mourns, and mourning heals!

LINES TO JOSEPH COTTLE.

My honor'd friend! whose verse concise, yet clear,
Tunes to smooth melody unconquer'd sense,
May your fame fadeless live, as "never-sere"
The ivy wreathes your oak, whose broad defence

* I utterly recant the sentiment contained in the lines
Of whose omniscient and all-spreading love
Aught to improve were impotence of mind,
It being written in Scripture, "Jah, and it shall be given you," and my human reason being moreover convinced of the propriety of offering petitions as well as thanksgivings to the Deity.

Embrow's me from noon's sultry influence!
For, like that nameless riv'let stealing by,
Your modest verse, to musings quiet dear,
Is rich with tints heaven-borrow'd: the charm'd eye
Shall gaze undazzled there, and love the soffer'd skid

Circling the base of the Poetic mount
A stream there is, which rolls in lazy flow
Its coal-black waters from Oblivion's fount;
The vapor-poison'd birds, that fly too low,
Fall with dead sloop, and to the bottom go.
Escaped that heavy stream on pinion fleet,
Beneath the Mountain's lofty-browning brow,
Ere aught of perilous ascent you meet,
A mead of mildest charm delays th' unlab'ring feet.

Not there the cloud-climb'd rock, sublime and vast;
That like some giant-king, o'erflourns the hill;
Nor there the pine-grove to the midnight blast,
Makes solemn music! But th' unceasing rill
To the soft wren or lark's descending trill
Murmurs sweet under-song 'mid jasmin bowers.
In this same pleasant meadow, at your will,
I ween, you wander'd—there collecting flow'rs
Of sober tint, and herbs of med'cinable powers!

There for the monarch-murder'd Soldier's tomb
You vowe th'unfinished 'ware of sadness hies;
And to that holier chaplet add, bloom,
Besprinkling it with Jordan's cleansing dew.
But lo! your Henderson awakes the Muse—
His spirit beckon'd from the mountain's height!
You left the plain and soar'd 'mid richer views,
So Nature morn'd, when sank the first day's light.
With stars, unseen before, spangling her robe
That night!

Still soar, my friend, those richer views among,
Strong, rapid, fervent flashing Fancy's beam!
Virtue and Truth shall love your gentler song;
But Poesy demands th' impassion'd theme:
Waked by Heaven's silent dews at eve's mild gleam,
What balmy sweets Pomona breathes around!
But if the next air rush a stormy stream,
Or Autumn's shrill gust mean in plaintive sound,
With fruits and flowers she loads the temper
Honour'd ground.

IV. ODES AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE THREE GRAVES.

A Fragment of a Sexton's Tale.

[The Author has published the following humble fragment
encouraged by the decisive recommendation of more than one
of our most celebrated living Poets. The language was
aptly to be dramatic; that is, suited to the narrator's
and metre corresponds to the homeliness of the fiction. It is the
fore presented as the fragment, not of a Poem, but of a
common Ballad-tale. Whether this is sufficient to justify the ad-
option of such a style, in any metrical composition not pro-
edly ludicrous, the Author is himself in some doubt. At
events, it is not presented as Poetry, and it is in no way
pected with the Author's judgment concerning Poetic dicti-
its merits, if any, are exclusively Psychological. The au-

* War, a Fragment. † John the Baptist, a Poem.
‡ Monody on John Henderson.
54
The grapes upon the vicar's wall
Were ripe as ripe could be;
And yellow leaves in sun and wind
Were falling from the tree.
Oh! Ellen was a faithful Friend,
More dear than any Sister!
As cheerful too as singing lark;
And she ne'er left them till it was dark,
And then they always miss'd her.

And now Ash-Wednesday came—that day
But few to church repair:
For on that day you know we read
The Commination prayer.

Our late old vicar, a kind man,
Once, Sir, he said to me,
He wish'd that service was clean out
Of our good Liturgy.

The Mother walk'd into the church—
To Ellen's seat she went;
Though Ellen always kept her church,
All church-days during Lent.

And gentle Ellen welcomed her
With courteous looks and mild:
Thought she "what if her heart should melt
And all be reconciled!"

The day was scarcely like a day—
The clouds were black outright:
And many a night, with half a Moon,
I've seen the church more light.

The wind was wild; against the glass
The rain did beat and bicker;
The church-tower swinging overhead,
You scarce could hear the vicar!

And then and there the Mother knelt,
And audibly she cried—
"Oh! may a clinging curse consume
This woman by my side!"

"O hear me, hear me, Lord in Heaven,
Although you take my life—
O curse this woman, at whose house
Young Edward woo'd his wife.

"By night and day, in bed and bower,
O let her cursed be!!!"
So having pray'd, steady and slow,
She rose up from her knee!
And left the church, nor, e'er again
The church-door enter'd she.

I saw poor Ellen kneeling still,
So pale! I guess'd not why:
When she stood up, there plainly was
A trouble in her eye.

And when the prayers were done, we all
Came round and ask'd her why:
Giddy she seem'd, and sure there was
A trouble in her eye.

But ere she from the church-door stepp'd,
She smiled and told us why;
"It was a wicked woman's curse,"
Quoth she, "and what care I?"

She smiled, and smiled, and pass'd it off
Ere from the door she step'd—
But all agree it would have been
Much better had she wept.

And if her heart was not at ease,
This was her constant cry—
"It was a wicked woman's curse,
God's good, and what care I?"

There was a hurry in her looks,
Her struggles she redoubled:
"It was a wicked woman's curse,
And why should I be troubled?"

These tears will come—I dandled her
When 'twas the merest fairy—
Good creature! and she hid it all:
She told it not to Mary.

But Mary heard the tale: her arms
Round Ellen's neck she threw;
"O Ellen, Ellen, she cursed me,
And now she hath cursed you!"

I saw young Edward by himself
Stalk fast adown the lea,
He snatch'd a stick from every fence,
A twig from every tree.

He snapp'd them still with hand or knee
And then away they flew!
As if with his uneasy limbs
He knew not what to do!

You see, good Sir! that single hill?
His farm lies underneath:
He heard it there, he heard it all
And only gnash'd his teeth.

Now Ellen was a darling love
In all his joys and cares:
And Ellen's name and Mary's name
Fast link'd they both together came,
Where'er he said his prayers.

And in the moment of his prayers
He loved them both alike:
Yea, both sweet names with one sweet joy
Upon his heart did strike!

He reach'd his home, and by his looks
They saw his inward strife:
And they clung round him with their arms
Both Ellen and his wife.

And Mary could not check her tears,
So on her breast she bow'd;
Then Frenzy melted into Grief,
And Edward wept aloud.

Dear Ellen did not weep at all,
But closer did she cling,
And turn'd her face, and look'd as if
She saw some frightful thing.
SIBYLLINE LEAVES.

PART IV.

To see a man tread over graves
I hold it no good mark;
'Tis wicked in the sun and moon,
And bad luck in the dark!

You see that grave? The Lord he gives,
The Lord, he takes away:
O Sir! the child of my old age
Lies there as cold as clay.

Except that grave, you scarce see one
That was not dug by me:
I'd rather dance upon 'em all
Than tread upon these three!

"Ay, Sexton! 'tis a touching tale,"
You, Sir! are but a lad;
This month I'm in my seventieth year,
And still it makes me sad.

And Mary's sister told it me,
For three good hours and more;
Though I had heard it, in the main,
From Edward's self, before.

Well! it pass'd off! the gentle Ellen
Did well nigh dote on Mary;
And she went oftener than before,
And Mary loved her more and more:
She managed all the dairy.

To market she on market-days,
To church on Sundays came;
All seem'd the same: all seem'd so, Sir!
But all was not the same!

Had Ellen lost her mirth? Oh! no!
But she was seldom cheerful;
And Edward look'd as if he thought
That Ellen's mirth was fearful.

When by herself, she to herself
Must sing some merry rhyme;
She could not now be glad for hours,
Yet silent all the time.

And when she soothed her friend, through all
Her sooth ing words 'twas plain
She had a sore grief of her own,
A haunting in her brain.

And oft she said, 'I'm not grown thin!
And then her wrist she spann'd;
And once, when Mary was downcast,
She took her by the hand,
And gazed upon her, and at first
She gently press'd her hand;

Then harder, till her grasp at length
Did grip like a convolution!
Alas! said she, we ne'er can be
Made happy by compulsion!

And once her both arms suddenly
Round Mary's neck she flung.
And her heart panted, and she felt
The words upon her tongue.

She felt them coming, but no power
Had she the words to smother;
And with a kind of shriek she cried,
"Oh Christ! you're like your Mother!"

So gentle Ellen now no more
Could make this sad house cheery;
And Mary's melancholy ways
Drove Edward wild and weary.

Linger ing he raised his latch at eve
Though tired in heart and limb.
He loved no other place, and yet
Home was no home to him.

One evening he took up a book,
And nothing in it read;
Then flung it down, and groaning, cried
"Oh! Heaven! that I were dead!

Mary look'd up into his face,
And nothing to him said;
She tried to smile, and on his arm
Mournfully lean'd her head.

And he burst into tears, and fell
Upon his knees in prayer:
"Her heart is broke! O God! my grief
It is too great to bear!"

'Twas such a foggy time as makes
Old Sextons, Sir! like me,
Rest on their spades to cough; the spring
Was late uncommonly.

And then the hot days, all at once,
They came, we know not how:
You look'd about for shade, when scarce
A leaf was on a bough.

It happen'd then ('twas in the bower
A furlong up the wood;
Perhaps you know the place, and yet
I scarce know how you should),

No path leads thither, 'tis not nigh
To any pasture-plot;
But cluster'd near the chattering brook,
Lone hollies mark'd the spot.

Those hollies of themselves a shape
As of an arbor took,
A close, round arbor; and it stands
Not three strides from a brook.

Within this arbor, which was still
With scarlet berries hung,
Were these three friends, one Sunday morn,
Just as the first bell rung.
"Tis sweet to hear a brook, 'tis sweet
To hear the Sabbath-bell,
'Tis sweet to hear them both at once,
Deep in a woody dell.

His limbs along the moss, his head
Upon a mossy heap,
With shut-up senses, Edward lay:
That brook o'en on a working day
Might chatter one to sleep.

And he had pass'd a restless night,
And was not well in health;
The women sat down by his side,
And talk'd as 'twere by stealth.

"The sun peeps through the close thick leaves,
See, dearest Ellen! see!
'Tis in the leaves, a little sun,
No bigger than your e'e;

"A tiny sun, and it has got
A perfect glory too;
Ten thousand threads and hairs of light,
Make up a glory, gay and bright,
Round that small orb, so blue!"

And then they argued of those rays,
What color they might be:
Says this, "they're mostly green;" says that,
"They're amber-like to me."

So they sat chatting, while bad thoughts
Were troubling Edward's rest;
But soon they heard his hard quick pants,
And the thumping in his breast.

"A Mother too!" these self-same words
Did Edward mutter plain;
His face was drawn back on itself,
With horror and huge pain.

Both grief'd at once, for both knew well
What thoughts were in his mind;
When he waked up, and stared like one
That hath been just struck blind.

He sat upright; and ere the dream
Had had time to depart,
O God forgive me! (the exclaim'd)
I have torn out her heart."

Then Ellen shriek'd, and forthwith burst
Into ungentle laughter;
And Mary shiver'd, where she sat,
And never she smiled after.

Carmen reliquum in futurum tempus relegatum. To-morrow! and To-morrow! and To-morrow!—

DEJECTION;
AN ODE.

Late, late yestreen, I saw the new Moon,
With the old Moon in her arms;
And I fear, I fear, my Master dear!
We shall have a deadly storm.

Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence.

I.

WELL! if the Bard was weather-wise, who made
The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,
This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence
Unroused by winds, that ply a busier trade
Than those which mould you cloud in lazy flakes,
Or the dull sobbing draught, that mouns and rakes
Upon the strings of this Eolian lute,
Which better far were mute.

For lo! the New-moon winter-bright!
And overspread with phantom light,
(With swimming phantom light o'erspread
But rim'd and circled by a silver thread)
I see the old Moon in her lap, foretelling
The coming on of rain and squally blast.
And oh! that even now the gust were swelling,
And the slant night-shower driving loud and fast
Those sounds which oft have raised me, while fast
They aved,
And sent my soul abroad,
Might now perhaps their wonted impulse give,
Might startle this dull pain, and make it move and live!

II.

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassion'd grief,
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,
In word, or sigh, or tear—

O Lady! in this wan and heartless mood,
To other thoughts by yonder thrum wo'd;
All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
Have I been gazing on the western sky,
And its peculiar tint of yellow green:
And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye!
And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
That give away their motion to the stars;
Those stars, that glide behind them or between,
Now sparkling, now dimm'd, but always seen
Yon crescent Moon, as fix'd as if it grew
In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue;
I see them all so excellently fair,
I see, not feel, how beautiful they are!

III.

My genial spirits fail,
And what can these avail
To lift the smothering weight from off my breast?
It were a vain endeavor,
Though I should gaze for ever,
On that green light that lingers in the west:
I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life, whose fountains are within

IV.

O Lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live:

58
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold, of higher worth,
Than that inanimate cold world allow'd
To the poor loveless ever-awful crowd,
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth,
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the Earth—
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

V.
O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me
What this strong music in the soul may be!
What, and wherein it doth exist,
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
This beautiful and beauty-making power.
Joy, virtuous Lady! Joy that ne'er was given,
Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
Life, and Life's Effluence, Cloud at once and
Shower,
Joy, Lady! is the spirit and the power,
Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower
A new Earth and new Heaven,
Undreamt of by the sensual, and the proud—
Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud—
We in ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colors a suffusion from that light.

VI.
There was a time when, though my path was rough,
This joy within me dallied with distress,
And all misfortunes were but as the stuff
Whence Fancy made me dreams of happiness:
For hope grew round me, like the twining vine,
And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seem'd mine.
But now afflictions bow me down to earth:
Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth.

But oh! each visitation
Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,
My shaping spirit of Imagination.
For not to think of what I needs must feel,
But to be still and patient, all I can;
And happily by abstruse research to steal
From my own nature all the natural Man—
This was my sole resource, my only plan;
Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
And now is almost grown the habit of my Soul.

VII.
Hence, viper thoughts, that coil around my mind,
Reality's dark dream!
I turn from you, and listen to the wind,
Which long has raved unnoticed. What a scream
Of agony by torture lengthen'd out
That lute sent forth! Thou Wind, that ravest without,
Bare crag, or mountain-tain,* or blasted tree,
Or pine-grove whither woodman never clomb,
Or lonely house, long held the witches' home,
Me-thinks were fitter instruments for thee,
Mad Lutanists! who in this month of showers,
Of dark-brown gardens, and of peeping flowers,

Makest Devils' yule, with worse than wintry song,
The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves strong.
Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic sounds!
Thou mighty Poet, e'en to Frenzy bold:
What tell'st thou now about?
'T is of the Rushing of an Host in rout,
With groans of trampled men, with smarting
wounds—
At once they groan with pain, and shudder with the cold!
But hush! there is a pause of deepest silence!
And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd,
With groans, and tremulous shudderings—all is over—
It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and
A tale of less affright,
And temper'd with delight,
As Owlay's self had framed the tender lay,
'Tis of a little child
Upon a lonesome wild,
Not far from home, but she hath lost her way,
And now moans low in bitter grief and fear,
And now screams loud, and hopes to make her mother hear.

VIII.
'T is midnight, but small thoughts have I of sleep:
Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep!
Visit her, gentle Sleep! with wings of healing,
And may this storm be but a mountain-birth,
May all the stars hang bright above her dwelling,
Silent as though they watch'd the sleeping Earth.
With light heart may she rise,
Gay fancy, cheerful eyes,
Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice:
To her may all things live, from Pole to Pole
Their life the eddying of her living soul!
O simple spirit, guided from above,
Dear Lady! friend devoutest of my choice,
Thus mayest thou ever, evermore rejoice.

ODE TO GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF
DEVONSHIRE.
ON THE TWENTY-FOURTH STANZA IN HER "PASSAGE
OVER MOUNT GOTTHARD."

And hail the Chapel! hail the Platform wild!
Where Tell directed the avenging Dart,
With well-strung arm, that first preserved his Child
Then aim'd the arrow at the Tyrant's heart.

Splendor's fondly foster'd child!
And did you hail the Platform wild,
Where once the Austrian fell
Beneath the shaft of Tell?
O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure!
Whence learnt you that heroic measure?

Light as a dream your days their circles ran,
From all that teaches Brotherhood to Man;
Far, far removed! from want, from hope, from fear!
Enchanting music lull'd your infant ear.
Obesiance, praises soothed your infant heart;
Emblazonments and old ancestral cresses,
With many a bright obtrusive form of art,
Detain'd your eye from nature: stately

* Tarn is a small lake, generally, if not always, applied to
he lakes in the mountains, and which are the feeders of
hose in the valleys. This address to the Storm-wind will not
appear extravagant to those who have heard it at night, and
in a mountainous country.

5  F2 59
That veiling strove to deck your charms divine,  
Rich viands, and the pleasurable wine,  
Were yours unearn'd by toil; nor could you see  
The unenjoying toiler's misery.  
And yet, free Nature's uncorrupted child,  
You hail'd the Chapel and the Platform wild,  
Where once the Austrian fell  
Beneath the shaft of Tell!  
O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure!  
Thence learnt you that heroic measure!  

Where once the Austrian fell  
Beneath the shaft of Tell!  
O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure!  
Thence learnt you that heroic measure.

ODE TO TRANQUILLITY.

TRANQUILLITY! thou better name  
Than all the family of Fame!  
Thou ne'er wilt leave my riper age  
To low intrigue, or factious rage;  
For oh! dear child of thoughtful Truth,  
To thee I gave my early youth,  
And left the bark, and blest the stedfast shore,  
 Ere yet the Tempest rose and scared me with its roar.

Who late and lingering seeks thy shrine,  
On him but seldom, power divine,  
Thy spirit rests! Safety  
And Sloth, poor counterfeits of thee,  
Mock the tired worldling. Idle Hope  
And dire Remembrance interlopes,  
To vex the feverish slumber of the mind:  
The bubble floats before, the spectacle stands behind.

But me thy gentle hand shall lead  
At morning through the accustom'd mead;  
And in the sultry summer's heat  
Will build me up a mossy seat;  
And when the gust of Autumn crowds  
And breaks the busy moonlight clouds,  
Thou best the thought canst raise, the heart attune  
Light as the busy clouds, calm as the gliding Moon.

The feeling heart, the searching soul,  
To thee I dedicate the whole!  
And while within myself I trace  
The greatness of some future race,  
Alas! with hermit-eye I scan  
The present works of present man—  
A wild and dream-like trade of blood and guile,  
Too foolish for a tear, too wicked for a smile!

TO A YOUNG FRIEND,  
ON HIS PROPOSING TO DOMESTICATE WITH THE AUTHOR.  
COMPOSED IN 1796.

A mount, not wearesome and bare and steep,  
But a green mountain variously up-piled,  
Where o'er the jutting rocks soft mosses creep,  
Or color'd lichens with slow oozing weed;  
Where cypress and the darker yew start wild;  
And mid the summer torrent's gentle dash  
Dance brighten'd the red clusters of the ash;  
Beneath whose boughs, by those still sounds I guiled,  
Calm Pensiveness might muse herself to sleep;  
Till haply startled by some slycey dam,  
That rustling on the bushy clift above,  
With melancholy bleat of anxious love,  
Made meek inquiry for her wandering lamb
SIBYLLINE LEAVES.

Such a green mountain 'tis most sweet to climb,
E'en when the bosom ached with loneliness—
How more than sweet, if some dear friend should—
    bless
The adventurous toil, and up the path sublime
Now lead, now follow: the glad landscape round,
Wide and more wide, increasing without bound!

O then 't were loveliest sympathy, to mark
The berries of the half-uprooted ash
Dripping and bright; and list the torrent's dash—
Beneath the cypress, or the yew more dark,
Seated at ease, on some smooth mossy rock;
In social silence now, and now to unlock
The treasured heart; arm link'd in friendly arm,
Save if the one, his muse's witching charm
Muttering brow-bent, at unwatch'd distance lag;
'Till high o'erhead his beckoning friend appears,
And from the forehead of the topmost crag
Shouts eagerly: for haply there uprears
That shadowing pine its old romantic limbs,
Which latest shall detain the enamour'd sight
Seen from below, when eve the valley dims,
Tinged yellow with the rich departing light;
And haply, basin'd in some unann'd clef,
A beauteous spring, the rock's collected tears,
Sleepe shelter'd there, scarce wrinkled by the gale!
Together thus, the world's vain turmoil left,
Stretch'd on the crag, and shadow'd by the pine,
And bending o'er the clear delicious fount,
Ah! dearest youth, it were a lot divine
To cheat our noons in moralizing mood,
While west-winds fann'd our temples toil-bedew'd;
Then downwards slope, oft pausing, from the mount,
To some lone mansion, in some woody dale,
Where smiling with blue eyes, domestic bliss
Gives this the Husband's, that the Brother's kiss!

Thus rudely verses in allegoric lore,
The Hill of Knowledge I essay'd to trace;
That verdurous hill with many a resting-place,
And many a stream, whose warbling waters pour
To glad and fertilize the subject plains;
That hill with secret springs, and nooks untrod,
And many a fancy-blest and holy sod,
Where Inspiration, his diviner strains
Low murmuring, lay; and starting from the rocks
Still evergreens, whose spreading foliage mocks
Want's barren soil, and the bleak frosts of age,
And Bigotry's mad fire-invoking rage!

O meek retiring spirit! we will climb,
Cheering and cheer'd, this lovely hill sublime;
And from the stirring world uplifted high
(Whose noises, faintly wafted on the wind,
To meet musings shall attune the mind,
And oft the melancholy home supply),
There, while the prospect through the gazing eye
Pours all its healthful greeness on the soul,
We'll smile at wealth, and learn to smile at fame,
Our hopes, our knowledge, and our joys the same.
As neighboring fountains image, each the whole!
Then, when the mind hath drunk its fill of truth,
We'll discipline the heart to pure delight,
Rekindling sober joy's domestic flame:
They whom I love shall love thee. Honor'd youth! Now may Heaven realize this vision bright!

LINES TO W. L. ESQ.
WHILE HE SANG A SONG TO PURCELL'S MUSIC.
While my young cheek retains its healthful hues,
And I have many friends who hold me dear;
L——! methinks, I would not often hear
Such melodies as thine, lest I should lose
All memory of the wrongs and sore distress,
For which my miserable brethren weep!
But should uncomfotred misfortunes steep
My daily bread in tears and bitterness;
And if 'at death's dread moment I should lie
With no beloved face at my bed-side,
To fix the last glance of my closing eye,
Methinks, such strains, breathed by my angel-guide
Would make me pass the cup of anguish by,
Mix with the blest, nor know that I had died!

ADDRESS TO A YOUNG MAN OF FORTUNE
WHO ABANDONED HIMSELF TO AN INDOLENT AND CAUSELESS MELANCHOLY.
Hence that fantastic wantonness of woe,
O Youth to partial Fortune vainly dear!
To plunder'd Want's half-shelter'd hovel go,
Go, and some hunger-bitten Infant hear
Moon haply in a dying Mother's ear:
Or when the cold and dismal fog-damps brood
O'er the rank church-yard, with mere elm-leaves strew'd,
Face round some widow's grave, whose dearer part
Was slaughter'd, where o'er his uncoffin'd limbs
The flocking flesh-birds scream'd! Then, while thy heart
Groans, and thine eye a fiercer sorrow dims,
Know (and the truth shall kindle thy young mind)
What Nature makes thee mourn, she bids thee heal!
O abject! if, to sickly dreams resign'd,
All effortless thou leave life's commonwealth
A prey to Tyrants, Murderers of Mankind!

SONNET TO THE RIVER OTTER.
DEAR native Brook! wild Streamlet of the West!
How many various-fated years have past,
What happy, and what mournful hours, since last
I skim'd the smooth thin stone along thy breast,
Numbering its light leaps! yet so deep impress
Sink the sweet scenes of childhood, that mine eyes
I never shut amid the sunny my,
But straight with all their tints thy waters rise,
Thy crossing plank, thy marge with willows gray,
And bedded sand that vein'd with various dyes
Gleam'd through thy bright transparency! On my way,
Visions of childhood! oft have ye beguiled
Lone manhood's cares, yet wakening fondest sighs:
Ah! that once more I were a careless child!

SONNET.
COMPOSED ON A JOURNEY HOMeward; THE AUTHOR HAVING RECEIVED INTELLIGENCE OF THE BIRTH OF A SON, SEPTEMBER 20, 1796.
Oft o'er my brain does that strange fancy roll
Which makes the present (while the flash doth last)
Seem a mere semblance of some unknown past,
Mix'd with such feelings, as perplex the soul
Self-question'd in her sleep; and some have said*
We lived, ere yet this robe of Flesh we wore.
O my sweet baby! when I reach my door,
If heavy looks should tell me thou art dead
(As sometimes, through excess of hope, I fear),
I think that I should struggle to believe
Thou wert a spirit, to this nearer sphere
Sentenced for some more venial crime to grieve;
Didst scream, then spring to meet Heaven's quick
reprove,
While we wept idly o'er thy little bier!

SONNET.

TO A FRIEND WHO ASKED, HOW I FELT WHEN THE NURSE FIRST PRESENTED MY INFANT TO ME.

Charles! my slow heart was only sad, when first
I scanned that face of feeble infancy:
For dimly on my thoughtful spirit burst
All I had been, and all my child might be!
But when I saw it on its Mother's arm,
And hanging at her bosom (she the while
Bent o'er its features with a tearful smile)
Then I was thrilled and melted, and most warm
Impress'd a Father's kiss: and all beguiled
Of dark remembrance and presageful fear,
I seem'd to see an angel-form appear—
'Twas even thine, beloved woman mild!
So for the Mother's sake the Child was dear,
And dearer was the Mother for the Child.

THE VIRGIN'S CRADLE HYMN.

COPYED FROM A PRINT OF THE VIRGIN IN A CATHOLIC VILLAGE IN GERMANY.

Dormi, Jesu! Mater ridet,
Que tam dulcem somnum videt,
Dormi, Jesu! blandule
Si non dormis, Mater plorat,
Inter fila cantans ort
Blande, veni, somnule.

ENGLISH.

Sleep, sweet babe! my cares beguiling
Mother sits beside thee smiling;
Sleep, my darling, tenderly!
If thou sleep not, mother mourneth,
Singing us her wheel she turneth:
Come, soft slumber, balmy!

ON THE CHRISTENING OF A FRIEND'S CHILD.

This day among the faithful placed
And fed with fontal manna;
O with maternal title graced
Dear Anna's dearest Anna!

While others wish thee wise and fair,
A maid of spotless fame,
I'll breathe this more compendious prayer—
Mayst thou deserve thy name!

Thy Mother's name, a potent spell,
That bids the Virtues hie
From mystic grove and living cell
Confest to Fancy's eye!

Meek Quietness, without offence;
Content, in homespun kirtle;
True Love; and True Love's Innocence,
White Blossom of the Myrtle!

Associates of thy name, sweet Child!
These Virtues mayst thou win;
With Face as eloquently mild—
To say, they lodge within.

So when, her tale of days all flown,
Thy Mother shall be miss'd here;
When Heaven at length shall claim its own,
And Angels snatch their Sister;

Some hoary-headed Friend, perchance,
May gaze with stifled breath;
And oft, in momentary trance,
Forget the waste of death.

Ev'n thus a lovely rose I view'd
In summer-swelling pride;
Nor mark'd the bud, that green and rude
Peep'd at the Rose's side.

It chanced, I pass'd again that way
In Autumn's latest hour,
And wond'ring saw the self-same spray
Rich with the self-same flower.

Ah fond deceit! the rude green b'dd
Alike in shape, place, name,
Had bloom'd, where bloom'd its parent stud
Another and the same!

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

Ir's balmy lips the Infant blest
Relaxing from its Mother's breast,
How sweet it heaves the happy sigh
Of innocent Satiety!

And such my Infant's latest sigh!
O tell, rude stone! the passer-by,
That here the pretty babe doth lie,
Death sang to sleep with Lullaby.

MELANCHOLY.

A FRAGMENT.

STRETCH'd on a moulder'd Abbey's broadest w.
Where ruind ivies prop'd the ruins steep—
Her folded arms wrapping her tatter'd pall,
Had Melancholy mus'd herself to sleep.

* Ην το ημερ η ψυχη πριν εν τοις τω άνθρωπων
υπα γενεσαι.

Plat. in Phaidon.
The form was press'd beneath her hair,
The dark-green Adder's Tongue* was there;
And still as past the flagging sea-gale weak,
The long lank leaf bow'd fluttering o'er her cheek.

That pallid cheek was flush'd: her eager look
Beard'd eloquent in slumber! Inly wrought,
Imperfect sounds her moving lips forsook,
And her bent forehead work'd with troubled thought.

Strange was the dream——

**TELL'S BIRTH-PLACE.**
**IMITATED FROM STOLBERG.**

**MARK** this holy chapel well!
The Birth-place, this, of William Tell.
Here, where stands God's altar dread,
Stood his parents' marriage-bed.

Here first, an infant to her breast,
Him his loving mother prest;
And kiss'd the babe, and bless'd the day,
And pray'd as mothers use to pray:

"Vouchsafe him health, O God, and give
The Child thy servant still to live!"

But God has destined to do more
Through him, than through an armed power.

God gave him reverence of laws,
Yet stirring blood in Freedom's cause—
A spirit to his rocks akin,
The eye of the Hawk, and the fire therein!

To Nature and to Holy writ
Alone did God the boy commit:
Where flash'd and roar'd the torrent, oft
His soul found wings, and soar'd aloft!

The straining oar and chamois chase
Had form'd his limbs to strength and grace:
On wave and wind the boy would toss,
Was great, nor knew how great he was!

He knew not that his chosen hand,
Made strong by God, his native land
Would rescue from the shameful yoke
Of Slavery—the which he broke!

---

**A CHRISTMAS CAROL.**

The Shepherds went their hasty way,
And found the lowly stable-shed
Where the Virgin-Mother lay:
And now they check'd their eager tread,
For to the Babe, that at her bosom clung,
A Mother's song the Virgin-Mother sung.

They told her how a glorious light,
Streaming from a heavenly throng,
Around them shone, suspending night!
While, sweeter than a Mother's song,
Blest Angels heralded the Savior's birth,
Glory to God on high! and peace on Earth.

She listen'd to the tale divine,
And closer still the Babe she press'd;
And while she cried, the Babe is mine!
The milk rush'd fatter to her breast:
Joy rose within her, like a summer's morn;
Peace, Peace on Earth! the Prince of Peace is born

Thou Mother of the Prince of Peace,
Poor, simple, and of low estate!
That Strife should vanish, Battle cease,
O why should this thy soul elate?
Sweet Music's loudest note, the Poet's story——

Did'st thou ne'er love to hear of Fame and Glory?

And is not War a youthful King,
A stately Hero clad in mail!
Beneath his footsteps laurels spring;
Him Earth's majestic monarchs hail
Their Friend, their Play-mate! and his bold bright eye
Compels the maiden's love-confessing sigh

"Tell this in some more courtly scene,
To maids and youths in robes of state!
I am a woman poor and mean,
And therefore is my Soul elate.
War is a ruffian, all with guilt defiled,
That from the aged Father tears his Child!

"A murderous fiend, by fiends adored,
He kills the Sire and starves the Son;
The Husband kills, and from her board
Steals all his Widow's toil had won;
Plunders God's world of beauty; rends away
All safety from the Night, all comfort from the Day

"Then wisely is my soul elate,
That Strife should vanish, Battle cease:
I'm poor and of a low estate,
The Mother of the Prince of Peace.
Joy rises in me, like a summer's morn:
Peace, Peace on Earth! the Prince of Peace is born!"

---

**HUMAN LIFE,**

**ON THE DENIAL OF IMMORTALITY**

If dead, we cease to be; if total gloom
Swallow up life's brief flash for eye, we fare
As summer-gusts, of sudden birth and doom,
Whose sound and motion not alone declare,
But are their whole of being! If the Breath
Be Life itself, and not its task and tent,
If even a soul like Milton's can know death,
O Man! thou vessel, purposeless, unmeant,
Yet drone-bivve strange of phantom purposes!
Surplus of Nature's dread activity,
Which, as she gazed on some nigh-finish'd vase,
Retreating slow, with meditative pause,
She form'd with restless hands unconsciously!
Blank accident! nothing's anomaly!
If rootless thus, thus substanceless thy state,
Go, weigh thy dreams, and be thy Hopes, thy Fears.
The counter-weights!—Thy Laughter and thy Tears
Mean but themselves, each fittest to create,
And to repay the other! Why rejoices
Thy heart with hollow joy for hollow good?
Why coward thy face beneath the mourner's hood,
Why waste thy sighs, and thy lamenting voices,
Image of image, Ghost of Ghostly Elf?
That such a thing as thou feel'st warm or cold?
Yet what and whence thy gain if thou withhold
These eagle shades of thy shadowy self?
Be sad! be glad! be neither! seek, or shun!
Thou hast no reason why! Thou canst have none:
Thy being's being is contradiction.

THE VISIT OF THE GODS.
IMITATED FROM SCHILLER.

Never, believe me,
Appease the Immortals,
Never alone:
Scarce had I welcomed the Sorrow-beguiler,
Iacchus! but in came Boy Cupid the Smiler;
Lo! Phebus the Glorious descends from his Throne!
They advance, they float in, the Olympians all...

With Divinities fills my
Terrestrial Hall!

How shall I yield you
Due entertainment,
Celestial Quire?

Me rather, bright guests! with your wings of up-buoyance
Bear aloft to your homes, to your banquets of joyance,
That the roofs of Olympus may echo my lyre!
Ha! we mount! on their pinions they waft up my Soul!

O give me the Nectar!
O fill me the Bowl!
Give him the Nectar!
Pour out for the Poet,
Hebe! pour free!

Quicken his eyes with celestial dew,
That Styx the detested no more he may view,
And like one of us Goda may conceit him to be!
Thanks, Hebe! I quaff it! To Pearn, I cry!
The Wine of the Immortals
Forbids me to die!

ELEGY.
IMITATED FROM ONE OF AKENSIDE'S BLANK VERSE INSCRIPTIONS.

Near the lone pile with ivy overspread,
Fast by the rivulet's sleep-persuading sound,
Where "sleeps the moonlight" on yon verdant bed—
O humbly press that consecrated ground!

For there does Edmund rest, the learned swain!
And there his spirit most delights to rove:
Young Edmund! famed for each harmonious strain,
And the sore wounds of ill-requited love.

Like some tall tree that spreads its branches wide,
And loads the west-wind with its soft perfume,
His manhood blossoms'd: till the faithless pride
Of fair Matilda sank him to the tomb.

But soon did righteous Heaven her guilt pursue!
Where'er with wilder'd steps she wander'd pale.
Still Edmund's image rose to blast her view,
Still Edmund's voice accused her in each gale.

With keen regret, and conscious guilt's alarms,
Amid the pomp of afluence she pined:
Nor all that lured her faith from Edmund's arms
Could lull the wakeful horror of her mind.

Go, Traveller! tell the tale with sorrow fraught
Some tearful maid, perchance, or blooming youth.
May hold it in remembrance; and be taught
That Riches cannot pay for Love or Truth.

KUBLA KHAN;

OR, A VISION IN A DREAM.

[The following fragment is here published at the request of a poet of great and deserved celebrity, and, as far as the Author's own opinion is concerned, rather as a psychological curiosity than on the ground of any supposed poetical merits.

In the summer of the year 1797, the Author, then in ill-health had retired to a lonely farm-house between Porlock and Linton on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effects of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment that he was reading the following sentence, a word of the latter substance, in Purchas's "Pilgrimage":—

"Here the Khan Kulsé commanded a palace to be built, and stately garden thereunto; and thus tens miles of fertile ground were inclosed with a wall." The author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses during which time he has the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines; that indeed can be called composition in which all the image rose up before him as ifwagz, with a parallel production of the correspondent expression, without any sensation, or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved.

At this moment he was unfortunately called out to a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour, and on his return to his room, found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained son vague image of the dream, all pretension of the exact purport of the vision yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines as images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone had been cast, but, alas without the after restoration of the latter.]

The all the charm
Is broken—all that phantom-world so fair
Vanishes, and a thousand circles spread,
And each michapes the other. Stay awhile,
Poor youth! who scarcely darest lift up thine eye;
The stream will soon renew its smoothness, soon
The visions will return: And lo! he stays,
And soon the fragments dim of lovely forms
Come trembling back, unite, and now once more
The poem becomes a mirror.

Yet from the still surviving recollections in his mind, the Author has frequently purposed to finish for himself what he had originally, as it were, given to him. Σαμεχρον αείων ουδα τονορρως is yet to come.

As a contrast to this vision, I have annexed a fragment of a very different character, descriptive with equal facility a dream of pain and disease.—Note to the First Edition, 1816.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree;
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea.
SIBYLLINE LEAVES.

So twice five miles of fertile
ground With walls and towers were girdled round: And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills, Where blossom'd many an incense-bearing tree; And here were forests ancient as the hills, Infolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover! A savage place! as holy and enchanted As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted By woman wailing for her demon-lover! And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing, A mighty fountain momentarily was forced:

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Flotted midway on the waves; Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.

It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there, And all should cry, Beware! Beware! His flashing eyes, his floating hair!

For he on honey-dew had fed
And drank the milk of Paradise.

Since in me, round me, everywhere,
Eternal Strength and Wisdom are.

But yester-night I pray'd aloud
In anguish and in agony,
Up-starting from the fiendish crowd
Of shapes and thoughts that tortured me:
A lurid light, a trampling throng,
Sense of intolerable wrong,
And whom I scorn'd, those only strong!
Thirst of revenge, the powerless will
Still baffled, and yet burning still!

Desire with loathing strangely mix'd,
On wild or hateful objects fix'd.

Fantastic passions! maddening brawl!
And shame and terror over all!

Deeds to bid which were not hid,
Which all confused I could not know,
Whether I suffer'd, or I did:
For all seem'd guilt, remorse, or woe,

My own or others', still the same

Life-stifling fear, soul-stifling shame.

So two nights pass'd: the night's dismay.
Sadden'd and stunn'd the coming day.
Sleep, the wide blessing, seem'd to me
Distemper's worst calamity.
The third night, when my own loud scream
Had waked me from the fiendish dream,
O'ercome with sufferings strange and wild,
I wept as I had been a child;

And having thus by tears subdued
My anguish to a milder mood,
Such punishments, I said, were due
To natures deepest stain'd with sin.

For eye tempesting anew
The unfathomable hell within,
The horror of their deeds to view.
To know and loathe, yet wish and do!
Such griefs with such men well agree,
But wherefore, wherefore fall on me!

'To be beloved is all I need,
And whom I love, I love indeed.

APPENDIX.

APologetic Preface

to "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter."

[See page 26]

At the house of a gentleman, who by the principles and corresponding virtues of a sincere Christian consecrates a cultivated genius and the favorable accidents of birth, opulence, and splendid connexions, it was my good fortune to meet, in a dinner-party, with more men of celebrity in science or polite literature, than are commonly found collected round the same table. In the course of conversation, one of the party reminded an illustrious Poet, then present, of some verses which he had recited that morning, and which had appeared in a newspaper under the name of a War-Eclogue, in which Fire, Famine, and Slaughter were introduced as the speakers. The gentleman so addressed replied, that he was rather surprised that
none of us should have noticed or heard of the poem, as it had been, at the time, a good deal talked of in Scotland. It may be easily supposed, that my feelings were at this moment not of the most comfortable kind. Of all present, one only knew or suspected me to be the author: a man who would have established himself in the first rank of England's living Poets, if the Genius of our country had not decreed that he should rather be the first in the first rank of its Philosophers and scientific Benefactors. It appeared the general wish to hear the lines. As my friend chose to remain silent, I chose to follow his example, and Mr. ***** recited the Poem. This he could do with the better grace, being known to have ever been not only a firm and active Anti-Jacobin and Anti-Gallican, but likewise a zealous admirer of Mr. Pitt, both as a good man and a great Statesman. As a Poet exclusively, he had been amused with the Eclogue; as a Poet, he recited it; and in a spirit, which made it evident, that he would have read and repeated it with the same pleasure, had his own name been attached to the imaginary object or agent.

After the recitation, my amiable host observed, that in his opinion Mr. ***** had overrated the merits of the poetry; but had they been tenfold greater, they could not have compensated for that malignity of heart, which could alone have prompted sentiments so atrocious. I perceived that my illustrious friend became greatly distressed on my account; but fortunately I was able to preserve foritude and presence of mind enough to take up the subject without exciting even a suspicion how nearly and painfully it interested me.

What follows, is substantially the same as I then replied, but dilated and in language less colloquial. It was not my intention, I said, to justify the publication, whatever its author's feelings might have been at the time of composing it. That they are calculated to call forth so severe a reprobation from a good man, is not the worst feature of such poems. Their moral deformity is aggravated in proportion to the pleasure which they are capable of affording to vindictive, turbulent, and unprincipled readers. Could it be supposed, though for a moment, that the author seriously wished what he had thus wildly imagined, even the attempt to palliate an inhumanity so monstrous would be an insult to the hearers. But it seemed to me worthy of consideration, whether the mood of mind, and the general state of sensations, in which a Poet produces such vivid and fantastic images, is likely to coexist, or is even compatible, with that gloomy and deliberate ferocity which a serious wish to realize them would presuppose. It had been often observed, and all my experience tended to confirm the observation, that prospects of pain and evil to others, and, in general, all deep feelings of revenge, are commonly expressed in a few words, ironically tame, and mild. The mind under so direful and fiend-like an influence seems to take a morbid pleasure in contrasting the intensity of its wishes and feelings, with the slightness or levity of the expressions by which they are hinted; and indeed feelings so intense and solitary, if they were not precluded (as in almost all cases they would be) by a constitutional activity of fancy and association, and by the specific joyousness combined with it, would assuredly themselves preclude such activity. Passion, in its own quality, is the antagonist of action: though in an ordinary and natural degree the former alternates with the latter, and thereby revives and strengthens it. But the more intense and insane the passion is, the fewer and the more fixed are the correspondent forms and, notions. A rooted hatred, an inveterate thirst of revenge, is a sort of madness, and still eddies round its favorite object, and exercises as it were a perpetual tautology of mind in thoughts and words, which admit of no adequate substitutes. Like a fish in a globe of glass, it moves restlessly round and round the scantly circumference, which it cannot leave without losing its vital element.

There is a second character of such imaginary representations as spring from a real and earnest desire of evil to another, which we often see in real life, and might even anticipate from the nature of the mind. The images, I mean, that a vindictive man places before his imagination, will most often be taken from the realities of life: they will be images of pain and suffering which he has himself seen inflicted on other men, and which he can fancy himself as inflicting on the object of his hatred. I will suppose that we had heard at different times two common sailors, each speaking of some one who had wronged or offended him; that the first with apparent violence had devoted every part of his adversary's body and soul to all the horrific phantoms and fantastic places that ever Quevedo dreamt of, and this in a rapid flow of those outraged and wildly-combined expletations, which too often with our lower classes serve for escape-valves to carry off the excess of their passions, as so much suppurated steam that would endanger the vessel if it were retained. The other, on the contrary, with that sort of calmness of tone which is to the ear what the paleness of anger is to the eye, shall simply say, "If I chance to be made bonasvain, as I hope I soon shall, and can but once get that fellow under my hand (and I shall be upon the watch for him), I'll tickle his pretty skin! I wont hurt him! oh no! I'll only cut the —— to the liver!" I dare appeal to all present, which of the two they would regard as the least deceptive symptom of deliberate malignity? may, whether it would surprise them to see the first fellow, an hour or two afterward, cordially shaking hands with the very man, the fractional parts of whose body and soul he had been so charitably disposing of; or even perhaps risking his life for him. What language Shakespeare considered characteristic of malignant disposition, we see in the speech of the good-natured Gratiano, who spoke "an infinite deal of nothing more than any man in all Venice?"

—Too wild, too rude and bold of voice!

the skipping spirit, whose thoughts and words reciprocally ran away with each other;

—O be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!

And for thy life let justice be accused!

and the wild fancies that follow, contrasted with Shylock's tranquil "I stand here for law."

Or, to take a case more analogous to the present subject, should we hold it either fair or charitable to believe it to have been Dante's serious wish, that all the persons mentioned by him, (many recently departed, and some even alive at the time), should actually suffer the fantastic and horrible punishments to which he has sentenced them in his Hell and Purgatory? Or what shall we say of the passages in which Bishop Jeremy Taylor anticipates the state of those who, vicious themselves, have been the
cause of vice and misery to their fellow-creatures? Could we endure for a moment to think that a spirit, like Bishop Taylor's, burning with Christian love; that a man constitutionally overflowing with pleasurable kindliness; who scarcely even in a casual illustration introduces the image of woman, child, or bird, but he embalms the thought with so rich a tenderness, as makes the very words seem beautified and fragments of poetry from a Euripides or Simonides; can we endure to think, that a man so nature and so disciplined, did at the time of composing this horrible picture, attach a sober feeling of reality to the phrases, or that he would have described in the same tone of justification, in the same luxuriant flow of phrases, the tortures about to be inflicted on a living individual by a verdict of the Star-Chamber; or the still more atrocious sentences executed on the Scotch anti-papist and schismatics, at the command, and in some instances under the very eye of the Duke of Lauderdale, and of that wretched bigot who afterwards dishonored and forfeited the throne of Great Britain? Or do we not rather feel and understand, that these violent words were mere bubbles, flashes and electrical apparitions, from the magic caldron of a fervid and ebullient fancy, constantly fuelled by an unexampled opulence of language?

Were I now to have read by myself for the first time the Poem in question, my conclusion, I fully believe, would be, that the writer must have been some man of warm feelings and active fancy; that he had painted to himself the circumstances that accompany war in so many vivid and yet fantastic forms, as proved that neither the images nor the feelings were the result of observation, or in any way derived from realities. I should judge, that they were the product of his own seething imagination, and therefore impregnated with that pleasurable exultation which is experienced in all energetic exertion of intellectual power; that in the same mood he had generalized the causes of the war, and then personified the abstract, and christened it by the name which he had been accustomed to hear most often associated with its management and measures. I should guess that the minister was in the author's mind at the moment of composition, as completely wearisome, wearisome, as Anacreon's grasshopper, and that he had as little notion of a real person of flesh and blood, Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb, as Milton had in the grim and terrible phantoms (half person, half allegory) which he has placed at the gates of Hell. I concluded by observing, that the Poem was not calculated to excite passion in any mind, or to make any impression except on poetic readers; and that from the culpable levity, betrayed at the close of the Eclogue by the grotesque union of epigrammatic wit with allegorical personification, in the allusion to the most fearful of thoughts, I should conjecture that the "rantin' Bardle," instead of really believing, much less wishing, the fate spoken of in the last line, in application to any human individual, would shrink from passing the verdict even on the Devil himself; and exclaim with poor Burns,

But fare ye well, auntie Nickie-been! Oh! wad ye tak a thought an' men! Ye aiblins might—I dina ken—

Still hae a stake—

I'm was to think upon yon den. Ev'n for your sake!

I need not say that these thoughts, which are here dilated, were in such a company only rapidly suggested. Our kind host smiled, and with a courteous compliment observed, that the defence was too good for the cause. My voice faltered a little, for I was somewhat agitated; though not so much on my own account as for the unexampled that so kind and friendly a man would feel from the thought that he had been the occasion of distressing me. At length I brought out these words: "I must now confess, Sir! that I am author of that Poem. It was written some years ago. I do not attempt to justify my past self, young as I then was; but as little as I would now write a similar poem, so far was I even then from imagining, that the lines would be taken as more or less than a sport of fancy. At all events, if I know my own heart, there was never a moment in my existence in which I should have been more ready, had Mr. Pitt's person been in hazard, to interpose my own body, and defend his life at the risk of my own." I have prefaced the Poem with this anecdote, because to have printed it without any remark might well have been understood as implying an unconditional approbation on my part, and this after many years' consideration. But if it be asked—why I reprinted it at all? I answer, that the Poem had been attributed at different times to different other persons; and what I had dared beget, I thought it neither manly nor honorable not to dare father. From the same motives I should have published perfect copies of two Poems, the one entitled The Devil's Thoughts, and the other The Two Round Spaces on the Tomb-Stone, but that the three first stanzas of the former, which were worth all the rest of the poem, and the best stanza of the remainder, were written by a friend of deserved celebrity; and because there are passages in both, which might have given offence to the religious feelings of certain readers. I myself indeed see no reason why vulgar superstitions, and absurd conceptions that deform the pure faith of a Christian, should possess a greater immunity from ridicule than stories of witches, or the fables of Greece and Rome. But there are those who despise it, and deprecations and irreverence to call an ape an ape, if it but wear a monk's cowl on its head; and I would rather reason with this weakness than offend it.

The passage from Jeremy Taylor to which I referred, is found in his second Sermon on Christ's Advenit to Judgment; which is likewise the second in his year's course of sermons. Among many remarkable passages of the same character in those discourses, I have selected this as the most so. "But when this Lion of the tribe of Judah shall appear, then Justice shall strike and Mercy shall not hold her hands; she shall strike sore strokes, and Pity shall not break the blow! As there are treasures of good things, so hath God a treasure of wrath and fury, and scourges and scorpions; and then shall be produced the shame of Lust and the malice of Envy, and the groans of the oppressed, and the persecutions of the saints, and the cares of Covetousness and the troubles of Ambition, and the indulgence of traitors and the violence of rebels, and the rage of anger and the unexampled of impatience, and the restlessness of
unlawful desires; and by this time the monsters and diseases will be numerous and intolerable, when God's heavy hand shall press the vices and the intolerance, the obliquity and the unreasonableness, the avarice and the disorder, the smart and the sorrow, the guilt and the punishment, out of all our sins, and pour them into one chalice, and mingle them with an infinite wrath, and make the wicked drink of all the vengeance, and force it down their unwilling throats with the violence of devils and accursed spirits."

That this Tartarean drench displays the imagination rather than the discretion of the compounder; that, in short, this passage and others of the kind are in a bad taste, few will deny at the present day. It would doubtless have more pleased the good bishop not to be wise beyond what is written, on a subject in which Eternity is opposed to Time, and a death threatened, not the negative, but the positive Oppositive of Life; a subject, therefore, which must of necessity be indescribable to the human understanding in our present state. But I cannot find nor believe, that it ever occurred to any reader to ground on such passages a charge against Bishop Taylor's humanity, or goodness of heart. I was not a little surprised therefore to find, in the Pursuits of Literature and other works, so horrible a sentence passed on Milton's moral character, for a passage in his prose-writings, as nearly parallel to this of Taylor's as two passages can well be conceived to be. All his merits, as a poet forsooth—all the glory of having written the Paradise Lost, are light in the scale, nay, kick the beam, compared with the atrocious malignity of heart expressed in the offending paragraph. I remembered, in general, that Milton had concluded one of his works on Reformation, written in the fervor of his youthful imagination, in a high poetic strain, that wanted metre only to become a lyrical poem. I remembered that in the former part he had formed to himself a perfect ideal of human virtue, a character of heroic, disinterested zeal and devotion for Truth, Religion, and public Liberty, in Act and in Suffering, in the day of Triumph and in the hour of Martyrdom. Such spirits, as more excellent than others, he describes as having a more excellent reward, and as distinguished by a transcendent glory: and this reward and this glory he displays and particularizes with an energy and brilliancy that announced the Paradise Lost as plainly as ever the bright purple clouds in the east announced the coming of the sun. Milton then passes to the gloomy contrast, to such men as from motives of selfish ambition and the lust of personal aggrandizement should, against their own light, punish the whole race, and under the false pretext of abuse the powers and gifts intrusted to them, to bring vice, blindness, misery and slavery, on their native country, on the very country that had trusted, enriched and honored them. Such beings, after that speedy and appropriate removal from their sphere of mischief which all good and humane men must of course desire, will, he takes for granted by parity of reason, meet with a punishment, an ignomy, and a retaliation, as much severer than other wicked men, as their guilt and its consequences were more enormous. His description of this imaginary punishment presents more distinct pictures to the fancy than the extract from Jeremy Taylor; but the thoughts in the latter are incomparably more exaggerated and horrible. All this I know; but I neither remembered, nor by reference and careful re-perusal could discover, any other meaning, either in Milton or Taylor, but that good men will be rewarded, and the impenitent wicked punished, in proportion to their dispositions and intentional acts in this life; and that if the punishment of the least wicked be fearful beyond conception, all words and descriptions must be so far true, that they must fall short of the punishment that awaits the transcendentally wicked. Had Milton stated either his ideal of virtue, or of depravity, as an individual or individuals actually existing? Certainly not; is this representation worded historically, or only hypothetically? Assuredly the latter! Does he express it as his own wish, that after death they should suffer these tortures? If it is as a general consequence, deduced from reason and revelation, that such will be their fate? Again, the latter only! His wish is expressed, and fixed to a speedy stop, being put by Providence to their power of inflicting misery on others! But did he name or refer to any persons, living or dead? No! But the calumniators of Milton dare say (for what will calumny dare say?) that he had LAUD and STAFFORD in his mind, while writing of remorseless persecution, and the enslavement of a free country, from motives of selfish ambition. Now, what if a stern anti-prelatist should dare say, that in speaking of the ills of traitors and the violence of rebels, Bishop Taylor must have individualized in his mind, HAMPDEN, HOLLIS, PYM, FAIRFAX, IRETON, and MILTON? And what if he should take the liberty of concluding, that, in the after description, the Bishop was feeding and feasting his party-hated, and with those individuals before the eyes of his imagination enjoying, trait by trait, horror after horror, the picture of their intolerable agonies? Yet this bigot would have an equal right to endeavor to criminate the one great man as these men have to criminate the other. Milton has said, and I doubt not but that Taylor with equal truth could have said it, "that in his whole life he never spake against a man even that his skin should be grazed." He asserted this when one of his opponents (either Bishop Hall or his nephew) had called upon the women and children in the streets to take up stones and stone him (Milton). It is known that Milton repeatedly used his interest to protect the royalists; but even at a time when all lies would have been meritorious against him, no charge was made, no story pretended, that he had ever directly or indirectly engaged or assisted in their persecution. Oh! methinks there are other and far better feelings, which should be acquired by the perusal of our great elder writers. When I have before me on the same table, the works of Hammond and Baxter; when I reflect with what joy and dear love these blessed spirits are now loving each other, it seems a natural thing that we should be perverted to an occasion of bitterness among us, who are enjoying that happy mean which the human too-much on both sides was perhaps necessary to produce. "The tangle of delusions which stifled and distorted the growing tree of our well-being has been torn away! the parasite weeds that fed on its ve. roots have been plucked up with a salutary violence To us there remain only quiet duties, the constant care, the gradual improvement, the cautious un-hazardous labors of the industrious though contented gardener—to prune, to strengthen, to engraff, and one by one to remove from its leaves and fresh shoots the slug and the caterpillar. But far be it from us to undervalue with light and senseless
SIBYLLE LEAVES.

59
definition the conscientious hardihood of our prede- cessors, or even to condemn in them that vehemence, to which the blessings it won for us leave us now neither temptation or pretext. We anathedate the feelings, in order to crinate the authors, of our present Liberty, Light and Toleration." (The Friend, p. 54.)

If ever two great men might seem, during their whole lives, to have moved in direct opposition, though neither of them has at any time introduced the name of the other, Milton and Jeremy Taylor were they. The former commenced his career by attack- ing the Church-Liturgy and all set forms of prayer. The latter, but far more successfully, by defending both. Milton's next work was then against the Pre- lacy and the then existing Church-Government— Taylor's in vindication and support of them. Milton became more and more a stern republican, or rather an advocate for that religious and moral aristocracy which, in his day, was called republicanianism, and which, even more than royalty itself, is the direct relic of modern Jacobinism; or, if by any more sceptical concerning the fitness of men in general for power, became more and more attached to the prerogatives of monarchy. From Calvinism, with a still decreasing respect for Fathers, Councils, and for Church-Antiquity in general, Milton seems to have ended in an indifference, if not a dislike, to all forms of ecclesiastical government, and to have retreated wholly into the inward and spiritual church-commu- nion of his own spirit with the Light, that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. Taylor, with a growing reverence for authority, an increasing sense of the insufficiency of the Scriptures without he aids of tradition and the consent of authorized interpreters, advanced as far in his approaches (not added to Popery, but) to Catholicism, as a conscientious minister of the English Church could well venture. Milton would be, and would utter the same, o all, on all occasions: he would tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Taylor would become all things to all men, if by any means he might benefit any; hence he availed himself, in his popular writings, of opinions and repre- sentations which stand often in striking contrast with he doubts and convictions expressed in his more philosophical works. He appears, indeed, not too severely to have blamed that management of truth (stam falsitatatem ipsius) authorized and ex- plained by almost all the fathers: Integrum omnino Doctorum et catus Christiani antitabus esse, ut dolos inter, falsa vera intermiscent et imprimit religionis ostes fallant, dummodo veritas commodi et utilitatis invocat.

The same antithesis might be carried on with the talents of their several intellectual powers. Mil- ton, austere, condemed, imaginative, supporting his truth by direct enumerations of lofty moral sentinent and by distinct visual representations, and in the same spirit overwhelming what he deemed false- pond by moral denunciation and a succession of pic- tures appalling or repulsive. In his prose, so many metaphors, so many allegorical miniatures. Taylor, minute discursive, accumulative, and (to use one of his own words) agglomerative—still more rich in images than Milton himself, but images of Fancy, and presented to the common and passive eye, rather than to the eye of the imagination. Whether sup- plying or assailing, he makes his way either by ar- mony or by appeal to the affections, unsurpassed even by the Schoolmen in subtlety, agility and logic wit, and unrivalled by the most rhetorical of the fathers in the copiousness and vividness of his ex- pressions and illustrations. Here words that con- vey feelings, in words that flash images, and words of abstract notion, flow together, and at once whirl and rush onward like a stream, at once rapid and full of eddies; and yet still interfused here and there we see a tongue or isle of smooth water, with some picture in it of earth or sky, landscape or living group of quiet beauty.

Differing, then, so widely, and almost contrari- antly, wherein did these great men agree? wherein did they resemble each other? In Genius, in Learning, in unfeigned Piety, in blameless Purity of Life, and in benevolent aspirations and purposes for the moral and temporal improvement of their fel- low-creatures! Both of them wrote a Latin Acci- dence, to render education more easy and less pain- ful to children; both of them composed hymns and psalms proportioned to the capacity of common congre- gations; both, nearly at the same time, set that glorious example of publicly recommending and sup- porting general Toleration, and the Liberty both of the Pulpit and the Press! In the writings of neither shall we find a single sentence, like those meek deliverances to God's mercy, with which Laud ac- companied his votes for the mutilations and lothe- some dungeoning of Leighton and others!—nowhere such a pious prayer as we find in Bishop Hall's memoranda of his own life, concerning the subtle and witty Atheist that so grievously perplexed and gravelled him at Sir Robert Drury's, till he prayed to the Lord to remove him, and behold! his prayers were heard; for shortly afterward this Philistine combatant went to London, and there perished of the plague in great misery! In short, nowhere shall we find the least approach, in the lives and writings of John Milton or Jeremy Taylor, to that guarded gentleness, to that sighing reluctance, with which the holy Brethren of the Inquisition deliver over a condemned heretic to the civil magistrate, recom- mending him to mercy, and hoping that the magis- trate will treat the erring brother with all possible mildness!—the magistrate, who too well knows what would be his own fate, if he dared offend them by acting on their recommendation.

The opportunity of diverting the reader from my- self to characters more worthy of his attention, has led me far beyond my first intention; but it is not unimportant to express the false zeal which has oc- casioned these attacks on our elder patriots. It has been too much the fashion, first to personify the Church of England, and then to speak of different individuals, who in different ages have been rulers in that church, as if in some strange way they con- stituted its personal identity. Why should a clergy- man of the present day feel interested in the defence of Laud or Sheldon? Surely it is sufficient for the warmest partisan of our establishment, that he can assert with truth,—when our Church persecuted, it was on mistaken principles held in common by all Christendom; and, at all events, far less culpable was this intolerance in the Bishops, who were maintain- ing the existing laws, than the persecuting spirit afterwards shown by their successful opponents, who had no such excuse, and who should have been taught mercy by their own sufferings, and wisdom by the utter failure of the experiment in their own case. We can say, that our Church, apostolical in its faith,
pr~itive in its ceremonies, unequalled in its liturgical forms: that our Church, which has kindled and displayed more bright and burning lights of Genius and Learning, than all other Protestant churches since the Reformation, was (with the single exception of the times of Laud and Sheldon) least intolerant, when all Christians unhappily deemed a species of intolerance their religious duty; that Bishops of our church were among the first that contended against this error; and finally, that since the Reformation, when tolerance became a fashion, the Church of England, in a tolerating age, has shown herself equally tolerant, and far more so, both in Spirit and in fact, that many of her most bitter opponents, who profess to deem tolerance itself an insult on the rights of mankind! As to myself, who not only know the Church-Establishment to be tolerant, but who see in it the greatest, if not the sole safe bulwark of Toleration, I feel no necessity of defending or particularizing oppressions under the two Charletons, in order to exclaim with a full and fervent heart, ESTO PETTA!

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

IN SEVEN PARTS.


PART I.

An ancient Mariner,

Travelling with a ship great,

Told me these points which I relate,

And this is the reason why.

He held him with his shining eye—

The wedding-guest stood still,

And listens like a three-years’ child;

The Mariner hath his will.

The ship was cheer’d, the harbor clear’d,

Merrily did we drop,

Below the kirk, below the hill,

Below the light-house top.

The Sun came up upon the left,

Out of the sea came he!

And he shone bright, and on the right Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,

Till over the mast at noon—

The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,

For he heard the loud baouen.

The bride hath paced into the hall,

Red as a rose is she;

Nodding their heads before her goes

The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,

Yet he cannot choose but hear;

And thus spake on that ancient man,

The bright-eyed Mariner.

And now the storm-blast came, and he

Was tyrannous and strong;

He struck with his o’ertaking wings,

And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dripping prow,

As who pursued with yell and blow

Still treads the shadow of his foe,

And forward bends his head,

The ship drove fast, loud roar’d the blast,

And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,

And it grew wondrous cold;

And ice, mast-high, came floating by,

As green as emerald.

And through the drizls the snowy cliffs

Did rend a dismal sheen:

Nor shapes of men nor beasts were seen—

The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,

The ice was all around:

It crack’d and growl’d, and roard and howl’d,

Like noises in a swound!

At length did cross an Albatross:

Thorough the fog it came;

As if it had been a christian soul,

We hail’d it in God’s name.

Till a great sea bird, called the Albatross, came through the misty fog, and was received with joy and hospitality.
It ate the food it ne'er had eat;
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-spit;
The helmsman steer'd us through!

And a good south-wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's holo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perch'd for vespers nine;
While all the night, through fog and smoke white,
Glimmer'd the white moon-shine.

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!
Why look'st thou so?"—With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross.

PART II.
The Sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left Went down into the sea.

And the good south-wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariner's holo!

And I had done an hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averr'd, I had kill'd the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprised:
Then all averr'd, I had kill'd the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'T was right, said they, such birds to slay
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow follow'd free;
We were the first that ever burst Into that silent sea.

Down dropped the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'T was sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stood, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink:
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had follow'd us
From the land of mist and snow.

Coming whom the learned Jew, Josephus,
Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was wither'd at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with snot.

Ah! woe-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III.
There pass'd a weary time. Each throat
Was parch'd, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seem'd a little speck,
And then it seem'd a mist;
It moved and moved, and look'd at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it near'd and near'd:
As if it dodged a water-spirit,
It plunged and tuck'd and veer'd.

With throats unsalted, with black lips baked,
We could not laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood;
I bit my arm, I suck'd the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

And the Albatross begins to be avenged.

A spirit had followed them: one of the invisible in-habitants of this planet,—neither departed souls nor angels; con- and the Pistonic spirit of the learned Jew, Josephus, Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

The shipmates, their sore distress would fail through the whole gulf on the ancient Mariner,—in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

The ancient Mariner beheld a sign in the element afar off.
A flash of joy.

With throats unslaked, with black
lips baked,
Agape they heard me call;
Of gramma! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

One after one, by the star-dogged
Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turn'd his face with a ghastly
pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan),
With hearty thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropp'd down one by one.

The souls did from their bodies fly—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it pass'd me by
Like the whizz of my cross-now!


PART IV.

"I FEAR thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and
brown,
As is the ribb'd sea-sand.*

"I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown."—
Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-
Guest!
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all alone,
Alone on a wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy
things
Lived on; and so did I.

I look'd upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I look'd upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I look'd to Heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gush'd, —
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea
And the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their
limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they; —[me
The look with which they look'd on
Had never pass'd away.

An orphan's curse would drag to Hell
A spirit from on high;

* For the two last lines of this stanza, I am indebted to M Wordsworth. It was on a delightful walk from Nether Stow to Delverton, with him and his sister, in the Autumn of 1799 that this Poem was planted, and in part composed.
The moving Moon went up the sky;
And nowhere did abide,
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

by the light of
the Moon he beheld—God's
testaments of
the great calm.

Her beams bemock'd the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watch'd the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they rear'd, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watch'd their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coil'd and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beauty and
their happiness.

le blesseth them
his heart.

The spell begins
break.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remain'd, [dew,
I dreamt that they were fill'd with
And when I awoke, it rain'd.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs;
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had die'd in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anew;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried up!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain pour'd down from one black cloud;
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was left, and still
The Moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reach'd the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!—
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groan'd, they stirr'd, they all
uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steer'd, the ship
moved on,
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools
—We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pull'd at one rope,
But he said nought to me.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
Be calm, thou Wedding-guest!
'T was not these souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:
For when it dawn'd—they dropp'd their arms,
And cluster'd round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies pass'd.

Around, around, flew each sweet
sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mix'd, now one by one.
Sometimes, a-drooping from the sky,  
I heard the sky-lark sing;  
Sometimes all little birds that are,  
How they seem'd to fill the sea and air,  
With their sweet jargon!

And now 't was like all instruments,  
Now like a lonely flute;  
And now it is an angel's song,  
That makes the Heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on  
A pleasant noise till noon,  
A noise like of a hidden brook  
In the leafy month of June,  
That to the sleeping woods all night  
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,  
Yet never a breeze did breathe:  
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,  
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keen nine fathom deep,  
From the land of mist and snow,  
The spirit slid: and it was he  
That made the ship to go,  
The sails at noon left off their tune,  
And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,  
Had fix'd her to the ocean:  
But in a minute she 'gan stir,  
With a short uneasy motion—  
Backwards and forwards half her length  
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pacing horse let go,  
She made a sudden bound;  
It flung the blood into my head,  
And I fell down in a swoond.

How long in that same fit I lay,  
I have not to declare;  
But ere my living life return'd,  
I heard and in my soul discern'd  
Two voices in the air.

"Is it he?" quoth one, "Is this the man?  
By him who died on cross,  
With his cruel bow he laid full low  
The harmless Albatross.

"The spirit who bideth by himself  
In the land of mist and snow,  
He loved the bird that loved the man  
Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice,  
As soft as honey-dew;  
Quoth he, "The man hath penance done,  
And penance more will do."

PART VI

FIRST VOICE.

But tell me, tell me! speak again,  
Thy soft response renewing—  
What makes that ship drive on so fast?  
What is the ocean doing?

SECOND VOICE.

Still as a slave before his lord,  
The ocean hath no blast;  
His great bright eye most silently  
Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;  
For she guides him smooth or grim,  
See, brother, see! how gravely  
She looketh down on him.

FIRST VOICE.

But why drives on that ship so fast,  
Without or wave or wind!

SECOND VOICE.

The air is cut away before,  
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!  
Or we shall be belated:

For slow and slow that ship will go,  
When the Mariner's trance is abated.

I woke, and we were sailing on  
As in a gentle weather:

"T was night, calm night, the Moon  
Was high;  
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,  
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:  
All fix'd on me their stony eyes,  
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,  
Had never pass'd away:  
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,  
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt: once  
The curse was more

I view'd the ocean green,  
And look'd far forth, yet little saw  
Of what had else been seen—

Like one, that on a lonesome road  
Doth walk in fear and dread,  
And having once turn'd round walks on,  
And turns no more his head;  
Because he knows, a frightful fiend  
DOTH close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,  
Nor sound nor motion made:  
Its path was not upon the sea,  
In ripple or in shade.
It raised my hair, it fann'd my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sail'd softly too;
Sweetly, sweettly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countrée?

We drifted o'er the harbor bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbor-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothe it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steep'd in silenctness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till, rising from the same,
Full many shapes that shadows were
In crimson colors came.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turn'd my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat;
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse stood:

This seraph band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turn'd perforse away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!

He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shivre my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

PART VII.

This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countrée.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiffboat near'd; I heard them talk,
"Why this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair.
That signal made but now?"

"Strange, by my faith!" the Hermit said—
"And they answer not our cheer!
The planks look warp'd! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

"Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owl whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the sha-wolf's young."

"Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
(The Pilot made reply.)
I am a-fear'd "—" Push on, push on!"
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirr'd;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reach'd the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

Stunn'd by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drown'd
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round:
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.
I moved my lips—the Pilot shriek'd;
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And pray'd where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laugh'd loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.

"Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row."

And now, all in my own countrie,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepp'd forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!"
The Hermit cross'd his brow.
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say—"
What manner of man art thou?"

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrench'd
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale:
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:

But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maidens singing are:
And hark! the little vesper-bell,
Which bidth me to prayer.

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk,
With a goodly company:

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest
Turn'd from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunn'd,
And is of sense forlorn,
A saddler and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

And to teach, his own example:
Love and reverence to all things
That God made and loveth.

Christabel.

PREFACE.*

The first part of the following poem was written in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven, at Stowey in the county of Somerset. The second part, after my return from Germany, in the year one thousand eight hundred, at Keswick, Cumberland. Since the latter date, my poetic powers have been, till very lately, in a state of suspended animation. But as, in my very first conception of the tale, I had the whole present to my mind, with the wholeness, no less than with the loveliness of a vision, I trust that I shall yet be able to embody in verse the three parts yet to come.

It is probable, that if the poem had been finished

* To the edition of 1816.
The lady sprang up suddenly,  
The lovely lady, Christabel!  
It moun'd as near, as near can be,  
But what it is, she cannot tell,—  
On the other side it seems to be,  
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak-tree.

The lady sprang up suddenly,  
The lovely lady, Christabel!  
It moun'd as near, as near can be,  
But what it is, she cannot tell,—  
On the other side it seems to be,  
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak-tree.

The night is chill; the forest bare;  
Is it the wind that moneath bleak?  
There is not wind enough in the air  
To move away the ringlet curl  
From the lovely lady's cheek—  
There is not wind enough to twirl  
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,  
That dances as often as dance it can,  
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,  
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.  

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!  
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!  
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,  
And stole to the other side of the oak.  
What sees she there?  

There she sees a damsel bright,  
Drest in a silken robe of white,  
That shadowy in the moonlight shone:  
The neck that made that white robe want,  
Her stately neck, and arms, were bare;  
Her blue-vein'd feet unsandal'd were,  
And wildly glitter'd here and there  
The gems entangled in her hair.  
I guess, 'twas frightful there to see  
A lady so richly clad as she—  
Beautiful exceedingly!  

Mary mother, save me now!  
(Said Christabel), And who art thou?  
The lady strange made answer meet,  
And her voice was faint and sweet:—  
Have pity on my sore distress,  
I scarce can speak: for weariness:  
Stretch forth thy hand, and have no fear!  
Said Christabel, How canst thou here?  
And the lady, whose voice was faint and sweet,  
Did thus pursue her answer:—

My sire is of a noble line,  
And my name is Geraldine:  
Five warriors seized me yestermorn,  
Me, even me, a maid forlorn:  
They choked my cries with force and fright,  
And tied me on a palfrey white.  
The palfrey was as fleet as wind,  
And they rode furiously behind.  
They spurr'd amain, their steeds were white;  
And once we cross'd the shade of night.  
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,  
I have no thought what men they be;  
Nor do I know how long it is  
(For I have lain entranced I wis)  
Since one, the tallest of the five,  
Took me from the palfrey's back,  
A weary woman, scarce alive.  
Some mutter'd words his comrades spoke  
He placed me underneath this oak,
He swore they would return with haste:
Whither they went I cannot tell—
I thought I heard, some minutes past,
Sounds as of a castle-bell.
Stretch forth thy hand (thus ended she),
And help a wretched maid to flee.

Then Christabel stretch'd her hand,
And comforted fair Geraldine:
O well, bright dame! may you command
The service of Sir Leoline;
And gladly our stout chivalry
Will he send forth and friends withal,
To guide and guard you safe and free
Home to your noble father's hall.

She rose; and forth with steps they pass'd
That strove to be, and were not, fast.
Her gracious stars the lady blest,
And thus spake on sweet Christabel:
All our household are at rest,
The hall as silent as the cell;
Sir Leoline is weak in health,
And may not well awaken'd be,
But we will move as if in stealth;
And I beseech your courtesy,
This night, to share your couch with me.

They cross'd the moat, and Christabel
Took the key that fitted well;
A little door she open'd straight,
All in the middle of the gate;
The gate that was iron'd within and without,
Where an army in battle array had march'd out.
The lady sank, belike through pain,
And Christabel with might and main
Lifted her up, a weary weight,
Over the threshold of the gate:
Then the lady rose again,
And moved, as she were not in pain.

So free from danger, free from fear,
They cross'd the court: right glad they were.
And Christabel devoutly cried
To the lady by her side,
Praise we the virgin all divine
Who hath rescued thee from thy distress!
Alas, alas! said Geraldine,
I cannot speak for weariness.
So free from danger, free from fear,
They cross'd the court: right glad they were.

Outside her kennel, the mastiff old
Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.
The mastiff old did not awake,
Yet she an angry moan did make!
And what can all the mastiff bitch?
Never till now she utter'd yell
Beneath the eye of Christabel.
Perhaps it is the owl's scritch:
For what can all the mastiff bitch?

They pass'd the hall, that echoes still,
Pass as lightly as you will!
The brandis were flat, the brands were dying,
Amid their own white ashes lying:

But when the lady pass'd, there came
A tongue of light, a fit of flame;
And Christabel saw the lady's eye,
And nothing else saw she thereby,
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall,
Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall.
O softly tread! said Christabel,
My father seldom sleepeth well.

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare;
And, jealous of the listening air,
They steal their way from stair to stair:
Now in gimmer, and now in gloom—
And now they pass the Baron's room,
As still as death with stilled breath!
And now have reach'd her chamber-door;
And now doth Geraldine press down
The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air,
And not a moonbeam enters here.
But they without its light can see
The chamber carved so curiously,
Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's grain,
For a lady's chamber meet:
The lamp with twofold silver chain
Is fasten'd to an angel's feet.

The silver lamp burns dead and dim;
But Christabel the lamp will trim.
She trimm'd the lamp, and made it bright,
And left it swinging to and fro
While Geraldine, in wretched plight
Sank down upon the floor below.
O weary lady, Geraldine,
I pray you, drink this cordial wine!
It is a wine of virtuous powers;
My mother made it of wild flowers.

And will your mother pity me,
Who am a maiden most forlorn?
Christabel answer'd—Woe is me!
She died the hour that I was born.
I have heard the gray-hair'd friar tell,
How on her death-bed she did say,
That she should hear the castle-bell
Strike twelve upon my wedding-day.
O mother dear! that thou wert here!
I would, said Geraldine, she were!

But soon, with alter'd voice, said she—
"Off, wandering mother! Peak and pine!
I have power to bid thee flee.
Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?
Why stayes she with unsettled eye?
Can she the bodiless dead espy?
And why with hollow voice cries she,
"Off, woman, off! this hour is mine—
Though thou her guardian spirit be,
Off, woman, off! 'tis given to me."

Then Christabel knelt by the lady's side,
And raised to heaven her eyes so blue—
Alas! said she, this ghastly ride—
Dear lady! it hath wilder'd you!
The lady wiped her moist cold brow,
And faintly said, "Tis over now!"

Again the wild-flower wine she drank:
Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,
And from the floor wherein she sank,
The lofty lady stood upright;
She was most beautiful to see,
Like a lady of a far countree.

And thus the lofty lady spake—
All they, who live in the upper sky,
Do love you, holy Christabel!
And you love them, and for their sake
And for the good which me befell,
Even I in my degree will try,
Fair maiden! to requite you well.
But now unrope yourself; for I
Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie.

Quoth Christabel, So let it be!
And as the lady bade, did she.
Her gentle limbs did she undress,
And lay down in her loveliness.

But through her brain of weal and woe
So many thoughts moved to and fro,
That vain it were her lids to close;
So half-way from the bed she rose,
And on her elbow did recline
To look at the Lady Geraldine.

Beneath the lamp the lady bow'd,
And slowly roll'd her eyes around;
Then drawing in her breath aloud,
Like one that shudder'd, she unbound
The sicture from beneath her breast:
Her silken robe, and inner vest,
Drops to her feet, and full in view,
Behold! her bosom and half her side—
A sight to dream of, not to tell!
O shield her! shield sweet Christabel

Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs; ah!
What a stricken look was here! Deep from within she seems half-way
To lift some weight with sick assay,
And eyes the maid and seeks delay;
Then suddenly as one defied
Collects herself in scorn and pride,
And lay down by the Maidens side!—
And in her arms the maid she took,
Ah well-a-day!
And with low voice and doleful look
These words did say:
In the touch of this bosom there worketh a spell, Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel!
How knowest to-night, and will know to-morrow
This mark of my shame, this seal of my sorrow; But vainly thou warrest, For this is alone in
Thy power to declare,
That in the dim forest
Thou hearest a low moaning.

And foundest a bright lady, surpassingly fair:
And didst bring her home with thee in love and in
charity,
To shield her and shelter her from the damp air.

THE CONCLUSION TO PART I.

It was a lovely sight to see
The lady Christabel, when she
Was praying at the old oak-tree.
Amid the jagged shadows
Of mossy leafless boughs,
Kneeling in the moonlight,
To make her gentle vows;
Her slender palms together press,
Having sometimes on her breast;
Her face resign'd to bliss or bale—
Her face, O call it fair, not pale!
And both blue eyes more bright than clear,
Each about to have a tear.

With open eyes (ah woe is me!)
Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,
Fearfully dreaming; yet I wis,
Dreaming that alone, which is—
O sorrow and shame! Can this be she,
The lady, who kneel'd at the old oak-tree?
And lo! the worker of these harms,
That holds the maiden in her arms,
Seems to slumber still and mild,
As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,
O Geraldine! since arms of thine
Have been the lovely lady's prison.
O Geraldine! one hour was thine—
Thou 'st had thy will! By tawr and rill,
The night-birds all that hour were still.
But now they are jubilant anew,
From cliff and tower, tu-who! tu-who!
Tu-who! tu-who! from wood and fell!

And see! the lady Christabel
Gathers herself from out her trance;
Her limbs relax, her countenance
Grows sad and soft; the smooth thin lids
Close o'er her eyes; and tears she sheds—
Large tears that leave the lashes bright!
And off the while she seems to smile
As infants at a sudden light!

Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep,
Like a youthful hermitess,
Beauteous in a wilderness,
Who, praying always, prays in sleep,
And, if she move unquietly,
Perchance, 'tis but the blood so free,
Comes back and tingles in her feet.
No doubt, she hath a vision sweet:
What if her guardian spirit 't were,
What if she knew her mother near!
But this she knows, in joys and woes,
That saints will aid if men will call:
For the blue sky bends over all!
PART II.

Each matin-bell, the Baron saith,
Knells us back to a world of death.
These words Sir Leoline first said,
When he rose and found his lady dead:
These words Sir Leoline will say,
Many a morn to his dying day!

And hence the custom and law began,
That still at dawn the sacristan,
Who duly pulls the heavy bell,
Five-and-forty beads must tell
Between each stroke—a warning knell,
Which not a soul can choose but hear
From Brathu Head to Wyndermere.

Saith Bracy the bard, So let it knell!
And let the drowsy sacristan
Still count as slowly as he can!
There is no lack of such, I ween,
As well fill up the space between.
In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair
And Dungeon-ghyll so foully rent,
With ropes of rock and bells of air.
Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent.
Who all give back, one after t'other,
The death-note to their living brother;
And oft too, by the knell offended,
Just as their one! two! three! is ended,
The devil mocks the dolorous tale
With a merry peal from Borrowdale.

The air is still! through mist and cloud
That merry peal comes ringing loud;
And Geraldine shakes off her dread,
And rises lightly from the bod;
Puts on her silken vestments white,
And tricks her hair in lovely plight,
And, nothing doubting of her spell,
Awakens the lady Christabel.
“Sleep you, sweet lady Christabel?
I trust that you have rested well.”

And Christabel awoke and spied
The same who lay down by her side—
O rather say, the same whom she
Rosed up beneath the old oak-tree!
Nay, fairer yet! and yet more fair!
For she belike hath drunken deep
Of all the blessedness of sleep!
And while she spake, her looks, her air
Such gentle thankfulness declare,
That (so it seem'd) her girded vests
Grew tight beneath her heavy breasts.
“Sure I have sinn'd,” said Christabel,
“Now Heaven be praised if all be well!”
And in low faltering tones, yet sweet,
Did she the lofty lady greet
With such perplexity of mind
As dreams too lively leave behind.

So quickly she rose, and quickly array'd
Her maiden limbs, and having pray'd
That He, who on the cross did groan,
Might wash away her sins unknown.

She forthwith led fair Geraldine
To meet her sire, Sir Leoline.

The lovely maid and the lady tall
Are pacing both into the hall,
And, pacing on through page and groan
Enter the Baron's presence-room.

The Baron rose, and while he prest
His gentle daughter to his breast,
With cheerful wonder in his eyes
The lady Geraldine espies,
And gave such welcome to the same,
As might beseech so bright a dame!

But when he heard the lady's tale,
And when she told her father's name,
Why wad Sir Leoline so pale,
Murmuring o'er the name again,
Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine?

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above,
And life is thorny; and youth is vain:
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted—never to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from pain—
They stood aloof, the scar remaining:
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between.
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been
Sir Leoline, a moment's space,
Stood gazing on the damsel's face:
And the youthful Lord of Tryermaine
Came back upon his heart again.

O then the Baron forgot his age!
His noble heart swell'd high with rage;
He swore by the wounds in Jesus' side,
He would proclaim it far and wide
With trump and solemn heraldry,
That they, who thus had wrong'd the dame
Were base as spotted infancy!
“And if they dare deny the same,
My herald shall appoint a week,
And let the recreant traitors seek
My tourney-court—that there and then
I may dissolve their reptile souls
From the bodies and forms of men!”
He spake: his eye in lightning rolls!
For the lady was ruthlessly seized; and he knew
In the beautiful lady the child of his friend!

And now the tears were on his face,
And fondly in his arms he took
Fair Geraldine, who met the embrace,
Prolonging it with joyous look.

80
With all his numerous array,
White with their panting palfreys' foam;
And by mine honor! I will say,
That I repent me of the day
When I spake words of high disdain.

To Roland de Vaux de Tryermaine!
—For since that evil hour hath flown,
Many a summer's sun hath shone;
Yet ne'er found I a friend again
Like Roland de Vaux de Tryermaine.

The lady fell, and clasp'd his knees,
Her face uppraised, her eyes o'erflowing;
And Bracy replied, with Faltering voice,
Her gracious hilt on all bestowing—

Thy words, thou sire of Christabel,
Are sweeter than my harp can tell;
Yet might I gain a boon of thee,
This day my journey should not be.

So strange a dream hath come to me,
That I had vow'd with music loud
To clear yon wood from thing unblest,
Warn'd by a vision in my rest!
For in my sleep I saw that dove,
That gentle bird, whom thou dost love,
And call'dst by thy own daughter's name—
Sir Leoline! I saw the same,
Fluttering; and uttering fearful moan,
Among the green herbs in the forest alone.
Which when I saw and when I heard,
I wonder'd what might all the bird:
For nothing near it could I see,
Save the grass and green herbs underneath the old tree.

And in my dream, methought, I went
To search out what might there be found;
And what the sweet bird's trouble meant
That thus lay fluttering on the ground.
I went and peer'd, and could descry
No cause for her distressful cry;
But yet for her dear lady's sake,
I stoop'd, methought, the dove to take.
When lo! I saw a bright green snake
Coil'd around its wings and neck.
Green as the herbs on which it conch'd,
Close by the dove's its head it crouch'd'd
And with the dove it heaves and stirs,
Swelling its neck as she swell'd hers!
I woe! it was the midnight hour,
The clock was echoing in the tower;
But though my slumber was gone by,
This dream it would not pass away—
It seemed to live upon my eye!
And thence I vow'd this self-same day,
With music strong and saintly song
To wander through the forest bare,
Lest aught unholy loiter there.

Thus Bracy said: the Baron, the while,
Half-listening heard him with a smile;
Then turn'd to Lady Geraldine,
His eyes made up of wonder and love;
And said in courtly accents fine,
Sweet Maid! Lord Roland's beauteous dove,
With arms more strong than harp or song,
Thy sire and I will crush the snake!
He kiss'd her forehead as he spoke,
And Geraldine in maiden wise,
Casting down her large bright eyes,
With blushing cheek and courtesy fine
She, turn'd her from Sir Leoline;
Softly gathering up her train,
That o'er her right arm fell again;
And folded her arms across her chest,
And couch'd her head upon her breast,
And look'd askance at Christabel——
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!

A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy,
And the lady's eyes they shrink in her head,
Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye,
And with somewhat of malice and more of dread,
At Christabel she look'd askance——
One moment—and the sight was fled!
But Christabel, in dizzy trance
Stumbling on the unsteady ground,
Shudder'd aloud, with a hissing sound;
And Geraldine again turn'd round,
And like a thing, that sought relief,
Full of wonder and full of grief,
She roll'd her large bright eyes divine
Wildly on Sir Leoline.

The maid, alas! her thoughts are gone,
She nothing sees—no sight but one!
The maid, devoid of guile and sin,
I know not how, in fearful wise
So deeply had she drunken in
That look, those shrunk serpent eyes,
That all her features were resign'd
To this sole image in her mind:
And passively did imitate
That look of dull and treacherous hate!
And thus she stood, in dizzy trance,
Still picturing that look askance
With forced, unconscious sympathy
Full before her father's view——
As far as such a look could be,
In eyes so innocent and blue.
And when the trance was o'er, the maid
Paused awhile, and inly pray'd:
Then falling at the Baron's feet,
"By my mother's soul do I entreat
That thou this woman send away!"
She said: and more she could not say;
For what she knew she could not tell,
O'ermaster'd by the mighty spell.

Why is thy cheek so wan and wild,
Sir Leoline? Thy only child
Lies at thy feet, thy joy, thy pride,
So fair, so innocent, so mild;
The same, for whom thy lady died.
O by the pangs of her dear mother,
Think thou no evil of thy child!
For her, and thee, and for no other,
She pray'd the moment ere she died;
Pray'd that the babe for whom she died
Might prove her dear lord's joy and pride!
That prayer her deadly pangs beguiled,
Sir Leoline!
And wouldst thou wrong thy only child,
Her child and thine?

Within the Baron's heart and brain
If thoughts like these had any share,
They only swell'd his rage and pain,
And did but work confusion there.
His heart was clef't with pain and rage,
His cheeks they quiver'd, his eyes were wild,
Dishonor'd thus in his old age;
Dishonor'd by his only child,
And all his hospitality
To the insulted daughter of his friend
By more than woman's jealousy
Brought thus to a disgraceful end——
He roll'd his eye with stern regard
Upon the gentle minstrel bard,
And said in tones abrupt, austere,
Why, Bracy! dost thou loiter here?
I bade thee hence! The Bard obey'd;
And, turning from his own sweet maid,
The aged knight, Sir Leoline,
Led forth the lady Geraldine!

THE CONCLUSION TO PART II.

A little child, a limber elf,
Singing, dancing to itself,
A fairy thing with red round cheeks
That always finds and never seeks,
Makes such a vision to the sight
As fills a father's eyes with light;
And pleasures flow in so thick and fast
Upon his heart, that he at last
Must needs express his love's excess
With words of unmeant bitterness.
Perhaps 'tis tender too and pretty
At each wild word to feel within
A sweet recoil of love and pity.
And what, if in a world of sin
(O sorrow and shame should this be true)!
Such giddiness of heart and brain
Comes seldom save from rage and pain,
So talks as it's most used to do.
Remorse;  
A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Marquis Valdez, Father to the two brothers, and  
Don Teresa's Guardian.  
Don Alvar, the eldest son.  
Don Ordonio, the youngest son.  
Montiéro, a Dominican and Inquisitor.  
Zulimez, the faithful attendant on Alvar.  
Isidore, a Moresco Chieftain, ostensibly a Christian.  
FAMILIARIES OF THE INQUISITION.  
Naomi.  
Moors, Servants, etc.  
Donna Teresa, an Orphan Heiress.  
Alhadra, Wife to Isidore.

Time. The reign of Philip II, just at the close of  
the civil wars against the Moors, and during the  
heat of the persecution which raged against them,  
shortly after the edict which forbade the wearing  
of Moresco apparel under pain of death.

REMORSE.

ACT I.  
SCENE I.  
The Sea Shore on the Coast of Granada.

Don Alvar, wrapt in a Boat-cloak, and Zulimez  
(a Moresco), both as just landed

Zulimez.

No sound, no face of joy to welcome us!  
Alvar.

My faithful Zulimez, for one brief moment  
Let me forget my anguish and their crimes.  
If aught on earth demand an unmix'd feeling,  
'Tis surely this—after long years of exile,  
To step forth on firm land, and gazing round us,  
To hail at once our country, and our birth-place.  
Hail, Spain! Granada, hail! once more I press  
Thy sands with filial awe, land of my fathers!  
Zulimez.

Then claim your rights in it! O, revered Don Alvar,  
Yet, yet give up your all too gentle purpose.  
It is too hazardous! reveal yourself,  
And let the guilty meet the doom of guilt!  
Alvar.

Remember, Zulimez! I am his brother:  
Injured, indeed! O deeply injured! yet  
Ordonio's brother.

Zulimez.

Nobly-minded Alvar!  
This sure but gives his guilt a blacker dye.  
Alvar.

The more behoves it, I should rouse within him  
Remorse! that I should save him from himself.

Zulimez.

Remorse is as the heart in which it grows:  
If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews  
Of true repentance; but if proud and gloomy,  
It is a poison-tree that, pierced to the inmost,  
Weeps only tears of poison.

Alvar.

And of a brother,  
Dare I hold this, unproved? nor make one effort.  
To save him—Hear me, friend! I have yet to tell thee  
That this same life, which he conspired to take,  
Himself once rescued from the angry flood,  
And at the imminent hazard of his own.  
Add too my oath—

Zulimez.

You have thrice told already  
The years of absence and of secrecy,  
To which a forced oath bound you: if in truth  
A suborn'd murderer have the power to dictate  
A binding oath—

Alvar.

My long captivity  
Left me no choice: the very Wish too languish'd  
With the fond Hope that nursed it; the sick babe  
Droop'd at the bosom of its famish'd mother  
But (more than all) Teresa's perjury;  
The assassin's strong assurance, when no interest,  
No motive could have tempted him to falsehood:  
In the first pangs of his awaken'd conscience,  
When with abhorrence of his own black purpose  
The murderous weapon, pointed at my breast,  
Fell from his palsied hand—

Zulimez.

Heavy presumption!  
Alvar.

It weigh'd not with me—Hark! I will tell thee all:  
As we pass'd by, I bade thee mark the base  
Of yonder cliff—

Zulimez.

That rocky seat you mean,  
Shaped by the billows?—

Alvar.

There Teresa met me,  
The morning of the day of my departure.  
We were alone: the purple hue of dawn  
Fell from the kindling east aslant upon us,  
And, blending with the blushes on her cheek,  
Suffus'd the tear-drops there with rosy light.  
There seem'd a glory round us, and Teresa  
The angel of the vision! [Then with agitation  
Hast thou seen  
How in each motion her most innocent soul  
Beam'd forth and brighten'd; thou thyself wouldst  
tell me,  
Guilt is a thing impossible in her!  
She must be innocent!]

Zulimez (with a sigh).  
Proceed, my Lord!
ALVAR.
A portrait which she had procured by stealth
(For ever then it seems her heart forebode
Or knew Ordonio's moody rivalry),
A portrait of herself with thrilling hand
She tied around my neck, confounding me
With earnest prayers, that I would keep it sacred
To my own knowledge; nor did she desist,
Till she had won a solemn promise from me,
That (save my own) no eye should e'er behold it
Till my return. Yet this she assassin knew,
Knew that which none but she could have disclosed.

ZULIMEZ.
A damning proof!

ALVAR.
My own life wearied me!
And but for the imperative Voice within,
With mine own hand I had thrown off the burthen.
That Voice, which quell'd me, calm'd me: and I
sought
The Belgic states: there joined the better cause;
And there too fought as one that courted death!
Wounded, I fell among the dead and dying,
In death-like trance: a long imprisonment follow'd.
The fullness of my anguish by degrees
Waned to a meditative melancholy;
And still, the more I mused, my soul became
More doubtful, more perplex'd; and still Teresa,
Night after night, she visited my sleep,
Now as a saintly sufferer, wan and tearful,
Now as a saint in glory beckoning to me!
Yes, still, as in contempt of proof and reason,
I cherish the foul faith that she is guiltless!
Hear then my fix'd resolve: I'll linger here
In the disguise of a Moorish chieftain.
—
The Moorish robes?

ZULIMEZ.
All, all are in the sea-cave,
Some furlong hence. I bade our mariners
Secrete the boat there.

ALVAR.
Above all, the picture
Of the assassination—

ZULIMEZ.
Be assured
That it remains uninjured.

ALVAR.
Thus disguised,
I will first seek to meet Ordonio's—wife!
If possible, alone too. This was her wondrous walk,
And this the hour; her words, her very looks
Will acquit her or convict.

ZULIMEZ.
Will they not know you?

ALVAR.
With your aid, friend, I shall unfearingly
Trust the disguise; and as to my complexion,
My long imprisonment, the scanty food,
This scar,—and tell beneath a burning sun,
Have done already half the business for us.
Add too my youth, when last we saw each other,
Manhood has swoln my chest, and taught my voice
A hoarser note—Besides, they think me dead:
And what the mind believes impossible,
The bodily sense is slow to recognize.

ZULIMEZ.
'Tis yours, Sir, to command; mine to obey.

Now to the cave beneath the vaulted rock,
Where having shaped you to a Moorish chieftain,
I will seek our mariners; and in the dusk
Transport whate'er we need to the small dell
In the Alpuxarras—there where Zagri lived.

ALVAR.
I know it well: it is the obscurest haunt
Of all the mountains—[Both stand listening
Voices at a distance
Let us away!]

SCENE II.

Enter Teresa and Valdez.

TERESA.
I hold Ordonio dear; he is your son
And Alvar's brother.

VALDEZ.
Love him for himself;
Nor make the living wretched for the dead.

TERESA.
I mourn that you should plead in vain, Lord Valdez;
But heaven hath heard my vow, and I remain
Faithful to Alvar, be he dead or living.

VALDEZ.
Heaven knows with what delight I saw your loves,
And could my heart's blood give him back to thee,
I would die smiling. But these are idle thoughts;
Thy dying father comes upon my soul
With that same look, with which he gave thee to me,
I held thee in my arms a powerless babe,
While thy poor mother with a mute entreaty
Fix'd her faint eyes on mine. Ah not for this,
That I should let thee feed thy soul with gloom,
And with slow anguish wear away thy life,
The victim of a useless constancy.
I must not see thee wretched.

TERESA.
There are woes
Ill-barter'd for the garishness of joy!
If it be wretched with an untired eye
To watch those skiey tints, and this green ocean;
Or in the sultry hour beneath some rock,
My hair dishevell'd by the pleasant sea-breeze,
To shape sweet visions, and live o'er again
All past hours of delight! If it be wretched
To watch some bark, and fancy Alvar there,
To go through each minutest circumstance
Of the blast meeting, and to frame adventures
Most terrible and strange, and hear him tell them;
* (As once I knew a crazy Moorish maid
Who dress'd her in her buried lover's clothes,
And o'er the smooth spring in the mountain cleft
Hung with her lute, and play'd the selfsame tune
He used to play, and listen'd to the shadow
Herself had made)—if this be wretchedness,
And if indeed it be a wretched thing
To trick out mine own death-bed, and imagine
That I had died, died just ere his return?
Then see him listening to my constancy,
Or hover round, as he at midnight oft

* Here Valdez bends back, and smiles at her wildness,
which Teresa noticing, checks her enthusiasm, and in a soothing
half-playful tone and manner, apologizes for her fancy
by the little tale in the parenthesis.
Sits on my grave and gazes at the moon; 
Or haply, in some more fantastic mood,
To be in Paradise, and with choice flowers
Build up a bower where he and I might dwell,
And there to wait his coming! O my sire!
My Alvar’s sire! if this be wretchedness
That eats away the life, what were it, think you.
If in a most assured reality
He should return, and see a brother’s infant
Smile at him from my arms?
Oh, what a thought! [Clasping her forehead.]

VALDEZ.
A thought? even so! mere thought! an empty thought.
The very week he promised his return——

TERESA (abruptly).
Was it not then a busy joy? to see him,
After those three years’ travels! we had no fears——
The frequent tidings, the near-falling letter,
Almost endure’d his absence! Yet the gladness,
The tumult of our joy! What then if now——

VALDEZ.
O power of youth to feed on pleasant thoughts!
Spite of conviction! I am old and heartless!
Yes, I am old—I have no pleasant fancies——
Hecate and unrefresh’d with rest——

TERESA (with great tenderness) My father!

VALDEZ.
The sober truth is all too much for me!
I see no sail which brings not to my mind
The home-bound bark in which my son was captured
By the Algerine——to perish with his captors!

Oh no! he did not!

VALDEZ.
Captured in sight of land!
From yon hill point, nay, from our castle watch-tower
We might have seen——

TERESA.
His capture, not his death.

VALDEZ.
Alas! how aptly thou forgettest a tale
Thou ne’er didst wish to learn! my brave Ordonio
Saw both the pirate and his prize go down,
In the same storm that baffled his own valor,
And thus twice snatch’d a brother from his hopes:
Gallant Ordonio! (pauses; then tenderly.) O beloved
TERESA!
Wouldst thou best prove thy faith to generous Alvar,
And most delight his spirit, go, make thou
This brother happy, make his aged father
Sink to the grave in joy.

TERESA.
For mercy’s sake, Press me no more! I have no power to love him.
His proud forbidding eye, and his dark brow,
Chill me like dew damps of the unwholesome night:
My love, a timorous and tender flower,
Closes beneath his touch.

VALDEZ.
You wrong him, maiden! You wrong him, by my soul! Nor was it well
To character by such unkindly phrases
The stir and workings of that love for you
Which he has toil’d to smother, ‘Twas not well, Nor is it grateful in you to forget

His wounds and perilous voyages, and how
With an heroic fearlessness of danger
He roam’d the coast of Afric for your Alvar.
It was not well——You have moved me even to tears.

TERESA.
Oh pardon me, Lord Valdez! pardon me!
It was a foolish and ungrateful speech,
A most ungrateful speech! But I am hurried
Beyond myself, if I but hear of one
Who aims to rival Alvar. Were we not
Born in one day, like twins of the same parent?
Nursed in one cradle! Pardon me, my father!
A six years’ absence is a heavy thing,
Yet still the hope survives——

VALDEZ (looking forward).
Hush! ’tis Montivedro.

TERESA.
The Inquisitor! on what new scent of blood?

Enter MONVIDEIRO with ALHADRA.

MONVIDEIRO (having first made his obedience to Valdez and Teresa).

Peace and the truth! be with you! Good my Lord,
My present need is with your son.

[Looking forward.
We have hit the time. Here comes he! Yes, ’tis he.

Enter from the opposite side DON ORDONIO.

My Lord Ordonio, this Moors woman
(Alhadra is her name) asks audience of you.

ORDONIO.
Hail, reverend father! what may be the business?

MONVIDEIRO.
My Lord, on strong suspicion of relapse
To his false creed, so recently abjured,
The secret servants of the inquisition
Have seized his husband, and at my command
To the supreme tribunal would have led him,
But that he made appeal to you, my Lord,
As surety for his soundness in the faith.
Though less’d by experience what small trust
The asseverations of these Moors deserve,
Yet still the deference to Ordonio’s name,
Nor less the wish to prove, with what high honor
The Holy Church regards her faithful soldiers,
Thus far prevail’d with me that——

ORDONIO.
Reverend father,
I am much beholden to your high opinion,
Which so o’erprizes my light services.

[Then to ALHADRA.
I would that I could serve you; but in truth
Your face is new to me.

MONVIDEIRO.
My mind foretold me,
That such would be the event. In truth, Lord Valdez
’Twas little probable, that Don Ordonio,
That your illustrious son, who fought so bravely
Some four years since to quell these rebel Moors,
Should prove the patron of this infidel!
The guarantee of a Moors’s faith!
Now I return.

ALHADRA.
My Lord, my husband’s name
Is Isidore. (Ordonio starts)—You may remember it

REMEMBER.
Three years ago, three years this very week,  
You left him at Almeria.

MONVIEDRO.  
Pulpably false!  
This very week, three years ago, my Lord  
(You needs must recollect it by your wound),  
You were at sea, and there engaged the pirates,  
The murderers doubtless of your brother Alvar!  

[TERESA looks at MONVIEDRO with disgust and  
horror. ORDONIO's appearance to be collected  
from what follows.]

MONVIEDRO (to VALDEZ, and pointing at ORDONIO).  
What! is he ill, my Lord? how strange he looks!  

VALDEZ (angrily).  
You press'd upon him too abruptly, father,  
The fate of one, on whom you know, he doted.  

ORDONIO (starting as in sudden agitation).  
O Heavens! If I—doted! {then recovering himself}.  
Yes! I doted on him.

[ORDONIO walks to the end of the stage,  
VALDEZ follows, soothing him.]

TERESA (her eye following ORDONIO).  
I do not, can not, love him. Is my heart hard?  
Is my heart hard? that even now the thought  
Should force itself upon me?—Yet I feel it!  

MONVIEDRO.  
The drops did start and stand upon his forehead!  
I will return. In very truth, I grieve  
To have been the occasion. Ho! attend me, woman!  

ALHADRA (to TERESA).  
O gentle lady, make the father stay,  
Until my Lord recover. I am sure,  
That he will say he is my husband's friend.  

TERESA.  
Stay, father! stay! my Lord will soon recover.  

ORDONIO (as they return, to VALDEZ).  
Strange, that this Monviedro  
Should have the power so to distemper me!  

VALDEZ.  
Nay, 't was an amiable weakness, son!  

MONVIEDRO.  
My Lord, I truly grieve—  

ORDONIO.  
Tut! name it not.  
A sudden seizure, father! think not of it.  
As to this woman's husband, I do know him.  
I know him well, and that he is a Christian.  

MONVIEDRO.  
I hope, my Lord, your merely human pity  
Doth not prevail—  

ORDONIO.  
'Tis certain that he was a Catholic;  
What changes may have happen'd in three years,  
I cannot say; but grant me this, good father:  
Myself I'll sift him: if I find him sound,  
You'll grant me your authority and name:  
To liberate his house.

MONVIEDRO.  
Your zeal, my Lord,  
And your late merits in this holy warfare,  
Would authorize an ampler trust—you have it.  

ORDONIO.  
I will attend you home within an hour.  

VALDEZ.  
Meantime, return with us and take refreshment.

ALHADRA.  
Not till my husband's free! I may not do it.  
I will stay here.

TERESA (aside).  
Who is this Isidore?  

VALDEZ.  
Daughter!  

TERESA.  
With your permission, my dear Lord,  
I'll laiter yet awhile t' enjoy the sea breeze.  

[Exeunt VALDEZ, MONVIEDRO, and ORDONIO.]

ALHADRA.  
Hah! there he goes! a bitter curse go with him,  
A seathing curse!  
(Then as if recollecting herself, and with a timid look).  
You hate him, don't you, lady?  

TERESA (perceiving that ALHADRA is conscious she has  
spoken imprudently).  
Oh fear not me! my heart is sad for you.

ALHADRA.  
These fell inquisitors! these sons of blood!  
As I came on, his face so madd'en'd me,  
That ever and anon I clutched'd my dagger  
And half unsheathed it——

TERESA.  
Be more calm, I pray you.

ALHADRA.  
And as he walked along the narrow path  
Close by the mountain's edge, my soul grew eager  
'Twas with hard toil I made myself remember  
That his Familiars held my babes and husband.  
To have leapt upon him with a tiger's plunge,  
And hurl'd him down the rugged precipice,  
O, it had been most sweet!

TERESA.  
Hush! hush for shame!  

Where is your woman's heart?  

ALHADRA.  
O gentle lady!  
You have no skill to guess my many wrongs,  
Many and strange! Besides (ironically), I am a Chris-  
tian, And Christians never pardon—tis their faith!  

TERESA.  
Shame fall on those who so have shown it to thee!  

ALHADRA.  
I know that man; 'tis well he knows not me.  
Five years ago (and he was the prime agent),  
Five years ago the holy brethren seized me.  

TERESA.  
What might your crime be?  

ALHADRA.  
I was a Moreso!  
They cast me, then a young and nursing mother,  
Into a dungeon of their prison-house,  
Where was no bed, no fire, no ray of light,  
No touch, no sound of comfort! The black air,  
It was a toil to breathe it! when the door,  
Slow opening at the appointed hour, disclosed  
One human countenance, the lamp's red flame  
Cower'd as it enter'd, and at once sunk down.  
Oh miserable! by that lamp to see  
My infant quarrelling with the coarse hard bread  
Brought daily: for the little wretch was sickly—  
My rage had dried away its natural food  
In darkness I remain'd—the dull bell counting,
Which haply told me, that all the all-cheering Sun
Was rising on our garden. When I dozed,
My infant's moanings mingled with my slumbers
And waked me.—If you were a mother, Lady,
I should scarce dare to tell you, that its noises
And peevish cries so fretted on my brain
That I have struck the innocent babe in anger.

**TERESA.**

O Heaven! it is too horrible to hear.

**ALHADRA.**

What was it then to suffer? 'Tis most right
That such as you should hear it.—Know you not,
What Nature makes you mourn, she bids you heal?
Great Evils ask great Passions to redress them,
And Whirlwinds fiddlest scatter Pestilence.

**TERESA.**

You were at length released?

**ALHADRA.**

Yes, at length
I saw the blessed arch of the whole heaven!
'Twas the first time my infant smiled. No more—
For if I dwell upon that moment, Lady,
A trance comes on which makes me o'er again
All I then was—my knees hang loose and drag,
And my lip falls with such an idiot laugh,
That you would start and shudder!

**TERESA.**

But your husband—

**ALHADRA.**

A month's imprisonment would kill him, Lady.

**TERESA.**

Alas, poor man!

**ALHADRA.**

He hath a lion's courage,
Fearless in act, but feeble in endurance;
Unfit for boisterous times, with gentle heart
He worships Nature in the hill and valley,
Not knowing what he loves, but loves it all—

**Enter ALVAR disguised as a MORESCO, and in Moorish garments.**

**TERESA.**

Know you that stately Moor?

**ALHADRA.**

I know him not:
But doubt not he is some Moorisco chieftain,
Who hides himself among the Alpujarras.

**TERESA.**

The Alpujarras! Does he know his danger,
So near this seat?

**ALHADRA.**

He wears the Moorish robes too,
As in defiance of the royal edict.

**[ALHADRA advances to ALVAR, who has walked to the back of the stage near the rocks. TERESA drops her veil.]**

**ALHADRA.**

Gallant Moorisco! An inquisitor,
Monvidro, of known hatred to our race—

**ALVAR (interrupting her).**

You have mistaken me. I am a Christian.

**ALHADRA.**

He deems, that we are plotting to ensnare him:
Speak to him, Lady—none can hear you speak,
And not believe you innocent of guile.

**TERESA.**

If might enforce you to concealment, Sir—

**ALHADRA.**

He trembles strangely.

**[ALVAR sinks down and hides his face in his robe.]**

**TERESA.**

See, we have disturb'd him.

**[Approaches nearer to him.]**

I pray you think us friends—uncowl your face,
For you seem faint, and the night breeze blows healing
I pray you think us friends?

**ALVAR (raising his head).**

Calm, very calm!

'Tis all too tranquil for reality!
And she spoke to me with her innocent voice,
That voice, that innocent voice! She is no traitress.

**TERESA.**

Let us retire. (Haughtily to ALHADRA).

**[They advance to the front of the Stage. ALHADRA (with scorn).**

He is indeed a Christian.

**ALVAR (aside).**

She deems me dead, yet wears no mourning garment!
Why should my brother's—wife—wear mourning garments?

**[To TERESA.**

Your pardon, noble dame! that I disturb'd you:
I had just started from a frightful dream.

**TERESA.**

Dreams tell but of the Past, and yet, 'tis said,
They prophesy—

**ALVAR.**

The Past lives o'er again
In its effects, and to the guilty spirit
The ever-frowning Present is its image.

**TERESA.**

Traitor! (Then aside).

What sudden spell o'ermasters me?
Why seeks he me, shunning the Moorish woman?

**[TERESA looks round uneasily, but gradually becomes attentive as ALVAR proceeds in the next speech.]**

**ALVAR.**

I dreamt I had a friend, on whom I leant
With blindest trust, and a betrothed maid,
Whom I was wont to call not mine, but me:
For mine own self seem'd nothing, lacking her.
This maid so idolized that trusted friend
Dishonor'd in my absence, soul and body!
Fear, following guilt, tempted to blacker guilt,
And murderers were suborn'd against my life.
But by my looks, and most impasion'd words,
I roused the virtues that are dead in no man,
Even in the assassins' hearts! they made their terms
And thank'd me for redeeming them from murder.

**ALHADRA.**

You are lost in thought: hear him no more, sweet Lady!

**TERESA.**

From morn to night I am myself a dreamer,
And slight things bring on me the idle mood!
Well, Sir, what happen'd then?

**ALVAR.**

On a rude rock,
A rock, methought, fast by a grove of firs,
Whose thready leaves to the low breathing gale
Made a soft sound most like the distant ocean,
I stayed as though the hour of death were past'd,  
And I were sitting in the world of spirits—  
For all things seem'd unreal! There I sat—  
The dews fell clammy, and the night descended,  
Black, sultry, close! and ere the midnight hour,  
A storm came on, mingling all sounds of fear,  
That woods, and sky, and mountains, seem'd one  
havoc.  

The second flash of lightning show'd a tree  
Hard by me, newly sereath. I rose tumultuous:  
My soul work'd high, I bared my head to the storm,  
And, with loud voice and clamorous agony,  
Kneeling I pray'd to the great Spirit that made me,  
Pray'd that Remorse might fasten on their hearts,  
And cling with poisonous tooth, inextricable  
As the gored lion's bite!  

TERESA (slavering).  
A fearful curse!  

ALHADRA (fiercely).  

But dreamt you not that you return'd and kill'd them?  
Dreamt you of no revenge?  

ALVAR (his voice trembling, and in tones of deep distress).  
She would have died,  
Died in her guilt—perchance by her own hands!  
And bending o'er her self-inflicted wounds,  
I might have met the evil glance of frenzy,  
And leapt myself into an unblest grave!  
I pray'd for the punishment that cleanses hearts:  
For still I loved her!  

ALHADRA.  
And you dreamt all this?  
TERESA.  
My soul is full of visions all as wild!  

ALHADRA.  
There is no room in this heart for piling love-tales.  
TERESA (lifts up her veil, and advances to ALVAR).  
Stranger, farewell! I guess not who you are,  
Nor why you so address'd your tale to me.  
Your mien is noble, and, I own, perplex'd me  
With obscure memory of something past,  
Which still escaped my efforts, or presented  
Tricks of a fancy pamper'd with long wishing.  
If, as it sometimes happens, our views startling  
Whilst your full heart was shaping out its dream,  
Drove you to this, your not ungenteel wildness—  
You have my sympathy, and so farewell!  
But if some undiscover'd wrongs oppress you,  
And you need strength to drag them into light,  
The generous Valdez, and my Lord Ordonio,  
Have arm and will to aid a noble sufferer;  
Nor shall you want my favorable pleading.  

[Exeunt TERESA and ALHADRA.  

ALVAR (alone).  
'Tis strange! It cannot be! my Lord Ordonio!  
Her Lord Ordonio! Nay, I will not do it!  
I cursed him once—and one curse is enough!  
How bad she look'd, and pale! but not like guilt—  
And her calm tones—sweet as a song of mercy!  
If the bad spirit retain'd his angel's voice,  
Hell scarce were Hell. And why not innocent?  
Who meant to murder me, might well cheat her?  
But ere she married him, he had stain'd her honor;  
Ah! there I am hammer'd. What if this were a lie  
Frame'd by the assassin? Who should tell it him,  
If it were truth? Ordonio would not tell him.  
Yet why one lie! all else, I know, was truth.  

No start, no jealousy of stirring conscience!  
And she refer'd to me—fondly, methought!  
Could she walk here if she had been a traitress?  
Here, where we play'd together in our childhood?  
Here, where we plighted vows? where her cold cheek  
Received my last kiss, when with suppress'd feelings  
She had faint'd in my arms? It cannot be!  
'Tis not in Nature! I will die, believing  
That I shall meet her where no evil is,  
No treachery, no cup dash'd from the lips.  
I'll haunt this scene no more! live she in peace!  
Her husband—ay, her husband! May this angel  
New mould his canker'd heart! Assist me, Heaven,  
That I may pray for my poor guilty brother! [Exit.  

ACT II.  

SCENE I.  

A wild and mountainous Country. Ordonio and Isidoire are discovered, supposed at a little distance from Isidore's house.  

ORDONIO.  
Here we may stop: your house distinct in view,  
Yet we secured from listeners.  

ISIDOIRE.  
Now indeed  
My house! and it looks cheerful as the clusters  
Basking in sunshine on you vine-clad rock,  
That over-brows it! Patron! Friend! Preserver!  
Thrice have you saved my life. Once in the battle  
You gave it me: next rescued me from suicide,  
When for my follies I was made to wander,  
With mouths to feed, and not a morsel for them  
Now, but for you, a dungeon's slimy stones  
Had been my bed and pillow.  

ORDONIO.  
Good Isidoire!  
Why this to me? It is enough, you know it.  

ISIDOIRE.  
A common trick of Gratitude, my Lord,  
Seeking to ease her own full heart—  

ORDONIO.  
Enough  
A debt repaid ceases to be a debt.  
You have it in your power to serve me greatly.  

ISIDOIRE.  
And how, my Lord? I pray you to name the thing  
I would climb up an ice-glaz'd precipice  
To pluck a weed you fancied!  

ORDONIO (with embarrassment and hesitation).  
Why—that—Lady—  

ISIDOIRE.  
'Tis now three years, my Lord, since last I saw you  
Have you a son, my Lord?  

ORDONIO.  
O miserable— [Aside  
Isidoire! you are a man, and know mankind.  
I told you what I wish'd—now for the truth—  
She lov'd the man you kill'd.  

ISIDOIRE (looking as suddenly alarmed).  
You jest, my Lord?  

ORDONIO.  
And till his death is proved, she will not wed me.  

88
ISIDORE.
You sport with me, my Lord?

ORDONIO.
Come, come! this foolery lives only in thy looks: thy heart disowns it!

ISIDORE.
I can hear this, and any thing more grievous from you, my Lord—but how can I serve you here?

ORDONIO.
Why, you can utter with a solemn gesture oracular sentences of deep no-meaning. Wear a quaint garment, make mysterious antics—

ISIDORE.
I am dull, my Lord! I do not comprehend you.

ORDONIO.
In blunt terms, you can play the sorcerer. She hath no faith in Holy Church, 'tis true: her lover school'd her in some newer nonsense! Yet still a tale of spirits works upon her.

She is a lonesome enthusiast, sensitive, shivers, and cannot keep the tears in her eye: and such do love the marvellous too well to believe it. We will wind up her fancy with a strange music, that she knows not of—

With fumes of frankincense, and mummary, then leave, as one sure token of his death. That portrait, which off from the dead man's neck I bade thee take, the trophy of thy conquest.

ISIDORE.
Will that be a sure sign?

ORDONIO.
Beyond suspicion. Fondly caressing him, her favor'd lover (by some base spell he had bewitch'd her senses), she whisper'd such dark fears of me, forsooth, as made this heart pour gall into my veins. And as she couly bound it round his neck, she made him promise silence; and now holds the secret of the existence of this portrait, known only to her lover and herself. But I had traced her, stolen unnoticed on them, and unsuspected saw and heard the whole.

ISIDORE.
But now I should have cursed the man who told me You could ask aught, my Lord, and I refuse—

But this I cannot do.

ORDONIO.
Where lies your scruple?

ISIDORE (with stammering).
Why—why, my Lord! You know you told me that the lady loved you, had loved you with incalculable tenderness; that if the young man, her betrothed husband, returned, yourself, and she, and the honor of both must perish. Now, though with no tenderer scruples than those which being native to the heart, than those, my Lord, which merely being a man—

ordsion aoald, though to express his contempt he speaks in the third person.

This fellow is a Man—he kill'd for hire. One whom he knew not, yet has tender scruples!

[Then turning to Isidore.]

These doubts, these fears, thy whine, thy stammering—

Pish, fool! thou blunder'st through the book of guilt, spelling thy villany.

ISIDORE.
My Lord—my Lord, I can bear much—yes, very much from you! But there's a point where sufferance is meanness: I am no villain—never kill'd for hire—

My gratitude——

ORDONIO.
O ay—your gratitude!

'Twas a well-sounding word—what have you done with it?

ISIDORE.
Who proffers his past favors for my virtue—

ORDONIO (with bitter scorn). Virtue!

ISIDORE.
Tries to o'erreach me—is a very sharper, and should not speak of gratitude, my Lord. I knew not 'twas your brother!

ORDONIO (alarmed).
And who told you?

ISIDORE.
He himself told me.

ORDONIO.
Ha! you talk'd with him! And those, the two Morescos who were with you?

ISIDORE.
Both fell in a night-brawl at Malaga,

ORDONIO (in a low voice). My brother—

ISIDORE.
Yes, my Lord, I could not tell you! I thrust away the thought—it drov me wild. But listen to me now—I pray you listen—

ORDONIO.
Villain! no more! I'll hear no more of it.

ISIDORE.
My Lord, it much imports your future safety. That you should hear it.

ORDONIO (turning off from Isidore.)
Am not I a Man!

'Tis as it should be! 'tis—and the deed itself Was idle, and these after-pangs still idler!

ISIDORE.
We met him in the very place you mention'd. Hard by a grove of fir—

ORDONIO.
Enough—enough—

ISIDORE.
He fought us valiantly, and wounded all; in fine, compell'd a parley.

ORDONIO (sighing, as if lost in thought). Alvar! brother!

ISIDORE.
He offer'd me his purse—

ORDONIO (with eager suspicion). Yes!

ISIDORE (indignantly).
Yes—I spurn'd it—

He promised us I know not what—in vain!
Then with a look and voice that overwhelmed me, he said, What mean you, friends? My life is dear: I have a brother and a promised with, who make life dear to me—and if I fall, That brother will roam earth and hell for vengeance. There was a likeness in his face to yours.
I ask'd his brother's name: he said—Ordono.
Son of Lord Valdez! I had well-nigh fainted.
At length I said (if that indeed I said it,
And that no Spirit made my tongue its organ);
That woman is dishonor'd by that brother,
And by the man who sent us to destroy you.
He drove a thrust at me in rage. I told him,
He wore her portrait round his neck. He look'd
As he had been made of the rock that propt his back—
Ay, just as you look now—only less ghastly!
At length, recovering from his trance, he threw His sword away, and bade us take his life,
It was not worth his keeping.

ORDONIO. And you kill'd him?

Oh blood-hounds! may eternal wrath flame round you!

He was his Maker's Image undefaced! [A pause.
It seizes me—by Hell, I will go on!
What—wouldst thou stop, man? thy pale looks won't save thee! [A pause.
Oh cold—cold—cold! shot through with icy cold!

ISIDORE (aside). Were he alive, he had return'd ere now—
The consequence the same—dead through his plotting!

ORDONIO. O this unutterable dying away—here—
This sickness of the heart! [A pause.
What if I went
And lived in a hollow tomb, and fed on weeds?
Ay! that's the road to heaven! O fool! fool! fool! [A pause.

What have I done but that which nature destined,
Or the blind elements stir'd up within me?
If good were meant, why were we made these Beings?
And if not meant—

ISIDORE. You are disturb'd, my Lord!

ORDONIO (starts, looks at him wildly; then, after a pause, during which his features are forced into a smile). A gust of the soul! I' faith, it overtook me. O 'twas all folly—all! idle as laughter!

Now, Isidore! I swear that thou shalt aid me. 

ISIDORE (in a low voice). I'll perish first!

ORDONIO. What dost thou mutter of?

ISIDORE. Some of your servants know me, I am certain.

ORDONIO. There's some sense in that scuffle; but we'll mask you.

ISIDORE. They'll know my gait; but stay! last night I watch'd
A stranger near the ruin in the wood,
Who as it seem'd was gathering herbs and wild flowers.
I had follow'd him at distance, seen him scale
Its western wall, and by an easier entrance
Stole after him unnoticed. There I mark'd,
That, 'mid the chequer-work of light and shade,
With curious choice he pluck'd no other flowers
But those on which the moonlight fell: and once
I heard him muttering o'er the plant.' A wizard—
Some gaunt slave prowling here for dark employment.

ORDONIO. Doubtless you question'd him?

ISIDORE. 'Twas my intention
Having first traced him homeward to his haunt.
But lo! the stern Dominican, whose spies
Lurk everywhere, already (as it seem'd)
Had given commission to his apt familiar
To seek and sound the Moor; who now returning
Was by this trusty agent stopp'd midway.
I, dreading fresh suspicion if found near him
In that lone place, again conceal'd myself,
Yet within hearing. So the Moor was question'd,
And in your name, as lord of this domain.
Proudly he answer'd, "Say to the Lord Ordonio,
He that can bring the dead to life again!"

ORDONIO. A strange reply!

ISIDORE. Ay, all of him is strange.
He call'd himself a Christian, yet he wears
The Moorish robes, as if he courted death.

ORDONIO. Where does this wizard live?

ISIDORE (pointing to the distance). You see that brooklet
Trace its course backward: through a narrow opening
It leads you to the place.

ORDONIO. How shall I know it?

ISIDORE. You cannot err. It is a small green dell
Built all around with high off-sloping hills,
And from its shape our peasants aptly call it
The Giant's Cradle. There's a lake in the midst,
And round its banks tall wood that branches over,
And makes a kind of imagery forest.
Down in the water. At the further end
A puny cataract falls on the lake;
And there, a curious sight! you see its shadow
For ever curling like a wreath of smoke,
Up through the foliage of those fairy trees.
His cot stands opposite. You cannot miss it.

ORDONIO (in retiring stops suddenly at the edge of the scene, and then turning round to ISIDORE). Ha!—Who lurks there! Have we been overheard
There, where the smooth high wall of slate-rock glitter'd—

ISIDORE. 'Neath those tall stones, which, propping each the other,
Form a mock portal with their pointed arch!
Pardon my smiles! "Tis a poor Idiot Boy,
Who sits in the sun, and twirls a bough about,
His weak eyes seethed in most unmeaning tears.
And so he sits, swaying his cone-like head;
And, staring at his bough from morn to sun-set,
Saw-sawing his voice in inarticulate noises!

ORDONIO. 'Tis well! and now for this same Wizard's Lair.

ISIDORE. Some three strides up the hill, a mountain ash
Stretches its lower boughs and scarlet clusters
O'er the old thatch.

ORDONIO. I shall not fail to find it.

[Exeunt ORDONIO and ISIDORE]
SCENE II.

The Inside of a Cottage, around which Flowers and Plants of various kinds are seen. Discovers Alvar, Zulimez, and Alhadra, as on the point of leaving.

ALHADRA (addressing ALVAR).

Farewell, then! and though many thoughts perplex me, Aught evil or ignoble never can I suspect of thee! If what thou seem'st thou art, The oppressed bretheren of thy blood have need Of such a leader.

ALVAR.

Noble-minded woman! Long time against oppression have I fought, And for the native liberty of faith Have bled, and suffer'd bonds. Of this be certain: Time, as he courses onwards, still unrolls The volume of Concealment. In the Future, As in the optician's glassy cylinder, The indistinguishable blots and colors Of the dim Past collect and shape themselves, Upstarting in their own completed image To scare or to reward.

I sought the guilty, And what I sought I found: but ere the spear Flew from my hand, there rose an angel form Betwixt me and my aim. With haffled purpose To the Avenger I leave Vengeance, and depart!

Whate'er betide, if aught my arm may aid, Or power protect, my word is pledged to thee: For many are thy wrongs, and thy soul noble. Once more, farewell.

[Exit ALHADRA.]

Yes, to the Belgc states We will return. These robes, this stain'd complexion, Are to falsehood, weigh upon my spirit. Whate'er befall us, the heroic Maurice Will grant us an asylum, in remembrance Of our past services.

ZULIMEZ.

And all the wealth, power, influence which is yours, You let a murderer hold!

ALVAR.

O faithful Zulimez! That my return involved Ordonio's death, trust, would give me an unmingle pang; Yet bearable—but when I see my father Strewing his scant gray hairs, e'en on the ground, Which soon must be his grave, and my Teresa— Her husband proved a murderer, and her infants, His infants—poor Teresa!—all would perish, till perish—all! and I (tay bear with me) Could not survive the complicated ruin!

ZULIMEZ (much affected).

Jay now! I have distress'd you—you well know, ne'er will quit your fortunes. True, 'tis tiresome! You are a painter, one of many fancies! You can call up past deeds, and make them live in the blank canvas! and each little herb, that grows on mountain bleak, or tangled forest, You have learnt to name—

Hark! heard you not some footsteps?

ALVAR.

What if it were my brother coming onwards! I sent a most mysterious message to him.

Enter Ordonio.

ALVAR (starting).

It is he! Ordonio (to himself, as he enters). If I distinguish'd right her gait and stature, It was the Moorish woman, Isidorn's wife. That pass'd me as I enter'd. A lit taper, In the night air, doth not more naturally Attract the night-flies round it, than a conjuror Draws round him the whole female neighborhood. [Addressing Alvar.]

You know my name, I guess, if not my person. I am Ordonio, son of the Lord Valdez.

ALVAR (with deep emotion).

The Son of Valdez!

[Ordonio walks leisurely round the room, and looks attentively at the plants.]

ZULIMEZ (to Alvar).

Why, what ails you now? How your hand trembles! Alvar, speak! what wish you?

ALVAR.

To fall upon his neck and weep forgiveness!

Ordonio (returning, and aloud). Pluck'd in the moonlight from a ruin'd abbey— Those only, which the pale rays visited! O the unintelligible power of weeds, When a few odd prayers have been mutter'd o'er them: Then they work miracles! I warrant you, There's not a leaf, but underneath it lurks Some serviceable imp.

There's one of you

Hath sent me a strange message.

ALVAR.

I am he.

Ordonio.

With you, then, I am to speak:

[Haughtily waving his hand to Zulimez.]

And, mark you, alone. [Exit Zulimez.]

"He that can bring the dead to life again!"— Such was your message, Sir! You are no dullard, But one that strips the outward rind of things!

ALVAR.

'Tis fabled there are fruits with tempting rinds, That are all dust and rottenness within. Wouldst thou I should strip such?

Ordonio.

Thou quibbling fool, What dost thou mean? Think'st thou I journey'd hither, To sport with thee?

ALVAR.

O no, my Lord! to sport Best suits the gaiety of innocence.

Ordonio (aside).

O what a thing is man! the wisest heart A Fool! a Fool that laughs at its own folly, Yet still a fool! 'tis

[Looks round the Cottage.]

You are poor!

ALVAR.

What follows thence?

Ordonio.

That you would fain be richer.
The Inquisition, too—You comprehend me?
You are poor, in peril. I have wealth and power,
Can quench the flames, and cure your poverty;
And for the boon I ask of you, but this,
That you should serve me—once—for a few hours.

**Alvar (solemnly).**
Thou art the son of Valdez; would to Heaven
That I could truly and for ever serve thee.

**Ordonio.**
The slave begins to soften.

**Alvar.**
(Asside.)
You are my friend,
"He that can bring the dead to life again."
Nay, no defence to me! The holy brethren
Believe these falsehoods—I know thee better.
(Then with great bitterness.)
Thou art a man, and as a man I'll trust thee!

**Alvar (aside).**
Alas! this hollow mirth—Declare your business.

**Ordonio.**
I love a lady, and she would love me,
But for an idle and fantastic scruple.
Have you no servants here, no listeners?
[Ordonio steps to the door.

**Alvar.**
What, faithless too? False to his angel wife?
To such a wife? Well mightst thou look so wan,
Ill-star'd Teresa!—Wretch! My softer soul
Is pass'd away, and I will probe his conscience!

**Ordonio.**
In truth this lady loved another man,
But he has perish'd.

**Alvar.**
What! you kill'd him! hey?

**Ordonio.**
I'll dash thee to the earth, if thou but think'st it!
Insolent slave! how darest thou—
[Turns abruptly from Alvar, and then to himself.

Why! what's this?

'Twas idiocy! I'll tie myself to an aspen,
And wear a fool's cap—

**Alvar (watching his agitation).**
Fare thee well—

I pity thee, Ordonio, even to anguish.

[Ordonio has recovered himself.

**Ho!**

**Alvar.**
[Calling to Alvar.

Be brief: what wish you?

**Ordonio.**
You are deep at bartering—You charge yourself
At a round sum. Come, come, I spake unwisely.

**Alvar.**
I listen to you.

**Ordonio.**
In a sudden tempest,
Did Alvar perish—he, I mean—the lover—

**Alvar.**
Nay, speak out! 'twill ease your heart
To call him villain!—Why stand'st thou aghast?
Men think it natural to hate their rivals.

**Ordonio (hesitating).**
Now, till she knows him dead, she will not wed me.

**Alvar (with eager vehemence).**
Are you not wedded then? Merciful Heaven!
Not wedded to Teresa?

**Ordonio.**
Why, what ails thee?
What, art thou mad! why look'st thou upward so?
Dost pray to Lucifer, Prince of the Air?

**Alvar (recollecting himself).**
Proceed, I shall be silent.
[Alvar sits, and leaning on the table, hides his face.

**Ordonio.**
To Teresa?

**Alvar.**
Yes! he did so!

**Ordonio.**
Why no! he was afraid of accidents,
Of robberies, and shipwrecks, and the like.
In secrecy he gave it me to keep,
Till his return.

**Alvar.**
What! he was your friend, then!

**Ordonio (wounded and embarrassed).**
I was his friend.—

[Now that he gave it me

This lady knows not. You are a mighty wizard—
Can call the dead man up—he will not come—
He is in heaven then—there you have no influence
Still there are tokens—and your imps may bring you
Something he wore about him when he died.
And when the smoke of the incense on the altar
Is pass'd, your spirits will have left this picture.
What say you now?

**Alvar (after a pause).**
Ordonio, I will do it.

**Ordonio.**
We'll hazard no delay. Be it to-night,
In the early evening. Ask for the Lord Valdez.
I will prepare him. Music too, and incense
(For I have arranged it—Music, Altar, Incense),
All shall be ready. Here is this same picture,
And here, what you will value more, a purse.
Come early for your magic ceremonies.

**Alvar.**
I will not fail to meet you.

**Ordonio.**
Till next we meet, farewell!

[Exit Ordonio.

**Alvar (alone, indignantly flings the purse away, an
gazes passionately at the portrait).**

And I did curse thee?
At midnight? on my knees? and I believed
Thee perjured, thee a traitress! Thou dishonour'd
O blind and credulous fool! O guilt of folly!
Should not thy inarticulate Fondnesses,
Thy Infant Loves—should not thy Maiden Vows
Have come upon my heart? And this sweet Image
Tied round my neck with many a chaste endearment
And thrilling hands, that made me weep and tremble—
Ah, coward dupe! to yield it to the miscreant,
Who spake pollution of thee? barter for Life
This farewell Pledge, which with impassion'd Vow
I had sworn that I would grasp—ev'n in my death-
pung!

I am unworthy of thy love, Teresa,
Of that unearthly smile upon those lips,
Which ever smiled on me! Yet do not scorn me—
I isip'd thy name, ere I had learnt my mother's.

Dear Portrait! rescued from a traitor's keeping,
I will not now profane thee, holy Image,
To a dark trick. That worst bad man shall find
A picture, which will wake the hell within him,
And rouse a fiery whirlwind in his conscience.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Hall of Armory, with an Altar at the back of the Stage. Soft Music from an instrument of Glass or Steel.

VALDEZ, ORDONIO, and ALVAR in a Sorcerer's rôle, are discovered.

ORDONIO.

This was too melancholy, father.

VALDEZ.

Nay,
My Alvar loved sad music from a child.
Once he was lost; and after weary search
We found him in an open place in the wind,
To which spot he had followed a blind boy,
Who breathed into a pipe of sycamore
Some strangely moving notes: and these, he said,
Were taught him in a dream. Him we first saw
Stretch'd on the broad top of a sunny heath-bank:
And lower down poor Alvar, fast asleep,
His head upon the blind boy's dog. It pleased me
To mark how he had fasten'd round the pipe
A silver toy his grandam had late given him.
 Mehinks I see him now as he then look'd—
Even so!—He had outgrown his infant dress,
Yet still he wore it.

ALVAR.

My tears must not flow!
I must not clasp his knees. and cry, My father!

Enter TERESA, and Attendants.

TERESA.

Lord Valdez, you have ask'd my presence here,
And I submit; but (Heaven bear witness for me)
My heart approves it not! 'tis mockery.

ORDONIO.

Believe you then no preternatural influence?
Believe you not that spirits throng round us?

TERESA.

Say rather that I have imagined it
A possible thing: and it has soothed my soul
As other fancies have; but ne'er seduced me
To traffic with the black and frenzied hope
That the dead hear the voice of witch or wizard.

'TO ALVAR. Stranger, I mourn and blush to see you here,

On such employment! With far other thoughts
I left you.

ORDONIO (aside).

Ha! he has been tampering with her!

ALVAR.

O high-soul'd maiden! and more dear to me
Than suits the Stranger's name!—

I swear to thee
I will uncover all concealed guilt.

Doubt, but decide not! Stand ye from the altar.

[Here a strain of music is heard from behind the scene.

ALVAR.

With no irreverent voice or uncouth charm
I call up the Departed!

'Soul of Alvar!
Hear our soft suit, and heed my milder spell:
So may the Gates of Paradise, unbarr'd,
Close thy swift toils! since haply thou art one
Of that innumerable company
Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,
Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,
With noise too vast and constant to be heard:
Fallest unheard! For oh, ye numberless
And rapid travellers! What ear unstrum'd,
What sense unsmitten'd, might bear up against
The rushing of your congregated wings?

[Music
Even now your living wheel turns o'er my head!

[Music expressive of the movements and images that follow.

Ye, ye pass, toss high the desert sands,
That roar and whiten, like a burst of waters,
A sweet appearance, but a dread illusion
To the parch'd caravan that roams by night!
And ye build upon the becalmed waves
That whirling pillar, which from Earth to Heaven
Stands vast, and moves in blackness! Ye too split
The ice mount! and with fragments many and huge
Tempest the new-thaw'd sea, whose sudden guls
Suck in, perchance, some Lapland wizard skiff?
Then round and round the whirlpool's marge ye dance,
Till from the blue swoln Corse the Soul toils out,
And joins your mighty Army.

[Here behind the scenes a voice sings the three words, "Hear, sweet Spirit."

Soul of Alvar!
Hear the mild spell, and tempt no blacker Charm!
By sighs unquiet, and the sickly pang
Of a half dead, yet still undying Hope,
Pass visible before our mortal sense!
So shall the Church's cleansing rites be thine,
Her knells and masses that redeem the Dead!

SONG

Behind the Scenes, accompanied by the same Instrument as before.

Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,
Lest a blacker charm compel!
So shall the midnight breezes swell
With thy deep long-lingering knell.

And at evening evermore,
In a Chapel on the shore,
Shall the Chanters sad and saintly,
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful Masses chant for thee,
Miserere Domine!

Hark! the cadence dies away
On the yellow moonlight sea;
The boatmen rest their oars and say,
Miserere Domine! [A long pause.]

ORDONIO.
The innocent obey nor charm nor spell!
My brother is in heaven. Thou smitest spirit,
Burst on our sight, a passing visitant!
Once more to hear thy voice, once more to see thee,
O 'twere a joy to me!

ALVAR.
A joy to thee!
What if thou hearest him now? What if his spirit
Re-enter'd its cold core, and came upon thee
With many a stab from many a murder'er's poniard?
What if (his stedfast Eye still beaming Pity
And Brother's love) he turn'd his head aside,
Lest he should look at thee, and with one look
Hurl thee beyond all power of Penitence!

VALDEZ.
These are unholy fancies!
ORDONIO (struggling with his feelings).
Yes, my father,
He is in Heaven!

ALVAR (still to Ordinio).
But what if he had a brother,
Who had lived even so, that at his dying hour
The name of Heaven would have convulsed his face,
More than the death-pang?

VALDEZ.
Idly prating man!
Thou hast guess'd ill: Don Alvar's only brother
Stands here before thee—a father's blessing on him!
He is most virtuous.

ALVAR (still to Ordinio).
What, if his very virtues
Had pamper'd his swoln heart and made him proud?
And what if Pride had duped him into guilt?
Yet still he stalk'd a self-created God,
Not very bold, but exquisitely cunning;
And one that at his Mother's looking-glass
Would force his features to a frowning sternness?
Young Lord! I tell thee, that there are such Beings—
Yea, and it gives fierce merriment to the damn'd,
To see these most proud men, that loathe mankind,
At every stir and buzz of coward conscience,
Trick, cant, and lie, most whining hypocrites!
Away, away! Now let me hear more music.

[Music again.]

TERESA.
Tis strange, I tremble at my own conjectures!
But whatso'er it mean, I dare no longer
Be present at these lawless mysteries,
This dark provoking of the Hidden Powers!
Already I afford—if not high Heaven—
Yet Alvar's Memory!—Hark! I make appeal
Against the unholy rite, and hasten hence
To bend before a lawful shrine, and seek
That voice which whispers, when the still heart
listens.
Comfort and faithful Hope! Let us retire.

ALVAR (to Teresa anxiously).
O full of faith and guileless love, thy Spirit
Still prompts thee wisely. Let the pangs of guilt
Surprise the guilty: thou art innocent!

[Execute Teresa and Attendant.]

(Music as before.]
The spell is mutter'd—Come, thou wandering Shape
Who own'st no Master in a human eye,
Whate'er be this man's doom, fair be it, or foul
If he be dead, O come! and bring with thee
That which he grasp'd in death! but if he live,
Some token of his obscure perilous life.

[The whole Music clashes into a Chorus.
CHORUS.
Wandering Demons, hear the spell!
Lest a blacker charm compel—

[The incense on the altar takes fire suddenly, and
an illuminated picture of Alvar's assassination
is discovered, and having remained a few seconds is then hidden by ascending flames.
ORDONIO (starting in great agitation).
Doped! duped! duped—the traitor Isidore!
[At this instant the doors are forced open, Mon-
VIEIRO and the Familiars of the Inquisition,
Servants etc. enter and fill the stage.

MONVIEIRO.
First seize the sorcerer! suffer him not to speak!
The holy judges of the Inquisition
Shall hear his first words.—Look you pale, Lord
Valdez?
Plain evidence have we here of most foul sorcery.
There is a dungeon underneath this castle,
And as you hope for mild interpretation,
Surrender instantly the keys and charge of it.
ORDONIO (recovering himself as from stupor, to
Servants.)
Why haste you not? Off with him to the dungeon!

[All rush out in tumult.

SCENE II.

Interior of a Chapel, with painted Windows

Enter Teresa.

TERESA.
When first I enter'd this pure spot, forebodings
Press'd heavy on my heart: but as I knelt,
Such calm unwonted bliss possess'd my spirit,
A trance so cloudless, that these sounds, hard by,
Of trampling uproar fell upon mine ear
As alien and unnoticed as the rain-storm
Beats on the roof of some fair banquet-room,
While sweetest melodies are warbling—

[Enter Valdez.

VALDEZ.
Ye pitying saints, forgive a father's blindness,
And extricate us from this net of peril!

TERESA.
Who wakes anew my fears, and speaks of peril?

VALDEZ.
O best Teresa, wisely wert thou prompt'd!
This was no feat of mortal agency!
That picture—Oh, that picture tells me all!
With a flash of light it came, in flames it vanish'd
Self-kindled, self-consumed: bright as thy Life,
Sudden and unexpected as thy Fate.
Alvar! My son! My son!—The Inquisitor—
TERESA.
Torture me not! But Alvar—Oh of Alvar?

VALDEZ.
How often would he plead for these Morescos! The brood accurst! remorseless, coward murderers!

TERESA (wildly).
So! so?—I comprehend you—He is——

VALDEZ (with averted countenance).
He is no more!

TERESA.
O sorrow! that a father's voice should say this, A father's heart believe it!

VALDEZ.
A worse sorrow
Are Fancy's wild hopes to a heart despairing!

TERESA.
These rays that slant in through those gorgeous windows, From your bright orb—though color'd as they pass, Are they not Light?—Even so that voice, Lord Valdez!
Which whispers to my soul, though haply varied By many a fancy, many a wishful hope, Speaks yet the truth: and Alvar lives for me!

VALDEZ.
Yes, for three wasting years, thus and no other, He has lived for thee—a spirit for thy spirit! My child, we must not give religious faith To every voice which makes the heart a listener To its own wish.

TERESA.
I breathed to the Unerring Permitted prayers. Must those remain unanswered, Yet impious sorcery, that holds no commune Save with the lying Spirit, claim belief?

VALDEZ.
O not to-day, not now for the first time Was Alvar lost to thee——

[Turning off, aloud, but yet as to himself.
Accurst assassins!

Disarm'd, o'erpower'd, despairing of defence, At his bared breast he seem'd to grasp some relic More dear than was his life——

TERESA (with a faint shriek).
O Heavens! my portrait!

And he did grasp it in his death-pang!

Off, false Demon, That beat'st thy black wings close above my head! [ORDONIO enters with the keys of the dungeon in his hand.

Hush! who comes here? The wizard Moor's employer! Moors were his murderers, you say? Saints shield us From wicked thoughts——

[VALDEZ moves towards the back of the stage to meet ORDONIO, and during the concluding lines of TERESA's speech appears as eagerly conversing with him.

Is Alvar dead? what then?
The nuptial rites and funeral shall be one! Here's no abiding-place for thee, Teresa——

Away! they see me not—Thou seest me, Alvar! To thee I bend my course——But first one question, One question to ORDONIO.—My limbs tremble There I may sit unmark'd—a moment will restore me.

[Retires out of sight.

ORDONIO (as he advances with VALDEZ).
These are the dungeon keys. Mouviedro knew not That I too had received the wizard message, —

"He that can bring the dead to life again." But now he is satisfied, I plann'd this scheme To work a full conviction on the culprit, And he intrusts him wholly to my keeping.

VALDEZ.
"'Tis well, my son! But have you yet discover'd Where is Teresa? what those speeches meant—— Pride, and Hypocrisy, and Guilt, and Cunning? Then when the wizard fix'd his eye on you, And you, I know not why, look'd pale and trembled—— Why—why, what ails you now?——

ORDONIO (confused).
Me? what ails me!
A prickling of the blood—It might have happen'd At any other time.—Why scan you me?

VALDEZ
His speech about the corpse, and stabs and murderers Bore reference to the assassins——

ORDONIO.
Duped! duped! duped
The traitor, Isidore! [A pause; then wildly.

I tell thee, my dear father! I am most glad of this.

VALDEZ (confused).
True—Sorcery
Merits its doom; and this perchance may guide us To the discovery of the murderers.
I have their statures and their several faces. So present to me, that but once to meet them Would be to recognize.

ORDONIO.
Yes! yes! we recognize them I was benumb'd, and stagger'd up and down Through darkness without light—dark—dark—dark! My flesh crept chill, my limbs felt manacled, As had a snake coil'd round them!—Now't's sunshine, And the blood dances freely through its channels! —

[Turns off abruptly; then to himself
This is my virtuous, grateful Isidore! [Then mimicking ISIDORE'S manner and voice.

"A common trick of gratitude, my Lord!"
Oh Gratitude! a dagger would dissecat His own full heart'—t' were good to see its color.

VALDEZ.
These magic sights! O that I ne'er had yielded, To your entreaties! Neither had I yielded, But that in spite of your own seeming faith I held it for some innocent stratagem, Which Love had prompt'd, to remove the doubts Of wild Teresa—by fancies quelling fancies!

ORDONIO (in a slow voice, as reasoning to himself).
Love! Love! and then we hate! and what? and wherefore? Hatred and Love! Fancies opposed by fancies! What, if one reptile sting another reptile? Where is the crime? The godly face of Nature Hath one disfavoring stain the less upon it. Are we not all predisposed Transidency, And cold Dishonor? Grant it, that this hand Had given a morsel to the hungry worms Somewhat too early—Where's the crime of this? That this must needs bring on the idiocy Of moist-eyed Penitence—'tis like a dream!

VALDEZ.
Wild talk, my son! But thy excess of feeling——

[Avettng himself]
Almost, I fear, it hath unhinged his brain.

ORDONIO. (Now in soliloquy, and now addressing his father: and just after the speech has commenced, TERESA reappears and advances slowly.)

Say, I had laid a body in the sun!
Well! in a month there swarm forth from the corpse A thousand, nay, ten thousand sentient beings In place of that one man—Say, I had kill’d him!
[TERESA starts, and stops, listening.
Yet who shall tell me, that each one and all Of these ten thousand lives is not as happy As that one life, which being push’d aside, Made room for these unnumber’d—

VALDEZ. O more madness!

[TERESA moves hastily forwards, and places herself directly before ORDONIO.

ORDONIO (checking: the feeling of surprise, and forcing his tones into an expression of playful courtesy).

TERESA? or the Phantom of Teresa?

TERESA.

Alas! the Phantom only, if in truth
The substance of her Being, her Life’s life,
Have ta’en its flight through Alvar’s death-wound—
(A pause.) Where—
(Even coward Murder grants the dead a grave)
O tell me, Valdez—answer me, Ordonio! Where lies the corse of my betrothed husband?

ORDONIO.

There, where Ordonio likewise would fain lie!
In the sleep-compelling earth, in unpierced darkness!

For while we live—
An inward day that never, never sets,
Glares round the soul, and mocks the closing eyes.

Over his rocky grave the Fir-grove sighs
A lulling ceaseless dirge! This well with him.

(Stride off in agitation towards the altar, but returns as VALDEZ is speaking.

TERESA (recollecting with the expression appropriate to the passion).

The rock! the fir-grove! [To VALDEZ.

Didst thou hear him say it?
Hush! I will ask him!

VALDEZ.

Urg him not—not now!
This we behold. Nor he nor I know more,
Than what the magic imagery reveal’d.
The assassin, who press’d foremost of the three—

ORDONIO.

A tender-hearted, scrupulous, grateful villain,
Whom I will strangle!

VALDEZ (looking with anxious disquiet at his Son, yet attempting to proceed with his description).

While his two companions—

ORDONIO.

Dead! dead already! what care we for the dead?

VALDEZ (to TERESA).

Pity him! soothe him! disenchant his spirit!
These supernatural shows, this strange disclosure, And this too fond affection, which still broods O’er Alvar’s fate, and still burns to avenge it—
These, struggling with his hopeless love for you, Distemper him, and give reality To the creatures of his fancy—

ORDONIO. Is it so?
Yes! yes! even like a child, that, too abruptly Roused by a glare of light from deepest sleep, Starts up bewilder’d and talks idly.
(Then mysteriously.)

FATHER! What if the Moors—that made my brother’s grave Even now were digging ours! What if the bolt, Though aim’d, I doubt not, at the son of Valdez, Yet miss’d its true aim when it fell on Alvar?

VALDEZ.

Alvar ne’er fought against the Moors,—say rather, He was their advocate; but you had march’d With fire and desolation through their villages—
Yet he by chance was captured.

ORDONIO.

Unknown, perhaps Captured, yet, as the son of Valdez, murder’d.

Leave all to me. Nay, whither, gentle Lady?

VALDEZ.

What seek you now?

TERESA.

A better, surer light

To guide me—

Both VALDEZ and ORDONIO.

Whither?

TERESA.

To the only place Where life yet dwells for me, and ease of heart These walls seem threatening to fall in upon me! Detain me not! a dim Power drives me hence, And that will be my guide.

VALDEZ.

To find a lover!—

Suits that a high-born maiden’s modesty !
O folly and shame! Tempt not my rage, Teresa!

TERESA.

Hopeless, I fear no human being’s rage.
And am I hastening to the arms—O Heaven! I haste but to the grave of my beloved?

[Exit. VALDEZ following after her.

ORDONIO.

This, then, is my reward! and I must love her? Scorn’d! shudder’d at! yet love her still? yes? yes? By the deep feelings of Revenge and Hate I will still love her—woo her—win her too! (A pause) Isidore safe and silent, and the portrait Found on the wizard—he, belike, self-poison’d To escape the crueler flames—My soul shous triumph!
The mine is undermined! Blood! Blood! Blood! They thirst for thy blood! thy blood, Ordonio!

(A pause.)
The hunt is up! and in the midnight wood, With lights to dazzle and with nets they seek A timid prey: and lo! the tiger’s eye Glares in the red flame of his hunter’s torch! To Isidore I will dispatch a message, And lure him to the cavern! ay, that cavern! He cannot fail to find it. Thither I’ll lure him, Whence he shall never, never more return!

[Looks through the side window.
A rim of the sun lies yet upon the sea, And now ’tis gone! All shall be done to-night.

[Exit.
REMORSE.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A cavern, dark, except where a gleam of moonlight is seen on one side at the further end of it; supposed to be cast on it from a crevice in a part of the cavern out of sight. ISIDORE alone, an extinguished torch in his hand.

ISIDORE.

Faith 'twas a moving letter—very moving! 'His life in danger, no place safe but this!' 'T was his turn now to talk of gratitude.' And yet—but no! there can't be such a villain. It cannot be!

Thanks to that little crevice, Which lets the moonlight in! I'll go and sit by it. To peep at a tree, or see a he-goat's beard, Or hear a cow or two breathe loud in their sleep— Any thing but this crash of water-drops! These dull abortive sounds that fret the silence With puny thwappings and mock opposition! So beats the death-watch to a dead man's ear.

[He goes out of sight, opposite to the patch of moonlight: returns after a minute's elapse, in an ecstacy of fear.

A hellish pit! The very same I dreamt of! I was just in—and those damn'd fingers of ice Which clutch'd my hair up! Ha!—what's that—it moved.

[ISIDORE stands staring at another recess in the cavern. In the mean time ORDONIO enters with a torch, and HALLO to ISIDORE.

ISIDORE.

I swear that I saw something moving there! The moonshine came and went like a flash of lightning—

I swear, I saw it move.

ORDONIO (goes into the recess, then returns, and with great scorn).

A jutting clay stone Props on the long lank weed, that grows beneath: And the weed nods and drips.

ISIDORE (forcing a laugh faintly). A jest to laugh at! It was not that which scared me, good my Lord.

ORDONIO.

What scared you, then?

ISIDORE.

You see that little rift?

But first permit me!

[Lights his torch at ORDONIO's, and while lighting it.

(A lighted torch in the hand,
In no unpleasant object here—one's breath Floats round the flame, and makes as many colors As the thin clouds that travel near the moon.)

You see that crevice there?

My torch extinguish'd by these water drops, And marking that the moonlight came from thence, I stept in to it, meaning to sit there:

But scarcely had I measured twenty paces—

My body bending forward, yes, overbalanced Almost beyond recoil, on the dim brink

Of a huge chasm I stept. The shadowy moonshine Filling the Void, so counterfeited Substance,

That my foot hung aslant adown the edge. Was it my own fear?

(And yet such dens as these are wildly told of, And yet are Beings that live, yet not for the eye) An arm of frost above and from behind me Pluck'd up and snatch'd me backward. Merciful Heaven!

You smile! alas, even smiles look ghastly here! My Lord, I pray you, go yourself and view it.

ORDONIO.

It must have shot some pleasant feelings through you.

ISIDORE.

If every atom of a dead man's flesh Should creep, each one with a particular life, Yet all as cold as ever—'twas just so!

Or had it drizzled needle points of frost

Upon a feverish head made suddenly bald—

ORDONIO (interrupting him).

Why, Isidore I blush for thy cowardice. It might have startled, I grant you, even a brave man for a moment—

But such a panic—

ISIDORE.

When a boy, my Lord!

I could have sate whole hours beside that chasm, Push'd in huge stones, and heard them strike and rattle Against its horrid sides: then hung my head Low down, and listen'd till the heavy fragments Sank with faint crash in that still groaning well, Which never thirsty pilgrim blest, which never A living thing came near—unless, perchance; Some blind-worm battens on the repy mould Close at its edge.

ORDONIO.

Art thou more coward now?

ISIDORE.

Call him, that fears his fellow-man, a coward! I fear not man—but this inhuman cavern, It were too bad a prison-house for goblins. Beside (you'll smile, my Lord), but true it is, My last night's sleep was very sorely haunted By what had pass'd between us in the morning. O sleep of horrors! Now run down and stared at By Forms so hideous that they mock remembrance— Now seeing nothing and imagining nothing, But only being afraid—suff'd with Fear! While every goody or familiar form Had a strange power of breathing terror round me! I saw you in a thousand fearful shapes; And, I entreat your lordship to believe me, In my last dream

ORDONIO.

Well?

ISIDORE.

I was in the act

Of falling down that chasm, when Alhadra Waked me: she heard my heart beat.

ORDONIO.

Strange enough!

Had you been here before?

ISIDORE.

Never, my Lord.

But mine eyes do not see it now more clearly, Than in my dream I saw—that very chasm.

ORDONIO (stands lost in thought, then after a pause).

I know not why it should be! yet it is—
COLERIDGE'S POETICAL WORKS.

What is, my Lord?
ORDONIO.
Abhorrent from our nature,

To kill a man—
ISIDORE.
Except in self-defence.

ORDONIO.
Why, that's my case; and yet the soul recoils from it—
'Tis so with me at least. But you, perhaps,
Have sterner feelings?

ISIDORE.
Something troubles you.

How shall I serve you? By the life you gave me,
By all that makes that life of value to me,
My wife, my babes, my honor, I swear to you,
Name it, and I will toil to do the thing.
If it be innocent! But this, my Lord,
Is not a place where you could perpetrate,
No, nor propose, a wicked thing. The darkness,
When ten strides off, we know 'tis cheerful moonlight,
Collects the guilt, and crowds it round the heart.
It must be innocent.

[ORDONIO darkly, and in the feeling of self-justification, tells what he conceives of his own character and actions, speaking of himself in the third person.

ORDONIO.
Thyself be judge.

One of our family knew this place well.

ISIDORE.
Who? when? my Lord?

ORDONIO.
What boots it, who or when?
Hang up thy torch—I'll tell his tale to thee.

[They hang up their torches on some ridge in the cavern.

He was a man different from other men,
And he despised them, yet revered himself.

ISIDORE (aside).
He? He despised? Thou'rt speaking of thyself?
I am on my guard, however: no surprise.

[Then to ORDONIO.

What! he was mad?

ORDONIO.
All men seem'd mad to him!
Nature had made him for some other planet,
And press'd his soul into a human shape
By accident or malice. In this world
He found no fit companion.

ISIDORE.
Of himself he speaks.

[Aside.

Alas! poor wretch!
Mad men are mostly proud.

ORDONIO.
He walk'd alone,
And phantom thoughts unsought-for troubled him.
Something within would still be shadowing out
All possibilities; and with these shadows
His mind held dalliance. Once, as so it happen'd,
A fancy cross'd him wilder than the rest:
To this in moody murmur and low voice
He yielded utterance, as some talk in sleep:
The man who heard him—

Why didst thou look round?

ISIDORE.
I have a prattler three years old, my Lord!
In truth he is my darling. As I went
From forth my door, he made a moan in sleep—
But I am talking idly—pray proceed!
And what did this man?

ORDONIO.
With his human hand
He gave a substance and reality
To that wild fancy of a possible thing.—
Well it was done!

[Then very wildly
Why babblest thou of guilt?
The deed was done, and it pass'd fairly off:
And he whose tale I tell thee—doest thou listen?

ISIDORE.
I would, my Lord, you were by my fire-side,
I'd listen to you with an eager eye,
Though you began this cloudy tale at midnight;
But I do listen—pray proceed, my Lord.

ORDONIO.
Where was I?

ISIDORE.
He of whom you tell the tale—

ORDONIO.
He proved a traitor,
Betray'd the mystery to a brother traitor,
And they between them hatch'd a damned plot
To hunt him down to infamy and death.
What did the Valdez? I am proud of the name,
Since he dared do it—

[ORDONIO grasps his sword, and turns off from ISIDORE; then after a pause returns.

Our links burn dimly.

ISIDORE.
A dark tale darkly finish'd! Nay, my Lord!
Tell what he did.

ORDONIO.
That which his wisdom prompted—
He made that Traitor meet him in this cavern,
And here he kill'd the Traitor.

ISIDORE.
No! the fool!
He had not wit enough to be a traitor.
Poor thick-eyed beetle! not to have foreseen
That he who guard'd thee with a whimper'd lie
To murder his own brother, would not scruple
To murder thee, if e'er his guilt grew jealous,
And he could steal upon thee in the dark!

ORDONIO.
Thou wouldst not then have come, if—

ISIDORE.
Oh yes, my Lord!
I would have met him arm'd, and scared the coward
[ISIDORE throws off his robe; shows himself armed and draws his sword.

ORDONIO.
Now this is excellent, and warms the blood!
My heart was drawing back, drawing me back
With weak and woeannish scruples. Now my Vengeance Beckons me onwards with a warrior's mien, And claims that life, my pity robb'd her of— Now will I kill thee, thankless slave! and count it Among my comfortable thoughts hereafter.

**ISIDORE.**
And all my little ones fatherless—

[**They fight**; **ORDONIO disarms ISIDORE, and in disarming him throws his sword up that recess opposite to which they were standing.** ISIDORE hurries into the recess with his sword, **ORDONIO follows him**; a loud cry of _"Traitor! Monster!"_ is heard from the cavern, and in a moment **ORDONIO returns alone.**

**ORDONIO.**
I have hurl'd him down the chasm! Treason for treason.

He _dreamt of it_ : henceforward let him sleep A dreamless sleep, from which no wife can wake him. _His dream_ too is made out—Now for his friend.

[**Exit ORDONIO.**

**SCENE II.**

The interior Court of a Saracenic or Gothic Castle, with the Iron Gate of a Dungeon visible.

**TERESA.**
Heart-chilling Superstition! thou canst glaze Even Pity's eye with her own frozen tear.

In vain I urge the tortures that await him;
Even Selma, reverend guardian of my childhood, My second mother, shuts her heart against me! Well, I have won from her what most imports

The present need, this secret of the dungeon, Known only to herself,—A Moor! a Sorcerer! No! I have faith, that Nature ne'er permitted Baseness to wear a form so noble. True, I doubt not, that Ordonio had suborn'd him

To act some part in some unholy fraud;
As little doubt, that for some unknown purpose He hath baffled his subornor, terror-struck him, And that Ordonio meditates revenge!

But my resolve is fixed! myself will rescue him, And learn if haply he know aught of Alvar.

[**Enter VALDEZ.**

**VALDEZ.**

Still sad?—and gazing at the massive door Of that fell Dungeon which thou ne'er hast sight of,

Save what, perchance, thy infant fancy shaped it, When the nurse still'd thy cries with unmeaning threats.

Now by my faith, Girl! this same wizard haunts thee! A stately man, and eloquent and tender—

[ With a sneer.

Who then need wonder if a lady sighs

Even at the thought of what these stern Dominicans—

**TERESA (with solemn indignation).**

The horror of their ghastly punishments

Doh so o'ertop the height of all compassion,

That I should feel too little for mine enemy,

If it were possible I could feel more.

Even though the dearest inmates of our household Were doom'd to suffer them. That such things are—

---

**VAEIJEZ.**

Hush, thoughtless woman!

**TERESA.**

Nay, it wailes within me

More than a woman's spirit.

**VALDEZ.**

No more of this—

What if Monviedro or his creatures hear us? I dare not listen to you.

**TERESA.**

My honor'd Lord,

These were my Alvar's lessons; and whene'er I bend me o'er his portrait, I repeat them, As if to give a voice to the mute image.

---We have mourn'd for Alvar.

Of his sad fate there now remains no doubt.

Have I no other son?

**TERESA.**

Speak not of him!

That low imposture! That mysterious picture! If this be madness, must I wed a madman? And if not madness, there is mystery,

And guilt doth lurk behind it.

---Is this well?

**TERESA.**

Yes, it is truth: saw you his countenance?

How rage, remorse, and scorn, and stupid fear, Displaced each other with swift interchanges?

O that I had indeed the sorcerer's power!—

I would call up before thine eyes the image

Of my betrothed Alvar, of thy first-born!

His own fair countenance, his kingly forehead,

His tender smiles, love's day-dawn on his lips!

That spiritual and almost heavenly light

In his commanding eye—his mien heroic,

Virtue's own native heraldry! to man

Genial, and pleasant to his guardian angel.

Whene'er he gladden'd, how the gladness spread Wide round him! and when oft with swelling tears

Flash'd through by indignation, he bewail'd

The wrongs of Belgium's martyr'd patriots,

Oh, what a grief was there—for joy to envy,

Or gaze upon enamour'd!—

O my father!

Recall that morning when we knelt together,

And thou didst bless our loves! O even now,

Even now, my sire! to thy mind's eye present him, As at that moment he rose up before thee,

Stately, with beaming look! Place, place beside him

Ordonio's dark perturbed countenance!

Then bid me (Oh thou couldst not) bid me turn

From him, the joy, the triumph of our kind! To take in exchange that brooding man, who never

Lifts up his eye from the earth, unless to scowl.

---Ungrateful woman! I have tried to stifle

An old man's passion! was it not enough

That thou hadst made my son a restless man,

Banish'd his health, and half unhinged his reason,

But that thou wilt insult him with suspicion? And toil to blast his honor? I am old,

A comfortless old man!—

**TERESA.**

O Grief! to hear

Hateful entertainments from a voice we love!

---

* Vide Appendix, Note 2.
Enter a Peasant and presents a letter to Valdez.

Valdez (reading it).

"He dares not venture hither!" Why what can this mean?

"Lest the Familiars of the Inquisition,
That watch around my gates, should intercept me;
But he conjures me, that without delay
I hasten to him—for my own sake entreats me
To guard from danger him I hold imprisoned—
He will reveal a secret, the joy of which
Will even outweigh the sorrow."—Why what can
this be?

Perchance it is some Moorish stratagem,
To have in me a hostage for his safety.
Nay, that they dare not! Ho! collect my servants!
I will go thither—let them arm themselves.

\[Exit Valdez.\]

\[TERESA (alone).\]

The moon is high in heaven, and all is hush'd.
Yet, anxious listener! I have seem'd to hear
A low dead thunder mutter through the night,
As 't were a giant angry in his sleep.
O Alvar! Alvar! that they could return,
Those blessed days that imitated heaven,
When we two went to walk at even-tide;
When we saw naught but beauty; when we heard
The voice of that Almighty One who loved us
In every gale that breathed, and wave that mur-
mur'd!
O we have listen'd, even till high-wrought pleasure
Hath half assumed the countenance of grief,
And the deep sigh seem'd to heave up a weight
Of bliss, that press'd too heavy on the heart.

[A pause.

And this majestic Moor, he seems not one
Who oft and long communing with my Alvar
Hath drunk in kindred lustre from his presence,
And guides me to him with reflected light?
What if in yon dark dungeon coward Treachery
Be groping for him with envenom'd poniard—
Hence, womanish fears, traitors to love and duty—
I'll free him.

\[Exit Teresa.\]

\[SCENE III.\]

The Mountains by moonlight. ALHADRA alone in a Moorish dress.

ALHADRA.

Yon hanging woods, that touch'd by autumn seem
As they were blossoming hues of fire and gold;
The flower-like woods, most lovely in decay,
The many clouds, the sea, the rock, the sands,
Lie in the silent moonshine: and the owl,
'Strange! very strange!') the screeching-owl only wakes!
Solo voice, sole eye of all this world of beauty!
Unless, perhaps, she sing her screeching song
To a herd of wolves, that skulk athirst for blood.
Why such a thing am I?—Where are these men?
I need the sympathy of human faces,
To beat away this deep contempt for all things,
Which quenches my revenge. Oh! would to Alla,
The raven, or the sea-mew, were appointed
To bring me food! or rather that my soul
Could drink in life from the universal air!
It were a lot divine in some small skiff
Along some Ocean's boundless solitude,
To float for ever with a careless course,
And think myself the only being alive!

My children!—Isidore's children!—Son of Valdez,
This hath new-strung mine arm. Thou coward tyrant
To stupify a woman's heart with anguish,
Till she forget—even that she was a mother!

\[She fixes her eye on the earth. Then drop in one after another, from different parts of the stage, a considerable number of Morescos, all in Moorish garments and Moorish armor. They form a circle at a distance round ALHADRA, and remain silent till the second in command, NAOMI, enters, distinguished by his dress and armor, and by the silent obeisance paid to him on his entrance by the other Moors.\]

\[NAOMI.\]

Where is Isidore?

ALHADRA (in a deep low voice).

This night I went from forth my house, and left
His children all asleep: and he was living!
And I return'd and found them still asleep,
But he had perish'd—

ALL THE MORESCOS.

Perish'd?

ALHADRA.

He had perish'd!
Sleep on, poor babes! not one of you doth know
That he is fatherless—a desolate orphan!
Why should we wake them? can an infant's arm
Revenge his murder?

ONE MORESCO (to another).

Did she say his murder?

\[NAOMI.\]

Murther! Not murder'd?

\[ALHADRA.\]

Murther'd by a Christian!

\[They all at once draw their sabres.\]

ALHADRA (to NAOMI, who advances from the circle).

Brother of Zagri! swinging away thy sword!
This is thy chieftain's! [He steps forward to take it]
Dost thou dare receive it?
For I have sworn by Alla and the Prophet,
No tear shall dim these eyes, this woman's heart
Shall heave no groan, till I have seen that sword
Wet with the life-blood of the son of Valdez!\]

[\[A pause.\]

Ordonio was your chieftain's murderer!

\[NAOMI.\]

He dies, by Alla.

\[ALL (kneeling.)\]

By Alla

\[ALHADRA.\]

This night your chieftain arm'd himself,
And hurried from me. But I follow'd him
At distance, till I saw him enter—there!

NAOMI.
The cavern!

ALHADRÁ.
Yes, the mouth of yonder cavern.
After a while I saw the son of Valdez
Rush by with flaring torch; he likewise enter'd.
There was another and a longer pause;
And soon the son of Valdez reappear'd:
He flung his torch towards the moon in sport,
And seem'd as he were mirthful! I stood listening,
Impatient for the footsteps of my husband!

NAOMI.
Thou calledst him?

ALHADRÁ.
I crept into the cavern—
T'was dark and very silent. (Then wildly
What saidst thou?

No! no! I did not dare call, Isidore,
Lest I should hear no answer! A brief while,
Belike, I lost all thought and memory
Of that for which I came! After that pause,
I, Heaven! I heard a groan, and follow'd it:
And yet another groan, which guided me
Into a strange recess—and there was light,
A hideous light! his torch lay on the ground;
Its flame burnt dimly o'er a chasm's brink:
spake; and whilst I spake, a feeble groan
Came from that chasm! it was his last! his death-groan!

NAOMI.
Comfort her, Allá.

ALHADRÁ.
I stood in unimaginable trance
And agony that cannot be remember'd,
Listening with horrid hope to hear a groan!
But I had heard his last: my husband's death-groan!

NAOMI.
Faste! let us onward.

ALHADRÁ.
I look'd far down the pit—
My sight was bounded by a jutting fragment:
And it was stain'd with blood. Then first I shriek'd,
My eye-balls burnt, my brain grew hot as fire,
And all the hanging drops of the wet roof
Turn'd into blood—I saw them turn to blood!
And I was leaping wildly down the chasm,
When on the farther brink I saw his sword,
And it said, Vengeance!—Curses on my tongue!—
The noon hath moved in Heaven, and I am here,
And he hath not had vengeance! Isidore!
Spirit of Isidore! thy murderer lives!
Away! away! away!

[She rushes off, all following her.]

ACT V.
SCENE I.
A Dungeon.

ALVAR (alone) rises slowly from a bed of reeds.

ALVAR.
and this place my forefathers made for man!

This is the process of our love and wisdom
To each poor brother who offence against us—
Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty?
Is this the only cure? Merciful God!
Each pore and natural outlet shrivell'd up,
By ignorance and parching poverty,
His energies roll back upon his heart,
And stagnate and corrupt, till, changed to poison,
They break out on him, like a loathsome plague-spot!
Then we call in our pamper'd mountebanks:
And this is their best cure! uncomfor ted
And friendless solitude, groaning and tears,
And savage faces, at the clanking hour,
Seen through the steam and vapors of his dungeon
By the lamp's dismal twilight! So he lies
Circled with evil, till his very soul
Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deform'd
By sights of evermore deformity!
With other ministrations thou, O Nature!
Healest thy wandering and distemper'd child:
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets;
Thy melodies of words, and winds, and waters!
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy;
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
His angry spirit heal'd and harmonized
By the benignant touch of love and beauty.
I am chill and weary! Yon rude bench of stone,
In that dark angle, the sole resting-place!
But the self-approving mind is its own light,
And life's best warmth still radiates from the heart
Where Love sits brooding, and an honest purpose.

[Retires out of sight.]

Enter Teresa with a Taper.

TERESA.
It has chill'd my very life—my own voice scares me!
Yet when I hear it not, I seem to lose
The substance of my being—my strongest grasp
Sends inwards but weak witness that I am,
I seek to cheat the echo.—How the half sounds
Blend with this stretched light! Is he not here—

[Looking round.]
O for one human face here—but to see
One human face here to sustain me.—Courage!
It is but my own fear! The life within me,
It sinks and wavers like this cone of flame,
Beyond which I scarce dare look onward! Oh!

[Shuddering.]
If I faint! If this inhuman den should be
At once my death-bed and my burial vault!

[Faintly screams as Alvar emerges from the recess.

ALVAR (rushes towards her, and catches her as she is falling).

O gracious Heaven! it is, it is Teresa!
I shall reveal myself? The sudden shock
Of rapture will blow out this spark of life,
And Joy complete what Terror has begun.
O ye impetuous beatings here, be still!
Teresa, best beloved! pale, pale, and cold!
Her pulse doth flutter! Teresa! my Teresa!

TERESA (recovering, looks round wildly).
I heard a voice; but often in my dreams
I hear that voice! and wake and try—and try—

14 101
To hear it waking: but I never could—
And 'tis so now—even so! Well: he is dead—
Murder'd, perhaps! And I am faint, and feel
As if it were no painful thing to die!

**ALVAR** (eagerly).
Believe it not, sweet maid! Believe it not,
Beloved woman! "I was a low imposture,
Framed by a guilty wretch.

**TERESA** (retires from him, and feebly supports herself
against a pillar of the dungeon).
Ha! Who art thou?

**ALVAR** (exceedingly affected).
Suborn'd by his brother—

**TERESA.**
Didst thou murder him?
And dost thou now repent? Poor troubled man,
I do forgive thee, and may Heaven forgive thee!

**ALVAR.**
Ordonio—he—

**TERESA.**
If thou didst murder him—
His spirit ever at the throne of God,
Asks mercy for thee: prays for mercy for thee,
With tears in Heaven!

**ALVAR.**
Alvar was not murder'd.

Be calm! Be calm, sweet maid!

**TERESA** (tightly).
Nay, nay, but tell me!

[A pause; then presses her forehead.
O 'tis lost again!

This dull confused pain—

[A pause, she gazes at **ALVAR.** Mysterious man!
Methinks I cannot fear thee: for thine eye
Doth swim with love and pity—Well! Ordonio—
Oh my foreboding heart! and he suborn'd thee,
And thou didst spare his life? Blessings shower on
thee,
As many as the drops twice counted o'er
In the fond faithful heart of his Teresa!

**ALVAR.**
I can endure no more. The Moorish Sorcerer
Exists but in the stain upon his face.
That picture—

**TERESA** (advances towards him).
Ha! speak on!

**ALVAR.**
Beloved Teresa!
It told but half the truth. O let this portrait
Tell all—that Alvar lives—that he is here!
Thy much deceived but ever faithful Alvar.

(Takes her portrait from his neck, and gives it her.

**TERESA** (receiving the portrait).
The same—it is the same. Ah! who art thou?
Nay I will call thee, **ALVAR!** [She falls on his neck.

**ALVAR.**
O joy unutterable!
But hark! a sound as of removing bars
At the dungeon's outer door. A brief, brief while
Conceal thyself, my love! It is Ordonio.
For the honor of our race, for our dear father;
O for himself too (he is still my brother)
Let me recall him to his nobler nature,
That he may wake as from a dream of murder!
O let me reconcile him to himself,

Open the sacred source of penitent tears,
And be once more my own beloved Alvar.

**TERESA.**
O my all virtuous love! I fear to leave thee
With that obdurate man.

**ALVAR.**
Thou dost not leave me!
But a brief while retire into the darkness:
O that my joy could spread its sunshine round thee

**TERESA.**
The sound of thy voice shall be my music!
[Retiring, she returns hastily and embraces **ALVAR**.
Alvar! my Alvar! am I sure I hold thee?
Is it no dream? thee in my arms, my Alvar! [Exit

[**ORDONIO enters, with a goblet in his hand**

**ORDONIO.**
Hail, potent wizard! in my gayer mood
I pour'd forth a libation to old Pluto,
And as I brimm'd the bowl, I thought on thee.
Thou hast conspired against my life and honor,
Hast trick'd me foully; yet I hate thee not.
Why should I hate thee? this same world of ours,
'Tis but a pool amid a storm of rain,
And we the air-bladders that course up and down,
And joust and tilt in merry tournament;
And when one bubble runs foul of another,
[Waving his hand to **ALVAR.**
The weaker needs must break.

**ALVAR.**
I see thy heart!
There is a frightful glitter in thine eye
Which doth betray thee. Inly-tortured man!
This is the revelry of a drunken anguish,
Which fain would scoff away the pang of guilt,
And quell each human feeling.

**ORDONIO.**
Feeling! feeling!
The death of a man—the breaking of a bubble—
'Tis true I cannot sob for such misfortunes;
But faintness, cold and hunger—curses on me
If willingly I e'er inflicted them!
Come, take the beverage; this chill place demands it

[**ORDONIO proffers the goblet**

**ALVAR.**
You insect on the wall,
Which moves this way and that its hundred limbs,
Were it a toy of more mechanic craft,
It were an infinitely curious thing!
But it has life, Ordonio! life, enjoyment!
And by the power of its miraculous will
Wields all the complex movements of its frame
Unerringly to pleasurable ends!
Saw I that insect on this goblet's brim,
I would remove it with an anxious pity!

**ORDONIO.**
What meanest thou?

**ALVAR.**
There's poison in the wine.

**ORDONIO.**
Thou hast guess'd right; there's poison in the wine.
There's poison in 't—which of us two shall drink it?
For one of us must die!

**ALVAR.**
Whom dost thou think me?
ORDONIO.
The accomplice and sworn friend of Isidore.

ALVAR.
I know him not.

ORDONIO.
O! good! that lie! by heaven it has restored me.

ALVAR.
What strange solution

est thou found out to satisfy thy fears,

did drug them to unnatural sleep?

ALVAR takes the goblet, and throwing it to the ground

My master!

ORDONIO.

You mountebank!

ALVAR.

Mountebank and villain!

Vas that art thou? For shame, put up thy sword!

Vast boots a weapon in a wither'd arm?

Ix mine eye upon thee, and thou tremblest!

Speak, and fear and wonder crush thy rage,

At turn it to a motionless distraction!

Thou blind self-worshipper! thy pride, thy cunning,

In faith in universal villany,

To shallow sophisms, thy pretended scorn

In all thy human brethren—out upon them!

Mst have they done for thee? have they given thee peace?

Crd thee of starting in thy sleep? or made

Te darkness pleasant when thou wakest at midnight?

A happy when alone? Canst walk by thyself

Th ev'n step and quiet cheerfulness?

X, yet thou mayest be saved?

ORDONIO (vacantly repeating the words).

Saved! saved?

ALVAR.

One pang!

Cold I call up one pang of true Remorse!

ORDONIO.

I told me of the babes that prattled to him,

If fatherless little ones? Remorse! Remorse!

Were got'tst thou that fool's word? Curse on Remorse!

Is it give up the dead; or recompact

Bangled body? mangled—dash'd to atoms!

Of all the blessings of a host of angels

To blow away a desolate widow's curse!

Although thou spill thy heart's blood for atonement,

Will not weigh against an orphan's tear!

ALVAR (almost overcome by his feelings).

If Alvar—

ORDONIO.

Ha! it chokes thee in the throat,

En thee; and yet I pray thee speak it out!

S! Alvar! Alvar!—howl it in mine ear,

Hap it like coals of fire upon my heart,

A! shoot it hissing through my brain!

ALVAR.

Alas!

Tut day when thou didst leap from off the rock

To the waves, and grasp'd thy sinking brother,

M bore him to the strand: then, son of Valdez,
He would have died to save me, and I kill’d him—
A husband and a father!—
—TERESA.

Drinks up his spirits!
ORDONIO (fiercely recollecting himself).
Let the eternal Justice
Prepare my punishment in the obscure world—
I will not bear to live—to live—O agony!
And be myself—alone my own sore torment!

[The doors of the dungeon are broken open, and in
rush ALHADRA, and the band of MORESCOS.

ALHADRA.

Seize first that man!
[ALVAR presses onward to defend ORDONIO.
ORDONIO.

Off, ruffians! I have flung away my sword.
Woman, my life is thine! to thee I give it!
Off! he that touches me with his hand of flesh,
I’ll rend his limbs asunder! I have strength
With this bare arm to scatter you like ashes.

ALHADRA.

My husband—
ORDONIO.

Yes, I murder’d him most foully.

ALVAR and TERESA.

Oh horrible!

ALHADRA.

Why didst thou leave his children?
Demon, thou shouldst have sent thy dogs of hell
To lap their blood! Then, then I might have harden’d
My soul in misery, and have had comfort.
I would have stood far off, quiet though dark,
And hade the race of men raise up a mourning
For a deep horror of desolation,
Too great to be one soul’s particular lot!
Brother of Zagri! let me lean upon thee.

[Struggling to suppress her feelings.

The time is not yet come for woman’s anguish.
I have not seen his blood—Within an hour
Those little ones will crowd around and ask me,
Where is our father? I shall curse thee then!
Wert thou in heaven, my curse would pluck thee
thence!

TERESA.

He doth repent! See, see, I kneel to thee!
O let him live! That aged man, his father—

ALHADRA (sternly)

Why had he such a son?

[Shouts from the distance of, Rescue! Rescue!
Alvar! Alvar! and the voice of VALDEZ heard.

ALHADRA.

Rescue?—and Isidore’s Spirit unavenged?
The deed be mine! [Suddenly stabs ORDONIO.
Now take my life!
ORDONIO (staggering from the wound).

Atonement!

ALVAR (while with TERESA supporting ORDONIO).

Arm of avenging Heaven,
Thou hast snatch’d from me my most cherish’d hope.
But go! my word was pledged to thee.

ORDONIO.

Away!
Brave not my father’s rage! I thank thee! Thou—
[Then turning his eyes languidly to ALVAR.

She hath avenged the blood of Isidore!
I stood in silence like a slave before her,
That I might taste the wormwood and the gall,
And satiate this self-accusing heart
With bitterer agonies than death can give.
Forgive me, Alvar!

Oh! couldst thou forget me? [Dies

[ALVAR and TERESA bend over the body of ORDONIO.

ALHADRA (to the Moors),
I thank thee, Heaven! thou hast ordain’d it wisely,
That still extremes bring their own cure. That pain
In misery, which makes the oppressed Man
Regardless of his own life, makes him too
Lord of the Oppressor’s—Knew I a hundred men
Despairing, but not pained by despair,
This arm should shake the Kingdoms of the World
The deep foundations of iniquity
Should sink away, earth groaning from beneath them
The strong-holds of the cruel men should fall,
Their Temples and their mountainous Towers should fall;
Till Desolation seem’d a beautiful thing,
And all that were, and had the Spirit of Life,
Sang a new song to her who had gone forth,
Conquering and still to conquer!

[ALHADRA hurries off with the Moors; the stage fill
with armed Peasants and Servants, ZULIME
and VALDEZ at their head. VALDEZ rushes to
ALVAR’S arms.

ALVAR.

Turn not thy face that way, my father! hide,
Oh hide it from his eye! Oh let thy joy
Flow in unmingled stream through thy first blessing
[Both kneel to VALDEZ.

VALDEZ.

My Son! My Alvar! bless, Oh bless him, Heaven!

TERESA.

Me too, my Father?

VALDEZ.

Bless, Oh bless my children! 

[Both rise.

ALVAR.

Delights so full, if unalloy’d with grief,
Were ominous. In these strange dread events
Were Heaven instructs us with an awful voice,
That Conscience rules us even against our choice.
Our inward monitress to guide or warn
If listen’d to; but if repell’d with scorn,
At length as dire Remorse, she reappears.
Works in our guilty hopes, and selfish fears!
Still bids, Remember! and still cries, Too late!
And while she scares us, goads us to our fate.

APPENDIX.

Note 1, page 81, col. 1
You are a painter.

The following lines I have preserved in this place
not so much as explanatory of the picture of th
assassination, as (if I may say so without disres-
p to the Public) to gratify my own feelings, the pass-
being no mere fancy portrait; but a slight, yet n
faithful profile of one, who still lives, nobilitate loc, arte clarior, vita colendissimus.

ZULIMEX (speaking of Alvar in the third person.)
Such was the noble Spaniard's own relation.
He told me, too, how in his early youth,
And his first travels, 'twas his choice or chance
To make long sojourn in sea-wedded Venice;
There won the love of that divine old man,
Counted by mightiest kings, the famous Titian!
Who, like a second and more lovely Nature,
By the sweet mystery of lines and colors,
Changed the blank canvas to a magic mirror,
That made the Absent present; and to Shadows
Gave light, depth, substance, bloom, yea, thought and motion.
He loved the old man, and revered his art:
And though of noblest birth and ample fortune,
The young enthusiast thought it no scorn
But this inalienable ornament,
To be his pupil, and with filial zeal
By practice to appropriate the sage lessons,
Which the gay, smiling old man gladly gave.
The Art, he honor'd thus, required him;
And in the following and calamitous years
Beguited the hours of his captivity.

ALIHADRA.
And then he framed this picture? and unaided
By arts unlawful, spell, or talisman!

ALVAR.
A potent spell, a mighty talisman!
The imperishable memory of the deed
Sustained by love, and grief, and indignation!
So vivid were the forms within his brain,
His very eyes, when shut, made pictures of them!

Note 2, page 89, col. 1.
he following Scene, as unfit for the stage, was taken
On the Tragedy, in the year 1797, and published
The Lyrical Ballads. But this work having been
Go out of print, I have been advised to reprint it,
A Note to the second Scene of Act the Fourth, p. 1.

Enter Teresa and Selma.

Teresa.
'Tis said, he spake of you familiarly,
As mine and Alvar's common foster-mother.

Selma.
Now blessings on the man, woe'er he be,
That join'd your names with mine! O my sweet Lady,
As often as I think of those dear times,
When you two little ones would stand, at eve,
On each side of my chair, and make me learn
All you had learnt in the day; and how to talk
In gentle phrase; then bid me sing to you—
'Tis more like heaven to come, than what has been!

Teresa.
But that entrance, Selma? 

Selma.
Can no one hear? It is a perilous tale!

Teresa.
No one.

* Sir George Beaumont. (Written 1814.)
ADVERTISEMENT.

The form of the following dramatic poem is in humble imitation of the Winter’s Tale of Shakspeare, except that I have called the first part a Prelude instead of a first Act, as a somewhat nearer resemblance to the plan of the ancients, of which one specimen is left us in the Eschyleian Trilogy of the Agamemnon, the Orestes, and the Eumenides. Though a matter of form merely, yet two plays, on different periods of the same tale, might seem less bold, than an interval of twenty years between the first and second act. This is, however, in mere obedience to custom. The effect does not, in reality, at all depend on the Time of the interval; but on a very different principle. There are cases in which an interval of twenty hours between the acts would have a worse effect (i.e. render the imagination less disposed to take the position required) than twenty years in other cases. For the rest, I shall be well content if my readers will take it up, read and judge it, as a Christmas tale.

CHARACTERS.

MEN.
Emerick, usurping King of Illyria.
Raab Kiuprili, an Illyrian Chieflain.
Casimie, Son of Kiuprili.
Chef Ragozzi, a Military Commander.

WOMAN.
Zapolya, Queen of Illyria.

ZAPOLYA.

PART I.

THE PRELUDE, ENTITLED, “THE USURPER’S FORTUNE.”

SCENE I.

Front of the Palace with a magnificent Colonnade. On one side a military Guard-House. Sentries pacing backward and forward before the Palace. CHEF RAGOZZI, at the door of the Guard-House, as looking forwards at some object in the distance.

CHEF RAGOZZI

My eyes deceive me not, it must be he!
Who but our chief, my more than father, who

But Raab Kiuprili moves with such a gait?
Lo! ’en this eager and unwonted haste
But agitates, not quells, its majesty.
My patron! my commander! yes, ’tis he!
Call out the guards. The Lord Kiuprili comes.

Drums beat, etc. the Guard turns out. Enter Raab Kiuprili.

RAAB KIUPRILI (making a signal to stop the drums, etc.)

Silence! enough! This is no time, young friend!
For ceremonious duse. This summoning drum,
Th’ air-shattering trumpet, and the horseman’s clatter
Are insults to a dying sovereign’s ear.
Soldiers, ’tis well! Retire! your general greets you
His loyal fellow-warriors. [Guards retire.

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Pardon my surprise.
Thus sudden from the camp, and unattended!
What may these wonders prophesy?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Tell me first,
How fares the king? His majesty still lives?

CHEF RAGOZZI.

We know no otherwise; but Emerick’s friends
(And none but they approach him) scoff at hope.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Ragozzi! I have rear’d thee from a child,
And as a child I have rear’d thee. Whence this air?
Of mystery? That face was wont to open
Clear as the morning to me, showing all things.
Hide nothing from me.

CHEF RAGOZZI.

O most loved, most honor’d,
The mystery that struggles in my looks,
Betray’d my whole tale to thee, if it told thee
That I am ignorant; but fear the worst.
And mystery is contagious. All things here
Are full of motion; and yet all is silent:
And bad men’s hopes infect the good with fears.

RAAB KIUPRILI (his hand to his heart).

I have trembling proof within, how true thou speakest.

CHEF RAGOZZI.

That the prince Emerick feasts the soldiery,
Gives splendid arms, pays the commanders’ debts,
And (it is whispered) by sworn promises
Makes himself debtor—bearing this, thou hast heard
All—[Then in a subdued and saddened voice.

But what my Lord will learn too soon himself.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Ha!—Well then, let it come! Worse scarce can come.

This letter, written by the trembling hand
Of royal Andreas, calls me from the camp
To his immediate presence. It appoints me, The Queen, and Emerick, guardians of the realm, and of the royal infant. Day by day, Zapholya's soothing cares, the king yearns only to behold one precious boon, And with his life breathe forth a father's blessing.

CHEF RAGOZZI. Remember you, my Lord, that Hebrew leech, Whose face so much distemper'd you?

RAAB KIUAPRILL. Barzoni?

Hold him for a spy: but the proof failing More courteously, I own, than pleased myself, sent him from the camp.

CHEF RAGOZZI. To him in chief Prince Emerick trusts his royal brother's health.

RAAB KIUAPRILL. Tide nothing, I conjure you! What of him?

CHEF RAGOZZI. With pomp of words beyond a soldier's cunning, and shrugs and wrinkled brow, he smiles and whistles!

"Talks in dark words of women's fancies; hints that 'tis a useless and cruel zeal to rob a dying man of any hope, however vain, that soothes him: and, in fine, tenies all chance of offspring from the Queen.

RAAB KIUAPRILL. He venemous snake! My heel was on his head, and (fool!) I did not crush it!

CHEF RAGOZZI. Nay, he fears Zapholya will not long survive her husband.

RAAB KIUAPRILL. Manifest treason! Even this brief delay shall make me an accomplice—(If he live), [Is moving toward the palace.

"He but live and know me, all may—"

CHEF RAGOZZI. Halt! [Stops him.

A pain of death, my Lord! Am I commanded o stop all ingress to the palace.

RAAB KIUAPRILL. Thou!

CHEF RAGOZZI. o place, no name, no rank excepted—

RAAB KIUAPRILL. Thou!

CHEF RAGOZZI. His life of mine, O take it, Lord Kiuprill! Give it as a weapon to thy hands, fine own no longer. Guardian of Illyria, seel's thee, 'tis worthless to myself; thou art the framer of my noble being; or does there live one virtue in my soul, he honorable hope, but calls thee father. And ere thou dost resolve, know that your palace guarded from within, that each access thong'd by arm'd conspirators, watch'd by ruffians amper'd with gifts, and hot upon the spoil which that false promiser still trails before them. Ask but this one boon—reserve my life ill I can lose it for the realm and thee!

RAAB KIUAPRILL. My heart is rent asunder. O my country, fallen Illyria! stand I here spell-bound!

Did my King love me? Did I earn his love? Have we embraced as brothers would embrace? Was I his arm, his thunder-bolt? And now Must I, rag-ridden, pant as in a dream? Or, like an eagle, whose strong wings press up Against a coiling serpent's folds, can I Strike but for mockery, and with restless beak Gore my own, breast—Ragozzi, thou art faithful?

CHEF RAGOZZI. Here before Heaven I dedicate my faith To the royal line of Andreas.

RAAB KIUAPRILL. Hark, Ragozzi! Guilt is a timorous thing; ere perpetration: Despair alone makes wicked men be bold. Come thou with me! They have heard my voice in flight, Have faced round, terror-struck, and fear'd no longer The thundering javelins of their fell pursuers. Ha! what is this!

[Black Flag displayed from the Tower of the Palace: a death-bell tolls, etc.]

Vengeance of Heaven! He is dead.

CHEF RAGOZZI. At length then 'tis announced. Alas! I fear, That these black death-flags are but treason's signals.

RAAB KIUAPRILL (looking forwards anxiously). A prophecy too soon fulfill'd! See yonder! O rank and ravenous wolves! the death-bell echoes Still in the dreadful air—and see! they come.

CHEF RAGOZZI. Precise and faithful in their villany, Even to the moment, that the master traitor Had preordin'd them.

RAAB KIUAPRILL. Was it over-haste, Or is it scorn, that in this race of treason Their guilt thus drops its mask, and blazons forth Their infamous plot even to an idiot's sense.

CHEF RAGOZZI. Doubtless they deem Heaven too usurp'd! Heaven's justice Bought like themselves!

[During this conversation music is heard, at first solemn and funereal, and then changing to spirited and triumphal.]

Being equal all in crime, Do you press on, ye spotted parricides! For the one sole pre-eminence yet doubtful, The prize of foremost impudence in guilt?

RAAB KIUAPRILL. The bad man's cunning still prepares the way For its own outwitting. I applaud, Ragozzi! [Musing to himself—then—Ragozzi! I applaud, In thee, the virtuous hope that daring look onward And keeps the life-spark warm of future action Beneath the cloak of patient sufferance. Act and appear as time and prudence prompt thee; I shall not misconceive the part thou playest. Mine is an easier part—to brave the Usurper.

[Enter a procession of Emerick's Adherents, Nobles, Chief-tains, and Soldiers, with Music. They advance toward the front of the Stage, Kiuprill makes the signal for them to stop.—The Music ceases.
LEADER—OF THE PROCESSION.

The Lord Kiuprili!—Welcome from the camp.

Kiuprili.

Grave magistrates and chiefains of Illyria!
In good time come ye hither, if ye come
As loyal men with honorable purpose
To mourn what can alone be mourn'd; but chiefly
to enforce the last commands of royal Andreas,
And shield the queen, Zapolya: haply making
The mother's joy light up the widow's tears.

LEADER.

Our purpose demands speed. Grace our procession;
A warrior best will greet a warlike king.

Kiuprili.

This patent, written by your lawful king
(Lo! his own seal and signature attesting)
Appoints as guardians of his realm and offspring,
The Queen, and the Prince Emerick, and myself:

[Voices of Live King Emerick! an Emerick! an Emerick!]

What means this clamor? Are these madman's voices?
Or is some knot of riotous slanderers leagued
To infamize the name of the king's brother
With a lie black as Hell? unmanly cruelty,
Ingratitude, and most unnatural treason! [Murmurs.

What mean these murmurs! Dare then any here
Proclaim Prince Emerick a spotted traitor?
One that has taken from you your sworn faith,
And given you in return a Judas' bribe,
Infamy now, oppression in return.
And Heaven's inevitable curse hereafter?

[Loal muru,us, followed by cries—Emerick! No Baby Prince! No Changelings!]

Yet bear with me awhile! Have I for this
Bled for your safety, conquer'd for your honor!
Was it for this, Illyrians! that I forded
Your than-swollen torrents, when the shoulder-ing ice
Fought with the foe, and stain'd its jagged points
With gore from wounds, I felt not? Did the blast
Beat on this body, frost-and-famine-numb'd,
Till my hard flesh distinguish'd not itself
From the insensate mail, its fellow-warrior?
And have I brought home with me Victory,
And with her, hand in hand, firm-footed Peace,
Her countenance twice lighted up with glory,
As if I had charm'd a goddess down from Heaven?
But these will flee abhorrent from the throne
Of usurpation!

[Murmurs increase—and cries of Onward! onward!]

Have you then thrown off shame,
And shall not a dear friend, a loyal subject,
Throw off all fear? I tell ye, the fair trophies
Valiantly wrested from a valiant foe,
Love's natural offerings to a rightful king,
Will hang as ill on this usurping traitor,
This brother-blight, this Emerick, as robes
Of gold pluck'd from the images of gods
Upon a sacrilegious robber's back.

[During the last four lines, enter Lord Casimir,
with expressions of anger and alarm.

Casimir.

Who is this factious insolent, that dares brand
The elected King, our chosen Emerick?

[Starts—then approaching with timid respect.
My father!

Raab Kiuprili (turning away).

Casimir! He, he a traitor!

Too soon indeed, Ragozzi! have I learnt it. 'Aside

Casimir (with reverence).

My father and my Lord!

Kiuprili.

I know thee not!

LEADER.

Yet the remembrance did sound right filial.

Kiuprili.

A holy name and words of natural duty
Are blasted by a thankless traitor's utterance.

Casimir.

O hear me, Sire! not lightly have I sworn
Homage to Emerick. Illyria's sceptre
Demands a manly hand, a warrior's grasp.
The queen Zapolya's self-expect'd offspring
At least is doubtful: and of all our noble,
The king inheriting his brother's heart,
Hath honor'd us the most. Your rank, my Lord!
Ally eminent, is—all it can be—
Confirmed: and me the king's grace hath appointed
Chief of his council and the lord high-steward.

Kiuprili.

(Bought by a bribe?) I know thee now still less.

Casimir (struggling with his passion).

So much of Raab Kiuprili's blood flows here,
That no power, save that holy name of father,
Could shield the man who so dishonor'd me.

Kiuprili.

The son of Raab Kiuprili! a bought bond-slave,
Guilt's pandar, treason's mouth-piece, a gay parrot,
School'd to shrill forth his feeder's usurp'd titles,
And scream, Long live king Emerick!

Leader.

Ay, King Emerick
Stand back, my Lord! Lead us, or let us pass.

Soldier.

Nay, let the general speak!

Soldiers.

Hear him! Hear him!

Raab Kiuprili.

Hear me,
Assembled lords and warriors of Illyria,
Hear, and avenge me! Twice ten years have I
Stood in your presence, honor'd by the king,
Beloved and trusted. Is there one among you,
Accuses Raab Kiuprili of a bribe?
Or one false whisper in his sovereign's ear?
Who here dare charge me with an orphan's rights
Outfaced, or widow's plea left undefended?
And shall I now be branded by a traitor,
A bought bribed wretch, who, being called my son
Doth libel a chaste matron's name, and plant
Hensbane and aconite on a mother's grave?
The underling accomplice of a robber,
That from a widow and a widow's offspring
Would steal their heritage? To God a rebel,
And to the common father of his country
A recreant ingrate!

Casimir.

Sire! your words grow dangerous
High-flown romantic fancies ill-beseem
Your age and wisdom. 'Tis a statesman's virtue,
To guard his country's safety by what means

108
It best may be protected—come what will
Of these monks' morals!

RAAB KIUPRILI (aside).
Ha! the elder Brutus
Made his soul iron, though his sons repented.
They boasted not their business.
[Starts, and draws his sword,
Infamous changeling!
Recant this instant, and swear loyalty,
And strict obedience to thy sovereign's will;
Or, by the spirit of departed Andreas,
Thou diest—

[Chiefs, etc. rush to interpose; during the tumult
enter EMERICK, alarmed.

EMERICK.
Call out the guard! Ragozzi! seize the assassin.

KIUPRILI! Ha!—[With lowered voice, at the same
time with one hand making signs to the guard
to retire.—

Pass on, friends! to the palace.

[MUSIC recommences.—The Procession passes into
the Palace.—During which time EMERICK and
KIUPRILI regard each other steedfastly.

EMERICK.
What! Raab Kiuprili? What! a father's sword
Against his own son's breast?

RAAB KIUPRILI.
"I would be best excuse him,
Wore he thy son, Prince Emerick. I abjure him.

EMERICK.
This is my thanks, then, that I have commenced
A reign to which the free voice of the nobles
Hath call'd me, and the people, by regards
Of love and grace to Raab Kiuprili's house?

RAAB KIUPRILI.
What right hadst thou, Prince Emerick, to bestow
them?

EMERICK.
By what right dares Kiuprili question me?

RAAB KIUPRILI.
By a right common to all loyal subjects—
To me a duty! As the realm's co-regent,
Appointed by our sovereign's last free act,
Writ by himself.—

[Grasping the Patent.
EMERICK (with a contemptuous sneer).
Ay!—Writ in a delirium!

RAAB KIUPRILI.
I likewise ask, by whose authority
The access to the sovereign was refused me?

EMERICK.
By whose authority dared the general leave
His camp and army, like a fugitive?

RAAB KIUPRILI.
A fugitive, who, with victory for his comrade,
Ran, open-eyed, upon the face of death!
A fugitive, with no other fear, than bodements
To be belated in a loyal purpose—

At the command, Prince! of my king and thine,
Hither I came; and now again require
Audience of Queen Zapolya; and (the States
Forthwith convened) that thou dost show at large,
On what ground of defect thou'st dared annul
This thy king's last and solemn act—last dared
Ascend the throne, of which the law had named,
And conscience should have made thee, a protector.

EMERICK.
A sovereign's ear ill brooks a subject's questioning!
Yet for thy past well-doing—and because
'Tis hard to erase at once the fond belief
Long cherish'd, that Illyria had in thee
No dreaming priest's slave, but a Roman lover
Of her true weal and freedom—and for this, too,
That, hoping to call forth to the broad day-light
And fostering breeze of glory, all deservings,
I still had placed thee foremost.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

EMERICK.
Unwillingly I tell thee, that Zapolya,
Madden'd with grief, her erring hopes proved idle—

CASIMIR.
Sire! speak the whole truth! Say, her frauds detected!

EMERICK.
According to the sworn attests in council
Of her physician—

RAAB KIUPRILI (aside).
Yea! the Jew, Barzoni

EMERICK.
Under the imminent risk of death she lies,
Or irrecoverable loss of reason,
If known friend's face or voice renew the frenzy.

CASIMIR (to KIUPRILI).
Trust me, my Lord! a woman's trick has duped you—
Us too—but most of all, the painted Andreas.
Even for his own fair fame, his grace prays hourly
For her recovery that (the States convened)
She may take counsel of her friends.

EMERICK.
Right, Casimir!
Receive my pledge, Lord General. It shall stand
In her own will to appear and voice her claims;
Or (which in truth I hold the wiser course)
With all the past pass'd by, as family quarrels,
Let the Queen-Dowager, with unblench'd honors,
Resume her state, our first Illyrian matron.

RAAB KIUPRILI.
Prince Emerick! you speak fairly, and your pledge too
Is such, as well would suit an honest meaning.

CASIMIR.
My Lord! you scarce know half his grace's goodness.
The wealthy heiress, high-born fair Sarolta,
Bred in the convent of our noble ladies,
Her relative, the venerable abbess,
Hath, at his grace's urgence, wou'd and won for me.

EMERICK.
Long may the race, and long may that name flourish,
Which your heroic deeds, brave chief, have render'd
Dear and illustrious to all true Illyrians!

RAAB KIUPRILI (serenly).
The longest line, that ever tracing herald
Or found or reign'd, placed by a beggar's soul,
Hath but a mushroom's date in the comparison:
And with the soul, the conscience is coeval;
Yea, the soul's essence.

EMERICK.
Conscience, good my Lord,
Is but the pulse of reason. Is it conscience,
That a free nation should be handled down,
Like the dull clods beneath our feet, by chance,
And the blind law of lineage? That whether infant,
Or man matured; a wise man or an idiot,
Hero or natural coward, shall have guidance
Of a free people’s destiny; should fall out
In the mere lottery of a reckless nature,
Where few the prizes and the blanks are countless?
Or haply that a nation’s fate should hang
On the bald accident of a midwife’s handling
The unsealed sutures of an infant’s skull!

CASMIR.
What better claim can sovereign wish or need,
Than the free voice of men who love their country?
Those chiefly who have fought for’t! Who, by right,
Claim for their monarch one, who having obey’d,
So hath best learnt to govern; who, having suffer’d,
Can feel for each brave sufferer and reward him?
Whence sprang the name of Emperor? Was it not
By Nature’s fiat? In the storm of triumph,
Mid warriors’ shouts, did her oracular voice
Make itself heard: Let the commanding spirit
Possess the station of command!

RAAB KIUPRILI.
Prince Emerick,
Your cause will prosper best in your own pleading.

EMERICK (aside to Casimir).
Ragozzi was thy school-mate—a bold spirit!
Bind him to us!—Thy father thaws space!

[Then aloud.
Leave us awhile, my Lord!—Your friend, Ragozzi,
Whom you have not yet seen since his return,
Commands the guard to-day.

[Casimir retires to the Guard-House; and after a
time appears before it with Chief Ragozzi.

We are alone.
What further pledge or proof desires Kiuprili?
Then, with your assent——

RAAB KIUPRILI.
Mistake not for assent
The unquiet silence of a stern Resolve,
Throttling the impatient voice. I have heard thee,
Prince!
And I have watch’d thee, too; but have small faith in
A plausible tale told with a fitting eye.

[Emerick turns as about to call for the Guard.
In the next moment I am in thy power,
In this thou art in mine. Stir but a step,
Or make one sign—I swear by this good sword,
Thou diest that instant.

EMERICK.
Ha, ha!—Well, Sir!—Conclude your homily.

RAAB KIUPRILI (in a somewhat suppressed voice.)
A tale which, whether true or false, comes guarded
Against all means of proof, detects itself.
The Queen mew’d up—this too from anxious care
And love brought forth of a sudden, a twin birth
With the discovery of her plot to rob thee
Of a rightful throne!—Mark how the scorpion, False-
hood,
Coils round in its own perplexity, and fixes
Its sting in its own head!

EMERICK.
Aye! to the mark!

RAAB KIUPRILI ( aloud): The and Emerick standing
at equi-distance from the Palace and
the Guard-House.

Hadst thou believed thine own tale, hadst thou fancied
Thyself the rightful successor of Andreas,
Wouldst thou have pilfer’d from our school-boys
themes
These shallow sophisms of a popular choice?
What people? How convinced? or, if convinced,
Must not the magic power that charms together
Millions of men in council, needs have power
To win or wield them? Better, O far better
Shout forth thy titles to yon circling mountains,
And with a thousand-fold reverberation
Make the rocks flatter thee, and the volleying air,
Unbribed, shout back to thee, King Emerick!

By wholesome laws to embank the sovereign power
To deepen by restraint, and by prevention
Of lawless will to amass and guide the flood
In its majestic channel, is man’s task
And the true patriot’s glory! In all else
Men suffer trust to Heaven, than to themselves
When least themselves in the mad whirl of crowds
Where folly is contagious, and too oft
Even wise men leave their better sense at home,
To chide and wonder at them when return’d.

EMERICK ( aloud).
Is’t thus, thou scotch’st the people: most of all,
The soldiers, the defenders of the people?

RAAB KIUPRILI ( aloud).
O most of all, most miserable nation,
For whom th’ Imperial power, enormous bubble!
Is blown and kept aloft, or burst and shattered
By the bribed breath of a lewd soldiery
Chiefly of such, as from the frontiers far
(Which is the noblest station of true warriors),
In rank licentious idleness beleaguer
City and court, a venom’d thorn ’tis the side
Of virtuous kings, the tyrant’s slave and tyrant,
Still ravenging for fresh largess! but with such
What title claim’dst thou, save thy birth?
What merits
Which many a liege man may not plead as well,
Brave though I grant thee? If a life outlabor’d
Head, heart, and fortunate arm, in watch and war,
For the land’s fame and weal; if large aquests,
Made honest by th’ aggression of the foe
And whose best praise is, that they bring us safety;
If victory, doubly-wreathed, whose under-garland
Of laurel-leaves looks greener and more sparkling
Through the grey olive-branch; if these, Prince Emerick!

Give the true title to the throne, not thou—
No! (let Illyria, let the infidel enemy
Be judge and arbitrer between us?) I,
I were the rightful sovereign!

EMERICK.
I have faith
That thou both think’st and hopest it. Fair Zapolya
A provident lady—

RAAB KIUPRILI.
Wretch, beneath all answer!

EMERICK.
Offers at once the royal bed ans throne!

RAAB KIUPRILI.
To be a kingdom’s bulwark, a king’s glory,
Yet loved by both, and trusted, and trust-worthy,
Is more than to be king; but see! thy rage
Fights with thy fear. I will relieve thee! Ho!

[To the Guard

EMERICK.
Not for thy sword, but to entrap thee, ruffian!

110
Thus long I have listen’d—Guard—ho! from the Palace.

_The Guard_ post from the Guard-House with
_Chef Ragozzi_ at their head, and then a number from the Palace—_Chef Ragozzi_ demands Kiuprili’s sword, and apprehends him.

**CASIMIR.**
O agony! (To Emerick.) Sire, hear me!

[To Kiuprili, who turns from him.]

Hear me, Father!

**EMERICK.**
Take in arrest that traitor and assassin!
Who pleads for his life, strikes at mine, his sovereign’s.

**RAAB KIUPRIL.**
As the co-regent of the realm, I stand
Amenable to none save to the States,
Met in due course of law. But ye are bond-slaves,
Yet witness ye that before God and man
I here impeach Lord Emerick of foul treason,
And on strong grounds attain him with suspicion
Of murder—

**EMERICK.**
Hence with the madman!

**RAAB KIUPRIL.**
Your Queen’s murder,
The royal orphan’s murder: and to the death
Defy him, as a tyrant and usurper.

[Hurried off by Ragozzi and the Guard.]

**EMERICK.**
Ere twice the sun hath risen, by my sceptre
This insolence shall be avenged.

**CASIMIR.**
O banish him!
This infamy will crush me. O for my sake,
Banish him, my liege lord!

**EMERICK (scornfully).**
What! to the army!
Be calm, young friend! Nought shall be done in anger.
The child o’erpowers the man. In this emergence
I must take counsel for us both. Retire.

[Exit CASIMIR in agitation.]

**EMERICK (alone, looks at a Calendar).**
The changeful planet, now in her decay,
Dips down at midnight, to be seen no more.
With her shall sink the enemies of Emerick,
Cursed by the last look of the waning moon;
And my bright destiny, with sharpen’d horns,
Shall greet me fearless in the new-born crescent.

[Exit.

Scene changes to another view, namely, the back of the Palace—a Wooded Park, and Mountains.]

_Enter Zapolya, with an Infant in her arms._

**Zapolya.**
Hush, dear one! hush! My trembling arm disturbs thee!
Thou, the Protector of the helpless! thou,
The widow’s Husband and the orphan’s Father,
Direct my steps! Ah whither? O send down
Thyangel to a houseless babe and mother,
Driven forth into the cruel wilderness!
Hush, sweet one! Thou art no Hagar’s offspring;
Thou art
The rightful heir of an anointed king!
What sounds are those? It is the vesper chant
Of laboring men returning to their home!
Their queen has no home! Hear me, heavenly Father!

And let this darkness—
Be as the shadow of thy outspread wings
To hide and shield us! Start! thou in thy slumber! Thou canst not dream of savage Emerick. Hush! Betray not thy poor mother! For if they seize thee,
I shall grow mad indeed, and they’ll believe
Thy wicked uncle’s lie. Ha! what? A soldier?

[She starts back—and enter _Chef Ragozzi._]

**CHEF RAGOZZI.**
Sure Heaven befriended us. Well! he hath escaped
O rare tune of a tyrant’s promises
That can enchant the serpent treachery
From forth its lurking-hole in the heart. "Ragozzi!
O brave Ragozzi! Count! Commander! What not?" And all this too for nothing! a poor nothing!
Merely to play the underling in the murder
Of my best friend Kiuprili! His own son—monstrous!
Tyrant! I owe thee thanks, and in good hour
Will I repay thee, for that thou thought’st me too
A serviceable villain. Could I now
But gain some sure intelligence of the queen:
Heaven bless and guard her!

_Zapolya (coming fearfully forward)._ Art thou not Ragozzi?

**CHEF RAGOZZI.**
The Queen! Now then the miracle is full!
I see Heaven’s wisdom in an over-match
For the devil’s cunning. Tis this way, madam, haste!

**Zapolya.**
Stay! Oh, no! Forgive me if I wrong thee!
This is thy sovereign’s child: Oh, pity us,
And be not treacherous!

**CHEF RAGOZZI (raising her).**
Madam! For mercy’s sake!

**Zapolya.**
But tyrants have a hundred eyes, and arms!

**CHEF RAGOZZI.**
Take courage, madam! "We were too horrible, (I can not do’) to swear I’m not a monster!—
Scorce had I barr’d the door on Raab Kiuprili—

**Zapolya.**
Kiuprili! how?

**CHEF RAGOZZI.**
There is not time to tell it.
The tyrant call’d me to him, praised my zeal
(And be assured I overtop his cunning
And seem’d right zealous). But time wastes: in fine
Bids me dispatch my trustiest friends, as couriers
With letters to the army. The thought at once
Flash’d on me. I disguised my prisoner—

**Zapolya.**
What! Raab Kiuprili?

**CHEF RAGOZZI.**
Yes! my noble general!

I sent him off, with Emerick’s own packet,
Haste, and post haste—Prepared to follow him—

**Zapolya.**
Ah, how? Is it joy or fear? My limbs seem sinking!

**CHEF RAGOZZI (supporting her).**
Heaven still befriends us. I have left my charger,
A gentle beast and fleet, and my boy’s mule,
One that can shoot a precipice like a bird,
Just where the wood begins to climb the mountains.
The course we’ll thread will mock the tyrant’s guesses,
Or scare the followers. Ere we reach the main road
The Lord Kiuprili will have sent a troop
To escort me. Oh, thrice happy when he finds
The treasure which I convey!

ZAPOLYA.
One brief moment,
That, praying for strength I may have strength. This
babe,
Heaven's eye is on it, and its innocence
Is, as a prophet's prayer, strong and prevailing!
Through thee, dear babe! the inspiring thought
possess'd me,
When the loud clamor rose, and all the palace
Emptied itself—(They sought my life, Ragozzi!)
Like a swift shadow gliding, I made way
To the deserted chamber of my Lord—

(Then to the infant.
And thou didst kiss thy father's lifeless lips,
And in thy helpless hand, sweet slumberer!
Still clasp'st the signet of thy royalty.
As I removed the seal, the heavy arm
Dropt from the couch aslant, and the stiff finger
Seem'd pointing at my feet. Provident Heaven!
Lo! I was standing on the secret door,
Which, through a long descent where all sound
perishes,
Let out beyond the palace. Well I knew it—
But Andreas framed it not! He was no tyrant!

CHEF RAGOZZI.
Haste, madam! Let me take this precious burden!
(He kneels as he takes the child.

ZAPOLYA.
Take him! And if we be pursued, I charge thee,
Flee thou and leave me! Flee and save thy king!
(Then as going off, she looks back on the palace.
Thou tyrant's den, be call'd no more a palace!
The orphan's angel at the throne of Heaven
Stands up against thee, and there hover o'er thee
A Queen's, a Mother's, and a Widow's curse.
Henceforth a dragon's haunt, fear and suspicion
Stand sentry at thy portals! Faith and honor,
Driven from the throne, shall leave the attainted
nation:
And, for the iniquity that houses in thee,
False glory, thirst of blood, and lust of rapine
(Fateful conjunction of malignant planets,
Shall shoot their blastments on the land. The fathers
Henceforth shall have no joy in their young men,
And when they cry: Lo! a male child is born!
The mother shall make answer with a groan.
For bloody usurpation, like a vulture,
Shall clog its beak within Illyria's heart.
Remorseless slaves of a remorseless tyrant!
They shall be mock'd with sounds of liberty,
And liberty shall be proclaim'd alone
To thee, O Fire! O Pestilence! O Sword!
Till Vengeance hath her fill.—And thou, snatch'd
hence,
Again to the infant) poor friendless fugitive! with
Mother's wailing,
Offspring of Royal Andreas, shalt return
With trump and timbrel clang, and popular shout
In triumph to the palace of thy fathers! [Exeunt.
SAROLTA.

— Thou hast hit my thought!
All the long day, from yester-morn to evening,
The restless hope flutter'd about my heart.
Oh, we are querulous creatures! Little less
Than all things can suffice to make us happy;
And little more than nothing is enough
To discontent us.—Were he come, then should I
Repine he had not arrived just one day earlier
To keep his birth-day here, in his own birth-place.

GLYCINE.
But our best sports belike, and gay processions
Would to my Lord have seem'd but work-day sights
Compared with those the royal court affords.

SAROLTA.
I have small wish to see them. A spring morning,
With its wild gladsome minstrelsy of birds,
And its bright jewelry of flowers and dew-drops
(Each orbéd drop an orb of glory in it),
Would put them all in eclipse. This sweet retirement
Lord Casimir's wish alone would have made sacred:
But in good truth, his loving jealousy
Did but command, what I had else entreated.

GLYCINE.
And yet had I been born Lady Sarolta,
Been wedded to the noblest of the realm,
So beautiful, and yet so stately——

SAROLTA.
Hush! innocent flatterer!

GLYCINE.
Nay! to my poor fancy
The royal court would seem an earthly heaven,
Made for such stars to shine in, and be gracious.

SAROLTA.
So doth the ignorant distance still delude us!
Thy fancied heaven, dear girl, like that above thee,
In its mere self, a cold, drear, colorless void,
Seen from below and in the large, becomes
The bright blue ether, and the seat of gods!
Well! but this broil that scared you from the dance?
And was not Laska there: he, your betroth'd?

GLYCINE.
Yes, madam! he was there. So was the maypole,
For we danced round it.

SAROLTA.
Ah, Glycine! why,
Why did you then betroth yourself?

GLYCINE.
Because
My own dear lady wish'd it! 'twas you ask'd me!

SAROLTA.
Yes, at my Lord's request, but never wish'd,
My poor affectionate girl, to see thee wretched.
Thou know'st not yet the duties of a wife.

GLYCINE.
Oh, yes! It is a wife's chief duty, madam,
To stand in awe of her husband, and obey him;
And, I am sure, I never shall see Laska
But I shall tremble.

SAROLTA.
But with fear, I think,
For you still mock him. Bring a seat from the cottage.

[Exit Glycine into the cottage, Sarolta continues
her speech, looking after her.

Something above thy rank there hangs about thee,
And in thy countenance, thy voice, and motion,
Yea, e'en in thy simplicity, Glycine,
A fine and feminine grace, that makes me feel
More as a mother than a mistress to thee!
Thou art a soldier's orphan! that—the courage,
Which rising in thine eye, seems oft to give
A new soul to its gentleness, doth prove thee
Thou art sprung too of no ignoble blood,
Or there's no faith in instinct!

[Angry voices and clamor within, re-enter Glycine

GLYCINE.
Oh, madam! there's a party of your servants,
And my Lord's steward, Laska, at their head,
Have come to search for old Bathory's son,
Bethlen, that brave young man! 'twas he, my lady,
That took our parts, and beat off the intruders;
And in mere spite and malice, now they charge him
With bad words of Lord Casimir and the king.
Pray don't believe them, madam! This way! This way!

Lady Sarolta's here.

[Calling without

SAROLTA.
Be calm, Glycine.

Enter LASKA and Servants with OLD BATHORY.

LASKA (to BATHORY).
We have no concern with you! What needs your
presence?

OLD BATHORY.
What! Do you think I'll suffer my brave boy
To be slander'd by a set of coward-ruffians,
And leave it to their malice,—yes, more malice!—
To tell its own tale?

[Laska and servants bow to Lady Sarolta

SAROLTA.
Laska! What may this mean!

LASKA (pompously, as commencing a set speech).
Madam! and may it please your ladyship!
This old man's son, by name Bethlen Bathory,
Stands charged, on weighty evidence, that he,
On yester-eve, being his lordship's birth-day,
Did traitorously defame Lord Casimir:
The lord high-steward of the realm, moreover——

SAROLTA.
Be brief! We know his titles!

LASKA.
And moreover
Raved like a traitor at our liege King Emerick.
And furthermore, said witnesses make oath,
Led on the assault upon his lordship's servants;
Yea, insolently tore, from this, your huntsman,
His badge of livery of your noble house,
And trampled it in scorn.

SAROLTA (to the Servants who offer to speak).
You have had your spokesman.
Where is the young man thus accused?

OLD BATHORY.
I know not:
But if no ill betide him on the mountains,
He will not long be absent!

SAROLTA.
Thou art his father?

OLD BATHORY.
None ever with more reason prized a son:
Yet I hate falsehood more than I love him.
But more than one, now in my lady's presence,
Witness'd the affray, besides these men of malice,
And if I swerve from truth——
GLYCINE.

Yes! good old man!

My lady! pray believe him!

SAROLTA.

Hush, Glycine!

Be silent, I command you. [Then to Bathory.

Speak! we hear you!

OLD BATHORY.

My tale is brief. During our festive dance,
Your servants, the accusers of my son,
Offer'd gross insults, in unmanly sort,
To our village maidens. He (could he do less?)
Rose in defence of outraged modesty,
And so persuasive did his cudgel prove
(Your hectoring sparks so over brave to women
Are always cowards), that they soon took flight,
And now in mere revenge, like baffled boasters,
Have framed this tale, out of some hasty words
Which their own threats provoked.

SAROLTA.

Old man! you talk
Too bluntly! Did your son owe no respect
To the livery of our house?

OLD BATHORY.

Even such respect
As the sheep's skin should gain for the hot wolf
That hath begun to worry the poor lambs!

LASKA.

Old insolent ruffian!

GLYCINE.

Pardon! pardon, madam!
I saw the whole affair. The good old man
Means no offence, sweet lady!—You, yourself, Laska! know well, that these men were the ruffians!
Shame on you!

SAROLTA (speaks with affected anger).

What! Glycine! Go, retire!

Be it then that these men faulted. Yet yourself,
Or better still belike the maidens' parents,
Might have complain'd to us. Was ever access
 Denied you? or free audience? Or are we weak
And unfit to punish our own servants?

OLD BATHORY.

So then! So then! Heaven grant an old man patience!
And must the gardener leave his seedling plants,
Leave his young roses to the rooting swine,
While he goes ask their master, if perchance
His leisure serve to scourge them from their ravage?

LASKA.

Ho! Take the rude clown from your lady's presence!
I will report her further will!

SAROLTA.

Wait, then,
Till thou hast learnt it! Fervent, good old man!
Forgive me that, to try thee, I put on
A face of sternness, alien to my meaning!
[Then speaks to the Servants.

Hence! leave my presence! and you, Laska! mark me!

Those rioters are no longer of my household!
If we but shake a dew-drop from a rose,
In vain would we replace it, and as vainly
Restore the tear of wounded modesty
To a maiden's eye familiarized to license.—
But these men, Laska—

LASKA (aside).

Yes, now 'tis coming.

SAROLTA.

Brutal aggressors first, then baffled dastards,
That they have sought to piece out their revenge
With a tale of words lured from the lips of ange.
Stamps them most dangerous; and till I want
Fit means for wicked ends, we shall not need
Their services. Discharge them! You, Bathory!
Are henceforth of my household! I shall place you
Near my own person. When your son returns,
Present him to us.

OLD BATHORY.

Ha! what, strangers* here!
What business have they in an old man's eye?
Your goodness, lady—and it came so sudden—
I cannot—must not—let you be deceived.
I have yet another tale, but—[Then to Sarolta aside.

Not for all ears!

SAROLTA.

I oft have pass'd your cottage, and still praised
Its beauty, and that trim orchard-plot, whose blossoms
The gusts of April shower'd aslant its thatch.
Come, you shall show it me! And while you bid it
Farewell, be not ashamed that I should witness
The oil of gladness glittering on the water
Of an ebbing grief.

[Bathory bowing, shows her into his cottage

LASKA (alone).

Vexation! baffled! school'd!
Ho! Laska! wake! why? what can all this mean?
She sent away that coquettish in anger!
Oh, the false witch! It is too plain, she loves him
And now, the old man near my lady's person,
She'll see this Bethlen hourly!

[Laska fings himself into the seat. Glycine peeps in timidly.

GLYCINE.

Laska! Laska!

Is my lady gone?

LASKA (surlily).

Gone.

GLYCINE.

Have you yet seen him?

Is he return'd?

[Laska starts up from his seat

Has the seat stung you, Laska?

LASKA.

No! serpent! no; 'tis you that sting me; you!
What! you would cling to him again!

GLYCINE.

Whom?

LASKA.

Bethlen! Bethlen.

Yes; gaze as if your very eyes embraced him!
Ha! you forget the scene of yesterday!
Mute ere he came, but then—Out on your screams,
And your pretended fears!

GLYCINE.

Your fears, at least,
Were real, Laska! or your trembling limbs
And white cheeks play'd the hypocrites most vilely!

* Refers to the tear, which he fees starting in his eye. The following line was borrowed unconsciously from Mr. Wortworth's Excursion.
LASKA.
I fear! whom? What?
GLYCINE.
I know, what I should fear,
Were I in Laska's place.
LASKA.
What?
GLYCINE.
My own conscience,
For having fed my jealousy and envy
With a plot, made out of other men's revenges,
Against a brave and innocent young man's life!
Yet, yet, pray tell me!
LASKA (malignantly).
You will know too soon.
GLYCINE.
Would I could find my lady! though she chid me—
Yet this suspense— [Going.
LASKA.
Stop! stop! one question only—
I am quite calm—
GLYCINE.
Ay, as the old song says,
Calm as a tiger, valiant as a dove.
Nay now, I have mar'd the verse: well! this one question—
LASKA.
Are you not bound to me by your own promise?
And is it not as plain—
GLYCINE.
Halt! that's two questions.
LASKA.
Pshaw! is it not as plain as impudence,
That you're in love with this young swaggering beggar,
Bethlen Bathory! When he was accused,
Why press'd you forward? Why did you defend him?
GLYCINE.
Question meet question: that's a woman's privilege.
Why, Laska, did you urge Lord Casimir
To make my lady force that promise from me?
LASKA.
So then, you say, Lady Sarolta forced you?
GLYCINE.
Could I look up to her dear countenance,
And say her nay? as far back as I wot of,
All her commands were gracious, sweet requests.
How could it be then, but that her requests
Must needs have sounded to me as commands?
And as for love, had I a score of loves,
I'd keep them all for my dear, kind, good mistress.
LASKA.
Not one for Bethlen!
GLYCINE.
Oh! that's a different thing.
To be sure he's brave, and handsome, and so pious
To his good old father. But for loving him—
Nay, there, indeed you're mistaken, Laska!
Poor youth! I rather think I should for him;
For I sigh so deeply when I think of him!
And if I see him, the tears come in my eyes,
And my heart beats; and all because I dreamt
That the war-wolf* had gored him as he hunted
In the haunted forest!

* For the best account of the War-wolf or Lycanthropus, see

LASKA.
You dare own all this?
Your lady will not warrant promise-breach.
Mine, pamer'd Miss! you shall be; and I'll make you
Grieve for him with a vengeance. Odds, my fingers
Tingle already! [Makes threatening signs.
GLYCINE (aside).
Ha! Bethlen coming this way!
[GLYCINE then cries out as if afraid of being beaten
Oh, save me! save me! Pray don't kill me, Laska!

Enter Bethlen in a Hunting Dress.

BETHLEN.
What, beat a woman!
LASKA (to GLYCINE).
O you cockatrice!

BETHLEN.
Unmanly dastard, hold!
LASKA (pompously).
Do you chance to know
Who— I— am, Sir?— (S'death how black he looks!)

BETHLEN.
I have started many strange beasts in my time,
But none less like a man than this before me
That lifts his hand against a timid female.

LASKA.
Bold youth! she's mine.

GLYCINE.
No, not my master yet,
But only is to be; and all because
Two years ago my lady ask'd me, and
I promised her, not him; and if she'll let me,
I'll hate you, my Lord's steward.

BETHLEN.

Hush, Glycine!

GLYCINE.
Yes, I do, Bethlen; for he just now brought
False witnesses to swear away your life:
Your life, and old Bathory's too.

BETHLEN.
Bathory's!
Where is my father? Answer, or— Ha! gone
[LASKA during this time sinks off the Stage, using threatening gestures to GLYCINE.

GLYCINE.
Oh, heed not him! I saw you pressing onward,
And did but feign alarm. Dear gallant youth,
It is your life they seek!

BETHLEN.

My life!

GLYCINE.
Alas!

Lady Sarolta even—
BETHLEN.
She does not know me!

GLYCINE.
Oh that she did! she could not then have spoken
With such stern countenance. But though she spurned me,
I will kneel, Bethlen—

BETHLEN.
Not for me, Glycine!
What have I done? or whom have I offended?

GLYCINE.
Rash words, 'tis said, and treasonous, of the king.
[BETHLEN mutters to himself indigantly
GLYCINE (aside).
So looks the statue, in our hall, o' the god,
The shaft just flown that killed the serpent!

115
Bethlen (muttering aside).  

Glycine.  

Ah, often have I wish’d you were a king.  
You would protect the helpless everywhere,  
As you did us. And I, too, should not then  
Grieve for you, Bethlen, as I do; nor have  
The tears come in my eyes; nor dream bad dreams  
That you were kill’d in the forest; and then Laska  
Would have no right to rail at me, nor say  
(Yes, the base man, he says) that I—I love you.  

Bethlen.  

Pretty Glycine! wert thou not betrothed—  
But in good truth I know not what I speak.  
This luckless morning I have been so haunted  
With my own fancies, staring up like omens,  
That I feel like one, who waking from a dream  
Both asks and answers wildly—But Bathory!  

Glycine.  

Hist! ’tis my lady’s step! She must not see you!  
[Bethlen retires.  

Enter from the Cottage Sarolta and Bathory.  

SAROLTA.  

Go, seek your son! I need not add, be speedy—  
You here, Glycine?  

Glycine.  

Pardon, pardon, Madam!  
If you but saw the old man’s son, you would not,  
You could not have him harm’d.  

SAROLTA.  

Be calm, Glycine!  

Glycine.  

No, I shall break my heart.  
[Weeping.  

SAROLTA (taking her hand).  

Ha! is it so?  
O strange and hidden power of sympathy,  
That of like fates, though all unknown to each,  
Doth make blind instincts, orphan’s heart to orphan’s  
Drawing by dim disquiet!  

Glycine.  

Old Bathory—  

SAROLTA.  

Seeks his brave son. Come, wipe away thy tears.  
Yes, in good truth, Glycine, this same Bethlen  
Seems a most noble and deserving youth.  

Glycine.  

My lady does not mock me?  

SAROLTA.  

Where is Laska?  

Has he not told thee?  

Glycine.  

Nothing. In his fear—  
Anger, I mean—stole off—I am so flutter’d—  
Left me abruptly—  

SAROLTA.  

His shame excites him!  
He is somewhat hardly task’d; and in discharging  
His own tools, cons a lesson for himself.  
Bathory and the youth henceforward live  
Safe in my Lord’s protection.  

Glycine.  

The saints bless you!  
Shame on my graceless heart! How dared I fear  
Lady Sarolta could be cruel!
roam there in my childhood oft alone, and matter to myself the name of father. 

Yet, O! See, From Be Great GLYCINE.

adam, that wood is haunted by the war-wolves, imps, and monsters—

SAROLTA (with a smile).

Mooin-cables, credulous girl, 

fly some of grown savage of the forest, 

At his hair there, and fear hath framed the rest. 

Then speaking again to Bethlen: 

Later that last great battle (O young man! 

you wakset anew my life's sole anguish), that 

which fix'd Lord Emerick on his throne, Bathory 

d by a cry, far inward from the track, 

the hollow of an old oak, as in a nest, 

it find thee, Bethlen, then a helpless babe: 

the rode, that wrapt thee, was a widow's mantle. 

Bethlen: 

A infant's weakness doth relax my frame. 

say—I fear to ask——

SAROLTA: 

And I to thee. 

Bethlen: 

like! O strike quickly! See, I do not shrink. 

In stone, cold stone.

SAROLTA: 

Hid in a brake hard by, 

Where by palms supported from the earth, 

wounded lady lay, whose life fast waning 

* to survive itself in her fixt eyes, 

at strain'd towards the babe. At length one arm 

fainfully from her own weight disengaging, 

pointed first to Heaven, then from her bosom 

few forth a golden casket. Thus entreated 

fly foster-father took thee in his arms, 

d, kneeling, spake: If aught of this world's com- 

fort in reach thy heart, receive a poor man's truth, 

that at my life's risk I will save thy child! 

in countenance work'd, as one that seem'd pre- 

paring loud voice, but it die'd upon her lips 

a faint whisper, "Fly! Save him! Hide—hide 

all!"

Bethlen: 

did he leave her? What! Had I a mother? 

d left her bleeding, dying? Bought I vile life 

with the desertion of a dying mother? 

agon! 

GLYCINE: 

Alas! thou art bewilder'd, 

dost forget thou went a helpless infant! 

Bethlen: 

that else can I remember, but a mother 

tangled and left to perish? 

SAROLTA: 

Hush, Glycine! 

Is the ground-swell of a teeming instinct? 

It but lift itself to air and sunshine, 

and it will find a mirror in the waters, 

now makes boil above it. Check him not! 

Bethlen: 

That I were diffused still speaking the waters 

at pierce into the secret depths of earth, 

and find their way in darkness! Would that I 

could spread myself upon the homeless winds! 

And I would seek her! for she is not dead! 

She can not die! O pardon, gracious lady, 

You were about to say, that he return'd——

SAROLTA: 

Deep Love, the godlike in us, still believes 

its objects as immortal as itself! 

Bethlen: 

And found her still——

SAROLTA: 

Alas! he did return: 

He left no spot unsearch'd in all the forest, 

But she (I trust me by some friendly hand) 

Had been borne off. 

Bethlen: 

O whither? 

GLYCINE: 

Dearest Bethlen! 

I would that you could weep like me! O do not 

Gaze so upon the air! 

SAROLTA (continuing the story). 

While he was absent, 

A friendly troop, 'tis certain, scour'd the wood, 

Hody pursued indeed by Emerick. 

Bethlen: 

Emerick! 

Oh Hell! 

GLYCINE (to silence him). 

Bethlen! 

Bethlen: 

Hist! I'll curse him in a whisper. 

This gracious lady must hear blessings only. 

She hath not yet the glory round her head, 

Nor those strong eagle wings, which made swift 

way To that appointed place, which I must seek: 

Or else she were my mother! 

SAROLTA: 

Noble youth! 

From me fear nothing! Long time have I owed 

Offerings of expiration for misdeeds 

Long pass'd that weigh me down, though innocent. 

Thy foster-father hid the secret from thee, 

For he perceived thy thoughts as they expanded, 

Proud, restless, and ill-sorting with thy state! 

Vain was his care! Thou 'st made thyself suspected! 

E'en where Suspicion reigns, and asks no proof 

But its own fears! Great Nature hath endow'd thee 

With her best gifts! From me thou shalt receive 

All honorable aidance! But haste hence! 

Travel will ripen thee, and enterprise 

Beseems thy years! Be thou henceforth my soldier! 

And whaso'er betide thee, still believe 

That in each noble deed, achieved or suffer'd, 

Thou solvest best the riddle of thy birth! 

And may the light that streams from thine own 

honor 

Guide thee to that thou seekest! 

GLYCINE: 

Must he leave us? 

Bethlen: 

And for such goodness can I return nothing, 

But some hot tears that sting mine eyes? Some sighs 

That if not breathed would swell my heart to si- 

fling! 

May Heaven and thine own virtues, high-born lady 

Be as a shield of fire, far, far aloof 

To scare all evil from thee! Yet, if fate 

Hath destined thee one doubtful hour of danger, 

From the uttermost region of the earth, methinks, 

Swift as a suirit invoked, I should be with thee.
And then, perchance, I might have power to unboast
These gazed on me with tears of love and anguish,
Which these eyes saw not, or beheld unconscious;
And tones of anxious fondness, passionate prayers,
Have been talk’d to me! But this tongue ne’er soothed
A mother’s ear, lisping a mother’s name!
O, at how dear a price have I been loved.
And no love could return! One boon then, lady!
Where’er thou bidd’st, I go thy faithful soldier,
But first must trace the spot, where she lay bleeding
Who gave me life. No more shall beast of ravine
Affront with baser spoil that sacred forest!
Or if avengers more than human haunt there,
Take they what shape they list, savage or heavenly,
They shall make answer to me, though my heart’s blood
Should be the spell to bind them. Blood calls for blood!

[SAROLTA.]

Ah! it was this I fear’d. To ward off this
Did I withhold from him that old Bathory
Returning, hid beneath the self-same oak,
Where the babe lay, the mantle, and some jewel
Bound on his infant arm.

[GLYCINE.]

Oh, let me fly
And stop him! Mangled limbs do there lie scatter’d
Till the lured eagle bears them to her nest.
And voices have been heard! And there the plant grows
That being eaten gives the inhuman wizard
Power to put on the fell hyena’s shape.

[SAROLTA.]

What idle tongue hath witch’d thee, Glycine?
I hoped that thou hadst learnt a nobler faith.

[GLYCINE.]

O chide me not, dear lady! question Laska,
Or the old man.

[SAROLTA.]

Forgive me, I spake harshly.
That doth enthrall thy young heart, my poor girl:
And what hath Laska told thee?

[GLYCINE.]

Three days past
A courier from the kind did cross that wood;
A wilful man, that arm’d himself on purpose:
And never hath been heard of from that time!

[SOUND OF HORMS WITHOUT.

[SAROLTA.]

Hark! dost thou hear it?

[GLYCINE.]

’Tis the sound of horns!

Our huntsmen are not out!

[SAROLTA.]

Lord Casimir
Would not come thus!

[GLYCINE.]

Still louder

[SAROLTA.]

Haste we hence!
For I believe in part thy tale of terror!
But, trust me, ’tis the inner man transfor’d:
Beasts in the shape of men are worse than war-wolves.

[A gallant chase, Sire.

[EMERICK.]

Ay, but this new quarry
That we last started seems worth all the rest.

[Then to LASKA.]

And you—excuse me—what’s your name?

[LASKA.]

Your Majesty may please.

[EMERICK.]

Nay, that’s too late, my lord.
Say, what thy mother and thy godfather
Were pleased to call thee?

[LASKA.]

Laska, my liege Sovereign.

[EMERICK.]

Well, my liege subject Laska! And you are
Lord Casimir’s steward?

[LASKA.]

And your majesty’s creating?

[EMERICK.]

Two gentle dames made off at our approach.
Which was your lady?

[LASKA.]

My liege lord, the taller
The other, please your grace, is her poor handmaid.
Long since betrothed to me. But the maid’seward—
Yet would your grace but speak—

[EMERICK.]

Hum, master steward,
I am honor’d with this sudden confidence.
Lead on.

[To LASKA, then to RUDOLPH.]

Lord Rudolph, you’ll announce our comin’
Greet fair Sarolta from me, and entreat her
To be our gentle hostess. Mark, you add
How much we grieve, that business of the state
Hath forced us to delay her lord’s return.

[LORD RUDOLPH (aside).]

Lewd, ingrate tyrant! Yes, I will announce thee—

[EMERICK.]

Now onward all.

[Exeunt attendants.

[EMERICK (solo).

A fair one, by my faith!
If her face rival but her gait and stature,
My good friend Casimir had his reasons too.

“Her tender health, her vow of strict retirement,
Made early in the convent—His word pledged”—
All fictions, all! fictions of jealousy.
Well! if the mountain move not to the prophet,
The prophet must to the mountain! In this Laska
There’s somewhat of the knave mix’d up with deed.
Through the transparency of the foot, methought
I saw (as I could lay my finger on it)
The crocodile’s eye, that peer’d up from the bottomless
This knave may do us service. Hot ambition
Won me the husband. Now let vanity
And the resentment for a forced seclusion
Decoy the wife! Let him be done with the aggression!
Whose cunning and distrust began the game!

[End.]

108 COLERIDGE’S POETICAL WORKS.
ACT II.

SCENE I.

savage wood. At one side a cavern, overhung with ivy. ZAPOLYA and RAAB KIUPRILL discovered: both, but especially the latter, in rude and savage garments.

RAAB KIUPRILL.

And think thou seest thy sainted lord commission'd
And on his way to aid us! Whence those late dreams,
Which after such long interval of hopeless
And silent resignation, all at once
Night after night commanded thy return
Hither! and still presented in clear vision
This wood as in a scene! this very cavern!
Thou darest not doubt that Heaven's especial hand
Work'd in those signs. The hour of thy deliverance
Is on the stroke— for Misery cannot add
Grief to thy griefs, or Patience to thy sufferance!

ZAPOLYA.

CANNOT! Oh, what if thouwert taken from me?
Nay, thou saidst well: for that and death were one.
Life's grief is at its height indeed; the hard
Necessity of this inhuman state
Has made our deeds inhuman as our vestments.
House in this wild wood, with wild usages,
Danger our guest, and famine at our portal—
Wolf-like to prow! in the shepherd's fold by night!
At once for food and safety to affrighten
The traveller from his road—

[Glycine is heard singing without.

RAAB KIUPRILL.

Hark! heard thou not

A distant chant!

SONG, BY GLYCINE.

A sunny shaft did I behold,
From sky to earth it slanted;
And poised therein a bird so bold—
Sweet bird, thou wert enchanted!

He sunk, he rose, he twinkled, he troll'd
Within that shaft of sunny mist;
His eyes of fire, his beak of gold,
All else of amethyst!

And thus he sang: "Adieu! adieu!
Love's dreams prove seldom true.
The blossoms, they make no delay:
The sparkling dew-drops will not stay.
Sweet month of May,
We must away;
Far, far away!
To-day! to-day!"

ZAPOLYA.

Sure 'tis some blest spirit!
For since thou slewest the usurper's emissary
That plucked upon us, a more than mortal fear
Is as a wall, that wards off the beleaguerer
And starves the poor besieged.

[Song again.

RAAB KIUPRILL.

It is a maiden's voice! quick to the cave!

ZAPOLYA.

Hark! her voice falters!

[Exit Zapolya.

RAAB KIUPRILL.

She must not enter

The cavern, else I will remain unseen!

[Kiuprill retires to one side of the stage: Glycine enters singing.

GLYCINE (fearefully).

A savage place! saints shield me! Bethlen! Bethlen!
Not here?—There's no one here! I'll sing again.

[Sings again.

119
If I do not hear my own voice, I shall fancy
Voices in all chance sounds! [Starts.
'T was some dry branch
Dropt of itself! Oh, he went forth so rashly,
Took no food with him—only his arms and bow-spear!
What if I leave these cakes, this cruse of wine,
Here by this cave, and seek him with the rest?
RAAB KIUPRILI (unseen).
Leave them and flee!
GLYCINE (shrieks, then recovering).
Where are you?
RAAB KIUPRILI (still unseen).
GLYCINE. 'Tis Glycine!
Speak to me, Bethlen! speak in your own voice!
All silent!—if this were the war-wolf's den!
'T was not his voice!—
[GLYCINE leaves the provisions, and exit fearfully.
KIUPRILI comes forward, seizes them and carries them into the cavern. GLYCINE returns, having recovered herself.
GLYCINE. Shame! Nothing hurt me!
If some fierce beast have gored him, he must needs
Speak with a strange voice. Wounds cause thist
and hoarseness!
Speak, Bethlen! or but mean. St—St—No—Bethlen! If
I turn back, and should be found dead here,
(She creeps nearer and nearer to the cavern.
I should go mad!—Again! 'T was my own heart!
Hush, coward heart! better bear loud with fear,
Than break with shame and anguish!
[As she approaches to enter the cavern, KIUPRILI
stops her. GLYCINE shrieks.
Saints protect me!
RAAB KIUPRILI
Swear then by all thy hopes, by all thy fears—
GLYCINE.
Save me!
RAAB KIUPRILI.
Swear secrecy and silence!
GLYCINE. I swear!
RAAB KIUPRILI.
Tell what thou art, and what thou seekest?
GLYCINE. Only
A harmless orphan youth, to bring him food—
RAAB KIUPRILI.
Wherefore in this wood?
GLYCINE. Alas! it was his purpose—
RAAB KIUPRILI.
With what intention came he? Wouldst thou save him,
Hide nothing!
GLYCINE. Save him! O forgive his rashness!
He is good, and did not know that thou wert human!
RAAB KIUPRILI (repeats the word).
Human?
[Then sternly.
With what design?
GLYCINE. To kill thee, or
Of that thou wert a spirit, to compel thee
By prayers, and with the shedding of his blood,
To make disclosure of his parentage.
But most of all—
ZAPOLYA (ushing out from the cavern).
Heaven's blessing on thee! Spe
GLYCINE.
Whether his Mother live, or perish'd here!
ZAPOLYA.
Angel of Mercy, I was perishing
And thou didest bring me food: and now thou bring
The sweet, sweet food of hope and consolation
To a mother's famish'd heart! His name, say
GLYCINE. E'en till this morning we were wont to name him
Bethlen Bathory!
ZAPOLYA.
Even till this morning?
This morning? when my weak faith fail'd me who
Pardon, O thou that portion'st out our sufferance,
And fill'st again the widow's empty crust!
Say on!
GLYCINE. The false ones charged the valiant youth
With treasonous words of Emerick—
ZAPOLYA. Ha! my s—
GLYCINE.
And of Lord Casimir—
RAAB KIUPRILI (aside).
O agony! my son!
GLYCINE.
But my dear lady—
ZAPOLYA and RAAB KIUPRILI.
Who!
GLYCINE.
Lady Sarolta
Frown'd and discharged these bad men.
RAAB KIUPRILI (turning off and to himself).
Righteous Hea
Sent me a daughter once, and I repined
That it was not a son. A son was given me.
My daughter died, and I scarce shed a tear:
And lo! that son became my curse and infamy.
ZAPOLYA (embraces GLYCINE).
Sweet innocent! and you came here to seek him
And bring him food. Alas! thou fear'st?
GLYCINE. Not much
My own dear lady, when I was a child
Embraced me oft, but her heart never beat so.
For I too am an orphan, motherless!
RAAB KIUPRILI (to ZAPOLYA).
O yet beware, lest hope's brief flash but deepen
The after gloom, and make the darkness stormy!
In that last conflict, following our escape,
The usurper's cruelty had clogg'd our flight:
With many a babe, and many a childling mother:
This maid herself is one of numberless
Planks from the same vast wreck.
[Then to GLYCINE again.
Well! Casimir's wife
GLYCINE.
She is always gracious, and so praised the old man
That his heart o'erflow'd, and made discovery
That in this wood—
ZAPOLYA. 111

ZAPOLYA (in agitation).  
O speak!  
GLYCINE.  
A wounded lady—  
[ZAPOLYA faints—they both support her.  
GLYCINE.  
this his mother?  
RAAB KIUPRILL.  
She would fain believe it,  
break through the proofs be. Hope draws towards itself  
the flame with which it kindles.  
[Hornc heard without.  
To the cavern!  
quick! quick!  
GLYCINE.  
Perchance some hunters of the king's.  
RAAB KIUPRILL.  
Wretch?  
GLYCINE.  
He came this morning—  
[They retire to the cavern, hearing ZAPOLYA. Then enter BETHLEN armed with a boar-spear.  
BETHLEN.  
I had a glimpse  
some fierce shape; and but that Fancy often  
Nature's intermeddler, and cries halves  
fith the outward sight, I should believe I saw it  
far off some human prey. O my preserver!  
story! Father! Yes, thou deservest that name!  
you didst not mock me! These are blessed findings!  
be secret cipher of my destiny  
[Looking at his signet,  
and here inscribed: it is the seal of fate!  
— (Observing the case). Had ever monster fitting  
hair, 'tis yonder!  
you yawning Den, I well remember thee!  
the eyes deceived me not. Heaven leads me on!  
bow for a blast, loud as a king's defiance,  
to raise the monster couchant o'er his ravine!  
[Blows the horn—then a pause.  
other blast! and with another swell  
you, ye charmed watchers of this wood!  
haply I have come, the rightful heir  
vengence: if in me survive the spirits  
those, whose guileless blood flowed streaming here!  
[Blows again louder.  
ill silent? Is the monster gorged? Heaven shield me!  
au, faithful spear! be both my torch and guide.  
[As BETHLEN is about to enter, KIUPRILL speaks  
from the cavern unseen.  
RAAB KIUPRILL.  
Withdraw thy foot! Retract thine idle spear,  
and wait obedient!  
BETHLEN (in amazement).  
'Ha! What art thou! speak!  
RAAB KIUPRILL (still unseen).  
vengers!  
BETHLEN.  
By a dying mother's pangs,  
en such an I. Receive me!  
RAAB KIUPRILL (still unseen).  
Wait! Beware!  
t thy first step, thou treadest upon the light  
henceforth must darkling flow, and sink in darkness!  
BETHLEN.  
a! see my boar-spear trembles like a reed!—  
Oh, fool! mine eyes are duped by my own shudder-  
ing.  
Those piled thoughts, built up in solitude,  
Year following year, that press'd upon my heart  
As on the altar of some unknown God,  
Then, as if touch'd by fire from heaven descending  
Blazed up within me at a father's name—  
Do they desert me now!—at my last trial!  
Voice of command! and thou, O hidden Light!  
I have obey'd! Declare ye by what name  
I dare invoke you! Tell what sacrifice  
Will make you gracious.  
RAAB KIUPRILL (still unseen).  
Patience! Truth! Obedience  
Be thy whole soul transparent! so the Light  
Thou seest may enshrine itself within thee!  
Thy name?  
BETHLEN.  
Ask rather the poor roaming savage,  
Whose infancy no holy rite had blest.  
To him, perchance rude spoil or ghastly trophy,  
In chase or battle won, have given a name.  
I have none—but like a dog have answ'r'd  
To the chance sound which he that fed me call'd me.  
RAAB KIUPRILL (still unseen).  
Thy birth-place?  
BETHLEN.  
Deluding spirits, do ye mock me?  
Question the Night! Bid Darkness tell its birth-place!  
Yet hear! Within you old oak's hollow trunk,  
Where the bats cling, have I survey'd my cradle!  
The mother-falcon hath her nest above it,  
And in it the wolf litters!—I invoke you,  
Tell me, ye secret ones! if ye behold me  
As I stood there, like one who having derived  
For hidden gold hath found a talisman,  
O tell! what rites, what offices of duty  
This cygnet doth command? What rebel spirits  
Owe homage to its Lord?  
RAAB KIUPRILL (still unseen).  
More, guiltier, mightier,  
Than thou mayest summon! Wait the destined hour!  
BETHLEN.  
O yet again, and with more clamorous prayer,  
I importune ye! Mock me no more with shadows!  
This sable mantle—tell, dread voice! did this  
Enwrap one fatherless?  
ZAPOLYA (unseen).  
One fatherless!  
BETHLEN (starting).  
A sweeter voice!—A voice of love and pity!  
Was it the sooth'd echo of mine own?  
Sad echo! but the hope it kill'd was sickly,  
And ere it died it had been mourn'd as dead!  
One other hope yet lives within my soul;  
Quick let me ask!—while yet this stilling fear,  
This stop of the heart, leaves utterance!—Are—are  
these  
The sole remains of her that gave me life?  
Have I a mother?  
[ZAPOLYA rushes out to embrace him. BETHLEN starts  
Ia!  
ZAPOLYA (embracing him).  
My son! my son!  
A wretched—Oh no, no! a bless—a happy mother.  
[They embrace. KIUPRILL and GLYCINE come forward  
and the curtain drops.
ACT III.

SCENE I.

A stately Room in Lord Casimir’s Castle.
Enter Emerick and Laska.

EMERICK.
I do perceive thou hast a tender conscience, Laska; in all things that concern thine own interest or safety.

LASKA.
In this sovereign presence I can fear nothing, but your dread displeasure.

EMERICK.
Perchance, thou think’st it strange, that I of all men Should covet thus the love of fair Soralta, Dishonoring Casimir?

LASKA.
Far be it from me! Your Majesty’s love and choice bring honor with them.

EMERICK.
Perchance, thou hast heard, that Casimir is my friend, Fought for me, yea, for my sake, set at nought A parent’s blessing; braved a father’s curse?

LASKA (aside).
Would I but knew now, what his Majesty meant! Oh yes, Sire! ’tis our common talk, how Lord Kiuprili, my Lord’s father—

EMERICK.
’Tis your talk, Is it, good statesman Laska?

LASKA.
No, not mine. Not mine, an please your Majesty! There are Some insolent malcontents indeed that talk thus— Nay worse, mere treason. As Bathory’s son, The fool that ran into the monster’s jaws.

EMERICK.
Well, ’tis a loyal monster if he rides us Of traitors! But art sure the youth’s devour’d?

LASKA.
Not a limb left, an please your Majesty! And that unhappy girl—

EMERICK.
Thou followed’st her Into the wood?

Henceforth then I’ll believe That jealousy can make a hare a lion.

LASKA.
Scarcely had I got the first glimpse of her veil, When, with a horrid roar that made the leaves Of the wood shake—

EMERICK.
Made thee shake like a leaf?

LASKA.
The war-wolf leapt; at the first plunge he seized her; Forward I rush’d!

EMERICK.
Most marvellous!

LASKA.
Hurl’d my javelin; Which from his dragon-scales recoiling—

EMERICK.
Enough!

And take, friend, this advice. When next thou tonguest it, Hold constant to thy exploit with this monster, And leave untouched your common talk aforesaid, What your Lord did, or should have done.

LASKA.
The saints forbid! I always said, for my part, "Was not the king Lord Casimir’s dearest friend? Was not that friend a king? Whate’er he did 'Twas all from pure love to his Majesty."

EMERICK.
And this then was thy talk? While knave and coward Both strong within thee, wrestle for the uppermost, In slips the fool and takes the place of both. Babbler! Lord Casimir did, as thou and all men. He loved himself, loved honors, wealth, dominion. All these were set upon a father’s head: Good truth! a most unlucky accident! For he but wish’d to hit the prize; not graze The head that bore it: so with steady eye Off flew the parricidal arrow.—Even As Casimir loved Emerick, Emerick Loves Casimir, intends him no dishonor. He wink’d not then, for love of me forsooth! For love of me now let him wink! Or if The dame prove half as wise as she is fair, He may still pass his hand, and find all smooth, [Passing his hand across his brow.

LASKA.
Your Majesty’s reasoning has convinced me.

EMERICK (with a slight start, as one who had been talking aloud to himself: then with scorn).

Thy half forgotten thee,—Thou hast the key?

[LASKA bows.

And in your lady’s chamber there’s full space?

LASKA.
Between the wall and arras to conceal you.

EMERICK.
Here! This purse is but an earnest of thy fortune, If thou provest faithful. But if thou betrayest me, Hark you!—the wolf that shall drag thee to his den Shall be no fiction.

[Exit Emerick. LASKA mant with a key in one hand, and a purse in the other.

LASKA.
Well then! Here I stand, Like Hercules, on either side a goddess. Call this [Looking at the purse.

Preferment; this (Holding up the key), Fidelity! And first my golden goddess: what bids she? Only: —This way, your Majesty! hush. The house Are all safe lodged."—Then, put Fidelity Within her proper wards, just turn her round— So—the door opens—and for all the rest, ’Tis the king’s deed, not Laska’s. Do but this, And—"I’m the more earnest of your future fortunes. But what says the other?—Whisper on! I hear you! [Putting the key to his ear.

All very true!—but, good Fidelity! If I refuse king Emerick, will you promise, And swear, now, to unlock the dungeon-door, And save me from the hangman? Ay! you’re silent! What! not a word in answer? A clear nonsuit! Now for one look to see that all are lodged.
LAŠKA (still more recovering).

Well now! I love a brave man to my heart—
I myself braved the monster, and would fain
Have saved the false one from the fete she tempted

OLD BATHORY.

You, Laska?

BETHLEN (to BATHORY).

Mark! Heaven grant it may be so!

Glycine?

LASKA.

She! I traced her by the voice.
You'll scarce believe me, when I say I heard
The close of a song: the poor wretch had been
singing;
As if she wish'd to compliment the war-wolf
At once with music and a meal!

BETHLEN (to BATHORY).

Mark that!

LASKA.

At the next moment I beheld her running,
Wringing her hands with, BATHORY! O poor BATHORY! I
almost fear, the sudden noise I made,—
Rushing impetuous through the brake, alarm'd her.
She stopt, then mad with fear, turn'd round and ran into the monster's gripe. One piteous scream
I heard. There was no second—I—

BETHLEN.

Stop there!
We'll spare your modesty! Who dares not honor
Laska's brave tongue, and high heroic fancy?

LASKA.

You too, Sir Knight, have come back safe and sound.
You play'd the hero! a cautious distance!
Or was it that you sent the poor girl forward
To stay the monster's stomach? Dainties quickly
Pall on the taste and cloye the appetite!

OLD BATHORY.

Laska, beware! Forget not what thou art!
Shouldst thou but dream thou 'rt valiant, cross thyself;
And ache all over at the dangerous fancy!

LASKA.

What then! you swell upon my lady's favor,
High lords, and perilous of one day's growth!
But other judges now sit on the bench!
And haply, Laska hath found audience there,
Where to defend the tresson of a son
Might end in lifting up both Son and Father
Still higher; to a height from which indeed
You both may drop, but, spite of fate and fortune,
Will be secured from falling to the ground.
"Tis possible too, young man! that royal Emerick
At Laska's rightful suit, may make inquiry
By whom seduced, the maid so strangely missing—

BETHLEN.

Soft! my good Laska! might it not suffice,
If to yourself, being Lord Casimir's steward,
I should make record of Glycine's fate?

LASKA.

'Tis well! it shall content me! though your fear
Has all the credit of these lower'd tones.

BETHLEN.

First, we demand the manner of her death!

LASKA.

Nay! that's superfluous! Have you not just told us
That you yourself, led by impetuous valor,
Witness'd the whole? My tale's of later date.
After the fate, from which your valor strove
In vain to rescue the rash maid, I saw her!

LASKA.

Glycine!

BETHLEN.

Nay! Dare I accost wise Laska,
Whose words find access to a monarch's ear,
Of a base, braggart lie? It must have been
Her spirit that appear'd to me. But haply
I come too late? It has itself deliver'd
Its own commission to you?

OLD BATHORY.

'Tis most likely!
And the ghost doubtless vanish'd, when we enter'd
And found brave Laska staring wide—at nothing!

LASKA.

'Tis well! You've ready wits! I shall report them,
With all due honor, to his Majesty!
Treasure them up, I pray! a certain person,
Whom the king flatters with his confidence,
Tells you, his royal friend asks startling questions?
'Tis but a hint! And now what says the ghost?

BETHLEN.

Listen! for thus it spake: "Say thou to Laska,
Glycine, knowing all thy thoughts engross'd
In thy new office of king's fool and knave,
Foreseeing thou'll forget with thine own hand,
To make due penance for the wrongs thou'rt caused her,
For thy soul's safety, dast consent to take it
From Bethlen's cudgel"—thus. [Beats him off. Off scoundrel! off! [LASKA runs away.

OLD BATHORY.

The sudden swelling of this shallow dastard
Tells of a recent storm: the first disruption
Of the black cloud that hangs and threatens o'er us.

BETHLEN.

E'en this reproves my loitering. Say where lies
The oratory?

OLD BATHORY.

Ascend you flight of stairs!
Midway the corridor a silver lamp
Hangs o'er the entrance of Sarolta's chamber,
And facing it, the low-arch'd oratory!
Me thou'lt find watching at the outward gate:
For a petard might burst the bars, unheard
By the drenched porter, and Sarolta hourly
Exppects Lord Casimir, spite of Emerick's message!

BETHLEN.

There I will meet you! And till then good night!
Dear good old man, good night!

OLD BATHORY.

O yet one moment!
What I repelld, when it did seem my own,
I cling to, now 'tis parting—call me father!
It can not now mislead thee. O my son,
Ere yet our tongues have learnt another name,
Bethlen—say—Father to me!

BETHLEN.

Now, and for ever
My father! other sire than thou, on earth
I never had, a dearer could not have!
From the base earth you raised me to your arms,
And I would leap from off a throne, and kneeling,
Ask Heaven's blessing from thy lips. My father!

BATHORY.

Go! Go!

[Bethlen breaks off and exit. Bathory looks affectionately after him. May every star now shining over us,
Be as an angel's eye, to watch and guard him. [Exit Bathory.

SCENE changes to a splendid Bed-Chamber, hung with tapestry. Sarolta in an elegant Night Dress, and an Attendant.

ATTENDANT.

We all did love her, Madam!

SAROLTA.

She deserved it!

Luckless Glycine! rash, unhappy girl!
'Twas the first time she o'er deceived me.

ATTENDANT.

She was in love, and had she not died thus,
With grief for Bethlen's loss, and fear of Laska,
She would have pined herself to death at home.

SAROLTA.

Has the youth's father come back from his search?

ATTENDANT.

He never will, I fear me, O dear lady!

That Laska did so triumph o'er the old man—
It was quite cruel—"You'll be sure," said he,
"To meet with part at least of your son Bethlen,
Or the war-wolf must have a quick digestion! Go! Search the wood by all means! Go! I pray you,

SAROLTA.

Inhuman wretch!

ATTENDANT.

And old Bathory answer'd
With a sad smile, "It is a witch's prayer,
And may Heaven read it backwards." Though she
was rash,
'Twas a small fault for such a punishment!

SAROLTA.

Nay! 't was my grief, and not my anger spoke.
Small fault indeed! but leave me, my good girl!
I feel a weight that only prayer can lighten.

[Exit Attendant.

O they were innocent, and yet have perish'd
In their May of life; and Vice grows old in triumph
Is it Mercy's hand, that for the bad man holds
Life's closing gate?

Still passing thence petitionary hours
To woo the obdurate spirit to repentance?
Or would this chillness tell me, that there is
Guilt too enormous to be duly punish'd,
Save by increase of guilt? The Powers of Evil
Are jealous claimants. Guilt too hath its ordeal,
And Hell its own probation!—Merciful Heaven,
Rather than this, pour down upon thy suppliant
Disease, and agony, and comfortless want!
O send us forth to wander on, unshelter'd!
Make our food bitter with desir'd tears,
Let virulent scorn hiss at us as we pass!
Yet, let us sink down at our enemy's gate,
And beg forgiveness and a morsel of bread!
With all the heaviest worldly visitations.
Let the dire father's curse that bovers o'er us
Work out its dread fulfilment, and the spirit
Of wrong'd Kiuprili be appeased.

Only, O merciful in vengeance! let not
That plague turn inward on my Casimir’s soul!  
Scare thence the fiend Ambition, and restore him  
To his own heart! O save him! Save my husband!  
[During the latter part of this speech, Emerick  
comes forward from his hiding-place. Sarolta  
sees him, without recognizing him.  
In such a shape a father’s curse should come.  

EMERICK (advancing).

Fear not!  
SAROLTA.  
Who art thou? Robber! Traitor!  
EMERICK.  
Friend!  
Who in good hour hath startled these dark fancies,  
rapacious traitors, that would fain depose  
joy, love, and beauty, from their natural thrones:  
Those lips, those angel eyes, that regal forehead.  
SAROLTA.  
Strengthen me, Heaven! I must not seem afraid!  
The king to-night then deigns to play the masker.  
What seeks your Majesty?  
EMERICK.  
Sarolta’s love;  
And Emerick’s power lies prostrate at her feet.  
SAROLTA.  
Heaven guard the sovereign’s power from such de- 
basement! 
Oh, Sire, let it descend in vengeance  
On the base ingrate, on the faithless slave  
Who dared unbar the doors of these retirements!  
or whom? Has Casimir deserved this insult?  
My misgiving heart! If—if—from Heaven  
Let not from you, Lord Emerick!  
EMERICK.  
Chieflly from me.  
If he not like an ingrate robb’d my court  
Of Beauty’s star, and kept my heart in darkness!  
First then on him I will administer justice—  
Not in mercy, yet in love and rapture. (Seizes her.)  
SAROLTA.  
Help! Treason! Help!  
EMERICK.  
Call louder! Scream again!  
No one can hear you!  
SAROLTA.  
Hear me, hear me, Heaven!  
EMERICK.  
Ay, why this rage? Who best deserves you? Casimir,  
Emerick’s bought implement, the jealous slave  
That mews you up with bolts and bars? or Emerick,  
The proffered you a throne? Nay, mine you shall be,  
Once with this fond resistance! Yield; then live  
This month a widow, and the next a queen!  
SAROLTA.  
Yet, for one brief moment  
[Struggling,  
Him, I conjure you.  
[She throws him off, and rushes towards a toilet.  
EMERICK follows, and as she takes a dagger,  
He grasps it in her hand.  
EMERICK.  
Ha! ha! a dagger;  
Seemly ornament for a lady’s casket!  
Is held, devotion is akin to love.

But yours is tragic! Love in war! It charms me,  
And makes your beauty worth a king’s embraces!  
(During this speech, Bethlen enters armed).  

BETHLEN.  
Ruffian, forbear! Turn, turn and front my sword!  
EMERICK.  
Pish! who is this?  
SAROLTA.  
O sleepless eye of Heaven!  
A blast, a blessed spirit! Whence camest thou?  
May I still call thee Bethlen?  
BETHLEN.  
Your faithful soldier!  
EMERICK.  
Insolent slave! Depart!  
Know’st thou not me?  
BETHLEN.  
I know thou art a villain  
And coward! That, thy devilish purpose marks thee!  
What else, this lady must instruct my sword!  
SAROLTA.  
Monster, retire! O touch him not, thou blist one!  
This is the hour, that infernal and damned spirits  
Do walk the earth, and take what form they list!  
Yon devil hath assumed a king’s!  
BETHLEN.  
Usurp’d it!  
EMERICK.  
The king will play the devil with thee indeed!  
But that I mean to hear thee howl on the rack,  
I would debase this sward, and lay thee prostrate,  
At this thy paramour’s feet; then draw her forth  
Stain’d with adulterous blood, and [Then to SAROLTA.  
—Mark you, traitress!  
Strumpeted first, then turn’d adrift to beggary!  
Thou prayest for’t too!  
SAROLTA.  
Thou art so fiendish wicked,  
That in thy blasphemies I scarce hear thy threats.  
BETHLEN.  
Lady, be calm! fear not this king of the buskin!  
A king? Oh laughter! A king Bajazet!  
That from some vagrant actor’s tyring-room,  
Hath stolen at once his speech and crown!  
EMERICK.  
Ah! treason!  
Thou hast been lesson’d and trick’d up for this!  
As surely as the wax on thy death-warrant  
Shall take the impression of this royal signet,  
So plain thy face hath ta’en the mask of rebel!  
[Emerick points his hand haughtily towards BETH- 
LEN, who catching a sight of the signet, seize  
his hand and eagerly observes the signet, then  
flings the hand back with indignant joy.  
BETHLEN.  
It must be so! ’Tis e’en the counterpart!  
But with a fever usurping cipher on it!  
The light hath flash’d from Heaven, and I must  
follow it.  
O cursed usurper! O thou brother-murderer!  
That madest a star-bright queen a fugitive widow!  
Who fill’st the land with curses, being thyself  
All curses in one tyrant! see and tremble!  
This is Kiprilli’s sword that now hangs o’er thee!  
Kiprilli’s blasting curse, that from its point
Shoots lightnings at thee! Hark! in Andreas' name, Heir of his vengeance! hell-hound! I defy thee.

[Enter Lord Rudolph.]  
Well met, Lord Rudolph!—
Your whisper was not lost upon my ear,  
And I dare trust—

LORD RUDOLPH.

Enough! the time is precious!
You left Temeswar late on yester-eve?  
And sojourn'd there some hours?

CASIMIR.  
I did so!

LORD RUDOLPH.

Heard you
Aught of a hunt preparing?  

CASIMIR.

Yes; and met
The assembled huntsmen!

LORD RUDOLPH.  
Was there no word given?

CASIMIR.  
The word for me was this:—The royal Leopard
Chases thy milk-white dedicated Hind.

LORD RUDOLPH.

Your answer?

CASIMIR.  
As the word proves false or true,  
Will Casimir cross the hunt, or join the huntsmen!

LORD RUDOLPH.

The event redeem'd their pledge?

CASIMIR.  
It did, and therefore
Have I sent back both pledge and invitation.  
The spotless Hind hath fled to them for shelter,  
And bears with her my seal of fellowship!

[They take hands, etc.

LORD RUDOLPH.

But Emerick! how when you reported to him
Sarolta's disappearance; and the flight
Of Bethlen with his guards?

CASIMIR.  
O he received it  
As evidence of their mutual guilt: in fine,
With cozening warmth consoled with, and dismiss'd me.

LORD RUDOLPH.

I enter'd as the door was closing on you:
His eye was fix'd, yet seem'd to follow you,  
With such a look of hate, and scorn and triumph,  
As if he had you in the toils already,  
And were then choosing where to stab you first.  
But hush! draw back!

CASIMIR.  
This nook is at the farthest
From any beaten track.

LORD RUDOLPH.

There! mark them!

[Points to where Laska and Pestalutz cross the Stage.

LORD RUDOLPH.

One of the two I recognized this morning;  
His name is Pestalutz: a trusty ruffian.  
Whose face is prologue still to some dark murder!  
Beware no stratagem, no trick of message,  
Dispart you from your servants.

CASIMIR (aside).  
I deserve it.

126

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Glade in a Wood.

Enter Casimir, looking anxiously around.

CASIMIR.

This needs must be the spot! O, here he comes!
The comrade of that ruffian is my servant;  
The one I trusted most and most prefer'd.  
But we must part. What makes the king so late?  
It was his wont to be an early stirrer.

LORD RUDOLPH.  
And his main policy  
To enthrall the sluggard nature in ourselves  
Is, in good truth, the better half of the secret  
To enthrall the world: for the will governs all.  
See, the sky lowers! the cross-winds waywardly  
Chase the fantastic masses of the clouds  
With a wild mockery of the coming hunt!

CASIMIR.  
Mark yonder mass! I make it wear the shape  
Of a huge ram that butts with head depress'd.

LORD RUDOLPH (smiling).  
Belike, some stray sheep of the oozy flock,  
Which, if bards lie not, the Sea-shepherds tend,  
Glancus or Protens. But my fancy shapes it  
A monster couched on a rocky shelf.

CASIMIR.  
Mark too the edges of the lurid mass—  
Restless, as if some idly-vexing Sprite,  
On swift wing coasting by, with techy hand  
Pinch'd at the ringlets of the vaporous Fleece.  
These are sure signs of conflict nigh at hand,  
And elemental war!

[A single Trumpet heard at a distance.  
LORD RUDOLPH.  
That single blast  
Announces that the tyrant's pawing courser  
Neighs at the gates.  [A valley of Trumpets.  
Hark! now the king comes forth!  
For ever midst this crush of horns and clarions  
He mounts his steed, which proudly rears an-end  
While he looks round at ease, and scans the crowd,  
Vain of his stately form and horsemanship!  
I must away! my absence may be noticed.

CASIMIR.  
Oft as thou canst, essay to lead the hunt  
Hard by the forest skirts; and ere high noon  
Expect our sworn confederates from Temeswar.  
I trust, ere yet this clouded sun slopes westward,  
That Emerich's death, or Casimir's, will appease  
The manes of Zapolya and Kiuprili!  
[Exit RUDOLPH and manet CASIMIR.

The traitor, Laska!—  
And yet Sarolta, simple, inexperienced,  
Could see him as he was, and often warn'd me.  
Whence learn'd she this?—O she was innocent!  
And to be innocent is nature's wisdom!  
The fledge-dove knows the prowlers of the air,  
Fraid'd soon as seen, and flutters back to shelter.  
And the young steed roars upon his haunches,  
The never-yet-seen adder's hiss first heard.  
O surer than Suspicion's hundred eyes  
Is that fine sense, which to the pure in heart,  
By mere oppugnacy of their own goodness,  
Reveals the approach of evil. Casimir!  
O fool! O parricide! through yon wood didst thou,  
With fire and sword, pursue a patriot father,  
A widow and an orphan. Darest thou then  
(Curse-laden wretch), put forth these hands to raise  
The ark, all sacred, of thy country's cause?  
Look down in pity on thy son, Kiuprili!  
And let this deep abhorrence of his crime,
LASKA.
I have fulfill'd his orders; have walk'd with you
As with a friend; have pointed out Lord Casimir:
And now I leave you to take care of him.
For the king's purposes are doubtless friendly.

PESTALUTZ (affecting to start).
Be on your guard, man!

LASKA (in affright).
Ha! what now?

PESTALUTZ.
Behind you
'Twas one of Satan's imps, that grinn'd, and threat-en'd you.
For your most impudent hope to cheat his master!

LASKA.
Phew! What, you think 'tis fear that makes me leave you?

PESTALUTZ.
Is't not enough to play the knave to others,
But thou must lie to thine own heart?

LASKA (pompously).
Friend! Laska will be found at his own post,
Watching elsewhere for the king's interest.
There's a rank plot that Laska must hunt down,
'Twixt Bethlen and Glycine!

PESTALUTZ (with a sneer).
What! the girl
Whom Laska saw the war-wolf tear in pieces?
LASKA (throwing down a bow and arrows).
Well! there's my arms! Hark! should your javelin fail you,
These points are tip'd with venom.

〔Starts and sees GLYCINE without.〕
By Heaven! Glycine!
Now, as you love the king, help me to seize her!
〔They run out after GLYCINE, and she shrieks with-out: then enter BATHORY from the Cavern.〕

OLD BATHORY.
Rest, lady, rest! I feel in every sinew
A young man's strength returning! Which way went they?
The shriek came thence.
〔Clash of swords, and Bethlen's voice heard from behind the Scenes: GLYCINE enters alarmed then, as seeing Laska's bow and arrows.〕

GLYCINE.
Ha! weapons here? Then, Bethlen, thy Glycine
Will die with thee or save thee!
〔She seizes them and rushes out. BATHORY following her. Lively and irregular Music, and Peasants with hunting-spears cross the stage, singing chorally.〕

CHORAL SONG.
Up, up! ye dames, ye lasses gay!
To the meadows trip away.
'Tis you must tend the flocks this morn,
And scare the small birds from the corn.
Not a soul at home may stay:
For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

Leave the hearth and leave the house
To the cricket and the mouse:

Find grammam out a sunny seat,
With babe and lambkin at her feet.
Not a soul at home may stay:
For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

Re-enter, as the Huntsmen pass off, BATHORY, BETHLEN and GLYCINE.

GLYCINE (leaning on BETHLEN).
And now once more a woman

BETHLEN.
Was it then
That timid eye, was it those maiden hands
That sped the shaft which saved me and avenged me?

OLD BATHORY (to BETHLEN exultingly).
'Twas a vision blazon'd on a cloud
By lightning, shaped into a passionate scheme
Of life and death! I saw the traitor, Laska,
Stoop and snatch up the javelin of his comrade;
The point was at your back, when her shaft reach'd him
The coward turn'd, and at the self-same instant
The braver villain fell beneath your sword.

Enter ZAPOLYA.

ZAPOLYA.
Bethlen! my child! and safe too!

BETHLEN.
Mother! Queen!

Royal Zapolya! name me Andreas!
Nor blame thy son, if being a king, he yet
Hath made his own arm, minister of his justice.
So do the Gods who lanc' the thunderbolt!

ZAPOLYA.
O Raab Kiuprili! Friend! Protector! Guide!
In vain we trench'd the altar round with waters
A flash from Heaven hath touch'd the hidden incense—

BETHLEN (hastily).
And that majestic form that stood beside thee
Was Raab Kiuprili?

ZAPOLYA.
It was Raab Kiuprili;
As sure as thou art Andreas, and the king.

OLD BATHORY.
Hail Andreas! hail my king! [Triumphant ANDREAS.
Stop, thou reveared one!
Lest we offend the jealous destinies
By shouts ere victory. Decem it then thy duty
To pay this homage, when 'tis mine to claim it.

GLYCINE.
Accept thine hand-maid's service! [Kneeling

ZAPOLYA.
Raise her, son!
O raise her to thine arms! she saved thy life,
And through her love for thee, she saved thy mother's
Hereafter thou shalt know, that this dear maid
Hath other and hereditary claims
Upon thy heart, and with Heaven-guarded instinct
But carried on the work her sire began!

ANDREAS.
Dear maid! more dear thou canst not be! the rest
Shall make my love religion. Haste we hence;
For as I reach'd the skirts of this high forest,
I heard the noise and uproar of the chase,
Doubling its echoes from the mountain foot.
GLYCINE.

Hark! sure the hunt approaches.

[Hornt without, and afterwards distant thunder.

ZAPOLYA.

O Kiuprili!

OLD BATHORY.
The demon-hunters of the middle air Are in full cry, and scare with arrowy fire The guilty! Hark! now here, now there, a horn Swells singly with irregular blast! the tempest Has scatter'd them!

[Horns heard as from different places at a distance.

ZAPOLYA.

O Heavens! where stays Kiuprili?

OLD BATHORY.
The wood will be surrounded! leave me here. ANDREAS.

My mother! let me see thee once in safety, I too will hasten back, with lightning's speed, To seek the hero!.

OLD BATHORY.

Haste! my life upon it, I'll guide him safe

ANDREAS (thunder again).

Ha! what a crash was there! Heaven seems to claim a mightier criminal

[Pointing without to the body of PESTALUTZ. Than yon vile subaltern.

ZAPOLYA.

Your behest, High Powers, Low I obey! to the appointed spirit, That hath so long kept watch round this drear cavern, In servent faith, Kiuprili, I intrust thee! [Exeunt ZAPOLYA, ANDREAS, and GLYCINE. ANDREAS having in haste dropt his sword. Manet BATHORY.

OLD BATHORY.

You bleeding corse, (pointing to PESTALUTZ's body) may work us mischief still:

Once seen, 'twill raise alarm and crowd the hunt From all parts towards this spot. Stript of its armor, I'll drag it hither.

[Exit BATHORY. After a while several Hunters cross the stage as scattered. Some time after, enter KIUPRILI in his disguise, fainting with . Fatigue, and as pursued.

RAAB KIUPRILI (throwing off his disguise).

Since Heaven alone can save me, Heaven alone Shall be my trust.

[Then speaking as to ZAPOLYA in the Cavern. Haste! haste! Zapolya, flee!

[He enters the Cavern, and then returns in alarm. Gone! Seized perhaps? Oh no, let me not perish Despairing of Heaven's justice! Faint, disarm'd, Each sinew powerless, senseless rock sustain me! Thou art parcel of my native land.

[Then observing the sword. A sword!

Ha! and my sword! Zapolya hath escaped, The murderers are baffled, and there lives An Andreas to avenge Kiuprili's fall!—

There was a time, when this dear sword did flash As dreadful as the storm-fire from mine arms: I can scarce raise it now,—yet come, fell tyrant! And bring with thee my shame and bitter anguish, To end his work and thine! Kiuprili now Can take the death-blow as a soldier should.

Re-enter BATHORY, with the dead body of PESTALUTZ.

OLD BATHORY.

Poor tool and victim of another's guilt! Thou followst heavily: a reluctant weight! Good truth, it is an undeserved honor That in Zapolya and Kiuprili's cave A wretch like thee should find a burial-place.

[Then observing KIUPRILI.

'Tis he!—in Andreas' and Zapolya's name Follow me, reverend form! Thou needest not speak, For thou canst be no other than Kiuprili!

KIUPRILI.

And are they safe?

OLD BATHORY.

Conceal yourself, my Lord.

I will mislead them!

KIUPRILI.

Is Zapolya safe?

OLD BATHORY.

I doubt it not; but haste, haste, I conjure you! [As he retires, in rushes CASIMIR.

CASIMIR (entering).

Monster!

Thou shalt not now escape me!

OLD BATHORY.

It is no monster.

CASIMIR.

Stop, Lord Casimir!

Art thou too a traitor?

Is this the place where Emerick's murderers lurk? Say where is he that, trick'd in this disguise, First lured me on, then scared my trustful followers? Thou must have seen him. Say where is he? assassin?

OLD BATHORY (pointing to the body of PESTALUTZ).

There lies the assassin! slain by that same sword That was descending on his cursed employer, When entering thou beheld'st Sarolta rescued!

CASIMIR.

Strange providence! what then was he who fled me? 

[BATHORY points to the Cavern, whence KIUPRILI advances. Thy looks speak fearful things! Whither, old man! Would thy hand point me?

OLD BATHORY.

Casimir, to thy father.

CASIMIR (discovering KIUPRILI).

The curse! the curse! Open and swallow me, Unsteady earth! Fall, dizzy rocks! and hide me!

OLD BATHORY (to KIUPRILI).

Speak, speak, my Lord! KIUPRILI (hides out the sword to BATHORY). Bid him fulfil his work!

CASIMIR.

Thou art Heaven's immediate minister, dread spirit! 0 for sweet mercy, take some other form, And save me from perdition and despair!

OLD BATHORY.

He lives!

CASIMIR.

Lives! A father's curse can never die! KIUPRILI (in a tone of pity).

O Casimir! Casimir!

OLD BATHORY.

Look! he doth forgive you! Hark! 'tis the tyrant's voice.

[EMERICK'S voice without.
CASIMIR.
I kneel, I kneel!
Retract thy curse! O, by my mother's ashes,
Have pity on thy self-hating child!
If not for me, yet for my innocent wife,
Yet for my country's sake, give my arm strength,
Permitting me again to call thee father!

KIUPRIL
Son, I forgive thee! Take thy father's sword;
When thou shalt lift it in thy country's cause,
In that same instant doit thy father bless thee!

[As Kiuprili and Casimir embrace; they all retire
to the Cavern supporting Kiuprili. Casimir as by accident drops his robe, and Bathory throws it over the body of Pestalutz.]

EMERICK (entering).
Fools! Cowards! follow—or by Hell I'll make you
Find reason to fear Emerick, more than all
The mummer-fiends that ever masqueraded
As gods or wood-nymphs!

Then sees the body of Pestalutz, covered by Casimir's cloak.
Ha! 'tis done then!
Our necessary villain hath proved faithful,
And there lies Casimir, and our last fears!
Well!—Ay, well!—
And is it not well? For though grafted on us,
And fill'd too with our sap, the deadly power
Of the parent poison-tree lurk'd in its fibres:
There was too much of Raab Kiuprili in him:
The old enemy look'd at me in his face,
E'en when his words did flatter me with duty.

[As Emerick moves towards the body, enter from the Cavern Casimir and Bathory.]

OLD BATHORY (pointing to where the noise is, and aside to Casimir).
This way they come!

CASIMIR (aside to Bathory).
Hold them in check awhile.
The path is narrow! Rudolph will assist thee.

EMERICK (aside, not perceiving Casimir and Bathory,
and looking at the dead body).
And ere I ring the alarum of my sorrow,
I'll scan that face once more, and murmur—Here
Lies Casimir, the last of the Kiuprilis!

[Uncovers the face, and starts.]
Hell! 'tis Pestalutz!

CASIMIR (coming forward).
Yes, thou ingrate Emerick!
'Tis Pestalutz! 'tis thy trusty murderer!
To quell thee more, see Raab Kiuprili's sword!

EMERICK.
Curses on it, and thee! Think'st thou that petty omen
Dare whisper fear to Emerick's destiny?
Ho! Treason! Treason!

CASIMIR.
Then have at thee, tyrant!
[They fight. Emerick falls.]

EMERICK.
Betray'd and baffled
By mine own hand!—Oh!—

[Casimir triumphantly.]
Hear, hear, my father!
Thou shouldst have witness'd thine own deed. O father!
Wake from that envious swoon! The tyrant's fallen!
Thy sword hath conquer'd! As I lifted it,

Thy blessing did indeed descend upon me;
Dislodging the dread curse. It flew forth from me
And lighted on the tyrant!

Enter Rudolph, Bathory, and Attendants.

RUDOLPH AND BATHORY (entering).
Friends! friends to Casimir

CASIMIR.
Rejoice, Illyrians! the usurper's fallen.

RUDOLPH.
So perish tyrants! so end usurpation!

CASIMIR.
Bear hence the body, and move slowly on!
One moment—
Devoted to a joy, that bears no witness,
I follow you, and we will greet our countrymen
With the two best and fullest gifts of Heaven—
A tyrant fallen, a patriot chief restored!

[Exeunt Casimir into the Cavern. The rest on the opposite side.]

Scene changes to a splendid Chamber in Casimir's Castle. Confederates discovered.

FIRST CONFEDERATE. It cannot but succeed, friends. From this palace
E'en to the wood, our messengers are posted
With such short intercave, that fast as sound
Can travel to us, we shall learn the event!

Enter another Confeder ate.
What tidings from Temeswar?

SECOND CONFEDERATE. With one voice
Th' assembled chieftains have deposed the tyrant:
He is proclaim'd the public enemy,
And the protection of the law withdrawn.

FIRST CONFEDERATE. Just doom for him, who governs without law!
Is it known on whom the sov'reignty will fall?

SECOND CONFEDERATE.
Nothing is yet decided: but report,
Points to Lord Casimir. The grateful memory
Of his renowned father—

Enter Sarolta.
Hail to Sarolta. Sarolta.

Confederate friends! I bring to you a joy
Worthy our noble cause! Kiuprili lives,
And from his obscure exile, hath return'd
To bless our country. More and greater tidings
Might I disclose; but that a woman's voice
Would mar the wondrous tale. Wait we for him
The partner of the glory—Raab Kiuprili;
For he alone is worthy to announce it.
[Shouts of "Kiuprili, Kiuprili!" and "The Tyrant's fallen!" without. Then enter Kiuprili, Casimir, Rudolph, Bathory, and Attendants, after the clamor has subsided.]

RAAB KIUPRIL.
Spare yet your joy, my friends! A higher waits you
Behold your Queen!

Enter from opposite side, Zapolya and Andreas royally attired, with Glycine.

CONFEDERATES.
Comes she from heaven to bless us?
OTHER CONFEDERATES.

It is! it is!

ZAPOLYA.

Heaven's work of grace is full! Knapril, thou art safe!

RAAB KIUPRILL.

Royal Zapolya!

To the heavenly powers, pay we our duty first; Who not alone preserved thee, but for thee And for our country, the one precious branch Of Andreas' royal house. O countrymen, Behold your King! And thank our country's genius, That the same means which have preserved our sovereign, Have likewise rear'd him worthier of the throne By virtue than by birth. The undisputed proofs Pledged by his royal mother, and this old man (Whose name henceforth be dear to all Illyrians), We haste to lay before the assembled council.

ALL.

Hail, Andreas! Hail, Illyria's rightful king!

ANDREAS.

Supported thus, O friends! 'twere cowardice Unworthy of a royal birth, to shrink From the appointed charge. Yet, while we wait The awful sanction of convened Illyria, In this brief while, O let me feel myself The child, the friend, the debtor!—Heroic mother,— But what can breath add to that sacred name? Knapril! gift of Providence, to teach us That loyalty is but the public form Of the sublimest friendship, let my youth Climb round thee, as the vine around its elm: Thou my support, and I thy faithful fruitage. My heart is full, and these poor words express not They are but an art to check its over-swellings. Bathory! shrink not from my filial arms! Now, and from henceforth, thou shalt not forbid me To call thee father! And dare I forget

The powerful intercession of thy virtue, Lady Sarolta! Still acknowledge me Thy faithful soldier!—But what invocation Shall my full soul address to thee, Glycine? Thou sword, that leap'st from forth a bed of roses! Thou falcon-hearted dove?

ZAPOLYA.

Hear that from me, son! For ere she lived, her father saved thy life, Thine, and thy fugitive mother's!

CASIMIR.

Chef Ragozzi! O shame upon my head! I would have given her To a base slave!

ZAPOLYA.

Heaven overruled thy purpose, And sent an angel (Pointing to Sarolta) to thy house to guard her! Thou precious bark! freighted with all our treasures!

[To ANDREAS.

The sport of tempests, and yet ne'er the victim, How many may claim salvage in thee! (Pointing to Glycine.) Take her, son! A queen that brings with her a richer dowry Than orient kings can give!

SAROLTA.

A banquet waits!—

On this auspicious day, for some few hours I claim to be your hostess. Scenes so awful With flashing light, force wisdom on us all! E'en women at the disast hence may see, That bad men may rebel, but ne'er be free; May whisper, when the waves of faction foam, None love their country, but who love their home; For freedom can with those alone abide, Who wear the golden chain, with honest pride, Of love and duty, at their own fire-side! While mad ambition ever doth caress Its own sure fate, in its own restlessness!

The Piccolomini; or, the First Part of Wallenstein.

A DRAMA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

PREFACE.

It was my intention to have prefixed a Life of Wallenstein to this translation; but I found that it must either have occupied a space wholly disproportionate to the nature of the publication, or have been merely a meagre catalogue of events narrated not more fully than they already are in the Play itself. The recent translation, likewise, of Schiller's History of the Thirty Years' War diminished the motives thereto.

In the translation I endeavored to render my Author literally wherever I was not prevented by absolute differences of idiom; but I am conscious, that in two or three short passages I have been guilty of diluting the original; and, from anxiety to give the full meaning, have weakened the force. In the metre I have availed myself of no other liberties than those which Schiller had permitted to himself, except the occasional breaking-up of the line by the substitution of a trochee for an iambic; of which liberty, so frequent in our tragedies, I find no instance in these dramas

S. T. COLERIDGE

131
THE PICCOLOMINI, ETC.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

An old Gothic Chamber in the Council-House at Pilsen, decorated with Colors and other War Insignia.

ILLO with BUTLER and ISOLANI.

ILLO.
Ye have come late—but ye are come! The distance, Count Isolani, excuses your delay.

ISOLANI.
Add this too, that we come not empty-handed. At Donauwörth it was reported to us, A Swedish caravan was on its way, Transporting a rich cargo of provision, Almost six hundred wagons. This my Croust Plunged down upon and seized, this weighty prize!— We bring it hither—

ILLO.
Just in time to banquet
The illustrious company assembled here.

BUTLER.
'Tis all alive! a stirring scene here!

ISOLANI.
Ay! The very churches are all full of soldiers.
(Casts his eye around.
And in the Council-house too, I observe, You're settled, quite at home! Well, well! we soldiers Must shift and suit us in what way we can.

ILLO.
We have the colonels here of thirty regiments. You'll find Count Tertsky here, and Tiefenbach, Kolatto, Goetz, Maradas, Himmersal, The Piccolominis, both son and father— You'll meet with many an unexpected greeting From many an old friend and acquaintance. Only Galas is wanting still, and Altringer.

BUTLER.
Expect not Galas.

ILLO (hesitating).
How so? Do you know—

ISOLANI (interrupting him).
Max. Piccolomini here?—O bring me to him. I see him yet ('tis now ten years ago, We were engaged with Mansfeld hard by Dessau), I see the youth, in my mind's eye I see him, Leap his black war-horse from the bridge adown, And 'ward his father, then in extreme peril, Beat up against the strong tide of the Elbe. The down was scarce upon his chin! I hear He has made good the promise of his youth, And the full hero now is finish'd in him.

ILLO.
You'll see him yet ere evening. He conducts The Duchess Friedland hither, and the Princess From Carnthen. We expect them here at noon.

BUTLER.
Both wife and daughter does the Duke call hither? He crowds in visitants from all sides.

ISOLANI.
Hm! So much the better! I had framed my mind To hear of naught, but warlike circumstance, Of marches, and attacks, and batteries. And lo! the Duke provides, that something too Of gentler sort, and lovely, should be present To feast our eyes.

ILLO (who has been standing in the attitude of meditation, to Butler, whom he leads a little on one side). And how came you to know That the Count Galas joins us not?

BUTLER. Because He importuned me to remain behind.

ILLO (with warmth). And you?—You hold out firmly!

BUTLER. (Grasping his hand with affection.) Noble Butler!

BUTLER. After the obligation which the Duke Had laid so newly on me—

ILLO.
I had forgotten A pleasant duty—Major-General, I wish you joy!

ISOLANI.
What, you mean, of his regiment? I hear, too, that to make the gift still sweeter, The Duke has given him the very same In which he first saw service, and since then, Work'd himself, step by step, through each preterment, From the ranks upwards. And verily, it gives A precedent of hope, a spur of action To the whole corps, if once in their remembrance An old deserving soldier makes his way.

BUTLER. I am perplex'd and doubtful, whether or no I dare accept this your congratulation. The Emperor has not yet confirm'd the appointment.

ISOLANI.
Seize it, friend! Seize it! The hand which in that post Placed you, is strong enough to keep you there, Spite of the Emperor and his Ministers!

ILLO.
Ay, if we would but so consider it!— If we would all of us consider it so! The Emperor gives us nothing; from the Duke Comes all—what'er we hope, what'er we have.

ISOLANI (to ILLO). My noble brother! did I tell you how The Duke will satisfy my creditors? Will be himself my banker for the future, Make me once more a creditable man!— And this is now the third time, think of that! This kindly-minded man has rescued me From absolute ruin, and restored my honor.

ILLO.
O that his power but kept pace with his wishes! Why, friend! he'd give the whole world to his soldiers. But at Vienna, brother!—here's the grievance!— What politic schemes do they not lay to short{'

* A town about 12 German miles N. E. of Ulm.
† The dukes in Germany being always reigning powers, their sons and daughters are entitled Princess and Princesses.
His arm, and where they can, to clip his pinions. 
Then these new dainty requisitions! these, 
Which this same Questenberg brings hither—

**BUTLER.**

These requisitions of the Emperor,—
I too have heard about them; but I hope
The Duke will not draw back a single inch! 

**ILL.**

Not from his right most surely, unless first
From office!

**BUTLER (shocked and confused),**

Know you aught then? You alarm me.

**ISOLANI (at the same time with Butler, and in a hurrying voice).**

We should be ruin'd, every one of us!

**ILL.**

No more!

Younder I see our worthy friend* approaching
With the Lieutenant-General, Piccolomini.

**BUTLER (shaking his head significantly).**

I fear we shall not go hence as we came.

---

**SCENE II.**

*Enter Octavius Piccolomini and Questenberg.*

**OCTAVIO.** (still in the distance). 

Ay, ay! more still! Still more new visitors!

Acknowledgment, friend! that never was a camp,
Which held at once so many heads of heroes.

[Approaching nearer.

Welcome, Count Isolani!

**ISOLANI.**

My noble brother,

**EVEN.** how am I arrived; it had been else my duty—

**OCTAVIO.**

And Colonel Butler—trust me, I rejoice
Thus to renew acquaintance with a man
Whose worth and services I know and honor.

See, see, my friend!

There might we place at once before our eyes
The sum of war's whole trade and mystery—

[**75 OCTAVIO, presenting Butler and ISOLANI.**

These two the total sum—Strength and Dispatch.

**QUESTENBERG (to OCTAVIO).**

And lo! betwixt them both, experienced Prudence! 

**OCTAVIO (presenting Questenberg to Butler and ISOLANI).**

The Chamberlain and War-commissioner Questenberg,

The bearer of the Emperor's behests,

The long-tried friend and patron of all soldiers,

We honor in this noble visitor. [Universal silence.

**ILL (moving towards Questenberg).**

'Tis not the first time, noble Minister,

You have shown our camp this honor.

**QUESTENBERG.**

Once before,

I stood before these colors.

**ILL.**

Perchance too you remember where that was.

It was at Znaim† in Moravia, where

---

*Spoken with a sneer.
†A town not far from the Mine-Mountains, on the high road from Vienna to Prague.

You did present yourself upon the part
Of the Emperor, to supplicate our Duke
That he would straight assume the chief command.

**QUESTENBERG.**

To *supplicate? Nay, noble General!*

So far extended neither my commission
(At least to my own knowledge) nor my zeal.

**ILL.**

Well, well, then—to *compel* him, if you choose.

I can remember me right well, Count Tilly
Had suffer'd total rout upon the Lech.

Bavaria lay all open to the enemy,

Whom there was nothing to delay from pressing
Outwards into the very heart of Austria.

At that time you and Werdenberg appear'd
Before our General, storming him with prayers,

And menacing the Emperor's displeasure,

Unless he took compassion on this wretchedness.

**ISOLANI (steps up to them).**

Yes, yes, 'tis comprehensible enough,

Wherefore with your commission of to-day
You were not all too willing to remember
Your former one.

**QUESTENBERG.**

Why not, Count Isolani?

No contradiction sure exists between them.

It was the urgent business of that time
To snatch Bavaria from her enemy's hand;

And my commission of to-day instructs me
To free her from her good friends and protectors.

**ILL.**

A worthy office! After with our blood

We have wrested this Bohemia from the Saxon,

To be swept out of it is all our thanks,

The sole reward of all our hard-won victories.

**QUESTENBERG.**

Unless that wretched land be doomed to suffer
Only a change of evils, it must be

Freed from the scourge alike of friend and foe.

**ILL.**

What? 'Twas a favorable year; the boors

Can answer fresh demands already.

**QUESTENBERG.**

Nay,

If you discourse of herds and meadow-grounds—

**ISOLANI.**

The war maintains the war. Are the boors ruin'd,

The Emperor gains so many more new soldiers.

**QUESTENBERG.**

And is the poorer by even so many subjects.

**ISOLANI.**

Poh! We are all his subjects.

**QUESTENBERG.**

Yet with a difference, General! The one fills

With profitable industry the purse,

The others are well skill'd to empty it.

The sword has made the Emperor poor; the plow

Must reinvigorate his resources.

**ISOLANI.**

Sure!

'Times are not yet so bad. Methinks I see

[Examining with his eye the dress and ornaments of Questenberg.

Good store of gold that still remains uncoin'd.
QUESTENBERG.

Thank Heaven! that means have been found out to hide
Some little from the fingers of the Croats.

ILLO.

There! the Stavata and the Martinitz,
On whom the Emperor heaps his gifts and graces,
To the heart-burning of all good Bohemians—
Those minions of court favor, those court harpies, Who fatten on the wrecks of citizens
Driven from their house and home—who reap no harvests
Save in the general calamity—
Who now, with kingly pomp, insult and mock
The desolation of their country—these,
Let these, and such as these, support the war,
The fatal war, which they alone enkindled!

BUTLER.

And those state-parasites, whose have their feet
So constantly beneath the Emperor's table,
Who cannot let a benefice fall, but they
Snap at it with dog's hunger—they, forsooth,
Would pare the soldier's bread, and cross his reckon-
ing!

ISOLANI.

My life long will it anger me to think,
How when I went to court seven years ago,
To see about new horses for our regiment,
How from one antechamber to another
They dragged me on, and left me by the hour
To kick my heels among a crowd of simpering
Feast-fatten'd slaves, as if I had come thither
A mendicant suitor for the crumbs of favor
That fall beneath their tables. And, at last,
Whom should they send me but a Capuchin! Straight I began to muster up my sins
For absolution—but no such luck for me!
This was the man, this capuchin, with whom I was to treat concerning the army horses:
And I was forced at last to quit the field,
The business unaccomplish'd. Afterwards
The Duke procured me, in three days, what I
Could not obtain in thirty at Vienna.

QUESTENBERG.

Yes, yes! your travelling bills soon found their way
To us:
Too well I know we have still accounts to settle.

ILLO.

War is a violent trade; one cannot always
Finish one's work by soft means; every trifle
Must not be blacken'd into sacrilege.
If we should wait till you, in solemn council,
With due deliberation had selected
The smallest out of four-and-twenty evils,
I' faith we should wait long—
"Dash! and through with it!"—That's the better watchword.
Then after come what may come. 'Tis man's nature
To make the best of a bad thing once past,
A bitter and perplex'd "what shall I do?"
Is worse to man than worst necessity.

QUESTENBERG.

Ay, doubtless, it is true: the Duke does spare us
The troublesome task of choosing.

BUTLER.

Yes, the Duke
Cares with a father's feelings for his troops;
But how the Emperor feels for us, we see.

QUESTENBERG.

His cares and feelings all ranks share alike,
Nor will he offer one up to another.

ISOLANI.

And therefore thrusts he us into the deserts
As beasts of prey, that so he may preserve
His dear sheep fattening in his fields at home.

QUESTENBERG (with a sneer).

Count! this comparison you make, not I.

BUTLER.

Why, were we all the court supposes us,
'Twere dangerous, sure, to give us liberty

QUESTENBERG.

You have taken liberty—it was not given you. And therefore it becomes an urgent duty
To rein it in with curls.

OCTAVIO (interposing and addressing QUESTENBERG)

My noble friend,
This is no more than a remembrancing That you are now in camp, and among warriors.
The soldier's boldness constitutes his freedom.
Could he act daringly, unless he dared
Talk even so? One runs into the other.
The boldness of this worthy officer.

[Pointing to BUTLER.

Which now has but mistaken in its mark.
Preserved, when naught but boldness could preserve it,
To the Emperor his capital city, Prague,
In a most formidable mutiny
Of the whole garrison. [Military music at a distance.

Hah! here they come.

ILLO.

The sentries are saluting them: this signal
Announces the arrival of the Duchess.

OCTAVIO (to QUESTENBERG).

Then my son Max. too has returned. "T was he
Fetch'd and attended them from Carnthen hither

ISOLANI (to ILLO).

Shall we not go in company to greet them?

ILLO.

Well, let us go.—Ho! Colonel Butler, come.

[To OCTAVIO.

You'll not forget, that yet ere noon we meet
The noble Envoy at the General's palace.

[Exeunt all but QUESTENBERG and OCTAVIO.

SCENE III.

QUESTENBERG and OCTAVIO.

QUESTENBERG (with signs of aversion and astonishment),
What have I not been forced to hear, Octavio! What sentiments! what fierce, uncurb'd defiance! And were this spirit universal—

OCTAVIO.

Hm!
You are now acquainted with three-fourths of the army.

QUESTENBERG.

Where must we seek then for a second host To have the custody of this? That Illo
Thinks worse, I fear me, than he speaks. And then This Butler too—he cannot even conceal The passionate workings of his ill intentions.

OCTAVIO.

Quickness of temper—irritated pride;
"T was nothing more. I cannot give up Butl r
I know a spell that will soon dispossess
The evil spirit in him.

QUESTENBERG (walking up and down in evident disquiet)

Friend, friend!
O! this is worse, far worse, than we had suffer'd
Ourselves to dream of at Vienna. There
We saw it only with a courtier's eyes,
Eyes dazzled by the splendor of the throne.
We had not seen the War-chief, the Commander,
The man all-powerful in his camp. Here, here,
'Tis quite another thing.
Here is no Emperor more—the Duke is Emperor.
Alas, my friend! alas, my noble friend!
This walk which you have ta'en me through the camp
 Strikes my hopes prostrate.

OCTAVIO.
Now you see yourself
Of what a perilous kind the office is,
Which you deliver to me from the Court.
The least suspicion of the General
Costs me my freedom and my life, and would
But hasten his most desperate enterprise.

QUESTENBERG.
Where was our reason sleeping when we trusted
This madman with the sword, and placed such power
In such a hand? I tell you, he'll refuse,
Flatly refuse, to obey the Imperial orders.
Friend, he can do't, and what he can, he will.
And then the impurity of his defiance—
O! what a proclamation of our weakness!

OCTAVIO.
D'ye think too, he has brought his wife and daughter
Without a purpose hither? Here in camp!
And at the very point of time, in which
We're arming for the war? That he has taken
These, the last pledges of his loyalty,
Away from out the Emperor's domains—
This is no doubtful token of the nearness
Of some eruption!

QUESTENBERG.
How shall we hold footing
Beasth this tempest, which collects itself
And threaten us from all quarters? The enemy
Of the empire on our borders, now already
The master of the Danube, and still farther,
And farther still, extending every hour!
In our interior the alarum-bells
Of insurrection—peasantry in arms—
All orders discontented—and the army,
Just in the moment of our expectation
Of aidance from it—lo! this very army
Seduced, run wild, lost to all discipline,
Loosen'd, and rent asunder from the state
And from their sovereign, the blind instrument
Of the most dashing of mankind, a weapon
Of fearful power, which at his will he wields!

OCTAVIO.
Nay, nay, friend! let us not despair too soon.
Men's words are ever bolder than their deeds:
And many a resolute, who now appears
Made up to all extremes, will, on a sudden
Find in his breast a heart he wot not of,
Let but a single honest man speak out
The true name of his crime! Remember too,
We stand not yet so wholly unprotected.
Counts Altringer and Galus have maintain'd
Their little army faithful to its duty,
And daily it becomes more numerous.
Nor can he take us by surprise; you know
I hold him all encompass'd by my listeners.
Whate'er he does, is mine, even while 'tis doing—
No step so small, but instantly I hear it;
Yea, his own mouth discloses it.

QUESTENBERG.
'Tis quite
Incomprehensible, that he detects not
The foes so near!

OCTAVIO.
Beware, you do not think,
That I, by lying arts, and complaisant
Hypocrisy, have skul ked into his graces:
Or with the substance of smooth professions
Nourish his all-confiding friendship! No—
Compell'd alike by prudence, and that duty
Which we all owe our country, and our sovereign,
To hide my genuine feelings from him, yet
Ne'er have I duped him with base counterfeits!

QUESTENBERG.
It is the visible ordinance of Heaven.

OCTAVIO.
I know not what it is that so attracts
And links him both to me and to my son.
Comrades and friends we always were—long hab
Adventurous deeds perform'd in company,
And all those many and various incidents
Which store a soldier's memory with affections,
Had bound us, and early to each other—
Yet I can name the day, when all at once
His heart rose on me, and his confidence
Shot out in sudden growth. It was the morning
Before the memorable fight at Lutzner.
Urged by an ugly dream, I sought him out,
To press him to accept another charger.
At distance from the tents, beneath a tree,
I found him in a sleep. When I had waked him
And had related all my bodings to him,
Long time he stared upon me, like a man
Astounded; thereon fell upon my neck,
And manifested to me an emotion
That far outstripp'd the worth of that small service.
Since then his confidence has follow'd me
With the same pace that mine has fled from him.

QUESTENBERG.
You lead your son into the secret?

OCTAVIO.
No!

QUESTENBERG.
What! and not warn him either what bad hands
His lot has placed him in?

OCTAVIO.
I must perf orce
Leave him in wardship to his innocence.
His young and open soul—dissimulation
Is foreign to its habits! Ignorance
Alone can keep alive the cheerful air,
The unembarrass'd sense and light free spirit
That make the Duke secure.

QUESTENBERG (anxiously).
My honor'd friend! most highly do I deem
Of Colonel Piccolomini—yet—if—
Reflect a little——  

135
SCENE IV.

MAX. Piccolomini, Octavio Piccolomini,
Questenberg.

OCTAVIO. Ha! there he is himself. Welcome, my father!
[He embraces his father. As he turns round, he observes Questenberg, and draws back with a cold and reserved air. You are engaged, I see. I'll not disturb you.

MAX. How, Max! Look closer at this visitor. Attention, Max, an old friend merits—Reverence Belongs of right to the envoy of your sovereign.

MAX. (drily).
Von Questenberg!—Welcome—if you bring with you Aught good to our head-quarters.

OCTAVIO (seizing his hand).
Nay, draw not Your hand away, Count Piccolomini! Not on mine own account alone I seized it, And nothing common will I say therewith. [Taking the hands of both.

OCTAVIO—Max. Piccolomini! O savior names, and full of happy omen! Ne'er will her prosperous genius turn from Austria, While two such stars, with blessed influences Beaming protection, shine above her hosts.

MAX.
Heh!—Noble minister! You miss your part. You came not here to act a panegyric. You're sent, I know, to find fault and to scold us— I must not be beforehand with my comrades.

MAX. (continuing).
They call a spirit up, and when he comes, Straight their flesh creeps and quivers, and they dread him. More than the ills for which they call'd him up. The uncommon, the sublime, must seem and be Like things of every day.—But in the field, Ay, there the Present Being makes itself felt The personal must command, the actual eye Examine. If to be the chieftain asks All that is great in nature, let it be Likewise his privilege to move and act And all the correspondencies of greatness. The oracle within him, that which lives, He must invoke and question—not dead books, Not ordinances, not mould-rotted papers.

OCTAVIO. My son! of those old narrow ordinances Let us not hold too lightly. They are weights Of priceless, value, which oppress'd mankind Tied to the voluntary will of their oppressors. For always formidable was the league And partnership of free power with free will. The way of ancient ordinance, though it winds, Is yet no devious way. Straight forward goes The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path Of the cannon-ball. Direct it flies and rapid, Shattering that it may reach, and scattering what it reaches. My son! the road, the human being travels, That, on which blessing comes and goes, doth follow The river's course, the valley's playful windings, Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines, Honoring the holy bounds of property! And thus secure, though late, leads to its end.

OCTAVIO (to Questenberg).
O hear your father, noble youth! hear him, Who is at once the hero and the man.

OCTAVIO. My son, the nursling of the camp spoke in thee! A war of fifteen years Hath been thy education and thy school. Peace hast thou never witnessed! There exists A higher than the warrior's excellence. In war itself war is no ultimate purpose. The vast and sudden deeds of violence, Adventures wild, and wonders of the moment, These are not they, my son, that generate The Calm, the Blissful, and the enduring Mighty! Lo there! the soldier, rapid architect! Builds his light town of canvass, and at once The whole scene moves and busses momentarily. With arms, and neighing steeds, and mirth and quare The money market fills; the roads, the streams Are crowded with new freights, trade stirs and hurries But on some remote march, all suddenly, The tents drop down, the horde renounces its march Dreary, and solitary as a church-yard The meadow and down-trodden seed-plot lie And the year's harvest is gone utterly
O let the Emperor make peace, my father!
Most gladly would I give the blood-stain’d laurel
For the first violet* of the leafless spring,
Pluck’d in those quiet fields where I have journey’d!

The joyous vespers of a bloody day.
O happy man, O fortunate! for whom
The well-known door, the faithful arms are open,
The faithful tender arms with mute embracing.

QUESTENBERG (apparently much affect’d).
O! that you should speak
Of such a distant, distant time, and not
Of the to-morrow, not of this to-day.

MAX (turning round to him, quick and vehement).
Where lies the fault but on you in Vienna?
I will deal openly with you, Questenberg.
Just now, as first I saw you standing here,
(I’ll own it to you freely) indignation
Crowded and press’d my inmost soul together.
"Tis ye that hinder peace, ye!—and the warrior,
It is the warrior that must force it from you.
Ye fret the General’s life out, blacken him,
Hold him up as a rebel, and Heaven knows
What else still worse, because he spares the Saxons,
And tries to awaken confidence in the enemy;
Which yet’s the only way to peace: for if
War intermit not during war, how then
And whence can peace come!—Your own plagues
fall on you!
Even as I love what’s virtuous, hate I you.
And here make I this vow, here pledge myself;
My blood shall spurt out for this Wallenstein,
And my heart drain off, drop by drop, ere ye
Shall revel and dance jubilee o’er his ruin. [Exit]

SCENE V.

QUESTENBERG, OCTAVIO Piccolomini

QUESTENBERG.
Alas, alas! and stands it so?
[Then in pressing and impatient tones
What, friend! and do we let him go away
In this delusion—let him go away?
Not call him back immediately, not open
His eyes upon the spot?

OCTAVIO (recovering himself out of a deep study).
He has now open’d mine,
And I see more than pleases me.

QUESTENBERG.
What is it?

OCTAVIO.
Curse on this journey!

QUESTENBERG.
But why so? What is it?

OCTAVIO.
Come, come along, friend! I must follow up
The ominous track immediately. Mine eyes
Are open’d now, and I must use them. Come!

[Drews Questenberg on with him.

QUESTENBERG.
What now? Where go you then?

OCTAVIO.
To her himself

QUESTENBERG.
To—

OCTAVIO (interrupting him, and correcting himself).
To the Duke. Come, let us go—’Tis done, ’tis done.
I see the net that is thrown over him.
Oh! he returns not to me as he went.

QUESTENBERG
Nay, but explain yourself.
OCTAVIO.
And that I should not
Foresee it, not prevent this journey! Wherefore
Did I keep it from him?—You were in the right.
I should have warn’d him! Now it is too late.

QUESTENBERG.
But what’s too late? Bethink yourself, my friend,
That you are talking absolute riddles to me.

OCTAVIO (more collected).
Come! to the Duke’s. ’Tis close upon the hour,
Which he appointed you for audience. Come!
A curse, a threefold curse, upon this journey!  
[He leads QUESTENBERG off.

SCENE VI.

Changes to a spacious Chamber in the House of the
Duke of Frieland.—Servants employed in putting
the tables and chairs in order. During this enters
SENI, like an old Italian doctor, in black and clothed
somewhat fantastically. He carries a white staff,
with which he marks out the quarters of the heaven.

FIRST SERVANT.
Come—to it, lads, to it! Make an end of it. I hear
the sentry call out, “Stand to your arms!” They will
be there in a minute.

SECOND SERVANT.
Why were we not told before that the audience
would be held here? Nothing prepared—no orders—
no instructions—

THIRD SERVANT.
Ay, and why was the balcony-chamber counter-
manded, that with the great worked carpet?—there
one can look about one.

FIRST SERVANT.
Nay, that you must ask the mathematician there.
He says it is an unlucky chamber.

SECOND SERVANT.
Poh! stuff and nonsense! That’s what I call a hum.
A chamber is a chamber; what much can the place
signify in the affair?

SENI (with gravity).
My son, there’s nothing insignificant,
Nothing! But yet in every earthly thing
First and most principal is place and time.

FIRST SERVANT (to the second).
Say nothing to him, Nat. The Duke himself must
let him have his own will.

SENI (counts the chairs, half in a loud, half in a low
voice, till he comes to eleven, which he repeats).
Eleven! an evil number! Set twelve chairs.
I’ve! twelve signs hath the zodiac: five and seven,
The holy numbers, include themselves in twelve.

SECOND SERVANT.
And what may you have to object against eleven?
I should like to know that now.

SENI.
Eleven is transgression; eleven oversteps
The ten commandments.

SECOND SERVANT.
That’s good! and why do you call five a holy
number?

SENI.
Five is the soul of man: for even as man
Is mingled up of good and evil, so

The five is the first number that’s made up
Of even and odd.

SECOND SERVANT.
The foolish old coxcomb!

FIRST SERVANT.
Ey! let him alone though. I like to hear him,
there is more in his words than can be seen at first
sight.

THIRD SERVANT.
Off, they come.

SECOND SERVANT.
There! at the side-door.

[They hurry off. SENI follows slowly. A Page
brings the staff of command on a red cushion,
and places it on the table near the Duke’s chair.
They are announced from without, and the
wings of the door fly open.

SCENE VII.

WALLENSTEIN, DUCHESS.

WALLENSTEIN.
You went then through Vienna, were presented
To the Queen of Hungary!

DUCHESS.
Yes; and to the Empress too,
And by both Majesties were we admitted
To kiss the hand.

WALLENSTEIN.
And how was it received,
That I had sent for wife and daughter hither
To the camp, in winter-time?

DUCHESS.
I did even that
Which you commission’d me to do. I told them,
You had determined on our daughter’s marriage,
And wish’d, ere yet you went into the field,
To show the elected husband his betrothed.

WALLENSTEIN.
And did they guess the choice which I had made?

DUCHESS.
They only hoped and wish’d it may have fallen
Upon no foreign nor yet Lutheran noble.

WALLENSTEIN.
And you—what do you wish, Elizabeth?

DUCHESS.
Your will, you know, was always mine.

WALLENSTEIN (after a pause).
Well then?
And in all else, of what kind and complexion
Was your reception at the court?

[The Duchess cast her eyes on the ground, and
remains silent.

WALLENSTEIN.
Ay! Is it so?

DUCHESS.
What, they were lax? they fail’d of the old respect.

WALLENSTEIN.
Not of respect. No honors were omitted,
No outward courtesy? but in the place
Of condescending, confidential kindness,
Familiar and endearing, there were given me
Only these honors and that solemn courtesy,
Ah! and the tenderness which was put on,
It was the guise of pity, not of favor.
No: Albrecht's wife, Duke Albrecht's princely wife,
Count Harrach's noble daughter, should not so—
Not wholly so should she have been received.

WALLENSTEIN.
Yes, yes; they have ta'en offence. My latest con-
duct,
They rail'd at it, no doubt.

DUCHESS.
O that they had!
I have been long accus't'd to defend you,
To heal and pacify distemper'd spirits.
No: no one rail'd at you. They wrapp'd them up,
O Heaven! in such oppressive, solemn silence!—
Here is no every-day misunderstanding,
No transient pique, no cloud that passes over:
Something most luckless, most unhealable,
Has taken place. The Queen of Hungary
Used formerly to call me her dear aunt,
And ever at departure to embrace me—

WALLENSTEIN.
Now she omitted it!

DUCHESS (wiping away her tears, after a pause).
She did embrace me,
But then first when I had already taken
My formal leave, and when the door already
Had closed upon me, then did she come out
In haste, as she had suddenly bethought herself,
And press'd me to her bosom, more with anguish
Than tenderness.

WALLENSTEIN (seizes her hand soothingly).
Nay, now collect yourself.
And what of Eggenberg and Lichtenstein,
And of our other friends there?

DUCHESS (shaking her head).
I saw none.

WALLENSTEIN.
The ambassador from Spain, who once was wont
To plead so warmly for me?—

DUCHESS.
Silent, silent!

WALLENSTEIN.
These suns then are eclipsed for us. Henceforward
Must we roll on, our own fire, our own light.

DUCHESS.
And were it—were it, my dear Lord, in that
Which moved about the court in buzz and whisper,
But in the country let itself be heard
Aloud—in that which Father Lamormain
In sundry hints and——

WALLENSTEIN (eagerly).
Lamormain! what said he?

DUCHESS.
That you're accused of having daringly
O'erstepp'd the powers intrusted to you, charged
With traitorous contempt of the Emperor
And his supreme behests. The proud Bavarian,
He and the Spaniards stand up your accusers—
That there's a storm collecting over you
Of far more fearful menace than that former one
Which whirl'd you headlong down at Regensburg.
And people talk, said he, of——Ah!

[Shifting extreme emotion.

WALLENSTEIN.
Proceed!

DUCHESS.
I cannot utter it!

WALLENSTEIN.
Proceed!

DUCHESS.
They talk——

WALLENSTEIN.
Well!

DUCHESS.
Of a second——(catches her voice and hesitates).

WALLENSTEIN.
Second——

DUCHESS.
More disgraceful

—Dismission.

WALLENSTEIN.
Talk they?

[Strides across the Chamber in vehement agitation.]
O! they force, they thrust me
With violence against my own will, onward!

DUCHESS (presses near to him, in entreaty).
O! if there yet be time, my husband! if
By giving way and by submission, this
Can be averted—my dear Lord, give way!
Win down your proud heart to it! Tell that heart,
It is your sovereign Lord, your Emperor,
Before whom you retreat. O let no longer
Low tricking malice blacken your good meaning
With venomous glosses. Stand you up
Shielded and helm'd and weapon'd with the truth.
And drive before you into uttermost shame
These slanderous liars! Few firm friends have we—
You know it!—The swift growth of our good fortune
It hath but set us up a mark for hatred.
What are we, if the sovereign's grace and favor
Stand not before us?

SCENE VIII.
Enter the Countess Tertsky, leading in her hand the
Princess Thekla, richly adorned with Brilliants.

COUNTESS, THEKLA, WALLENSTEIN, DUCHESS.

COUNTESS.
How, sister! What, already upon business!
[Observing the countenance of the Duchess.
And business of no pleasing kind I see,
Ere he has gladdened at his child. The first
Moment belongs to joy. Here, Friedland! father!
This is thy daughter.

[Thekla approaches with a shy and timid air, and
bends herself as about to kiss his hand. He receives
her in his arms, and remains standing for some
time lost in the feeling of her presence.

WALLENSTEIN.
Yes! pure and lovely hath hope risen on me.
I take her as the pledge of greater fortune.

DUCHESS.
'Twas but a little child when you departed
To raise up that great army for the Emperor:
And after, at the close of the campaign,
When you return'd home out of Pomeruna,
Your daughter was already in the convent,
Wherein she has remain'd till now.

WALLENSTEIN. The while
We in the field here gave our cares and toils
To make her great, and fight her a free way
To the loftiest earthly good; lo! mother Nature
Within the peaceful silent convent walls
Has done her part, and out of her free grace
Hath she bestow'd on the beloved child
The godlike; and now leads her thus adorn'd
To meet her splendid fortune, and my hope.

Duchess (to Thekla).
Thou wouldst not have recognized thy father,
Wouldst thou, my child? She counted scarce eight
years,
When last she saw your face.

Thekla.
O yes, yes, mother!
At the first glance!—My father is not alter'd.
The form that stands before me absolves
No feature of the image that hath lived
So long within me!

Wallenstein.
The voice of my child!
I was indignant at my destiny,
That it denied me a man-child to be
Heir of my name and of my prosperous fortune,
And re-illumine my soon extinguish'd being
In a proud line of princes.
I wrong'd my destiny. Here upon this hond,
So lovely in its maiden bloom, will I
Let fall the garland of a life of war,
Nor deem it lost, if only I can wreath it,
Transmitted to a regal ornament,
Around these beauteous brows.

[He clasps her in his arms as Piccolomini enters.]

Scene IX.
Enter Max. Piccolomini, and some time after Count
Tertsky, the others remaining as before.

Countess.
There comes the Paladin who protected us.

Wallenstein.
Max! Welcome, ever welcome! Always wert thou
The morning-star of my best joys!

Max.
My General——

Wallenstein.
Till now it was the Emperor who rewarded thee,
I but the instrument. This day thou hast bound
The father to thee, Max! the fortunate father,
And this debt Friedland's self must pay.

Max.
My prince!
You made no common hurry to transfer it.
I come with shame: yea, not without a pang!
For scarce have I arrived here, scarce deliver'd
The mother and the daughter to your arms,
But there is brought to me from your squerry
A splendid richly-plated hunting-dress
So to remunerate me for my troubles——
Yes, yes, remunerate me! Since a trouble
It must be, a mere office, not a favor
Which I leapt forward to receive, and which
I came already with full heart to thank you for.

No! 'twas not so intended, that my business
Should be my highest best good-fortune!
[Tertsky enters, and delivers letters to the Duke,
which he breaks open hurriedly.

Countess (to Max.).
Remunerate your trouble! For his joy
He makes you recompense. 'Tis not unfitting
For you, Count Piccolomini, to feel
So tenderly—my brother it beseeches
To show himself for ever great and princely.

Thekla.
Then I too must have scruples of his love;
For his munificent hands did ornament me
Ere yet the father's heart had spoken to me.

Max.
Yes; 'tis his nature ever to be giving
And making happy.

[He grasps the hand of the Duchess with still in-
creasing warmth.

How my heart pours out
Its all of thanks to him! O! how I seem
To utter all things in the dear name Friedland.
While I shall live, so long will I remain
The captive of this name: in it shall bloom
My every fortune, every lovely hope.
Inextricably as in some magic ring
In this name hath my destiny charm-bound me!

Countess (who during this time has been anxiously
watching the Duke, and remarks that he is lost in
thought over the letters).
My brother wishes us to leave him. Come.

Wallenstein (turns himself round quick, collects him-
self, and speaks with cheerfulness to the Duchess).
Once more I bid thee welcome to the camp.
Thou art the hostess of this court. You, Max,
Will now again administer your old office,
While we perform the sovereign's business here.

[Max. Piccolomini offers the Duchess his arm; the
Countess accompanies the Princess.

Tertsky (calling after him).

Max., we depend on seeing you at the meeting.

Scene X.

Wallenstein, Count Tertsky.

Wallenstein (in deep thought to himself).
She hath seen all things as they are,—It is so,
And squares completely with my other notice.
They have determined finally in Vienna,
Have given me my successor already;
It is the king of Hungary, Ferdinand,
The Emperor's delicate son! he's now their savior
He's the new star that's rising now! Of us
They think themselves already fairly rid,
And as we were deceaved, the heir already
Is entering on possession—Therefore—dispatch!
[As he turns round he observes Tertsky, and gives
him a letter.

Count Altringer will have himself excused.
And Galas too—I like not this!

Tertsky.

And if
Thou loiterest longer, all will fall away,
One following the other.

Wallenstein.

Altringer.
THE PICCOLOMINI.

131

Is master of the Tyrol passes. I must forthwith
Send some one to him, that he let not in
The Spaniards on me from the Milanese.
—Well, and the old Sesin, that ancient trader
In contraband negotiations, he
Has shown himself again of late. What brings he
From the Count Thur?

TERTSKY.
The Count communicates,
He has found out the Swedish chancellor
At Halberstadt, where the convention’s held,
Who says, you’ve tired him out, and that he’ll have
No further dealings with you.

WALLENSTEIN.
And why so?

TERTSKY.
He says, you are never in earnest in your speeches;
That you decoy the Swedes—to make fools of them;
Will league yourself with Saxony against them,
And at last make yourself a riddance of them
With a paltry sum of money.

WALLENSTEIN.
So then, doubtless,
Yes, doubtless, this same modest Swede expects
That I shall yield him some fair German tract
For his prey and booty, that ourselves at last
On our own soil and native territory,
May be no longer our own lords and masters!
An excellent scheme! No, no! They must be off,
Off, off! away! we want no such neighbors.

TERTSKY.
Nay, yield them up that dot, that speck of land—
It goes not from your portion. If you win
The game, what matters it to you who pays it?

WALLENSTEIN.
Off with them, off! Thou understand’st not this.
Never shall it be said of me, I parcel’d
My native land away, dismember’d Germany,
Betray’d it to a foreigner, in order
To come with stealthy tread, and falch away
My own share of the plunder—Never! never!—
No foreign power shall strike root in the empire,
And least of all, these Goths! these hunger-wolves!
Who send such envious, hot and greedy glances
Towards the rich blessings of our German lands!
I’ll have their aid to cast and draw my nets,
But not a single fish of all the draught
Shall they come in for.

TERTSKY.
You will deal, however,
More fairly with the Saxons? They lose patience
While you shift ground and make so many curves.
Say, to what purpose all these masks? Your friends
Are plunged in doubts, baffled, and led astray in you.
Taat’e Oxenstein, there’s Arnheim—neither knows
What he should think of your procrastinations,
And in the end I prove the liar; all
Passes through me. I have not even your handwritings.

WALLENSTEIN.
I never give my handwriting; thou knowest it.

TERTSKY.
But how can it be known that you’re in earnest,
If the act follows not upon the word?
You must yourself acknowledge, that in all
Your intercourses hitherto with the enemy,
You might have done with safety all you have done,
Had you meant nothing further than to gull him
For the Emperor’s service.

WALLENSTEIN (after a pause, during which he
looks narrowly on TERTSKY).
And from whence dost thou know
That I’m not gulling him for the Emperor’s service?
Whence knowest thou that I’m not gulling all of you?
Dost thou know me so well? When made I thee
The intendant of my secret purposes?
I am not conscious that I ever open’d
My inmost thoughts to thee. The Emperor, it is true.
Hath dealt with me amiss; and if I would,
I could repay him with usurious interest
For the evil he hath done me. It delights me
To know my power; but whether I shall use it,
Of that, I should have thought that thou couldst
speak
No wiserer than thy fellows.

TERTSKY.
So hast thou always play’d thy game with us.

[Enter ILLO]

SCENE XI.

ILLO, WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

WALLENSTEIN.
How stand affairs without? Are they prepared?

ILLO.
You’ll find them in the very mood you wish
They know about the Emperor’s requisitions,
And are tumultuous.

WALLENSTEIN.
How hath Isolan Declared himself?

ILLO.
He’s yours, both soul and body
Since you built up again his Faro-bank.

WALLENSTEIN.
And which way doth Kolatto bend? Hast thou
Made sure of Tiefenbach and Deodate?

ILLO.
What Piccolomini does, that they do too.

WALLENSTEIN.
You mean, then, I may venture somewhat with them?

ILLO.
—If you are assured of the Piccolomini.

WALLENSTEIN.
Not more assured of mine own self.

TERTSKY.
And yet
I would you trusted not so much to Octavio,
The fox!

WALLENSTEIN.
Thou teachest me to know my man?
Sixteen campaigns I have made with that old warrior
Besides, I have his horoscope:
We both are born beneath like stars—in short,

[With an air of mystery]
To this belongs its own particular aspect,
If therefore thou canst warrant me the rest—

ILLO.
There is among them all but this one voice,
You must not lay down the command. I hear
They mean to send a deputation to you.

WALLENSTEIN.
If I’m in aught to bind myself to them,
They too must bind themselves to me.

19
Of each man with the whole. He who to-day Forgets himself, forced onward with the stream Will become sober, seeing but himself, Feel only his own weakness, and with speed Will face about, and march on in the old High road of duty, the old broad trodden road, And seek but to make shelter in good plight.

WALLENSTEIN.
The time is not yet come.

TERTSKY.

So you say always.

But when will it be time?

WALLENSTEIN.

When I shall say it.

ILLO.

You'll wait upon the stars, and on their hours; Till the earthly hour escapes you. O, believe me, In your own bosom are your destiny's stars. Confidence in yourself, prompt resolution, This is your Venus! and the soul malignant, The only one that harmeth you, is Doubt.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou speakest as thou understand'st. How oft And many a time I've told thee, Jupiter, That lustrous god, was setting at thy birth. Thy visual power subdues no mysteries; Mole-eyed, thou mayest but burrow in the earth, Blind as that subterrrestrial, who with wan, Lead-color'd shine lighted thee into life. The common, the terrestrial, thou mayest see, With serviceable cunning knitt together The nearest with the nearest; and within I trust thee and believe thee! but whate'er Full of mysterious import Nature weaves And fashions in the depths—the spirit's ladder, That from this gross and visible world of dust Even to the starry world, with thousand rounds, Builds itself up; on which the unseen powers Move up and down on heavenly ministries— The circles in the circles, that approach The central sun with ever-narrowing orbit— These see the glance alone, the unsalted eye, Of Jupiter's glad children born in lustre.

[He walks across the chamber, then returns, and standing still, proceeds.

The heavenly constellations make not merely The day and nights, summer and spring, not merely Signify to the husbandman the seasons Of sowing and of harvest. Human action, That is the seed too of contingencies, Strew'd on the dark land of futurity In hopes to reconcile the powers of fate. Whence it behoves us to seek out the seed-time, To watch the stars, select their proper hours, And trace with searching eye the heavenly houses Whether the enemy of growth and thriving Hide himself not, malignant, in his corner. Therefore permit me my own time. Meanwhile Do you your part. As yet I cannot say What I shall do—only, give way I will not. Depose me too they shall not. On these points You may rely.

PAGE (entering).

My Lords, the Generals.

WALLENSTEIN

Let them come in.
SCENE XII.

WALLENSTEIN. TERTSKY, ILLO.—To them enter QUES-
TENBERG, OCTAVIO and MAX. PICCOLOMINI, BUT-
LER, ISOLANI, MARADAS, and three other Generals. 
WALLENSTEIN motions QUESTENBERG, who in con-
squence takes the chair directly opposite to him; the 
others follow, arranging themselves according to 
their rank. There reigns a momentary silence.

WALLENSTEIN.
I have understood, 'tis true, the sum and import
Of your instructions, Questenberg; have weigh'd
them,
And form'd my final, absolute resolve:
Yet it seems fitting, that the Generals
Should hear the will of the Emperor from your mouth.
May't please you then to open your commission
Before these noble Chieftains?

QUESTENBERG.

I am ready
To obey you; but will first entreat your Highness,
And all these noble Chieftains, to consider,
The Imperial dignity and sovereign right
Speaks from my mouth, and not my own presumption.

WALLENSTEIN.

We excuse all preface.

QUESTENBERG.

When his Majesty
The Emperor to his courageous armies
Presented in the person of Duke Friedland
A most experienced and renown'd commander,
He did it in glad hope and confidence
To give thereby to the fortune of the war
A rapid and auspicious change. The onset
Was favorable to his royal wishes.
Bohemia was deliver'd from the Saxons,
The Swede's career of conquest check'd! These lands
Began to draw breath freely, as Duke Friedland
From all the streams of Germany forced hither
The scatter'd armies of the enemy;
Hither invoked as round one magic circle
The Rhinegrave, Bernhard, Banner, Oxenstein,
Yea, and that never-conquer'd King himself;
Here finally, before the eye of Nürnberg,
The fearful game of battle to decide.

WALLENSTEIN.

May't please you, to the point.

QUESTENBERG.

In Nürnberg's camp the Swedish monarch left
His fame—in Lützen's plains his life. But who
Not staid astounded, when victorious Friedland
After this day of triumph, this proud day,
March'd toward Bohemia with the speed of flight,
And vanished from the theatre of war;
While the young Weimar hero forced his way
Into Franconia, to the Danube, like
Some del'ing winter-stream, which, where it rushes,
Makes its own channel; with such sudden speed
He March'd, and now at once 'fore Regensburg
Stood to the afield of all good Catholic Christians.
Then did Bavaria's well-deserving Prince
Entreat swift advance in his extreme need;
The Emperor sends seven horsemen to Duke Fried-
land.
Seven horsemen couriers sends he with the entreaty:
He suprizes his own, and supplants
Where as the sovereign lord he can command.

In vain his supplication! At this moment
The Duke hears only his old hate and grudge,
Bars the general good to gratify
Private revenge—and so falls Regensburg.

WALLENSTEIN.

Max, to what period of the war alludes he?
My recollection fails me here!

MAX.

When we were in Silesia.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ayi! is it so?

But what had we to do there?

MAX.

To beat out
The Swedes and Saxons from the province.

WALLENSTEIN.

In that description which the Minister gave
I seemed to have forgotten the whole war.

[To QUESTENBERG.

Well, but proceed a little.

QUESTENBERG.

Yes; at length
Beside the river Oder did the Duke
Assert his ancient fame. Upon the fields
Of Steinau did the Swedes lay down their arms,
Subdued without a blow. And here, with others
The righteousness of Heaven to his avenger
Deliver'd that long-practised stirrer-up
Of insurrection, that curse-laden torch
And kindler of this war, Matthias Thur.
But he had fallen into magnanimous hands;
Instead of punishment he found reward,
And with rich presents did the Duke dismiss
The arch-foo of his Emperor.

WALLENSTEIN (laughs).

I know,
I know you had already in Vienna
Your windows and balconies all forestall'd
To see him on the executioner's cart.
I might have lost the battle, lost it too
With infamy, and still retain'd your graces.
But, to have cheated them of a spectacle,
Oh! that the good folks of Vienna never,
No, never can forgive me!

QUESTENBERG.

So Silesia
Was freed, and all things loudly call'd the Duke
Into Bavaria, now press'd hard on all sides.
And he did put his troops in motion: slowly,
Quite at his ease, and by the longest road
He traverses Bohemia; but ere ever
He hath once seen the enemy, faces round,
Breaks up the march, and takes to winter-quarters

WALLENSTEIN.

The troops were pitably destitute
Of every necessary, every comfort.
The winter came. What thinks his Majesty
His troops are made of? A n't we men? subjected
Like other men to wet, and cold, and all
The circumstances of necessity?
O miserable lot of the poor soldier!
Wherever he comes in, all flee before him,
And when he goes away, the general curse
Follows him on his route. All must be seized,
Nothing is given him.' And compell'd to seize
From every man, he's every man's abhorrence.
Behold, here stand my Generals. Karaffa!
Count Deodate! Butler! Tell this man
How long the soldiers' pay is in arrears.

**BUTLER.**
Already a full year.

**WALLENSTEIN.**
And 'tis the hire
That constitutes the hireling's name and duties,
The soldier's pay is the soldier's covenant.*

**QUESTENBERG.**
Ah! this is a far other tone from that,
In which the Duke spoke eight, nine years ago.

**WALLENSTEIN.**
Yes! 'tis my fault, I know it: I myself
Have spoil'd the Emperor by indulging him.
Nine years ago, during the Danish war,
I raised him up a force, a mighty force,
Forty or fifty thousand men, that cost him
Of his own purse no doit. Through Saxony
The fury goddess of the war march'd on,
E'en to the surf-rocks of the Baltic, bearing
The terrors of his name. That was a time!
In the whole Imperial realm no name like mine
Honor'd with festival and celebration—
And Albrecht Wallenstein, it was the title
Of the third jewel in his crown!
But at the Diet, when the Princes met
At Regensburg, there, there the whole broke out,
There 't was laid open, there it was made known,
Out of what money-bag I had paid the host.
And what was now my thank, what had I now,
That I, a faithful servant of the Sovereign,
Had loaded on myself the people's curses,
And let the Princes of the empire pay
The expenses of this war, that aggrandizes
The Emperor alone—What thanks had I!
What? I was offer'd up to their complaints,
Dismiss'd, degraded!

**QUESTENBERG.**
But your Highness knows
What little freedom he possess'd of action
In that disastrous Diet.

**WALLENSTEIN.**
Death and hell!
I had that which could have procured him freedom.
No! since 't was proved so inauspicious to me
To serve the Emperor at the empire's cost,
I have been taught far other trains of thinking
Of the empire, and the diet of the empire.
From the Emperor, doubtless, I received this staff,
But now I hold it as the empire's general—
For the common weal, the universal interest,
And no more for that one man's aggrandizement!
But to the point. What is it that's desired of me?

**QUESTENBERG.**
First, his Imperial Majesty hath will'd

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Nothing is given him.</th>
<th>And compell'd to seize</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>From every man, he's</td>
<td>every man's abhorrence.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Behold, here stand my</td>
<td>Generals. Karaffa!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Count Deodate! Butler!</td>
<td>Tell this man</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How long the soldiers'</td>
<td>pay is in arrears.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>BUTLER.</strong></td>
<td>Already a full year.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>WALLENSTEIN.</strong></td>
<td>And 'tis the hire</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That constitutes the</td>
<td>hireling's name and duties,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>soldier's pay is the</td>
<td>soldier's covenant.*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>QUESTENBERG.</strong></td>
<td>Ah! this is a far other tone from that,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In which the Duke spoke</td>
<td>eight, nine years ago.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>WALLENSTEIN.</strong></td>
<td>Yes! 'tis my fault, I know it: I myself</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Have spoil'd the Emperor</td>
<td>by indulging him.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nine years ago, during</td>
<td>the Danish war,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I raised him up a</td>
<td>force, a mighty force,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forty or fifty thousand</td>
<td>men, that cost him</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Of his own purse no doit.</td>
<td>Through Saxony</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The fury goddess of</td>
<td>the war march'd on,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E'en to the surf-rocks</td>
<td>of the Baltic, bearing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The terrors of his</td>
<td>name. That was a time!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In the whole Imperial</td>
<td>realm no name like mine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Honor'd with festival</td>
<td>and celebration—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And Albrecht Wallenstein,</td>
<td>it was the title</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| Of the third jewel | in his crown!
| But at the Diet, when | the Princes met |
| At Regensburg, there, | there the whole broke out, |
| There 't was laid open, | there it was made known, |
| Out of what money-bag | I had paid the host. |
| And what was now my | thank, what had I now, |
| That I, a faithful | servant of the Sovereign, |
| Had loaded on myself | the people's curses, |
| And let the Princes | of the empire pay |
| The expenses of this | war, that aggrandizes |
| The Emperor alone— | What thanks had I!
| What? I was offer'd | up to their complaints, |
| Dismiss'd, degraded! |
| **QUESTENBERG.** | But your Highness knows |
| What little freedom | he possess'd of action |
| In that disastrous | Diet. |
| **WALLENSTEIN.** | Death and hell! |
| I had that which could | have procured him freedom. |
| No! since 't was proved | so inauspicious to me |
| To serve the Emperor | at the empire's cost, |
| I have been taught | far other trains of thinking |
| Of the empire, and the | diet of the empire. |
| From the Emperor, | doubtless, I received this staff, |
| But now I hold it as | the empire's general— |
| For the common weal, | the universal interest, |
| And no more for that | one man's aggrandizement! |
| But to the point. What | is it that's desired of me? |
| **QUESTENBERG.** | First, his Imperial Majesty hath will'd |

---

*The original is not translatable into English;*—Und mein Sold
*Muss dem Soldaten werden, darnach helst er.*

It might perhaps have been thus rendered:
And that for which he sold his services,
The soldier must receive.

But a false or doubtful etymology is no more than a dull pun.

That without pretexts of delay the army
Evacuate Bohemia.

**WALLENSTEIN.**
In this season?
And to what quarter wills the Emperor
That we direct our course?

**QUESTENBERG.**
To the enemy.
His Majesty resolves, that Regensburg
Be purified from the enemy ere Easter,
That Lutheranism may be no longer preach'd
In that cathedral, nor heretical
Defilement desecrate the celebration
Of that pure festival.

**WALLENSTEIN.**
My generals,
Can this be realized?

**QUESTENBERG.**
The Emperor
Already hath commanded Colonel Suys
To advance toward Bavaria.

**WALLENSTEIN.**
What did Suys?

**QUESTENBERG.**
That which his duty prompted. He advanced

**WALLENSTEIN.**
What! he advanced? And I, his general,
Had given him orders, peremptory orders,
Not to desert his station! Stands it thus
With my authority? Is this the obedience
Due to my office, which being thrown aside,
No war can be conducted! Chiefains, speak.
You be the judges, generals! What deserves
That officer, who of his oath neglectful
Is guilty of contempt of orders?

**ILLO.**
Death.

**WALLENSTEIN** (raising his voice, as all, but **ILLO**, had remained silent, and seemingly scrupulous).
Count Piccolomini! what has he deserved?

**MAX. PICCOLOMINI** (after a long pause).
According to the letter of the law,
Death.

**ISOLANI.**
Death.

**BUTLER.**
Death, by the laws of war.

[QUESTENBERG rises from his seat, WALLENSTEIN follows; all the rest rise.]

**WALLENSTEIN.**
To this the law condemns him, and not I.
And if I show him favor, 't will arise
From the reverence that I owe my Emperor

**QUESTENBERG.**
If so, I can say nothing further—here!

**WALLENSTEIN.**
I accepted the command but on conditions:
And this the first, that to the diminution
Of my authority no human being,
Not even the Emperor's self, should be entitled
To do aught, or to say aught, with the army
If I stand warrantor of the event,
Placing my honor and my head in pledge,
Needs must I have full mastery in all
The means thereto. What render'd this Gustavus
Resistant, and unconquer'd upon earth?
This— that he was the monarch in his army!
A monarch, one who is indeed a monarch,
Was never yet subdued but by his equal.
But to the point! The best is yet to come.
Attend now, generals!

**QUESTENBERG.**

The Prince Cardinal

Begins his route at the approach of spring
From the Milanese; and leads a Spanish army
Through Germany into the Netherlands.
That he may march secure and unimpeded,
'Tis the Emperor's will you grant him a detachment
Of eight horse regiments from the army here.

**WALLENSTEIN.**

Yes, yes! I understand!— Eight regiments! Well,
Right well concerted, father Lamormain!
Eight thousand horse! Yes, yes! 'Tis as it should be!
I see it coming.

**QUESTENBERG.**

There is nothing coming.
All stands in front: the counsel of state-prudence,
The dictate of necessity!—

**WALLENSTEIN.**

What then?
What, my Lord Envoy? May I not be suffer'd
To understand, that folks are tired of seeing
The sword's hilt in my grasp: and that your court
Scotch eagerly at this pretence, and use
The Spanish title, to drain off my forces,
To lead into the empire a new army
Unsubjected to my control? To throw me
Plumply aside,— I am still too powerful for you
To venture that. My stipulation runs,
That all the Imperial forces shall obey me
Where'er the German is the native language.
Of Spanish troops and of Prince Cardinals
That take their route, as visitors, through the empire,
There stands no syllable in my stipulation.
No syllable! And so the politic court
Steals in a tip toe, and creeps round behind it;
First makes me weaker, then to be dispensed with,
Till it dares strike at length a bolder blow
And make short work with me.
What need of all these crooked ways, Lord Envoy?
Straight forward, man! His compact with me pinches
The Emperor. He would that I moved off!—
Well!— I will gratify him!

[Here there commences an agitation among the
Generals, which increases continually.
It grieves me for my noble officers' sakes!
I see not yet, by what means they will come at
The moneys they have advanced, or how obtain
The recompense their services demand.
Still a new leader brings new claimants forward,
And prior merit supernumerates quickly.
There serve here many foreigners in the army,
And were the man in all else brave and gallant,
I was not wont to make nice scrutiny
After his pedigree or catechism.
This will be otherwise, 'tis the time to come.
Well— me no longer it concerns. [He seats himself.

**MAX. PICCOLOMINI.**

Forbid it Heaven, that it should come to this!
Our troops will swell in dreadful fermentation—
The Emperor is abused— it cannot be.

**ISOLANI.**

It cannot be; all goes to instant wreck.

**WALLENSTEIN.**

Thou hast said truly, faithful Isolani!
What we with toil and foresight have built up
Will go to wreck—all go to instant wreck.
What then? another chiefman is soon found,
Another army likewise (who dares doubt it?)
Will flock from all sides to the Emperor,
At the first beat of his recruiting drum.

(During this speech, ISOLANI, TERTSKY, ILLO,
and MAKADAS talk confusedly with great agitation.

**MAX. PICCOLOMINI** (busily and passionately going
from one to another, and soothing them.
Hear, my commander! Hear me, generals!
Let me conjure you, Duke! Determine nothing,
Till we have met and represented to you
Our joint remonstrances.— Nay, calmer! Friends!
I hope all may be yet set right again.

**TERTSKY.**

Away! let us away! in the antechamber
Find we the others. [They go

**BUTLER (to QUESTENBERG).**

If good counsel gain:
Due audience from your wisdom, my Lord Envoy!
You will be cautious how you show yourself
In public for some hours to come—or hardly
Will that gold key protect you from maltreatment.

(Communications heard from without.

**WALLENSTEIN.**

A salutary counsel!— Thou, Octavio! Will answer for the safety of our guest.
Farewell, Von Questenberg!

[QUESTENBERG is about to speak.

Nay, not a word.
Not one word more of that detested subject!
You have perform'd your duty— We know how
To separate the office from the man.

[As QUESTENBERG is going off with OCTAVIO;
GOTZ, TIEFENBACH, KOLATTO, press in;
several other Generals following them.

**GOTZ.**

Where's he who means to rob us of our general?
TIEFENBACH (at the same time).
What are we forced to hear? That thou wilt leave us!
KOLATTO (at the same time).
We will live with thee, we will die with thee.

**WALLENSTEIN (with stateliness, and pointing to ILLO).**

There! the Field-Marshal knows our will. [Exit.

[While all are going off the Stage, the curtain drops.

**ACT II.**

**SCENE I.**

**SCENE— A small Chamber.**

**ILLO and TERTSKY.**

**TERTSKY.**

Now for this evening's business! How intend you
To manage with the generals at the banquet?

145
COLERIDGE'S WORKS.

ILO.

Attend! We frame a formal declaration,
Wherein we to the Duke consign ourselves
Collectively, to be and to remain
His both with life and limb, and not to spare
The last drop of our blood for him, provided
So doing we infringe no oath or duty,
We may be under to the Emperor.—Mark!
This reservation we expressly make
In a particular clause, and save the conscience.
Now hear! This formula so framed and worded
Will be presented to them for perusal
Before the banquet. No one will find in it
Cause of offence or scruple. Hear now further!
After the feast, when now the vap'ring wine
Opens the heart, and shuts the eyes, we let
A counterfeited paper, in the which
This one particular clause has been left out,
Go round for signatures.

TERTSKY.

How! think you then
That they'll believe themselves bound by an oath,
Which we had trick'd them into by a jumble?

ILO.

We shall have caught and caged them! Let them then
Beat their wings bare against the wires, and rave
Loud as they may against our treachery;
At court their signatures will be believed
Far more than their most holy affirmations.
Traitors they are, and must be; therefore wisely
Will make a virtue of necessity.

TERTSKY.

Well, well, it shall content me; let but something
Be done, let only some decisive blow
Set us in motion.

ILO.

Besides, 'tis of subordinate importance
How, or how far, we may thereby propel
The Generals. 'Tis enough that we persuade
The Duke that they are his—Let him but act
In his determined mood, as if he had them,
And he will have them. Where he plunges in,
He makes a whirlpool, and all stream down to it.

TERTSKY.

His policy is such a labyrinth,
That many a time when I have thought myself
Close at his side, he's gone at once, and left me
Ignorant of the ground where I was standing.
He leads the enemy his ear, permits me
To write to them, to Arnhem; to Sesina
Himself comes forward blank and undisguised;
Talks with us by the hour about his plans,
And when I think I have him—off at once—
He has slipp'd from me, and appears as if
He had no scheme, but to retain his place.

ILO.

He give up his old plans! I'll tell you, friend!
His soul is occupied with nothing else,
Even in his sleep—They are his thoughts, his dreams,
That day by day he questions for this purpose
The motions of the planets—

TERTSKY.

Ay! you know
This night, that is now coming, he with Senni
Sluise himself up in the astrological tower
To make joint observations—for I hear,
It is to be a night of weight and crisis;
And something great, and of long expectation,
Is to make its procession in the heaven.

ILO.

Come! be we bold and make dispatch. The work
In this next day or two must thrive and grow
More than it has for years. And let but only
Things first turn up auspicious here below—
Mark what I say—the right stars too will show them-

Come, to the Generals. All is in the glow,
And must be beaten while 'tis malleable.

TERTSKY.

Do you go thither, ILO. I must stay,
And wait here for the countess Tertsaky. Know.
That we too are not idle. Break one string.
A second is in readiness.

ILO.

Yes! Yes!
I saw your lady smile with such sly meaning.
What's in the wind?

TERTSKY.

A secret. Hush! she comes

[Exit ILO.

SCENE II.

(The Countess steps out from a Closet.)

COUNT and COUNTESS TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.

Well—is she coming? I can keep him back
No longer.

COUNTESS.

She will be there instantly,
You only send him.

TERTSKY.

I am not quite certain,
I must confess it, Countess, whether or not
We are earning the Duke's thanks hereby. You know
No ray has broke out from him on this point.
You have o'erruled me, and yourself know best
How far you dare proceed.

COUNTESS.

I take it on me.

[Talking to herself, while she is advancing]

Here's no need of full powers and commissions—
My cloudy Duke! we understand each other—
And without words. What, could I not unriddle,
Wherefore the daughter should be sent for hither,
Why first he, and no other, should be chosen
To fetch her hither! This sham of broaching her
To a bridegroom, when no one knows—No! no!
This may blind others! I see through thee, Brother!
But it beseeches thee not, to draw a card
At such a game. Not yet!—It all remains
Mutey deliver'd up to my finesing—
Well—thou shalt not have been deceived, Duke
Friedland!
In her who is thy sister.

SERVANT (enters).

The commanders!

TERTSKY (to the Countess).

Take care you heat his fancy and affection—

* In Germany, after honorable addresses have been paid and formally accepted, the lovers are called Bride and Bridgroom, even though the marriage shall not take place till years afterwards.
Possess him with a raving, and send him,  
Absent and dreaming, to the banquet; that  
He may not boggle at the signature.  

COUNTESS.  
Take you care of your guests!—Go, send him hither.  

TERTSKY.  
All rests upon his undersigning.  

COUNTESS (interrupting him).  
Go to your guests! Go——  

ILLO (comes back).  

Where art staying, Tertsky?  
The house is full, and all expecting you.  

TERTSKY.  
Instantly! Instantly!  

[To the Countess.  
And let him not  
Stay here too long. It might awake suspicion  
In the old man——  

COUNTESS.  
A truce with your precautions!  

[Exeunt Tertsky and Illo.  

SCENE III.  
COUNTESS, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.  

MAX. (peeping in on the stage skily).  
Aunt Tertsky! may I venture?  
[Advances to the middle of the stage, and looks around him with uneasiness.  

She's not here!  

Where is she?  

COUNTESS.  
Look but somewhat narrowly  
In yonder corner, lest perhaps she lie  
Conceal'd behind that screen.  

MAX.  
There lie her gloves!  

[Snatches at them, but the Countess takes them herself.  

You unkind Lady! You refuse me this——  
You make it an amusement to torment me.  

COUNTESS.  
And this the thank you give me for my trouble?  

MAX.  
O, if you felt the oppression at my heart!  
Since we've been here, so to constrain myself——  
With such poor stealth to hazard words and glances——  
These, these are not my habits!  

COUNTESS.  
You have still  
Many new habits to acquire, young friend!  
But on this proof of your obedient temper  
I must continue to insist; and only  
On this condition can I play the agent  
For your concerns.  

MAX.  
But wherefore comes she not?  

Where is she?  

COUNTESS.  
Into my hands you must place it  
Whole and entire. Whom could you find, indeed,  
More zealoously affected to your interest?  
No soul on earth must know it—not your father.  
He must not, above all.  

MAX.  
Alas! what danger?  

Here is no face on which I might concentrate  
All the enrapured soul stirs up within me.  
O Lady! tell me. Is all changed around me?  
Or is it only I?  

I find myself,  
As among strangers! Not a trace is left  
Of all my former wishes, former joys.  
Where has it vanish'd to! There was a time  
When even, methought, with such a world as this  
I was not discontented. Now, how flat!  
How stale! No life, no bloom, no flavor in it!  
My comrades are intolerable to me.  
My father—even to him I can say nothing.  
My arms, my military duties—O!  
They are such wearying toys!  

COUNTESS.  
But, gentle friend!  
I must entreat it of your condescension,  
You would be pleased to sink your eye, and favor  
With one short glance or two this poor state world  
Where even now much, and of much moment,  
Is on the eve of its completion.  

MAX.  
Something,  
I can't but know, is going forward round me.  
I see it gathering, crowding, driving on,  
In wild uncustomary movements. Well,  
In due time, doubtless, it will reach even me.  
Where think you I have been, dear lady? Nay,  
No raitery. The turmoil of the camp,  
The spring-tide of acquaintance rolling in,  
The pointless jest, the empty conversation,  
Oppress'd and stiften'd me. I gausp'd for air—  
I could not breathe—I was constrain'd to fly,  
To seek a silence out for my full heart;  
And a pure spot wherein to feel my happiness.  
No smiling, Countess! In the church was I.  
There is a cloister here to the heaven's gate,*  
Thither I went, there found myself alone.  
Over the altar hung a holy mother;  
A wretched painting 'twas, yet 'twas the friend  
That I was seeking in this moment. Ah,  
How oft have I beheld that glorious form  
In splendor, 'mid ecstacy worshippers;  
Yet, still it moved me not! and now at once  
Was my devotion cloudless as my love.  

COUNTESS.  
Enjoy your fortune and felicity!  
Forget the world around you. Meantime, friendship  
Shall keep strict vigils for you, anxious, active.  
Only be manageable when that friendship  
Points you the road to full accomplishment.  
How long may it be since you declared your passion?  

MAX.  
This morning did I hazard the first word.  

COUNTESS.  
This morning the first time in twenty days?  

MAX.  
'Twas at that hunting-castle, betwixt here  
And Nepomuck, where you had join'd us, and——  
That was the last relay of the whole journey!  

* I am doubtful whether this be the dedication of the cloister,  
or the ...one of one of the city gates, near which it stood. I  
have translated it in the former sense; but fearful of having  
made some blunder, I add the original.—Es ist ein Kloster hier  
zur Himmelspforte.  

147
In a balcony we were standing mute,
And gazing out upon the dreary field:
Before us the dragoons were riding onward,
The safeguard which the Duke had sent us—heavy
The inquietude of parting lay upon me,
And trembling ventured I at length these words:
This all reminds me, noble maiden, that
To-day I must take leave of my good fortune.
A few hours more, and you will find a father,
Will see yourself surrounded by new friends,
And I henceforth shall be but as a stranger,
Lost in the many—"Speak with my aunt Tertsby!"
With hurried voice she interrupted me.
She falter'd. I beheld a glowing red
Possess her beautiful cheeks, and from the ground
Raised slowly up, her eye met mine—no longer
Did I control myself.

[The Princess Thekla appears at the door, and
remains standing, observed by the Countess,
but not by Piccolomini.]

With instant boldness
I caught her in my arms, my mouth touch'd her;
There was a rustling in the room close by;
It parted us—"T was you. What since has happen'd,
You know.

COUNTESS (after a pause, with a stolen glance
at Thekla).
And is it your excess of modesty;
Or are you so incurious, that you do not
Ask me too of my secret?

MAX.
Of your secret?
COUNTESS.
Why, yes! When in the instant after you
I stepp'd into the room, and found my niece there,
What she in this first moment of the heart
'Ven with surprise—

MAX. (with eagerness)
Well?

SCENE IV.
Thekla (hurries forward), Countess, Max.
Piccolomini.

Thekla (to the Countess).
Spare yourself the trouble:
That hears he better from myself.

MAX. (stepping back ward).
My Princess!
What have you let her hear me say, aunt Tertsby?
Thekla (to the Countess).
Has he been here long?

COUNTESS.
Yes; and soon must go.
Where have you stay'd so long?

THEKLA.
Alas! my mother
Wept so again! and I—I see her suffer,
Yet cannot keep myself from being happy.

MAX.
Now once again I have courage to look on you.
To-day at noon I could not.
The dazzle of the jewels that play'd round you
Hid the beloved from me.

THEKLA.
Then you saw me
With your eye only—and not with your heart?

MAX.
This morning, when I found you in the circle
Of all your kindred, in your father's arms,
Beheld myself an alien in this circle,
O! what an impulse felt I in that moment
To fall upon his neck, to call him father!
But his stern eye o'erpowered the swelling passion—
It dared not be silent. And those brilliants,
That like a crown of stars enwreathed your brows,
They scared me too! O wherefore, wherefore should he
At the first meeting spread as 'twere the ban
Of excommunication round you,—wherefore
Dress up the angel as for sacrifice,
And cast upon the light and joyous heart
The mournful burthen of his station? Fitly
May love dare woo for love; but such a splendor
Might none but monarchs venture to approach.

THEKLA.
Hush! not a word more of this mummy:
You see how soon the burthen is thrown off.

MAX. (to the Countess).
He is not in spirits. Wherefore is he not?
'Tis you, aunt, that have made him all so gloomy!
He had quite another nature on the journey—
So calm, so bright, so joyous eloquent.

[To MAX.]
It was my wish to see you always so,
And never otherwise!

MAX.
You find yourself
In your great father's arms, beloved lady!
All in a new world, which does homage to you,
And which, were't only by its novelty,
Delights your eye.

THEKLA.
Yes; I confess to you
That many things delight me here: this camp,
This motley stage of warriors, which renews
So manifold the image of my fancy,
And birds to life, birds to reality,
What hitherto but been present to me
As a sweet dream!

MAX.
Alas! not so to me.
It makes a dream of my reality.
Upon some island in the ethereal heights
I've lived for these last days. This mass of men
Forces me down to earth. It is a bridge
That, reconducting to my former life,
Divides me and my heaven.

THEKLA.
The game of life
Looks cheerful, when one carries in one's heart
The unalienable treasure. 'Tis a game,
Which having once review'd, I turn more joyous
Back to my deeper and appropriate bliss.

[Breaking off, and in a sportive tone.
In this short time that I've been present here,
What new unheard-of things have I not seen!
And yet they all must give place to the wonder
Which this mysterious castle guards.

COUNTESS (recollecting).
And what
Can this be then? Methought I was acquainted
With all the dusky corners of this house.
THE PICOLOMINI.

THEKLA (smiling).
Ay, but the road thereto is watch'd by spirits:
Two griffins still stand sentry at the door.

COUNTESS (laughs).
The astrological tower!—How happens it
That this same sanctuary, whose access
Is to all others so impracticable,
Opens before you even at your approach?

THEKLA.
A dwarfish old man with a friendly face
And snow-white hair, whose gracious services
Were mine at first sight, open'd me the doors.

MAX.
That is the Duke's astrologer, old Seni.

THEKLA.
He question'd me on many points; for instance,
When I was born, what month, and on what day,
Whether by day or in the night.

COUNTESS.
He wish'd
To erect a figure for your horoscope.

THEKLA.
My hand too he examined, shook his head
With much sad meaning, and the lines, methought,
Did not square over-truly with his wishes.

COUNTESS.
Well, Princess, and what found you in this tower?
My highest privilege has been to snatch
A side-glance, and away!

THEKLA.
I was a strange
Sensation that came o'er me, when at first
From the broad sunshine I stepp'd in; and now
The narrowing line of day-light, that ran after
The closing door, was gone; and all about me
'Twas pale and dusky night, with many shadows
Fantastically cast. Here six or seven
Colossal statues, and all kings, stood round me
In a half-circle. Each one in his hand
A sceptre bore, and on his head a star;
And in the tower no other light was there
But from these stars; all seem'd to come from them.
"These are the planets," said that low old man,
"They govern worldly fates, and for that cause
Are imagined here as kings. He farthest from you,
Spiteful, and cold, an old man melancholy,
With bent and yellow forehead, he is Saturn.
He opposite, the king with the red light,
An arm'd man for the battle, that is Mars:
And both these bring but little luck to man."

But at his side a lovely lady stood,
The star upon her head was soft and bright,
And that was Venus, the bright star of joy.
On the left hand, lo! Mercury, with wings.
Quire in the middle glitter'd silver bright
A cheerful man, and with a monarch's mien;
And this was Jupiter, my father's star;
And at his side I saw the Sun and Moon.

MAX.
O never rudely will I blame his faith
In the might of stars and angels! 'Tis not merely
The human being's Pride that peoples space
With life and mystical predominance:
Since likewise for the stricken heart of Love
This visible nature, and this common world,
Is all too narrow: yea, a deeper import

Lurks in the legend told my infant years
Than lies upon that truth, we live to learn.
For faul is Love's world. his home, his birth-place
Delightedly dwells he 'mong lies and talismans,
And spirits; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty,
That had her haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbley spring,
Or chasms and wat'ry depths; all these have vanish'd.
They live no longer in the faith of reason!
But still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names,
And to you starry world they now are gone,
Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth,
With man as with their friend;* and to the lover
Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
Shoot influence down: and even at this day
'Tis Jupiter who brings what'er he is great,
And Venus who brings every thing that's fair!

THEKLA.
And if this be the scien'tce of the stars,
I too, with glad and zealous industry,
Will learn acquaintance with this cheerful faith.
It is a gentle and affectionate thought,
That in immeasurable heights above us,
At our first birth, the wreath of love was woven,
With sparkling stars for flowers.

COUNTESS.
Not only roses,
But thorns too hath the heaven; and well for you
Leave they your wreath of love inviolate:
What Venus twined, the bearer of glad fortune,
The sullen orb of Mars soon tears to pieces.

MAX.
Soon will his gloomy empire reach its close.
Blest be the General's zeal: into the laurel
Will he inveave the olive-branch, presenting
Peace to the shouting nations. Then no wish
Will have remain'd for his great heart! Enough
Has he perform'd for glory, and can now
Live for himself and his. To his domains
Will he retire; he has a stately seat
Of fairest view at Gitschin; Reichenberg,
And Friedland Castle, both lie pleasantly—
Even to the foot of the huge mountains here
Stretches the chase and covers of his forests:
His ruling passion, to create the splendid,
He can indulge without restraint; can give
A princely patronage to every art,
And to all worth a sovereign's protection.
Can build, can plant, can watch the starry courses—

COUNTESS.
Yet I would have you look, and look again,
Before you lay aside your arms, young friend!
A gentle bride, as she is, is well worth it,
That you should woo and win her with the sword.

MAX.
O, that the sword could win her!

COUNTESS.
What was that?

* No more of talk, where god or angel guest
With man, as with his friend familiar, used
To sit indulgent.
Did you hear nothing? Seem'd, as if I heard
Tumult and larum in the banquet-room.

[Exit Countess.

SCENE V.

.THEKLA and MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

THEKLA (as soon as the Countess is out of sight, in a
quick low voice to Piccolomini).
Don't trust them! They are false!

MAX. Impossible!

THEKLA.
Trust no one here but me. I saw at once,
They had a purpose.

MAX. Purpose! but what purpose?
And how can we be instrumental to it?

THEKLA.
I know no more than you; but yet believe me:
There's some design in this! To make us happy,
To realize our union—trust me, love!
They but pretend to wish it.

MAX. But these Tertskys—
Why use we them at all? Why not your mother?
Excellent creature! she deserves from us
A full and filial confidence.

THEKLA.
She doth love you,
Doth rate you high before all others—but—
But such a secret—she would never have
The courage to conceal it from my father.
For her own peace of mind we must preserve it
A secret from her too.

MAX. Why any secret?
I love not secrets. Mark, what I will do.
I'll throw me at your father's feet—let him
Decide upon my fortunes!—He is true,
He wears no mask—he hates all crooked ways—
He is so good, so noble!

THEKLA (falls on his neck).
That are you!

MAX. You knew him only since this morn, but I
Have lived ten years already in his presence.
And who knows whether in this very moment
He is not merely waiting for us both
To own our loves, in order to unite us?
You are silent—
You look at me with such a hopelessness!
What have you to object against your father?

THEKLA.
I! Nothing. Only he's so occupied—
He has no leisure time to think about
The happiness of us two. [Taking his hand tenderly.]
Follow me!
Let us not place too great a faith in men.
These Tertskys—we will still be grateful to them
For every kindness, but not trust them further
Than they deserve;—and in all else rely—
On our own hearts!

MAX. O! shall we e'er be happy?

THEKLA.
Are we not happy now? Art thou not mine!
Am I not thine? There lives within my soul
A lofty courage—'tis love gives it me!
I ought to be less open—ought to hide
My heart more from thee—so decorum dictates
But who in this place couldst thou seek for truth,
If in my mouth thou dirst not find it?

SCENE VI.

To them enters the Countess Tertsky.
COUNTESS (in a pressing manner).
Come!

My husband sends me for you—it is now
The latest moment.

[They not appearing to attend to what she says
she steps between them.

Part you!

THEKLA.
O, not yet!

It has been scarce a moment.

COUNTESS.
Ay! Then time
Flies swiftly with your Highness, Princess niece!

MAX. There is no hurry, aunt.

COUNTESS.
Away! away!
The folks begin to miss you. Twice already
His father has asked for him.

THEKLA.
Ha! his father!

COUNTESS.
You understand that, niece!

THEKLA.
Why needs he
To go at all to that society?
'Tis not his proper company. They may
Be worthy men, but he's too young for them.
In brief, he suits not such society.

COUNTESS.
You mean, you'd rather keep him wholly here?

THEKLA (with energy).
Yes! you have hit it, aunt! That is my meaning
Leave him here wholly! Tell the company—

COUNTESS.
What? have you lost your senses, niece?—
Count, you remember the conditions. Come!

MAX. (to THEKLA).
Lady, I must obey. Farewell, dear lady!

[THEKLA turns away from him with a quick motion.

What say you then, dear lady?

THEKLA (without looking at him).
Nothing. Go!

MAX. Can I, when you are angry—

[He draws up to her, their eyes meet, she stands
silent a moment, then throws herself into his
arms; she presses her fast to his heart.

COUNTESS.
Off! Heavens! if any one should come.
Hark! What's that noise! it comes this way.—Off!

MAX. tears himself away out of her arms, and goes.

The Countess accompanies him. THEKLA
follow: him with her eyes at first, walks restlessly across the room, then stops, and remains standing, lost in thought. A guitar lies on the table, she seizes it as by a sudden emotion, and after she has played a while an irregular and melancholy symphony, she falls gradually into the music, and sings.

THEKLA. (plays and sings).
The cloud doth gather, the Greenwood roar, Tho' damsel paces along the shore; The billows they tumble with might, with might; And she flings out her voice to the darksome night; Her bosom is swelling with sorrow; The world it is empty, the heart will die, There's nothing to wish for beneath the sky: Thou Holy One, call thy child away! 'Ve lived and loved, and that was to-day— Make ready my grave-clothes to-morrow.*

SCENE VII.
COUNTESS (returns), THEKLA.
COUNTESS.
Fie, lady niece! to throw yourself upon him, Like a poor gift to one who cares not for it, And so must be flung after him! For you, Duke Friedland's only child, I should have thought, It had been more beseeing to have shown yourself More chary of your person.

THEKLA (rising).
And what mean you?

* I found it not in my power to translate this song with literal fidelity, preserving at the same time the Alcaic Movement; and have therefore added the original with a prose translation. Some of my readers may be more fortunate.

THEKLA (spielt und singt).
Der Eichwald brauset, die Wolken ziehen, Das Meuhlein wandelt an Ufers Grun, Es bricht sich die Weile mit Macht, mit Macht, Und sie singt hinaus in die finste Nacht, Das Auge von Weinen getriebet, Das Herz ist gestorben, die Welt ist leer, Und weiter geht sie dem Wunsche nichts mehr. Du Heilige, rufe dein Kind zuruck, Ich habe genossen das irdische Glick, Ich habe gelebt und gelebet.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.
THEKLA (plays and sings).
The oak-forest billows, the clouds gather, the damsel walks to and fro on the green of the shore: the wave breaks with might, with might, and she sings out into the dark night, her eye discolored with weeping: the heart is dead, the world is empty, and further gives it nothing more to the wish. Thou Holy One, call thy child home. I have enjoyed the happiness of this world, I have lived and have loved. I cannot but add here an imitation of this song, with which the author of "The Tale of Rosamund Gray and Blind Margaret" has favored me, and which appears to me to have caught the happiest manner of our old ballads.

The clouds are blackening, the storms threaten, The cavern doth mutter, the Greenwood moan; Billows are breaking, the damsel's heart aching, Thos in the dark night she singeth alone, Her eye upward roving: The world is empty, the heart is dead surely, In this world plainly all meemeth smite; To thy heaven, Holy One, take home thy little one. I have partaken of all-earth's bliss Both living and loving.

O

COUNTESS.
I mean, niece, that you should not have forgotten Who you are, and who he is. But perchance That never once occurred to you.

THEKLA.
What then?

COUNTESS.
That you're the daughter of the Prince, Duke Friedland.

THEKLA.
Well—and what farther?

COUNTESS.
What? a pretty question!

THEKLA.
He was born that which we have but become His's of an ancient Lombard family Son of a reigning princess.

COUNTESS.
Are you dreaming?

THEKLA.
Talking in sleep? An excellent jest, forsooth! We shall no doubt right courteously entreat him To honor with his hand the richest heiress In Europe.

THEKLA.
That will not be necessary.

COUNTESS.
Methinks 'twere well though not to run the hazard.

THEKLA.
His father loves him: Count Octavio Will interpose no difficulty——

COUNTESS.
His!

THEKLA.
His father! His! but yours, niece, what of yours?

COUNTESS.
Why I begin to think you fear his father, So anxiously you hide it from the man! His father, his, I mean.

COUNTESS (looks at her as scrutinizing).
Niece, you are false.

THEKLA.
Are you then wounded? O, be friends with me!

COUNTESS.
You hold your game for won already. Do not Triumph too soon!—

THEKLA (interrupting her, and attempting to soothe her).
Nay, now, be friends with me.

COUNTESS.
It is not yet so far gone.

THEKLA.
I believe you.

COUNTESS.
Did you suppose your father had laid out His most important life in toils of war, Denied himself each quiet earthly bliss, Had banish'd slumber from his tent, devoted His noble head to care, and for this only, To make a happier pair of you? At length To draw you from your convent, and conduct In easy triumph to your arms the man That chanced to please your eyes! All this, methinks He might have purchased at a cheaper rate.

THEKLA.
That which he did not plant for me might yet Bear me fair fruitage of its own accord. And if my friendly and affectionate fate,
Out of his fearful and enormous being,
Will but prepare the joys of life for me—

COUNTESS.
Thou see'st it with a lovelorn maiden's eyes.
Cast thine eye round, bethink thee who thou art.
Into no house of joynance hast thou stepp'd,
For no espousals dost thou find the walls
Deck'd out, no guess the nuptial garland wearing.
Here is no splendor but of arms. Or think'st thou
That all these thousands are here congregated
To lead up the long dances at thy wedding?
Thou seest th'father's forehead full of thought,
Thy mother's eye in tears: upon the balance
Lies the great destiny of all our house.
Leave now the puny wish, the girlish feeling,
O thrust it far behind thee! Give thou proof,
Thou'rt the daughter of the Mighty—his
Who where he moves creates the wonderful.
Not to herself the woman must belong,
Annex'd and bound to alien destinies:
But she performs the best part, she the wisest,
Who can transmute the alien into self,
Meet and disarm necessity by choice;
And what must be, take freely to her heart,
And bear and foster it with mother's love.

THEKLA.
Such ever was my lesson in the convent.
I had no loves, no wishes, knew myself
Only as his—his daughter, his, the Mighty!
His fame, the echo of whose blast drove to me
From the far distance, waken'd in my soul
No other thought than this—I am appointed
To offer up myself in passiveness to him.

COUNTESS.
That is thy fate. Mould thou thy wishes to it.
I and thy mother gave thee the example.

THEKLA.
My fate hath shown me him, to whom behoves it
That I should offer up myself. In gladness
Him will I follow.

COUNTESS.
Not thy fate hath shown him!
Thy heart, say rather—'twas thy heart, my child!

THEKLA.
Fate hath no voice but the heart's impulses.
I am all his! His present—his alone,
Is this new life, which lives in me? He hath
A right to his own creature. 'What was I
Ere his fair love infused a soul into me?

COUNTESS.
Thou wouldst oppose thy father then, should he
Have otherwise determined with thy person?
[THEKLA remains silent. The COUNTESS continues.
Thou mean'st to force him to thy liking?—Child,
His name is Friedland.

THEKLA.
My name too is Friedland.
He shall have found a genuine daughter in me.

COUNTESS.
What! he has vanquish'd all impediment,
And in the wilful mood of his own daughter
Shall a new struggle rise for him? Child! child!
As yet thou hast seen thy father's smiles alone;
The eye of his rage thou hast not seen. Dear child,
I will not frighten thee. To that extreme,
I trust, it ne'er shall come. His will is yet
Unknown to me; 'tis possible his aims
May have the same direction as thy wish.
But this can never, never be his will
That thou, the daughter of his haughty fortunes
Should'st e'er demean thee as a love-sick maiden
And like some poor cost-nothing, fling thyself
Toward the man, who, if that high prize ever
Be destined to await him, yet, with sacrifices
The highest love can bring, must pay for it.

[Exit COUNTESS.

THEKLA (who during the last speech had been standing
obviously lost in her reflections).
I thank thee for the hint. It turns
My sad predestination to certainty;
And it is so!—Not one friend have we here,
Not one true heart! we've nothing but ourselves!
O she said rightly—no suspicious signs
Beam on this covenant of our affections.
This is no theatre, where hope abides:
The dull thick noise of war alone stirs here;
And Love himself, as he were arm'd in steel,
Steps forth, and guards him for the strike of death.

[Music from the banquet-room is heard
There's a dark spirit walking in our house,
And swiftly will the Destiny close on us.
It drove me hither from my calm asylum,
It mocks my soul with charming witchery,
It lure's me forward in a seraph's shape;
I see it near, I see it nearer floating,
It draws, it pulls with a godlike power—
And lo! the abyss—and thither am I moving—
I have no power within me not to move!
(The music from the banquet-room becomes louder
O when a house is doom'd in fire to perish,
Many and dark, heaven drives his clouds together.
Yea, shoots his lightnings down from sunny heights,
Flames burst from out the subterraneous chasms,
*And fiends and angels mingling in their fury,
Sling fire-brands at the burning edifice.

[Exit THEKLA.

SCENE VIII

A large Saloon lighted up with festival Splendor; in
the midst of it, and in the Centre of the Stage, a
Table richly set out, at which eight Generals are
sitting, among whom are OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI,
TERTSKY, and MARADAS. Right and left of this,
but farther back, two other Tables, at each of which
six Persons are placed. The Middle Door, which
is standing open, gives to the Prospect a fourth
Table, with the same Number of Persons. More
forward stands the Sideboard. The whole front of
the Stage is kept open for the Pages and Servants in
waiting. All is in motion. The Band of Music
belonging to TERTSKY'S Regiment march across the
Stage, and draw up round the Tables. Before they
are quite off from the Front of the Stage, MAX.
PICCOLOMINI appears, TERTSKY advances towards

* There are few, who will not have taste enough to laugh
at the two concluding lines of this soliloquy; and still fewer, I
would fain hope, who would not have been more disposed to
shudder, had I given a faithful translation. For the readers of
German I have added the origin.:

Blind-während schreckt selbst der Gott der Freude
Den Pechkranz in das brennende Gebäude.
TERTSKY, ISOLANI, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

Here brother, what we love! Why, where hast been?
Off to thy place—quick! Tertsky here has given
The mother's holiday wine up to free booty.
Here it goes on as at the Heidelberg castle.
Already fast thou lost the best. They're giving
At yonder table ducal crowns in shares;
There Sternberg's lands and chattels are put up,
With Eggenberg's, Stawata's, Lichtenstein's,
And all the great Bohemian feudalities.
Be nimble, lad! and something may turn up
For thee—who knows? off—to thy place! quick!
march!

TERTSKY.

Stop, ye shall have him in an instant.—Read
This oath here, whether as 'tis here set forth,
The wording satisfies you. They've all read it,
Each in his turn, and each one will subscribe
His individual signature.

MAX. (reads).

"Ingratis servire nefas."

ISOLOMI.

That sounds to my ears very much like Latin,
And being interpreted, pray what may 't mean?

TERTSKY.

No honest man will serve a thankless master.

MAX.

"Inasmuch as our supreme Commander, the illustrious Duke of Friedland, in consequence of the manifold affronts and grievances which he has received, has expressed his determination to quit the Emperor, but on our unanimous entreaty has graciously consented to remain still with the army, and not to part from us without our approbation thereof, so we, collectively and each in particular, in the stead of an oath personally taken, do hereby oblige ourselves—likewise by him honorably and faithfully to hold, and in nowise whatsoever from him to part, and to be ready to shed for his interests the last drop of our blood, so far, namely, as our oath to the Emperor will permit. (These last words are repeated by Isolani.) In testimony of which we subscribe our names."

TERTSKY.

Now!—are you willing to subscribe this paper?

ISOLOMI.

Why should he not? All officers of honor
Can 'zit, ay, must do it.—Pen and ink here!

TERTSKY.

Nay, let it rest till after meal.

ISOLOMI (drawing Max. along).

Come, Max.

(Both seat themselves at their table.)

SCENE IX.

TERTSKY, NEUMANN.

TERTSKY (beckons to Neumann who is waiting at the side-table, and steps forward with him to the edge of the stage).

Have you the copy with you, Neumann? Give it. It may be changed for the other!

NEUMANN.

I have copied it.

Letter by letter, line by line; no eye
Would e'er discover other difference,
Save only the omission of that clause,
According to your Excellency's order.

TERTSKY.

Right! lay it yonder, and away with this—
It has perform'd its business—to the fire with it—
[Neumann lays the copy on the table, and steps back again to the side-table.]

SCENE X.

ILLO (comes out from the second chamber), TERTSKY.

ILLO.

How goes it with young Piccolomini?

TERTSKY.

All right, I think. He has started no objection.

ILLO.

He is the only one I fear about—
He and his father. Have an eye on both!

TERTSKY.

How looks it at your table? you forget not
To keep them warm and stirring?

ILLO.

O, quite cordial.

They are quite cordial in the scheme. We have them.
And 'tis as I predicted too. Already
It is the talk, not merely to maintain
The Duke in station. "Since we're once for all
Together and unanimous, why not,"
Says Montecuculi, "ay, why not onward,
And make conditions with the Emperor
There in his own Vienna?" Trust me, Count,
Were it not for these said Piccolomini,
We might have spared ourselves the cheat.

TERTSKY.

And Butler

How goes it there? Hush!

SCENE XI.

To them enter BUTLER from the second table.

BUTLER.

Don't disturb yourselves.

Field Marshal, I have understood you perfectly.
Good luck be to the scheme; and as for me,
[With an air of mystery.

You may depend upon me.

ILLO (with vivacity).

May we, Butler?

BUTLER.

With or without the clause, all one to me!

You understand me? My fidelity
The Duke may put to any proof—I'm with him!
Tell him so! I'm the Emperor's officer,
As long as 'tis his pleasure to remain
The Emperor's general! and Friedland's servant,
As soon as it shall please him to become
His own lord.

**TERTSKY.**
You would make a good exchange.
No stern economist, no Ferdinand,
Is he to whom you plight your services.

**BUTLER (with a haughty look).**
I do not put up my fidelity
To sale, Count Tertskey! Half a year ago
I would not have advised you to have made me
An overture to that, to which I now
Offer myself of my own free accord.—
But that is past! and to the Duke, Field Marshal,
I bring myself together with my regiment.
And mark you, 'tis my humor to believe,
The example which I give will not remain
Without an influence.

**ILLO.**
Who is ignorant,
That the whole army look to Colonel Butler,
As to a light that moves before them?

**BUTLER.**
Ey?
Then I repent me not of that fidelity
Which for the length of forty years I held,
If in my sixtieth year my old good name
Can purchase for me a revenge so foul.
Start not at what I say, sir Generals!
My real motives—they concern not you.
And you yourselves, I trust, could not expect
That this your game had crook'd my judgment—or
That fickleness, quick blood, or such like cause,
Has driven the old man from the track of honor,
Which he so long had trodden.—Come, my friends!
I'm not thereto determined with less firmness,
Because I know and have look'd steadily
At that on which I have determined.

**ILLO.**
Say,
And speak roundly, what are we to deem you?

**BUTLER.**
A friend! I give you here my hand! I'm your's
With all I have. Not only men, but money
Will the Duke want.—Go, tell him, sirs!
I've earn'd and laid up somewhat in his service.
I lend it him; and is he my survivor,
It has been already long ago bequeath'd him.
He is my heir. For me, I stand alone
Here in the world; naught know I of the feeling
That binds the husband to a wife and children.
My name dies with me, my existence ends.

**ILLO.**
'Tis not your money that he needs—a heart
Like yours weighs tons of gold down, weighs down millions!

**BUTLER.**
I came a simple soldier's boy from Ireland
To Prague—and with a master, whom I buried.
From lowest stable duty I climb'd up,
Such was the fate of war, to this high rank,
The plaything of a whimsical good fortune.
And Wallenstein too is a child of luck;
love a fortune that is like my own.

**ILLO.**
All powerful souls have kindred with each other

**BUTLER.**
This is an awful moment! to the brave,
To the determined, an auspicious moment.
The Prince of Weimar arms, upon the Maine
To found a mighty dukedom. He of Halberstadt,
That Mansfeld, wanted but a longer life
To have mark'd out with his good sword a lordship
That should reward his courage. Who of these
Equals our Friedland? there is nothing, nothing
So high, but he may set the ladder to it!

**TERTSKY.**
That's spoken like a man!

**BUTLER.**
Do you secure the Spaniard and Italian—
I'll be your warrant for the Scotchman Lesly.
Come, to the company!

**TERTSKY.**
Where is the master of the cellar? Ho!
Let the best wines come up. Ho! cheerly, boy!
Luck comes today, so give her hearty welcome.

[Exeunt, each to his table.

---

**SCENE XII.**

**The Master of the Cellar advancing with Neumann.**

**Servants passing backwards and forwards.**

**Master of the Cellar.**

The best wine! O: if my old-mistress, his lady mother,
could but see these wild goings on, she would
turn herself round in her grave. Yes, yes, sir officer.
'tis all down the hill with this noble house! no end,
no moderation! And this marriage with the Duke's
sister, a splendid connexion, a very splendid connexion!
but I will tell you, sir officer, it looks no good.

**Neumann.**

Heaven forbid! Why, at this very moment the whole
prospect is in bud and blossom!

**Master of the Cellar.**

You think so?—Well, well! much may be said
on that head.

**First Servant (comes).**

Burgundy for the fourth table.

**Master of the Cellar.**

Now, sir lieutenant, if this isn't the seventeenth flask—

**First Servant.**

Why, the reason is, that German lord, Tiefen-
bach, sits at that table.

**Master of the Cellar (continuing his discourse
to Neumann).**

They are soaring too high. They would rival
kings and electors in their pomp and splendor;
and wherever the Duke leaps, not a minute does my gra-
cious master, the count, loiter on the brink—(to the
Sercants.)—What do you stand there listening for? I
will let you know you have legs presently. Off! see
to the tables, see to the flasks! Look there! Count
Palfi has an empty glass before him!

**Runner (comes).**

The great service-cup is wanted, sir; that rich
gold cup with the Bohemian arms on it. The Count
says you know which it is.

**Master of the Cellar.**

Ay! that was made for Frederick's coronation by

---

154
the artist William—there was not such another prize in the whole booty at Prague.

RUNNER.
The same!—a health is to go round in him.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR (shaking his head while he fetches and rinses the cups).

This will be something for the tale-bearers—this goes to Vienna.

NEUMANN.
Permit me to look at it.—Well, this is a cup indeed! How heavy! as well as it may be, being all gold.—And what neat things are embossed on it! How natural and elegant they look!—There, on that first quarter, let me see. That proud Amazon there on horseback, she that is taking a leap over the crosier and mitres, and carries on a wand a hat together with a banner, on which there's a goblet represented. Can you tell me what all this signifies?

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.
The woman whom you see here on horseback, is the Free Election of the Bohemian Crown. That is signified by the round hat, and by that fiery steed on which she is riding. The hat is the pride of man; for he who cannot keep his hat on before kings and emperors is no free man.

NEUMANN.
But what is the cup there on the banner?

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.
The cup signifies the freedom of the Bohemian Church, as it was in our forefathers' times. Our forefathers in the wars of the Hussites forced from the Pope this noble privilege: for the Pope, you know, will not grant the cup to any layman. Your true Moravian values nothing beyond the cup; it is his costly jewel, and has cost the Bohemians their precious blood in many and many a battle.

NEUMANN.
And what says that chart that hangs in the air there, over it all?

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.
That signifies the Bohemian letter-royal, which we forced from the Emperor Rudolph—a precious, never to be enough valued parchment, that secures to the new church the old privileges of free ringing, on open psalmody. But since he of Steirkmar has ruled over us, that is at an end; and after the battle at Prague, in which Count Palatine Frederick lost crown and empire, our faith hangs upon the pulpit and the altar—and our brethren look at their homes over their shoulders; but the letter-royal the Emperor himself cut to pieces with his scissors.

NEUMANN.
Why, my good master of the cellar! you are deep read in the chronicles of your country!

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.
So were my forefathers, and for that reason were they minstrels, and served under Procopius and Ziska. Peace be with their ashes! Well, well! they fought o a good cause enough—There! carry it up!

NEUMANN.
Stay! let me but look at this second quarter. Look here! That is, when at Prague Castle the Imperial Counsellors, Martinitz and Stawata, were hurled down head over heels. 'Tis even so! there stands Count Thur, who commands it.

[Runner takes the service-cup and goes off with it.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.
O let me never more hear of that day. It was the three-and-twentieth of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand, six hundred, and eighteen. It seems to me as it were but yesterday—from that unlucky day it all began, all the heart-aches of the country. Since that day it is now sixteen years, and there has never once been peace on the earth.

The Prince of Weimar! Hurra!

[HEALTH DRUNK ALOUD AT THE SECOND TABLE]

[At the third and fourth table]

Long live Prince William! Long live Duke Bernard!

HURRA!

FIRST SERVANT.
Hear 'em! Hear 'em! What an uproar!

SECOND SERVANT (comes in running).

Did you hear? They have drunk the prince of Weimar's health.

THIRD SERVANT.
The Swedish Chief Commander!

FIRST SERVANT (speaking at the same time).

The Lutheran!

SECOND SERVANT.
Just before, when Count Deodate gave out the Emperor's health, they were all as mumm as a nibbling mouse.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.
Poo, po! When the wine goes in, strange things come out. A good servant hears, and hears not!—You should be nothing but eyes and feet, except when you are called to.

SECOND SERVANT.
[To the Runner, to whom he gives secretly a flask of wine, keeping his eye on the Master of the Cellar, standing between him and the Runner.

Quick, Thomas! before the Master of the Cellar runs this way—'tis a flask of Frontignac!—Snapped it up at the third table—Carst go off with it! 

RUNNER (hides it in his pocket).

All right!

(EXIT THE SECOND SERVANT)

THIRD SERVANT (aside to the First).

Be on the look, Jack! that we may have right plenty to tell to master Quivoga—He will give us right plenty of abolution in return for it.

FIRST SERVANT.
For that very purpose I am always having something to do behind filo's chair.—He is the man for speeches to make you stare with.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR (to NEUMANN).
Who, pray, may that swarthy man be, he with the cross, that is chatting so confidentially with Esterhats?

NEUMANN.
Ay! he too is one of those to whom they confide too much. He calls himself Maradas, a Spaniard is he.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR (impatiently).
Spaniard! Spaniard!—I tell you, friend, nothing good comes of these Spaniards. All these outlandish fellows* are little better than rogues.

* There is a humor in the original which cannot be given in the translation. UeWissensclie Affe," etc. which word in classical German means the Italians alone; but in its first sense, and at present in the vulgar use of the word, signifies foreigners in general. Our word Walnuts, I suppose, means outland's nuts—Walme nüthe, in German "Welsche Nüsse."
NEWMANN.

Fy, fy! you should not say so, friend. There are among them our very best generals, and those on whom the Duke at this moment relies the most.

MASTERS OF THE CELLAR.

TAKING THE FLASK OUT OF THE RUNNER'S POCKET.

My son, it will be broken to pieces in your pocket.

[TERTSKY HURRIES IN, FETCHES AWAY THE PAPER, AND CALLS TO A SERVANT FOR PEN AND INK, AND GOES TO THE BACK OF THE STAGE.

MASTERS OF THE CELLAR (TO THE SERVANTS).

The lieutenant-general stands up—Be on the watch—Now! They break up—Off, and move back the forms.


SCENE XIII.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI ENTERS INTO CONVERSATION WITH MARADAS, AND BOTH PLACE THEMSELVES QUITE ON THE EDGE OF THE STAGE ON ONE SIDE OF THE PROSCENIUM.

ON THE SIDE DIRECTLY OPPOSITE, MAX. PICCOLOMINI, BY HIMSELF, LOST IN THOUGHT, AND TAKING NO PART IN ANY THING THAT IS GOING FORWARD. THE MIDDLE SPACE BETWEEN BOTH, BUT RATHER MORE DISTANT FROM THE EDGE OF THE STAGE, IS FILLED UP BY BUTLER, ISOLANI, GOETZ, TIEFENBACH, AND KOLATTO.

ISOLANI (WHILE THE COMPANY IS COMING FORWARD).

Good night, good night, Kolatto! Good night, lieutenant-general!—I should rather say, good morning.

GOETZ (TO TIEFENBACH).

Noble brother! (making the usual compliment after meals).

TIEFENBACH.

Ay! 'twas a royal feast indeed.

GOETZ.

Yes, my lady countess understands these matters. Her mother-in-law, Heaven rest her soul, taught her!—Ah! that was a housewife for you!

TIEFENBACH.

There was not her like in all Bohemia for setting out a table.

OCTAVIO (ASIDE TO MARADAS).

Do me the favor to talk to me—talk of what you will—or of nothing. Only preserve the appearance at least of talking. I would not wish to stand by myself, and yet I conjecture that there will be going on here worthy of our attentive observation. (He continues to fix his eye on the whole following scene).

ISOLANI (ON THE POINT OF GOING).

Lights! lights!

TERTSKY (ADVANCING WITH THE PAPER TO ISOLANI).

No! noble brother; two minutes longer!—Here is something to subscribe.

ISOLANI.

Subscribe as much as you like—but you must excuse me from reading it.

TERTSKY.

There is no need. It is the oath, which you have already read.—Only a few marks of your pen!

[ISOLANI HANDS OVER THE PAPER TO OCTAVIO RESPECTFULLY.

TERTSKY.

Nay, nay, first come first served. There is no pere-cedence here. (Octavio runs over the paper with apparent indifference. Tertsky watches him at some distance).

GOETZ (TO TERTSKY).

Noble count! with your permission—Good night.

TERTSKY.

Where's the hurry! Come, one other composing draught. (To the servants)—Ho!

GOETZ.

Excuse me—an't able.

TERTSKY.

A thimble-full!

GOETZ.

Excuse me.

TIEFENBACH (SITTING DOWN).

Pardon me, nobles!—This standing does not agree with me.

TERTSKY.

Consult only your own convenience, general.

TIEFENBACH.

Clear at head, sound in stomach—only my legs won't carry me any longer.

ISOLANI (POINTING AT HIS CORPULENCE).

Poor legs! how should they! such an unmerciful load! (Octavio subscribes his name, and reaches over the paper to Tertsy, who gives it to Isolani; and he goes to the table to sign his name).

TIEFENBACH.

'T was that war in Pomerania that first brought it on. Out in all weather—ice and snow—no help for it. I shall never get the better of it all the days of my life.

GOETZ.

Why, in simple verity, your Swede makes no nice inquiries about the season.

TERTSKY (OBSERVING ISOLANI, WHOSE HAND TREMbles excessively, SO THAT HE CAN SCARCE DIRECT HIS PEN). Have you had that ugly complaint long, noble brother?—Dispatch it.

ISOLANI.

The sins of youth! I have already tried the chalybetic waters. Well—I must bear it.

[TERTSKY GIVES THE PAPER TO MARADAS; HE STEPS TO THE TABLE TO SIGN IT.

OCTAVIO (ADVANCING TO BUTLER).

You are not over-fond of the orgies of Bacchus, colonel! I have observed it. You would, I think, find yourself more to your liking in the uproar of battle, than of a feast.

BUTLER.

I must confess, 'tis not in my way.

OCTAVIO (STEPPING NEATER TO HIM FRIENDLILY).

Nor in mine either; I can assure you; and I am not a little glad, my much-honored colonel Butler, that we agree so well in our opinions. A half-dozen good friends at most, at a small round table, a glass of genuine Tokay, open hearts, and a rational conversation—thats my taste!

BUTLER.

And mine too, when it can be had.

[THE PAPER comes to TIEFENBACH, who glances over it at the same time with GOETZ an KOLATTO. MARADAS IN THE MEAN TIME RETURNS TO OCTAVIO. ALL THIS HAPPENS, THE CONVERSATION WITH BUTLER PROCEEDING WITHOUT INTERRUPTED.
THE PICCOLOMINI.

OCTAVIO (introducing MARADAS to BUTLER.

Don Balthasar Maradas! likewise a man of our stamp, and long ago your admirer. [Butler bows.

OCTAVIO (continuing).

You are a stranger here—twas but yesterday you arrived—you are ignorant of the ways and means here. 'Tis a wretched place—I know, at our age, one loves to be snug and quiet—What if you moved your lodgings?—Come, be my visitor. (Butler makes a low bow). Nay, without compliment!—For a friend like you, I have still a corner remaining.

BUTLER (coddly).

Your obliged humble servant, my Lord Lieutenant-General!

[THE PAPER COMES TO BUTLER, WHO GOES TO THE TABLE TO SUBSCRIBE IT. THE FRONT OF THE STAGE IS VACANT, SO THAT BOTH THE PICCOLOMINIS EACH ON THE SIDE WHERE HE HAD BEEN FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SCENE, REMAIN ALONE.

OCTAVIO (AFTER HAVING SOME TIME WATCHED HIS SON IN SILENCE, ADVANCES SOMEWHAT NEARER TO HIM). You were long absent from us, friend!

MAX. I—urgent business detained me.

OCTAVIO.

And, I observe, you are still absent!

MAX.

You know this crowd and bustle always makes me silent.

OCTAVIO (ADVANCING STILL NEARER).

May I be permitted to ask what the business was that detained you? Tertsky knows it without asking:

MAX.

What does Tertsky know?

OCTAVIO.

He was the only one who did not miss you.

ISOLANI (WHO HAS BEEN ATTENDING TO THEM FROM SOME DISTANCE, STEPS UP).

Well done, father! Rout out his baggage! Beat up his quarters! there is something there that should not be.

TERTSKY (WITH THE PAPER).

Is there none wanting? Have the whole subscribed?

OCTAVIO.

All.

TERTSKY (CALLING ALoud)

Ho! Who subscribes?

BUTFY (TO TERTSKY).

Count the names! There ought to be just thirty TERTSKY.

Here is a cross.

TIEFENBACH.

That's my mark.

ISOLANI.

He cannot write; but his cross is a good cross, and is honored by Jews as well as Christians.

OCTAVIO (PRESSING ON TO MAX).

Come, General! let us go. It is late.

TERTSKY.

One Piccolomini only has signed.

ISOLANI (POINTING TO MAX).

Look! that is your man, that statue there, who has had neither eye, ear, nor tongue for us the whole evening. (Max. receives the paper from TERTSKY, which he looks upon vacantly).

SCENE XIV.

To these enter ILLO FROM THE INNER ROOM. He has in his hand the golden service-cup, and is extremely distempered with drinking: Goetz and Butler follow him, endeavoring to keep him back.

ILLO.

What do you want? Let me go.

GOETZ AND BUTLER.

Drink no more, Illo! For heaven's sake, drink no more.

ILLO (GOES UP TO OCTAVIO, AND SHAKES HIM CORDIALLY BY THE HAND, AND THEN DRINKS).

Octavio! I bring this to you! Let all grudge be drowned in this friendly bowl! I know well enough, ye never loved me—Devil take me!—and I never loved you!—I am always even with people in that way!—Let what's past be past—that is, you understand—forgotten! I esteem you infinitely. (Embracing him repeatedly). You have not a dearer friend on earth than I—but that you know. The fellow that cries rogue to you calls me villain—and I'll strangle him!—my dear friend!

TERTSKY (WHISPERING TO HIM).

Art in thy senses? For heaven's sake, Illo, think where you are!

ILLO (ALOUD).

What do you mean?—There are none but friends here, are there? (Looks round the whole circle with a jolly and triumphant air.) Not a sneaker among us, thank Heaven!

TERTSKY (TO BUTLER, EAGERLY).

Take him off with you, force him off, I entreat you, Butler!

BUTLER (TO ILLO).

Field Marshal! a word with you. (Leads him to the sideboard.)

ILLO (CORDIALLY).

A thousand for one; fill it once more up to the brim.—To this gallant man's health!

ISOLANi (TO MAX, WHO ALL THE WHILE HAS BEEN STARING ON THE PAPER WITH FIXED BUT VACANT EYES)

Slow and sure, my noble brother!—Has parsed it all yet?—Some words yet to go through?—Ha!—

MAX. (WAKING AS FROM A DREAM).

What am I to do?

TERTSKY, AND AT THE SAME TIME ISOLANI.

Sign your name. (OCTAVIO DIRECTS HIS EYES ON HIM WITH INTENSE ANXIETY.

MAX. (RETURNS THE PAPER).

Let it stay till to-morrow. It is business—to-day I am not sufficiently collected. Send it to me to-morrow.

TERTSKY.

Nay, collect yourself a little.

ISOLANI.

Awake, man! awake!—Come, thy signature, and have done with it! What? Thou art the youngest in the whole company, and wouldst be wiser than all of us together? Look there! thy father has signed—we have all signed.

TERTSKY (TO OCTAVIO).

Use your influence. Instruct him.

OCTAVIO.

My son is at the age of discretion.

ILLO (LEAVES THE SERVICE-CUP ON THE SIDEBOARD).

What's the dispute?

21
C. TERTSKY.
He declines subscribing the paper.
MAX.
I say, it may as well stay till to-morrow.
ILLO.
It cannot stay. We, have all subscribed to it—and so must you.—You must subscribe.
MAX.
ILLO, good night!

What my sentiments are towards the Duke, the Duke knows, every one knows—what need of this wild stuff?

ILLO.
This is the thanks the Duke get for his partiality to Italians and foreigners.—Us Bohemians he holds for little better than dullards—nothing pleases him but what’s outlandish.

TERTSKY (in extreme embarrassment, to the Commanders, who at ILLO’s words give a sudden start, as preparing to resent them).
It is the wine that speaks, and not his reason. Attend not to him, I entreat you.
ISOLANI (with a bitter laugh).
Wine invents nothing: it only tattles.
ILLO.
He who is not with me is against me. Your tender consciences! Unless they can slip out by a back-door, by a puny proviso——

TERTSKY (interrupting him).
He is stark mad—don’t listen to him!
ILLO (raising his voice to the highest pitch).
Unless they can slip out by a proviso.—What of the proviso? The devil take this proviso!
MAX. (has his attention raised, and looks again into the paper).
What is there here then of such perilous import? You make me curious—1 must look closer at it.
TERTSKY (in a low voice to ILLO).
What are you doing, Illo? You are ruining us.
TIEFENBACH (to KOLATTO).
Ay, ay! I observed, that before we sat down to supper, it was read differently.
GOETZ.
Why, I seemed to think so too.
ISOLANI.
What do I care for that? Where there stand other names, mine can stand too.

TIEFENBACH.
Before supper there was a certain proviso therein, or short clause concerning our duties to the Emperor.

BUTLER (to one of the Commanders).
For shame, for shame! Béthink you. What is the main business here? The question now is, whether we shall keep our General, or let him retire. One must not take these things too nicely and over-accurpulosity.

ISOLANI (to one of the Generals).
Did the Duke make any of these provisos when he gave you your regiment?
TERTSKY (to Goetz).
Or when he gave you the office of army-purveyancer, which brings you in yearly a thousand pistoles!

ILLO.
He is a rascal who makes us out to be rogues. If there be any one that wants satisfaction, let him say so,—I am his man.

TIEFENBACH.
Softly, softly! ’T was but a word or two.
MAX. (having read the paper gives it back).
Till to-morrow, therefore!
ILLO (stammering with rage and fury, loses all command over himself, and presents the paper to MAX. with one hand, and his sword in the other).
Subscribe—Judas!

ISOLANI.
Out upon you, Illo!

OCTAVIO, TERTSKY, BUTLER (all together).
Down with the sword!
MAX. (rushes on him suddenly and disarms him, then to Count TERTSKY).
Take him off to bed.
[Max. leaves the stage. ILLO cursing and railing is held back by some of the Officers, and amidst a universal confusion the Curtain drops.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Chamber in Piccolomini’s Mansion.—It is Night.
OCTAVIO Piccolomini. A Valet de Chambre, with Lights.
OCTAVIO.
—And when my son comes in, conduct him hither. What is the hour?
VALET.
’Tis on the point of morning.
OCTAVIO.
Set down the light. We mean not to undress You may retire to sleep.
[Exit Valet. OCTAVIO paces, musing, across the chamber; Max. Piccolomini enters unobserved, and looks at his father for some moments in silence.

MAX.
Art thou offended with me? Heaven knows That odious business was no fault of mine. ’Tis true, indeed, I saw thy signature. What thou hast sanction’d, should not, it might seem, Have come amiss to me. But—’tis my nature— Thou know’st that in such matters I must follow My own light, not another’s.

OCTAVIO (goes up to him, and embraces him). Follow it,
O follow it still further, my best son! To-night, dear boy! it hath more faithfully Guided thee than the example of thy father.
MAX.
Declare thyself less darkly.
OCTAVIO.
I will do so.
For after what has taken place this night. There must remain no secrets ’twixt us two.
[Both seat themselves.

MAX. Piccolomini! what thinkest thou of The oath that was sent round for signatures?
MAX.
I hold it for a thing of harmless import, Although I love not these set declarations.
THE PICCOLOMINI.

149

OCTAVIO.

And on no other ground hast thou refused
The signature they fain had wrested from thee?

MAX.

It was a serious business—I was absent—
The affair itself seemed not so urgent to me.

OCTAVIO.

Be open, Max. Thou hast then no suspicion?

MAX.

Suspicion! what suspicion? Not the least.

OCTAVIO.

Thank thy good Angel, Piccolomini:
He drew thee back unconscious from the abyss.

MAX.

I know not what thou meanest.

OCTAVIO.

Patient! Seat yourself. Much yet
Hast thou to hear from me, friend!—hast for years
Lived in incomprehensible illusion.
Before thine eyes is Treason drawing out
As black a web as e'er was spun for venom:
A power of hell o'ercasts thy understanding.
I dare no longer stand in silence—dare
No longer see thee wandering on in darkness,
Nor pluck the bandage from thine eyes.

MAX.

My father! Yet, ere thou spakest, a moment's pause of thought
If your disclosures should appear to be
Conjectures only—and almost I fear
They will be nothing further—spare them! I
Am not in that collected mood at present,
That I could listen to them quietly.

OCTAVIO.

The deeper cause thou hast to hate this light,
The more impatient cause have I, my son,
To force it on thee. To the innocence
And wisdom of thy heart I could have trusted thee
With calm assurance—but I see the net
Preparing—and it is thy heart itself.
Alarms me for thine innocence—that secret,
[Fixing his eye stoofastly on his son's face.]
Which thou concealest, forces mine from me.

MAX. attempts to answer, but hesitates, and casts
his eyes to the ground embarrassed.

OCTAVIO (after a pause).

Know, then, they are duping thee!—a most foul
Game
With thee and with us all—nay, hear me calmly
The value even now is playing. He assumes
The mask, as if he would forsake the army;
And in this moment makes he preparations
That army from the Emperor to steal,
And carry it over to the enemy!

MAX.

That low Priest's legend I know well, but did not
Expect to hear it from thy mouth.

OCTAVIO.

That mouth,

From which thou hearest it at this present moment,
Doth warrant thee that it is no Priest's legend.

MAX.

How mere a maniac they supposed the Duke!
What, can he meditate?—the Duke?—can dream
That he can lure away full thirty thousand
Tired troops and true, all honorable soldiers,
More than a thousand noblemen among them,
From oaths, from duty, from their honor lure them,
And make them all unanimous to do
A deed that brands them scoundrels?

OCTAVIO.

Such a deed,
With such a front of infamy, the Duke
Noways desires—what he requires of us
Bears a far gentler appellation. Nothing
He wishes, but to give the Empire peace.
And so, because the Emperor hates this peace,
Therefore the Duke—the Duke will force him to it,
All parts of the empire will he pacify,
And for his trouble will retain in payment
(What he has already in his gripe)—Bohemia!

MAX.

Has he, Octavio, merited of us,
That we—that we should think so vilely of him?

OCTAVIO.

What we would think is not the question here,
The affair speaks for itself—and clearest proofs!
Hear me, my son—it's not unknown to thee,
In what ill credit with the court we stand.
But little dost thou know, or guess, what tricks,
What base intrigues, what lying artifices,
Have been employed—for this sole end—to sow
Mutiny in the camp! All bands are loosed—
Loosed all the bands, that link the officer
To his liege Emperor, all that bind the soldier
Affectionately to the citizen.
Lawless he stands, and threateningly beleaguerers
The state he's bound to guard. To such a height
'Tis sworn, that at this hour the Emperor
Before his armies—his own armies—trembles;—
Yes, in his capital, his palace, fears
The traitors' poniards, and is meditating
To hurry off and hide his tender offspring—
Not from the Swedes, not from the Lutherans—
Not from his own troops hide and hurry them!

MAX.

Cease, cease! thou torturest, shatterest me. I know
That oft we tremble at an empty terror;
But the false phantasm brings a real misery.

OCTAVIO.

It is no phantasm. An intestine war,
Of all the most unnatural and cruel,
Will burst out into flames, if instantly
We do not fly and stifle it. The Generals
Are many of them long ago won over;
The subalterns are vacillating—whole
Regiments and garrisons are vacillating.
To foreigners our strong-holds are intrusted;
To that suspected Schafgotch is the whole
Force of Silesia given up: to Tersky
Five regiments, foot and horse—to Iolani,
To Illo, Kinsky, Butler, the best troops.

MAX.

Likewise to both of us.
OCTAVIO.
Believes he has secured us—means to lure us
Still further on by splendid promises.
To me he portions forth the princeoms, Glatz
And Sagan; and too plain I see the angel
With which he doubts not to catch thee.

MAX.
No! no! I tell thee—no!

OCTAVIO.
O open yet thine eyes!
And to what purpose think'st thou he has call'd us
Hither to Pilsen? to avail himself
Of our advice?—'O when did Friedland ever
Need our advice?—Be calm, and listen to me.
To sell ourselves are we called hither, and
Decline we that—to be his hostages.
Therefore doth noble Galas stand aloof;
Thy father, too, thou wouldst not have seen here,
If higher duties had not held him self'der.

MAX.
He makes no secret of it—needs make none—
That we're called hither for his sake—he owns it.
He needs our assiance to maintain himself—
He did so much for us; and 'tis but fair
That we too should do somewhat now for him.

OCTAVIO.
And know'st thou what it is which we must do?
That Illo's drunken mood betray'd it to thee.
Bethink thyself—what hast thou heard, what seen?
The counterfeited paper—the omission
Of that particular clause, so full of meaning,
Does it not prove, that they would bind us down
To nothing good?

MAX.
That counterfeited paper
Appears to me no other than a trick
Of Illo's own device. These underhand
Traders in great men's interests over use
To urge and hurry all things to the extreme.
They see the Duke at variance with the court,
And fondly think to serve him, when they widen
The breach irreparably. Trust me, father,
The Duke knows nothing of all this.

OCTAVIO.
It grieves me
That I must dash to earth, that I must shatter
A faith so specious! but I may not spare thee!
For this is not a time for tenderness.
Thou must take measures, speedy ones—must act.
I therefore will confess to thee, that all
Which I've intrusted to thee now—that all
Which seems to thee so unbelievable,
That—yes, I will tell thee—(a pause)—Max! I had it
All
From his own mouth—from the Duke's mouth I had it.

MAX. (in excessive agitation)
No!—no!—never!

OCTAVIO.
Himself confided to me
What I, 'tis true, had long before discover'd
By other means—himself confided to me,
That 'twas his settled plan to join the Swedes;
And, at the head of the united armies
Compel the Emperor—
THE PICCOLOMINI.

OCTAVIO.

MAX. (throws down the paper).
O this is too much! O unhappy error!

OCTAVIO.

Read on. Collect thyself.

MAX. (after he has read further, with a look of affright and astonishment on his father.)

How! what! Thou! thou

OCTAVIO.

But for the present moment, till the King
Of Hungary may safely join the army,
Is the command assign'd to me.

MAX.

And think'st thou
Dost thou believe, that thou wilt tear it from him?
O never hope it!—Father! father! father!
An inauspicious office is enjoin'd thee.
The paper here—this! and wilt thou enforce it?
The mighty in the middle of his host,
Surrounded by his thousands, him wouldst thou
Disarm—degrade! Thou art lost, both thou and all
of us.

OCTAVIO.

What hazard I incur thereby, I know.
In the great hand of God I stand. The Almighty
Will cover with his shield the Imperial house,
And shatter, in his wrath, the work of darkness.
The Emperor hath true servants still; and even
Here in the camp, there are enough brave men
Who for the good cause will fight gallantly.
The faithful have been warn'd—the dangerous
Are closely watch'd. I wait but the first step,
And then immediately——

MAX.

What! on suspicion?

OCTAVIO.

The Emperor is no tyrant.
The deed alone he'll punish, not the wish.
The Duke hath yet his destiny in his power.
Let him but leave the treason uncompleted,
He will be silently displaced from office,
And make way to his Emperor's royal son.
An honorable exile to his castles
Will be a benefaction to him rather
Than punishment. But the first open step——

MAX.

What callest thou such a step? A wicked step
Ne'er will he take; but thou mightest easily.
Yea, thou hast done it, misinterpret him.

OCTAVIO.

Nay, howsoever punishable were
Duke Friedland's purposes, yet still the steps
Which he hath taken openly, permit
A mild construction. It is my intention
To leave this paper wholly unenforced
Till some act is committed which convicts him
Of a high-treason, without doubt or plea.
And that shall sentence him.

MAX.

But who the judge?

OCTAVIO.

Thyself.

MAX.

For ever, then, this paper will lie idle
OCTAVIO.
Too soon, I fear, its powers must all be proved.
After the counter-promise of this evening,
It cannot be but he must deem himself
Secure of the majority with us;
And of the army's general sentiment
He hath a pleasing proof in that petition
Which thou delivered'st to him from the regiments.
Add this too—I have letters that the Rhinegrav
Hath changed his route, and travels by forced marches
To the Bohemian Forests. What this purports,
Remains unknown; and, to confirm suspicion,
This night a Swedish nobleman arrived here.

MAX.
I have thy word. Thou'lt not proceed to action
Before thou hast convinced me—me myself.

OCTAVIO.
Is it possible? Still, after all thou know'st,
Canst thou believe still in his innocence?

MAX. (with enthusiasm).
Thy judgment may mistake; my heart can not.
[Moderates his voice and manner.]

These reasons might expound thy spirit or mine;
But they expound not Friedland—I have faith:
For as he knits his fortunes to the stars,
Even so doth he resemble them in secret,
Wonderful, still inexplicable courses!
Trust me, they do him wrong. All will be solved.
These smokes at once will kindle into flame—
The edges of this black and stormy cloud
Will brighten suddenly, and we shall view
The unapproachable glide out in splendor.

I will await it.

SCENE II.

OCTAVIO and MAX. as before. To them the VALET OF THE CHAMBER.

OCTAVIO.
How now, then?

VALET.
A dispatch is at the door.

OCTAVIO.
So early! From whom comes he then? Who is it?

VALET.
That he refused to tell me.

OCTAVIO.
Lead him in:
And, hark you—let it not transpire.
[Exit VALET; the CORNET steps in.

OCTAVIO.
Ha! Cornet—is it you! and from Count Galas?
Give me your letters.

CORNET.
The Lieutenant-General
Trusted it not to letters.

OCTAVIO.
And what is it?

CORNET.
He bade me tell you—Dare I speak openly here?

OCTAVIO.
My son knows all

CORNET.
We have him.

OCTAVIO.
Whom?

CORNET.
Sesina,
The old negotiator.

OCTAVIO (eagerly).
And you have him?

CORNET.
In the Bohemian Forest Captain Mohrbrand
Found and secured him yester-morning early;
He was proceeding then to Regensburg,
And on him were dispatches for the Swede.

OCTAVIO.
And the dispatches—

CORNET.
The Lieutenant-General
Sent them that instant to Vienna, and
The prisoner with them.

OCTAVIO.
This is, indeed, a tiding!
That fellow is a precious asset to us,
Inclosing weighty things.—Was much found on him?

CORNET.
I think, six packets, with Count Tertsky's arms.

OCTAVIO.
None in the Duke's own hand?

CORNET.
Not that I know.

OCTAVIO.
And old Sesina?

CORNET.
He was sorely frighten'd,
When it was told him he must to Vienna.
But the Count Altringer bade him take heart,
Would he but make a full and free confession.

OCTAVIO.
Is Altringer then with your Lord? I heard
That he lay sick at Linz.

CORNET.
These three days past
He's with my master, the Lieutenant-General,
At Frunenbergh. Already have they sixty
Small companies together, chosen men;
Respectfully they greet you with assurances,
That they are only waiting your commands.

OCTAVIO.
In a few days may great events take place.
And when must you return?

CORNET.
I wait your orders.

OCTAVIO.
Remain till evening.
[CORNET signifies his assent and obedience, and is going.

No one saw you—ha?

CORNET.
No living creature. Through the cloister wicket
The Capuchins, as usual, let me in.

OCTAVIO.
Go, rest your limbs, and keep yourself conceal'd
I hold it probable, that yet ere evening
I shall dispatch you. The development
Of this affair approaches; ere the day,
That even now is dawning in the heaven.
SCENE III.

OCTAVIO and MAX. Piccolomini.

OCTAVIO.

Well—and what now, son! All will soon be clear;
For all, I'm certain, went through that Sesina.

MAX. (who through the whole of the foregoing scene has been in a violent and visible struggle of feelings at length starts as one resolved),

I will pacure me light a shorter way.

Farewell.

OCTAVIO.

Where now?—Remain here.

MAX.

To the Duke.

OCTAVIO (alarmed). What

MAX. (returning).

If thou hast believed that I shall act
A part in this thy play——
Thou hast miscarried on me grievously.
My way must be straight on. True with the tongue,
False with the heart—I may not, can not be:
Nor can I suffer that a man should trust me—
As his friend trust me—and then hurl my conscience
With such low pleas as these:—"I ask'd him not—
He did it all at his own hazard—and
My mouth has never lied to him."

—No, no, no!
What a friend takes me for, that I must be.
—I'll to the Duke; ere yet this day is ended,
Will I demand of him that he do save
His good name from the world, and with one stride
Break through and rend this fine-spun web of yours.
He can, he will!—I still am his believer.
Yet I'll not pledge myself, but that those letters
May furnish you, perchance, with proofs against him.
How far may not this Tersky have proceeded—
What may not he himself too have permitted
Himself to do, to shatter the enemy,
The laws of war excusing? Nothing, save
His own mouth, shall convict him—nothing less!
And face to face will I go question him.

OCTAVIO.

Thou wilt!

MAX.

I will, as sure as this heart beats

OCTAVIO.

have, indeed, miscarried on thee.
I calculated on a prudent son,
Who would have blest the hand beneficent
That pluck'd him back from the abyss—and lo!
A fascinated being I discover,
Whom his two eyes befoul, whom passion wilders,
Whom not the broadest light of noon can heal.
Go, question him!—Be mad enough, I pray thee.
The purpose of thy father, of thy Emperor,
Go, give it up free booty!—Force me, drive me
To an open breach before the time. And now,
Now that a miracle of heaven had guarded
My secret purpose even to this hour,
And laid to sleep Suspicion's piercing eyes,
Let me have lived to see that mine own son,

With frantic enterprise, annihilates
My toilsome labors and state-policy.

MAX.

Ay—this state-policy! O how I curse it!
You will, some time, with your state-policy
Compel him to the measure: it may happen,
Because you are determined that he is guilty,
Guilty ye'll make him. All retreat cut off,
You close up every outlet, hem him in
Narrower and narrower, till at length ye force him
Yes, ye,—ye force him, in his desperation,
To set fire to his prison. Father! father!
That never can end well—it can not—will not!
And let it be decided as it may,
I see with boding heart the near approach
Of an ill-star'd, unblest catastrophe.
For this great Monarch-spirit; if he fall,
Will drag a world into the ruin with him.
And as a ship (that midway on the ocean
Takes fire) at once, and with a thunder-burst
Explodes, and with itself shoots out its crew
In smoke and ruin betwixt sea and heaven;
So will he, falling, draw down in his fall
All us, who 're fix'd and mortised to his fortune.
Deem of it what thou wilt; but pardon me,
That I must bear me on in my own way.
All must remain pure betwixt him and me;
And, ere the day-light dawns, it must be known
Which I must lose—my father, or my friend.

[During his exit the curtain drops.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Scene, a Room fitted up for astrological labors, and provided with celestial Charts, with Globes, Telescopcs, Quadrants, and other mathematical Instruments.—Seven Celestial Figures, representing the Planets, each with a transparent Star of a different Color on its head, stand in a semicircle in the Background, so that Mars and Saturn are nearest the Eye.—The Remainder of the Scene, and its Disposition, is given in the Fourth Scene of the Second Act.—There must be a Curtain over the Figures, which may be dropped, and conceal them on occasions.

[In the Fifth Scene of this Act it must be dropped; but in the Seventh Scene, it must be again drawn up wholly or in part.]

WALLENSTEIN at a black Table, on which a Speculum Astrolcogicum is described with Chalk. SENI is taking Observations through a Window.

WALLENSTEIN.

All well—and now let it be ended, SENI.—Come,
The dawn commences, and Mars rules the hour.
We must give o'er the operation. Come,
We know enough.

SENl.

Your Highness must permit me
Just to contemplate Venus. She's now rising;
Like as a sun, so shines she in the east.

WALLENSTEIN.

She is at present in her perigee,
And shoots down now her strongest influences.

[Contemplating the figure on the table.]
Auspicious aspect! fateful in conjunction,
At length the mighty three coraditate;
And the two stars of blessing, Jupiter
And Venus, take between them the malignant
Slyly-malignicious Mars, and thus compel
Into my service that old mischief-founder:
For long he view'd me hostily, and ever
With beam oblique, or perpendicular,
Now in the Quarile, now in the Secundan,
Shot his red lightnings at my stars, disturbing
Their blessed influences and sweet aspects.
Now they have conquer'd the old enemy,
And bring him in the heavens a prisoner to me.

SENI (who has come down from the window).

And in a corner house, your Highness—think of that!
That makes each influence of double strength.

WALLENSTEIN.

And sun and moon, too, in the Sextile aspect,
The soft light with the vehement—so I love it.
Sol is the heart, Luna the head of heaven,
Bold be the plan, fiery the execution.

SENI.

And both the mighty Lumina by no
Maleficus affronted. Lo! Saturnus,
Innocuous, powerless, in cadente Domo.

WALLENSTEIN.

The empire of Saturnus is gone by;
Lord of the secret birth of things is he;
Within the lap of earth; and in the depths
Of the imagination dominates;
And his are all things that eschew the light.
The time is o'er of brooding and contrivance,
For Jupiter, the lustrous, lordeth now,
And the dark work, complete of preparation,
He draws by force into the realm of light.
Now must we hasten on to action, ere
The scheme, and most auspicious posture
Parts o'er my head, and takes once more its flight;
For the heavens journey still, and sojourn not.

(There are knockings at the door.)

There's some one knocking there. See who it is.

TERTSKY (from without).

Open, and let me in.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ay—'tis Tertsky.

What is there of such urgency? We are busy.

TERTSKY (from without):

Lay all aside at present, I entreat you.
It suffers no delaying.

WALLENSTEIN.

Open, Seni!

[While SENI opens the door for TERTSKY, WALLENSTEIN draws the curtain over the figures.

TERTSKY (enters).

Hast thou already heard it? He is taken.
Galas has given him up to the Emperor.

[SEN'I draws off the black table, and exit.

SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN, Count TERTSKY.

WALLENSTEIN (to TERTSKY).

Who has been taken?—Who is given up?

TERTSKY.

The man who knows our secrets, who knows every

Negotiation with the Swede and Saxon,
Though whose hands all and everything has pass'd—

WALLENSTEIN (drawing back).

Nay, not Sena!—Say, No! I entreat thee.

TERTSKY.

All on his road for Regensburg to the Swede
He was plunged down upon by Galas' agent,
Who had been long in ambush lurking for him.
There must have been found on him my whole packet
To Thur, to Kinsey, to Oxenstiern, to Arnhem:
All this is in their hands; they have now an insight
Into the whole—our measures, and our motives.

SCENE III.

To them enters ILLO.

ILLO (to TERTSKY).

Has he heard it?

TERTSKY.

He has heard it.

ILLO (to WALLENSTEIN).

Thinkst thou still
To make thy peace with the Emperor, to regain
His confidence—E'en were it now thy wish
To abandon all thy plans, yet still they know
What thou hast wish'd; then forwards thou must
press;
Retreat is now no longer in thy power.

TERTSKY.

They have documents against us, and in hands,
Which show beyond all power of contradiction—

WALLENSTEIN.

Of my handwriting—no iota. Thee
I punish for thy lies.

ILLO.

And thou believest,
That what this man, that what thy sister's husband
Did in thy name, will not stand on thy reck'ning?
His word must pass for thy word with the Swede,
And not with those that hate thee at Vienna.

TERTSKY.

In writing thou gavest nothing—But bethink thee,
How far thou venture'st by word of mouth
With this Sena! And will he be silent?
If he can save himself by yielding up
Thy secret purposes, will he retain them?

ILLO.

Thyself dost not conceive it possible;
And since they now have evidence authentic
How far thou hast already gone, speak!—tell us,
What art thou waiting for? thou canst no longer
Keep thy command; and beyond hope of rescue
Thou'rt lost, if thou resign'st it.

WALLENSTEIN.

In the army
Lies my security. The army will not
Abandon me. Whatever they may know,
The power is mine, and they must gulp it down—
And substitute I caution for my fealty,
They must be satisfied, at least appear so.

ILLO.

The army, Duke, is thine now—for this moment—
"Thine thine: but think with terror on the slow,
The quiet power of time. From open violence
The attachment of thy soldiery secures thee
To-day—to-morrow; but grant'ft thou them a respite
THE PICCOLOMINI.

Unheard, unseen, they'll undermine that love
On which thou now dost feel so firm a footing
With wily theft will draw away from thee
One after the other——

WALLENSTEIN.  
'Tis a cursed accident!

ILLO.  
Oh! I will call it a most blessed one,
If it work on thee as it ought to do,
Hurry thee on to action—to decision—
The Swedish General——

WALLENSTEIN.  
He's arrived! Know'st thou
What his commission is——

ILLO.  
To thee alone
Will he intrust the purpose of his coming.

WALLENSTEIN.  
A cursed, cursed accident! Yes, yes,
Sesina knows too much, and won't be silent.

TERTSKY.  
He's a Bohemian fugitive and rebel.
His neck is forfeit. Can he save himself
At thy cost, think you he will scruple it? And
If they put him to the torture, will he,
Will he, that dastardly, have strength enough——

WALLENSTEIN (lost in thought).
Their confidence is lost—irreparably!
And I may act what way I will, I shall
Be and remain for ever in their thought
A traitor to my country. How sincerely
Soever I return back to my duty,
It will no longer help me——

ILLO.  
Ruin thee,
That it will do! Not thy fidelity,
Thy weakness will be deemed the sole occasion——

WALLENSTEIN (pacing up and down in extreme agitation).
What! Must I realize it now in earnest,
Because I toy'd too freely with the thought?
Accursed he who dallies with a devil!
And must I—I must realize it now——
Now, while I have the power, it must take place!

ILLO.  
Now—now—ere they can ward and parry it!

WALLENSTEIN (looking at the paper of signatures).
I have the General's word—a written promise!
Max. Piccolomini stands not here—how's that?

TERTSKY  
It was—he fancied——

ILLO.  
Mere self-willedness.
There needed no such thing 'twixt him and you.

WALLENSTEIN.  
It is quite right—there needeth no such thing.
The regiments, too, deny to march for Flanders—
Have sent me in a paper of remonstrance,
And openly resist the Imperial orders.
The first step to revolt's already taken.

ILLO.  
Believe me, thou wilt find it far more easy
To lead them over to the enemy
Than to the Spaniard.

WALLENSTEIN.  
I will hear, however,
What the Swede has to say to me.

ILLO (eagerly to TERTSKY).
Go, call him!

WALLENSTEIN.  
He stands without the door in waiting.

WALLENSTEIN.  
Stay!

Terst yet a little. It hath taken me
All by surprise,—it came too quick upon me;
'Tis wholly novel, that an accident,
With its dark lordship, and blind agency,
Should force me on with it.

ILLO.  
First hear him only,
And after weigh it. [Exit TERTSKY and ILLO]

SCENE IV.

WALLENSTEIN (in soliloquy).
Is it possible?
Is't so? I can no longer what I would?
No longer draw back at my liking? I
Must do the deed, because I thought of it,
And fed this heart here with a dream! Because
I did not scowl temptation from my presence,
Dallied with thoughts of possible fulfillment,
Commenced no movement, left all time uncertain,
And only kept the road, the access open?
By the great God of Heaven! It was not
My serious meaning, it was ne'er resolve.
I but amused myself with thinking of it.
The free-will tempted me, the power to do
Or not to do it.—Was it criminal?
To make the fancy minister to hope,
To fill the air with pretty toys of air,
And clutch fantastic sceptres moving t'ward me!
Was not the world kept free? Beheld I not
The road of duty close beside me—but
One little step, and once more I was in it!
Where am I? Whither have I been transported?
No road, no track behind me, but a wall,
Impenetrable, insurmountable,
Rises obedient to the spells I mutter'd
And meant not—my own doings tower behind me.

[Pauses and remains in deep thought.

A punishable man I seem; the guilt,
Try what I will, I cannot roll off from me;
The equivocal demeanor of my life
Bears witness on my prosecutor's party.
And even my purest acts from purest motives
Suspicion poisons with malicious gloss.
Were I that thing for which I pass, that traitor,
A goodly outside I had sure reserved,
Had drawn the coverings thick and double round me
Been calm and chary of my utterance;
But being conscious of the innocence
Of my intent, my uncorrupted will,
I gave way to my humors, to my passion:
Bold were my words, because my deeds were not.
Now every planless measure, chance event,
The threat of rage, the vaunt of joy and triumph,
And all the May-games of a heart o'erflowing,
Will they connect, and weave them all together
Into one web of treason; all will be plan,
My eye ne'er absent from the far-off mark,
Step tracing step, each step a politic progress;
And out of all they'll fabricate a charge
So specious, that I must myself stand dumb.
I am caught in my own net, and only force,
Naught but a sudden rent can liberate me.

[Pauses again.]

How else! since that the heart's unbiased instinct
Impell'd me to the daring deed, which now
Necessity, self-preservation, orders,
Stern is the On-look of Necessity,
Not without shudder may a human hand
Grasp the mysterious urn of destiny.
My deed was mine, remaining in my bosom:
Once suffer'd to escape from its safe corner
Within the heart, its nursery and birth-place,
Sent forth into the Foreign, it belongs
For ever to those sly malicious powers
Whom never art of man conciliated.

[Pauses in agitation through the chamber, then pauses,
and, after the pause, breaks out again into audible soliloquy.]

What is thy enterprise? thy aim? thy object?
Hast honestly confess'd it to thyself?
Power seated on a quiet throne thou'est shake,
Power on an ancient consecrated throne,
Strong in possession, founded in old custom;
Power by a thousand tough and stringy roots
Fic'd to the people's pious nursery-faith.
This, this will be no strife of strength with strength.
That fear'd I not. I brave each combatant,
Whom I can look on, fixing eye to eye,
Who, full himself of courage, kindles courage
In me too. 'Tis a foe invisible.
The which I fear—a fearful enemy,
Which in the human heart opposes me,
By its coward fear alone made fearful to me.
Not that, which full of life, instinct with power,
Makes known its present being; that is not
The true, the perilously formidable.
O no! it is the common, the quite common,
The thing of an eternal yesterday,
What ever was, and evermore returns,
Sterling to-morrow, for to-day 'twas sterling!
For of the wholly common is man made,
And custom is his nurse! Woe then to them,
Who lay irreverent hands upon his old
House furniture, the dear inheritance
From his forefathers! For time consecrates;
And what is gray with age becomes religion.
Be in possession, and thou hast the right,
And sacred will the many guard it for thee!

[to the page, who here enters.]

The Swedish officer?—Well, let him enter.

[The page exit, Wal lenstein fixes his eye in deep thought on the door.
Yet is it pure—as yet! the crime has come
Not o'er this threshold yet—so slender is
The boundary that divideth life's two paths.

SCENE V.

WALLENSTEIN AND WRANGEL.

WALLENSTEIN (after having fixed a searching look on him).

YOUR name is Wrangel?

WRANGEL.

Gustave Wrangel, General

OF the Sudermanian Blues.

WALLENSTEIN.

It was a Wrangel

Who injured me materially at Stralsund,
And by his brave resistance was the cause
Of the opposition which that sea-port made.

WRANGEL.

It was the doing of the element
With which you fought, my Lord! and not my merit
The Baltic Neptune did assert his freedom:
The sea and land, it seem'd, were not to serve
One and the same.

WALLENSTEIN (makes the motion for him to take a seat
and seats himself).

And where are your credentials?

Come you provided with full powers, Sir General?

WRANGEL.

There are so many scruples yet to solve——

WALLENSTEIN (having read the credentials).

An able letter!—Ay—he is a prudent
Intelligent master, whom you serve, Sir General!
The Chancellor writes me, that he but fulfils
His late departed Sovereign's own idea
In helping me to the Bohemian crown.

WRANGEL.

He says the truth. Our great King, now in heaven
Did ever deem most highly of your Grace's
Pre-eminent sense and military genius;
And always the commanding Intellect,
He said, should have command, and be the King.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, he might say it safely.—General Wrangel,

[Taking his hand affectionately]

Come, fair and open.—Trust me, I was always
A Swede at heart. Ey! that did you experience
Both in Silesia and at Nuremburg;
I had you often in my power, and let you
Always slip out by some back-door or other.
'Tis this for which the Court can ne'er forgive me.
Which drives me to this present step: and since
Our interests so run in one direction,
E'en let us have a thorough confidence
Each in the other.

WRANGEL.

Confidence will come.

Has each but only first security.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Chancellor still, I see, does not quite trust me;
And, I confess—the game does not lie wholly
To my advantage—Without doubt he thinks,
If I can play false with the Emperor,
Who is my Sovereign, I can do the like
With the enemy, and that the one too were
Sooner to be forgiven me than the other.
Is not this your opinion too, Sir General?

WRANGEL.

I have here an office merely, no opinion.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Emperor hath urged me to the uttermost
I can no longer honorably serve him.
For my security, in self-defence,
I take this hard step, which my conscience bares.

166
Not me, your own eyes you must trust. 

[He gives him the paper containing the written oath. WRANGEL reads it through, and, having read it, lays it on the table, remaining silent.

So then? 

Now comprehend you? 

WRANGEL. 
Comprehend who can! 

My Lord Duke! I will let the mask drop—yes! 

I've full powers for a final settlement. 

The Rhinegrave stands but four days' march from here. 

With fifteen thousand men, and only waits 

For orders to proceed and join your army 

Those orders I give out, immediately 

We're compromised. 

WRANDEL 
What asks the Chancellor? 

WRANGEL (considerately). 

Twelve regiments, every man a Swede—my head 

The warranty—and all might prove at last 

Only false play—

WRANDEL (starting). 

Sir Swede! 

WRANDEL (calmly proceeding). 

Am therefore forced 

'T'st insist thereon, that he do formally, 

Irrevocably break with the Emperor, 

Else not a Swede is trusted to Duke Friedland. 

WRANDEL. 
Come, brief, and open! What is the demand? 

WRANDEL. 
That he forthwith disarm the Spanish regiments 

Attach'd to the Emperor, that he seize Prague, 

And to the Swedes give up that city, with 

The strong pass Egra. 

WRANDEL. 
That is much indeed! 

Prague!—Egra's granted—But—but Prague!— 

'Twon't do. 

I give you every security 

Which you may ask of me in common reason— 

But Prague—Bohemia—these, Sir General, 

I can myself protect. 

WRANDEL. 
We doubt it not. 

But 'tis not the protection that is now 

Our sole concern. We want security, 

That we shall not expend our men and money 

All to no purpose. 

WRANDEL. 
'Tis but reasonable. 

WRANDEL. 
And till we are indemnified, so long 

Stays Prague in pledge. 

WRANDEL. 
Then trust you us so little? 

WRANDEL (rising). 

The Swede, if he would treat well with the German, 

Must keep a sharp look-out. We have been call'd 

Over the Baltic, we have saved the empire 

From ruin—with our best blood have we seal'd 

The liberty of faith, and gospel truth. 

But now already is the benefaction 

No longer felt, the load alone is felt—

Ye look askance with evil eye upon us, 

As foreigners, intruders in the empire, 

167
And would fain send us, with some paltry sum
Of money, home again to our old forests.
No, no! my Lord Duke! no!—it never was
For Judas' pay, for chinking gold and silver,
That we did leave our King by the Great Stone.*
No, not for gold and silver have we there bled
So many of our Swedish Nobles—neither
Will we, with empty laurels for our payment,
Hoist sail for our own country. *Citizens*
Will we remain upon the soil, the which
Our Monarch conquer'd for himself, and died.

**WALLENSTEIN.**

Help to keep down the common enemy,
And the fair border-land must needs be yours.

**WRANGL.**

But when the common enemy lies vanquish'd,
Who knits together our new friendship then?
We know, Duke Friedland, though perhaps the Swede
Ought not 't have known it, that you carry on
Secret negotiations with the Saxons.
Who is our warranty, that we are not
The sacrifices in those articles
Which 'tis thought needful to conceal from us?

**WALLENSTEIN (rises).**

Think you of something better, Gustave Wrangel!
Of Prague no more.

**WRANGL.**

Here my commission ends.

**WALLENSTEIN.**

Surrender up to you my capital!
Far liever would I face about, and step
Back to my Emperor.

**WRANGL.**

If time yet permits—

**WALLENSTEIN.**

That lies with me, even now, at any hour.

**WRANGL.**

Some days ago, perhaps. To-day, no longer;
No longer since Sesina's been a prisoner.

**WALLENSTEIN is struck, and silenced.**

My Lord Duke, hear me—We believe that you
At present do mean honorably by us.
Since yesterday we're sure of that—and now
This paper warrants for the troops, there's nothing
Stands in the way of our full confidence.
Prague shall not part us. Hear! The Chancellor
Contents himself with Albstadt; to your Grace
He gives up Ratschin and the narrow side.
But Egra above all must open to us,
Ere we can think of any junction.

**WALLENSTEIN.**

You, you therefore must I trust, and you not me?
I will consider of your proposition.

**WRANGL.**

I must entreat, that your consideration
Occupy not too long a time. Already
Has this negotiation, my Lord Duke!
Crept on into the second year. If nothing
Is settled this time, will the Chancellor
Consider it as broken off for ever.

---

* A great stone near Lützen, since called the Swede's Stone, the body of their great king having been found at the foot of it, after the battle in which he lost his life.

**WALLENSTEIN.**

Ye press me hard. A measure, such as this,
Ought to be thought of.

**WRANGL.**

Ay! but think of this too,
That sudden action only can procure it
Success—think first of this, your Highness.

[Exit Wrangel]

---

**SCENE VI.**

**WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, and ILO (re-enter).**

**ILLO.**

Is't all right?

**TERTSKY.**

Are you compromised?

**ILLO.**

This Swede went smiling from you. Yes! you're compromised

**WALLENSTEIN.**

As yet is nothing settled: and (well weigh'd)
I feel myself inclined to leave it so.

**TERTSKY.**

How! What was that?

**WALLENSTEIN.**

Come on me what may come
The doing evil to avoid an evil
Can not be good!

**TERTSKY.**

Nay, but bethink you, Duke.

**WALLENSTEIN.**

To live upon the mercy of these Swedes!
Of these proud-hearted Swedes!—I could not bear it

**ILLO.**

Goest thou as fugitive, as mendicant?
Bringest thou not more to them than thou receivest

---

**SCENE VII.**

**To these enter the Countess Tertsky.**

**WALLENSTEIN.**

Who sent for you? There is no business here
For women.

**COUNTESS.**

I am come to bid you joy.

**WALLENSTEIN.**

Use thy authority, Tertsky; bid her go.

**COUNTESS.**

Come I perhaps too early? I hope not.

**WALLENSTEIN.**

Set not this tongue upon me, I entreat you: You know it is the weapon that destroys me. I am routed, if a woman but attack me: I cannot traffic in the trade of words With that unreasoning sex.

**COUNTESS.**

I had already

Given the Bohemians a king.

**WALLENSTEIN (sardonically).**

They have one,
In consequence, no doubt.

**COUNTESS (to the others).**

Ha! what new scruple?

**TERTSKY.**

The Duke will not.
THE PICCOLOMINI.

Countess.
He will not what he must!

Ill.
It lies with you now. Try. For I am silenced,
When folks begin to talk to me of conscience,
And of fidelity.

Countess.
How? then, when all
Lay in the far-off distance, when the road
Stretch'd out before thine eyes interminably,
Then hadst thou courage and resolve; and now,
Now that the dream is being realized,
The purpose ripe, the issue uncertain'd,
Dost thou begin to play the dastard now?
Plann'd merely, 'tis a common felony;
Accomplish'd, an immortal undertaking:
And with success comes pardon hand in hand;
For all event is God's arbitement.

Servant (enters).
The Colonel Piccolomini.
Countess (hastily).
—Must wait.

Wallenstein.
I cannot see him now. Another time.

Servant.
But for two minutes he treats an audience:
Of the most urgent nature is his business.

Wallenstein.
Who knows what he may bring us! I will hear him.

Countess (laughs).
Urgent for him, no doubt; but thou mayest wait.

Wallenstein.
What is it?

Countess.
Thou shalt be inform'd hereafter.
First let the Swede and thee be compromised.

Wallenstein.
It there were yet a choice! If yet some milder
Way of escape were possible—I still
Will choose it, and avoid the last extreme.

Countess.
Desirest thou nothing further? Such a way
Lies still before thee. Send this Wrangler off
Forget thou thy old hopes, cast far away
All thy past life; determine to commence
A new one. Virtue hath her heroes too,
As well as Fame and Fortune.—To Vienna—
Hence—to the Emperor—kneel before the throne;
Take a full cofier with thee—say aloud,
Thou didst but wish to prove thy fidelity;
Thy whole intention but to dupe the Swede.

Ill.
For that too 'tis too late. They know too much:
He would but bear his own head to the block.

Countess.
I fear not that. They have not evidence
To attain him legally, and they avoid
The avowal of an arbitrary power.
They'll let the Duke resign without disturbance.
I see how all will end. The King of Hungary
Makes his appearance, and 'twill of itself
Be understood; that then the Duke retires,
There will not want a formal declaration:
The young king will administer the oath
To the whole army; and so all returns
To the old position. On some morrow morning
The Duke departs; and now 'tis stir and bustle
Within his castles. He will hunt, and build,
Superintend his horses' pedigrees,
Creates himself a court, gives golden keys,
And introduceth strictest ceremony
In fine proportions, and nice etiquette;
Keeps open table with high cheer; in brief,
Commenceth mighty King—in miniature.
And while he prudently demeanes himself,
And gives himself no actual importance,
He will be let appear whate'er he likes:
And who dares doubt, that Friedland will appear
A mighty Prince to his last dying hour?
Well now, what then? Duke Friedland is as others,
A fire-new Noble, whom the war hath raised
To price and currency, a Jonah's gourd,
An over-night creation of court-favor,
Which with an undistinguishable ease
Makes Baron or makes Prince.

Wallenstein (in extreme agitation).
Take her away.

Let in the young Count Piccolomini.

Countess.
Art thou in earnest? I entreat thee! Canst thou
Consent to bear thyself to thy own grave
So ignominiously to be dried up?
Thy life, that arrogated such a height,
To end in such a nothing! To be nothing,
When one was always nothing, is an evil
That asks no stretch of patience, a light evil;
But to become a nothing, having been—

Wallenstein (starts up in violent agitation).
Show me a way out of this stifling crowd.
Ye Powers of Aidance! Show me such a way
As I am capable of going—!

I am no tongue-hero, no fine virtue-prattler;
I cannot warm by thinking; cannot say
To the good luck that turns her back upon me,
Magnanimously:—"Go; I need thee not."

Cease I to work, I am annihilated.
Dangers nor sacrifices will I shun,
If so I may avoid the last extreme;
But ere I sink down into nothingness,
Leave off so little, who began so great,
Ere that the world confuses me with those
Poor wretches, whom a day creates and crumbles,
This age and after ages* speak my name
With hate and dread; and Friedland be redemption
For each accursed deed!

Countess.
What is there here, then,
So against nature? Help me to perceive it!
O let not Superstition's nightly goblins
Subdue thy clear bright spirit! Art thou bid
To murder!—with abhor'd accursed poniard,
To violate the breasts that nourish'd thee?
That were against our nature, that might aptly
Make thy flesh shudder, and thy whole heart sicken.

* Could I have hazarded such a Germanism, as the use of the word after-world, for posterity,—"Es spreche Welt und "Nachwelt meinen Namen"—might have been rendered with more literal fidelity:—Let world and after-world speak out my name, etc.
† I have not ventured to affect the fastidious delicacy of our age with the literal translation of this line.

Die Eingeweide schaudernd aufgeragen
Yet not a few, and for a meaner object,
Have ventured even this, ay, and perform'd it.
What is there in thy case so black and monstrous?
Thou art accused of treason,—whether with
Or without justice is not now the question—
Thou art lost if thou dost not avail thee quickly
Of the power which thou possessest,—Friedland! Duke!
Tell me, where lives that thing so meek and tame,
That doth not all his living faculties
Put forth in preservation of his life?
What deed so daring, which necessity
And desperation will not sanctify?

WALLENSTEIN.

Once was this Ferdinand so gracious to me:
He loved me; he esteem'd me; I was placed
The nearest to his heart. Full many a time
We, like familiar friends, both at one table,
Have banqueted together. He and I—
And the young kings themselves held me the basin
Wherewith to wash me—and 'tis come to this?

COUNTESS.

So faithfully preserve thou each small favor,
And hast no memory for contumelies?
Must I remind thee, how at Regensburg
This man repaid thy faithful services?
All ranks and all conditions in the empire
Thou hadst wrong'd, to make him great,—hadst
loaded on thee,
On thee, the hate, the curse of the whole world.
No friend existed for thee in all Germany,
And why? because thou hadst existed only
For the Emperor. To the Emperor alone
Clung Friedland in that storm which gather'd round
him
At Regensburg in the Diet—and he dropp'd thee!
He let thee fall! He let thee fall a victim
To the Bavarian, to that insolent!
Deposed, stript bare of all thy dignity
And power, amid the taunting of thy foes,
Thou wert let drop into obscurity,—
Say not, the restoration of thy honor
Has made atonement for that first injustice.
No honest good-will was it that replaced thee;
The law of hard necessity replaced thee,
Which they had fain opposed, but that they could not.

WALLENSTEIN.

Not to their good wishes, that is certain,
Nor yet to his affection, I'm indebted
For this high office; and if I abuse it,
I shall therein abuse no confidence.

COUNTESS.

Affection! confidence!—They needed thee.
Necessity, impetuous remonstrant!
Who not with empty names, or shows of proxy,
Is served, who 'll have the thing and not the symbol,
Ever seeks out the greatest and the best,
And at the rudder places him, e'en though
She had been forced to take him from the rabble—
She, this Necessity, it was that placed thee
In this high office; it was she that gave thee
Thy letters-patent of inauguration.—
For, to the uttermost moment that they can,
This race still help themselves at cheapest rate
With slavish souls, with puppets! At the approach
Of extreme peril, when a hollow image
Is found a hollow image and no more,
Then falls the power into the mighty hands
Of Nature, of the spirit giant-born,
Who listens only to himself, knows nothing
Of stipulations, duties, reverences,
And, like the emancipated force of fire,
Unmaster'd scorches, ere it reaches them,
Their fine-spun webs, their artificial policy.

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis true! they saw me always as I am—
Always! I did not cheat them in the bargain.
I never held it worth my pains to hide
The bold all-grasping habit of my soul.

COUNTESS.

Nay rather,—thou hast ever shown thyself
A formidable man, without restraint;
Hast exercised the full prerogatives
Of thy impetuous nature, which had been
Once granted to thee. Therefore, Duke, not thou,
Who hast still remain'd consistent with thyself,
But they are in the wrong, who fearing thee,
Intrusted such a power in hands they fear'd.
For, by the laws of Spirit, in the right
Is every individual character
That acts in strict consistency with itself.
Self-contradiction is the only wrong.
Wert thou another being, then, when thou
Eight years ago pursuedst thy march with fire
And sword, and desolation, through the Circles
Of Germany, the universal scourge,
Didst mock all ordinances of the empire,
The fearful rights of strength alone exerted,
Trampledst to earth each rank, each magistracy,
All to extend thy Sultan's domination?
Then was the time to break thee in, to curb
Thy haughty will, to teach thee ordinance.
But no, the Emperor felt no touch of conscience
What served him pleased him, and without a murmur
He stamp'd his broad seal on these lawless deeds.
Wart at that time was right, because thou didst it
For him, to-day is all at once become
Opprobrious, foul, because it is directed
Against him.—O most filthy superstition!

WALLENSTEIN (rising).

I never saw it in this light before.
'Tis even so. The Emperor perpetrated
Deeds through my arm, deeds most unorderly.
And even this prince's mantle, which I wear,
I owe to what were services to him,
But most high misdemeanors 'gainst the empire.

COUNTESS.

Then betwixt thee and him (confess it, Friedland!)
The point can be no more of right and duty,
Only of power and the opportunity.
That opportunity, lo! it comes yonder
Approaching with swift steeds; then with a swing
Throw thyself up into the chariot-seat,
Seize with firm hand the reins, ere thy opponent
Anticipate thee, and himself make conquest
Of the now empty seat. The moment comes;
It is already here, when thou must write
The absolute total of thy life's vast sum.
The constellations stand victorious o'er thee,
The planets shoot good fortune in fair junctions,
And tell thee, "Now's the time!" The starry course
Hast thou thy life-long measured to no purpose?
The quadrant and the circle, were they playthings?

[Pointing to the different objects in the room.]

170
The zodiacs, the rolling orbs of heaven, 
Hast pictured on these walls, and all around thee 
In dumb, foreboding symbols hast thou placed 
These seven presiding Lords of Destiny—
For toys? Is all this preparation nothing? 
Is there no marrow in this hollow art, 
That even to thyself it doth avail 
Nothing, and has no influence over thee 
In the great moment of decision?

**Wallenstein (during this last speech walks up and down with inward struggles, laboring with passion; steps suddenly, stands still, then interrupting the Countess).**

Send Wrangel to me—I will instantly 
Dispatch three couriers—

**Illo (hurrying out).**

God in heaven be praised!

**Wallenstein.**

It is his evil genius and mine. 
Our evil genius! It chastises him 
Through me, the instrument of his ambition; 
And I expect no less, than that Revenge 
Even now is whetting for my breast the poniard. 
Who sows the serpent's teeth, let him not hope 
To reap a joyous harvest. Every crime 
Has, in the moment of its perpetration, 
Its own avenging angel—dark misgiving, 
An ominous saking at the inmost heart. 
He can no longer trust me—Then no longer 
Can I retreat—so came that which must come. 
Still Destiny preserves its due relations: 
The heart within us is its absolute vicegerent.

**[To Tertsky.]**

Go, conduct you Gustave Wrangel 
To my state-cabinet.—Myself will speak to 
The couriers.—And dispatch immediately 
A servant for Octavio Piccolomini.

**[To the Countess, who cannot conceal her triumph.]**

No exultation! woman, triumph not! 
For jealous are the Powers of Destiny. 
Joy premature, and shews ere victory, 
Enrave on their rights and privileges. 
We saw the seed, and they the growth determine. 
[While he is making his exit, the curtain drops.]

**ACT V.**

**SCENE I.**

*Scene, as in the preceding Act.*

**Wallenstein, Octavio Piccolomini.**

**Wallenstein (coming forward in conversation).**

He sends me word from Linz, that he lies sick; 
but I have sure intelligence, that he 
Secures himself at Frauenberg with Galas. 
Secure them both, and send them to me hither. 
Remember, thou dost on thee the command 
Of those same Spanish regiments,—constantly 
Take preparation, and be never ready; 
And if they urge thee to draw out against me, 
Still answer yes, and stand as thou wert tailor'd, 
Know, that it is doing thee a service 
To keep thee out of action in this business, 
Thou lovest to linger on in fair appearances;

Steps of extremity are not thy province, 
Therefore have I sought out this part for thee. 
Thou wilt this time be of most service to me 
By thy inertness. The mean time, if fortune 
Declare itself on my side, thou wilt know 
What is to do.

**Enter Max. Piccolomini.**

Now go, Octavio.

This night must thou be off: take my own horses. 
Here I keep with me—make short farewell— 
Trust me, I think we all shall meet again 
In joy and thriving fortunes.

**Octavio (to his son).**

I shall see you 
Yet ere I go.

**SCENE II.**

**Wallenstein, Max. Piccolomini.**

**Max.** (advances to him).

My General!

**Wallenstein.**

That am I no longer, if 
Thou stylest thyself the Emperor's officer.

**Max.**

Then thou wilt leave the army, General?

**Wallenstein.**

I have renounced the service of the Emperor.

**Max.** 
And thou wilt leave the army?

**Wallenstein.**

Rather hope I 
To bind it nearer still and faster to me. 
[He seats himself]

Yes, Max. I have delay'd to open it to thee, 
Even till the hour of acting 'gins to strike. 
Youth's fortunate feeling doth seize easily 
The absolute right, yea, and a joy it is 
To exercise the single apprehension 
Where the sums square in proof; 
But where it happens, that of two sure evils 
One must be taken, where the heart not wholly 
Brings itself back from out the strife of duties, 
There 't is a blessing to have no election, 
And blank necessity is grace and favor. 
—This is now present; do not look behind thee,— 
It can no more avail thee. Look thou forwards! 
Think not! judge not! prepare thyself to act! 
The Court—it hath determined on my ruin, 
Therefore I will to be beforehand with them. 
We'll join the Swedes—right gallant fellows are they, 
And our good friends.

[He stops himself, expecting Piccolomini's answer.]

I have ta'en thee by surprise Answer me not. 
I grant thee time to recollect thyself.

[He rises, and retires to the back of the stage 
Max. remains for a long time motionless, 
in a trance of excessive anguish. At his first motion Wallenstein returns and places himself before him.

**Max.**

My General, this day thou makest me? 
Of age to speak in my own right and person, 
For till this day I have been spared the trouble 
To find out my own road. There have I follow'd

171
With most implicit unconditional faith,  
Sure of the right path if I follow'd thee.  
To-day, for the first time, dost thou refer  
Me to myself, and forsee me to make  
Election between thee and my own heart.

WALLENSTEIN,  
Soft cradled thee thy Fortune till to-day;  
Thy duties thou couldst exercise in sport,  
Indulge all lovely instincts, act for ever  
With undivided heart. It can remain  
No longer thus. Like enemies, the roads  
Start from each other. Duties strive, with duties.  
Thou must needs choose thy party in the war  
Which is now kindling twixt thy friend and him  
Who is thy Emperor.

MAX.  
War! is that the name?  
War is as frightful as heaven's pestilence.  
Yet it is good, is it heaven's will as that is.  
Is that a good war, which against the Emperor  
Thou wag'st with the Emperor's own arm?  
O God of heaven! what a change is this!  
Beseems it me to offer such persuasion  
To thee, who like the fix'd star of the pole  
Wert all I gaz'd at on life's trackless ocean?  
O! what a rent thou makest in my heart!  
The ingrain'd instinct of old reverence,  
The holy habit of obedience,  
Must I pluck live asunder from thy name?  
Nay, do not turn thy countenance upon me—  
It always was as a god looking at me!  
Duke Wallenstein, its power is not departed:  
The senses still are in thy bonds, although,  
Bleeding, the soul hath freed itself.

WALLENSTEIN.  
Max., hear me.

MAX.  
O! do it not, I pray thee, do it not!  
There is a pure and noble soul within thee,  
Knows not of this unblest, unlucky doing.  
Thy will is chaste, it is thy fancy only  
Which hath polluted thee—and innocence,  
It will not let itself be driven away  
From that world-awing aspect. Thou wilt not,  
Thou canst not, end in this. It would reduce  
All human creatures to disloyalty  
Against the nobleness of their own nature.  
'T will justify the vulgar misbelief,  
Which holdeth nothing noble in free-will,  
And trusts itself to impotence alone,  
Made powerful only in an unknown power.

WALLENSTEIN.  
The world will judge me sternly, I expect it.  
Already have I said to my own self  
All thou canst say to me. Who but avoids  
The extreme, can he by going round avoid it?  
But here there is no choice. Yes—I must use  
Or suffer violence—so stands the case.  
There remains nothing possible but that.

MAX.  
O that is never possible for thee!  
'T is the last desperate resource of those  
Cheap souls, to whom their honor, their good name  
Is their poor savings, their last worthless keep,  
Which having staked and lost, they stake themselves  
In the mad rage of gaming. Thou art rich,  
And glorious; with an unpolluted heart  
Thou canst make conquest of what e'er seems  
Highest!  
But he, who once hath acted infamy,  
Does nothing more in this world.

WALLENSTEIN (grasps his hand).  
Calmly, Max!  
Much that is great and excellent will we  
Perform together yet. And if we only  
Stand on the height with dignity, 't is soon  
Forgotten, Max., by what road we ascended.  
Believe me, many a crown shines spotless now,  
That yet was deeply sullied in the winning.  
To the evil spirit doth the earth belong,  
Not to the good. All, that the powers divine  
Send from above, are universal blessings:  
Their light rejoices us, their air refreshes,  
But never yet was man enrich'd by them:  
In their eternal realm no property  
Is to be struggled for—there is all general.  
The jewel, the all-valued gold we win  
From the deceiving Powers, depraved in nature  
That dwell beneath the day and blessed sun-light.  
Not without sacrifices are they render'd  
Propitious, and there lives no soul on earth  
That e'er retired unsullied from their service.

MAX.  
Whate'er is human, to the human being  
Do I allow—and to the vehement  
And striving spirit readily I pardon  
The excess of action; but to thee, my General:  
Above all others make I large concession.  
For thou must move a world, and be the master—  
He kills thee, who condemns thee to inaction  
So be it then! maintain thee in thy post  
By violence. Resist the Emperor,  
And if it must be, force with force repel.  
I will not praise it, yet I can forgive it.  
But not—not to the traitor—yes! the word  
Is spoken out——  
Not to the traitor can I yield a pardon.  
That is no mere excess! that is no error  
Of human nature—that is wholly different.  
O that is black, black as the pit of hell!  
[WALLENSTEIN betrays a sudden agitation]  
Thou canst not hear it named, and wilt thou do it?  
O turn back to thy duty. That thou canst,  
I hold it certain. Send me to Vienna:  
I'll make thy peace for thee with the Emperor.  
He knows thee not. But I do know thee. He  
Shall see thee, Duke! with my unclouded eye,  
And I bring back his confidence to thee.

WALLENSTEIN.  
It is too late. Thou knowest not what has happen'd  
MAX.  
Were it too late, and were things gone so far,  
That a crime only could prevent thy fall,  
Then—fall! fall honorably, even as thou stood'st.  
Lose the command. Go from the stage of war.  
Thou canst with splendor do it—too it do  
With innocence. Thou hast lived much for other  
At length live thou for thy own self. I follow thee.  
My destiny I never part from thine.

WALLENSTEIN.  
It is too late! Even now, while thou art losing  
Thy words, one after the other are the mile-stones  
Left fast behind by my post couriers,
Who bear the order on to Prague and Egra.

[Max. stands as convolved, with a gesture and
countenance expressing the most intense an-
guish.

Yield thyself to it. We act as we are forced.
I cannot give assent to my own shame
And ruin. Thou—no—thou canst not forsake me!
So let us do, what must be done, with dignity,
With a firm step. What am I doing worse
Than did famed Cesar at the Rubicon,
When he the legions led against his country,
The which his country had deliver'd to him?
Had he thrown down the sword, he had been lost,
As I were, if I but disarm'd myself.
I trace out something in me of his spirit;
Give me his luck, that other thing I'll bear.

[Max. quits him abruptly. Wallenstein, startled
and overpowered, continues looking after him,
and is still in this posture when Tertsky enters.

---

SCENE III.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.
Max. Piccolomini just left you?

WALLENSTEIN.
Where is Wrangel?

TERTSKY.
He is already gone.

WALLENSTEIN.
In such a hurry?

TERTSKY.
It is as if the earth had swallow'd him.
He had scarce left thee, when I went to seek him.
I wish'd some words with him—but he was gone.
How, when, and where, could no one tell me. Nay,
I half believe it was the devil himself;
A human creature could not so at once
Have vanish'd?

ILLO (enters).
Is it true that thou wilt send
Octavius?

TERTSKY.
How, Octavius! Whither send him?

WALLENSTEIN.
He goes to Frauenberg, and will lead hither
The Spanish and Italian regiments.

ILLO.
No!

Nay, Heaven forbid!

WALLENSTEIN.
And why should Heaven forbid?

ILLO.
Him—that deceiver! Wouldst thou trust to him
The soldiery? Him wilt thou let slip from thee,
Now, in the very instant that decides us—

TERTSKY.
Thou wilt not do this!—No! I pray thee, no!

WALLENSTEIN.
Ye are whimsical.

ILLO.
O but for this time, Duke,
Yield to our warning! Let him not depart.

WALLENSTEIN.
And why should I not trust him only this time,
Who have always trusted him? What, then, has
happen'd,
That I should lose my good opinion of him?
In compliance to your whins, not my own,
I must, forsooth, give up a rooted judgment.
Thick not I am a woman. Having trusted him
Even till to-day, to-day too will I trust him.

TERTSKY.
Must it be he—he only! Send another.

WALLENSTEIN.
It must be he, whom I myself have chosen;
He is well fitted for the business. Therefore
I gave it him.

ILLO.
Because he's an Italian—
Therefore is he well fitted for the business!

WALLENSTEIN.
I know you love them not—not sire nor son—
Because that I esteem them, love them—visibly
Esteem them, love them more than you and others,
E'en as they merit. Therefore are they eye-blights
Thor'd in your foot-path. But your jealousies,
In what affect they me or my concerns?
Are they the worse to me because you hate them?
Love or hate one another as you will,
I leave to each man his own moods and likings;
Yet know the worth of each of you to me.

ILLO.
Von Questenberg, while he was here, was always
Lurking about with this Octavio.

WALLENSTEIN.
It happen'd with my knowledge and permission.

ILLO.
I know that secret messengers came to him
From Galas—

WALLENSTEIN.
That's not true.

ILLO.
O thou art blind
With thy deep-seeing eyes!

WALLENSTEIN.
Thou wilt not shake
My faith for me—my faith, which founds itself
On the profoundest science. If 'tis false,
Then the whole science of the stars is false;
For know, I have a pledge from Fate itself,
That he is the most faithful of my friends.

ILLO.
Hast thou a pledge, that this pledge is not false?

WALLENSTEIN.
There exist moments in the life of man,
When he is nearer the great Soul of the world
Than is man's custom, and possesses freely
The power of questioning his destiny:
And such a moment I was, when in the night
Before the action in the plains of Lützen,
Leaning against a tree, thoughts crowding thought
I look'd out far upon the ominous plain.
My whole life, past and future, in this moment
Before my mind's eye glided in procession,
And to the destiny of the next morning
The spirit, full'd with anxious presentiment,
Did knit the most removed futurity.
Then said I also to myself, "So many
Dost thou command. They follow all thy stars
And as on some great number set their All
Upon thy single head, and only man
The vessel of thy fortune. Yet a day
Will come, when Destiny shall once more scatter
All these in many a several direction:
Few be they who will stand out faithful to thee."
I yearned to know which one was faithfulst.
Of all, this camp included. Great Destiny,
Give me a sign! And he shall be the man,
Who, on the approaching morning, comes the first
To meet me with a token of his love:
And thinking this, I fell into a slumber.
Then midmost in the battle was I led
In spirit. Great the pressure and the tumult!
Then was my horse kill’d under me: I sank;
And over me away all unconcernedly,
Drove horse and rider—and thus trod to pieces
I lay, and panted like a dying man;
Then seized me suddenly a savior arm:
It was Octavius—I awoke at once,
'Twas broad day, and Octavius stood before me.
"My brother," said be, "do not ride to-day
The dapple, as you’re wont; but mount the horse
Which I have chosen for thee. Do it, brother!
In love to me. A strong dream warn’d me so."
It was the swiftness of this horse that snatch’d me
From the hot pursuit of Banner’s dragoons.
My cousin rode the dapple on that day,
And never more saw I or horse or rider.

That was a chance.

WALLENSTEIN (significantly).

There’s no such thing as chance.
In brief, 'tis sign’d and seal’d that this Octavius
Is my good angel—and now no word more.

[He is retiring.

TERSKY.

This is my comfort—Max. remains our hostage.

ILLO.

And he shall never stir from here alive.

WALLENSTEIN (steps and turns himself round).

Are ye not like the women, who for ever
Only recur to their first word, although
One had been talking reason by the hour!
Know, that the human being’s thoughts and deeds
Are not, like ocean billows, blindly moved.
The inner world, his microcosmus, is
The deep shaft, out of which they spring eternally.
They grow by certain laws, like the tree’s fruit—
No juggling chance can metamorphose them.
Have I the human kernel first examined?
Then I know, too, the future will and action.

SCENE IV.

SCENE—A chamber in Piccolomini’s Dwelling-House.

OCTAVIO Piccolomini, ISOLANI, entering.

ISOLANI.

Here am I—Well! who comes yet of the others?

OCTAVIO (with an air of mystery).

But, first a word with you, Count Isolani.

ISOLANI (assuming the same air of mystery).

Will it explode, ha?—Is the Duke about
To make the attempt? In me, friend, you may place
Full confidence.—Nay, put me to the proof.

OCTAVIO.

That may happen.

ISOLANI.

Noble brother, I am
Not one of those men who in words are valiant,
And when it comes to action skulk away.
The Duke has acted towards me as a friend.
God knows it is so; and I owe him all—
He may rely on my fidelity.

OCTAVIO.

That will be seen hereafter.

ISOLANI.

Be on your guard.

All think not as I think; and there are many
Who still hold with the Court—yes, and they say
That those stolen signatures bind them to nothing.

OCTAVIO.

I am rejoiced to hear it.

ISOLANI.

You rejoice!

OCTAVIO.

That the Emperor has yet such gallant servants,
And loving friends.

ISOLANI.

Nay, jeer not, I entreat you.

They are no such worthless fellows, I assure you.

OCTAVIO.

I am assured already. God forbid
That I should jest!—In very serious earnest,
I am rejoiced to see an honest cause
So strong.

ISOLANI.

The Devil!—what!—why, what means this
Are you not, then——For what, then, am I here

OCTAVIO.

That you may make full declaration, whether
You will be call’d the friend or enemy
Of the Emperor.

ISOLANI (with an air of defiance).

That declaration, friend,
I’ll make to him in whom a right is placed
To put that question to me.

OCTAVIO.

Whether, Count,
That right is mine, this paper may instruct you.

ISOLANI (stammering).

Why—why—what! this is the Emperor’s hand and

[Reads

"Whereas, the officers collectively
Throughout our army will obey the orders
Of the Lieutenant-general Piccolomini.
As from ourselves"— Hem! —Yes! so! —Yes!

I—I give you joy, Lieutenant-general!

OCTAVIO.

And you submit to the order?

ISOLANI.

I—

But you have taken me so by surprise—
Time for reflection one must have——

OCTAVIO.

Two minutes

ISOLANI.

My God! But then the case is——

OCTAVIO.

Plain and simple

You must declare you, whether you determine
To act a treason ‘gainst your Lord and Sovereign,
Or whether you will serve him faithfully.

174
THE PICCOLOMINI.

165

Recall the for

ANIDISI

Treason!—My God!—But who talks then of treason?

OCTAVIO.

That is the case. The Prince-duke is a traitor—

Means to lead over to the enemy.

The Emperor’s army.—Now, Count!—brief and full—

Say, will you break your oath to the Emperor?

Sell yourself to the enemy?—Say, will you?

ISOLANI.

What mean you? I— I break my oath, d’ye say, To his Imperial Majesty?

Did I say so?—When, when have I said that?

OCTAVIO.

You have not said it yet—not yet. This instant I wait to hear, Count, whether you will say it.

ISOLANI.

Ay! that delights me now, that you yourself Bear witness for me that I never said so.

OCTAVIO.

And you renounce the Duke, then?

ISOLANI.

If he’s planning

Treason—why, treason breaks all bonds asunder.

OCTAVIO.

And are determined, too, to fight against him?

ISOLANI.

He has done me service—but if he’s a villain, Perdition seize him!—All scores are rubb’d off.

OCTAVIO.

I am rejoiced that you’re so well-disposed. This night break off in the utmost secrecy With all the light-arm’d troops—it must appear As came the order from the Duke himself. At Frauenberg’s the place of rendezvous; There will Count Galas give you further orders.

ISOLANI.

It shall be done. But you’ll remember me With the Emperor—how well-disposed you found me.

OCTAVIO.

I will not fail to mention it honorably.

[Exeunt ISOLANI. A Servant enters.

What, Colonel Butler!—Show him up.

ISOLANI (returning).

Forgive me too my bearish ways, old father! Lord God! how should I know, then, what a great Person I had before me?

OCTAVIO.

No excuses!

ISOLANI.

I am a merry lad, and if at time

A rash word might escape me ’gainst the court

Amidst my wine—you know no harm was meant.

[Exit.

OCTAVIO.

You need not be uneasy on that score.

That has succeeded. Fortune favor us

With all the others but as much!

SCENE V.

OCTAVIO, PICCOLOMINI, BUTLER.

BUTLER.

At your command, Lieutenant-General.

OCTAVIO.

Welcome, as honor’d friend and visitor.

You do me too much honor.

OCTAVIO (after both have seated themselves).

You have not

Return’d the advances which I made you yesterday— Misunderstood them, as mere empty forms. That wish proceeded from my heart—I was

In earnest with you—for ’tis now a time In which the honest should unite most closely.

BUTLER.

’Tis only the like-minded can unite.

OCTAVIO.

True! and I name all honest men like-minded.

I never charge a man but with those acts To which his character deliberately Impels him; for alas! the violence Of blind misunderstandings often thrusts The very best of us from the right track.

You came through Frauenberg. Did the Count Galas Say nothing to you? Tell me. He’s my friend.

BUTLER.

His words were lost on me.

OCTAVIO.

It grieves me sorely,

To hear it: for his counsel was most wise.

I had myself the like to offer.

BUTLER.

Spare Yourself the trouble—me th’ embarrassment, To have deserved so ill your good opinion.

OCTAVIO.

The time is precious—let us talk openly. You know how matters stand here. Wallenstein Meditates treason—I can tell you further— He has committed treason; but few hours Have past, since he a covenant concluded With the enemy. The messengers are now Full on their way to Egra and to Prague. To-morrow he intends to lead us over To the enemy. But he deceives himself; For Prudence wakes—the Emperor has still Many and faithful friends here, and they stand In closest union, mighty though unseen. This manifesto sentences the Duke—

Recalls the obedience of the army from him, And summons all the loyal, all the honest, To join and recognize in me their leader. Choose—will you share with us an honest cause? Or with the’ evil share an evil lot.

BUTLER (rises).

His lot is mine.

OCTAVIO.

Is that your last resolve?

BUTLER.

It is.

OCTAVIO.

Nay, but bethink you, Colonel Butler! As yet you have time. Within my faithful breast That rashly-utter’d word remains inter’d. Recall it, Butler! choose a better party: You have not chosen the right one.

BUTLER (going).

Any other Commands for me, Lieutenant-General?

OCTAVIO.

See your white hairs! Recall that word!

175
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>BUTLER.</th>
<th>OCTAVIO.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>What? Would you draw this good and gallant sword In such a cause! Into a curse would you Transform the gratitude which you have earn'd By forty years' fidelity from Austria?</td>
<td>Farewell!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BUTLER (laughing with bitterness).</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gratitude from the House of Austria! (He is going.)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OCTAVIO (permits him to go as far as the door, then calls after him).</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Butler.</strong></td>
<td><strong>OCTAVIO.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What wish you?</td>
<td>Ay! are you sure of that?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OCTAVIO.</td>
<td>BUTLER.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How was't with the Count?</td>
<td>I read the letter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BUTLER.</td>
<td>OCTAVIO.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Count! what?</td>
<td>And so did I—but the contents were different.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OCTAVIO (coldly).</td>
<td>BUTLER is suddenly struck</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The title that you wish'd, I mean.</td>
<td>By chance I'm in possession of that letter—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BUTLER (starts in sudden passion).</td>
<td>Can leave it to your own eyes to convince you.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hell and damnation!</td>
<td>OCTAVIO.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OCTAVIO (coldly).</td>
<td>He gives him the letter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You petition'd for it—</td>
<td><strong>Butler.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And your petition was repell'd—Was it so?</td>
<td>Ha! what is this?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>YOUR</td>
<td>OCTAVIO.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Your insolent scoff shall not go by unpunish'd. Draw!</td>
<td>I fear me, Colonel Butler,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OCTAVIO.</td>
<td>An infamous game have they been playing with you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nay! your sword to its sheath! and tell me calmly,</td>
<td>The Duke, you say, impell'd you to this measure?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How all that happen'd. I will not refuse you</td>
<td>Now, in this letter talks he in contempt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Your satisfaction afterwards.—Calmly, Butler!</td>
<td>Concerning you, counsels the minister</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BUTLER.</td>
<td>To give sound chastisement to your conceit,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Be the whole world acquainted with the weakness</td>
<td>For so he calls it.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For which I never can forgive myself.</td>
<td>(Butler reads through the letter, his knees tremble</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lieutenant-General! Yes—I have ambition.</td>
<td>he seizes a chair, and sinks down in it.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ne'er was I able to endure contempt.</td>
<td>You have no enemy, no persecutor;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It stung me to the quick, that birth and title</td>
<td>There's no one wishes ill to you. Ascribe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Should have more weight than merit has in the army.</td>
<td>The insult you received to the Duke only.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I would fain not be meaner than my equal.</td>
<td>His aim is clear and palpable. He wish'd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>So in an evil hour I let myself</td>
<td>To tear you from your Emperor—he hoped</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Be tempted to that measure—It was folly!</td>
<td>To gain from your revenge what he well knew</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>But yet so hard a penance it deserved not.</td>
<td>(What your long-tried fidelity convinced him)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It might have been refused; but wherefore barb</td>
<td>He ne'er could dare expect from your calm reason.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And venom the refusal with contempt?</td>
<td>A blind tool would he make you, in contempt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Why dash to earth and crush with heaviest scorn</td>
<td>Use you, as means of most abandon'd ends.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The gray-hair'd man, the faithful veteran?</td>
<td>He has gain'd his point. Too well has he succeeded</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Why to the baseness of his parentage</td>
<td>In luring you away from that good path</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Refer him with such cruel roughness, only</td>
<td>On which you had been journeying forty years!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Because he had a weak hour and forgot himself?</td>
<td>BUTLER (his voice trembling).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>But Nature gives a sting e'en to the worm</td>
<td>Can e'er the Emperor's Majesty forgive me?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Which wanton Power treads on in sport and insult.</td>
<td>OCTAVIO.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You must have been calumniated. Guess you</td>
<td>More than forgive you. He would fain compensate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The enemy, who did you this ill service?</td>
<td>For that afront, and most unmerited grievance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BUTLER.</td>
<td>Sustain'd by a deserving, gallant veteran.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Be't who it will—a most low-hearted scoundrel,</td>
<td>From his free impulse he confirms the present,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Some vile court-minion must it be, some Spaniard,</td>
<td>Which the Duke made you for a wicked purpose.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Some young squire of some ancient family,</td>
<td>The regiment, which you now command, is your's.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In whose light I may stand, some envious knave,</td>
<td>[Butler attempts to rise, sinks down again. He</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stung to the soul by my fair selfearn'd honors!</td>
<td>labors inwardly with violent emotions; tries</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OCTAVIO.</td>
<td>to speak, and cannot. At length he takes his</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>But tell me! Did the Duke approve that measure?</td>
<td>sword from the belt, and offers it to Piccolomini.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BUTLER.</td>
<td>OCTAVIO.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Himself impell'd me to it, used his interest</td>
<td>What wish you? Recollect yourself, friend.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>in my behalf with all the warmth of friendship.</td>
<td>BUTLER.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OCTAVIO.</td>
<td>Take it.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>But to what purpose? Calm yourself.</td>
<td>OCTAVIO.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BUTLER.</td>
<td>O take it!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I am no longer worthy of this sword.</td>
<td>OCTAVIO.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Receive it then anew from my hands—and</td>
<td>Wear it with honor for the right cause ever</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wear it with honor for the right cause ever</td>
<td>BUTLER.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OCTAVIO.</td>
<td>Perjure myself to such a gracious Sovereign!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You'll make amends. Quick! break off from the Duke</td>
<td>OCTAVIO.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OCTAVIO.</td>
<td>176</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE PICCOLOMINI.

167

BUTLER.

Break off from him!

OCTAVIO.

What now? I Bethink myself.

BUTLER (no longer governing his emotion).
Only break off from him! He dies! he dies!

OCTAVIO.

Come after me to Frauenberg, where now All who are loyal, are assembling under Counts Altringer and Galas. Many others I’ve brought to a remembrance of their duty. This might be sure that you escape from Pilsen.

BUTLER (strides up and down in excessive agitation, then steps up to Octavio with resolved countenance).
Count Piccolomini! Dare that man speak Of honor to you, who once broke his troth?

OCTAVIO.

He, who repents so deeply of it, dares.

BUTLER.

Then leave me here, upon my word of honor!

OCTAVIO.

What’s your design?

BUTLER.

Leave me and my regiment.

OCTAVIO.

I have full confidence in you. But tell me What are you brooding?

BUTLER.

That the deed will tell you. Ask me no more at present. Trust to me. Ye may trust specially, by the living God. Ye give him over, not to his good angel! Farewell. [Exit BUTLER.

SERVANT (enters with a billet).

A stranger left it, and is gone. The Prince-duke’s horses wait for you below. [Exit SERVANT.

OCTAVIO (reads).

"Be sure make haste! Your faithful Isolani." —O that I had but left this town behind me. To split upon a rock so near the haven! — Away! This is no longer a safe place for me! Where can my son be tarrying?

SCENE VI.

OCTAVIO and MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

MAX. enters almost in a state of derangement from extreme agitation, his eyes roll wildly, his walk is unsteady, and he appears not to observe his father, who stands at a distance, and gazes at him with a countenance expressive of compassion. He paces with long strides through the chamber, then stands still again, and at last throws himself into a chair, staring vacantly at the object directly before him.

OCTAVIO (advances to him).

I am going off, my son. [Receiving no answer, he takes his hand. My son, farewell.

MAX.

Farewell.

OCTAVIO.

Thou wilt soon follow me?

OCTAVIO.

I follow thee!

Thy way is crooked—it is not my way. [Octavio drops his hand, and starts back. O, hadst thou been but simple and sincere, Ne’er had it come to this—all had stood otherwise. He had not done that foul and horrible deed: The virtuous had retain’d their influence o’er him: He had not fallen into the snare of villains. Wherefore so like a thief, and thief’s accomplice, Didst creep behind him—lurking for thy prey? O, unblest falsehood! Mother of all evil! Thou misery-making demon, it is thou That sink”st us in perdition. Simple truth, Sustainer of the world, had saved us all! Father, I will not, I cannot excuse thee! Wallenstein has deceived me—O, most foully! But thou hast acted not much better.

OCTAVIO.

Son!

MAX. (rises, and contemplates his father with looks of suspicion).

Was’t possible? hadst thou the heart, my father, Hadst thou the heart to drive it to such lengths, With cold premeditated purpose? Thou— Hadst thou the heart, to wish to see him guilty, Rather than saved? Thou risest by his fall. Octavio, 't will not please me.

OCTAVIO.

God in Heaven!

MAX.

O, woe is me! sure I have changed my nature. How comes suspicion here—in the free soul? Hope, confidence, belief, are gone; for all Lied to me, all that I e’er loved or honor’d. No! no! not all! She—she yet lives for me, And she is true, and open as the heavens! Deceit is everywhere, hypocrisy, Murder, and poisoning, treason, perjury: The single holy spot is our love, The only unprofaned in human nature.

OCTAVIO.

Max!—we will go together. 'T will be better.

MAX.

What? ere I’ve taken a last parting leave, The very last—no, never!

OCTAVIO.

Spare thyself

The pang of necessary separation.

Come with me! Come, my son! [Attempts to take him with him.

MAX.

No! as sure as God lives, no!

OCTAVIO (more urgently).

Come with me, I command thee! I, thy father.

MAX.

Command me what is human. I stay here.

OCTAVIO.

Max! in the Emperor’s name I bid thee come.

MAX.

No Emperor has power to prescribe Laws to the heart; and wouldst thou wish to rob me Of the sole blessing which my fate has left me, Her sympathy? Must then a cruel deed Be done with cruelty? The unalterable
The Death of Wallenstein:

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.

PREFACE.

The two Dramas, Piccolomini, or the first part of Wallenstein, and Wallenstein, are introduced in the original manuscript by a Prelude in one Act, entitled Wallenstein's Camp. This Prelude possesses a sort of broad humor, and is not deficient in character; but to have translated it into prose, or into any other metre than that of the original, would have given a false idea both of its style and purport; to have translated it into the same metre would have been incompatible with a faithful adherence to the sense of the German, from the comparative poverty of our language in rhymes; and it would have been unadvisable, from the incongruity of those lax verses with the present taste of the English Public. Schiller's intention seems to have been merely to have prepared his reader for the Tragedies by a lively picture of the laxity of discipline, and the mutinous dispositions of Wallenstein's soldiery. It is not necessary as a preliminary explanation. For these reasons it has been thought expedient not to translate it.

The admirers of Schiller, who have abstracted their idea of that author from the Robbers, and the Cabal and Love, plays in which the main interest is produced by the excitement of curiosity, and in which the curiosity is excited by terrible and extraordinary incident, will not have perused without some portion of disappointment the Dramas, which it has been my employment to translate. They should, however, reflect that these are Historical Dramas, taken from a popular German History; that we must therefore judge of them in some measure with the feelings of Germans; or by analogy, with the interest excited in us by similar Dramas in our own language. Few, I trust, would be rash or ignorant enough to compare Schiller with Shakespeare; yet, merely as illustration, I would say that we should proceed to the perusal of Wallenstein, not from Lear or Othello, but from Richard the Second, or the three parts of Henry the Sixth. We scarcely expect rapidity in an Historical Drama; and many prolix speeches are pardoned from characters, whose names and actions have formed the most amusing tales of our early life. On the other hand, there exist in these plays
more individual beauties, more passages whose excellence will bear reflection, than in the former productions of Schiller. The description of the Astrological Tower, and the reflections of the Young Lover, which follow it, form in the original a fine poem; and my translation must have been wretched indeed, if it can have wholly overclouded the beauties of the Scene in the first Act of the first Play between Questenberg, Max, and Octavio Piccolomini. If we except the Scene of the setting sun in the Robbers, I know of no part in Schiller's Plays which equals the whole of the first Scene of the fifth Act of the concluding Play. It would be unbecoming in me to be more diffuse on this subject. A translator stands connected with the original Author by a certain law of subordination, which makes it more decorous to point out excellencies than defects: indeed he is not likely to be a fair judge of either. The pleasure of disgust from his own labor will mingle with the feelings that arise from an after-view of the original. Even in the first perusal of a work in any foreign language which we understand, we are apt to attribute to it more excellence than it really possesses, from our own pleasurable sense of difficulty overcome without effort. Translation of poetry into poetry is difficult, because the translator must give a brilliancy to his language without that warmth of original conception, from which such brilliancy would follow of its own accord. But the Translator of a living Author is encumbered with additional inconveniences. If he renders his original faithfully, as to the sense of each passage, he must necessarily destroy a considerable portion of the spirit; if he endeavors to give a work executed according to laws of compensation, he subjects himself to imputations of vanity, or misrepresentation. I have thought it my duty to remain bound by the sense of my original, with as few exceptions as the nature of the languages rendered possible.

THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

SCENE—A Chamber in the House of the Duchess of Friedland.

COUNTESS TERTSKY, THEKLA, LADY NEUBRNN (the two latter sit at the same table at work).

COUNTESS (watching them from the opposite side).

So you have nothing to ask me—nothing?

I have been waiting for a word from you.

And could you then endure in all this time

Not once to speak his name?

[THEKLA remaining silent, the COUNTESS rises and advances to her.

Why, how comes this?

Perhaps I am already grown superfluous,

And other ways exist, besides through me?

Confess it to me, Thekla; have you seen him?

THEKLA.

To-day and yesterday I have not seen him.

COUNTESS.

And not heard from him, either? Come, be open.

THEKLA.

No syllable.

COUNTESS.

And still you are so calm?

THEKLA.

I am.

COUNTESS.

May't please you, leave us, Lady Neubrunn.

[Exit Lady Neubrunn

SCENE II.

The COUNTESS, THEKLA.

COUNTESS.

It does not please me, Princess, that he holds Himself so still, exactly at this time.

THEKLA.

Exactly at this time?

COUNTESS.

He now knows all:

'Twere now the moment to declare himself.

THEKLA.

If I'm to understand you, speak less darkly.

COUNTESS.

'T was for that purpose that I bade her leave us.

Thekla, you are no more a child. Your heart Is now no more in moraflge: for you love,

And boldness dwells with love—that you have proved

Your nature moulds itself upon your father's

More than your mother's spirit. Therefore may you hear, What were too much for her fortitude.

THEKLA.

Enough: no further preface, I entreat you

At once, out with it! Be it what it may,

It is not possible that it should torture me

More than this introduction. What have you

To say to me? Tell me the whole, and briefly

COUNTESS.

You'll not be frighten'd—
THEKLA.
Name it, I entreat you.
COUNTESS.
It lies within your power to do your father
A weighty service—
THEKLA.
Lies within my power?
COUNTESS.
Max. Piccolomini loves you. You can link him
Indissolubly to your father.
THEKLA.
I?
COUNTESS.
What need of me for that? And is he not
Already link'd to him?
THEKLA.
He was.
COUNTESS.
And wherefore
Should he not be so now—not be so always?
THEKLA.
He cleaves to the Emperor too.
COUNTESS.
Not more than duty
And honor may demand of him.
THEKLA.
We ask
Proofs of his love, and not proofs of his honor.
Duty and honor!
Those are ambiguous words with many meanings.
You should interpret them for him: his love
Should be the sole definer of his honor.
COUNTESS.
How?
THEKLA.
The Emperor or you must he renounce.
COUNTESS.
He will accompany my father gladly
In his retirement. From himself you heard,
How much he wish'd to lay aside the sword.
COUNTESS.
He must not lay the sword aside, we mean;
He must unsheathe it in your father's cause.
THEKLA.
He'll spend with gladness and alacrity
His life, his heart's-blood in my father's cause,
If shame or injury be intended him.
COUNTESS.
You will not understand me Well, hear then—
Your father has fallen off from the Emperor,
And is about to join the enemy
With the whole soldiery—
THEKLA.
Alas, my mother!
COUNTESS.
There needs a great example to draw on
The army after him. The Piccolomini
Possess the love and reverence of the troops;
They govern all opinions, and wherever
They lead the way, none hesitate to follow.
The son secures the father to our interests—
You've much in your hands at this moment.
THEKLA.
Ah,
My miserable mother! what a death-stroke
Awaits thee!—No! she never will survive it.
COUNTESS.
She will accommodate her soul to that
Which is and must be. I do know your mother
The far-off' future weighs upon her heart
With torture of anxiety; but is it
Unalterably, actually present,
She soon resigns herself, and bears it calmly.
THEKLA.
O my foreboding bosom! Even now,
E'en now 'tis here, that icy hand of horror!
And my young hope lies shuddering in its grasp;
I knew it well—no sooner had I enter'd,
A heavy ominous presentiment
Reveal'd to me, that spirits of death were hovering
Over my happy fortune. But why think I
First of myself? My mother! O my mother!
COUNTESS.
Calm yourself! Break not out in vain lamenting!
Preserve you for your father the firm friend,
And for yourself the lover, all will yet
Prove good and fortunate.
THEKLA.
Prove good! What good
Must we not part—part ne'er to meet again?
COUNTESS.
He parts not from you! He can not part from you
THEKLA.
Alas for his sore anguish! It will rend
His heart asunder.
COUNTESS.
If indeed he loves you
His resolution will be speedily taken.
THEKLA.
His resolution will be speedily taken—
O do not doubt of that! A resolution!
Does there remain one to be taken?
COUNTESS.
Hush!
Collect yourself! I hear your mother coming.
THEKLA.
How shall I bear to see her?
COUNTESS.
Collect yourself.

SCENE III.

To them enter the DUCHESS.
DUCHESS (to the COUNTESS).
Who was here, sister? I heard some one talking,
And passionately too.
COUNTESS.
Nay! There was no one.
DUCHESS.
I am grown so timorous, every trilling noise
Scatters my spirits, and announces to me
The footstep of some messenger of evil.
And you can tell me, sister, what the event is?
Will he agree to do the Emperor's pleasure,
And send the horse-regiments to the Cardinal?
Tell me, has he dismiss'd Von Questenberg
With a favorable answer?
COUNTESS.
No, he has not.
DUCHESS.
Alas! then all is lost! I see it coming,
The worst that can come! Yes, they will depose him

180
THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.

171

The accursed business of the Regensburg diet Will all be acted o’er again!

COUNTESS.

No! never!

Make your heart easy, sister, as to that.

[THEKLA, in extreme agitation, throws herself upon her mother and enfolds her in her arms, weeping.

DUCHESS.

Yes, my poor child! Thou too hast lost a most affectionate godmother. In the Empress. O that stern unbending man! In this unhappy marriage what have I Not suffer’d, not endured? For even as if I had been link’d on to some wheel of fire. That restless, ceaseless, whirls impetuous onward. I have pass’d a life of frights and horrors with him. And ever to the brink of some abyss. With dizzy headlong violence he whirls me. Nay, do not weep, my child! Let not my sufferings Prosignify unhappiness to thee. Nor blacken with their shade the fate that waits thee. There lives no second Friedland: thou, my child, Hast not to fear thy mother’s destiny.

THEKLA.

O let us supplicate him, dearest mother! Quick! quick! here’s no abiding-place for us. Here every coming hour broods into life Some new affrightful monster.

DUCHESS.

Thou wilt share An easier, calmer lot, my child! We too, I and thy father, witness’d happy days. Still think I with delight of those first years. When he was making progress with glad effort, When his ambition was a genial fire, Not that consuming flame which now it is. The Emperor loved him, trusted him: and all He undertook could not but be successful. But since that ill-star’d day at Regensburg, Which plunged him headlong from his dignity, A gloomy uncompanionable spirit, Unsteady and suspicious, has possess’d him. His quiet mind forsook him, and no longer Did he yield up himself in joy and faith To his old luck, and individual power; But thenceforth turn’d his heart and best affections All to those cloudy sciences, which never Have yet made happy him who follow’d them.

COUNTESS.

You see it, sister! as your eyes permit you. But surely this is not the conversation To pass the time in which we are waiting for him. You know he will be soon here. Would you have him Find her in this condition?

DUCHESS.

Come, my child! Come wipe away thy tears, and show thy father A cheerful countenance. See, the tie-knot here is off—this hair must not hang so dishevell’d. Come, dearest! dry thy tears up. They deform Thy gentle eye.—Well now—what was I saying? Yes, in good truth, this Piccolomini Is a most noble and deserving gentleman.

COUNTESS.

That is he, sister!

THEKLA (to the COUNTESS, with marks of great oppression of spirits).

Aunt, you will excuse me? (Is going).

COUNTESS.

But whither? See, your father comes.

THEKLA.

I cannot see him now.

COUNTESS.

Nay, but bethink you.

THEKLA.

Believe me, I cannot sustain his presence.

COUNTESS.

But he will miss you, will ask after you.

DUCHESS.

What now? Why is she going?

COUNTESS.

She’s not well.

DUCHESS (anxiously).

What ails then my beloved child?

(Both follow the PRINCESS, and endeavor to detain her. During this WALLENSTEIN appears, engaged in conversation with ILLO.

SCENE IV.

WALLENSTEIN, ILLO, COUNTESS, DUCHESS, THEKLA.

WALLENSTEIN.

All quiet in the camp?

ILLO.

It is all quiet.

WALLENSTEIN.

In a few hours may couriers come from Prague With tidings, that this capital is ours. Then we may drop the mask, and to the troops Assembled in this town make known the measure And its result together. In such cases Example does the whole. Whoever is foremost Still leads the herd. An imitative creature Is man. The troops at Prague conceive no other, Than that the Pilsen army has gone through The forms of homage to us; and in Pilsen They shall swear fealty to us, because The example has been given them by Prague. Butler, you tell me, has declared himself?

ILLO.

At his own bidding, unsolicited, He came to offer you himself and regiment.

WALLENSTEIN.

I find we must not give implicit credence To every warning voice that makes itself Be listen’d to in the heart. To hold us back, Oft does the lying Spirit counterfeit The voice of Truth and inward Revelation, Scattering false oracles. And thus have I To entertain forgiveness, for that secretly I’ve wrong’d this honorable gallant man, This Butler: for a feeling, of the which I am not master (fear I would not call it), Creeps o’er me instantly, with sense of shuddering. At his approach, and stops love’s joyous motion. And this same man, against whom I am warn’d, This honest man is he, who reaches to me The first pledge of my fortune.

ILLO.

And doubt not
That his example will win over to you
The best men in the army.

WALLENSTEIN.

Go and send
Isolani hither. Send him immediately.
He is under recent obligations to me:
With him will I commence the trial. Go.

(Exit I.ILLO.)

WALLENSTEIN (turns himself round to the females).

Lo, there the mother with the darling daughter:
For once we'll have an interval of rest—
Come! my heart yearns to live a cloudless hour
In the belovèd circle of my family.

COUNTESS.
'Tis long since we've been thus together, brother.
WALLENSTEIN (to the Countess aside).
Can she sustain the news? Is she prepared?

COUNTESS.
Not yet.

WALLENSTEIN.
Come here, my sweet girl! Seat thee by me,
For there is a good spirit on thy lips.
Thy mother praised to me thy ready skill:
She says a voice of melody dwells in thee,
Which doth enchant the soul. Now such a voice
Will drive away from me the evil demon,
That beats his black wings close above my head.

DUCHESS.
Where is thy lute, my daughter? Let thy father
Hear some small trial of thy skill.

THEKLA.
My mother!

DUCHESS.
Trembling I come, collect thyself. Go, cheer
Thy father.

THEKLA.
O my mother! I— I cannot.

COUNTESS.
How, what is that, niece?

THEKLA (to the Countess).
O spare me—sing—now—in this sore anxiety
Of the o'erburthen'd soul—to sing to him,
Who is thrusting, even now, my mother headlong
Into her grave.

DUCHESS.
How, Thekla! Humorous? What! shall thy father have express'd a wish
In vain?

COUNTESS.
Here is the lute.

THEKLA.
My God! how can I—

[The orchestra plays. During the ritornello THEKLA expresses in her gestures and countenance the struggle of her feelings: and at the moment that she should begin to sing, contracts herself together, as one shuddering, throws the instrument down, and retires abruptly.

DUCHESS.
My child! O she is ill—

WALLENSTEIN.
What ails the maiden?

COUNTESS.
Since then herself

Has now betray'd it, I too must no longer
Conceal it.

WALLENSTEIN.

What?

COUNTESS.
She loves him!

WALLENSTEIN.

Loves him! Whom?

COUNTESS.
Max. does she love? Max. Piccolomini.
Hast thou ne'er noticed it? Nor yet my sister?

DUCHESS.
Was it this that lay so heavy on her heart?
God's blessing on thee, my sweet child thou need'st
Never take shame upon thee for thy choice.

COUNTESS.
This journey, if 'twere not thy aim, ascribe it
To Thine own self. Thou shouldst have chosen another
To have attended her.

WALLENSTEIN.

And does he know it?

COUNTESS.
Yes, and he hopes to win her.

WALLENSTEIN.
Hopes to win her?

COUNTESS.
Is the boy mad?

DUCHESS.
Well, hear it from themselves.

WALLENSTEIN.
He thinks to carry off Duke Friedland's daughter!
Ay! the thought pleases me.
The young man has no grovelling spirit.

COUNTESS.

Since

Such and such constant favor you have shown him.

WALLENSTEIN.
He chooses finally to be my heir.
And true it is, I love the youth; yea, honor him.
But must he therefore be my daughter's husband?
Is it daughters only? Is it only children
That we must show our favor by?

DUCHESS.
His noble disposition and his manners—

WALLENSTEIN.
Win him my heart, but not my daughter.

DUCHESS.

Then

His rank, his ancestors—

WALLENSTEIN.

Ancestors! What?

He is a subject, and my son-in-law
I will seek out upon the thrones of Europe.

DUCHESS.
O dearest Albrecht! Climb we not too high,
Lest we should fall too low.

WALLENSTEIN.
What? have I paid

A price so heavy to ascend this eminence,
And jut out high above the common herd,
Only to close the mighty part I play
In Life's great drama, with a common kinsman?
Have I for this—

[Stops suddenly, repressing himself]
She is the only thing
That will remain behind of me on earth;
And I will see a crown around her head,
Scene V.

To them enter Count Tertsky.

Duchess.

To Countess.

Tertsky.

WALLENSTEIN (leading WALLENSTEIN aside).

Is it thy command that all the Croats—

WALLENSTEIN.

Mine!

Tertsky.

We are betray'd.

WALLENSTEIN.

What?

Tertsky.

They are off! This night

The Jägers likewise—all the villages

In the whole round are empty.

WALLENSTEIN.

Isolani?

Tertsky.

Him thou hast sent away. Yes, surely.

WALLENSTEIN.

I?

Tertsky.

No! Hast thou not sent him off? Nor Deodot?

They are vanish'd both of them.

Scene VI.

To them enter Illo.

Illo.

Has Tertsky told thee?

Tertsky.

He knows all.

Illo.

And likewise

That Esterhatsy, Goetz, Maradas, Kaunitz, Kolatto, Palti, have forsaken thee.

Tertsky.

Damnation!

WALLENSTEIN (winks at them).

Hush!

countess (who has been watching them anxiously from
the distance, and now advances to them).

Tertsky! Heaven! What is it? What has happen'd?

WALLENSTEIN (scarcely suppressing his emotion).

Nothing! Let us be gone!

Tertsky (following him).

Theresa, it is nothing.

countess (holding him back).

Nothing! Do not see, that all the life-blood

Has left your cheeks—look you not like a ghost?

That even my brother but affects a calmness?

An Aid-de-Camp inquires for the Count Tertsch.

[Tertsky follows the Page.

WALLENSTEIN.

Go, hear his business.

(To Illo).

This could not have happen'd

So unsuspected without mutiny.

Who was on guard at the gates?

Illo.

'Twas Tiefenbach.
WALLENSTEIN.
Let Tiefenbach leave guard without delay,
And Tertsky's grenadiers relieve him.

(Illo is going).

Hast thou heard aught of Butler?

Illo.

Him I met:
He will be here himself immediately.
Butler remains unshaken.

(Illo exit. Wallenstein is following him.

COUNTESS.
Let him not leave thee, sister! go, detain him!
There's some misfortune.

Duchess (clinging to him).
Gracious Heaven! what is it?

WALLENSTEIN.
Be tranquil! leave me, sister! dearest wife?
We are in camp, and this is naught unusual;
Here storm and sunshine follow one another
With rapid interchanges. These fierce spirits
Champ the curb angrily, and never yet
Did quiet bless the temples of the leader.
If I am to stay, go you. The plaints of women
Ill suit the scenes where men must act.

[He is going: Tertsky returns.

TERTSKY.
Remain here. From this window must we see it.

WALLENSTEIN (to the Countess).
Sister, retire!

COUNTESS.
No—never.

WALLENSTEIN.
'Tis my will.

TERTSKY (leads the Countess aside, and drawing her attention to the Duchess).

There's!

Duchess.
Sister, come! since he commands it.

---

SCENE VII

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

WALLENSTEIN (stepping to the window).
What now, then?

TERTSKY.
There are strange movements among all the troops,
And no one knows the cause. Mysteriously,
With gloomy silence, the several corps
Marshal themselves, each under its own banners.
Tiefenbach's corps make threatening movements; only
The Pappenheimers still remain aloof
In their own quarters, and let no one enter.

WALLENSTEIN.
Does Piccolomini appear among them?

TERTSKY.
We are seeking him: he is nowhere to be met with.

WALLENSTEIN.
What did the Aid-de-Camp deliver to you?

TERTSKY.
My regiments had dispatch'd him; yet once more
They swear fidelity to thee, and wait
The shout for onset, all prepared, and eager.

WALLENSTEIN.
But whence arose this larum in the camp?

It should have been kept secret from the army,
Till fortune had decided for us at Prague.

TERTSKY.
O that thou hadst believed me! Yester-evening
Did we conjure thee not to let that skulker,
That fox, Octavius, pass the gates of Pilsen.
Thou gavest him thy own horses to flee from thee.

WALLENSTEIN.
The old tune still! Now, once for all, no more
Of this suspicion—it is doing folly.

TERTSKY.
Thou didst confide in Isolani too;
And lo! he was the first that did desert thee.

WALLENSTEIN.
It was but yesterday I rescued him
From abject wretchedness. Let that go by;
I never reckon'd yet on gratitude.
And wherein doth he wrong in going from me?
He follows still the god whom all his life
He has worship'd at the gaming-table. With
My fortune, and my seeming destiny,
He made the bond, and broke it not with me.
I am but the ship in which his hopes were stow'd,
And with the which well-pleased and confident
He traversed the open sea; now he beholds it
In eminent jeopardy among the coast-rocks,
And hurries to preserve his wares. As light
As the free bird from the hospitable twig
Where it had nested, he flies off from me:
No human tie is snapp'd betwixt us two.
Yea, he deserves to find himself deceived
Who seeks a heart in the unthinking man.
Like shadows on a stream, the forms of life
Impress their characters on the smooth forehead,
Naught sinks into the bosom's silent depth:
Quick sensibility of pain and pleasure
Moves the light fluids lightly; but no soul
Warmeth the inner frame.

TERTSKY.
Yet, would I rather
Trust the smooth brow than that deep-furrow'd one.

---

SCENE VIII.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, ILLO.

Illo (who enters agitated with rage).

TREASON and mutiny!

TERTSKY.
And what further now?

Illo.
Tiefenbach's soldiers, whom I gave the orders
To go off guard—Mutinous villains!

TERTSKY.
Well!

WALLENSTEIN.
What followed?

Illo.
They refused obedience to them.

TERTSKY.
Fire on them instantly! Give out the order.

WALLENSTEIN.
Gently! what cause did they assign?

Illo.
No other,
They said, had right to issue orders but
Lieutenant-General Piccolomini.
WALLENSTEIN (in a convulsion of agony).
What? How is that?

ILLO.
He takes that office on him by commission,
Under sign-manual of the Emperor.

TERTSKY.
From the Emperor—hear'st thou, Duke?

ILLO.
At his incitement
The Generals made that stealthy flight—
TERTSKY.
Duke! hear'st thou?

ILLO.
Caraffa too, and Montecuculi,
Are missing, with six other Generals,
All whom he had induced to follow him.
This plot he has long had in writing by him
From the Emperor; but 'tis finally concluded
With all the detail of the operation
Some days ago with the Envoy Questenberg.

[WALLENSTEIN sinks down into a chair, and covers his face.

TERTSKY.
Hadst thou but believed me!

SCENE IX.
To them enter the COUNTESS.

COUNTESS.
This suspense,
This horrid fear—I can no longer bear it.
For heaven's sake, tell me, what has taken place?

ILLO.
The regiments are all falling off from us.

TERTSKY.
Octavio Piccolomini is a traitor.

COUNTESS.
My foreboding!

[Rushes out of the room.

TERTSKY.
Hadst thou but believed me!

Now seest thou how the stars have lied to thee.

WALLENSTEIN.
The stars lie not; but we have here a work
Wrought counter to the stars and destiny.
The science is still honest: this false heart
Forces a lie on the truth-telling heaven.
In a divine law divination rests;
Where Nature deviates from that law, and stumbles
Out of her limits, there all science errs.
'Tis true, I did not suspect! Were it superstition
Ever by such suspicion t'have affronted
The human form, O may that time ne'er come
In which I shame me of the infirmity
The wildest savage drinks not with the victim,
No whose breast he means to plunge the sword.
This, this, Octavio, was no hero's deed:
I was not thy prudence that did conquer mine;
A heart triumph'd o'er an honest one.
To shield received the assassin stroke; thou plunger'd
Thy weapon on an unprotected breast—
Against such weapons I am but a child.

SCENE X.
To these enter BUTLKR.

TERTSKY (meeting him).
Look there! Butler! Here we've still a friend!

WALLENSTEIN (meets him with outspread arms, and embraces him with warmth).
Come to my heart, old comrade! Not the sun
Looks out upon us more revivingly
In the earliest month of spring,
Than a friend's countenance in such an hour.

BUTLKR.
My General: I come—

WALLENSTEIN (leaning on Butler's shoulders).
Know'st thou already?
That old man has betray'd me to the Emperor.
What say'st thou! Thirty years have we together
Lived out, and held out, sharing joy and hardship.
We have slept in one camp-bed, drunk from one glass,
One morsel shared! I lean'd myself on him,
As now I lean me on thy faithful shoulder.
And now in the very moment, when, all love,
All confidence, my bosom beat to his,
He sees and takes the advantage, stabs the knife
Slowly into my heart.

[He hides his face on Butler's breast.

BUTLKR.
Forget the false one.
What is your present purpose?

WALLENSTEIN.
Well remember'd!
Courage, my soul! I am still rich in friends,
Still loved by Destiny; for in the moment,
That it unmasks the plotting hypocrite.
It sends and proves to me one faithful heart.
Of the hypocrite no more! Think not, his loss
Was that which struck the pang: O no! his treason
Is that which strikes this pang! No more of him!
Dear to my heart, and honored were they both,
And the young man—yes—he did truly love me,
He—he—has not deceived me. But enough,
Enough of this—Swift counsel now beseeches us,
The courier, whom Count Kinsky sent from Prague,
I expect him every moment: and whatever
He may bring with him, we must take good care
To keep it from the mutineers. Quick, then!
Dispatch some messenger you can rely on
To meet him, and conduct him to me.

[Illo is going.

BUTLKR (detaining him).

WALLENSTEIN.
The courier
Who brings me word of the event at Prague.

BUTLKR (hesitating).

Hem!

WALLENSTEIN.
And what now?

BUTLKR.
Do you not know it?

WALLENSTEIN.
Well!

BUTLKR.
From what that larum in the camp arose?

WALLENSTEIN.
From what?

BUTLKR.
That courier—

WALLENSTEIN (with eager expectation).

Well!
SCENE XI.

COUNTESS (enters from a side-room).

I can endure no longer. No!

[Looks around her. Where are they?

No one is here. They leave me all alone,
Alone in this sore anguish of suspense.
And I must wear the outward show of calmness
Before my sister, and shut in within me:
The pangs and agonies of my crowded bosom.
It is not to be borne—If all should fail;
If—I must go over to the Swedes,
An empty-handed fugitive, and not
As an ally, a covenanted equal,

A proud commander with his army following:
If we must wander on from land to land.
Like the Count Palatine, of fallen greatness
An ignominious monument—But no!
That day I will not see! And could himself—
Endure to sink so low, I would not bear
To see him so low sunken.

SCENE XII.

COUNTESS, DUCHESS, THEKLA.

THEKLA (endeavoring to hold back the DUCHESS).

Dear mother, do stay here!

DUCHESS.

No! Here is yet
Some frightful mystery that is hidden from me.
Why does my sister shun me? Don't I see her
Full of suspense and anguish roam about
From room to room?—Art thou not full of terror?
And what import these silent nods and gestures
Which stealthwise thou exchangest with her?

THEKLA.

Nothing, dear mother!

DUCHESS (to the COUNTESS).

Sister, I will know.

COUNTESS.

What boots it now to hide it from her? Sooner
Or later she must learn to hear and bear it.
'Tis not the time now to indulge infirmity;
Courage beseeches us now, a heart collect,
And exercise and previous discipline
Of fortitude. One word, and over with it!
Sister, you are deluded. You believe,
The Duke has been deposed—The Duke is not
Deposed—he is—

THEKLA (going to the COUNTESS)

What? do you wish to kill her?

COUNTESS.

The Duke is—

THEKLA (throwing her arms around her mother).

O stand firm! stand firm, my mother.

COUNTESS.

Revolted is the Duke; he is preparing
To join the enemy; the army leave him,
And all has fail'd.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

SCENE—A spacious room in the DUKE OF FRIEDLAND's Palace.

(WALLENSTEIN in armor).

Thou hast gain'd thy point, Octavius! Once more am I
Almost as friendless as at Regensburg.
There I had nothing left me, but myself—
But what one man can do, you have now experience
The twigs have you hew'd off, and here I stand
A leafless trunk. But in the sap within
Lives the creating power, and a new world
May sprout forth from it. Once already have I
Proved myself worth an army to you—I alone!
Before the Swedish strength your troops had melted,
Beside the Lech sunk Tilly, your last hope:

186
THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.

into Bavaria, like a winter torrent, Did that Gustavus pour, and at Vienna in his own palace did the Emperor tremble. soldiers were scarce, for still the multitude "follow the luck": all eyes were turn'd on me, Their helper in distress: the Emperor's pride bow'd down before the man he had injured. I was I must rise, and with creative word assemble forces in the desolate camps. did it. Like a god of war, my name Venti through the world. The drum was beat—and, lo! the pow, the work-shop is forsaken, all warm to the old familiar long-loved banners; and as the wood-choir rich in melody assemble quick around the bird of wonder, When first his throat swells with his magic song, o did the warlike youth of Germany crow in around the image of my eagle. feel myself the being that I was. is the soul that builds itself a body, and Friedland's camp will not remain unfill'd. read then your thousands out to meet—true! they are accustomed'd under me to conquer, not against me. If the head and limbs separate from each other, 'twill be soon Inde manifest, in which the soul abode.

(TERTSKY and TERTSKY enter.)

SCENE II

WALLENSTEIN, ILLO, TERTSKY. (To them enter NEUMANN, who leads TERTSKY aside, and talks with him.)

TERTSKY.

That do they want?

WALLENSTEIN.

What now?

TERTSKY.

Ten Cuirassiers

Tom Pappenheim request leave to address you the name of the regiment.

WALLENSTEIN (hastily to NEUMANN). Let them enter.

[Exit NEUMANN.]

This my end in something. Mark you. They are still doubtful, and may be won.

WALLENSTEIN (after he has run through them with his eye, to the ANSPESSEADE).

I know thee well. Thou art out of Brüggin in Flanders: thy name is Mercy.

WALLENSTEIN. Henry Mercy.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou Wert cut off on the march, surrounded by the Hessians, and didst fight thy way with a hun dred and eighty men through their thousand.

WALLENSTEIN (turning to a second).

Thou Wert among the volunteers that seized and made booty of the Swedish battery at Altenburg.

SECOND CIURASSIER.

Yes, General!

WALLENSTEIN.

I forget no one with whom I have exchanged words.

(A pause). Who sends you?

WALLENSTEIN.

Your noble regiment, the Cuirassiers of Piccolomini.

WALLENSTEIN.

Why does not your colonel deliver in your request, according to the custom of service?

WALLENSTEIN.

Because we would first know whom we serve.

WALLENSTEIN.

Begin your address.

WALLENSTEIN (giving the word of command). Shoulder your arms!

WALLENSTEIN (turning to a third). Thy name is Riebeck; Cologne is thy birth-place.

THIRD CIURASSIER.

Riebeck of Cologne.

WALLENSTEIN.

It was thou that broughtest in the Swedish colonel Diebald, prisoner, in the camp at Nuremberg.

THIRD CIURASSIER.

It was not I, General!

WALLENSTEIN.

Perfectly right! It was thy elder brother: thou hast a younger brother too: where did he stay?

THIRD CIURASSIER.

He is stationed at Olmutz with the Imperial army.

WALLENSTEIN (to the ANSPESSEADE).

Now then—begin.

WALLENSTEIN.

There came to hand a letter from the Emperor, Commanding us——

WALLENSTEIN (interrupting him).

Who chose you?

WALLENSTEIN.

Drew its own man by lot.

WALLENSTEIN. Now! to the business

WALLENSTEIN.

There came to hand a letter from the Emperor, Commanding us collectively, from thee
All duties of obedience to withdraw,
Because thou wert an enemy and traitor.

WALLENSTEIN.

And what did you determine?

ANSPESSADE.

All our comrades
At Braunau, Budweis, Prague and Olmiitz, have
Obey'd already; and the regiments here,
Tiefenbach and Toscanzo, instantly
Did follow their example. But—but we
Do not believe that thou art an enemy
And traitor to thy country, hold it merely
For lie and trick, and a trump'd-up Spanish story?

[With warmth.

Thyself shalt tell us what thy purpose is,
For we have found thee still sincere and true:
No mouth shall interpose itself betwixt
The gallant General and the gallant troops.

WALLENSTEIN.

Therein I recognize my Pappenheimers.

ANSPESSADE.

And this proposal makes thy regiment to thee:
Is it thy purpose merely to preserve
In thy own hands this military sceptre,
Which so becomes thee, which the Emperor
Made over to thee by a covenant?
Is it thy purpose merely to remain
Supreme commander of the Austrian armies—
We will stand by thee, General! and guaranty
Thy honest rights against all opposition.
And should it chance, that all the other regiments
Turn from thee, by ourselves will we stand forth
Thy faithful soldiers, and, as is our duty,
Far rather let ourselves be cut to pieces,
Than suffer thee to fail. But if it be
As the Emperor's letter says, if it be true,
That thou in traitorous wise will lead us over
To the enemy, which God in heaven forbid!
Then we too will forsake thee, and obey
That letter—

WALLENSTEIN.

Hear me, children!

ANSPESSADE.

Yes, or no!

There needs no other answer.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yield attention.
You're men of sense, examine for yourselves;
Ye think, and do not follow with the herd:
And therefore have I always shown you honor
Above all others, suffer'd you to reason;
Have treated you as free men, and my orders
Were but the echoes of your prior suffrage.—

ANSPESSADE.

Most fair and noble has thy conduct been
To us, my General! With thy confidence
Thou hast honor'd us, and shown us grace and favor
Beyond all other regiments; and thou seest
We follow not the common herd. We will
Stand by thee faithfully. Speak but one word—
Thy word shall satisfy us, that it is not
A treason which thou medistate—that
Thou meanest not to lead the army over
To the enemy; nor e'er betray thy country.

WALLENSTEIN.

Me, me are they betraying. The Emperor
Hath sacrificed me to my enemies,
And I must fall, unless my gallant troops
Will rescue me. See! I confide in you.
And be your hearts my strong-hold! At this breach
The aim is taken, at this hoary head.
This is your Spanish gratitude, this is our
Requital for that murderous flight at Lutzen!
For this we threw the naked breast against
The halbert, made for this the frozen earth
Our bed, and the hard stone our pillow! never stream
Too rapid for us, nor wood too impervious:
With cheerful spirit we pursued that Mansfield
Through all the turns and windings of his flight;
Yea, our whole life was but one restless march;
And homeless as the stirring wind, we travell'd
O'er the war-wasted earth. And now even now.
That we have well-nigh finish'd the hard toil,
The unthankful, the curse-laden toil of weapons,
With faithful indefatigable arm
Have roll'd the heavy war-load up the hill,
Behold! this boy of the Emperor's bears away
The honors of the peace, an easy prize!
He'll weave, forsooth, into his flaxen locks
The olive-branch, the hard-earn'd ornament
Of this gray head, grown gray beneath the helmet

ANSPESSADE.

That shall be not, while we can hinder it!
No one, but thou, who hast conducted it
With fame, shall end this war, this frightful war.
Thou ledd'st us out into the bloody field
Of death; and no other shall conduct us home
Rejoicing to the lovely plains of peace—
Shalt share with us the fruits of the long toil—

WALLENSTEIN.

What? Think you then at length in late old age
To enjoy the fruits of toil? Believe it not.
Never, no never, will you see the end
Of the contest! you and me, and all of us,
This war will swallow up! War, war, no peace,
Is Austria's wish; and therefore, because I
Endeavor'd after peace, therefore I fall.
For what cares Austria, how long the war
Wears out the armies and lays waste the world?
She will but wax and grow amid the ruin,
And still win new domains.

[The Cuirassiers express agitation by their gestures
Ye're moved—I see
A noble rage flash from your eyes, ye warriors!
Oh that my spirit might possess you now
Daring as once it led you to the battle!
Ye would stand by me with your veteran arms
Protect me in my rights; and this is noble!
But think not that you can accomplish it,
Your scanty number! to no purpose will you
Have sacrificed you for your General.

[Confidentially
No! let us tread securely, seek for friends!
The Swedes have proffer'd us assistance, let us
Wager, for while the opposition of good will,
And use them for your profit, till we both
Carry the fate of Europe in our hands,
And from our camp to the glad jubilant world
Lead Peace forth with the garland on her head!

ANSPESSADE.

"Tis then but mere appearances which thou
Dost put on with the Swede? Thou 'tis not betray
The Emperor? Wilt not turn us into Swedes?
This is the only thing which we desire
To learn from thee.

WALLENSTEIN.
What care I for the Swedes?
I hate them as I hate the pit of hell,
And under Providence I trust right soon
To chase them to their homes across the Baltic.
My cares are only for the whole: I have
A heart—it bleeds within me for the miseries
And piteous groaning of my fellow Germans.
Ye are but common men, but yet ye think
With minds not common; ye appear to me
Worthy before all others, that I whisper ye
A little word or two in confidence!
See now! already for full fifteen years
The war-torch has continued burning; yet
No rest, no pause of conflict. Swede and German,
Papist and Lutheran! neither will give way
To the other, every hand's against the other.
Each one is party, and no one a judge.
Where shall this end? Where's he that will unravel
This tangle, ever tangling more and more.
It must be cut asunder.
I feel that I am the man of destiny,
And trust, with your assistance, to accomplish it.

SCENE IV.

To these enter Butler.

BUTLER (passionately).
General! this is not right!

WALLENSTEIN.
What is not right?

BUTLER.
It must needs injure us with all honest men.

WALLENSTEIN.
But what?

BUTLER.
It is an open proclamation
Of insurrection.

WALLENSTEIN.
Well, well—but what is it?

BUTLER.
Count Tertsky's regiments tear the Imperial Eagle
From off the banners, and instead of it,
Have read aloft thy arms.

ANSPESADE (abruptly to the Cuirassiers).
Right about! March!

WALLENSTEIN.
Cursed be this counsel, and accursed who gave it!

[To the Cuirassiers, who are retiring.
Halt, children, halt! There's some mistake in this;
Hark!—I will punish it severely. Stop!
They do not hear. (To ILLO). Go after them, assure
them,
And bring them back to me, cost what it may.

[ILLO hurries out.]

This hurl us headlong. Butler! Butler!
You are my evil genius: wherefore must you
Announce it in their presence? It was all
In a fair way. They were half won, those madmen
With their improvident over-readiness—
A cruel game is Fortune playing with me.
The zeal of friends it is that razes me,
And not the hate of enemies

SCENE V.

To these enter the Duchess, who rushes into the Chamber.

THEKLA and the COUNTESS follow her.

Duchess.
O Albrecht!

What hast thou done?

WALLENSTEIN.
And now comes this beside.

COUNTESS.
Forgive me, brother! It was not in my power.
They know all.

Duchess.
What hast thou done?

COUNTESS (to TERTSKY).
Is there no hope? Is all lost utterly?

TERTSKY.
All lost. No hope. Prague in the Emperor's hands
The soldiery have ta'en their oaths anew.

COUNTESS.
That lurking hypocrite, Octavio!
Count Max. is off too?

TERTSKY.
Where can he be? He's
Gone over to the Emperor with his father.

[THEKLA rushes out into the arms of her mother,
Hiding her face in her bosom.

Duchess (infolding her in her arms).
Unhappy child! and more unhappy mother?

WALLENSTEIN (aside to TERTSKY).
Quick! Let a carriage stand in readiness
In the court behind the palace. Scherfenberg
Be their attendant; he is faithful to us;
To Egra he'll conduct them, and we follow.

[To ILLO, who returns.

Thou hast not brought them back?

ILLO.
Hearst thou the uproar?
The whole corps of the Pappenheimers is
Drawn out: the younger Piccolomini,
Their colonel, they require: for they affirm,
That he is in the palace here, a prisoner;
And if thou dost not instantly deliver him,
They will find means to free him with the sword.

[All stand amazed.

TERTSKY.
What shall we make of this?

WALLENSTEIN.
Said I not so?
O my prophetic heart! he is still here.
He has not betray'd me—he could not betray me.
I never doubted of it.

COUNTESS.
If he be
Still here, then all goes well; for I know what

[Embracing THEKLA.

Will keep him here for ever.

TERTSKY.
It can't be.
His father has betray'd us, is gone over
To the Emperor—the son could not have ventured
To stay behind.

THEKLA (her eye fixed on the door).
There he is!
SCENE VI.

To these enter Max. Piccolomini.

MAX.

Yes! here he is! I can endure no longer
To creep on tip-toe round this house, and lurk
In ambush for a favorable moment:
This loitering, this suspense exceeds my powers.
[Advancing to Thekla, who has thrown herself
into her mother's arms.

Turn not thine eyes away. O look upon me!
Confess it freely before all. Fear no one.
Let who will hear that we both love each other.
Wherefore continue to conceal it? Secrecy
Is for the happy—misery, hopeless misery,
Needeth no evil! Beneath a thousand suns
It dares act openly.

[He observes the Countess looking on Thekla
with expressions of triumph.

No, Lady! No!

Expect not, hope it not. I am not come
To stay: to bid farewell, farewell for ever,
For this I come! 'Tis over! I must leave thee!
Thekla, I must—must leave thee! Yet thy hatred
Let me not take with me. I pray thee, grant me
One look of sympathy, only one look.
Say that thou dost not hate me: Say it to me, Thekla!

[Grasps her hand.

O God! I cannot leave this spot—I cannot!
Cannot let go this hand. O tell me, Thekla!
That thou dost suffer with me, art convinced
That I can not act otherwise.

[Thekla, avoiding his look, points with her hand
to her father. Max. turns round to the Duke,
whom he had not till then perceived.

Thou here? It was not thou, whom here I sought.
I trusted never more to have beheld thee.
My business is with her alone. Here will I
Receive a full acquittal from this heart—
For any other I am no more concerned.

WALLENSTEIN.

Think'st thou, that, fool-like, I shall let thee go,
And act the mock-magnanimous with thee?
Thy father is become a villain to me;
I hold thee for his son, and nothing more:
Nor to no purpose shalt thou have been given
Into my power. Think not, that I will honor
That ancient love, which so remorselessly
He mangled. They are now past by, those hours
Of friendship and forgiveness. Hate and vengeance
Succeed—'tis now their turn—I too can throw
All feelings of the man aside—can prove
Myself as much a monster as thy father!

MAX. (coldly).

Thou wilt proceed with me, as thou hast power.
Thou know'st, I neither brave nor fear thy rage.
What has detain'd me here, that too thou know'st.

[Taking Thekla by the hand.

See, Duke! All—all would I have owed to thee,
Would have received from thy paternal hand
The lot of blessed spirits. This lust thou
Laid waste for ever—that concerns not thee.
Indifferent thou trampest in the dust
Their happiness, who most are thine. The god
Whom thou dost serve, is no benignant deity.

Like as the blind irreconcilable
Fierce element, incapable of compact,
Thy heart's wild impulse only dost thou follow.*

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou art describing thy own father's heart.
The adder! O, the charms of hell o'erpow'red me.
He dwelt within me, to my utmost soul
Still to and fro he pass'd, suspected never!
On the wide ocean, in the starry heaven
Did mine eyes seek the enemy, whom I
In my heart's heart had fold'd! Had I been
'To Piccolomini what Octavius was to me,
War had I never denounced against him. No,
I never could have done it. The Emperor was
My austero master only, not my friend.
There was already war 'twixt him and me
When he deliver'd the Commander's Staff
Into my hands; for there's a natural
Unceasing war 'twixt cunning and suspicion;
Peace exists, only betwixt confidence
And faith. Who poisons confidence, he murders
The future generations.

MAX.

I will not
Defend my father. Woe is me, I cannot!
Hard deeds and huckless have ta'en place; one crime
Drags after it the other in close link.

* I have here ventured to omit a considerable number of lines. I fear that I should not have done amiss, had I taken
this liberty more frequently. It is, however, incumbent on me to
give the original with a literal translation.

Web denen, die auf Dich vertraun, an Dich
Die sichere Hütte ihres Glückes lehen,
Gelockt von Deiner geistlichen Gestalt,
Schnell unverhofft, bei mechtlich stiller Weile
Gehrts in dem rückseien Feuerbrunde, ladet
Sich aus mit todesbar Gewalt, und weg
Treibt über alle Pflanzungen der Menschen
Der wilde Strom in grausener Zerstörung.

WALLENSTEIN.

Du schilderst Deines Vaters Herz. Wie Du's
Beschreibst, so ists in seinem Eingeweide,
In dieser schweren Heuchlers Brust gestaltet.
O, mich hat Hallekunst getäuscht! Mir sandte
Der Aulacred den verdeckten Decken
Den Lügenkundigen herauf, und stellt' ihn
Als Freund an meine Seite. Wer vermag
Der Halle Macht zu widernath! Ich zog
Den Basilikon auf an meinem Bauen,
Mit meinem Herzblut nehm ich ihn, er sag
Sich schwelgend voll an meiner Liebe Brüsten,
Ich hatte nimmer Argus gegen ihn,
Welt offen liess ich des Gedankens Thore,
Und warf die Schlüssel weiser Vorsicht weg,
Am Sternenhimmel, etc.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Alas! for those who place their confidence on thee, against
thee lean the secure butt of their fortune, allured by thy hos-
pitable form. Suddenly, unexpectedly, in a moment still as
night, there is a fermentation in the treacherous gulf of fire; it
discharges itself with raging force, and away over all the plan-
tations of men drives the wild stream in frightful devastation.
Waltenstein. Then art portraying thy father's heart: as thou
describeth, even so is it shaped in his entrails, in this black hy-
crite's breast. O, the art of hell has deceived me! The Abyss
sent up to me to the most spotted of the spirits, the most skilful in
lies, and placed him as a friend by my side. Who may with
stand the power of hell? I took the basilisk to my bosom, with
my heart's blood I nourish'd him; he sucked himself glutton at
the breasts of my love. I never harbored evil towards him;
wide open did I leave the door of my thoughts; I threw away
the key of wise foresight. In the starry heaven, etc.—We find
a difficulty in believing this to have been written by Schiller.

190
THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.

181

But we are innocent; how have we fallen
Into this circle of mishap and guilt?
To whom have we been faithless? Wherefore must
The evil deeds and guilt reciprocal
Of our two fathers twine like serpents round us?

Why must our fathers' Unconquerable hate rend us asunder
Who lost their each other?

WALLENSTEIN.

Max., remain with me.
Go you not from me, Max! Hark! I will tell thee—
How when at Prague, our winter-quarters, thou
Wert brought into my tent a tender boy,
Not yetaccustomed to the German winters;
Thy hand was frozen to the heavy colors;
Thou wouldst not let them go—
At that time did I take thee in my arms,
And with my mantle did I cover thee;
I was thy nurse, no woman could have been
A kinder to thee; I was not ashamed
To do for thee all little offices.
However strange to me; I tended thee
Till life return'd; and when thine eyes first open'd,
I had thee in my arms. Since then, when have I
Alter'd my feelings towards thee? Many thousands
Have I made rich, presented them with lands;
Rewarded them with dignities and honors;
Thee have I loved: my heart, myself, I gave
To thee! They all were aliens: thouwert
Our child and inmate.* Max.,! Thou canst not leave
Me;
it can not be; I may not, will not think
That Max. can leave me.

MAX.

O my God! WALLESTEIN.

I have
Held and sustain'd thee from thy tottering childhood.
What holy bond is there of natural love?
What human tie, that does not knittethee to me?
I love thee, Max! What did thy father for thee,
Which I too have not done, to the height of duty?
Go hence, forsake me, serve thy Emperor;
He will reward thee with a pretty chain
Of gold; with his ram’s fleece will he reward thee;
For that the friend, the father of thy youth,
For that the holiest feeling of humanity,
Was nothing worth to thee.

MAX.

O God! how can I
Do otherwise? Am I not forced to do it,
My oath—my duty—honour—

WALLESTEIN.

How? Thy duty!
Duty to whom? Who art thou? Max! bethink thee
What duties mayst thou have? If I am acting
A criminal part toward the Emperor,
It is my crime, not thine. Dost thou belong
To thine own self? Art thou thine own commander?
Standst thou, like me, a freeman in the world,
That in thy actions thou shouldst plead free agency?

On me thou’rt planted, I am thy Emperor;
To obey me, to belong to me, this is
Thy honor, this a law of nature to thee!
And if the planet, on the which thou livest
And hast thy dwelling, from its orbit starts,
It is not in thy choice, whether or no
Thou’lt follow it, Unfelt it whirls thee onward
Together with his ring and all his moons.
With little guilt stepp'st thou into this contest,
Thee will the world not censure, it will praise thee,
For that thou held’st thy friend more worth to thee
Than names and influences more removed.
For justice is the virtue of the ruler,
Affection and fidelity the subject’s.
Not every one doth it beseeem to question
The far-off high Arcturus. Most securely
Wilt thou pursue the nearest duty—let
The pilot fix his eye upon the pole-star.

SCENE VII.

To these enter Newmann.

WALLESTEIN.

What now?

NEWMANN.

The Pappenheimers are dismounted,
And are advancing now on foot, determined
With sword in hand to storm the house, and free
The Count, their colonel.

WALLESTEIN (to TERTSKY).

Have the cannon planted.
I will receive them with chain-shot.

[Exit TERTSKY.

Prescribe to me with sword in hand! Go, Neumann!
’Tis my command that they retreat this moment,
And in their ranks in silence wait my pleasure.

[NEUMANN exit. ILLO steps to the window

COUNTESS.

Let him go, I entreat thee, let him go.

ILLO (at the window).

Hell and perdition!

WALLESTEIN.

What is it?

Illo.

They scale the council-house, the roof’s uncover’d:
They level at this house the cannon—

MAX.

Madmen

Illo.

They are making preparations now to fire on us.

DUCHESS AND COUNTESS.

Merciful Heaven!

MAX (to WALLESTEIN).

Let me go to them?

WALLESTEIN.

Not a step!

MAX. (pointing to Thekla and the Duchess.

But their life! Thine!

WALLESTEIN.

What tidings bring’st thou, Tertsly.

SCENE VIII.

To these TERTSKY (returning).

TERTSKY.

Message and greeting from our faithful regiments
Their ardor may no longer be curb’d in.

191
They entreat permission to commence the attack,  
And if thou wouldst but give the word of onset,  
They could now charge the enemy in rear,  
Into the city wedge them, and with ease  
O'erpower them in the narrow streets.

ILLO. O come!

Let not their ardor cool. The soldiery  
Of Butler's corps stand by us faithfully;  
We are the greater number. Let us charge them,  
And finish here in Pilsen the revolt.

WALLENSTEIN.

What? shall this town become a field of slaughter,  
And brother-killing Discord, fire-eyed,  
Be let loose through its streets to roam and rage?  
Shall the decision be deliver'd over  
To deaf remorseless Rage, that hears no leader?  
Here is not room for battle, only for butchery.  
Well, let it be! I have long thought of it,  
So let it burst then!

[Turns to Max.]

Well, how is it with thee?  
Wilt thou attempt a heat with me. Away!  
Thou art free to go. Oppose thyself to me,  
Front against front, and lead them to the battle;  
Thou 'rt skilled in war, thou hastlearn'd somewhat  
under me,  
I need not be ashamed of my opponent,  
And never hadst thou fairer opportunity  
To pay me for thy schooling.

COUNTESS.

Is it then,  
Can it have come to this!—What! Cousin, cousin!  
Have you the heart?

MAX.

The regiments that are trusted to my care  
I have pledged my troth to bring away from Pilsen  
True to the Emperor, and this promise will I  
Make good, or perish. More than this no duty  
Requires of me. I will not fight against thee,  
Unless compell'd; for though an enemy,  
Thy head is holy to me still.

[Two reports of cannon. ILLO and TERTSKY hurry to the window.]

WALLENSTEIN.

What's that?

TERTSKY.

He falls.

WALLENSTEIN.

Falls! who?

ILLO.

Tiefenbach's corps

Discharged the ordnance.

WALLENSTEIN.

Upon whom?

ILLO.

On Neumann, Your messenger.

WALLENSTEIN (starting up).  
Ha! Death and Hell! I will—

TERTSKY.

Expose thyself to their blind frenzy?

DUCHESS and COUNTESS.

No!

For God's sake, no!

ILLO.

Not yet, my General!

COUNTESS.

O, hold him! hold him!

WALLENSTEIN.

Leave me—

MAX.

Do it not;  
Nor yet! This rash and bloody deed has thrown them  
Into a frenzy-fit—allow them time—

WALLENSTEIN.

Away! too long already have I loiter'd.  
They are embolden'd to these outrages,  
Beholding not my face. They shall behold  
My countenance, shall hear my voice—  
Are they not my troops? Am I not their General,  
And their long-feard' commander! Let me see,  
Whether indeed they do no longer know  
That countenance, which was their sun in battle!  
From the balcony (mark!) I show myself  
To these rebellious forces, and at once  
Revolt is mounded, and the high-swoon current  
Shrinks back into the old bed of obedience.  
[Exit WALLENSTEIN: ILLO, TERTSKY, and BUTLER follow.]

SCENE IX.

COUNTESS, DUCHESS, MAX. and THEKLA.  
COUNTESS (to the DUCHESS).  
Let them but see him—there is hope still, sister.  
DUCHESS.  
Hope! I have none!  
MAX. (who during the last scene has been standing at distance in a visible struggle of feelings, advances.)  
This can I not endure.  
With most determined soul did I come hither.  
My purpose action seem'd unblamable  
To my own conscience—and I must stand here  
Like one abhor'd, a hard inhuman being;  
Yea, loaded with the curse of all I love!  
Must see all whom I love in this sore anguish,  
Whom I with one word can make happy—O!  
My heart revolts within me, and two voices  
Make themselves audible within my bosom.  
My soul's benighted; I no longer can  
Distinguish the right track O, well and truly  
Didst thou say, father, I relented too much  
On my own heart. My mind moves to antifro—  
I know not what to do.  
COUNTESS.  
What! you know not?  
Does not your own heart tell you? O! then I  
Will tell it you. Your father is a traitor,  
A frightful traitor to us—he has plotted  
Against our General's life, has plunged us all  
In misery—and you're his son! 'Tis your's  
To make the amends—Make you the son's fidelity  
Outweigh the father's treason, that the name  
Of Piccolomini be not a proverb  
Of infamy, a common form of cursing  
To the posterity of Wallenstein.

MAX.

Where is that voice of truth which I dare follow?  
It speaks no longer in my heart. We all  
But utter what our passionate wishes dictate:
O that an angel would descend from Heaven,  
And scoop for me the right, the uncorrupted,  
With a pure hand from the pure Fount of Light.  

[His eyes glance on THEKLA.

What other angel seek I? To this heart,  
To this unerring heart, will I submit it;  
Will ask thy love, which has the power to bless  
The happy man alone, averted ever  
From the disquieted and guilty—const thou  
Still love me, if I stay? Say that thou canst,  
And I am the Duke's—

COUNTESS.  
Think, niece—

MAX.  
Think nothing, Thekla!  
Speak what thou feelest.

COUNTESS.  
Think upon your father.

MAX.  
I did not question thee, as Friedland's daughter.  
Thee, the beloved and the unerring god  
Within thy heart, I question. What's at stake?  
Not whether distem of royalty  
Be to be won or not—that might'st thou think on.  
Thy friend, and his soul's quiet, are at stake;  
The fortune of a thousand gallant men,  
Who will all follow me; shall I forswear  
My oath and duty to the Emperor?  
Say, shall I send into Octavio's camp  
The parricidal ball? For when the ball  
Has left its cannon, and is on its flight,  
It is no longer a dead instrument!  
It lives, a spirit passes into it,  
The avenging furies seize possession of it,  
And with sure malice guide it the worst way.

THEKLA.  
O! Max.——

MAX. (interrupting her).  
Nay, not precipitately either, Thekla.  
I understand thee. To thy noble heart  
The hardest duty might appear the highest.  
The human, not the great part, would I act.  
Even from my childhood to this present hour,  
Think what the Duke has done for me, how loved me,  
And think too, how my father has repaid him.  
O likewise the free lovely impulses  
Of hospitality, the pious friend's  
Faulty attachment, these too are a holy  
Religion to the heart; and heavily  
The shudderings of nature do avenge  
Themselves on the barbarian that insults them.  
Lay all upon the balance, all—then speak,  
And let thy heart decide it.

THEKLA.  
O, thy own  
Hath long ago decided. Follow thou  
Thy heart's first feeling——

COUNTESS.  
Oh! ill-fated woman!

THEKLA.  
Is it possible, that can that be the right,  
The which thy tender heart did not at first  
Detect and seize with instant impulse? Go,  
Fulfil thy duty! I should ever love thee.  
Whate'er thou hast chosen, thou would'st still have  
acted  
Nobly and worthy of thee—but repentance  
Shall ne'er disturb thy soul's fair peace.

MAX.  
Then I  
Must leave thee, must part from thee!  

THEKLA.  
Being faithful  
To thine own self, thou art faithful too to me.  
If our fates part, our hearts remain united.  
A bloody hatred will divide for ever  
The houses Piccolomini and Friedland;  
But we belong not to our houses—Go!  
Quick! quick! and separate thy righteous cause  
From our unholy and unblessed one!  
The curse of Heaven lies upon our head:  
'Tis dedicated to ruin. Even me  
My father's guilt drags with it to perditation.  
Mourn not for me:  
My destiny will quickly be decided.  

[Max. clasps her in his arms in extreme emotion.  
There is heard from behind the scene a loud,  
wild, long-continued cry, Vivat Ferdinandus,  
accompanied by warlike Instruments.  
Max and Thekla remain without motion  
in each other's embraces.

SCENE X.  
To these enter TERTSKY.  
COUNTESS (meeting him).

What meant that cry? What was it!  

TERTSKY.  
All is lost!

COUNTESS.  
What! they regarded not his countenance?  

TERTSKY.  
'Twas all in vain.  
DUCHESS.  
They shouted Vivat!  

TERTSKY.  
To the Emperor  

COUNTESS.  
The traitors!  

TERTSKY.  
Nay! he was not once permitted  
Even to address them. Soon as he began,  
With deafening noise of warlike instruments  
They drown'd his words. But here he comes.

SCENE XI.  
To these enter WALLENSTEIN, accompanied by ILO  
and BUTLER.  

WALLENSTEIN (as he enters).  

TERTSKY!  

TERTSKY.  
My General?

WALLENSTEIN.  
Let our regiments hold themselves  
In readiness to march; for we shall leave  
Pilsen ere evening.  

[Exit TERTSKY.  

BUTLER.  

Yes my General.
WALLENSTEIN.
The Governor at Egra is your friend And countryman. Write to him instantly By a post-courier. He must be advised, That we are with him early on the morrow. You follow us yourself, your regiment with you.

BUTLER.
It shall be done, my General!

WALLENSTEIN (steps between MAX. and THEKLA, who have remained during this time in each other's arms).

Part!

MAX.
O God!

[Cuirassiers enter with drawn swords, and assemble in the back-ground. At the same time there are heard from below some spirited passages out of the Pappenheim March, which seem to address MAX.

WALLENSTEIN (to the Cuirassiers).
Here he is, he is at liberty: I keep him No longer.
[He turns away, and stands so that MAX. cannot pass by him nor approach the Princess.

MAX. Thou know'st that I have not yet learnt to live Without thee! I go forth into a desert, Leaving my all behind me. O do not turn Thine eyes away from me! O once more show me Thy ever dear and honor'd countenance.

[Max. attempts to take his hand, but is repelled; he turns to the Countess. Is there no eye that has a look of pity for me? [The Countess turns away from him; he turns to the Duchess.

My mother!

DUCHESS.
Go where duty calls you. Haply The time may come, when you may prove to us A true friend, a good angel at the throne Of the Emperor.

MAX. You give me hope; you would not Suffer me wholly to despair. No! no! Mine is a certain misery—Thanks to Heaven That offers me a means of ending it.

[The military music begins again. The stage fills more and more with armed men. MAX. sees BUTLER, and addresses him. And you here, Colonel Butler—and will you Not follow me? Well, then! remain more faithful To your new lord, than you have proved yourself To the Emperor. Come, Butler! promise me, Give me your hand upon it, that you'll be The guardian of his life, its shield, its watchman. He is attainted, and his princely head Fair booty for each slave that trades in murder. Now he doth need the faithful eye of friendship, And hope whom here I see—
[ Casting suspicious looks on ILLO and BUTLER.

ILLO.
Go—seek for traitors In Galas', in your father's quarters. Here Is only one. Away! away! and free us From his detested sight! Away!

[Max. attempts once more to approach THEKLA. WALLENSTEIN prevents him. MAX. stands

irrecolutely, and in apparent anguish. In the mean time the stage fills more and more; and the horns sound from below louder and louder, and each time after a shorter interval.

MAX. Blow, blow! O were it but the Swedish trumpets, And all the naked swords, which I see here, Were plunged into my breast! What purpose you? You come to tear me from this place! Beware, Ye drive me not to desperation—Do it not! Ye may repent it!

[The stage is entirely filled with armed men Yet more! weight upon weight to drag me down! Think what ye're doing. It is not well done To choose a man despairing for your leader; You tear me from my happiness. Well, then, I dedicate your souls to vengeance. Mark! For your own ruin you have chosen me:
Who goes with me, must be prepared to perish.

[He turns to the back-ground, there ensues a sudden and violent movement among the Cuirassiers; they surround him, and carry him off in wild tumult. WALLENSTEIN remains immovable. THEKLA sinks into her mother's arms. The curtain falls. The music becomes loud and overpowering, and passes into a complete war-march—the orchestra joins it—and continues during the interval between the second and third Acts.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

SCENE—The Bugomaster's House at Egra.

BUTLER (just arrived).

Here then he is, by his destiny conducted. Here, Friedland! and no farther! From Bohemia Thy meteor rose, traversed the sky awhile, And here upon the borders of Bohemia Must sink. Thou hast forsown the ancient colors, Blind man! yet trustest to thy ancient fortunes. Profaner of the altar and the hearth, Against thy Emperor and fellow-citizens Thou mean'st to wage the war. Friedland, beware—The evil spirit of revenge impels thee— Beware thou, that revenge destroy thee not!

SCENE II.

BUTLER and GORDON.

GORDON.
Is it you? How my heart sinks! The Duke a fugitive traitor! His princely head attainted! O my God!

BUTLER.
You have received the letter which I sent you By a post-courier?

GORDON.
Yes; and in obedience to it Open'd the strong-hold to him without scruple, For an imperial letter orders me To follow your commands implicitly.

But yet forgive me; when even now I saw

194
The Duke himself, my scruples recommenced. 
For truly, not like an attainted man, 
Into this town did Friedland make his entrance; 
His wonted majesty beam'd from his brow, 
And calm, as in the days when all was right, 
Did he receive from me the accounts of office. 
The said, that fallen pride learns condensation: 
But sparing and with dignity the Duke 
Weigh'd every syllable of approbation, 
As masters praise a servant who has done 
His duty, and no more.

**GORDON.**
And all then have deserted him, you say? 
He has built up the luck of many thousands; 
For kindly was his spirit: his full hand 
Was ever open! Many a one from dust

(*With a sly glance on Butler.*

Hath he selected, from the very dust
Hath raised him into dignity and honor.
And yet no friend, not one friend hath he purchased.
Whose heart beats true to him in the evil hour

**GORDON.**
I have enjoy'd from him
No grace or favor. I could almost doubt,
If ever in his greatness he once thought on
An old friend of his youth. For still my office
Kept me at distance from him; and when first
He to this citadel appointed me,
He was sincere and serious in his duty.
I do not then abuse his confidence,
If I preserve my fealty in that
Which to my fealty was first deliver'd.

**GORDON.**
Say, then, will you fulfil the attendant on him?

(*pauses reflecting—then as in deep dejection.*

If it be so—if all be as you say—
If he've betray'd the Emperor, his master,
Have sold the troops, have purposed to deliver
The strong-holds of the country to the enemy—
Yen, truly!—there is no redemption for him!
Yet it is hard, that me the lot should-desine
To be the instrument of his perdition;
For we were pages at the court of Bergau.
At the same period; but I was the senior.

**GORDON.**
I have heard so—

(*pauses reflecting—then as in deep dejection.*

A youth who scarce had seen his twentieth year.
Was Wallenstein, when he and I were friends:
Yet even then he had a daring soul;
His frame of mind was serious and severe.
Beyond his years: his dreams were of great objects.
He walk'd amidst us of a silent spirit,
Communing with himself; yet I have known him
Transported on a sudden into utterance
Of strange conceptions; kindling into splendor
His soul reveal'd itself, and he spake so
That we look'd round perplex'd upon each other,
Not knowing whether it were craziness,
Or whether it were a god that spoke in him.

**GORDON.**
But was it where he fell two story high
From a window-ledge, on which he had fallen asleep.
And rose up free from injury? From this day
(It is reported) he betray'd clear marks
Of a distemper'd fancy.

**GORDON.**
He became
Doubtless more self-equal and melancholy;
He made himself a Catholic. Marvellously
His marvellous preservation had transform'd him
Thenceforth he held himself for an exemped
And privileged being, and, as if he were
Incapable of dizziness or fall,
He ran alone the unsteady rope of life.
But now our destinies drove us asunder;
He paced with rapid step the way of greatness,
Was Count, and Prince, Duke-regent, and Dictator.
And now is all, all this too little for him;
He stretches forth his hands for a king's crown,
And plunges in unfathomable ruin.

No more, he comes.

Butler.

---

Scene III.

To these enter Walenstein, in conversation with the Burgomaster of Egra.

WALESTEIN.

You were at one time a free town. I see,
Ye bear the half eagle in your city arms.
Why the half eagle only?

BURGOMASTER.

We were free,
But for these last two hundred years has Egra
Remain'd in pledge to the Bohemian crown;
Therefore we bear the half eagle, the other half
Being cancel'd ill the empire ransom us,
If ever that should be.

WALESTEIN.

Ye merit freedom.
Only be firm and dauntless. Lend your ears
To no designing whispering court-minions.
What may your imposts be?

BURGOMASTER.

So heavy that
We totter under them. The garrison
Lives at our costs.

WALESTEIN.

I will relieve you. Tell me,
There are some Protestants among you still?

[The Burgomaster hesitates.

Yes, yes; I know it. Many lie conceal'd
Within these walls—Confess now—you yourself—
[Fixes his eye on him. The Burgomaster alarmed.
Be not alarm'd. I hate the Jesuits.
Could my will have determined it, they had
Been long ago expell'd the empire. Trust me—
Mass-book or Bible—'tis all one to me.
Of that the world has had sufficient proof.
I built a church for the reform'd in Cologan
At my own instance. Harkye, Burgomaster!
What is your name?

BURGOMASTER.

Pachhalbel, may it please you.

WALESTEIN.

Harkye!

But let it go no further, what I now
Disclose to you in confidence.
[Standing a little distance.

[Observing Gordon and Butler.

I'faith,
'Twas a smart cannonading that we heard
This evening, as we journey'd hitherward;—
'Twas on our left hand. Did you hear it here?

GORDON.

Distinctly. The wind brought it from the South.

BUTLER.

It seem'd to come from Weiden or from Neustadt.

WALESTEIN.

'Tis likely. That's the route the Swedes are taking.
How strong is the garrison?

GORDON.

Not quite two hundred
Competent men, the rest are invalids.

WALESTEIN.

Good! And how many in the vale of Jochim?

GORDON.

Two hundred arquebusiers have I sent thither.
To fortify the posts against the Swedes.

WALESTEIN.

Good! I commend your foresight. At the works too
You have done somewhat?

GORDON.

Two additional batteries
I caused to be run up. They were needed.
The Rhinegraves presses hard upon us, General!

WALESTEIN.

You have been watchful in your Emperor's service.
I am content with you, Lieutenant-Colonel.
[To Butler.

Release the outposts in the vale of Jochim
With all the stations in the enemy's route.
[To Gordon.

Governor, in your faithful hands I leave
My wife, my daughter, and my sister. I
Shall make no stay here, and wait but the arrival
Of letters to take leave of you, together
With all the regiments.

---

Scene IV.

To these enter Count Tertsky.

TERTSKY.

Joy, General; joy! I bring you welcome tidings.

WALESTEIN.

And what may they be?

TERTSKY.

There has been an engagement
At Neustadt; the Swedes gain'd the victory.

WALESTEIN.

From whence did you receive the intelligence?
TERTSKY.
A countryman from Tirschenreuth convey’d it.
Soon after sunrise did the fight begin!
A troop of the Imperialists from Fachau
Had forced their way into the Swedish camp;
The cannonade continued full two hours;
There were left dead upon the field a thousand
Imperialists, together with their Colonel;
Further than this he did not know.

WALLENSTEIN.
How came
Imperial troops at Neustadt? Altringer,
But yesterday, stood sixty miles from there.
Count Galas’ force collects at Frauenberg,
And have not the full complement. Is it possible,
That Suys perchance had ventured so far onward?
It cannot be.

TERTSKY.
We shall soon know the whole,
For here comes Illo, full of haste, and joyous.

SCENE V.
To these enter Illo.

ILLO (to WALLENSTEIN).
A courier, Duke! he wishes to speak with thee.
TERTSKY (eagerly).
Does he bring confirmation of the victory?

WALLENSTEIN (at the same time).
What does he bring? Whence comes he?

ILLO.
From the Rhinegrave.
And what he brings I can announce to you beforehand.
Seven leagues distant are the Swedes;
at Neustadt did Max Piccolomini
Thow himself; on them with the cavalry;
A murderous fight took place! One power’d by numbers
The Pappenheimers all, with Max their leader,
Were left dead on the field.

WALLENSTEIN (after a pause, in a low voice).
Where is the messenger! Conduct me to him.

[WALLENSTEIN is going, when LADY NEUBRUNN rushes into the room. Some Servants follow her, and run across the stage.

NEUBRUNN.
Telp! Help!

ILLO and TERTSKY (at the same time).
What now?

NEUBRUNN.
The Princess!

WALLENSTEIN and TERTSKY.
Does she know it?

NEUBRUNN (at the same time with them). He is dying! [Hurries off the stage, when WALLENSTEIN and TERTSKY follow her.]

SCENE VI.
Butler and Gordon.

GORDON.
Unfortunate Lady!

BUTLER.
You have heard what Illo reporteth, that the Swedes are conquerors,
And marching hitherward.

GORDON.
Too well I heard it.

BUTLER.
They are twelve regiments strong, and there are five
Close by us to protect the Duke. We have
Only my single regiment; and the garrison
Is not two hundred strong.

GORDON.
’Tis even so

BUTLER.
It is not possible with such small force
To hold in custody a man like him.

GORDON.
I grant it.

BUTLER.
Soon the numbers would disarm us,
And liberate him.

GORDON.
It were to be fear’d.

BUTLER (after a pause).
Know, I am warranty for the event;
With my head have I pledged myself for his,
Must make my word good, cost it what it will,
And if alive we cannot hold him prisoner,
Why—death makes all things certain?

GORDON.
Butler! What. Do I understand you? Gracious God! You could—

BUTLER.
He must not live.

GORDON.
And you can do the deed?

BUTLER.
Either you or I. This morning was his last.

GORDON.
You would assassinate him.

BUTLER.
’Tis my purpose

GORDON.
Who leans with his whole confidence upon you?

BUTLER.
Such is his evil destiny!

GORDON.
The sacred person of your General!

BUTLER.
My General he has been.

GORDON.
That ’tis only
An “has been” washes out no villany.
And without judgment pass’d?

BUTLER. The execution
Is here instead of judgment.

GORDON.
This were murder,
Not justice. The most guilty should be heard.

BUTLER.
His guilt is clear, the Emperor has pass’d judgment.
And we but execute his will.
GORDON. We should not
Hurry to realize a bloody sentence.
A word may be recall’d, a life can never be.
BUTLER.
Dispatch in service pleases sovereigns.
GORDON.
No honest man’s ambitious to press forward
To the hangman’s service.
BUTLER.
And no brave man loses
His color at a daring enterprise.
GORDON.
A brave man hazards life, but not his conscience.
BUTLER.
What then? Shall he go forth, anew to kindle
The unextinguishable flame of war?
GORDON.
Seize him, and hold him prisoner—do not kill him!
BUTLER.
Had not the Emperor’s army been defeated,
I might have done so—but ’tis now past by.
GORDON.
O, wherefore open’d I the strong-hold to him?
BUTLER.
His destiny and not the place destroys him.
GORDON.
Upon these ramparts, as beseem’d a soldier,
I had fallen, defending the Emperor’s citadel!
BUTLER.
Yes! and a thousand gallant men have perish’d!
GORDON.
Doing their duty—that adorns the man!
But murder’s a black deed, and nature curses it.
BUTLER (brings out a paper).
Here is the manifesto which commands us
To gain possession of his person. See—
It is address’d to you as well as me.
Are you content to take the consequences,
If through our fault he escape to the enemy?
GORDON.
I? Gracious God!
BUTLER.
Take it on yourself.
Come of it what it may, on you I lay it.
GORDON.
O God in heaven!
BUTLER.
Can you advise aught else
Wherewith to execute the Emperor’s purpose?
Say if you can. For I desire his fall,
Not his destruction.
GORDON.
Merciful heaven! what must be
I see as clear as you. Yet still the heart
Within my bosom beats with other feelings!
BUTLER.
Mine is of harder stuff! Necessity
In her rough school hath steel’d me. And this Ilo
And Tertskey likewise; they must not survive him.
GORDON.
I feel no pang for these. Their own bad hearts
Impell’d them, not the influence of the stars,
’Twas they who strew’d the seeds of evil passions
In his calm breast, and with officious villany
Water’d and nurs’d the pois’rous plants. May they
Receive their earnests to the uttermost mite!
BUTLER.
And their death shall precede his!
We meant to have taken them alive this evening
Amid the merry-making of a feast,
And keep them prisoners in the citadels
But this makes shorter work. I go this instant
To give the necessary orders.

SCENE VII.

To these enter ILO and TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.
Our luck is on the turn. To-morrow come
The Swedes—twelve thousand gallant warriors, Ilo
Then straightways for Vienna. Cheerily, friend! What?
meet such news with such a moody face?
ILO.
It lies with us at present to prescribe
Laws, and take vengeance on those worthless traitors
Those skulking cowards that deserted us;
One has already done his bitter penance,
The Piccolomi: be his the fate
Of all who wish us evil! This flies sure
To the old man’s heart; he has his whole life long
Frett’d and toil’d to raise his ancient house
From a Count’s title to the name’of Prince;
And now must seek a grave for his only son.
BUTLER.
’Twas pity, though! A youth of such heroic
And gentle temperament! The Duke himself,
’Twas easily seen, how near it went to his heart
ILO.
Hark ye, old friend! That is the very point
That never pleased me in our General—
He ever gave the preference to the Italians.
Yea, at this very moment, by my soul!
He’d gladly see us all dead ten times over,
Could he thereby recall his friend to life.
TERTSKY.
Hush, hush! Let the dead rest! This evening’s
business
Is, who can fairly drink the other down—
Your regiment, Ilo! gives the entertainment,
Come! we will keep a merry carnival—
The night for once be day, and ’mid full glasses
Will we expect the Swedish avant-garde.
ILO.
Yes, let us be of good cheer for to-day,
For there’s hot work before us, friends! This sword
Shall have no rest, till it be bathed to the hilt
In Austrian blood.
BUTLER.
Shame, shame! what talk is this
My Lord Field Marshal! Wherefore foam you so
Against your Emperor?
ILO.
Hope not too much
From this first victory. Bethink you, sir!
How rapidly the wheel of Fortune turns;
The Emperor still is formidable strong.
ILO.
The Emperor has soldiers, no commander
For this King Ferdinand of Hungary
Is but a tyro. Galas? He’s no luck,
And was of old the ruiner of armies.
And then this viper, this Octavius,
Is excellent at stabbing in the back,
But ne'er meets Friedland in the open field.

TERTSKY.
Trust me, my friends, it cannot but succeed;
Fortune, we know, can ne'er forsake the Duke!
And only under Wallenstein can Austria
Be conqueror.

ILLO.
The Duke will soon assemble
A mighty army: all comes crowding, streaming
To banners, dedicate by destiny,
To fame, and prosperous fortune. I behold
Old times come back again! he will become
Once more the mighty Lord which he has been.
How will the fools, who've now deserted him,
Look then? I can't but laugh to think of them,
For lands will be present to all his friends,
And like a King and Emperor reward
True services; but we've the nearest claims.

[To GORDON.
You will not be forgotten, Governor!
He'll take you from this nest, and bid you shine
In higher station: your fidelity
Well merits it.

GORDON.
I am content already,
And wish to climb no higher; where great height is,
The fall must needs be great. "Great height, great
depth."

ILLO.
Here you have no more business, for to-morrow
The Swedes will take possession of the citadel.
Come, Tertsky, it is supper-time. What think you?
Nay, shall we have the State illuminated
in honor of the Swede? And who refuses
To do it is a Spaniard and a traitor.

TEERTSKY.
Nay! Nay! not that, it will not please the Duke—

ILLO.
What! we are masters here; no soul shall dare
Avow himself imperial where we've the rule.
Gordon! good night, and for the last time, take
A fair leave of the place. Send out patrols
To make secure, the watch-word may be alter'd
At the stroke of ten: deliver in the keys
To the Duke himself, and then you've quit for ever
Your wardship of the gates, for on to-morrow
The Swedes will take possession of the citadel.

TEERTSKY (as he is going, to BUTLER).
You come, though, to the castle?

BUTLER.
At the right time.

SCENE VIII.

GORDON and BUTLER.

GORDON (looking after them).

Unhappy men! How free from all foreboding!
They rush into the outspread net of murder,
A blind drunkenness of victory:
Have no pity for their fate. This Illo,
This overflowing and foolhardy villain,
That would fain bathe himself in his Emperor's
blood.—

BUTLER.
Do as he order'd you. Send round patrols,
Take measures for the citadel's security;
When they are within, I close the castle-gate
That nothing may transpire.

GORDON (with earnest anxiety).
Oh! haste not so!

Nay, stop; first tell me——

BUTLER.
You have heard already
To-morrow to the Swedes belongs. This night
Alone is ours. They make good expedition.
But we will make still greater. Fare you well.

GORDON.
Ah! your looks tell me nothing good. Nay, Butler
I pray you, promise me!

BUTLER.
The sun has set;
A fateful evening doth descend upon us,
And brings on their long night! Their evil stars
Deliver them unarm'd into our hands,
And from their drunken dream of golden fortunes
The dagger at their heart shall rouse them. Well,
The Duke was ever a great calculator,
His fellow-men were figures on his chess-board,
To move and station, as his game required.
Other men's honor, dignity, good name,
Did he shift like pawns, and made no conscience of it
Still calculating, calculating still;
And yet at last his calculation proves
Erroneous; the whole game is lost; and lo!
His own life will be found among the forlets.

GORDON.
O think not of his errors now; remember
His greatness, his munificence, think on all
The lovely features of his character,
On all the noble exploits of his life,
And let them, like an angel's arm, unseen
Arrest the lifted sword.

BUTLER.
It is too late.
I suffer not myself to feel compassion,
Dark thoughts and bloody are my duty now;

[Grasping Gordon's hand.
Gordon! 'tis not my hatred (I pretend not
To love the Duke, and have no cause to love him),
Yet 'tis not now my hatred that impels me
To be his murderer. 'Tis his evil fate,
Hostile concurrences of many events
Control and subjugate me to the office.
In vain the human being meditates
Free action. He is but the wire-work'd puppet
Of the blind Power, which out of his own choice
Creates for him a dread necessity.
What too would it avail him, if there were
A something pleading for him in my heart—
Still I must kill him.

GORDON.
If your heart speak to you
Follow its impulse. 'Tis the voice of God.
Think you your fortunes will grow prosperous
Bedeck'd with blood—his blood? Believe it not!

* We doubt the propriety of putting so blasphemous a sentiment in the mouth of any character. T.
ACT IV.

SCENE I.

SCENE—BUTLER's Chamber.

BUTLER, MAJOR, and Geraldin.

BUTLER.

Find me twelve strong Dragoons, arm them with pikes,
For there must be no firing—
Conceal them somewhere near the banquet-room,
And soon as the dessert is served up, rush all in
And cry—Who is loyal to the Emperor?
I will overturn the table—while you attack
Illo and Tersky, and dispatch them both.
The castle-palace is well barr'd and guarded,
That no intelligence of this proceeding
May make its way to the Duke.—Go instantly;
Have you yet sent for Captain Devereux
And the Macdonald?——

GERALDIN.

They'll be here anon.

[Exit Geraldin.

BUTLER.

Here's no room for delay. The citizens
Declare for him, a dizzy drunken spirit
Possesses the whole town. They see in the Duke
A Prince of peace, a founder of new ages
And golden times. Arms too have been given out
By the town-council, and a hundred citizens
Have volunteer'd themselves to stand on guard
Dispatch then be the word. For enemies
Threaten us from without and from within.

SCENE II.

BUTLER, CAPTAIN DEVEREUX, and MACDONALD.

MACDONALD.

Here we are, General.

DEVEREUX.

What's to be the watch-word

BUTLER.

Long live the Emperor!

BOTH (reeling).

How?

BUTLER.

Live the House of Austria.

DEVEREUX.

Have we not sworn fidelity to Friedland?

MACDONALD.

Have we not march'd to this place to protect him?

DEVEREUX.

Protect a traitor, and his country's enemy!

MACDONALD.

Why, yes! in his name you administer'd
Our oath.

DEVEREUX.

And followed him yourself to Egra.

BUTLER.

I did it the more surely to destroy him

DEVEREUX.

So then!

MACDONALD.

An alter'd case!

THE CURTAIN DROPS.

BUTLER.

You know not. Ask not! Wherefore should it happen.
That the Swedes gain'd the victory, and hasten
With such forced marches hitherward? Fear would I
Have given him to the Emperor's mercy—Gordon!
I do not wish his blood—But I must ransom
The honor of my word,—it lies in pledge——
And he must die, or——

[Passionately grasping Gordon's hand.

Listen then, and know! I am dishonor'd if the Duke escape us.

GORDON.

O! to save such a man——

BUTLER.

What!

GORDON.

It is worth
A sacrifice.—Come, friend! Be noble-minded!
Our own heart, and not other men's opinions,
Forms our true honor.

BUTLER (with a cold and haughty air).

He is a great Lord,
This Duke—and I am but of mean importance.
Thia is what you would say? Wherein concerns it
The world at large, you mean to hint to me,
Whether the man of low extraction keeps
Or blemishes his honor—
So that the man of princely rank be saved?
We all do stamp our value on ourselves.
The price we challenge for ourselves is given us.
There does not live on earth the man so station'd,
That I despise myself compared with him.
Man is made great or little by his own will;
Because I am true to mine, therefore he dies.

GORDON.

I am endeavoring to move a rock.
Thou hadst a mother, yet no human feelings.
I cannot hinder you, but may some God
Rescue him from you!

[Exit Gordon.

SCENE IX.

BUTLER (alone).

I treasured my good name all my life long;
The Duke has cheated me of life's best jewel,
So that I blush before this poor weak Gordon!
He prizes above all his fealty;
His conscious soul accuses him of nothing;
In opposition to his own soft heart
He subjugates himself to an iron duty.
Me in a weaker moment passion warp'd;
I stand beside him, and must feel myself
The worse man of the two. What, though the world
Is ignorant of my purposed treason, yet
One man does know it, and can prove it too——
High-minded Piccolomini! There lives the man
Who can dishonor me!
This ignominy blood alone can cleanse!
Duke Friedland, thou or I—Into my own hands
Fortune delivers me—The dearest thing a man has
is himself.

(The curtain drops.)
THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.

Butler (to Devereux).  
Thou wretched man!  
So easily leavest thou thy oath and colors?  

Devereux.  
The devil!—I but follow'd your example.  
If you could prove a villain, why not we?  

Macdonald.  
We've nought to do with thinking—that's your business.  
You are our General, and give out the orders;  
We follow you, though the track lead to hell.  
Butler (appeared).  
Good then! we know each other.  

Macdonald.  
I should hope so.  
Devereux.  
Soldiers of fortune are we—who bids most,  
he has us  

Macdonald.  
'Tis e'en so!  
Butler.  
Well, for the present  
Ye must remain honest and faithful soldiers.  
Devereux.  
We wish no other.  
Butler.  
Ay, and make your fortunes.  
Macdonald.  
That is still better.  
Butler.  
Listen!  
Both.  
We attend.  

Devereux.  
It runs so in the letter.  
Macdonald.  
Alive or dead—these were the very words.  
Butler.  
And he shall be rewarded from the State  
a land and gold, who proffers aid thereto.  

Devereux.  
Ay! that sounds well. The words sound always well  
that travel hither from the Court. Yes! yes!  
We know already what Court-words import.  
a golden chain perhaps in sign of favor,  
or an old charger, or a parchment patent,  
and such like.—The Prince-duke pays better.  
Macdonald.  
The Duke's a splendid paymaster.  
Butler.  
All over  
With that, my friends! His lucky stars are set.  
Macdonald.  
and is that certain?  
Butler.  
You have my word for it.  
Devereux.  
His lucky fortunes all past by!  
Butler.  
For ever  

Devereux.  
Macdonald, we'll desert him.  

Butler.  
We'll desert him?  
Full twenty thousand have done that already;  
We must do more, my countrymen! In short—  
We—we must kill him.  
Both (starting back).  
Kill him!  
Butler.  
Yes! must kill him;  
And for that purpose have I chosen you.  
Both.  
Us!  

Butler.  
You, Captain Devereux, and thee, Macdonald  
Devereux (after a pause).  
Choose you some other.  
Butler.  
What! art dastardy?  
Thou, with full thirty lives to answer for—  
Thou conscientious of a sudden?  
Devereux.  
Nay,  
To assassinate our Lord and General—  
Macdonald.  
To whom we've sworn a soldier's oath—  
Butler.  
The oath  
Is null, for Friedland is a traitor.  
Devereux.  
No, no! it is too bad!  
Macdonald.  
Yes, by my soul!  
It is too bad. One has a conscience too—  
Devereux.  
If it were not our Chief, who so long  
Has issued the commands, and claim'd our duty.  
Butler.  
Is that the objection?  
Devereux.  
Were it my own father,  
And the Emperor's service should demand it of me,  
It might be done, perha—But we are soldiers,  
And to assassinate our Chief Commander,  
That is a sin, a foul abomination,  
From which no Monk or Confessor absolves us  
Butler.  
I am your Pope, and give you absolution.  
Determine quickly!  
Devereux.  
'Twill not do.  
Macdonald.  
'Twont do.  
Butler.  
Well, off then! and—send Pestalutz to me.  
Devereux (hesitates).  
The Pestalutz—  
Macdonald.  
What may you want with him?  
Butler.  
If you reject it, we can find enough—  
Devereux.  
Nay, if he must fall, we may earn the bounty 201
As well as any other. What think you, Brother Macdonald?

**MACDONALD.**
Why, if he must fall,
And will fall, and it can’t be otherwise,

One would not give place to this Pestalutz.

**DEVEREUX (after some reflection).**
When do you purpose he should fall?

**BUTLER.**
This night.

To-morrow will the Swedes be at our gates.

**DEVEREUX.**
You take upon you all the consequences!

**BUTLER.**
I take the whole upon me.

**DEVEREUX.**
And it is
The Emperor’s will, his express absolute will?

For we have instances, that folks may like
The murder, and yet hang the murderer.

**BUTLER.**
The manifesto says—alive or dead.

Alive—’tis not possible—you see it is not.

**DEVEREUX.**
Well, dead then! dead! But how can we come at him?
The town is fill’d with Tertsky’s soldiery.

**MACDONALD.**
Ay! and then Tertsky still remains, and Illo—

**BUTLER.**
With these you shall begin—you understand me?

**DEVEREUX.**
How? And must they too perish?

**BUTLER.**
They the first

**MACDONALD.**
Hear, Devereux! A bloody evening this.

**DEVEREUX.**
Have you a man for that? Commission me—

**BUTLER.**
’Tis given in trust to Major Geraldín;

This is a carnival night, and there’s a feast
Given at the castle—there we shall surprise them,
And hew them down. The Pestalutz, and Lesley
Have that commission—soon as that is finish’d—

**DEVEREUX.**
Hear, General! It will be all one to you—

Harkye, let me exchange with Geraldín.

**BUTLER.**
’Twill be the lesser danger with the Duke.

**DEVEREUX.**
Danger! the devil! What do you think me, General?

’Tis the Duke’s eye, and not his sword, I fear.

**BUTLER.**
What can his eye do to thee?

**DEVEREUX.**
Death and hell!

Thou know’st that I’m no milk-sop, General!

But ’tis not eight days since the Duke did send me
Twenty gold pieces for this good warm coat.

Which I have on! and then for him to see me
Standing before him with the pike, his murderer,

That eye of his looking upon this coat—

Why—why—the devil fetch me! I’m no milk-sop!

**BUTLER.**
The Duke presented thee this good warm coat,

And thou a needy wight, hast pangs of conscience
To run him through the body in return.

A coat that is far better and far warmer
Did the Emperor give to him. the Prince’s mantle
How doth he thank the Emperor? With revolt,
And treason.

**DEVEREUX.**
That is true. The devil take

Such thankers! I’ll dispatch him.

**BUTLER.**
And wouldst quie

Thy conscience, thou hast naught to do but simply

Pull off the coat; so canst thou do the deed

With light heart and good spirits.

**DEVEREUX.**
You are right.

That did not strike me. I’ll pull off the coat—

So there’s an end of it.

**MACDONALD.**
Yes, but there’s another

Point to be thought of.

**BUTLER.**
And what’s that, Macdonald

**MACDONALD.**
What avails sword or dagger against him?

He is not to be wounded—he is—

**BUTLER (starting up).**
What?

**MACDONALD.**
Safe against shot, and stab and flash! Hard frozen,

Secured, and warranted by the black art!

His body is impenetrable, I tell you.

**DEVEREUX.**
In Inglesdair there was just such another:

His whole skin was the same as steel; at last

We were obliged to beat him down with gunstocks.

**MACDONALD.**
Hear what I’ll do.

**DEVEREUX.**
Well?

**MACDONALD.**
In the cloister here

There’s a Dominican, my countryman.

I’ll make him dip my sword and pike for me

In holy water, and say over them

One of his strongest blessings. That’s probatun.

Nothing can stand ‘gainst that.

**BUTLER.**
So do, Macdonald

But now go and select from out the regiment

Twenty or thirty able-bodied fellows,

And let them take the oaths to the Emperor.

Then when it strikes eleven, when the first rounds

Are pass’d, conduct them silently as may be

To the house—I will myself be not far off.

**DEVEREUX.**
But how do we get through Hartschier and Gordon

That stand on guard there in the inner chamber?

**BUTLER.**
I have made myself acquainted with the place.

I lead you through a back-door that’s defended

By one man only. Me my rank and office

Give access to the Duke at every hour,

I’ll go before you—with one poniard-stroke

Cut Hartschier’s windpipe, and make way for you.

**DEVEREUX.**
And when we are there, by what means shall we get

902
The Duke's bed-chamber, without his alarming
The servants of the Court; for he has here
A numerous company of followers?

BUTLER.
The attendants fill the right wing; he hates bustle,
And lodge in the left wing quite alone.

DEVREUX.
Were it well over—he, Macdonald? I
feel queerly on the occasion, devil knows!

MACDONALD.
And I too. 'Tis is too great a personage.
People will hold us for a brace of villains.

BUTLER.
a plenty, honor, splendor—You may safely
Laugh at the people's babble.

DEVREUX.
If the business
quarres with one's honor—if that be quite certain—

BUTLER.
et your hearts quite at ease. Ye save for Ferdinand
is Crown and Empire. The reward can be
small one.

DEVREUX.
nd 'tis his purpose to dethrone the Emperor?

BUTLER.
es!—Yes!—to rob him of his Crown and Life.

DEVREUX.
nd he must fall by the executioner's hands,
would we deliver him up to the Emperor
live?

BUTLER.
It were his certain destiny.

DEVREUX.
Well! Well! Come then, Macdonald, he shall
not
long in pain.

[Exeunt Butler through one door, Macdonald and
DEVREUX through the other.

SCENE III.

A Gothic and gloomy Apartment at the DUCHESS
FRIEDLAND's. THEKLA on a seat, pale, her eyes
closed. The DUCHESS and LADY NEUBRUNN
buried about her. WALLENSTEIN and the COUNTESS
in conversation.

WALLENSTEIN.
How knew she it so soon?

COUNTESS.
She seems to have
rebosed some misfortune. The report
an engagement, in which had fallen
colonel of the Imperial army, frighten'd her.
law it instantly. She flew to meet
the Swedish courier, and with sudden questioning,
on wrenched from him the disastrous secret.
so late we miss'd her, hasten'd after her,
he found her lying in his arms, all pale
ed in a swoon.

WALLENSTEIN.
A heavy, heavy blow!
Id she so unprepared! Poor child! How is it?
[Turning to the DUCHESS.

DUCHESS.
Her eyes are opening.

COUNTESS.

THEKLA (looking around her).
Where am I?

WALLENSTEIN (steps to her, raising her up in his arms).
Come, cheerily, Thykla! be my own brave girl!
See, there's thy loving mother. Thou art in
Thy father's arms.

THEKLA (standing up).
Where is he? Is he gone?

DUCHESS.
Who gone, my daughter?

THEKLA.
That word of misery.

DUCHESS.
O! think not of it;

My Thykla!

WALLENSTEIN.
Give her sorrow leave to talk!
Let her complain—mingle your tears with hers,
For she hath suffer'd a deep anguish; but
She'll rise superior to it, for my Thykla
Hath all her father's unsubdued heart.

THEKLA.
I am not ill. See, I have power to stand.
Why does my mother weep? Have I alarm'd her?
It is gone by—I recollect myself—
[She casts her eyes round the room, as seeking some
one.

Where is he? Please you, do not hide him from me,
You see I have strength enough: now I will hear him.

DUCHESS.
No, never shall this messenger of evil
Enter again into thy presence, Thykla!

THEKLA.
My father—

WALLENSTEIN.
Dearest daughter!

THEKLA.
I'm not weak—
Shortly I shall be quite myself again.
You'll grant me one request?

WALLENSTEIN.
Name it, my daughter

THEKLA.
Permit the stranger to call'd to me,
And grant me leave, that by myself I may
Hear his report and question him.

DUCHESS.
No, never!

COUNTESS.
'Tis not advisable—assent not to it.

WALLENSTEIN.
Hush! Wherefore wouldst thou speak with him, my
daughter?

THEKLA.
Knowing the whole, I shall be more collected:
I will not be deceived. My mother wishes
Only to spare me. I will not be spared,
The worst is said already: I can hear
Nothing of deeper anguish.

DUCHESS and COUNTESS.
Do it not.

THEKLA.
The horror overpower'd me by surprise.
My heart betray'd me in the stranger's presence
He was a witness of my weakness, yes,
I sunk into his arms; and that has shamed me.
I must replace myself in his esteem,
And I must speak with him, perform, that he,
The stranger, may not think ungently of me.

WALLENSTEIN.
I see she is in the right, and am inclined
To grant her this request of hers. Go, call him.

(LADY NEUBRUNN goes to call him).
DUCHESS.
But I, thy mother, will be present—

THEKLA.
'Twere more pleasing to me, if alone I saw him:
Trust me. I shall behave myself the more
Collectedly.

WALLENSTEIN.
Permit her her own will.
Leave her alone with him: for there are sorrows,
Where of necessity the soul must be
Its own support. A strong heart will rely
On its own strength alone. In her own bosom,
Not in her mother's arms, must she collect
The strength to rise superior to this blow.
It is mine own brave girl. I'll have her treated
Not as the woman, but the heroine. (Going.

COUNTESS (detaining him).
Where art thou going? I heard Tersky say
That 'tis thy purpose to depart from hence
To-morrow early, but to leave us here.

WALLENSTEIN.
Yes, ye stay here, placed under the protection
Of gallant men.

COUNTESS.
O take us with you, brother!
Leave us not in this gloomy solitude
To brood o'er anxious thoughts. The mists of doubt
Magnify evils to a shape of horror.

WALLENSTEIN.
Who speaks of evil? I entreat you, sister,
Use words of better omen.

COUNTESS.
Then take us with you.
O leave us not behind you in a place
That forces us to such sad omens. Heavy
And sick within me is my heart—
These walls breathe on me, like a church-yard vault.
I cannot tell you, brother, how this place
Doth go against my nature. Take us with you.
Come, sister, join you my entreaty!—Niece,
Yours too. We all entreat you, take us with you!

WALLENSTEIN.
The place's evil omens will I change,
Making it that which shields and shelters for me
My best beloved.

LADY NEUBRUNN (returning).
The Swedish officer.

WALLENSTEIN.
Leave her alone with me. [Exit.

DUCHESS (to THEKLA, who starts and shivers).
There—pale as death!—Child, 'tis impossible
That thou shouldst speak with him. Follow thy mother.

THEKLA.
The Lady Neubrunn then may stay with me.

[Exeunt Duchess and Countess.

SCENE IV.

THEKLA, the Swedish Captain, Lady Neubrunn.

CAPTAIN (respectfully approaching her)

Princess—I must entreat your gentle pardon—
My insconsiderate rash speech—How could I—

THEKLA (with dignity).

You have beheld me in my agony.
A most distressful accident occasion'd
You from a stranger to become at once
My confidant.

CAPTAIN.

I fear you hate my presence,
For my tongue spake a melancholy word.

THEKLA.
The fault is mine. Myself did wrest it from you.
The horror which came o'er me interrupted
Your tale at its commencement. May it please you,
Continue it to the end.

CAPTAIN.

Princess, 'twill
Renew your anguish.

THEKLA.

I am firm.—
I will be firm. Well—how began the engagement?

CAPTAIN.

We, lay, expecting no attack, at Neustadt,
Intrench'd but insecurely in our camp,
When towards evening rose a cloud of dust
From the wood thitherward; our vanguard fled
Into the camp, and sounded the alarm.

Scarce had we mounted, ere the Pappenheimers,
Their horses at full speed, broke through the lines,
And leapt the trenches; but their headless courage
Had borne them onward far before the others
The infantry were still at distance only.
The Pappenheimers follow'd daringly
Their daring leader—

THEKLA betrays agitation in her gestures. The
Officer pauses till she makes a sign to him to proceed.

CAPTAIN.

Both in van and flanks
With our whole cavalry we now received them;
Back to the trenches drove them, where the foot,
Stretch'd out a solid ridge of pikes to meet them.
They neither could advance, nor yet retreat,
And as they stood on every side wedged in,
The Rhinegrave to their leader call'd aloud,
Inviting a surrender; but their leader,
Young Piccolomini—

THEKLA, as giddy, grasps a chair.

Known by his plume,
And his long hair, gave signal for the trenches;
Himself leapt first, the regiment all plunged after
His charger, by a halbert gored, rear'd up,
Flung him with violence off, and over him
The horses, now no longer to be curb'd—

THEKLA who has accompanied the last speech ut
all the marks of increasing agony, tremble
through her whole frame, and is falling. Th
LADY NEUBRUNN runs to her, and receiveth he
in her arms.

NEUBRUNN.

My dearest lady—
Captain.
I retire.

Thekla.
'Tis over.

Proceed to the conclusion.

Captain.
Wild despair
Inspired the troops with frenzy when they saw
Their leader perish; every thought of rescue
Was spurn'd; they fought like wounded tigers; their
Franitic resistance roused our soldiery;
A murderous fight took place, nor was the contest
Finished before their last man fell.

Thekla (faltering).
And where—
Where is—You have not told me all.

Captain (after a pause).
This morning
We buried him. Twelve youths of noblest birth
Did bear him to interment; the whole army
Follow'd the bier. A laurel deck'd his coffin;
The sword of the deceased was placed upon it,
In mark of honor, by the Rhinegrave's self.
Nor tears were wanting; for there are among us
Many, who had themselves experienced
The greatness of his mind, and gentle manners;
All were affected at his fate. The Rhinegrave
Would willingly have saved him; but himself
Made vain the attempt—'tis said he wish'd to die.

Neubrunn (to Thekla, who has hidden her counterenance).
Look up, my dearest lady——

Thekla.
Where is his grave?

Captain.
At Neustadt, lady; in a cloister church
Are his remains deposited, until
We can receive directions from his father.

Thekla.
What is the cloister's name?

Captain.
Saint Catherine's.

Thekla.
And how far is it thither?

Captain.
Near twelve leagues.

Thekla.
And which the way?

Captain.
You go by Tirschenreit
And Falkenberg, through our advanced posts.

Thekla.
Who is their commander?

Captain.
Colonel Seckendorf.

Thekla.
You have beheld me in my agony,
And shown a feeling heart. Please you, accept
[Giving him the ring.
A small memorial of this hour. Now go!

Captain (confused).

Princess——

Thekla silently makes signs to him to go, and
turns from him. The Captain fingered, and
is about to speak. Lady Neubrunn repeats
the signal, and heretires.

Scene V.

Thekla, Lady Neubrunn.

Thekla (falls on Lady Neubrunn's neck).
Now, gentle Neubrunn, show me the affection
Which thou hast ever promised—prove thyself
My own true friend and faithful fellow-pilgrim.
This night we must away!

Neubrunn.
Away! and whither?

Thekla.
Whither! There is but one place in the world.
Thither where he lies buried! To his coffin!

Neubrunn.
What would you do there?

Thekla.
What do there?
That wouldst thou not have ask'd, hadst thou e'er
loved.
There, there is all that still remains of him.
That single spot is the whole earth to me.

Neubrunn.
That place of death——

Thekla.
Is now the only place,
Where life yet dwells for me: detain me not!
Come and make preparations: let us think
Of means to fly from hence.

Neubrunn.
Your father's rage——

Thekla.
That time is past——
And now I fear no human being's rage.

Neubrunn.
The sentence of the world! The tongue of calumny!

Thekla.
Whom am I seeking? Him who is no more.
Am I then hastening to the arms——O God!
I haste but to the grave of the beloved.

Neubrunn.
And we alone, two helpless feeble women?

Thekla.
We will take weapons: my arm shall protect thee.

Neubrunn.
In the dark night-time?

Thekla.
Darkness will conceal us.

Neubrunn.
This rough tempestuous night——

Thekla.
[Had we a soft bed
Under the hoofs of his war-horses?

Neubrunn.
Heaven!
And then the many posts of the enemy?

Thekla.
They are human beings. Misery travels free
Through the whole earth.

27
NEUBRUNN.
The journey’s weary length—
THEKLA.
The pilgrim, travelling to a distant shrine
Of hope and healing, doth not count the leagues.
NEUBRUNN.
How can we pass the gates?
THEKLA.
Gold opens them.
Go, do but go.
NEUBRUNN.
Should we be recognized?
THEKLA.
In a despairing woman, a poor fugitive, a
Will no one seek the daughter of Duke Friedland?
NEUBRUNN.
And where procure we horses for our flight?
THEKLA.
My equerry procures them. Go and fetch him.
NEUBRUNN.
Dares he, without the knowledge of his lord?
THEKLA.
He will. Go, only go. Delay no longer.
NEUBRUNN.
Dear lady! and your mother?
THEKLA.
Oh! my mother!
NEUBRUNN.
But think what you are doing!
THEKLA.
What can be thought, already has been thought.
NEUBRUNN.
And being there, what purpose you to do?
THEKLA.
There a Divinity will prompt my soul.
NEUBRUNN.
Your heart, dear lady, is disquieted!
And this is not the way that leads to quiet.
THEKLA.
To a deep quiet, such as he has found,
It draws me on, I know not what to name it,
Resistless does it draw me to his grave.
There will my heart be eased, my tears will flow.
O hasten, make no further questioning!
There is no rest for me till I have left
These walls—they fall in on me—a dim power
Drives me from hence—O mercy! What a feeling!
What pale and hollow forms are those! They fill,
They crowd the place! I have no longer room here!
Mercy! Still more! More still! The hideous swarm!
They press on me; they chase me from these walls—
Those hollow, bodiless forms of living men!
NEUBRUNN.
You frighten me so, lady, that no longer
I dare stay here myself. I go and call
Rosenberg instantly. [Exit Lady Neubrunn.]

SCENE VI.
THEKLA.
His spirit ’tis that calls me; ’tis the troop
Of his true followers, who offer’d up
Themselves to avenge his death; and they accuse me
Of an ignoble loitering—they would not
Forsake their leader even in his death—they died for
him!
And shall I live?—
For me too was that laurel-garland twined
That decks his bier. Life is an empty casket,
I throw it from me. O! my only hope:—
To die beneath the hoofs of trampling steeds—
That is the lot of heroes upon earth! [Exit Thekla.
(The curtain drops).]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

SCENE—A Saloon, terminated by a Gallery which ex-
tends far into the back-ground.
WALLENSTEIN (sitting at a table).

THE SWEDISH CAPTAIN (standing before him).

WALLENSTEIN.
Commend me to your lord. I sympathize
In his good fortune; and if you have seen me
Deficient in the expressions of that joy,
Which such a victory might well demand,
Attribute it to no lack of good-will,
For henceforth are our fortunes one. Farewell,
And for your trouble take my thanks. To-morrow
The citadel shall be surrender’d to you
On your arrival.

[The Swedish Captain retires. WALLENSTEIN sits
lost in thought, his eyes fixed vacantly, and his
head sustained by his hand. The Countess
TERTSKY enters, stands before him awhile, un-
observed by him; at length he starts, sees her
and recollects himself.]

WALLENSTEIN.
Comest thou from her? Is she restored? How is she?
COUNTESS.
My sister tells me, she was more collected
After her conversation with the Swede.
She has now retired to rest.

WALLENSTEIN.
The pang will soften.
She will shed tears.
COUNTESS.
I find thee alter’d too,
My brother! After such a victory
I had expected to have found in thee
A cheerful spirit. O remain thou firm!
Sustain, uphold us! For our light thou art, Our
sun.

WALLENSTEIN.
Be quiet. I all nothing. Where’s Thy husband?

* The soliloquy of Thekla consists in the original of six-and
twenty lines, twenty of which are in rhymes of irregular recur-
rence. I thought it prudent to abridge it. Indeed the whole scene
between Thekla and Lady Neubrunn might, perhaps, have been
omitted without injury to the play.
THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.

197

COUNTESS.

At a banquet—he and Illo.

WALLENSTEIN (rises and strides across the saloon).

The night’s far spent. Betake thee to thy chamber.

COUNTESS.

Bid me not go, O let me stay with thee!

WALLENSTEIN (moves to the window).

There is a busy motion in the Heaven, The wind doth chase the flag upon the tower, Fast sweep the clouds, the sickle* of the moon, Struggling, darts snatches of uncertain light. No form of star is visible! That one White stain of light, that single glimmering yonder, Is from Cassiopeia, and therein Is Jupiter. (A pause). But now The blackness of the troubled element hides him! [He sinks into profound melancholy, and looks vacantly into the distance.

COUNTESS (looks on him mournfully, then grasps his hand).

What art thou brooding on?

WALLENSTEIN.

Methinks, If I but saw him, ’t would be well with me. He is the star of my nativity, And often marvellously hath his aspect Shot strength into my heart.

COUNTESS.

Thou ’t see him again.

WALLENSTEIN (remains for a while with absent mind, then assumes a livelier manner, and turns suddenly to the Countess).

See him again! O never, never again!

COUNTESS.

How?

WALLENSTEIN.

He is gone—is dust.

COUNTESS.

Whom meanest thou then?

WALLENSTEIN.

He, the more fortunate! yea, he hath finish’d! For him there is no longer any future, His life is bright—bright without spot it was, And cannot cease to be. No ominous hour Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap, Far off is he, above desire and fear; No more submitted to the change and chance Of the unsteady planets. O ’tis well With him! but who knows what the coming hour Will in thick darkness brings for us?

* These four lines are expressed in the original with exquisite elegy.

Am Himmel ist schaffnisre Bewegung, Des Thurnes Fahne jagt der Wind, schnell geht Der Wolken Zug, die Monde-Sichel wandt, Und durch die Nacht zuckt ungewisse Helle.

The word “moon-sickle,” reminds me of a passage in Harms, as quoted by Johnson, under the word “falcated.” “The enlightened part of the moon appears in the form of a sickle or sawing-hook, which is while she is moving from the conjunction to the opposition, or from the new-moon to the full: but from a new to a new again, the enlightened part appears gibbous, und the dark falcated.”

The words “wanken” and “schwelgen” are not easily translated. The English words, by which we attempt to render them, are either vulgur or pedantic, or not of sufficiently general application. So “der Wolken-Zug”—The Draft, the Progression of clouds.—The Masses of the Clouds sweep onward a swift stream.

COUNTESS.

Thou speakest

Of Piccolomini. What was his death?

The courier had just left thee as I came. [WALLENSTEIN by a motion of his hand makes signs to her to be silent.

Turn not thine eyes upon the backward view, Let us look forward into sunny days. Welcome with joyous heart the victory, Forget what it has cost thee. Not to-day, For the first time, thy friend was to thee dead; To thee he died, when first he parted from thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

This anguish will be wearied down,* I know; What pang is permanent with man? From the highest As from the vilest thing of every day He learns to wean himself: for the strong hours Conquer him. Yet I feel what I have lost In him. The bloom is vanish’d from my life. For O! he stood beside me, like my youth, Transform’d for me the real to a dream, Clothing the palpable and the familiar With golden exhalations of the dawn. Whatever fortunes wait my future toils, The beautiful is vanish’d—and returns not.

COUNTESS.

O be not treacherous to thy own power. Thy heart is rich enough to vivify itself. Thou lovest and prizest virtues in him, The which thyself didst plant, thyself unfold.

WALLENSTEIN (stepping to the door).

Who interrupts us now at this late hour? It is the Governor. He brings the keys Of the Citadel. ’Tis midnight. Leave me, sister.

COUNTESS.

O ’tis so hard to me this night to leave thee— A boiling fear possesses me!

WALLENSTEIN.

Fear? Wherefore?

COUNTESS.

Shouldst thou depart this night, and we at waking Never more find thee!

WALLENSTEIN.

Fancies!

COUNTESS.

O my soul Has long been weigh’d down by these dark forebodings. And if I combat and repel them waking, They still rush down upon my heart in dreams. I saw thee yester-night with thy first wife Sit at a banquet gorgeously attired.

WALLENSTEIN.

This was a dream of favorable omen, That marriage being the founder of my fortunes.

COUNTESS.

To-day I dreamt that I was seeking thee In thy own chamber. As I enter’d, lo! It was no more a chamber: the Chartreuse At Gitschin ’twas, which thou thyself hast founded

* A very inadequate translation of the original.

Verschermeren werd’ ich diesen Schlaf, das weiss ich, Denn war verschermer te nicht der Mensch! LITERALLY.

I shall grieve down this blow, of that I’m conscious: What does not man grieve down?

207
And where it is thy will that thou shouldst be 
Infer’d.

WALLENSTEIN.
Thy soul is busy with these thoughts.

COUNTESS.
What! dost thou not believe that oft in dreams
A voice of warning speaks prophetic to us!

WALLENSTEIN.
There is no doubt that there exist such voices.
Yet I would not call them
Voices of warning that announce to us
Only the inevitable. As the sun,
Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image
In the atmosphere, so often do the spiris
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.
That which we read of the fourth Henry’s death
Did ever vex and haunt me like a tale
Of my own future destiny. The king
Felt in his breast the phantom of the knife,
Long ere Ravaillac arm’d himself therewith.
His quiet mind foresok him; the phantasmas
Started him in his Louvre, chased him forth
Into the open air; like funeral knells
Sounded that coronation festival;
And still with boding sense he heard the tread
Of those feet that then even were seeking him
Throughout the streets of Paris.

COUNTESS.
And to thee
The voice within thy soul bodes nothing?

WALLENSTEIN.
Be wholly tranquil.

COUNTESS.
And another time
I hasten’d after thee, and thou ran’st from me
Through a long suite, through many a spacious hall.
There seem’d no end of it: doors creak’d and clapp’d;
I follow’d panting, but could not overtake thee;
When on a sudden did I feel myself
Grasp’d from behind— the hand was cold, that
grasp’d me—
’Twas thou, and thou didst kiss me, and there seem’d
A crimson covering to envelop us.

WALLENSTEIN.
That is the crimson tapestry of my chamber.

COUNTESS (gazing on him),
If it should come to that—if I should see thee,
Who standest now before me in the fullness
Of life—

[She falls on his breast and weeps.

WALLENSTEIN.
The Emperor’s proclamation weighs upon thee—
Alphabets wound not—and he finds no hands.

COUNTESS.
If he should find them, my resolve is taken—
I bear about me my support and refuge.

[Exit COUNTESS.

SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN, GORDON.

WALLENSTEIN.
All quiet in the town?

GORDON.
The town is quiet.

WALLENSTEIN.
I hear a boisterous maste! and the Castle
Is lighted up. Who are the revellers?

GORDON.
There is a banquet given at the Castle
To the Count Tersky, and Field Marshal Illo.

WALLENSTEIN.
In honor of the victory—This tribe
Can show their joy in nothing else but feasting.

[Rings. The Groom of the Chamber enters.

WALLENSTEIN.
Unrobe me. I will lay me down to sleep.

[RALLENSTEIN takes the keys from GORDON.

So we are guarded from all enemies,
And shut in with sure friends.
For all must cheat me, or a face like this
Was ne’er a hypocrite’s mask.

[WALLENSTEIN takes off his man tle, collar, and scarf.

WALLENSTEIN.
Take care—what is that
Groom of the Chamber.
The golden chain is snapped in two.

WALLENSTEIN.
Well, it has lasted long enough. Here—give it.

[He takes and looks at the chain.

‘Twas the first present of the Emperor.
He hung it round me in the war of Friule,
He being then Archduke; and I have worn it
Till now from habit—
From superstition, if you will. Belike,
It was to be a Talisman to me;
And while I wore it on my neck in faith,
It was to chain to me all my life long
The volatile fortune, whose first pledge it was.
Well, be it so! Henceforward a new fortune
Must spring up for me; for the potency
Of this charm is dissolved.

Groom of the Chamber retires with the re mains. WALLENSTEIN rises, takes a strip across the room, and stands at last before—

[Exit COUNTESS.}

GORDON.
My Prince!

With light heart the poor fisher moors his boat,
And watches from the shore the lofty ship
Stranded amid the storm.

WALLENSTEIN.
Art thou already
In harbor then, old man! Well! I am not. The unconquer’d spirit drives me o’er life’s billows; My planks still firm, my canvas swelling proudly. Hope is my goddess still, and Youth my inmate; And while we stand thus front to front almost, I might presume to say, that the swift years Have passe’ by powerless o’er my unblanch’d hair. [He moves with long strides across the Saloon, and remains on the opposite side over-against GORDON.

Who now persists in calling Fortune false? To me she has proved faithful, with fond love Took me from out the common ranks of men, And like a mother goddess, with strong arm Carried me swiftly up the steps of life. Nothing is common in my destiny, Nor in the furrows of my hand. Who dares Interpret then my life for me as ’twere One of the indistinguishable many? True, in this present moment I appear Fallen low indeed; but I shall rise again. The high flood will soon follow on this ebb; The fountain of my fortune, which now stops Repress’d and bound by some malicious star, Will soon in joy play forth from all its pipes.

GORDON. And yet remember I the good old proverb, “Let the night come before we praise the day.” I would be slow from long-continued fortune To gather hope: for Hope is the companion Given to the unfortunate by pitying Heaven; Fear hovers round the head of prosperous men: For still unsteady are the scales of fate.

WALLENSTEIN (smiling). I hear the very Gordon that of old Was wont to preach to me, now once more preaching; I know well, that all sublunary things Are still the vassals of vicissitude. The unpropitious gods demand their tribute. This long ago the ancient Pagans knew: And therefore of their own accord they offer’d To themselves injuries, so to atone The jealousy of their divinities: And human sacrifices bled to Typhon. [After a pause, serious, and in a more subdued manner. I too have sacrificed to him—For me There fell the dearest friend, and through my fault He fell! No joy from favorable fortune Can overweigh the anguish of this stroke. The envy of my destiny is glutted: Life pays for life. On his pure head the lightning Was drawn off which would else have shatter’d me.

SCENE III. To these enter SENI.

WALLENSTEIN. Is not that Seni? and beside himself, If one may trust his looks? What brings thee hither At this late hour, Baptista!

SENI. Terror, Duke! On thy account.

WALLENSTEIN. What now?

SENI. Flee ere the day-break! Trust not thy person to the Swedes!

WALLENSTEIN. What now?

SENI (with louder voice). Is in thy thoughts?

WALLENSTEIN. What now?

SENI (still more urgently). What now?

WALLENSTEIN. What now?

SENI. Believe not that an empty fear deludes me. Come, read it in the planetary aspects; Read it thyself, that ruin threatens thee From false friends!

WALLENSTEIN. The falseness of my friends Has risen the whole of my unprosperous fortunes. The warning should have come before. At present I need no revelation from the stars To know that.

SENI. Come and see! trust thine own eyes! A fearful sign stands in the house of life— An enemy; a fiend lurks close behind The radiance of thy planet—O be warn’d! Deliver not thyself up to these heathens, To wage a war against our holy church.

WALLENSTEIN (laughing gently). The oracle rails that way! Yes, yes! Now I recollect. This junction with the Swedes Did never please thee—lay thyself to sleep, Baptista! Signs like these I do not fear.

GORDON (who during the whole of this dialogue has shown marks of extreme agitation, and now turns to WALLENSTEIN). My Duke and General! May I dare presume?

WALLENSTEIN. Speak freely.

GORDON. What if ’twere no mere creation Of fear, if God’s high providence vouchsafed To interpose its aid for your deliverance, And made that mouth its organ?

WALLENSTEIN. Yo’re both fovierish! How can mishap come to me from these Swedes? They sought this junction with me—’tis their interest.

GORDON (with difficulty suppressing his emotion). But what if the arrival of these Swedes— What if this were the very thing that wing’d The ruin that is flying to your temples? [Flings himself at his feet. There is yet time, my Prince.

SENI. O hear him! hear him! 209
GORDON (rises).
The Rhinegrave’s still far off. Give but the orders,
This citadel shall close its gates upon him.
If then he will besiege us, let him try it.
But this I say; he’ll find his own destruction
With his whole force before these ramparts, sooner
Than weary down the valor of our spirit.
He shall experience what a band of heroes,
Inspired by an heroic leader,
Is able to perform. And if indeed
It be thy serious wish to make amend
For that which thou hast done amiss,—this, this
Will touch and reconcile the Emperor
Who gladly turns his heart to thoughts of mercy,
And Friedland, who returns repentant to him,
Will stand yet higher in his Emperor’s favor,
Than e’er he stood when he had never fallen.

WALLENSTEIN (contemplates him with surprise, remains
silent awhile, betraying strong emotion).

Gordon—your zeal and fervor lead you far.
Well, well,—an old friend has a privilege.
Blood, Gordon, has been flowing. Never, never
Can the Emperor pardon me: and if he could,
Yet—I ne’er could let myself be pardon’d.
Had I foreknown what now has taken place,
That he, my dearest friend, would fall for me,
My first death-offering; and had the heart
Spoken to me, as now it has done—Gordon,
It may be, I might have bethought myself.
It may be too, I might not. Might or might not,
Is now an idle question. All too seriously
Has it begun, to end in nothing, Gordon!
Let it then have its course.
[Stepping to the window.

All dark and silent—at the Castle too
All is now hush’d—Light me, Chamberlain!

[The Groom of the Chamber, who had entered
during the last dialogue, and had been standing
at a distance and listening to it with
visible expressions of the deepest interest,
advances in extreme agitation, and throws himself
at the Duke’s feet.

And thou too! But I know why thou dost wish
My reconciliation with the Emperor.
Poor man! he hath a small estate in Cærnthen,
And fears it will be forfeited because
He’s in my service. Am I then so poor,
That I no longer can indemnify
My servants? Well! to no one I employ
Means of compulsion. If ’tis thy belief
That Fortune has fled from me, go! forsake me.
This night for the last time mayst thou unrobe me,
And then go over to thy Emperor.
Gordon, good night! I think to make a long
Sleep of it: for the struggle and the turmoil
Of this last day or two was great. May’t please you!
Take care that they awake me not too early.

[Exit WALLENSTEIN, the Groom of the Chamber
lighting him. SENI follows, GORDON remains
on the darkened stage, following the Duke
with his eye, till he disappears at the farther
end of the gallery: then by his gestures the old
man expresses the depth of his anguish, and
stands leaning against a pillar.

SCENE IV.

GORDON, BUTLER (at first behind the Scenes).

BUTLER (not yet come into view of the stage).

Here stand in silence till I give the signal
GORDON (starts up).
’Tis he, he has already brought the murderers.

BUTLER.
The lights are out. All lies in profound sleep.

GORDON.
What shall I do? Shall I attempt to save him?
Shall I call up the house? Alarm the guards?
BUTLER (appears, but scarcely on the stage).

A light gleams hither from the coridor.
It leads directly to the Duke’s bed-chamber.

GORDON.
But then I break my oath to the Emperor;
If he escape and strengthen the enemy,
Do I not hereby call down upon my head
All the dreadful consequences?

BUTLER (stepping forward).

Hark! Who speaks there?
GORDON.
’Tis better, I resign it to the hands
Of Providence. For what am I, that I
Should take upon myself so great a deed?
I have not murder’d him, if he be murder’d;
But all his rescue were my act and deed;
Mine—and whatever be the consequences
I must sustain them.

BUTLER (advances).

I should know that voice.

GORDON.

BUTLER.

’Tis Gordon. What do you want here?

Was it so late then, when the Duke dismiss’d you?
GORDON.
Your hand bound up and in a scarf?

BUTLER.

’Tis wounded.

That Illo fought as he were frantic, till
At last we threw him on the ground.

GORDON (shuddering).

Both dead?

BUTLER.

Is he in bed?

GORDON.

Ah, Butler!

BUTLER.

Is he? Speak.

GORDON.

He shall not perish! Not through you! The Heaven
Refuses your arm. See—’tis wounded!

BUTLER.

There is no need of my arm.

GORDON.

The most guilty
Have perish’d, and enough is given to justice.

[The Groom of the Chamber advances from
the gallery with his finger on his mouth, com-
manding silence.

GORDON.

He sleeps! O murder not the holy sleep!

BUTLER.

No! he shall die awake

[Is gone.}
GORDON.
His heart still cleaves
To earthly things: he's not prepared to step
Into the presence of his God!
BUTLER (going).

God's merciful!
GORDON (holds him).
Grant him but this night's reprieve.
BUTLER (hurrying off).

The next moment
May ruin all.
GORDON (holds him still).
One hour!—
BUTLER.
Unhold me! What
Can that short respite profit him?
GORDON.

O—Time
Worsh miracles. In one hour many thousands
Of grains of sand run out; and quick as they,
Thought follows thought within the human soul.
Only one hour! Your heart may change its purpose,
His heart may change its purpose—some new tidings
May come; some fortunate event, decisive,
May fall from Heaven and rescue him. O what
May not one hour achieve!
BUTLER.

You but remind me,
How precious every minute is!

[He stamps on the floor.

SCENE V.

To these enter Macdonald, and Devereux, with the
Halberdiers.
GORDON (throwing himself between him and them).
No, monster!
First over my dead body thou shalt tread.
I will not live to see the accursed deed!
BUTLER (forcing him out of the way).
Weak-hearted dotard!

[Trumpets are heard in the distance.
DEVEREUX and MACDONALD.
Hark! The Swedish trumpets!
The Swedes before the ramparts! Let us hasten!
—GORDON (rushing out).

O, God of Mercy!
BUTLER (calling after him).
Governor, to your post!
GROOM OF THE CHAMBER (hurries in).
DEVEREUX (with a loud harsh voice).
Friend, it is time now to make larum.
GROOM OF THE CHAMBER.
Help!

Murder!
BUTLER.

Down with him!
GROOM OF THE CHAMBER (run through the body by
DEVEREUX, falls at the entrance of the gallery).
Jesus Maria!
BUTLER.

Burst the doors open.

[They rush over the body into the gallery—two
doors are heard to crash one after the other—
Voices deadened by the distance—Clash of
arms—then all at once a profound silence.

SCENE VI.

COUNTESS TERTSKY (with a light).
Her bed-chamber is empty; she herself
Is nowhere to be found! The Neubrunn too,
Who watch'd by her, is missing. If she should
Be flown—But whither flown? We must call up
Every soul in the house. How will the Duke
Bear up against these worst bad tidings? O
If that my husband now were but return'd
Home from the banquet!—Hark! I wonder whether
The Duke is still awake? I thought I heard
Voices and tread of feet here! I will go
And listen at the door. Hark! what is that?
'Tis hastening up the steps!

SCENE VII.

COUNTESS, GORDON.
GORDON (rushing out of breath).
'Tis a mistake!
'Tis not the Swedes—Ye must proceed no further—
Butler!—O God! where is he?
GORDON (observing the COUNTESS).

COUNTESS! Say—

COUNTESS.
You are come then from the castle! Where's my
husband?
GORDON (in an agony of affright).
Your husband!—Ask not!—To the Duke—
COUNTESS.

You have discover'd to me—
GORDON.
On this moment
Does the world hang. For God's sake! to the Duke.
While we are speaking—

[Calling loudly.

Butler! Butler! God!
COUNTESS.
Why, he is at the castle with my husband.
Butler comes from the Gallery.

GORDON.
'Twas a mistake—'Tis not the Swedes—it is
The Imperialist's Lieutenant-General
Has sent me hither—will be here himself
Instantly.—You must not proceed.
BUTLER.

Too late. [GORDON dashes himself against the wall.
GORDON.
O God of mercy!
COUNTESS.
What too late?
Who will be here himself? Octavio
In Egra? Treason! Treason!—Where's the Duke?

[She rushes to the Gallery.

SCENE VIII.

SERVANTS run across the Stage full of terror. The whole
Scene must be spoken entirely without pauses.

SENIO (from the Gallery).

O bloody frightful deed!
**SCENE IX.**

To these enters Octavio Piccolomini with all his Train. At the same time Devereux and Macdonald enter from the Corridor with the Haberdiers.—Wallenstein’s dead body is carried over the back part of the Stage, wrapped in a piece of crimson tapestry.

Octavio (entering abruptly).

It must not be! It is not possible!

Butler! Gordon!

I’ll not believe it. Say, No!

[Devereux, without answering, points with his hand to the Body of Wallenstein as it is carried over the back of the Stage. Octavio looks that way, and stands overpowered with horror.

Devereux (to Butler).

Here is the golden fleece—the Duke’s sword—Macdonald.

Is it your order—

Butler (pointing to Octavio).

Here stands he who now Hath the sole power to issue orders.

Devereux and Macdonald retire with marks of obeisance. One drops away after the other, till only Butler, Octavio, and Gordon remain on the Stage.

Octavio (turning to Butler).

Was that my purpose, Butler, when we parted? O God of Justice! To thee I lift my hand! I am not guilty Of this foul deed.

**SCENE X.**

To these enter the Countess Tertskey, pale and disordered. Her utterance is slow and feeble, and unimpassioned.

Octavio (meeting her).

O Countess Tertskey! These are the results Of luckless unblest deeds.

Countess.

They are the fruits Of your contrivances. The duke is dead,

My husband too is dead, the Duchess struggles In the pangs of death, my niece has disappear’d. This house of splendor, and of princely glory, Doth now stand desolated: the affrighted servant Rush forth through all its doors. I am the last Therein; I shut it up, and here deliver The keys.

Octavio (with a deep anguish).

O Countess! my house too is desolate

Countess.

Who next is to be murder’d? Who is next To be maltreated? Lo! the Duke is dead. The Emperor’s vengeance may be pacified! Spare the old servants; let not their fidelity Be imputed to the faithful as a crime—
The evil destiny surprised my brother
Too suddenly: he could not think on them.

OCTAVIO.

Speak not of vengeance! Speak not of maltreatment!
The Emperor is apprized; the heavy fault
Hath heavily been expiated—nothing
Descended from the father to the daughter,
Except his glory and his services.
The Empress honors your adversity,
Takes part in your afflictions, opens to you
Her motherly arms! Therefore no farther fears;
Yield yourself up in hope and confidence
To the Imperial Grace!

COUNTESS (with her eye raised to heaven)
To the grace and mercy of a greater Master
Do I yield up myself! Where shall the body
Of the Duke have its place of final rest?
In the Chartreuse, which he himself did found
At Gitschin, rest the Countess Wallenstein;
And by her side, to whom he was indebted
For his first fortunes, gratefully he wish'd
He might sometime repose in death! O let him
Be buried there. And likewise to my husband's
Remains, I ask the like grace. The Emperor
Is now proprietor of all our Castles.
This sure may well be granted us—one sepulchre
Beside the sepulchres of our forefathers!

OCTAVIO.

Countess, you tremble, you turn pale!
COUNTESS (reassembles all her power, and speaks with
energy and dignity).

You think

More worthy of me, than to believe
I would survive the downfall of my house.
We did not hold ourselves too mean to grasp
After a monarch's crown—the crown did Fate
Deny, but not the feeling and the spirit
That to the crown belong! We deem a
Courageous death more worthy of our free station
Than a dishonour'd life. I have taken poison.

OCTAVIO.

Help! Help! Support her!

COUNTESS.

Nay, it is too late.
In a few moments is my fate accomplished.

[Exit COUNTESS

GORDON.

O house of death and horrors!

[An Officer enters, and brings a letter with the
great seal.

GORDON (steps forward and meets him).

What is this?
It is the Imperial Seal.

[He reads the address, and delivers the letter to
OCTAVIO with a look of reproach, and with
an emphasis on the word.

To the Prince Piccolomini.

[OCTAVIO, with his whole frame expressive of sud-
den anguish, raises his eyes to heaven.

(The Curtain drops.)

The Fall of Robespierre;
AN HISTORIC DRAMA.

DEDICATION.

TO H. MARTIN, ESQ.
OF JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Dear Sir,
Accept, as a small testimony of my grateful
attachment, the following Dramatic Poem, in which I have
endeavored to detail, in an interesting form, the fall
of a man, whose great bad actions have cast a dis-
astrous lustre on his name. In the execution of the
work, as intricacy of plot could not have been at-
tempted without a gross violation of recent facts, it
has been my sole aim to imitate the impassioned and
highly figurative language of the French Orators,
and to develop the characters of the chief actors on
a vast stage of horrors.

Yours fraternally,
S. T. COLERIDGE.
JESUS COLLEGE, September 22, 1794.

THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE.

ACT I.

SCENE, The Tuileries

BAREBEE.

The tempest gathers—be it mine to seek
A friendly shelter, ere it bursts upon him.
But where? and how? I fear the Tyrant's soul—
Sudden in action, fertile in resource,
And rising awful 'mid impending ruins;
In splendor gloomy, as the midnight meteor,
That fearless thwarts the elemental war.
When last in secret conference we met,
He scowl'd upon me with suspicious rage,
Making his eye the inmate of my bosom.
I know he scorns me—and I feel, I hate him—
Yet there is in him that which makes me tremble!

[Exit.
Enter Tallien and Legende.

TALLIEN.
It was Barrere, Legende! didst thou mark him?
Abrupt he turn'd, yet linger'd as he went,
And towards us cast a look of doubtful meaning.

LEGENDE.
I mark'd him well. I met his eye's last glance;
It menaced not so proudly as of yore.
Methought he would have spoke—but that he dared not—
Such agitation darken'd on his brow.

TALLIEN.
'Twas all-distrusting guilt that kept from bursting
Th' imprison'd secret struggling in the face:
E'en as the sudden breeze upstarting onwards
Hurries the thunder-cloud, that poised awhile
Hung in mid air, red with its mutinous burthen.

LEGENDE.
Perfidious Traitor!—still afraid to bask
In the full blaze of power, the rustling serpent
Lurks in the thicket of the Tyrant's greatness,
Ever prepared to sting who shelters him.
Each thought, each action in himself converges;
And love and friendship on his coward heart
Shine like the powerless sun on polar ice:
To all attach'd, by turns deserting all,
Cunning and dark—a necessary villain!

TALLIEN.
Yet much depends upon him—well you know
With plausible harangue 'tis his to paint
Defeat like victory—and blind the mob
With truth-mix'd falsehood. They, led on by him,
And wild of head to work their own destruction,
Support with uproar what he plans in darkness.

LEGENDE.
O what a precious name is Liberty
To scare or cheat the simple into slaves!
Yes—we must gain him over: by dark hints
We'll show enough to rouse his watchful fears,
Till the cold coward blaze a patriot.
O Danton! murder'd friend! assist my counsels—
Hover around me on sad memory's wings,
And pour thy daring vengeance in my heart.
Tallien! if but to-morrow's fateful sun
Beholds the Tyrant living—we are dead!

TALLIEN.
Yet his keen eye that flashes mighty meanings—

LEGENDE.
Fear not—or rather fear th' alternative,
And seek for courage e'en in cowardice.—
But see—hither he comes—let us away!
His brother with him, and the bloody Couthon,
And high of haughty spirit, young St-Just.

Enter Robespierre, Couthon, St-Just, and Robespierre Junior.

ROBESPIERRE.
What! did La Fayette fall before my power?
And did I conquer Roland's spotless virtues?
The fervent eloquence of Vergniaud's tongue?
And Brissot's thoughtful soul-un bribed and bold?
Did zealot armies haste in vain to save them?
What! did th' assassin's dagger aim its point
Vain, as a dream of murder, at my bosom?

And shall I dread the soft luxurious Tallien?
Th' Adonis Tallien? banquet-hunting Tallien?
Him, whose heart flutters at the dice-box? Him,
Who ever on the harlot's downy pillow
Resigns his head impure to feverish slumber!

ST-JUST.
I cannot fear him—yet we must not scorn him.
Was it not Antony that conquer'd Brutus,
Th' Adonis, banquet-hunting Antony?
The state is not yet purified: and though
The stream runs clear, yet at the bottom lies
The thick black sediment of all the factions—
It needs no magic hand to stir it up!

COUTHON.
O we did wrong to spare them—fatal error!
Why lived Legende, when that Danton died?
And Collot d'Herbois dangerous in crimes?
I've fear'd him, since his iron heart endured
To make of Lyons one vast human shambles,
Compared with which the sun-scorch'd wilderness
Of Zara were a smiling paradise.

ST-JUST.
Rightly thou judgest, Couthon! He is one,
Who flies from silent solitary anguish,
Seeking forgetful peace amid the jar
Of elements. The howl of maniac uproar
Lulls to sad sleep the memory of himself.
A calm is fatal to him—then he feels
The dire upboilings of the storm within him.
A tiger mad with inward wounds,—I dared
The fierce and restless turbulence of guilt.

ROBESPIERRE.
Is not the commune ours? The stern tribunal?
Dumas? and Vivier? Fleuriot? and Louvet?
And Henriot? We'll denounce a hundred, nor
Shall they behold to-morrow's sun roll westward.

ROBESPIERRE JUNIOR.
Nay—I am sick of blood; my aching heart
Reviews the long, long train of hideous horrors
That still have gloom'd the rise of the republic.
I should have died before Toulon, when war
Became the patriot!

ROBESPIERRE.
Most unworthy wish!
He, whose heart sickens at the blood of traitors,
Would be himself a traitor, were he not
A coward! 'T is congenial souls alone
Shed tears of sorrow for each other's fate.
O thou art brave, my brother! and thine eye
Full firmly shines amid the groaning battle—
Yet in thine heart the woman-form of pity
Asserts too large a share, an ill-timed guest!
There is unsoundness in the state—To-morrow
Shall see it cleansed by wholesome massacre!

ROBESPIERRE JUNIOR.
Beware! already do the sections murmur—
"O the great glorious patriot, Robespierre—
The tyrant guardian of the country's freedom!"

COUTHON.
'T were folly sure to work great deeds by knives
Much I suspect the darksome sickle heart
Of cold Barrere!

ROBESPIERRE.
I see the villain in him!

ROBESPIERRE JUNIOR.
If he—if all forsake thee—what remains?

214
ROBESPIERRE.
Myself! the steel-strong Rectitude of soul
And Poverty sublime 'mid circling virtues!
The giant Victories, my counsels form'd,
Shall stalk around me with sun-glittering plumes,
Bidding the darts of calumny fall pointless.

[Ereunt cateret. Manet Couthon.

COUTHON (solus).
So we deceive ourselves! What goodly virtues
Bloom on the poisonous branches of ambition!
Still, Robespierre! thou 'lt guard thy country's freedom
To despoutize in all the patriot's pomp.
While Conscience, 'mid the mob's applauding clamors,
Sleeps in thine ear, nor whispers—blood-stain'd tyrants!
Yet what is Conscience? Superposition's dream,
Making such deep impression on our sleep—
That long th' awaken'd breast retains its horrors!
But he returns—and with him comes Barrere.

[Exit COUTHON.

Enter ROBESPIERRE and BARRERE.

ROBESPIERRE.
There is no danger but in cowardice.—
Barrere! we make the danger, when we fear it.
We have such force without, as will suspend
The cold and trembling treachery of these members.

BARRERE.
'Twill be a pause of terror.—

ROBESPIERRE.
But to whom?
Rather the short-lived slumber of the tempest,
Gathering its strength anew. The dastard traitors!
Moles, that would undermine the rooted oak!
A pause!—a moment's pause!—"Tis all their life.

BARRERE.
Yet much they talk—and plausible their speech.
Couthon's decree has given such powers, that—

ROBESPIERRE.
That's what! / BARRERE.
The freedom of debate—

ROBESPIERRE.
Transparent mask
They wish to clog the wheels of government,
Forcing the hand that guides the vast machine
To bribe them to their duty—English patriots!
Are not the congregated clouds of war
Black all around us? In our very vitals
Works not the king-bred poison of rebellion?
Say, what shall counteract the selfish plottings
Of wreaths, cold of heart, nor awed by fears
Of him, whose ponder directs th' eternal justice?
Terror? or secret-sapping gold? The first
Heavy, but transient as the ill that cause it;
And to the virtuous patriot render'd light
By the necessities that gave it birth:
The other fouls the fount of the republic,
Making it flow polluted to all ages;
Inoculates the state with a slow venom,
That, once imbibed, must be continued ever.
Myself incorruptible, I ne'er could bribe them—
Therefore they hate me.

BARRERE.
Are the sections friendly?

ROBESPIERRE.
There are who wish my ruin—but I'll make them
Blush for the crime in blood!

BARRERE.
Nay, but I tell thee
Thou art too fond of slaughter—and the right
(If right it be) worketh by most foul means!

ROBESPIERRE.
Self-centering Fear! how well thou canst ape Mercy!
Too fond of slaughter!—matchless hypocrite!
Thought Barrere so, when Brissot, Danton died?
Thought Barrere so, when through the streaming streets
Of Paris red-eyed Masacre o'er-weathered
Reel'd heavily, intoxicate with blood?
And when (O heavens!) in Lyons' death-red square
 Sick Fancy groan'd o'er putrid hills of slain,
Didst thou not fiercely laugh, and bless the day?
Why, thou hast been the mouth-piece of all horrors,
And, like a blood-hound, crouch'd for murder! Now
Aloof thou standest from the tottering pillar,
Or, like a frightened child behind its mother,
Hidest thy pale face in the skirts of—Mercy!

BARRERE.
O prodigality of eloquent anger!
Why now I see thou 'rt weak—thy case is desperate,
The cool ferocious Robespierre turn'd scold!

ROBESPIERRE.
Who from a bad man's bosom wards the blow
Reserves the whetted dagger for his own,
Denounced twice—and twice I saved his life! [Exit

BARRERE.
The sections will support them—there's the point!
No! he can never weather out the storm—
Yet he is sudden in revenge—No more!
I must away to Tallien.

[Exit.

SCENE changes to the house of Adelaide.

ADELAIDE enters, speaking to a SERVANT.

ADELAIDE.
Didst thou present the letter that I gave thee?
Did Tallien answer, he would soon return?

SERVANT.
He is in the Tuileries—with him Legendre—
In deep discourse they seemed; as I approach'd,
He waved his hand as bidding me retire:
I did not interrupt him. [Returns the letter

ADELAIDE.
Thou didst rightly. [Exit SERVANT

O this new freedom! at how dear a price
We've bought the seeming good! The peaceful virtues
And every blanishment of private life,
The father's cares, the mother's fond endearment,
All sacrificed to Liberty's wild riot.
The winged hours, that scatter'd roses round me,
Languid and sad drag their slow course along,
And shake big gall-drops from their heavy wings.
But I will steal away these anxious thoughts
By the soft languishment of warbled airs,
If haply melodies may lull the sense
Of sorrow for a while.
(Soft Music).

Enter Tallien.

TALLIEN.

Music, my love! O breathe again that air!
Soft nurse of pain, it soothes the weary soul
Of care, sweet as the whisper'd breeze of evening
That plays around the sick man's throbbing temples.

SONG.

Tell me, on what holy ground
May domestic peace be found?
Halycon daughter of the skies,
Far on fearful wing she flies,
From the pomp of sceptred state,
From the rebel's noisy hate.

In a cottaged vale she dwells,
List'nling to the Sabbath bells!
Still around her steps are seen
Spotless Honor's meeker men,
Love, the fire of pleasing fears,
Sorrow smiling through her tears;
And, conscious of the past employ,
Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

TALLIEN.

I thank thee, Adelaide! I was sweet, though mournful.
But why thy brow o'ercast, thy cheek so wan?
Thou look'st as a lorn maid beside some stream
That sighs away the soul in fond despairing,
While Sorrow sad, like the dank willow near her,
Hangs o'er the troubled fountain of her eye.

ADELAIDE.

Ah! rather let me ask what mystery lowers
On Tallien's darken'd brow. Thou dost me wrong—
Thy soul distemper'd, can my heart be tranquil?

TALLIEN.

Tell me, by whom thy brother's blood was spilt?
Asks he not vengeance on these patriot murderers?
It has been borne too tamely. Fears and curses
Grown on our midnight beds, and e'en our dreams
Threaten the assassin hand of Robespierre.
He dies—nor has the plot escaped his fears.

ADELAIDE.

Yet—yet—be cautious! much I fear the Commune—
The tyrant's creatures, and their fate with his
Fast link'd in close indissoluble union.
The Pale Convention—

TALLIEN.

Hate him as they fear him,
Impatient of the chain, resolved and ready.

ADELAIDE.

Th' enthusiastic mob, Confusion's lawless sons—

TALLIEN.

They are aweary of his stern morality,
The fair-mask'd offspring of licentious pride.
The sections too support the delegates:
All—all is ours! e'en now the vital air
Of Liberty, condensed amidst its burning
(Force irresistible) from its compressure—
To shatter the arch-chemist in the explosion!

Enter Billaud Varennes and Bourdon l'Oise.

Bourdon l'Oise.

Tallien! was this a time for amorous conference?
Henriot, the tyrant's most devoted creature,
Marshals the force of Paris: the fierce club,
With Vivier at their head, in loud acclaim
Have sworn to make the guillotine in blood
Float on the scaffold.—But who comes here?

Enter Barrere abruptly.

BARRERE.

Say, are ye friends to Freedom? I am her's!
Let us, forgetful of all common feuds,
Rally around her shrine! E'en now the tyrant
Concerts a plan of instant massacre!

BILLAUD VARENNES.

Away to the Convention! with that voice
So oft the herald of glad victory,
Rouse their fallen spirits, thunder in their ears
The names of tyrant, plunderer, assassin!
The violent workings of my soul within
Anticipate the monster's blood?

[Cry from the street of—"No Tyrant! Down with the Tyrant."

TALLIEN.

Hear ye that outcry?—If the trembling members
Even for a moment hold his fate suspended,
I swear, by the holy poniard that stab'd Caesar,
This dagger probes his heart!

[Exeunt omnes.

ACT II.

SCENE.—The Convention.

ROBESPIERRE (mounts the Tribune).

Once more befits it that the voice of Truth,
Fearless in innocence, though leaguer'd round
By Envy and her hateful brood of hell,
Be heard amid this hall; once more befits
The patriot, whose prophetic eye so oft
Has pierced through faction's veil, to flash on crimes
Of deadliest import. Moulder ing in the grave
Sleeps Cæsar's canith cors; my daring hand
Levell'd to earth his blood-cemented throne,
My voice declared his guilt, and stirr'd up France
To call for vengeance. I too dug the grave
Where sleep the Girondists, detest'd band!
Long with the show of freedom they abused
Her ardent sons. Long time the well-turn'd phrase
The high-fraught sentence, and the lofty tone
Of declaration, thunder'd in this hall,
Till reason 'midst a labyrinth of words
Perplex'd, in silence seem'd to yield assent.
I durst oppose. Soul of my honor'd friend!
Spirit of Marat, upon thee I call—
Thou know'st me faithful, know'st with what zeal
I urged the cause of justice, stripp'd the mask
From Faction's deadly visage, and destroy'd
Her traitor brood. Whose patriot arm hurl'd down
Hebert and Roulin, and the villain friends
Of Danton, foul apostate! those, who long
Mask'd Treason's form in Liberty's fair garb,
THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE.

Long deluged France with blood, and durst defy
Omnipotence! but I, it seems, am false!
I am a traitor too! — Robespierre!
At whose name the dastard despots brood
Look pale with fear, and call on saints to help them!
Who dares accuse me? who shall dare believe
My spotted name? Speak, ye accomplice band,
Of what am I accused? of what strange crime
Is Maximilian Robespierre accused,
That through this hall the buzz of discontent
Should murmur? who shall speak?

BILLAUD VARENNES.
O patriot tongue, Belying the soul heart! Who was it urged,
Friendly to tyrants, that accord decrees
Whose influence, brooding o'er this hallowed hall,
Has chilled each tongue to silence. Who destroy'd
The freedom of debate, and carried through
The fatal law, that doom'd the delegates,
Unheard before their equals, to the bar
Where cruelty sat throned, and murder reign'd
With her Dumas coequal? Say—thou man
Of mighty eloquence, whose law was that?

COUSSON.
That law was mine. I urged it—I proposed—
The voice of France assembled in her sons
Assented, though the tame and timid voice
Of traitors murmur'd. I advised that law—
I justify it. It was wise and good.

BARRERE.
Oh, wondrous wise, and most convenient too!
I have long mark'd thee, Robespierre—and now
Pray claim thee traitor—tyrant!

[Loud applause.]

ROBESPIERRE.
It is well.
I am a traitor! oh, that I had fallen
When Regnault lifted high the murderous knife;
Regnault, the instrument like one of those
Who now themselves would fain assassinate,
And legalize their murders. I stand here
An isolated patriot—haimm'd around
By faction's noisy pack; beset and bay'd
By the foul hell-hounds who know no escape
From Justice' outstretched arm, but by the force
That pierces through her breast.

[Murmurs, and shouts of—Down with the tyrant!]

ROBESPIERRE.
Nay, but I will be heard. There was a time,
When Robespierre began, the loud applause
Of honest patriots crown'd the honest sound.
But times are changed, and villany prevails.

COLLOT D'HERBOIS.
No—villany shall fall. France could not brook
A monarch's sway—sounds the dictator's name
More soothing to her ear!

BOURDON L'OISE.
Rattle her chains
More musically now than when the hand
Of Brissot forged her fetters, or the crew
Of Herbert thundered out their blasphemies,
And Danton talk'd of virtue!

ROBESPIERRE.
Oh, that Brissot
Were here again to thunder in this hall,
That Herbert lived, and Danton's giant form

Scowl'd once again defiance! so my soul
Might cope with worthy foes.

People of France,
Hear me! Beneath the vengeance of the law,
Traitors have perish'd countless; more survive:
The Hydra-headed faction lifts anew
Her daring front, and fruitful from her wounds,
Cautious from past defeats, contrives new wiles
Against the sons of Freedom.

TALLIEN.
Freedom lives!
Oppression falls—for France has felt her chains,
Has burst them too. Who traitor-like stept forth
Amid the hall of Jacobins to save
Camille Desmoulins, and the venal wretch
D'Eglantine?

ROBESPIERRE.
I did—for I thought them honest.
And Heaven forefend that vengeance ere should strike
Ere justice doom'd the blow.

BARRERE.
Traitor, thou didst
Yes, the accomplice of their dark designs,
While didst thou defend them, when the storm
Lower'd at safe distance. When the clouds frown'd darker,
Fear'd for yourself and left them to their fate.
Oh, I have mark'd thee long, and through the veil
Seen thy foul projects. Yes, ambitious man,
Self-will'd dictator o'er the realm of France,
The vengeance thou hast plan'd for patriots
Falls on thy head. Look how thy brother's deeds
Dishonor thine! He the firm patriot,
Thou the foul purricide of Liberty!

ROBESPIERRE JUNIOR.
Barrere—attempt not meanly to divide
Me from my brother. I partake his guilt,
For I partake his virtue.

ROBESPIERRE.
Brother, by my soul
More dear I hold thee to my heart, that thus
With me thou darest to tread the dangerous path
Of virtue, than that Nature twined her cords
Of kindred round us.

BARRERE.
Yes, allied in guilt,
Even as in blood ye are. Oh, thou worst wretch,
Thou worse than Sylla! hast thou not proscribed,
Yea, in most foul anticipation slaughter'd,
Each patriot representative of France?

BOURDON L'OISE.
Was not the younger Caesar too to reign
Orer all our valiant armies in the south,
And still continue there his merchant wiles?

ROBESPIERRE JUNIOR.
His merchant wiles! Oh, grant me patience, Heaven!
Was it by merchant wiles I gain'd you back
Toulon, when proudly on her captive towers
Waved high the English flag? or fought I then
With merchant wiles, when sword in hand I led
Your troops to conquest? Fought I merchant-like,
Or barter'd I for victory, when death
Strove o'er the reeking streets with giant stride,
And shook his ebon plumes, and sternly smiled
Amid the bloody banquet? when appel'd,
The hireling sons of England spread the sail

217
COLERIDGE'S POETICAL WORKS.

Of safety, fought I like a merchant then?  
Oh, patience! patience!

BOURDON L'OISE.  
How this younger tyrant  
Mounts out defiance to us! even so  
He had led on the armies of the south,  
Till once again the plains of France were drench’d  
With her best blood.

COLLOT D'HERBOIS.  
Till, once again display’d,  
Lyons’ sad tragedy had call’d me forth  
The minister of wrath, whilst slaughter by  
Had bathed in human blood.

DUBOIS CRANCÉ.  
No wonder, friend,  
That we are traitors—that our heads must fall  
Beneath the ax of death! When Cæsar-like  
Reigns Robespierre, 'tis wisely done to doom  
The fall of Brutus. Tell me, bloody man,  
Hast thou not parcel’d out deluded France,  
As it had been some province won in fight,  
Between your curst triumvirate? You, Couthon,  
Go with my brother to the southern plains;  
St-Just, be yours the army of the north;  
Meantime I rule at Paris.

ROBESPIERRE.  
Matchless knave!  
What—not one blush of conscience on thy cheek—  
Not one poor blush of truth! Most likely tale!  
That I who ruin’d Brissot’s towering hopes,  
I who discover’d Hebert’s inquisite wiles,  
And sharp’d for Danton’s recreant neck the ax,  
Should now be traitor? had I been so minded,  
Think ye I had destroy’d the very men  
Whose plots resembled mine! Bring forth your proofs  
Of this deep treason. Tell me in whose breast  
Found ye the fatal scroll? or tell me rather  
Who forg’d the shameless falsehood?

COLLOT D'HERBOIS.  
Ask you proofs?  
Robespierre, what proofs were ask’d when Brissot died?

LEGENDRE.  
What proofs adduced you when the Danton died?  
When at the imminent peril of my life  
I rose, and fearess of thy frowning brow,  
Proclaim’d him guiltless?

ROBESPIERRE.  
I remember well  
The fatal day. I do repent me much  
That I kill’d Cæsar and spared Antony.  
But I have been too lenient. I have spared  
The stream of blood, and now my own must flow  
To fill the current.

[ Loud applause.  
Triumph not too soon,  
Justice may yet be victor.

Enter St-Just, and mounts the Tribune.

ST-JUST.  
I come from the committee—charged to speak  
Of matters of high import. I omit  
Their orders. Representatives of France,  
Boldly in his own person speaks St-Just  
What his own heart shall dictate.

TALLIEN.  
Hear ye this,  
Insulted delegates of France? St-Just  
From your committee comes—comes charged to speak  
Of matters of high import—yet omits  
Their orders! Representatives of France,  
That bold man I denounce, who disobeys  
The nation’s orders.—I denounce St-Just.

ST-JUST.  
Hear me!  
ROBESPIERRE.  
He shall be heard!

BOURDON L'OISE.  
Must we contaminate this sacred hall  
With the foul breath of treason?

COLLOT D'HERBOIS.  Drag him away!

Hence with him to the bar.

COUTHON.  
Oh, just proceedings!  
Robespierre prevented liberty of speech—  
And Robespierre is a tyrant! Tallien reigns,  
He dreads to hear the voice of innocence—  
And St-Just must be silent!

LEGENDRE.  
Heed we well  
That justice guide our actions. No light import  
Attends this day. I move St-Just be heard.

FRÉRON.  
Inviolable be the sacred right of man,  
The freedom of debate.

[ Violent applause.  
ST-JUST.  
I may be heard, then! much the times are changed  
When St-Just thanks this hall for hearing him.  
Robespierre is call’d a tyrant. Men of France,  
Judge not too soon. By popular discontent  
Was Aristides driven into exile,  
Was Phocion murder’d? Ere ye dare pronounce  
Robespierre is guilty, it befits ye well,  
Consider who accuses him. Tallien,  
Bourdon of Oise—the very men denounced,  
For their dark intrigues disturb’d the plan  
Of government. Legendre, the sworn friend  
Of Danton, fall’n apostate. Dubois Crancé,  
He who at Lyons spared the royalists—  
Collot d’Herbois—

BOURDON L'OISE.  
What—shall the traitor reign  
His head amid our tribunal—and blaspheme  
Each patriot? shall the hireling slave of faction—

ST-JUST.  
I am of no faction. I contend  
Against all factions.

TALLIEN.  
I espouse the cause  
Of truth. Robespierre on yester-morn pronounced  
Upon his own authority a report.  
To-day St-Just comes down. St-Just neglects  
What the committee orders, and harangues  
From his own will. O citizens of France,  
I weep for you—I weep for my poor country—  
I tremble for the cause of Liberty,  
When individuals shall assume the sway,  
And with more insolence than kingly pride  
Rule the republic.
Billaud Varennes.


Bourdoin l'Oise.

He talks of virtue—of morality— Consistent patriot! he, Daubigné's friend! Henriot's supporter virtuous! Preach of virtue, Yet league with villains, for with Robespierre Villains alone ally. Thou art a tyrant! I style thee tyrant, Robespierre! [Loud applause.]

Robespierre.

Take back the name, ye citizens of France— [Violent clamor. Cries of—Down with the Tyrant!

Tallien.

Oppression falls. The traitor stands appall'd— Guilt's iron fangs engrasp his trembling soul— He hears assembled France denounce his crimes! He sees the mask torn from his secret sins— He trembles on the precipice of fate. Fall'n guilty tyrant! murder'd by thy rage, How many an innocent victim's blood has stain'd Fair Freedom's altar! Sylva-like, thy hand Mark'd down the virtues, that, thy foes removed, Perpetual Dictator thou mightest reign, And tyrannize o'er France, and call it freedom! Long time in timid guilt the traitor plan'd his fearful wil'ds—success embold'en'd his— And his stretch'd arm had grasp'd the dindem Ere now, but that the coward's heart recoil'd, Lost France awaked, should rouse her from her dream, And call aloud for vengeance. He, like Cesar, With rapid step urged on his bold career, Even to the summit of ambitious power, And deem'd the name of King alone was wanting. Was it for this, we hurl'd proud Capet down? s it for this we wage eternal war Against the tyrant horde of murderers, The crown'd cockatrices whose foul venom infects all Europe! was it then for this We swore to guard our liberty with life, That Robespierre should reign? the spirit of freedom's not yet sunk so low. The glowing flame That animates each honest Frenchman's heart Not yet extinguish'd. I invoke thy shade, immortal Brutus! I too wear a dagger; And if the representatives of France, Through fear or favor, should delay the sword Of justice, Tallien emulates thy virtues; Tallien, like Brutus, lifts the avenging arm; Tallien shall save his country. [Violent applause.

Billaud Varennes.

I demand The arrest of the traitors. Memorable Will be this day for France.

Robespierre.

Yes! memorable This day will be for France—for villains triumph. Lebas.

I will not share in this day's damning guilt. Condemn me too. [Great cry—Down with the Tyrants! (The two Robespierres, Couthon, St-Just and Lebas are led off).

ACT III.

Scene continues.

Collet d'Herbois.

Cesar is fallen! The baneful tree of Java, Whose death-distilling boughs dropt poisonous dew, Is rooted from its base. This worse than Cromwell, The austere, the self-denying Robespierre, Even in this hall, where once with terror mute We listen'd to the hypocrite's harangues, Has heard his doom.

Billaud Varennes.

Yet must we not suppose The tyrant will fall tamely. His sworn hireling Henriot, the daring desperate Henriot Commands the force of Paris. I denounce him. Freron.

I denounce Fleuriot too, the mayor of Paris. Enter Dubois Crancé.

Dubois Crancé.

Robespierre is rescued. Henriot at the head Of the arm'd force has rescued the fierce tyrant. Collet d'Herbois.

Ring the tocsin—call all the citizens To save their country—never yet has Paris Forsook the representatives of France. Tallien.

It is the hour of danger. I propose This sitting be made permanent. [Loud applause.

Collet d'Herbois.

The National Convention shall remain Firm at its post.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger.

Robespierre has reach'd the Commune. They espouse The tyrant's cause. St-Just is up in arms! St-Just—the young ambitious bold St-Just Harangues the mob. The sanguinary Couthon Thirsts for your blood. [Toc.m rings.

Tallien.

These tyrants are in arms against the law: Outlaw the rebels. Enter Merlin of Douay.

Merlin.

Health to the representatives of France! I past this moment through the armed force— They ask'd my name—and when they heard a delegate, Swore I was not the friend of France.
COLLOT D'HERBOIS.
The tyrants threaten us, as when they turn'd
The cannon's mouth on Brissot.

Enter another Messenger.
SECOND MESSENGER.
Vivier harangues the Jacobins—the club
Espouse the cause of Robespierre.

Enter another Messenger.
THIRD MESSENGER.
All's lost—the tyrant triumphs. Henriot leads
The soldiers to his aid.—Already I hear
The rattling cannon destined to surround
This sacred hall.

TALLIEN.
Why, we will die like men then;
The representatives of France dare death,
When duty steeles their bosoms.

(Loud applause.)
TALLIEN (addressing the galleries).
Citizens! France is insulted in her delegates—
The majesty of the republic is insulted—
Tyrants are up in arms. An armed force
Threats the Convention. The Convention swears
To die, or save the country!

[Violent applause from the galleries.
CITIZEN (from above).
We too swear
To die, or save the country. Follow me.
[All the men quit the galleries.

Enter another Messenger.
FOURTH MESSENGER.
Henriot is taken!—

Henriot is taken. Three of your brave soldiers
Swore they would seize the rebel slave of tyrants,
Or perish in the attempt. As he patroU'd
The streets of Paris, stirring up the mob,
They seized him.

Billaud Varennes.
Let the names of these brave men
Live to the future day.

Enter Bourdon l'Oise, sword in hand.
Bourdon l'Oise.
I have clear'd the Commune.

[Applause.]
Through the throng I rush'd,
Brandishing my good sword to drench its blade
Deep in the tyrant's heart. The timid rebels
Gave way. I met the soldiery—I spoke
Of the dictator's crimes—of patriots chain'd
In dark deep dungeons by his lawless rage—
Of knaves secure beneath his fostering power.
I spake of Liberty. Their honest hearts
Caught the warm flame. The general shout burst forth,
"Live the Convention—Down with Robespierre!"

[Applause.]
[Shouts from without—Down with the Tyrants!]
TALLIEN.
I hear, I hear the soul-inspiring sounds,
France shall be saved! her generous sons, attached
To principles, not persons, spur the idol
They worshipp'd once. Yes, Robespierre shall fall
As Capet fell! Oh! never let us deem
That France shall crouch beneath a tyrant's throne,
That the almighty people who have broke
On their oppressors' heads the oppressive chain,
Will court again their fetters! easier were it
To hurl the cloud-cap mountain from its base,
Than force the bonds of slavery upon men
Determined to be free!

[Applause.]
Enter Legende, a pistol in one hand, keys in the other.

LEGENDRE (firing down the keys).
So—let the mutinous Jacobins meet now
In the open air.

[Loud applause.]
FRERON.
A factious turbulent party
Lording it o'er the state since Danton died,
And with him the Cordeliers.—A hireling band
Of loud-tongued orators controul'd the club,
And bade them bow to the knee to Robespierre.
Vivier has 'scaped me. Curse his coward heart—
This fate-fraught tube of Justice in my hand,
I rush'd into the hall. He mark'd mine eye
That beam'd its patriot anger, and flash'd it full
With death-denouncing meaning. 'Mid the throng
He mingled. I pursued—but said my hand,
Lest haply I might shed the innocent blood.

[Applause.]
BARRERE.
What means this uproar! if the tyrant band
Should gain the people once again to rise—
We are as dead!

TALLIEN.
And wherefore fear we death?
Did Brutus fear it? or the Grecian friends
Who buried in Hipparchus' breast the sword,
And died triumphant! Caesar should fear death
Brutus must scorn the bugbear.

[Shouts from without—Live the Convention—Down with the Tyrants!]
TALLIEN.
Hark! again
The sounds of honest Freedom!

Enter Deputies from the Sections.

CITIZEN.
Citizens! representatives of France!
Hold on your steady course. The men of Paris
Espouse your cause. The men of Paris swear
They will defend the delegates of Freedom

TALLIEN.
Hear ye this, Colleagues! hear ye this, my brethren
And does no thrill of joy pervade your breasts?
My bosom bounds to rupture. I have seen

220
The sons of France shake off the tyrant yoke;
I have, as much as lies in mine own arm,
Hurl'd down the usurper.—Come death when it will,
I have lived long enough.

[Shouts without.]

BARRERE.
Hark! how the noise increases! through the gloom
Of the still evening—harbinger of death,
Rings the tocsin! the dreadful generale
Thunders through Paris—

[Cry without—Down with the Tyrant!]
Enter LeCointre.

LECOINTRE.
So may eternal justice blast the foes
Of France! so perish all the tyrant brood,
As Robespierre has perish'd! Citizens,
Cesar is taken.

[Loud and repeated applause.
I marvel not, that with such fearless front,
He braved our vengeance, and with angry eye
Scowl'd round the hall defiance. He relied
On Henriot's aid—the Commune's villain friendship,
And Henriot's bought succeces. Ye have heard
How Henriot rescued him—how with open arms
The Commune welcomed in the rebel tyrant—
How Fleuriot aided, and seditious Vivier
Stir'd up the Jacobins. All had been lost—
The representatives of France had perish'd—
Freedom had sunk beneath the tyrant arm
Of this foul paricide, but that her spirit
Inspired the men of Paris. Henriot call'd
"To arms" in vain, whilst Bourdon's patriot voice
Breathed eloquence, and o'er the Jacobins
Legendre frown'd dismay. The tyrants fled—
They reach'd the Hotel. We gather'd round—we
call'd
For vengeance! Long time, obstinate in despair,
With knives they back'd around them. Till foreboding
The sentence of the law, the clamorous cry
Of joyful thousands hailing their destruction,
Each sought by suicide to escape the dread
Of death. Lebas succeeded. From the window
Leapt the younger Robespierre, but his fractured limb
Forbade to escape. The self-will'd dictator
Plunged often the keen knife in his dark breast,
Yet impotent to die. He lives all mangled
By his own tremendous hand! All gash'd and gored,
He lives to taste the bitterness of Death.
Even now they meet their doom. The bloody Couthon,
The fierce St-Just, even now attend their tyrant
To fall beneath the ax. I saw the torches
Flash on their visages a dreadful light—
I saw them whilst the black blood roll'd adown
Each stern face, even then with dauntless eye
Scowl round contemptuous, dying as they lived,
Fearless of fate!

[Loud and repeated applause.]

BARRERE (mounts the Tribune).
For ever hallow'd be this glorious day,
When Freedom, bursting her oppressive chain,
Tramples on the oppressor. When the tyrant,
Hurl'd from his blood-cemented throne by the arm
Of the almighty people, meets the death
He plann'd for thousands. Oh! my sickening heart
Has sunk within me, when the various woes
Of my brave country crowded o'er my brain
In ghastly numbers—when assembled hordes,
Dragg'd from their hovels by despotic power,
Rush'd o'er her frontiers, plunder'd her fair hamlets
And sack'd her populous towns, and drench'd with blood
The reeking fields of Flanders.—When within,
Upon her vitals prey'd the rankling tooth
Of treason, and oppression, giant form,
Trampling on freedom, left the alternative
Of slavery, or of death. Even from that day,
When, on the guilty Capet, I pronounced
The doom of injured France, has Faison read
Her hated head amongst us. Roland preach'd
Of mercy—the uxorious dotard Roland,
The woman-govern'd Roland durst aspire
To govern France: and Petion talk'd of virtue,
And Vergniaud's eloquence, like the honey'd tongue
Of some soft Syren, wooed us to destruction.
We triumph'd over these. Upon the same scaffold
Where the last Louis pour'd his guilty blood,
Fell Brissot's head, the womb of darsome treasons,
And Orleans, villain kinsman of the Capet,
And Hebert's atheist crew, whose maddening hand
Hurl'd down the altars of the living God,
With all the infidel's intolerance.
The last worst traitor triumph'd—triumph'd long,
Secured by matchless villany. By turns
Defending and deserting each accomplice,
As interest prompted. In the goodly soil
Of Freedom, the foul tree of treason struck
Its deep-fix'd roots, and drop't the dews of death
On all who slumber'd in its specious shade.
He wove the web of treachery. He caught
The listening crowd by his wild eloquence,
His cool ferocity, that persuaded murder,
Even whilst it spake of mercy!—Never, never
Shall this regenerated country wear
The despot yoke. Though myriads round assail,
And with worse fury urge this new crusade
Than savages have known; though the league'd
despots
Depopulate all Europe, so to pour
The accumulated mass upon our coasts,
Sublime amid the storm shall France arise,
And like the rock amid surrounding waves
Repel the rushing ocean.—She shall wield
The thunderbolt of vengeance—she shall blast
The despot's pride, and liberate the world!
LOVE.*

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay
Beside the ruin'd tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leant against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listen'd to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I play'd a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song; that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a frowning brow,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wo'ed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined; and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listen'd with a frowning brow,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly upon her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,
And that he cross'd the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,

There came and look'd him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a Fiend,
This miserable Knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leap'd amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land!

And how she wept, and clasp'd his knees;
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain.

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay.

His dying words—but when I reach'd
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrill'd my guiltless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherish'd long!
She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love, and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stept aside;
As conscious of my look she stepp'd—
Then suddenly, w'en timorus eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms,
She press'd me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, look'd up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly Love, and partly Fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous Bride.

DUTY SURVIVING SELF-LOVE,

THE ONLY SURE FRIEND OF DECLINING LIFE.

A SOLILOQUY.

Unchanged within to see all changed without,
Is a blank lot and hard to bear, no doubt.
Yet why at others' warnings shouldst thou fret?
Then only might'st thou feel a just regret.
Hadst thou withheld thy love or hid thy light,
In selfish forethought of neglect and slight.
O wiser! then, from freble yearnings freed,
While, and on whom, thou mayest—shine on! nor heed
Whether the object by reflected light
Return thy radiance or absorb it quite;
And though thou notest from thy safe recess
Old Friends burn dim, like lamps in noisome air,
Love them for what they are: nor love them less,
Because to thee they are not what they were.

PHANTOM OR FACT?

A DIALOGUE IN VERSE.

AUTHOR.

A LOVELY form there sate beside my bed,
And such a feeding calm its presence shed,
A tender love so pure from earthly leaven
That I unneth the fancy might control,
'T was my own spirit newly come from heaven
Wooing its gentle way into my soul!
But ah! the change—It had not stirr'd, and yet—
Alas! that change how fain would I forget!
That shrinking back, like one that had mistook!
That weary, wandering, disavowing Look!
'T was all another, feature, look, and frame,
And still, methought, I knew it was the same!

FRIEND.

This riddling tale, to what does it belong?
Is't history? vision? or an idle song?

Or rather say at once, within what space
Of time this wild disastrous change took place?

AUTHOR.

Call it a moment's work (and such it seems),
This tale's a fragment from the life of dreams;
But say, that years matured the silent strive,
And 'tis a record from the dream of Life.

WORK WITHOUT HOPE.

LINES COMPOSED 21ST FEBRUARY, 1827.

All Nature seems at work—Stags leave their lair—
The bees are stirring—Birds are on the wing—
And Winter, slumbering in the open air,
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring!
And I, the while, the sole uneasy thing,
Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.

Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths blow,
Have traced the fount whence streams of nectar flow.
Bloom, O ye amaranths! bloom for whom ye may,
For me ye bloom not! Glide, rich streams, away!
With lips unbrighten'd, breathless brow, I stroll:
And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul?
Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And hope without an object cannot live.

YOUTH AND AGE.

VERSE, a breeze 'twixt dawn and night,
Where Hope eling feeding, like a bee—
Both were mine! Life went a-maying
When I was young!
When I was young!—Ah, woful when!
Ah for the change 'twixt now and then!
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands,
How lightly then it flash'd along—:
Like these trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide!
Nought cared this body for wind or weather,
When Youth and I lived in'st together.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like,
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O the joys, that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty.

Ere I was old!
Ere I was old? Ah yowful Ere,
Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!
O Youth! for years so many and sweet,
Tis known, that thou and I were one,
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be, that thou art gone!
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd—
And thou wert aye a masker bold!
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make believe that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this alter'd size:

223
A DAY DREAM.

My eyes make pictures, when they are shut:
I see a fountain, large and fair,
A willow and a ruin'd hut,
And thee, and me, and Mary there.
O Mary! make thy gentle lap our pillow!
Bend o'er us, like a bower, my beautiful green willow!

A wild rose roofs the ruin'd shed,
And that and summer well agree:
And lo! where Mary leans her head,
Two dear names carved upon the tree!
And Mary's tears, they are not tears of sorrow;
Our sister and our friend will both be here to-morrow.

'Twas day! But now few, large, and bright,
And the stars are round the crescent moon!
And now it is a dark warm night,
The balmiest of the month of June!
A glow-worm fallen, and on the marge remounting
Shines, and its shadow shines, fit stars for our sweet fountain.

O ever—ever be thou blest!
For dearly, Asra! love I thee!
This brooding warmth across my breast,
This depth of tranquil bliss—ah me!
Fount, tree and shed are gone. I know not whither,
But in one quiet room we three are still together.

The shadows dance upon the wall,
By the still dancing fire-flames made;
And now they slumber, moveless all!
And now they melt to one deep shade!
But not from me shall this mild darkness steal thee:
I dream thee with mine eyes, and at my heart I feel thee!

Thine eyelash on my cheek doth play—
'Tis Mary's hand upon my brow!
But let me check this tender lay,
Which none may hear but she and thou!
Like the still hive at quiet midnight humming,
Murmur it to yourselves, ye two beloved women!

TO A LADY.

OFFENDED BY A SPORTIVE OBSERVATION THAT WOMEN HAVE NO SOULS.

NAY, dearest Anna! why so grave?
I said, you had no soul, 'tis true!
For what you are you cannot have.
'Tis I, that have one since I first had you!

I have heard of reasons manifold
Why Love must needs be blind,
But this the best of all I hold—
His eyes are in his mind.

What outward form and feature are
He guesseth but in part;
But what within is good and fair
He seeth with the heart.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE LAST WORDS OF BERENGARIUS.

OR. ANNO DOM. 1088.

No more 'twixt conscience staggering and the Pope,
Soon shall I now before my God appear,
By him to be acquitted, as I hope;
By him to be condemned, as I fear.

REFLECTIONS ON THE ABOVE.

Lynx amid moles! had I stood by thy bed,
Be of good cheer, meek soul! I would have said,
I see a hope spring from that humble fear.
All are not strong alike through storms to steer
Right onward. What though dread of threaten'd death
And dungeon torture made thy hand and breath
Inconstant to the truth within thy heart?
That truth, from which, through fear, thou twice didst start,
Fear haphazard thee, was a learned strife,
Or not so vital as to claim thy life:
And myriads had reach'd Heaven, who never knew
Where lay the difference 'twixt the false and true!

Ye who, secure 'mid trophies not your own,
Judge him who won them when he stood alone,
And boldly talk of recrement Berengare—
O first the age, and then the man compare!
That age how dark! congenial minds how rare!
No host of friends with kindred zeal did burn!
No throbbing hearts awaited his return!
Prostrate alike when prince and peasant fell,
He only disenchanted from the spell,
Like the weak worm that gams the starless night,
Moved in the scanty circle of his light:
And was it strange if he withdrew the ray
That did but guide the night-birds to their prey?

The ascending Day-star with a bolder eye
Hath lit each dew-drop on our trimmer lawn!
Yet not for this, if wise, will we decry
The spots and struggles of the timid Dawn!
Lest so we tempt th' approaching Noon to scorn
The mists and painted vapors of our Morn.

THE DEVIL'S THOUGHTS.

From his brimstone bed at break of day
A-walking the Devil is gone,
To visit his little snug farm of the earth,
And see how his stock went on.

Over the hill and over the dale,
And he went over the plain,
And backwards and forwards he swish'd his long tail
As a gentleman swishes his cane.

And how then was the Devil drest?
Oh! he was in his Sunday's best:
His jacket was red and his breeches were blue,
And there was a hole where the tail came through.
He saw a lawyer killing a Viper
On a dung-heap beside his stable,
And the Devil smiled, for it put him in mind
Of Cain and his brother, Abel.

A PHOTECARY on a white horse
Rode by on his vocations,
And the Devil thought of his old Friend
Death in the Revelations.

He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility!
And the Devil did grin, for his darlings
Is pride that apes humility.

He went into a rich bookseller's shop,
Quoth he! we are both of one college;
For I myself sate like a cormorant once
Fast by the tree of knowledge.

Down the river there plied with wind and tide,
A pig, with vast cerelity;
And the Devil look'd wise as he saw how the while,
It cut its own throat. There! quoth he, with a smile,
Goes "England's commercial prosperity."

As he went through Cold-Bath Fields, he saw
A solitary cell,
And the Devil was pleased, for it gave him a hint
For improving his prisons in Hell.

General—burning face
He saw with consternation,
And back to Hell his way did he take,
For the Devil thought, by a slight mistake,
It was general conflagration.

* And all amid them stood the Tree of Life
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold query paper money!; and next to Life
Our Death, the Tree of Knowledge, grew fast by.—

So clomb this first grand thief—
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life
Sat like a cormorant.—Par. Lost, IV.

The allegory here is so apt, that in a catalogue of various
readings obtained from collating the MSS. one might expect to
find it noted, that for "Life" Cod. quid habent, "Trade."
Though indeed the trade, i. e. the bibliopolie, so called, circa c. advent, may be regarded as Life annau eminenciar: a
suggestion, which I owe to a young retailer in the huslier line,
who on hearing a description of the net profits, dinner parties,
country houses, etc. of the trade, exclaimed, "Ay! that's
what I call Life now!"—This "Life, our Death," is thus
happily contrasted with the fruits of Authorship.—Sie non non
nobilis multiiplicam Ares.

Of this poem, with which the Fire, Famine and Slaughter
first appeared in the Morning Post, the three first stanzas, which
are worth all the rest, and the ninth, were dictated by Mr.
Southey. Between the third and the concluding stanza, two or
three are omitted as grounded on subjects that have lost their
interest—and for better reasons.

If any one should ask, who General—meant, the Author
begs leave to inform him, that he did once see a red-faced
person in a dream whom by the dress he took for a General; but

CONSTANCY TO AN IDEAL OBJECT.

Since all, that beat about in Nature's range,
Or veer or vanish, why shouldst thou remain
The only constant in a world of change—
O yearned thought, that livest but in the brain?
Call to the hours, that in the distance play,
The fairy people of the future day—
Fond thought! not one of all that shining swarm
Will breathe on thee with life-enkindling breath,
Till when, like strangers sheltering from a storm,
Hope and Despair meet in the porch of Death!
Yet still the vessel - cannot; she and though well I see,
She is not thou, and only thou art she.

Still, still as though some dear embodied good,
Some living love before my eyes there stood,
With answering look a ready ear to lend,
I mourn to thee and say—"Ah! loveliest friend!
That this the meed of all my toils might be,
To have a home, an English home and thee!
Vain repetition! home and thou art one.
The peacefull'st cot the moon shall shine upon,
Lull'd by the shrush and waken'd by the lark,
Without thee were but a becalmed Bark,
Whose helmsman on an ocean waste and wide
Sits mute and pale his moulderling helm beside.

And art thou nothing? Such thou art, as when
The woodman winding westward up the glen
At wintry dawn, where o'er the sheep-track's maze
The viewless snow-mist weaves a glistering haze,
Sees full before him, gliding without tread,
An image! with a glory round its head;
The enamour'd rustic worships its fair hues,
Nor knows, he makes the shadow he pursues!

THE SUICIDE'S ARGUMENT.

Ere the birth of my life, if I wish'd it or no
No question was ask'd me—it could not be so!
If the life was the question, a thing sent to try,
And to live on be Yes! what can No be to die.

NATURE'S ANSWER.

Is't return'd as it was sent? Is't no worse for the wear?
Think first, what you are! Call to mind what you were!
I gave you innocence, I gave you hope,
Gave health, and genius, and an ample scope.
Return you me guilt, lethargy, despair!
Make out the Invent'ry; inspect, compare!
Then die—if die you dare!

he might have been mistaken, and most certainly he did not
hear any names mentioned. In simple verity, the Author never
meant any one, or indeed any thing but to put a concluding
stanza to his doggerel.

* This phenomenon, which the Author has himself expe-
rienced, and of which the reader may find a description in one
of the earlier volumes of the Manchester Philosophical Trans-
actions, is applied figuratively in the following passage of the
Aida to Reflection:

1. Findar's fine remark respecting the different effects of music
on different characters, holds equally true of Genius: as many
as are not delighted by it are disturbed, perplexed, irritated.
The beholder either recognizes it as a projected form of his own
Being, that moves before him with a Glory round its head, or
recollects from it a spectre."—Aida to Reflection, p. 220

225
THE BLOSSOMING OF THE SOLITARY
DATE-TREE.

A LAMENT.

I seem to have an indistinct recollection of having read either in one of the ponderous tomes of George of Venice, or in some other compilation from the uninspired Hebrew Writers, an
Apologue or Rabbinical Tradition to the following purpose:
While our first parents stood before their offended Maker, and the last words of the sentence were, yet sounding in Adam's ear, the guileful false serpent, a counterfeit and a usurper from the beginning, presumptuously took on himself the character of advocate or mediator, and pretending to intercede for Adam, exclaimed: "Nay, Lord, in thy justice, not so for the Man was the least in fault. Rather let the Woman return at once to the dust, and let Adam remain in this thy Paradise." And the word of the Most High answered Satan: "The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. Treacherous Friend! if with guilt like thine, it had been possible for thee to have the heart of a Man, and to feel the yearning of a human soul for its counterpart, the sentence, which thou now counsellest, should have been inflicted on thyself!"

[The title of the following poem was suggested by a fact men-
tioned by Linnaeus, of a Date-tree in a nobleman's garden,
which year after year had put forth a full show of blossoms,
but never produced fruit, till a branch from a Date-tree had
been conveyed from a distance of some hundred leagues.
The first leaf of the M's, from which the poem has been
transcribed, and which contained the two or three introduc-
tory stanzas, is wanting; and the author has in vain taxed
his memory to repair the loss. But a rude draught of this
poem contains the substance of the stanzas, and the reader
is requested to receive it as the substitute. It is not impos-
sible, that some congenial spirit, whose years do not exceed
those of the author at the time the poem was written, may
find a pleasure in restoring the Lament to its original integ-
ritv by a reduction of the thoughts to the requisite Metre.—
S.T.C.

1.

Beneath the blaze of a tropical sun the moun-
tain peaks are the Thrones of Frost, through
the absence of objects to reflect the rays. "What no
one with us shares, seems scarce our own." The
presence of a one,
The best beloved, who loveth me the best,
is for the heart, what the supporting air from within
is for the hollow globe with its suspended car. De-
prive it of this, and all without, that would have
buoyed it aloft even to the seat of the gods, becomes
a burden, and crushes it into fainess.

2.
The finer the sense for the beautiful and the lovely,
and the fairer and lovelier the object presented to the
sense; the more exquisite the individual's capacity of
joy, and the more ample his means and opportuni-
ties of enjoyment, the more heavily will he feel
the ache of solitariness, the more unsubstantial be-
comes the feast spread around him. What matters
it, whether in fact the viands and the ministering
graces are shadowy or real, to him who has not
hand to grasp nor arm to embrace them?

3.

Imagination; honorable Aims;
Free Commune with the choir that cannot die;
Science and Song; Delight in little things,
The buoyant child surviving in the man;
Fields, forests, ancient mountains, ocean, sky,
With all their voices—O dare I accuse
My earthly lot as guilty of my spleen,
Or call my destiny niggard? O no! no!
It is her largeness, and her overflow,
Which being incomplete, disquieteth me so!

4.

For never touch of gladness stirs my heart,
But tim'rously beginning to rejoice
Like a blind Arab, that from sleep doth start
In lonesome tent, I listen for thy voice.
Beloved! 'tis not thine; thou art not there!
Then melts the bubble into idle air,
And wishing without hope I restlessly despair.

5.
The mother with anticipated glee
Smiles o'er the child, that standing by her chair,
And flatt'ring its round cheek upon her knee,
Looks up, and doth its rosy lips prepare
To mock the coming sounds. At that sweet sight
She hears her own voice with a new delight;
And if the babe perchance should lisp the notes
right,

6.

Then is she tenfold gladder than before!
But should disease or chance the darling take,
What then avail those songs, which sweet of yore
Were only sweet for their sweet echo's sake?
Dear maid! no prattler at a mother's knee
Was e'er so dearly prized as I prize thee:
Why was I made for love, and love denied to me?

FANCY IN NUBIBUS,

OR THE POET IN THE CLOUDS.

O! it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
To make the shifting clouds be what you please,
Or lo! the easily persuaded eyes
Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould
Of a friend's fancy; or with head bent low
And cheek aslant, see rivers flow of gold
'Twixt crimson banks; and then, a traveller, go
From mount to mount through Cloudland, go
Geous land!
Or listening to the tide, with closed sight,
Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand
By those deep sounds possess'd, with inward light
Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

THE TWO FOUNTS.

STANZAS ADDRESSED TO A LADY ON HER RECOVERY
WITH UNBLEMISHED LOOKS, FROM A SEVERE AT-
TACK OF PAIN.

'TWAS my last waking thought, how it could be
That thou, sweet friend, such anguish shouldst endure
When straight from Dreamland came a Dwarf, and he
Could tell the cause, forsooth, and knew the cure.

Methought he fronted me, with peering look
Fix'd on my heart; and read aloud in game
The loves and griefs therein, as from a book:
And utter'd praise like one who wish'd to bame.

225
In every heart (quoth he) since Adam's sin,
Two Founts there are, of suffering and of cheer!
_That_ to let forth, and _this_ to keep within!
But she, whose aspect I find imaged here,

Of Pleasure only will to all dispense,
_That_ Fount alone unlock'd, by no distress
Choked or turn'd inward, but still issue thence
Unconquer'd cheer, persistent loveliness.

As on the driving cloud the shiny Bow,
That gracious thing made up of tears and light,
'Mid the wild rack and rain that slants below
Stands smiling forth, unmoved and freshly bright:

As though the spirits of all lovely flowers,
Inweaving each its wreath and dewy crown,
Or ere they sunk to earth in vernal showers,
Had built a bridge to tempt the angels down.

Even so, Eliza! on that face of thine,
On that benignant face, whose look alone
(The soul's translucence through her crystal shrine)
Has power to soothe all anguish but thine own.

A beauty hovers still, and ne'er takes wing,
But with a silent charm compels the stern
And tort'ring Genius of the bitter spring
To shrink aback, and cower upon his urn.

Who then needs wonder, if (no outlet found
In passion, spleen, or strife) the FOUNT OF PAIN
O'erflowing beats against its lovely mound,
And in wild flashes shoots from heart to brain?

Sleep, and the Dwarf with that unsteady gleam
On his raised lip, that aped a critic smile,
Had pass'd: yet I, my sad thoughts to beguile,
Lay weaving on the tissue of my dream:

Till audibly at length I cried, as though
Thou hadst indeed been present to my eyes,
O sweet, sweet sufferer! if the case be so,
I pray thee, be less good, less sweet, less wise!

In every look a barbed arrow send,
On these soft lips let scorn and anger live!
Do _any_ thing, rather than thus, sweet friend!
Hoard for thyself the pain thou wilt not give!

WHAT IS LIFE?

RESEMBLES life what once was held of light,
Too ample in itself for human sight?
An absolute self? an element ungrounded?
All that we see, all colors of all shade
By encroach of darkness made!
Is very life by consciousness unbounded?
And all the thoughts, pains, joys of mortal breath,
A war-embrace of wrestling life and death?

THE EXCHANGE.

We pledged our hearts, my love and I,—
I in my arms the maiden clasping;
I could not tell the reason why,
But, oh! I trembled like an aspen.

Her father's love she bade me gain;
I went and shook like any reed!
I strove to act the man—in vain!
We had exchanged our hearts indeed.

SONNET,

COMPOSED BY THE SEASIDE, OCTOBER 1817.

Oh! it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
To make the shifting clouds be what you please;
Or yield the easily persuaded eyes

To each quaint image issuing from the mould
Of a friend's fancy; or with head bent low,
And cheek aslant, see rivers flow of gold
'Twixt crimson banks; and then, a traveller, go

From mount to mount, through Cloudland, gorgeous
Land!
Or listening to the tide, with closed sight,
Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand,
By those deep sounds possess'd, with inward light
Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea!

EPIGRAMS.

I.

I _ask'd_ my fair, one happy day,
What _I_ should call her in my lay,
By what sweet name from Rome, or Greece,
Neera, Laura, Daphne, Chloris,
Carina, Lalage, or Doris,
Dorimene, or Lucrece?

II.

"Ah," replied my gentle fair;
"Dear one, what are names but air!—
Choose thou whatever suits the line;
Call me Laura, call me Chloris,
Call me Lalage, or Doris,
Only—only—call me thine!"

Sly Belzebub took all occasions
To try Job's constancy, and patience.
He took his honor, took his health;
He took his children, took his wealth,
His servants, oxen, horses, cows,—
But cunning Satan did _not_ take his spouse.

But Heaven, that brings out good from evil,
And loves to disappoint the devil,
Had predetermined to restore
_Twofold_ all he had before;
His servants, horses, oxen, cows—
Short-sighted devil, _not_ to take his spouse!

HOARES Maevius reads his hobbling verse
To all, and at all times:
And finds them both divinely smooth,
His voice as well as rhymes.
COLERIDGE’S POETICAL WORKS.

But folk say Mevius is no ass;
But Mevius makes it clear
That he’s a monster of an ass—
An ass without an ear!

There comes from old Avaro’s grave
A deadly stench—why, sure, they have
Immured his soul within his Grave!

Last Monday all the papers said,
That Mr. —— was dead;
Why, then, what said the city?
The tenth part sadly shook their head,
And shaking sight’d, and sighing said,
“Pity, indeed, ‘tis pity!”

But when the said report was found
A rumor wholly without ground,
Why, then, what said the city?
The other nine parts shook their head,
Repeating what the tenth had said,
“Pity, indeed, ‘tis pity!”

Your poem must eternal be,
Dear Sir!—it cannot fail—
For ‘tis incomprehensible,
And wants both head and tail.

Swans sing before they die—!were no bad thing
Did certain persons die before they sing.

THE WANDERINGS OF CAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.

A prose composition, one not in metre at least, seems prima facie to require explanation or apology. It was written in the year 1798, near Nether Stowrey in Somersetshire, at which place (sacram et amabile nomen! rich by so many associations and recollections) the Author had taken up his residence in order to enjoy the society and close neighborhood of a dear and honored friend, T. Poole, Esq. The work was to have been written in concert with another, whose name is too venerable within the precincts of genius to be unnecessarily brought into connexion with such a trifle, and who was then residing at a small distance from Nether Stowrey. The title and subject were suggested by myself, who likewise drew out the scheme and the contents for each of the three books or cantos, of which the work was to consist, and which, the reader is to be informed, was to have been finished in one night! My partner undertook the first canto; the second: and whichever had done first, was to set about the third. Almost thirty years have passed by; yet at this moment I cannot without something more than a smile meet the question which of the two things was the more impracticable, for a mind so eminently original to compose another man’s thoughts and fancies, or for a taste so anesthetically pure and simple to imitate the Death of Abel? Methinks I see his grand and noble countenance as at the moment when having dispatched my own portion of the task at full finger-speed, I hastened to him with my manuscript—that look of homœous despondency fixed on his almost blank sheet of paper, and then its silent mock-pious admission of failure struggling with the sense of the exceeding ridiculousness of the whole scheme—which broke up in a laugh: and the Ancient Mariner was written instead.

Years afterward, however, the draft of the Plan and proposed Incidents, and the portion executed, obtained favor in the eyes of more than one person, whose judgment on a poetic work could not but have weighed with me, even though no parental partiality had been thrown into the same scale, as a make-weight: and I determined on commencing anew, and composing the whole in stanzas, and made some progress in realizing this intention, when adverse gales drove my bark off

of the “Fortunate Isles” of the Muse: and then other and more momentous interests prompted a different voyage, to former anchorage and a securer port. I have in vain tried to recover the lines from the Palladium table of my memory: and I can only offer the introductory stanza, which had been committed to writing for the purpose of procuring a friend’s judgment on the metre, as a specimen.

Encircled with a twine of leaves, That lofty twine his only dress! A lovely Boy was plucking fruits, By moonlight, in a wilderness. The moon was bright, the air was free, And fruits and flowers together grew On many a shrub and many a tree: And all put on a gentle hue, Hanging in the shadowy air Like a picture rich and rare. It was a climate where, they say, The night is more beloved than day. But who that beautiful Boy beguiled, That beauteous Boy, to linger here? Alone, by night, a little child, In place so silent and so wild— Has he no friend, no loving Mother near?

I have here given the birth, parentage, and premature decease of the “Wanderings of Cain, a poem,”—entertaining, however, my Readers not to think so meanly of my judgment, as to suppose that I either regard or offer it as any excuse for the publication of the following fragment (and I may add, of one or two others in its neighborhood), or its primitive crudity. But I should find still greater difficulty in forgiving myself, were I to record pro tempore publication a set of petty mishaps and annoyances which I myself wish to forget. I must be content therefore with assuring the friendly Reader, that the less he attributes its appearance to the Author’s will, choice, or judgment, the nearer to the truth he will be.

S. T. C.

CANTO II.

“A little further, O my father, yet a little further, and we shall come into the open moonlight.” Their road was through a forest of fir-trees; at its entrance the trees stood at distances from each other, and the path was broad, and the moonlight, and the moonlight shadows reposed upon it, and appeared quietly to inhabit that solitude. But soon the path winded and became narrow; the sun at high noon sometimes speckled, but never illumined it, and now it was dark as a cavern.

“It is dark, O my father!” said Enoch; “but the path under our feet is smooth and soft, and we shall soon come out into the open moonlight.”

I lead on, my child!” said Cain: “guide me, little child! And the innocent little child clasped a finger of the hand which had murdered the righteous Abel, and he guided his father. “The fir branches drip upon thee, my son.” “Yes, pleasantly, father, for I ran fast and eagerly to bring thee the pitcher and the cake, and my body is not yet cool. How happy the squirrels are that feed on these fir-trees! they leap from bough to bough, and the old squirrels play round their young ones in the nest. I clomb a tree yesterday at noon, O my father, that I might play with them; but they leapt away from the branches, even to the slender twigs did they leap, and in a moment I beheld them on another tree. Why, O my father, would they not play with me? I would be good to them as thou art good to me: and I groaned to them even as thou groanest when thou givest me to eat, and when thou coverest me at evening, and as often as I stand at thy knee and thine eyes look at me. Then Cain stopped, and stifling his groans he sank to the earth, and the child Enoch stood in the darkness beside him.
And Cain lifted up his voice and cried bitterly, and said, "The Mighty One that persecuteth me is on this side and on that; he pursueth my soul like the wind, like the sand-blast he passeth through me; he is around me even as the air! O that I might be utterly no more! I desire to die,—yes, the things that never had life; neither move, they upon the earth—behold! they seem precious to mine eyes. O that a man might live without the breath of his nostrils! So I might abide in darkness, and blackness, and an empty space! Yes, I would lie down, I would not rise, neither would I stir my limbs till I became as the rock in the den of the lion, on which the young lion resteth his head whilst he sleepeth. For the torrent that roareth far off hath a voice, and the clouds in heaven look terribly on me; the Mighty One who is against me speaketh in the wind of the cedar grove; and in silence am I dried up." Then Enos spake to his father: "Arise, my father, arise, we are but a little way from the place where I found the cake and the pitcher." And Cain said, "How knowest thou?" and the child answered,—Behold, the bare rocks are a few of thy strides distant from the forest; and while even now thou wilt lifting up thy voice, I heard the echo." Then the child took hold of his father, as if he would raise him; and Cain being faint and feeble, rose slowly on his knees and pressed himself against the trunk of a fir, and stood upright, and followed the child.

The path was dark till within three strides' length of its termination, when it turned suddenly; the thick black trees formed a low arch, and the moonlight appeared for a moment like a dazzling portal. Enos ran before and stood in the open air; and when Cain, his father, emerged from the darkness, the child was affrighted. For the mighty limbs of Cain were wasted as by fire; his hair was as the matted curls on the Bison's forehead, and so glared his fierce and sullen eye beneath: the black abundant locks on either side, a rank and tangled mass, were stained and scorched, as though the grasp of a burning iron hand had striven to rend them; and his countenance told in a strange and terrible language the agonies that had been, and were, and were still to continue to be.

The scene around was desolate; as far as the eye could reach it was desolate: the bare rocks faced each other, and left a long and wide interval of thin white sand. You might wander on and look round and round, and peer into the crevices of the rocks, and discover nothing that acknowledged the influence of the seasons. There was no spring, no summer, no autumn: and the winter's snow, that would have been lovely, fell not on these hot rocks and scorching sands. Never morning lark had poised himself over this desert; but the huge serpents often passed there beneath the talons of the vulture, and the vulture screamed, his wings imprisoned within the coils of the serpent. The pointed and shattered summits of the ridges of the rocks made a rude simmetry of Latian concerns, and seemed to prophey multitude of things that were not; steeples, and battlements, and ships with naked masts. As far from the wood as a boy might sling a pebble of the brook, there was one rock by itself at a small distance from the main ridge. It had been precipitated there perhaps by the gnoan which the Earth uttered when our first father fell. Before you approached, it appeared to lie flat on the ground, but its base slant-
ed from its point, and between its point and the sands a tall man might stand upright. It was here that Enos had found the pitcher and cake, and to this place he led his father. But ere they had reached the rock they beheld a human shape: his back was towards them, and they were advancing unperceived, when they heard him emote his breast and cry aloud, "Woe is me! woe is me! I must die never again, and yet I am perishing with thirst and hunger!"

Palpit, as the reflection of the sheeted lightning on the heavy-sailing night-cloud, became the face of Cain; but the child Enos took hold of the shaggy skin, his father's robe, and raised his eyes to his father, and listening whispered, "Ere yet I could speak, I am sure, O my father! that I heard that voice. Have not I often said that I remembered a sweet voice? O my father! this is it:" and Cain trembled exceedingly. The voice was sweet indeed, but it was thin and querulous like that of a feeble slave in misery, who despairs altogether, yet cannot refrain himself from weeping and lamentation. And, behold! Enos glided forward, and creeping softly round the base of the rock, stood before the stranger, and looked up into his face. And the Shape shrieked, and turned round, and Cain beheld him, that his limbs and his face were those of his brother Abel, whom he had killed! And Cain stood like one who struggles in his sleep because of the exceeding terribleness of a dream.

Thus as he stood in silence and darkness of soul, the Shape fell at his feet, and embraced his knees, and cried out with a bitter outcry, "Thou eldest-born of Adam, whom Eve, my mother, brought forth, cease to torment me! I was feeding my flocks in green pastures by the side of quiet rivers, and thou killest me; and now I am in misery." Then Cain closed his eyes, and hid them with his hands; and again he opened his eyes, and looked around him, and said to Enos, "What beholdest thou? Didst thou hear a voice, my son?" "Yes, my father, I beheld a man in unclean garments, and he uttered a sweet voice, full of lamentation." Then Cain raised up the Shape that was over him, and said,—"Oh, Creator of our father, who had respect unto thee, and unto thy offering, wherewith hath been forsaken thee?" Then the Shape shrieked a second time, and rent his garment, and his naked skin was like the white sands beneath their feet; and he shrieked yet a third time, and threw himself on his face upon the sand that was black with the shadow of the rock, and Cain and Enos sate beside him; the child by his right hand, and Cain by his left. They were all three under the rock, and within the shadow. The Shape that was like Abel raised himself up, and spake to the child: "I know where the cold waters are, but I may not drink; wherefore didst thou then take away my pitcher?" But Cain said, "Didst thou not find favor in the sight of the Lord thy God?" The Shape answered, "The Lord is God of the living only, the dead have another God." Then the child Enos lifted up his eyes and prayed; but Cain rejoiced secretly in his heart, "Wretched shall they be all the days of their mortal life," exclaimed the Shape, "who sacrifice worthy and acceptable sacrifices to the God of the dead; but after death their toil ceaseth. Woe is me, for I was well beloved by the God of the living, and cruel wert thou, O my brother, who didst snatch me away from his
power and his ‘dominion’.* Having uttered these words, he rose suddenly, and fled over the sands; and Cain said in his heart, “The curse of the Lord is on me; but who is the God of the dead?” and he ran after the Shape, and the Shape fled shrieking over the sands, and the sands rose like white mists behind the steps of Cain, but the feet of him that was like Abel disturbed not the sands. He greatly outran Cain, and turning short, he wheeled round, and came again to the rock where they had been sitting, and where Enos still stood; and the child caught hold of his garments as he passed by, and he fell upon the ground. And Cain stopped, and beholding him not, said, “he has passed into the dark woods,” and he walked slowly back to the rocks; and when he reached it the child told him that he had caught hold of his garment as he passed by, and that the man had fallen upon the ground: and Cain once more sat beside him, and said, “Abel, my brother, I would lament for thee, but that the spirit within me is withered, and burnt up with extreme agony. Now, I pray thee, by thy flocks, and by thy pastures, and by the quiet rivers which thou lovest, that thou tell me all that thou knowest. Who is the God of the dead? Where doth he make his dwelling? What sacrifices are acceptable unto him? For I have offered, but have not been received; I have prayed, and have not been heard; and how can I be afflicted more than I already am?” The Shape arose and answered, “O that thou hadst had pity on me as I will have pity on thee. Follow me, Son of Adam! and bring thy child with thee!”

- And they three passed over the white sands between the rocks, silent as the shadows.

A FEELING of sadness, a peculiar melancholy, is wont to take possession of me alike in Spring and in Autumn. But in Spring it is the melancholy of Hope: in Autumn it is the melancholy of Resignation. As I was journeying on foot through the Apen-nine, I fell in with a pilgrim in whom the Spring and the Autumn and the Melancholy of both seemed to have combined. In his discourse there were the freshness and the colors of April:

Quel ramice! a ramos,
Tal da pensier pensiero
In lui germogliava.

But as I gazed on his whole form and figure, I beheld me of the not unlovely decays, both of age and of the late season, in the stately elm, after the clusters have been plucked from its entwining vines, and the vines are as bands of dried withies around its trunk and branches. Even so there was a memory on his smooth and ample forehead, which blended with the dedication of his steady eyes, that still looked—I know not, whether upward, or far onward, or rather to the line of meeting where the sky rests upon the distance. But how may I express that dimness of abstraction which lay on the lustre of the pilgrim’s eyes, like the fitting tarnish from the breath of a sigh on a silver mirror! and which accorded with their slow and reluctant movement, whenever he turned them to any object on the right hand or on the left? It seemed, methought, as if there lay upon the brightness a shadowy presence of disappointments now unfelt, but never forgotten. It was at once the melancholy of hope and of resignation.

We had not long been follow-travellers, ere a sudden tempest of wind and rain forced us to seek protection in the vaulted door-way of a lone chapelry and we sate face to face each on the stone bench along-side the low, weather-stained wall, and as close as possible to the massy door.

After a pause of silence: Even thus, said he, like two strangers that have fled to the same shelter from the same storm, not seldom do Despair and Hope meet for the first time in the porch of Death! At extremes meet, I answered; but yours was a strange and visionary thought. The better then doth it be seem both the place and me, he replied. From Visionary wilt thou hear a Vision? Mark that vivis flash through this torrent of rain! Fire and water! Even here thy adage holds true, and its truth is the most of my Vision. I entreated him to proceed. Sloping his face towards the arch and yet averting his eye from it, he seemed to seek and prepare his words; till listening to the wind that echoed within the hollow edifice, and to the rain without,

Which stole on his thoughts with its two-fold sound,
The clash hard by and the murmur all round,
He gradually sunk away, alike from me and from his own purpose, and amid the gloom of the storm, and in the darkness of that place, he sate like an emblem on a rich man’s sepulchre, or like a mournese on the sodded grave of an only one—an aged mourner who is watching the waned moon and sorroweth no more.
Starting at length from his brief trance of abstraction, with courtesy and an atoning smile he renewed his discourse, and commenced his parable.

During one of those short furloughs from the service of the Body, which the Soul may sometimes obtain even in this, its militant state, I found myself in vast plain, which I immediately knew to be the Valley of Life. It possessed an astonishing diversity of soils: and here was a sunny spot, and there a dark one, forming just such a mixture of sunshine and shade, as we may have observed on the mountains side in an April day, when the thin broken cloud are scattered over heaven. Almost in the very entrance of the valley stood a large and gloomy pile into which I seemed constrained to enter. Every part of the building was crowded with tardy ornaments and fantastic deformity. On every window was portrayed, in glaring and inelegant colors, som horrible tale, or preternatural incident, so that not ray of light could enter, tinged by the medium through which it passed. The body of the building was full of people, some of them dancing, in an out, in unintelligible figures, with strange ceremonial and antic merriment, while others were convulsed with horror, or prizing in mad melancholy. Intermingled with these, I observed a number of men clothed in ceremonial robes, who appeared, now I marshal the various groups and to direct their movements, and now, with menacing countenances, I drag some reluctant victim to a vast idol, framed of iron bars intercrossed, which formed at the same time an immense cage, and the shape of a human Colossus.

I stood for a while lost in wonder what these thing might mean; when lo! one of the directors came up to me, and with a stern and reproachful look bad me uncover my head, for that the place into which had entered was the temple of the only true Rel
in the holier recess of which the great Goddess personally resided. Himself too he bade me reverence, as the consecrated minister of her rites. Awe-struck by the name of Religion, I bowed before the priest, and humbly and earnestly entreated him to conduct me into her presence. He asseverated, inarticulate as he was, from me, with mystic sprinklings of water and with all he purified, and with strange suffusions he exercised me; and then led me through many a dark and winding alley, the dew-damps of which chilled my flesh, and the hollow echoes under my feet, mingled, methought, with moanings, afflicted me. At length we entered a large hall, without window, or spiral, or lamp. The asylum and dormitory it seemed of perennial night—only that the walls were brought to the eye by a number of self-luminous inscriptions in letters of a pale pulchral light, that held strange neutrality with the darkness, on the verge of which it kept its myriads vigil. I could read them, methought; but though each one of the words taken separately I seemed to understand, yet when I took them in sentences, they were ridcles and in comprehensible. As I stood meditating on these hard sayings, my guide thus addressed me—Read and believe: these are mysteries!—At the extremity of the vast hall the Goddess was placed. Her features, blended with darkness, rose out to my view, terrible, yet vacant. I prostrated myself before her, and then retired with my guide, soul-withered, and wondering, and dissatisfied.

As I re-entered the body of the temple, I heard a deep buzz as of discontent. A few whose eyes were bright, and either piercing or steady, and whose ample foreheads, with the weighty bar, ridge-like, above the eyebrows, bespoke observation followed by meditative thought; and a much larger number, who were engrafted by the severity and insolence of these priests in exacting their offerings, had collected in one tumultuous group, and with a confused outcry of "this is the Temple of Superstition!" after much contumely, and turmoil, and cruel maltreatment on the sides, rushed out of the pile: and, I methought, joined them.

We speeded from the temple with hasty steps, and had now nearly gone round half the valley, when we were addressed by a woman, tall beyond the stature of mortals, and with a something more than human in her countenance and mien, which yet cold by mortals be only felt, not conveyed by words or intelligently distinguished. Deep reflection, animated by ardent feelings, was displayed in them; and hope, without its uncertainty, and a something more than all these, which I understood not, but which yet seemed to blend all these into a divine unity of expression. Her garments were white and matronly, and of the simplest texture. We inquired her name. My name, she replied, is Religion.

The more numerous part of our company, affrighted by the very sound, and sore from recent impositions and scourges, hurried onwards and examined no farther. A few of us, struck by the manifest opposition of her form and manners to those of the living d.j., whom we had so recently abjured, agreed to follow her, though with cautious circumspection. She led us to an eminence in the midst of the valley, from the top of which we could command the whole plain, and observe the relation of the different parts of each to the other, and of each to the whole, and of all to each. She then gave us an optic glass which assisted without contradicting our natural vision, and enabled us to see far beyond the limits of the Valley of Life: though our eye even thus assisted permitted us only to behold a light and a glory, but what we could not descry, save only that it was, and that it was most glorious.

And now, with the rapid transition of a dream, I had overtaken and rejoined the more numerous party who had abruptly left us, indignant at the very name of religion. They journeyed on, gazing each other with remembrances of past oppressions, and never looking back, till in the earnestness to recede from the Temple of Superstition, they had rounded the whole circle of the valley. And lo! there faced us the mouth of a vast cavern, at the base of a lofty and almost perpendicular rock, the interior side of which, unknown to them, and unsuspected, formed the extreme and backward wall of the Temple. An impatient crowd, we entered the vast and dusky cave which was the only perforation of the precipice. At the mouth of the cave sat two figures; the first, by her dress and gestures, I knew to be Sensuality; the second form, from the fierceness of his demeanor, and the brutal scornfulness of his looks, declared himself to be the monster Blasphemy. He uttered big words, and yet ever and anon I observed that he turned pale at his own courage. We entered. Some remained in the opening of the cave, with the one or the other of its guardians. The rest, and I among them, pressed on, till we reached an ample chamber, that seemed the centre of the rock. The climate of the place was unnaturally cold.

In the furthest distance of the chamber sat an old dim-eyed man, poring with a microscope over the Torso of a statue which had neither basis, nor feet, nor head; but on its breast was carved Nature! To this he continually applied his glass, and seemed enraptured with the various inequalities which it rendered visible on the seemingly polished surface of the marble.—Yet evermore was this delight and triumph followed by expressions of hatred, and vehement railing against a Being, who yet, he assured us, had no existence. This mystery suddenly recalled to me what I had read in the Holiest Recess of the temple of Superstition. The old man spoke in divers tongues, and continued to utter other and most strange mysteries. Among the rest he talked much and vehemently concerning an infinite series of causes and effects, which he explained to be—a string of blind men, the last of whom caught hold of the skirt of the one before him, he of the next; and so on till they were all out of sight: and that they all walked infallibly straight, without making one false step, though all were alike blind. Methought I borrowed courage from surprise, and asked him,—Who then is at the head to guide them? He looked at me with ineffable contempt, not unmixed with an angry suspicion, and then replied, "No one. The string of blind men went on for ever without any beginning; for although one blind man could not move without stumbling, yet infinite blindness supplied the want of sight." I burst into laughter, which instantly turned to terror—for as he started forward in rage, I caught a glance of him from behind; and lo! I beheld a monster biform and Janus-headed, in the hinder face and shape of which I instantly recognized the dread countenance of Superstition—and in the terror I awoke.

231
THE IMPROVISATORE;
OR "JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO, JOHN."

Scene:—A spacious drawing-room, with music-room adjoining.

Catherine.

What are the words?

Eliza.

Ask our friend, the Improvisatore; here he comes:
Kate has a favor to ask of you, Sir; it is that you will repeat the ballad that Mr.— sung so sweetly.

Friend.

It is in Moore's Irish Melodies; but I do not recollect the words distinctly. The moral of them, however, I take to be this—

Love would remain the same if true,
When we were neither young nor now:
Yes, and in all within the will that came,
By the same proofs would show itself the same.

Eliza.

What are the lines you repeated from Beaumont and Fletcher, which my brother admired so much? It begins with something about two vines so close that their tendrils intermingle.

Friend.

You mean Charles' speech to Angelina, in "the Elder Brother."

We'll live together, like our two neighbor vines,
Circling our souls, and loves in one another!
We'll spring together, and we'll bear one fruit;
One joy shall make us smile, and one grief mourn:
One age go with us, and one hour of death
Shall close our eyes, and one grave make us happy.

Catherine.

A precious boon, that would go far to reconcile one to old age—this love, if true! But is there any such true love?

Friend.

I hope so.

Catherine.

But do you believe it?

Eliza (eagerly).

I am sure he does.

Friend.

From a man turned of fifty, Catherine, I imagine, expects a less confident answer.

Catherine.

A more sincere one, perhaps.

Friend.

Even though he should have obtained the nickname of Improvisatore, by perpetrating charades and extempore verses at Christmas times?

Eliza.

Nay, but be serious.

Friend.

Serious! Doubtless. A grave personage of my years giving a love-lecture to two young ladies, cannot well be otherwise. The difficulty, I suspect, would be for them to remain so. It will be asked whether I am not the "elderly gentleman" who sat "dreaming beside a clear stream," with a willow for his wig-block.

Eliza.

Say another word, and we will call it downright affectation.

Catherine.

No! we will be affronted, drop a courtesy, and ask pardon for our presumption in expecting that Mr.— would waste his sense on two insignificant girls.

Friend.

Well, well, I will be serious. Hem! Now then commences the discourse; Mr. Moore's song being the text, Love, as distinguished from Friendship, on the one hand, and from the passion that too often usurps its name, on the other—

Lucius.

(Eliza's brother, who had just joined the trio, in a whisper to the Friend). But is not Love the union of both?

Friend (aside to Lucius).

He never loved who thinks so.

Eliza.

Brother, we don't want you. There! Mrs. H. cannot arrange the flower-vaso without you. Thank you Mrs. Hartman.

Lucius.

I'll have my revenge! I know what I will say!

Eliza.

Off! off! Now dear sir,—Love, you were saying—

Friend.

Hush! Preaching, you mean, Eliza

Eliza (impatiently).

Pshaw!

Friend.

Well then, I was saying that Love, truly such, itselt not the most common thing in the world: and mutual love still less so. But that enduring person attachment, so beautifully delineated by Erin's sweetest melodist, and still more touchingly, perhaps, in the well-known ballad, "John Anderson, my jo, John,' in addition to a depth and constancy of character of no every-day occurrence, supposes a peculiar sensibility and tenderness of nature; a constitutional communicativeness and utterance of heart and soul; delight in the detail of sympathy, in the outward and visible signs of the sacrament within—to count, as I were, the pulses of the life of love. But above all, i suppose a soul which, even in the pride and sum- mer-tide of life—even in the lusthhood of health and strength, had felt oftest and prized highest that which age cannot take away, and which in all on loving, is the Love—

Eliza.

There is something here (pointing to her heart) the seems to understand you, but wants the word that would make it understand itself.

Catherine.

I, too, seem to feel what you mean. Interpret the feeling for us.

Friend.

—I mean that willing sense of the insufficing ness of the self for itself, which predisposes a generous nature to see, in the total being of another, the supplement and completion of its own—that quiet perpetual seeking which the presence of the beloved object modulates, not suspends, where the heart mo mently finds, and, finding, again seeks on—lastly when "life's changeful orb has pass'd the full," is confirmed faith in the nobleness of humanity, that brought home and pressed, as it were, to the very bosom of hourly experience: it supposes, I say, a heart-felt reverence for worth, not the less deep be cause divested of its solemnity by habit, by familiar.
uity, by mutual infirmities, and even by a feeling of modesty which will arise in delicate natures, when they are conscious of possessing the same or the correspondent excellence in their own characters. In short, there must be a mind, which, while it feels the beautiful and the excellent in the beloved as its own, and by right of love appropriates it, can call Goodness its Playfellow, and dares make sport of time and infirmity, while, in the person of a thousand-foldly endeared partner, we feel for aged Virtue the caressing fondness that belongs to the INNOCENCE of childhood, and repeat the same attentions and tender courtesies as had been dictated by the same affection to the same object when attired in feminine loveliness or in manly beauty.

ELIZA.

What a soothing—what an elevating idea!

CATHERINE.

If it be not only an idea.

FRIEND.

At all events, these qualities which I have enumerated, are rarely found united in a single individual. How much more rare must it be, that two such individuals should meet together in the wide world under circumstances that admit of their union as Husband and Wife! A person may be highly estimable on the whole, nay, amiable as neighbor, friend, housemate—in short, in all the concentric circles of attachment, save only the last and inmost; and yet from how many causes be estranged from the highest perfection in this! Pride, coldness or fastidiousness of nature, worldly cares, an anxious or ambitious disposition, a passion for display, a sullen temperament—one or the other—too often proves "the dead fly in the compost of spices," and any one is enough to unfit it for the precious balm of union. For some mighty good sort of people, too, there is not seldom a sort of solemn saturnine, or, if you will, urbane vanity, that keeps itself alive by sucking the paws of its own self-importance. And as this high sense, or rather sensation of their own value is, for the most part, grounded on negative qualities, so they have no better means of preserving the same but by negativities—that is, by not doing or saying anything, that might be put down for fund, silly, or nonsensical—or (to use their own phrase) by never forgetting themselves, which some of their acquaintance are uncharitable enough to think the most worthless object they could be employed in remembering.

ELIZA [in answer to a whisper from CATHERINE].

To a hair! He must have sate for it himself. Save me from such folks! But they are out of the question.

FRIEND.

True! but the same effect is produced in thousands by the too general insensibility to a very important truth; this, namely, that the MISERY of human life is made up of large masses, each separated from the other by certain intervals. One year, the death of a child; years after, a failure in trade; after another longer or shorter interval, a daughter may have married unhappily—in all but the singularly unfortunate, the integral parts that compose the sum total of the unhappiness of a man's life, are easily counted, and distinctly remembered. The HAPPINESS of life, on the contrary, is made up of minute fractions—the little, soon-forgotten charities of a kiss, a smile, a kind look, a heartfelt compliment in the dis-
guise of playful merriment, and the countless other infinitesimals of pleasurable thought and genial feeling.

CATHERINE.

Well, Sir; you have said quite enough to make me despair of finding a "John Anderson, my jo, John," to totter down the hill of life with.

FRIEND.

Not so! Good men are not, I trust, so much scarcer than good women, but that what another would find in you, you may hope to find in another. But well. may that boon be rare, the possession of which would be more than an adequate reward for the nearest virtue.

ELIZA.

Surely, he who has described it so beautifully, must have possessed it.

FRIEND.

If he were worthy to have possessed it, and had believably anticipated and not found it, how bitter the disappointment!

(Then, after a pause of a few minutes).

ANSWER [ex improviso].

Yes, yes! that boon, life's richest treat,
He had, or fancied that he had;
Say, 'twas but in his own conceit—
The fancy made him glad!
Crown of his cup, and garnish of his dish!
The boon, presurged in his earliest wish!
The fair fulfilment of his poesy,
When his young heart first yearned for sympathy.

But 'e'en the meteor offspring of the brain
Unnourish'd wane!
Fair asks her daily bread, And Fancy must be fed!
Now so it chanced—from wet or dry,
It boots not how—I know not why—
She miss'd her wonted food; and quickly Poor Fancy stagger'd and grew sickly.
Then came a restless state, 'twixt yea or nay, His faith was fix'd, his heart all ebb and flow; Or like a bark, in some half-shelter'd bay Above its anchor driving to and fro.

That boon, which but to have possess'd
In a belief, gave life a zest—
Uncertain both what it had been, And if by error lost, or luck; And what it was—an evergreen Which some insidious blight had struck, Or annual flower, which pests its blow No verbal spell shall e'er revive; Uncertain, and afraid to know, Doubts toss'd him to and fro; Hope keeping Love, Love Hope alive, Like babes bewilder'd in a snow, That cling and huddle from the cold In hollow tree or ruin'd fold.

Those sparkling colors, once his boast,
Fading, one by one away,
Thin and hueless as a ghost,
Poor Fancy on her sick-bed lay;
Ill at distance, worse when near,
Telling her dreams to jealous Fear!
Where was it then, the sociable sprite
That crown'd the Poet's cup and deck'd his dish!
Poor shadow cast from an unsteady wish,
Itself a substance by no other right.
But that it intercepted Reason's light;
It dimm'd his eye, it darken'd on his brow,
A peevish mood, a tedious time, I row!
Thank Heaven! 'tis not so now.

O bliss of blissful hours!
The boon of Heaven's decreeing,
While yet in Eden's bowers
Dwelt the First Husband and his sinless Mate!
The one sweet plant which, piteous Heaven agreeing,
They bore with them through Eden's closing gate!
Of life's gay summer-side the sovan Rose!
Late autumn's Amaranth, that more fragrant blows
When Passion's flowers all fall or fade;
If this were ever his, in outward being,
Or but his own true love's projected shade,
Now, that at length by certain proof he knows,
That whether real or magic show,
What'er it was, it is no longer so;
Though heart be lonesome, Hope laid low,
Yet, Lady! deem him not unblest:
The certainty that struck Hope dead,
Hath left Contentment in her stead:
And that is next to best!

THE GARDEN OF BOCCACCIO.

Or late, in one of those most weary hours,
When life seems emptied of all genial powers,
A dreary mood, which he who ne'er has known
May bless his happy lot, I sate alone;
And, from the numbing spell to win relief,
Call'd on the past for thought of glee or grief.
In vain! bereft alike of grief and glee,
I sate and cover'd o'er my own vacancy!
And as I watch'd the dull continuance ache,
Which, all else slumbering, seem'd alone to wake;
O Friend! long wont to notice yet conceal,
And soothe by silence what words cannot heal,
I but half saw that quiet hand of thine
Place on my desk this exquisite design,
Boccaccio's Garden and its faery,
The love, the joyance, and the gallantry!
An i dyll, with Boccaccio's spirit warm,
Framed in the silent poetry of form;
Like flocks adown a newly-hained steep
Emerging from a mist: or like a stream
Of music soft that does dispel the sleep.

But casts in happier moulds the slumberer's dream,
Gazed by an idle eye with silent might
The picture stole upon my inward sight.
A tremulous warmth crept gradual o'er my chest,
As though an infant's finger touch'd my breast.
And one by one (I know not whence) were brought
All spirits of power that most had stirr'd my thought.
In selfless boyhood, on a new world lost
Of wonder, and in its own fancies lost;
Or charm'd my youth, that kindled from above,
Loved ere it loved, and sought a form for love;

Or lent a lustre to the earnest scan
Of manhood, musings what and whence is man,
Wild strain of Scalds, that in the sea-worn caves
Rehearsed their war-spell to the winds and waves
Or fateful hymn of those prophetic maidens,
That call'd on Hertha in deep forest glades;
Or minstrel lay, that cheer'd the baron's feast;
Or rhyme of city pomp, of monk and priest,
Judge, mayor, and many a guild in long array,
To high-church pacing on the great saint's day.
And many a verse which to myself I sang,
That woke the tear, yet stole away the pang,
Of hopes which in lamenting I renew'd.
And last, a matron now, of sober mien,
Yet radiant still and with no earthly sheen,
Whom as a fairy child my childhood wo'd
Even in my dawn of thought—Philosophy.
Though then unconscious of herself, pardie,
She bore no other name than Poesy;
And, like a gift from heaven, in lifeful glee,
That had but newly left a mother's knee,
Prettied and play'd with bird and flower, and stone.
As if with elfin playfellows well known,
And life reveal'd to innocence alone.

Thanks, gentle artist! now I can descry
 Thy fair creation with a mastering eye,
And all awake! And now in fix'd gaze stand,
Now wander through the Eden of thy hand;
Praise the green arches, on the fountain clear
See fragment shadows of the crossing deer,
And with that serviceable nymph I stoop,
The crystal from its restless pool to scoop.
I see no longer! I myself am there,
Sit on the ground-award, and the banquet share.
'Tis I, that sweep that lute's love-echoing strings,
And gaze upon the maid who gazing sings:
Or pause and listen to the tinkling bells
From the high tower, and think that there she dwells
With old Boccaccio's soul I stand possess,
And breathe an air like life, that swells my chest.

The brightness of the world, O thou once free,
And always fair, rare land of courtesy!
O, Florence! with the Tuscan fields and hills!
And famous Arno fed with all their rills;
Thou brightest star of star-bright Italy!
Rich, ornate, populous, all treasures thine,
The golden corn, the olive, and the vine.
Fair cities, gallant mansions, castles old,
And forests, where beside his leafy hold
That sullen baobab hath heard the distant horn,
And whets his tusks against the gnarled thorn,
Palladian palace with its storied halls;
Fountains, where Love lies listening to their falls
Gardens, where flings the bridge its airy span,
And Nature makes her happy home with man;
Where many a gorgeous flower is duly fed
With its own rill, on its own spangled bed,
And weareth the marble urn, or leans its head,
A mimic mourner, that with veil withdrawn
Weeps liquid gems, the presents of the dawn,
Thine all delights, and every muse is thine;
And more than all, the embrace and intertwine
Of all with all in gay and twinkling dance!
Mid gods of Greece and warriors of romance
See! Boccaccio sits, unfolding on his knees
The new-found roll of old Masonides:*
But from his mantle's fold, and near the heart,
Peers Ovid's Holy Book of Love's sweet smart!†

O all-enjoying and all-blending sage,
Long be it mine to con thy many page,
Where, half conceal'd, the eye of fancy views
Fauna, nympha, and winged saints, all gracious to thy
muse!

Still in thy garden let me watch their pranks,
And see in Diana's vest between the ranks
Of the trim vines, some maid that half believes
The vestal fires, of which her lover grieves,
With that sly satyr peering through the leaves!

---

MY BAPTISMAL BIRTH-DAY.

LINES COMPOSED ON A SICK BED, UNDER SEVERE
BODILY SUFFERING, ON MY SPIRITUAL BIRTH-DAY,
OCTOBER 23d.

Bow unto God in Christ— in Christ, my ALL! What, that Earth boasts, were not lost cheaply, rather Than forfeit that blest Name, by which we call
The Holy One, the Almighty God, Our Father! Father! in Christ we live and Christ in Thee: Eternal Thou, and everlasting We!

The Heir of Heaven, henceforth I dread not Death, In Christ I live, in Christ I draw the breath Of the true Life. Let Sea, and Earth, and Sky Wage war against me: on my front I sow Their mighty Master's seal! In vain they try To end my Life, who can but end its Woe.

is that a Death-bed, where the CHRISTIAN lies? Yes!—But not his: 'Tis Death itself there dies.

---

FRAGMENTS
FROM THE WRECK OF MEMORY.

PORTIONS OF POEMS COMPOSED IN EARLY MANHOOD.

\[\text{[Note.—It may not be without use or interest to youthful, and especially to intelligent female readers}}\]

of poetry, to observe, that in the attempt to adapt the Greek metres to the English language, we must begin by substituting quality of sound for quantity — that is, accentuated or comparatively emphasized syllables, for what, in the Greek and Latin verse, are named long, and of which the prosodial mark is \(\text{ε}\) and \(\text{τεσσ\'ω}\), unaccentuated syllables for short, marked \(\text{το}\). Now the hexameter verse consists of two sorts of feet, the spondee, composed of two long syllables, and the dactyl, composed of one long syllable followed by two short. The following verse from the Psalms, is a rare instance of a perfect hexameter (i.e. line of six feet) in the English language:

\[\text{God came | up with a | shout: our | Lord with \(\text{thē} | \text{sound of \(\text{thē} | \text{trumpet.}\}}\]

But so few are the truly spandaic words in our language, such as Egypt, épprār, ṭūrnōi, \&c., that we are compelled to substitute, in most instances, the trochee, or \(\text{ā, i.e. such words as māry, lightī, \&c.}

for the proper spondee. It need only be added, that in the hexameter the fifth foot must be a dactyl, and the sixth a spondee, or trochee. I will end this note with two hexameter lines, likewise from the Psalms.

\[\text{Thére is \(\text{ā | rivèr thē | dòwning where | \(\text{āf shall | gladden thē city.}}\]

\[\text{Hàlle | \text{lìsh thē | city öf | \text{Gód Jēhôvâh! hàth | blést hér.}}\]

---

I HYMN TO THE EARTH.

Earth! thou mother of numberless children, the nurse and the mother, Hail! O Goddess; thrice hail! Blest be thou! and, blessing, I hymn thee! Forth, ye sweet sounds! from my harp, and my voice shall float on your surges— Soar thou aloft, O my soul! and bear up my song on thy pinions.

Travelling the vale with mine eyes—green meadows, and lake with green island,

Dark in its basin of rock, and the bare stream flowing in brightness,

Thrilled with thy beauty and love, in the wooded slope of the mountain,

Here, Great Mother, I lie, thy child with its head on thy bosom!

Playful the spirits of noon, that creep or rush through thy tresses:

Green-haired Goddess! refresh me; and hark! as they hurry or linger,

Fill the pause of my harp, or sustain it with musical murmurs.

Into my being thou murmurest joy; and tenderest sadness

Shed'st thou, like dew, on my heart, till the joy and the heavenly gladness

Pour themselves forth from my heart in tears, and the hymns of Thanksgiving.

Earth! thou mother of numberless children, the nurse and the mother,

Sister thou of the Stars, and beloved by the sun, the rejoicer!

---

\[\text{\(\text{16 v}}\]

---

\[\text{235} \]
Guardian and friend of the Moon, O Earth, whom
the Comets forget not,
Yea, in the measureless distance wheel round, and
again they behold thee!
Fadeless and young (and what if the latest birth of
Creation?)
Bride and consort of Heaven, that looks down upon
thee enamored!
Say, mysterious Earth! O say, great Mother and God-
dess!
Was it not well with thee then, when first thy lap
was unguirdled,
Thy lap to the genial Heaven, that day he woed thee
and won thee!
Fair was thy blush, the fairest and first of the blushes
of morning!
Deep was the shudder, O Earth! the throe of thy
self-retention:
July thou strowest to flee, and didst seek thyself at
thy centre!
Mightier far was the joy of thy sudden resilience;
and forthwith
Myriad myriads of lives teemed forth from the mighty
embracement.
Thousand-fold tribes of dwellers, impelled by thou-
sand-fold instincts,
Filled, as a dream, the wide waters: the rivers sang
on their channels;
Laughed on their shores the hoarse seas: the yearn-
ing ocean swelled upward:
Young life loved through the meadows, the woods,
and the echoing mountains,
Wandered bleating in valleys, and warbled in blos-
soming branches.

III. THE HOMERIC HEXAMETER DESCRIBED
AND EXEMPLIFIED.

**STRONGLY it bears us along in swelling and limitless
billows,**
Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and
the ocean.

IV. THE OVIDIAN ELEGiac METRE DESCRIBED
AND EXEMPLIFIED.

In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column
In the pentameter aye falling in melody back.

V. A VERSIFIED REFLECTION.

[A *Force* is the provincial term in Cumberland for
any narrow fall of water from the summit of a moun-
tain precipice.—The following stanza (it may not
arrogate the name of poem) or versified reflection
was composed while the author was gazing on three
parallel *Forces*, on a moonlight night, at the foot of
the Saddleback Fell.—S. T. C.]

On stern Blencathr's perilous height
'The wind is tyrannous and strong:
And flashing forth unsteady light
From stern Blencathur's skiey height
As loud the torrents throng!

Beneath the moon in gentle weather
They bind the earth and sky together:
But oh! the Sky, and all its forms, how quiet!
The things that seek the Earth, how full of noise
and riot!

LOVE'S GHOST AND RE-EVANITION.

AN ALLEGORIC ROMANCE.

Like a lone Arab, old and blind,
Some caravan had left behind;
Who sits beside a ruin'd well
Where the shy Dipsads* bask and swell!

And now he covers with low-hung head aslant,
And listens for some human sound in vain:
And now the aid, which Heaven alone can grant,
Uturns his eyeless face from Heaven to gain

Even thus, in languid mood and vacant hour,
Resting my eye upon a drooping plant,
With brow low-bent, within my garden bower,
I sate upon its couch of Camomile:

And lo!—or was it a brief sleep, the while
I watch'd the sickly-calm and aimless scope
Of my own heart? I saw the inmate, Hope,
That once had made that heart so warm,
Lie lifeless at my feet!
And Love stole in, in maiden form,

Toward my arbor-seat!
She bent and kissed her sister's lips,
As she was wont to do:
Alas! 't was but a chilling breath,
That woke enough of life in death
To make Hope die anew.

* The Asps of the sand-dunes, anciently named *Dipsads*
LIGHT-HEARTEDNESS IN RHyme.

"I expect no sense, worth listening to; from the man who never dares talk nonsense." — Anon.

I. THE REPREOF AND REPLY:

OR, THE FLOWER-THEP'S APOLOGY, FOR A ROBBERY COMMITTED IN MR. AND MRS. —'S GARDEN, ON SUNDAY MORNING, 25TH OF MAY, 1833, BETWEEN THE HOURS OF ELEVEN AND TWELVE.

"Fie! Mr. Coleridge! — and can this be you? Break two commandments! — and in church-time too! Have you not heard, or have you heard in vain, The birth-and-parentage-recording strain? — Confessions shirr'd, that shirr'd cried mack'rl'd drown — Fresh from the drop — the youth not yet cut down — Letter to sweet-heart — the last dying speech — And did'nt all this begin in Sabbath-breath? You, that knew better! — In broad open day Steal in, steal out, and steal our flowers away! What could possess you? — Ah! sweet youth, I fear. The chap with horns and tail was at your ear!"

Such sounds, of late, accusing fancy brought From fair C — to the Poet's thought. Now hear the meek Parnassian youth's reply: — A bow— a pleading look— a downcast eye — And then: —

"Fair dame! a visionary wight,
Hard by your hill-side mansion sparkling white,
His thought all looking round the Muses home,
Long hath it been your Poet's wont to roam.
And many a morn, on his bed-charmed sense,
So rich a stream of music issued thence,
He deemed himself, as it flow'd warbling on,
Beside the vocal fount of Helicon!
But when, as if to settle the concern,
A nymph too he beheld, in many a turn,
Guiding the sweet rill from its fount urn;
Say, can you blame me? — No! none, that saw and heard,
Could blame a bard, that he, thus only stirr'd,
A muse beholding in each fervent trait,
Took Mary H — for Polly Hymnia.
Or, haply as thou stood beside the maid
One loftier form in sable stole array'd,
If with regretful thought he hail'd in thee,
C — m, his long-lost friend Mol Pomone? But most of you, soft warblings, I complain!
'T was ye, that from the bee-hive of my brain
Did lure the fancies forth, a freakish rout,
And witch'd the air with dreams turn'd inside out.
Thus all conspired — each power of eye and ear,
And this gay month, 'th enchantress of the year,
To cheat poor me (no conjurer, God wot)!
And C — m's self accomplice in the plot.
Can't you then wonder if I went astray?
Not bards alone, nor lovers mad as they —
All Nature day-dreams in the month of May.
And if I pluck'd 'each flower that sweetest blows'—
Who walks in sleep, needs follow must his nose.

Thus long accustomed on the twy-fork'd hill,*
To pluck both flower and floweret at my will;
The garden's maze, like No-man's land, I tread,
Nor common law, nor statute in my head;
For my own proper smell, sight, fancy, feeling.
With autocratic hand at once repealing
Five Acts of Parliament 'gainst private stealing!
But yet from C — m, who desairs of grace?
There's no spring-gun nor man-trap in that face!
Let Moses then look black, and Aaron blue,
That look as if they had little else to do:
For C — m speaks. "Poor youth! he's but a waif!
The spoons all right? The hen and chickens safe?
Well, well, he shall not forfeit our regards —
The Eighth Commandment was not made for Bards!"

II. IN ANSWER TO A FRIEND'S QUESTION.

Her attachment may differ from yours in degree,
Provided they are both of one kind;
But friendship, how tender so ever it be,
Gives no accord to love, however refined.

Love, that meets not with love, its true nature revealing,
Grows ashamed of itself, and demurs:
If you cannot lift hers up to your state of feeling,
You must lower down your state to hers.

III. LINES TO A COMIC AUTHOR, ON AN ABUSIVE REVIEW.

What though the chilly wide-mouth'd quacking chorus
From the rank swamps of murk Review-land croak;
So was it, neighbour, in the times before us,
When Momus, throwing on his Attic cloak,
Romped with the Graces: and each tickled Muse
(That Turk, Dan Phoebus, whom bards call divine,
Was married to — at least, he kept — all nine) —
They fled; but with reverted faces ran!
Yet, somewhat the broad freedoms to excuse,
They had allured the audacious Greek to use,
Swore they mistook him for their own Good Man.
This Momus — Aristophanes on earth
Men called him — maugre all his wit and worth;
Was croaked and gagbled at. How, then, should you,
Or I, Friend, hope to 'scape the skulking crew?
No: laugh, and say aloud, in tones of glee,
"I hate the quacking tribe, and they hate me!"

IV. AN EXPECTATION.

OR SPLENETIC EXTEMPORE, ON MY JOYFUL DEPARTURE FROM THE CITY OF COLOGNE.

As I am Rhymer,
And now at least a merry one,
Mr. Mum's Rudesheimer†
And the church of St. Geryon

* The English Parnassus is remarkable for its two summits of unequal height, the lower denominated Hampstead, the higher Highgate.
† The apotheosis of Rhenish wine.
Are the two things alone
That deserve to be known
In the body-and-soul-stinking town of Cologne.

EXPECTORATION THE SECOND.
In COLN,† a town of monks and bones,‡
And pavements fang’d with murderous stones;
And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches;
I counted two-and-seventy stenchies,
All well-defined and several atnicks!
Ye nymphs that reign o’er sewers and sinks,
The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?§

SONG
Ex improvisa on hearing a song in praise of a lady’s beauty.
Tis not the lily brow I prize,
Nor rousant cheeks, nor sunny eyes,
Enough of lilies and of roses!
A thousand fold more dear to me
The gentle look that love discloses,
The look that love alone can see.

THE POET’S ANSWER,
To a lady’s question respecting the accomplishments most desirable in an instructress of children.
O’er wayward childhood wouldst thou hold firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces;
Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy Graces,
And in thine own heart let them first keep school.
For as old Atlas on his broad neck places
Heaven’s starry globe, and there sustains it; so
Do these uphold the little world below
Of Education, Patience, Love, and Hope.
Methinks, I see them group’d in seemly show,
The straiten’d arms upraised, the palms aslope
And robes that touching, as adown they flow,
Distinctly blend, like snow embos’d in snow.
O part them never! If Hope prostrate lie,
Love too will sink and die.
But Love is subtle, and will proof derive
Firm from her own life that Hope is yet alive.
And bending o’er, with soul-transfusing eyes,
And the soft murmurs of the Mother Dove,
Woes back the fleeting spirit, and half supplies:
Thus Love repays to Hope what Hope first gave to Love.

Yet haply there will come a weary day,
When over-task’d at length
Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way,
Then with a statue’s smile, a statue’s strength,
Stands the mute sister, Patience, nothing loth,
And both supporting does the work of both.

JULIA.
— medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquis.— Lucret.

JULIA was blest with beauty, wit, and grace;
Small poets loved to sing her blooming face.
Before her altars, lo! a numerous train
Preferr’d their vows; yet all preferr’d in vain:
Till charming Florio, born to conquer, came,
And touch’d the fair one with an equal flame.
The flame she felt, and ill could she conceal
What every look and action would reveal.
With boldness then, which seldom fails to move,
He pleads the cause of marriage and of love;
The course of hymeneal joys he rounds,
The fair one’s eyes dance pleasure at the sounds.
Nought now remain’d but “Noes”—how little meant—
And the sweet coyness that endears consent.
The youth upon his knees enraptured fell:—
The strange misfortune, oh! what words can tell?—
Tell! ye neglected sylphs! who lap-dogs guard,
Why snatch’d ye not away your precious ward?
Why suffer’d ye the lover’s weight to fall
On the ill-fated neck of much-loved Ball?
The favorite on his mistress cast his eyes,
Gives a short melancholy howl, and—dies!—
Sared his ashes lie, and long his rest!
Anger and grief divide poor Julia’s breast.
Her eyes she fix’d on guilty Florio first,
On him the storm of angry grief must burst.
That storm he fled:—he woos a kinder fair,
Whose fond affections no dear puppies share.
’T were vain to tell how Julia pined away;—
Unhappy fair, that in one luckless day
(From future almanacs the day be cross’d!)—
At once her lover and her lap-dog lost!

1789.

— I yet remain
To mourn the hours of youth (yet mourn in vain)
That fled neglected; wisely thou hast trod
The better path—and that high meed which God
Assign’d to virtue tow’ring from the dust,
Shall wait thy rising, Spirit pure and just!

O God! how sweet it were to think, that all
Who silent mourn around this gloomy ball
Might hear the voice of joy;—but ’tis the will
Of man’s great Author, that through good and ill
Calm he should hold his course, and so sustain
His varied lot of pleasure, toil, and pain.

1793
TO THE REV. W. I. HORT

Hush! ye clamorous cares, be mute!
Again dear harmonist, again
Through the hallow of thy flute
Breathe that passion-warbled strain;
Till memory back each form shall bring
The loveliest of her shadowy throng,
And hope, that soars on sky-lark's wing,
Shall carol forth her gladdest song!

O skill'd with magic spell to roll
The thrilling tones that concentrate the soul!
Breathe through thy flute those tender notes again,
While near thee sit the chaste-eyed maiden mild;
And bid her raise the poet's kindred strain
In soft impassion'd voice, correctly wild.

In freedom's undivided dell
Where toil and health with mellow'd love shall dwell:
Far from folly, far from men,
In the rude romantic glen,
Up the cliff, and through the glade,
Wand'ring with the loved maid, I shall listen to the lay
And ponder on the far away:
Still as she bids those thrilling notes aspire,
(Making my fond attuned heart her lyre),
Thy honor'd form, my friend! shall reappear,
And I will thank thee with a raptured tear!

TO CHARLES LAMB.
WITH AN UNFINISHED POEM.

Thus far my scanty brain hath built the rhyme
Elaborate and swelling; — yet the heart
Not owns it. From thy spirit-breathing powers
I ask not now, my friend! the aiding verse
Tedesious to thee, and from thy anxious thought
Of dissolvent mood. In fancy (well I know)
From business wand'ring far and local cares
Thou creepiest round a dear loved sister's bed,
With noiseless step, and watchest the faint look,
Soothing each pang with fond solicitudes
And tenderest tones medicinal of love.
I, too, a sister had, an only sister —
She loved me dearly, and I doted on her;
To her I pour'd forth all my puny sorrows;
(As a sick patient in a nurse's arms)
And of the heart those hidden maladies —
That e'en from friendship's eye will shrink ashamed.
O! I have waked at midnight, and have wept
Because she was not! — Cheerily, dear Charles!
Thou best friend shall cherish many a year;
Such warm presages feel I of high hope!
For not uninterested the dear maid
I've view'd — her soul affectionate yet wise,
Her polish'd wit as mild as lambent glories
That play around a painted infant's head.
He knows (the Spirit that in secret sees,
Of whose omniscient and all-spreading love
Aught to implore were impotence of mind.)

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Sister of lovorn poets, Philome!
How many bards in city garrets pent,
While at their window they with downward eye
Mark the faint lamp-beam on the kennell'd mud,
And listen to the drowsy cry of the watchmen,
(Those hoarse unfather'd nightingales of time.)
How many wretched bards address the name,
And here, the full-orb'd queen, that shines above.
But I do hear thee, and the high bough mark,
Within whose mild moon-mellow'd foliage hid,
Thou warbled'st sad thy pity-pleading strains.
Oh, I have listen'd, till my working soul,
Waked by those strains to thousand phantasies,
Absorb'd, hath ceased to listen! Therefore oft
I hymn thy name; and with a proud delight
Oft will I tell thee, ministrel of the moon
Most musical, most melancholy bird!
That all thy soft diversities of tone,
Though sweeter far than the delicious airs
That vibrate from a white-arm'd lady's harp,
What time the languishment of lonely love
Melts in her eye, and heaves her breast of snow
Are not so sweet, as is the voice of her,
My Sara — best beloved of human kind!
When breathing the pure soul of tenderness,
She thrills me with the husband's promised name!

TO SARA.

The stream with languid murmur creeps
In Sumin's flow'ry vale;
Beneath the dew the lily weeps,
Slow waving to the gale.

"Cease, restless gale," it seems to say,
"Nor wake me with thy sighing;
The honours of my vernal day
On rapid wings are flying."

"To-morrow shall the traveller come,
That erst beheld me blooming;
His searching eye shall vainly roam
The dreary vale of Sumin."

With eager gaze and wetted cheek
My wanton haunts along,
Thus, lovely maiden, thou shalt seek
The youth of simplest song.

But I along the breeze will roll
The voice of feeble power,
And dwell, the moon-beam of thy soul,
In slumber's nightly hour.
CASIMIR.

If we except Lucretius and Statius, I know no Latin poet, ancient or modern, who has equalled Casimir in boldness of conception, opulence of fancy, or beauty of versification. The odes of this illustrious Jesuit were translated into English about 150 years ago, by a G. Hills, I think. I never saw the translation. A few of the odes have been translated in a very animated manner by Watts. I have subjoined the third ode of the second Book, which, with the exception of the first line, is an effusion of exquisite elegance. In the imitation attempted I am sensible that I have destroyed the effect of suddenness, by translating into two stanzas what is one in the original.

1796.

AD LYRAM.

SONORA buxi filia suilitis,
Pendebia alta, barbice populii,
Dum ridet aer, et supinas
Solicitat levis aura frondes.

Te sibildantis lenior habitus
Perflabii Euri: me juuet intrinm
Collum reclinasse, et venenti
Sic temere jacuisse ripa.

Eheu! serenum quae nebulae tegunt
Repente column; quis sonus imbrion!
Surgarnus—heu semper fugaci
Gaudia pretetitura passu!

IMITATION.

The solemn breathing air is ended —
Cease, oh Lyre! thy kindred lay!
From the poplar branch suspended,
Glitter to the eye of day!

On thy wires, hov'ring, dying
Softly sighs the summer wind:
I will slumber, careless lying
By yon waterfall reclined.

In the forest hollow-roaring
Hark! I hear a deep'nning sound—
Clouds rise thick with heavy low'ring
See! th' horizon blackens round!

Parent of the soothing measure,
Let me seize thy netted string!
Swiftly flies the flatterer, pleasure,
Headlong, ever on the wing!

1796.

DARWINIANA.

THE HOUR WHEN WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

(Composed during illness and in absence.)

Um Hour! that sleep'st on pillowing clouds afar,
Oh, rise and yoke the turtles to thy car!
Bend o'er the traces, blame each lingering dove,
And give me to the bosom of my love!

My gentle love! caressing and caress'd,
With heaving heart shall cradle me to rest;
Shed the warm tear-drop from her smiling eyes,
Lull the fond woe, and med'cine me with sighs;
While finely-flushing float her kisses meek,
Like melted rubies, o'er my pallid cheek.

Chill'd by the night, the drooping rose of May
Mourns the long absence of the lovely day:
Young day returning at the promised hour,
Weeps o'er the sorrows of the fav'rite flower,—
Weeps the soft dew, the balmy gale she sighs,
And darts a trembling lustre from her eyes.

1796.

New life and joy th' expanding flow'ret feels:
His pitting mistress mourns, and mourning heals!

COUNT RUMFORD'S ESSAYS.

These, Virtue, are thy triumph, that adorn
Fittest our nature, and bespeak us born
For loveliest action;—not to gaze and run
From clime to clime, or batten in the sun,
Drugging a drony flight from flower to flower,
Like summer insects in a gaudy hour;
Nor yet o'er lovesick tales with fancy range,
And cry, "'Tis pitiful, 'tis passing strange!"
But on life's varied views to look around,
And raise expiring sorrow from the ground:—
And he—who thus hath borne his part assign'd
In the sad fellowship of human kind,
Or for a moment soothed the bitter pain
Of a poor brother—has not lived in vain.

1796.

ÉPIGRAMS

ON A LATE MARRIAGE BETWEEN AN OLD MAID AND
A FRENCH PETIT MAÎTRE.

Tho' Miss ——'s match is a subject of mirth,
She consider'd the matter full well,
And wisely preferred leading one apace on earth
To perhaps a whole dozen in hell. 1796.

240
ON AN AMOROUS DOCTOR.

From Rufa's eye sly Cupid shot his dart,
And left it sticking in Sengrado's heart.
No quiet from that moment has been known,
And peaceful sleep has from his eyelids flown;
And opium's force, and what is more, slack!
His own oration's, cannot bring it back:
A short unless she pities his afflictions,
Despair will make him take his own prescriptions.

1796.

TO A PRIMROSE,

(THE FIRST SEEN IN THE SEASON.)

Haply smiles I note, sweet early flower,
That peeping forth thy rustic bower
The festive news of earth dost bring,
A fragrant messenger of spring!

Yet tender blossom, why so pale?
Dost hear stern winter in the gale?
And didst thou tempt th' ungentle sky
To catch one vernal glance and die?

Such the wan lustre sickness wears,
When health's first feeble beam appears;
So languid are the smiles that seek
To settle on thy care-worn cheek!

When timorous hope the head upears,
Still drooping and still moist with tears,
If, through dispersing grief, be seen
Of bliss the heavenly spark serene.

1796.

EPIGRAM.

HOARSE Maiius reads his hobbling verse
To all, and at all times;
And finds them both divinely smooth,
His voice, as well as rhymes.

Yet folks say—"Maius is no ass:"—
But Maius makes it clear,
That he 's a monster of an ass,
An ass without an ear.

1797.

NSCRIPTION BY THE REV. W. S. BOWLES.

IN NETHER STOWEY CHURCH.

Eturus abi; mundi strepitu curisque remotus,
Latus abi! coni qua vocat alma quies.
En Fides loquitor, lacrymanque inceasat inanem,
Quae cedit in restros, carpe pater, cineres.
Et tamam liceat meritos hos soliere ritus
Et longum tremula dicere voce, vale!

2 F

TRANSLATION.

DEPART in joy from this world's noise and strife
To the deep quiet of celestial life!
DEPART!—Affection's self reproves the tear
Which falls, O honour'd Parent! on thy bier:
Yet Nature will be heard, the heart will swell,
And the voice tremble with a last Farewell!

INTRODUCTION TO THE TALE OF THE DARK LADIE.

The following poem is intended as the introduction to a somewhat longer one. The use of the old ballad word Ladie for Lady, is the only piece of obsoleteness in it; and as it is professedly a tale of ancient times, I trust that the affectionate lovers of venerable antiquity, as Camden says, will grant me their pardon, and perhaps may be induced to admit a force and propriety in it. A heavier objection may be adduced against the author, that in these times of fear and expectation, when novelties explode around us in all directions, he should presume to offer to the public a silly tale of old-fashioned love; and five years ago, I own I should have allowed and felt the force of this objection. But alas! explosion after explosion has succeeded so rapidly, that novelty itself ceases to appear new; and it is possible that now, even a simple story wholly uninspired with politics or personality, may find some attention amid the hubbub of revolutions, as to those who have remained a long time by the falls of Niagara, the lowest whispering becomes distinctly audible.

1799

O LEAVE the lily on its stem;
O leave the rose upon the spray;
O leave the elder bloom, fair maids!
And listen to my lay.

A cypress and a myrtle-bough
This morn around my harp you twined,
Because it fashion'd mournfully
Its murmurs in the wind.

And now a tale of love and woe,
A woful tale of love I sing;
Hark, gentle maidens, hark! it sighs
And trembles on the string.

But most, my own dear Genevieve,
It sighs and trembles most for thee!
O come and hear the cruel wrongs
Besell the Dark Ladie!

EPILOGUE TO THE RASH CONJUROR.

AN UNCOMPOSED POEM.

We ask and urge—(here ends the story.)
All Christian Papishes to pay
That this unhappy conjuror may,
Instead of Hell, be put in Purgatory, —
For then there's hope;—
Long live the Pope! 1805.

241
PSYCHE.
The butterfly the ancient Grecians made
The soul's fair emblem, and its only name—
But the soul escaped the slavish trade
Of mortal life!—For in this earthly frame
Ours is the reptile's lot, much toil, much blame,
Manifold motions making little speed,
And to deform and kill the things whereon we feed.

1808.

COMPLAINT.
How seldom, Friend! a good great man inherits
Honor or wealth, with all his worth and pains!
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits.
Or any merit that which he obtains.

REPROOF.
For shame, dear Friend! renounce this canting strain!
What wouldst thou have a good man to obtain?
Place—titles—salary—a gilded chain—
Or throne of corses which his sword hath slain?—
Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends.
The great good man?—three treasures, love, and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath;—
And three firm friends more sure than day and night—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

1809.

AN ODE TO RAIN.
COMPOSED BEFORE DAY-LIGHT, ON THE MORNING
APPOINTED FOR THE DEPARTURE OF A VERY WORTHY,
BUT NOT VERY PLEASANT VISITOR, WHOM IT
WAS FEARED THE RAIN MIGHT DETAIN.

I know it is dark; and though I have lain
Awake, as I guess, an hour or twain,
I have not once open'd the lids of my eyes,
But lie in the dark, as a blind man lies.
O Rain! that I lie listening to,
You're but a doleful sound at best:
I owe you little thanks, 'tis true
For breaking thus my needful rest,
Yet if, as soon as it is light,
O Rain! you will but take your flight,
I'll neither rail, nor malice keep,
Though sick and sore for want of sleep.
But only now for this one day,
Do go, dear Rain! do go away!

O Rain! with your dull two-fold sound,
The clash hard by, and the murmur all round!
You know, if you know aught, that we,
Both night and day, but ill agree:
For days, and months, and almost years,
Have limp'd on through this vale of tears,
Since body of mine and rainy weather,
Have lived on easy terms together
Yet if as soon as it is light,
O Rain! you will but take your flight,
Though you should come again to morrow,
And bring with you both pain and sorrow;
Though stomach should sicken, and knees should swell—
I'll nothing speak of you but well.
But only for this one day,
Do go, dear Rain! do go away!

Dear Rain! I ne'er refuse to say
You're a good creature in your way.
Nay, I could write a book myself,
Would fit a parson's lower shelf,
Showing how very good you are.—
What then? sometimes it must be fair,
And if sometimes, why not to-day?
Do go, dear Rain! do go away!
Dear Rain! if I've been cold and shy,
Take no offence! I 'll tell you why.
A dear old Friend e'en now is here,
And with him came my sister dear;
After long absence now first met,
Long months by grief and grief beset
With three dear Friends! in truth, we groan
Impatiently to be alone.
We three you mark! and not one more!
The strong wish makes my spirit sore.
We have so much to talk about,
So many sad things to let out;
So many tears in our eye-corners,
Sitting like little Jacky Horners—
In short, as soon as it is day,
Do go, dear Rain! do go away.
And this I 'll swear to you, dear Rain!
Whenever you shall come again,
Be you as dull as e'er you could;
(And by the bye 'tis understood.
You're not so pleasant, as you're good ;)
Yet, knowing well your worth and place,
I 'll welcome you with cheerful face;
And though you stay a week or more,
Were ten times duller than before;
Yet with kind heart, and right good will,
I 'll sit and listen to you still;
Nor should you go away, dear Rain
Uninvited to remain,
But only now, for this one day,
Do go, dear Rain! do go away. 1809.

TRANSLATION
OF A PASSAGE IN OTTFRIED'S METRICAL PARAPHRASE
OF THE GOSPELS.
"This Paraphrase, written about the time of Chlemagne, is by no means deficient in occasional passages of considerable poetic merit. There is a flow and a tender enthusiasm in the following lines (at
Mourn for the universal woe,  
With solemn dirge and sigh'ring tongue;  
For England's Lady laid full low,  
So dear, so lovely, and so young.

The blossoms on her tree of life  
Shone with the dew of recent bliss;  
Translated in that deadly strife,  
She plucks its fruit in Paradise.

Mourn for the prince, who rose at morn  
To seek and bless the firstling bud  
Of his own rose, and found the thorn  
Its point bedew'd with tears of blood.

Mourn for Britannia's hopes decay'd;  
Her daughters wait their deep defence,  
Their fair example, prostrate laid,  
Chaste love, and fervid innocence!

O Thou! who mark'st the monarch's path,  
To sad Jeshurun's sons attend!  
Amid the lightnings of thy wrath  
The showers of consolation send!

Jehovah frowns! — The Islands bow,  
The prince and people kiss the rod!  
Their dread chast'ning judge wert thou—  
Be thou their comforter, oh God!  
1817.

SENTIMENTAL.

The rose that blushes like the morn  
Bedecks the valleys low;  
And so dost thou, sweet infant corn.  
My Angelina's toe.

But on the rose there grows a thorn  
That breeds disastrous woe;  
And so dost thou, remorseless corn,  
On Angelina's toe.  
1825.

THE ALTERNATIVE.

This way or that, ye Powers above me!  
I of my grief were rid—  
Did Enna ejther really love me,  
Or cease to think she did.  
1826.

INSCRIPTION FOR A TIME-PIECE.

Now! It is gone. — Our brief hours travel post,  
Each with its thought or deed, its Why or How:  
But know, each parting hour gives up a ghost,  
To dwell within thee—an eternal Now!  
1830.

EREITATION ATTOIPANTON.

Qua linguam, aut nihil, aut nihilii, aut vix sunt mea: — cosordes  
Do Morti; — reddo cetera, Christe! tibi.
THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.
## Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>MEMOIR OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY</td>
<td>v</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE REVOLT OF ISLAM</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE CENCI; a Tragedy, in Five Acts</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PROMETHEUS UNBOUND; a Lyrical Drama, in Four Acts</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUEEN MAB</td>
<td>104</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Notes</td>
<td>123</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALASTOR, OR THE SPIRIT OF SOLITUDE</td>
<td>141</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ROSALIND AND HELEN; a Modern Eclogue</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ADONAI; an Elegy on the Death of John Keats</td>
<td>159</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EPISYCHIDION; Verses addressed to the Noble and unfortunate Lady Emilia</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HELIAS; a Lyrical Drama</td>
<td>170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MISCELLANEOUS POEMS: —</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Julian and Maddale; a Conversation</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Witch of Atlas</td>
<td>187</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Triumph of Life</td>
<td>193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lines written among the Euganean Hills</td>
<td>198</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Letter to</td>
<td>201</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Sensitive Plant</td>
<td>204</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Vision of the Sea</td>
<td>207</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ode to Heaven</td>
<td>208</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ode to the West Wind</td>
<td>209</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An Ode, written October 1819, before the Spaniards had recovered their Liberty</td>
<td>210</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ode to Liberty</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ode to Naples</td>
<td>213</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Cloud</td>
<td>218</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To a Skylark</td>
<td>215</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An Exhortation</td>
<td>216</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hymn to Intellectual Beauty</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marianne's Dream</td>
<td>217</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mont Blanc</td>
<td>218</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On the Medusa of Leonardo da Vinci, in the Florentine Gallery</td>
<td>219</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song, &quot;Rarely, rarely, comest thou&quot;</td>
<td>220</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Constantia, singing</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Fugitives</td>
<td>221</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Lament</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Pine Forest of the CASCINE, near Pisa</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Night</td>
<td>223</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evening—Ponte a Mare, Pisa</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arethusa</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Question</td>
<td>224</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lines to an Indian Air</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stanzas, written in dejection, near Naples</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Autumn; a Dirge</td>
<td>225</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hymn of Apollo</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hymn of Pan</td>
<td>225</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Boat on the Serchio</td>
<td>226</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Zucca</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Two Spirits; an Allegory</td>
<td>227</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Fragment</td>
<td>228</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Bridal Song</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Sunset</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song. On a Faded Violet</td>
<td>229</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lines to a Critic</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Good Night</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To-morrow</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Death</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Lament</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love's Philosophy</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To E*** V***</td>
<td>230</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lines</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To William Shelley</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An Allegory</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mutability</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From the Arabic; an Imitation</td>
<td>231</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Music</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>November, 1815</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Death</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To</td>
<td>232</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Passage of the Apennines</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Mary</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Past</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song of a Spirit</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Liberty</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Isle</td>
<td>233</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Time</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lines</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Song</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The World's Wanderers</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Dirge</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lines</td>
<td>234</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Superstition</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;O! there are spirits of the air&quot;</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stanzas—April, 1814</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mutability</td>
<td>235</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On Death</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Summer Evening Church-yard, Leuchdale, Gloucestershire</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lines, written on hearing the News of the Death of Napoleon</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Summer and Winter</td>
<td>236</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Tower of Famine</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The AZIOLA</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dirge for the Year</td>
<td>ib.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

239
The Publishers of the present edition of Mr. Shelley's Poetical Works think it necessary to state, that the first Poem in the collection, "The Revolt of Islam," did not originally bear that title: it appeared under the name of "Laon and Cythna; or the Revolution of the Golden City: a Vision of the Nineteenth Century." But, with the exception of this change of name,—into the reasons that led to which it is now unnecessary to inquire,—some inconsiderable verbal corrections, and the omission of the following paragraph and note in the preface, the poem is in all respects the same as when first given to the public.

"In the personal conduct of my hero and heroine, there is one circumstance which was intended to startle the reader from the trance of ordinary life. It was my object to break through the crust of those outworn opinions on which established institutions depend. I have appealed, therefore, to the most universal of all feelings, and have endeavored to strengthen the moral sense, by forbidding it to waste its energies in seeking to avoid actions which are only crimes of convention. It is because there is so great a multitude of artificial vices, that there are so few real virtues. Those feelings alone which are benevolent or malevolent are essentially good or bad. The circumstance of which I speak was introduced, however, merely to accustom men to that charity and toleration, which the exhibition of a practice widely differing from their own has a tendency to promote."

* The sentiments connected with and characteristic of this circumstance have no personal reference to the writer.

240
Memoir of Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Field-place, in the county of Sussex, was the spot where Percy Bysshe Shelley first saw the light. He was born on the 4th of August, 1792; and was the eldest son of Sir Timothy Shelley, Bart. of Castle-Goring. His family is an ancient one, and a branch of it has become the representative of the house of the illustrious Sir Philip Sidney of Penshurst. Despising honors which only rest upon the accidental circumstances of birth, Shelley was proud of this connexion with an immortal name. At the customary age, about thirteen, he was sent to Eton School, and before he had completed his fifteenth year, he published two novels, the Rosicrucian and Zastrozzi. From Eton he removed to University College, Oxford, to mature his studies, at the age of sixteen, an earlier period than is usual. At Oxford he was, according to custom, imbued with the elements of logic; and he ventured, in contempt of the fiat of the University, to apply them to the investigation of questions which it is orthodox to take for granted. His original and uncompromising spirit of inquiry could not reconcile the limited use of logical principles. He boldly tested, or attempted to test, propositions which he imagined, the more they were obscure, and the more claim they had upon his credence, the greater was the necessity for examining them. His spirit was an inquiring one, and he fearlessly sought after what he believed to be truth, before, it is probable, he had acquired all the information necessary to guide him, from collateral sources—a common error of headstrong youth. This is the more likely to be the case, as when time had matured his knowledge, he differed much on points upon which, in callow years and without an instructor, flung upon the world to form his own principles of action, guileless, and vehement, he was wont to advocate strongly. Shelley possessed the bold quality of inquiring into the reason of every thing, and of resisting what he could not reconcile to be right according to his conscience. In some persons this has been denominated a virtue, in others a sin—just as it might happen to chime in with worldly custom or received opinion. At school he formed a conspiracy for resistance to that most odious and detestable custom of English seminaries, faggling, which pedagogues are bold enough to defend openly at the present hour.

At Oxford he imprudently printed a dissertation on the being of a God, which caused his expulsion in his second term, as he refused to retract any of his opinions; and thereby incurred the marked displeasure of his father. This expulsion arising as he believed conscientiously, from his avowal of what he thought to be true, did not deeply affect him. His mind seems to have been wandering in a maze of doubt at times between truth and error, ardently desirous of finding the truth, warm in its pursuit, but without a pole-star to guide him in steering after it. In this state of things he met with the Political Justice of Godwin, and read it with eagerness and delight. What he had wanted he had now found; he determined that justice should be his sole guide, and justice alone. He regarded not whether what he did was after the fashion of the world; he pursued the career he had marked out with sincerity, and excited censure for some of his actions and praise for others, bordering upon wonder, in proportion as they were singular, or as their motives could not be appreciated. His notions at the University tended to atheism; and in a work which he published entitled "Queen Mab," it is evident that this doctrine had at one time a hold upon his mind. This was printed for private circulation only, and was rated by a knavish bookseller and given to the public, long after the writer had altered many of the opinions expressed in it, disclaimed it, and lamented its having been printed. He spoke of the commonly-received notions of God with contempt; and hence the idea that he denied the being of any superintending first cause. He was not on this head sufficiently explicit. He seemed hopeless, in moments of low spirits, of there being such a ruling power as he wished, yet he ever clung to the idea of some "great spirit of intellectual beauty" being throughout all things. His life was inflexibly moral and benevolent. He acted up to the theory of his received doctrine of justice; and, after all the censures that were cast upon him, who shall impugn the man who thus acts and lives?

Shelley married at an early age a Miss Harriet Westbrook, a very beautiful girl, much younger than himself, daughter of a coffee-house-keeper, retired from business. By this marriage he so iritated his father, that he was entirely abandoned by him; but the lady's father allowed them 201l. per annum, and they resided some time in Edinburgh and then in Ireland. The match was a Gretna-green one, and did not turn out happily,
MEMOIR OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

By this connexion he had two children, the youngest of whom, born in 1815, is since dead. Consistent with his own views of marriage and its institution, Shelley paid his addresses to another lady, Miss Godwin, with whom, in July, 1814, he fled, accompanied by Miss Jane Claremont, her sister-in-law, to Uri, in Switzerland, from whence, after a few days' residence, they suddenly quitted, suspecting they were watched by another lodger; they departed for Paris on foot, and there found that the person to whom they had confided a large trunk of clothes, had absconded with them: this hastened their return to England. A child was the fruit of this expedition. Shortly after they again quitted England, and went to Geneva, Como and Venice. In a few months they revisited England, and took up their abode in Bath, from whence Shelley was suddenly called by the unexpected suicide of his wife, who destroyed herself on the 10th November, 1816. Her fate hung heavy on the mind of her husband, who felt deep self-reproach that he had not selected a female of a higher order of intellect, who could appreciate better the feelings of one constituted as he was. Both were entitled to compassion, and both were sufferers by this unfortunate alliance. Shortly after the death of his first wife, Shelley, at the solicitation of her father, married Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, daughter of the celebrated authoress of the Rights of Woman; and went to reside at Great Marlow in Buckinghamshire. That this second hymen was diametrically opposed to his own sentiments will be apparent from the following letter, addressed to Sir James Lawrencce, on the perusal of one of that gentleman's works:

Lynmouth, Barnstaple, Devon, August 17, 1812.

Sir,—I feel peculiar satisfaction in seizing the opportunity which your politeness places in my power, of expressing to you personally (as I may say) a high acknowledgment of my sense of your talents and principles, which, before I conceived it possible that I should ever know you, I sincerely entertained. Your "Empire of the Nairs," which I read this spring, succeeded in making me a perfect convert to its doctrines. I then retained no doubts of the evils of marriage; Mrs. Wollstonecraft reasons too well for that; but I had been dull enough not to perceive the greatest argument against it, until developed in the "Naire," viz. prostitution both legal and illegal.

"I am a young man, not of age, and have been married a year to a woman younger than myself. Love seems inclined to stay in the prison, and my only reason for putting him in chains, whilst convinced of the unholiness of the act, was a knowledge, that in the present state of society, if love is not thus villainously treated, she, who is most loved, will be treated worse by a misjudging world.

In short, seduction, which term could have no meaning in a rational society, has now a most tremendous one; the fictitious merit attached to chastity has made that a forerunner to the most terrible ruins, which in Malabar would be a pledge of honor and homage. If there is any enormous and desolating crime of which I should shudder to be accused, it is seduction. I need not say how I admire "Love," and little as a British public seems to appreciate its merit, in not permitting it to emerge from a first edition, it is with satisfaction I find, that justice had conceded abroad what bigotry has denied at home. I shall take the liberty of sending you any little publication I may give to the world. Mrs. S. joins with myself in hoping, if we come to London this winter, we may be favored with the personal friendship of one whose writings we have learnt to esteem.

"Yours, very truly, Percy Bysshe Shelley."

A circumstance arose out of his first marriage which attracted a good deal of notice from the public. As we have already mentioned, there were two children left, whom the Lord Chancellor Eldon took away from their father by one of his own arbitrary decrees, because the religious sentiments of Shelley were avowedly heterodox. No impropriety of life, no breach of parental duty was attempted to be proved; it was sufficient that the father did not give credit to religion as established by act of parliament, to cause the closest ties of nature to be rent asunder, and the connexion of father and child to be for ever broken. This despotism of a law-officer has since been displayed in another case, where immorality of the parent was the alleged cause. Had the same law-officer, unhappily for England, continued to preside, no doubt the political sentiments of the parent would by and by furnish an excuse for such a monstrous tyranny over the rights of nature.

Shelley for ever sought to make mankind and things around him in harmony with a better state of moral existence. He was too young and inexperienced when he first acted upon this principle to perceive the obstacles which opposed the progress of his views, arising out of the usages and customs which rule mankind, and which, from the nature of things, it takes a long time to overcome. Ardent in the pursuit of the good he sought, he was always ready to meet the consequences of his actions; and if any condemn them for their mistaken views, they ought to feel that charity should forbid their arraigning motives, when such proofs of sincerity were before them. The vermin who, under the specious title of "reviewers," seek in England to crush every bud of genius that appears out of the pale of their own party, fell mercilessly upon the works of Shelley. The beauty and profundity which none but the furious zealots of a
During his residence at Great Marlow, he composed his Revolt of Islam. In 1817 he left England, never to return to it, and directed his steps to Italy, where he resided partly at Venice, partly at Pisa near his friend Byron, and on the neighboring coast. In the month of June 1819 he was temporarily a resident in a house situated on the Gulf of Lerici. Being much attached to sea-excursions, he kept a boat, in which he was in the habit of cruising along the coast. On the 7th of July, he set sail from Leghorn, where he had been to meet Mr. Leigh Hunt, who had just then arrived in Italy, intending to return to Lerici. But he never reached that place; the boat in which he set sail was lost in a violent storm, and all on board perished. The following particulars of that melancholy event are extracted from the work of Mr. Leigh Hunt, entitled "Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries."

"In June 1819, I arrived in Italy, in consequence of the invitation to set up a work with my friend and Lord Byron. Mr. Shelley was passing the summer season at a house he had taken for that purpose on the Gulf of Lerici; and on hearing of my arrival at Leghorn, came thither, accompanied by Mr. Williams, formerly of the 8th Dragoons, who was then on a visit to him. He came to welcome his friend and family, and see us comfortably settled at Pisa. He accordingly went with us to that city, and after remaining in it a few days, took leave on the night of the 7th July, to return with Mr. Williams to Lerici, meaning to come back to us shortly. In a day or two the voyagers were missed. The afternoon of the 8th had been stormy, with violent squalls from the south-west. A night succeeded, broken up with that tremendous thunder and lightning, which appals the stoutest seaman in the Mediterranean, dropping its bolts in all directions more like melted brass, or liquid pillars of fire, than any thing we conceive of lightning in our northern climate. The suspense and anguish of their friends need not be dwelt upon. A dreadful interval took place of more than a week, during which every inquiry and every fond hope were exhausted. At the end of that period our worst fears were confirmed. The following narrative of the particulars is from the pen of Mr. Trelawney, a friend of Lord Byron's, who had not long been acquainted with Mr. Shelley, but entertained the deepest regard for him:

"Mr. Shelley, Mr. Williams (formerly of the 8th Dragoons), and one seaman, Charles Vivian, left Villa Magni near Lerici, a small town situate in the Bay of Spezia, on the 30th of June, at twelve o'clock, and arrived the same night at Leghorn. Their boat had been built for Mr. Shelley at Genoa by a captain in the navy. It was twenty-four feet long, eight in the beam, schooner-rigged, with gaff topsails, etc. and drew four feet water. On Monday, the 6th of July, at the same hour, they got under weigh to return home, having on board a quantity of household articles, four hundred dollars, a small canoe, and some books and manuscripts. At half past twelve they made all sail out of the harbor with a light and favorable breeze, steering direct for Spezia. I had likewise weighed anchor to accompany them a few miles out in Lord Byron's schooner, the Bolivar; but there was some demur about papers from the guard-boat; and they, fearful of losing the breeze, sailed without me. I re-anchored, and watched my friends, till their boat became a speck on the horizon, which was growing thick and dark, with heavy clouds moving rapidly, and gathering in the southwest quarter. I then retired to the cabin, where I had not been half an hour, before a man on deck told me a heavy squall had come on. We let go another anchor. The boats and vessels in the roads were scudding past us in all directions to get into harbor; and in a moment, it blew a hard gale from the south-west, the sea, from excessive smoothness, foaming, breaking, and getting up into a very heavy swell. The wind, having shifted, was now directly against my friends. I felt confident they would be obliged to bear off for Leghorn; and being anxious to hear of their safety, stayed on board till a late hour, but saw nothing of them. The violence of the wind did not continue above an hour; it then gradually subsided; and at eight o'clock, when I went on shore, it was almost a calm. It, however, blew hard at intervals during the night, with rain, and thunder and lightning. The lightning struck the mast of a vessel close to us, shivering it to splinters, killing two men, and wounding others. From these circumstances, becoming greatly alarmed for the safety of the voyagers, a note was dispatched to Mr. Shelley's house at Lerici, the reply to which stated that nothing had been heard of him and his friends, which augmented our fears to such a degree, that couriers were dispatched on the whole line of coast from Leghorn to Nice, to ascertain if they had put in anywhere, or if there had been any wreck, or indication of losses by sea. I immediately started for Via Reggio, having lost sight of the boat in that direction. My worst fears were almost confirmed on my arrival there, by news that a small canoe, two empty water-barrels, and a bottle, had been found on the shore, which thing I recognized as belonging to the boat. I had still, however, warm hopes that these articles had been thrown overboard to clear them from useless lumber in the storm; and it seemed a general opinion that they had missed Leghorn, and put into Elba or
Corsica, as nothing more was heard for eight days. This state of suspense becoming intolerable, I returned from Spezia to Via Reggio, where my worst fears were confirmed by the information that two bodies had been washed on shore, one on that night very near the town, which, by the dress and stature, I knew to be Mr. Shelley's. Mr. Keats's last volume of 'Lamia,' 'Isabella,' etc. being open in the jacket pocket, confirmed it beyond a doubt. The body of Mr. Williams was subsequently found near a tower on the Tuscan shore, about four miles from his companion. Both bodies were greatly decomposed by the sea, but identified beyond a doubt. The seaman, Charles Vivian, was not found for nearly three weeks afterwards:—his body was interred on the spot on which a wave had washed it, in the vicinity of Massa.

"After a variety of applications to the Luccheses and Tuscan governments, and our ambassador at Florence, I obtained, from the kindness and exertions of Mr. Dawkins, an order to the officer commanding the tower of Migliarino (near to which Lieutenant Williams had been cast, and buried in the sand), that the body should be at my disposal. I likewise obtained an order to the same effect to the commandant at Via Reggio, to deliver up the remains of Mr. Shelley, it having been decided by the friends of the parties that the bodies should be reduced to ashes by fire, as the readiest mode of conveying them to the places where the deceased would have wished to repose, as well as of removing all objections respecting the quarantine laws, which had been urged against their disinterment. Every thing being prepared for the requisite purposes, I embarked on board Lord Byron's schooner with my friend Captain Shenley, and sailed on the 13th of August. After a tedious passage of eleven hours, we anchored off Via Reggio, and fell in with two small vessels, which I had hired at Leghorn some days before for the purpose of ascertaining, by the means used to recover sunken vessels, the place in which my friend's boat had founded. They had on board the captain of a fishing-boat, who, having been overtaken in the same squall, had witnessed the sinking of the boat, without (as he says) the possibility of assisting her. After dragging the bottom, in the place which he indicated, for six days without finding her, I sent them back to Leghorn, and went on shore. The major commanding the town, with the captain of the port, accompanied me to the governor. He received us very courteously, and did not object to the removal of our friends' remains, but to burning them, as the latter was not specified in the order. However, after some little explanation, he assented, and we gave the necessary directions for making every preparation to commence our painful undertaking next morning.'"

"It was thought that the whole of these melancholy operations might have been performed in one day: but the calculation turned out to be erroneous. Mr. Williams's remains were commenced with. Mr. Trelawney and Captain Shenley were at the tower by noon, with proper persons to assist, and were joined shortly by Lord Byron and myself. A portable furnace and a tent had been prepared. "Wood," continues Mr. Trelawney, "we found in abundance on the beach, old trees and parts of wrecks. Within a few paces of the spot where the body lay, there was a rude-built shed of straw, forming a temporary shelter for soldiers at night, when performing the coast-patrol duty. The grave was at high-water mark, some eighteen paces from the surf, as it was then breaking, the distance about four miles and a half from Via Reggio. The magnificent bay of Spezia is on the right of this spot, Leghorn on the left, at equal distances of about twenty-two miles. The headlands, projecting boldly and far into the sea, form a deep and dangerous gulf, with a heavy swell and a strong current generally running right into it. A vessel embayed in this gulf, and overtaken by one of the squalls so common upon the coast of it, is almost certain to be wrecked. The loss of small craft is great; and the shallowness of the water, and breaking of the surf; preventing approach to the shore, or boats going out to assist, the loss of lives is in proportion. It was in the centre of this bay, about four or five miles at sea, in fifteen or sixteen fathom water, with a light breeze under a crown of sail, that the boat of our friends was suddenly taken clap back by a sudden and very violent squall; and it is supposed that in attempting to bear up under such a press of canvas, all the sheets fast, the hands unprepared, and only three persons on board, the boat filled to leeway, and having two tons of ballast, and not being decked, went down on the instant; not giving them a moment to prepare themselves by even taking off their boots, or seizing an oar. Mr. Williams was the only one who could swim, and he but indifferently. The spot where Mr. Williams's body lay was well adapted for a man of his imaginative cast of mind, and I wished his remains to rest undisturbed; but it was willed otherwise. Before us was the sea, with islands; behind us the Apennines; beside us, a large tract of thick wood, stunted and twisted into fantastic shapes by the sea-breeze.—The heat was intense, the sand being so scorched as to render standing on it painful."

"Mr. Trelawney proceeds to describe the disinterment and burning of Mr. Williams's remains. Calumny, which never shows itself grosser than in its charges of want of refinement, did not spare even these melancholy ceremonies. The friends of the deceased, though they took no pains to pub-
lish the proceeding, were accused of wishing to make a sensation; of doing a horrible and unfeel-
ing thing, etc. The truth was, that the nearest connexions, both of Mr. Shelley and Mr. Williams, wished to have their remains interred in regular places of burial; and that for this purpose they could be removed in no other manner. Such being
the case, it is admitted that the mourners did not refuse themselves the little comfort of supposing that lovers of books and antiquity, like Mr. Shel-
ley and his friend, would not have been sorry to foresee this part of their fate. Among the mate-
rials for burning, as many of the gracefuller and more classical articles as could be procured,—
frankincense, wine, etc.—were not forgotten.

"The proceedings of the next day, with Mr.
Shelley's remains, exactly resembled those of the foregoing, with the exception of there being two assistants less. On both days, the extraordinary be-
auty of the flame arising from the funeral pile
was noticed. Mr. Shelley's remains were taken
to Rome, and deposited in the Protestant burial-
ground, near those of a child he had lost in that
city, and of Mr. Keats. It is the cemetery he
speaks of in the preface to his Elegy on the death
of his young friend, as calculated to "make one
in love with death, to think that one should be
buried in so sweet a place."—The generous reader
will be glad to hear, that the remains of Mr. Shel-
ley were attended to their final abode by some of
the most respectable English residents in Rome.
He was sure to awaken the sympathy of gallant
and accomplished spirits wherever he went, alive
or dead. The remains of Mr. Williams were taken
to England. Mr. Williams was a very intelligent,
good-hearted man, and his death was deplored by
friends worthy of him.—"

Shelley was thirty years old when he died. He
was tall and slender in his figure, and stooped a
little in the shoulders, though perfectly well-made.
The expression of his features was mild and good.
His complexion was fair, and his cheeks colored.
His eyes were large and lively; and the whole
urn of his face, which was small, was graceful
and full of sensibility. He was subject to attacks
of a disorder which forced him to lie down (if in
the open air, upon the ground) until they were
over; yet he bore them kindly and without a mur-
mur. His disposition was amiable, and even the
word "pious" has been applied to his conduct as
regarded others, to his love of nature, and to his
ideas of that power which pervades all things.
He was very fond of music; frugal in all but his
charities, often to considerable self-denial, and
loved to do acts of generosity and kindness. He
was a first-rate scholar; and besides the languages
of antiquity, well understood the German, Ital-
ian and French tongues. He was an excellent
metaphysician, and was no slight adept in natural
philosophy. He loved to study in the open air, in
the shadow of the wood, or by the side of the
water-fall. In short, he was a singular illustration
of the force of natural genius, bursting the bonds
of birth and habit, and the conventional ties of the
circle in which he was born, and soaring high,
under the direction of his own spirit, chartless and
alone. He steered by his own ideas of justice;
hence he was ever at war with things which rea-
son and right had no hand in establishing,—rad-
ically wrong in themselves perhaps, or to be changed
for the better, but by usage become second nature
to society, or at least to that far larger proportion
of it which lives by custom alone. He had no
value for what the mass of men estimate as desi-
rable; a seat in the senate he declined, though he
might have enriched himself by its acceptance.
He seemed to commit the mistake of others before
him, in dreaming of the perfectibility of man. An
anecdote is related of him that, at a ball of fashion
where he was a leading character, and the most
elegant ladies of the crowd expected the honor of
being led out by him, he selected a friendless girl
for a partner who was scorned by her companions,
having lain under the imputation of an unlucky
mishap some time preceding.

The books in which he commonly read were the
Greek writers; in the tragedians particularly,
he was deeply versed. The Bible was a work of
great admiration with him, and his frequent study.
For the character of Christ and his doctrines he
had great reverence, the axiom of the founder of
Christianity being that by which he endeavored to
shape his course in despite of all obstacles. In pe-
cuniary matters he was liberal. Uncharitable in-
deed must that man have been who doubted the
excellence of his intentions, or charged him with
willful error: who then shall judge a being of whom
this may be said, save his Creator—who that lives
in the way he sees others live, without regard to
the mode being right or wrong, shall charge him
with crime, who tries to reconcile together his life
and his aspirations after human perfectibility? She-
Shelley had his faults as well as other men, but on
the whole it appears that his deviations from the
vulgar routine form the great sum of the charges
made against him. His religious sentiments were
between him and his God.

The writings of Shelley are too deep to be popu-
lar, but there is no reader possessing taste and
judgment, who will not do homage to his pen. He
was a poet of great power: he felt intensely, and
his works everywhere display the ethereal spirit
of genius of a rare order—abstract, perhaps, but
not less powerful; his is the poetry of intellect,
not that of the Lakers; his theme is the high one
of intellectual nature and lofty feeling, not of wag-
noners or idiot children. His faults in writing are
obvious, but equally so are his beauties. He is too

33

245
much of a philosopher, and dwells too much upon favorite images, that draw less upon our sympathies than those of social life. His language is lofty, and no one knows better how to call, arrange, and manage the syllables of his native tongue. He thoroughly understood metrical composition.

Shelley began to publish prematurely, as we have already stated, at the early age of 15; but it was not till about the year 1811 or 1812 that he seems first to have devoted his attention to poetical composition. To enumerate his poetical works here would be a useless task, as they will be found in the collection of his poems appended. His "Prometheus Unbound" is a noble work; his "Cenci" and "Adonais" are his principal works in point of merit. Love was one of his favorite themes, as it is with all poets, and he has ever touched it with a master-hand. The subject of the "Cenci" is badly selected, but it is nobly written, and admirably sustained. Faults it has, but they are amply redeemed by its beauties. It is only from the false clamor raised against him during his lifetime, that his poems have not been more read. No scholar, no one having the slightest pretensions to true taste in poetry, can be without it. It may be boldly prophesied that they will one day be more read than they have ever yet been, and more understood. In no nation but England do the reading public suffer others to judge for them, and pin their ideas of the defects or beauties of their national writers upon the partial diatribes of hired pens, and the splenetic outpourings of faction. It is astonishing how the nation of Newton and Locke is thus contented to suffer itself to be deceived and misled by literary Machiavelism.

The following preface to the author’s Posthumous Poems contains much to interest the admirers of his genius. The circumstance of its being from the pen of Mrs. Shelley will still farther recommend it:—

“Had it been my wish, on presenting the public with the Posthumous Poems of Mr. Shelley, to have accompanied them by a biographical notice, as it appeared to me, that at this moment a narration of the events of my husband’s life would come more gracefully from other hands than mine, I applied to Mr. Leigh Hunt. The distinguished friendship that Mr. Shelley felt for him, and the enthusiastic affection with which Mr. Leigh Hunt clings to his friend’s memory, seemed to point him out as the person best calculated for such an undertaking. His absence from this country, which prevented our mutual explanation, has unfortunately rendered my scheme abortive. I do not doubt but that, on some other occasion, he will pay this tribute to his lost friend, and sincerely regret that the volume which I edit has not been honored by its insertion.

“The comparative solitude in which Mr. Shelley lived, was the occasion that he was personally known to few; and his fearless enthusiasm in the cause, which he considered the most sacred upon earth, the improvement of the moral and physical state of mankind, was the chief reason why he, like other illustrious reformers, was pursued by hatred and calumny. No man was ever more devoted than he, to the endeavor of making those around him happy; no man ever possessed friends more unfeignedly attached to him. The ungrateful world did not feel his loss, and the gap it made seemed to close as quickly over his memory as the murderous sea above his living frame. Here after men will lament that his transcendent powers of intellect were extinguished before they had bestowed on them their choicest treasures. To his friends his loss is irretrievable: the wise, the brave, the gentle, is gone for ever! He is to them as a bright vision, whose radiant track, left behind in the memory, is worth all the realities that society can afford. Before the critics contradict me, let them appeal to any one who had ever known him: to see him was to love him; and his presence, like Ithuriel’s spear, was alone sufficient to disclose the falsehood of the tale, which his enemies whispered in the ear of the ignorant world.

“His life was spent in the contemplation of nature, in arduous study, or in acts of kindness and affection. He was an elegant scholar and a profound metaphysician: without possessing much scientific knowledge, he was unrivalled in the justness and extent of his observations on natural objects; he knew every plant by its name, and was familiar with the history and habits of every production of the earth; he could interpret without a fault each appearance in the sky, and the varied phenomena of heaven and earth filled him with deep emotion. He made his study and reading-room of the shadowed copse, the stream, the lake and the water-fall. Ill health and continual pain preyed upon his powers; and the solitude in which we lived, particularly on our first arrival in Italy, although congenial to his feelings, must frequently have weighed upon his spirits: those beautiful and affecting ’Lines, written in dejection at Naples,’ were composed at such an interval; but when in health, his spirits were buoyant and youthful to an extraordinary degree.

“Such was his love for nature, that every page of his poetry is associated in the minds of his friends with the loveliest scenes of the countries which he inhabited. In early life he visited the most beautiful parts of this country and Ireland. Afterwards the Alps of Switzerland became his inspirers. ’Prometheus Unbound’ was written among the deserted and flower-grown ruins of Rome; and when he made his home under the Pisan hills, their roofless recesses harbored him as
ne composed 'The Witch of Atlas' 'Adonais,' and 'Hellas.' In the wild but beautiful Bay of Spezia, the winds and waves which he loved became his playmates. His days were chiefly spent on the water; the management of his boat, its alterations and improvements, were his principal occupation. At night, when the unclouded moon shone on the calm sea, he often went alone in his little shallop to the rocky caves that bordered it, and sitting beneath their shelter wrote 'The Triumph of Life,' the last of his productions. The beauty but strangeness of this lonely place, the refined pleasure which he felt in the companionship of a few selected friends, our entire sequestration from the rest of the world, all contributed to render this period of his life one of continued enjoyment. I am convinced that the two months we passed there were the happiest he had ever known: his health even rapidly improved, and he was never better than when I last saw him, full of spirits and joy, embark for Leghorn, that he might there welcome Leigh Hunt to Italy. I was to have accompanied him, but illness confined me to my room, and thus put the seal on my misfortune. His vessel bore out of sight with a favorable wind, and I remained awaiting his return by the breakers of that sea which was about to engulf him.

"He spent a week at Pisa, employed in kind offices towards his friend, and enjoying with keen delight the renewal of their intercourse. He then embarked with Mr. Williams, the chosen and beloved sharer of his pleasures and of his fate, to return to us. We waited for them in vain; the sea by its restless moanings seemed to desire to inform us of what we would not learn:—but a veil may well be drawn over such misery. The real anguish of these moments transcended all the fictions that the most glowing imagination ever portrayed: our seclusion, the savage nature of the inhabitants of the surrounding villages, and our immediate vicinity to the troubled sea, combined to imbue with strange horror our days of uncertainty. The truth was at last known,—a truth that made our loved and lovely Italy appear a tomb, its sky a pall. Every heart echoed the deep lament; and my only consolation was in the praise and earnest love that each voice bestowed and each countenance demonstrated for him we had lost,—not, I fondly hope, for ever: his unearthly and elevated nature is a pledge of the continuation of his being, although in an altered form. Rome received his ashes; they are deposited beneath its weed-grown wall, and 'the world's sole monument' is enriched by his remains.

"'Julian and Maddalo,' 'The Witch of Atlas,' and most of the Translations, were written some years ago, and, with the exception of 'The Cyclops,' and the Scenes from the 'Magico Prodigioso,' may be considered as having received the author's ultimate corrections. 'The Triumph of Life' was his last work, and was left in so unfinished a state, that I arranged it in its present form with great difficulty. Many of the Miscellaneous Poems, written on the spur of the occasion, and never retouched, I found among his manuscript books, and have carefully copied: I have subjoined, whenever I have been able, the date of their composition.

"I do not know whether the critics will reprehend the insertion of some of the most imperfect among these; but I frankly own, that I have been more actuated by the fear lest any monument of his genius should escape me, than the wish of presenting nothing but what was complete to the fastidious reader. I feel secure that the Lovers of Shelley's Poetry (who know how, more than any other poet of the present day, every line and word he wrote is instinct with peculiar beauty) will pardon and thank me: I consecrate this volume to them.

"MARY W. SHELLEY.

"London, June 1st, 1824.

247
THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

The Revolt of Islam;
A POEM.
IN TWELVE CANTOES.

PREFACE.

The Poem which I now present to the world, is an attempt from which I scarcely dare to expect success; and in which a writer of established fame might fail without disgrace. It is an experiment on the temper of the public mind, as to how far a thirst for a happier condition of moral and political society survives, among the enlightened and refined, the tempests which have shaken the age in which we live. I have sought to enlist the harmony of metrical language, the ethereal combinations of the fancy, the rapid and subtle transitions of human passion, all those elements which essentially compose a Poem, in the cause of a liberal and comprehensive morality; and in the view of kindling within the bosoms of my readers, a virtuous enthusiasm for those doctrines of liberty and justice, that faith and hope in something good, which neither violence, nor misrepresentation, nor prejudice, can ever totally extinguish among mankind.

For this purpose I have chosen a story of human passion in its most universal character, diversified with moving and romantic adventures, and appealing, in contempt of all artificial opinions or institutions, to the common sympathies of every human breast. I have made no attempt to recommend the motives which I would substitute for those at present governing mankind, by methodical and systematic argument. I would only awaken the feelings, so that the reader should see the beauty of true virtue, and be incited to those inquiries which have led to my moral and political creed, and that of some of the sublime intellects in the world. The Poem therefore (with the exception of the first Canto, which is purely introductory), is narrative, not didactic. It is a succession of pictures illustrating the growth and progress of individual mind aspiring after excellence, and devoted to the love of mankind; its influence in refining and making pure the most daring and uncommon impulses of the imagination, the understanding, and the senses; its impatience at "all the oppressions which are done under the sun;" its tendency to awaken public hope, and to enlighten and improve mankind; the rapid effects of the application of that tendency; the awakening of an immense nation from their slavery and degradation to a true sense of moral dignity and freedom; the bloodless dethronement of their oppressors, and the unveiling of the religious frauds by which they had been deluded into submission; the tranquillity of successful patriotism, and the universal toleration and benevolence of true philanthropy; the treachery and barbarity of hired soldiers; vice not the object of punishment and hatred, but kindness and pity; the faithlessness of tyrants; the confederacy of the Rulers of the World, and the restoration of the expelled Dynasty by foreign arms; the massacre and extermination of the Patriots, and the victory of established power; the consequences of legitimate despotism, civil war, famine, plague, superstition, and an utter extinction of the domestic affections; the judicial murder of the advocates of Liberty; the temporary triumph of oppression, that secure earnest of its final and inevitable fall; the transient nature of ignorance and error, and the eternity of genius and virtue. Such is the series of delineations of which the Poem consists. And if the lofty passions with which it has been my scope to distinguish this story, shall not excite in the reader a generous impulse, an ardent thirst for excellence, an interest profound and strong, such as belongs to no meaner desire—let not the failure be imputed to a natural unfitness for human sympathy in these sublime and animated themes. It is the business of the poet to communicate to others the pleasure and enthusiasm arising out of those images and feelings, in the vivid presence of which within his own mind, consists at once his inspiration and his reward.

The panic which, like an epidemic transport, seized upon all classes of men during the excesses consequent upon the French Revolution, is gradually giving place to sanity. It has ceased to be believed, that whole generations of mankind ought to consign themselves to a hopeless inheritance of ignorance and misery, because a nation of men who had been dupes and slaves for centuries, were incapable of conducting themselves with the wisdom and tranquillity of freemen so soon as some of their fetters were partially loosened. That their conduct could not have been
marked by any other character than ferocity and thoughtlessness, is the historical fact from which liberty derives all its recommendations, and falsehood the worst features of its deformity. There is a reflux in the tide of human things, which bears the shipwrecked hopes of men into a secure haven, after the storms are past. Methinks, those who now live have survived an age of despair.

The French Revolution may be considered as one of those manifestations of a general state of feeling among civilized mankind, produced by a defect of correspondence between the knowledge existing in society and the improvement or gradual abolition of political institutions. The year 1788 may be assumed as the epoch of one of the most important crises produced by this feeling. The sympathies connected with that event extended to every bosom. The most generous and amiable natures were those which participated the most extensively in these sympathies. But such a degree of unmingled good was expected, as it was impossible to realize. If the Revolution had been in every respect prosperous; then miracle and superstition would lose half their claims to our adoration, as fetters which the captive can unlock with the slightest motion of his fingers, and which do not eat with poisonous rust into the soul. The revolution occasioned by the atrocities of the demagogues and the re-establishment of successive tyrannies in France was terrible, and felt in the remotest corner of the civilized world. Could they listen to the plea of reason who had groaned under the calamities of a social state, according to the provisions of which, one man riots in luxury whilst another starves for want of bread? Can he who the day before was a trampled slave, suddenly become liberal-minded, forbearing, and independent? This is the consequence of the habits of a state of society to be produced by resolute perseverance and indefatigable hope, and long-suffering and long-believing courage, and the systematic efforts of generations of men of intellect and virtue. Such is the lesson which experience teaches now. But on the first reverse of hope in the progress of French liberty, the sanguine eagerness for good overleapt the solution of these questions, and for a time extinguished itself in the unexpectedness of their result. Thus many of the most ardent and tender-hearted of the worshippers of public good, have been morally ruined by what a partial glimpse of the events they deplored, appeared to show as the melancholy desolation of all their cherished hopes. Hence gloom and misanthropy have become the characteristics of the age in which we live, the solace of a disappointment that unconsciously finds relief only in the wilful exaggeration of its own despair. This influence has tainted the literature of the age with the hopelessness of the minds from which it flows. Metaphysics, and inquiries into moral and political science, have become little else than vain attempts to revive exploded superstitions, or sophisms like those of Mr. Malthus, calculated to lull the oppressors of mankind into a security of everlasting triumph. Our works of fiction and poetry have been overshadowed by the same infectious gloom. But mankind appear to me to be emerging from their trance. I am aware, methinks, of a slow, gradual, silent change. In that belief I have composed the following Poem.

I do not presume to enter into competition with our greatest contemporary Poets. Yet I am unwilling to tread in the footsteps of any who have preceded me. I have sought to avoid the imitation of any style of language or versification peculiar to the original minds of which it is the character, designing that even if what I have produced be worthless, it should still be properly my own. Nor have I permitted any system relating to mere words, to divert the attention of the reader from whatever interest I may have succeeded in creating, to my own ingenuity in contriving to disgust them according to the rules of criticism. I have simply clothed my thoughts in which appeared to me the most obvious and appropriate language. A person familiar with nature, and with the most celebrated productions of the human mind can scarcely err in following the instinct, with respect to selection of language, produced by the familiarity.

There is an education peculiarly fitted for a Poet without which, genius and sensibility can hardly fill the circle of their capacities. No education indeed can entitle to this appellation a dull and unobservant mind, or one, though neither dull nor unobservant, in which the channels of communication between thought and expression have been obstructed or closed. How far it is my fortune to belong to either of the latter classes, I cannot know. I aspire to be something better. The circumstances of my accidental education have been favorable to this ambition. I have been familiar from boyhood with mountains and lakes, and the solitude of forests; danger which sports upon the brink of precipices, has been my playmate. I have trod the glaciers of the Alps, and lived under the eye of Mont Blanc. I have been a wanderer among distant fields. I have sailed down mighty rivers, and seen the sun rise and set, and the stars come forth whilst I have sailed night and day down a rapid stream among mountains. I have seen populous cities, and have watched the passions which rose and spread, and sink and change amongst assembled multitudes of men. I have seen the theatre of the more visible ravages of tyranny and war, cities and villages reduced to scattered groups of black and rosyless houses, and the naked inhabitants sitting famished upon their desolate thresholds. I have conversed with living men of genius. The poetry of ancient Greece and Rome, and modern Italy, and our own country has been to me like external nature, a passion and a dream. Such are the sources from which I have drawn materials for the imagery of my Poem have been drawn. I have considered Poetry in its most comprehensive sense, and have read the Poets and the Historians, and the Metaphysicians; whose writings have been accessible to me, and have looked upon the beautiful and majestic scenery of the earth common sources of those elements which it is the province of the Poet to embody and combine. Yet the experience and the feelings to which I refer, do not in themselves constitute men Poets, but only

* I sought to exempt Sir W. Drummond's "Academical Questions: a volume of very acute and powerful metaphysical criticism.

† It is remarkable, as a symptom of the revival of public hope, that Mr. Malthus has assigned, in the later editions of his work, an indefinite dominion to moral restraint over the principle of population. This concession answers all the inferences from his doctrine unfavorable to human improvement, and reduces the "Essay on Population" to a commentary illustrative of the unanswerableness of "Political Justice."
prepares them to be the auditors of those who are. How far I shall be found to possess that more essential attribute of Poetry, the power of awakening in the sentiments like those which influence my own bosom, is that which, to speak sincerely, I know not; and which, with an acquiescent and contended spirit, I expect to be taught by the effect which I shall produce upon those whom I now address.

I have avoided, as I have said before, the imitation of any contemporary style. But there must be a resemblance which does not depend upon their own will, between all the writers of any particular age. They cannot escape from subjection to a common influence which arises out of an infinite combination of circumstances belonging to the times in which they live, though each is in a degree the author of the very influence by which his being is thus pervaded. Thus, the tragic Poets of the age of Pericles; the Italian revivers of ancient learning; those mighty intellects of our own country that succeeded the Reformation, the translators of the Bible, Shakespeare, Spenser, the Dramatists of the reign of Elizabeth, and Lord Bacon; the colder spirits of the interval that succeeded;—all, resemble each other, and differ from every other in their several classes. In this view of things, Ford can no more be called the imitator of Shakespeare, than Shakespeare the imitator of Ford. There were perhaps few other points of resemblance between these two men, than that which the universal and inevitable influence of their age produced. And this is an influence which neither the meanest scribbler, nor the sublimest genius of any era, can escape; and which I have not attempted to escape.

I have adopted the stanza of Spenser (a measure inexpressibly beautiful), not because I consider it a finer model of poetical harmony than the blank verse of Shakespeare and Milton, but because in the latter there is no shelter for mediocrity: you must either succeed or fail. This perhaps an aspiring spirit should desire. But I was enticed, also, by the brilliancy and magnificence of sound which a mind that has been nourished upon musical thoughts, can produce by a just and harmonious arrangement of the pauses of this measure. Yet there will be found some instances where I have completely failed in this attempt, and one, which I here request the reader to consider as an erratum, where there is left most inadvertently an alexandrine in the middle of a stanza. But in this, as in every other respect, I have written fearlessly. It is the misfortune of this age, that its Writers, too thoughtless of immortality, are excessively sensible to temporary praise or blame. They write with the fear of Reviews before their eyes. This system of criticism sprang up in that torpid interval when Poetry was not. Poetry, and the art which professes to regulate and limit its powers, cannot subsist together. Longinus could not have been the contemporary of Homer, nor Boileau of Horace. Yet this species of criticism never presumed to assert an understanding of its own: it has always, unlike true science, followed, not preceded the opinion of mankind, and would even now bire with worthless adulation some of our greatest Poets to impose gratuitous fetters on their own imaginations, and become unconscious accomplices in the daily murder of all genius either not so aspiring or not so fortunate as their own. I have sought therefore to write, as I believe that Homer, Shakespeare, and Milton wrote, with an utter disregard of anonymous censure. I am certain that calumny and misrepresentation, though it may move me to compassion, cannot disturb my peace. I shall understand the expressive silence of those sagacious enemies who dare not trust themselves to speak. I shall endeavor to extract from the midst of insult, and contempt, and maledictions, those admonitions which may tend to correct whatever imperfections such censurers may discover in this my first serious appeal to the Public. If certain Critics were as clear-sighted as they are malignant, how great would be the benefit to be derived from their virulent writings! As it is, I fear I shall be malicious enough to be amused with their paltry tricks and lame invectives. Should the Public judge that my composition is worthless, I shall indeed bow before the tribunal from which Milton received his crown of immortality, and shall seek to gather, if I live, strength from that defeat, which may nerve me to some new enterprise of thought which may not be worthless. I cannot conceive that Lucretius, when he meditated that poem whose doctrines are yet the bases of our metaphysicalknowledge, and whose eloquence has been the wonder of mankind, wrote in awe of such censure as the hired sophists of the impure and superstitious noblemen of Rome might affix to what he should produce. It was at the period when Greece was led captive, and Asia made tributary to the Republic, fast verging itself to slavery and ruin, that a multitude of Syrian captives, bigoted to the worship of their obscene Asharoth, and the unworthy successors of Socrates and Zeno, found there a precarious subsistence by administering, under the name of freedmen, to the vices and vanities of the great. These wretched men were skilled to plead, with a superficial but plausible set of sophisms, in favor of that contempt for virtue which is the portion of slaves, and that faith in portents, the most fatal substitute for benevolence in the imaginations of men, which arising from the enslaved communities of the East, then first began to overwhelm the western nations in its stream. Were these the kind of men whose disapprobation the wise and lofty-minded Lucretius should have regarded with a salutary ave? The latest and perhaps the meanest of those who follow in his footsteps, would disdain to hold life on such conditions.

The Poem now presented to the Public occupied little more than six months in the composition. That period has been devoted to the task with unremitting ardor and enthusiasm. I have exercised a watchful and earnest criticism on my work as it grew under my hands. I would willingly have sent it forth to the world with that perfection which long labor and revision is said to bestow. But I found that if I should gain something in exactness by this method, I might lose much of the newness and energy of imagery and language as it flowed fresh from my mind. And although the mere composition occupied no more than six months, the thoughts thus arranged were slowly gathered in as many years.

I trust that the reader will carefully distinguish between those opinions which have a dramatic propriety in reference to the characters which they are designed to elucidate, and such as are properly my own. The erroneous and degrading idea which men have conceived of a Supreme Being, for instance, is...
spoke against, but not the Supreme Being itself. The belief which some superstitious persons whom I have brought upon the stage entertain of the Deity, as injurious to the character of his benevolence, is widely different from my own. In recommending also a great and important change in the spirit which animates the social institutions of mankind, I have avoided all flattery to those violent and malignant passions of our nature, which are ever on the watch to mingle with and to alloy the most beneficial innovations. There is no quarter given to Revenge, or Envy, or Prejudice. Love is celebrated everywhere as the sole law which should govern the moral world.

DEDICATION.

There is no danger to a man, that knows What life and death is; there's not any law Exceede his knowledge; neither is it lawful That he should stoop to any other law. Chapman.

TO MARY.

1. So now my summer-task is ended, Mary, And I return to thee, mine own heart's home; As to his Queen some victor Knight of Faery, Earning bright spoils for her enchanted dome; Nor thou disdain, that ere my fame become A star among the stars of mortal night, If it indeed may cleave its natal gloom, Its doubtful promise thus I would unite With thy beloved name, thou Child of love and light.

2. The toil which stole from thee so many an hour, Is ended,—and the fruit is at thy feet! No longer where the woods to frame a bower With interlaced branches mix and meet, Or where with sound like many voices sweet, Water-falls leap among wild islands green, Which framed for my lone boat a lone retreat Of moss-grown trees and weeds, shall I be seen: But beside thee, where still my heart has ever been.

3. Thoughts of great deeds were mine, dear Friend, when first The clouds which wrap this world from youth did pass. I do remember well the hour which burst My spirit's sleep: a fresh May-dawn it was, When I walk'd forth upon the glittering grass, And wept, I knew not why; until there rose From the near school-room, voices, that is, alas! Were but one echo from a world of woes— The harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of foes.

4. And then I clas'd my hands and look'd around— But none was near to mock my streaming eyes, Which pour'd their warm drops on the sunny ground— So without shame, I spake: "I will be wise, And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies Such power, for I grow weary to behold The selfish and the strong still tyrannize Without reproach or check." I then controll'd My tears, my heart grew calm, and I was meek and bold.

5. And from that hour did I with earnest thought Heap knowledge from forbidden mines of lore, Yet nothing that my tyrants knew or taught I cared to learn, but from that secret store Wrought linked armor for my soul, before It might walk forth to war among mankind— Thus power and hope were strengthen'd more and more.

Within me, till there came upon my mind A sense of loneliness, a thirst with which I pined.

6. Alas, that love should be a blight and spare To those who seek all sympathies in one!— Such once I sought in vain; then black despair, The shadow of a starless night, was thrown Over the world in which I moved alone— Yet never found I one not false to me, Hard hearts, and cold, like weights of icy stone Which crush'd and wither'd mine, that could not be Aught but a lifeless clog, until revived by thee

7. Thou Friend, whose presence on my wintry heart Fell, like bright Spring upon some herbless plain; How beautiful and calm and free thou went In thy young wisdom, when the mortal chain Of Custom thou didst burst and rend in twain, And walked as free as light the clouds among, Which many an envious slave then breathed in vain From his dim dungeon, and my spirit sprung To meet thee from the woes which had begirt it long.

8. No more alone through the world's wilderness, Although I trod the paths of high intent. I journey'd now: no more companionless, Where solitude is like despair, I went— There is the wisdom of a stern content When Poverty can blight the just and good, When Infamy dares mock the innocent, And cherish'd friends turn with the multitude To trample: this was ours, and we unshaken stood.

9. Now has descended a serener hour, And with inconstant fortune, friends return; Though suffering leaves the knowledge and the power Which says:—Let scorn be not repaid with scorn And from thy side two gentle babes are born To fill our home with smiles, and thus are we Most fortunate beneath life's beaming morn; And these delights, and thou have been to me The parent's of the Song I consecrate to thee.

10. Is it, that now my inexperienced fingers But strike the prelude of a lothier strain? Or, must the lyre on which my spirit lingers Soon pause in silence, ne'er to sound again, Though it might shake the Anarch Custom's reign And charm the minds of men to Truth's own sweet Holier than was Amphion's? I would fain Reply in hope—but I am worn away. And Death and Love are yet contending for their pre
THE REVOLT OF ISLAM.

III.

So, as I stood, one blast of muttering thunder
Burst in far peaks along the waveless deep,
When, gathering fast, around, above and under,
Long trains of tumultuous mist began to creep,
Until their complicating lines did steep
The orient sun in shadow—not a sound
Was heard; one horrible repose did keep
The forests and the floods, and all around
Darkness more dread than night was pour’d upon
the ground.

IV.

Hark! ’tis the rushing of a wind that sweeps
Earth and the ocean. See! the lightnings yawn
Deluging Heaven with fire, and the lash’d deeps
Glitter and boil beneath: it rages on,
One mighty stream, whirlwind and waves upthrown,
Lightning, and hail, and darkness eddying by.
There is a pause—the sea-birds, that were gone
Into their caves to shrink, come forth, to spy
What calm has fall’n on earth, what light is in the sky.

V.

For, where the irresistible storm had cloven
That fearful darkness, the blue sky was seen
Fretted with many a fair cloud interwoven
Most delicately, and the ocean green,
Beneath that opening spot of blue serene,
Quivered like burning emerald: calm was spread
On all below; but far on high, between
Earth and the upper air, the vast clouds fled,
Countless and swift as leaves on autumn’s tempest shed.

VI.

For ever, as the war became more fierce
Between the whirlwinds and the rack on high,
That spot grew more serene; blue light did pierce
The woof of those white clouds, which seemed to lie
Far, deep, and motionless; while through the sky
The pallid semicircle of the moon
Past on, in slow and moving majesty;
Its upper horn array’d in mists, which soon
But slowly fled, like dew beneath the beams of noon.

VII.

I could not choose but gaze; a fascination
Dwelt in that moon, and sky, and clouds, which drew
My fancy thither, and in expectation
Of what I knew not, I remain’d—the hue
Of the white moon, amid that Heaven so blue,
Suddenly stain’d with shadow did appear;
A speck, a cloud, a shape, approaching grew,
Like a great ship in the sun’s sinking sphere
Beheld afar at sea, and swift it came near.

CANTO I.

When the last hope of trampled France had fail’d
Like a brief dream of unremaining glory,
From visions of despair I rose, and scaled
The peak of an aerial promontory,
Whose cavern’d base with the vext surge was hoary;
And saw the golden dawn break forth, and waken
Each cloud, and every wave—but transitory
The calm: for sudden, the firm earth was shaken,
as it by the last wreck its frame were overtaken.
VII.
A course precipitous, of dizzy speed,
Suspending thought and breath; a monstrous sight!
For in the air do I behold indeed
An Eagle and a Serpent wreathed in fight:—
And now relaxing its impetuous flight,
Before the aerial rock on which I stood,
The Eagle, hovering, wheel'd to left and right,
And hung with lingering wings over the flood,
And startled with its yells the wide air's solitude.

IX.
A shaft of light upon its wings descended,
And every golden feather gleam'd therein—
The Serpent's mail'd and many-color'd skin
Shone through the plumes its coals were twined within
By many a swollen and knotted fold, and high
And far, the neck receding lithe and thin,
Sustain'd a crested head, which warily
Shifted and glanced before the Eagle's stedfast eye.

X.
Around, around, in ceaseless circles wheeling
With clang of wings and scream, the Eagle sail'd
Incessantly—sometimes on high concealing
Its lessening orbs, sometimes as if it fell'd,
Droop'd through the air; and still it shriek'd and wail'd,
And casting back its eager head, with beak
And talon unremittingly assaul'd
The wreathed Serpent, who did ever seek
Upon his enemy's heart a mortal wound to wreak.

XI.
What life, what power, was kindled and arose
Within the sphere of that appalling fray!
For, from the encounter of those wondrous foes,
A vapor like the sea's suspended spray
Hung gather'd: in the void air, far away,
Float'd the shatter'd plumes; bright scales did leap,
Where'er the Eagle's talons made their way,
Like sparks into the darkness:—as they sweep,
Blood stains the snowy foam of the tumultuous deep.

XII.
Swift chances in that combat—many a check,
And many a change, a dark and wild turmoil;
Sometimes the Snake around his enemy's neck
Lock'd in stiff rings his adamantine coil,
Until the Eagle, faint with pain and toil,
Remitt'd his strong flight, and near the sea
Languidly Flutter'd, hopeless so to foil
His adversary, who then rear'd on high
His red and burning crest, radiant with victory.

XIII.
Then on the white edge of the bursting surge,
Where they had sunk together, would the Snake
Relax his suffocating grasp, and wounge
The wind with his wild writhings; far to break
That chain of torment, the vast bird would shake
The strength of his unconquerable wings
As in despair, and with his sinewy neck,
Dissolve in sudden shock those linked rings,
Then soar— as swift as smoke from a volcano springs.

XIV.
Wile baffled wile, and strength encounter'd strength,
Thus long, but unprevailing—the event
Of that portentous fight appear'd at length:
Until the lamp of day was almost spent
It had endured, when lifeless, stark, and rent,
Hung high that mighty Serpent, and at last
Fell to the sea, while o'er the continent,
With clang of wings and scream the Eagle past,
Heavily borne away on the exhausted blast.

XV.
And with it fled the tempest, so that ocean
And earth and sky shone through the atmosphere—
Only, 'twas strange to see the red commotion
Of waves like mountains o'er the sinking sphere
Of sunset sweep, and their fierce roar to hear
Amid the calm: down the steep path I wound
To the sea-shore—the evening was most clear
And beautiful, and there the sea I found
Calm as a cradled child in dreamless slumber bound.

XVI.
There was a Woman, beautiful as morning,
Sitting beneath the rocks, upon the sand
Of the waste sea—fair as one flower adorning
An icy wilderness—each delicate hand,
Lay cross'd upon her bosom, and the band
Of her dark hair had fall'n, and so she sate
Looking upon the waves; on the bare strand
Upon the sea-mark a small boat did wait,
Fair as herself; like Love by Hope left desolate.

XVII.
It seem'd that this fair Shape had look'd upon
That unimaginable sight, and now
That her sweet eyes were weary of the sun,
As brightly it illustrated her woe;
For in the tears which silently to flow
Paused not, its lustre hung: she watching aye
The foam-wreaths which the faint tide wove below
Upon the spangled sands, groan'd heavily,
And after every groan look'd up over the sea.

XVIII.
And when she saw the wounded Serpent make
His path between the waves, her lips grew pale,
Parted, and quiver'd; the tears ceased to break
From her immovable eyes; no voice of wail
Escaped her; but she rose, and on the gale
Loosening her star-bright robe and shadowy hair
Pour'd forth her voice; the caverns of the vale
That open'd to the ocean, caught it there,
And fill'd with silver sounds the overflowing air.

XIX.
She spake in language, whose strange melody
Might not belong to earth. I heard, alone,
What made its music more melodious be,
The pity and the love of every tone;
But to the Snake those accents sweet were known
His native tongue and hers; nor did he beat
The hoar spray Idly then, but winding on
Through the green shadows of the waves that met
Near to the shore, did pause beside her snowy feet—
XX.
Then on the sands the Woman sate again,
And wept and clasp'd her hands, and all between,
Renew'd the unintelligible strain
Of her melodious voice and eloquent mien;
And she unveil'd her bosom, and the green
And glancing shadows of the sea did play
O'er its marmoreal depth,—one moment seen.
For ere the next, the Serpent did obey
Her voice, and, coil'd in rest, in her embrace it lay.

XXI.
Then she arose, and smiled on me with eyes
Serene yet sorrowing, like that planet fair,
While yet the daylight lingering in the skies
Which cleaves with arrowy beams the dark-red air,
And said: To grieve is wise, but the despair
Was weak and vain which led thee here from sleep:
This shalt thou know, and more, if thou dost dare
With me and with this Serpent, o'er the deep,
A voyage divine and strange, companionship to keep.

XXII.
Her voice was like the wildest, saddest tone,
Yet sweet, of some loved voice heard long ago.
I wept. Shall this fair woman all alone
Over the sea with that fierce Serpent go?
His head is on her heart, and who can know
How soon he may devour his feeble prey?—
Such were my thoughts, when the tide 'gan to flow;
And that strange boat like the moon's shade did sway
Amid reflected stars that in the waters lay.

XXIII.
A boat of rare device, which had no sail
But its own curved prow of thin moonstone,
Wrought like a web of texture fine and frail
To catch those gentlest winds which are not known
To breathe, but by the steady speed alone,
With which it cleaves the sparkling sea; and now
We are embark'd, the mountains hang and frown
Over the starry deep that gleams below
A vast and dim expanse, as o'er the waves we go.

XXIV.
And as we sail'd, a strange and awful tale
That Woman told, like such mysterious dream
As makes the slumberer's cheek with wonder pale!
'Twas midnight, and around, a shoreless stream,
Wide ocean roll'd, when that majestic theme
Shrin'd in her heart found utterance, and she bent
Her looks on mine; those eyes a kindling beam
Of love divine into my spirit sent,
And ere her lips could move, made the air eloquent.

XXV.
Speak not to me, but hear! much shalt thou learn,
Much must remain unthought, and more untold,
In the dark Future's ever-flowing turn:
Know then, that from the depth of ages old
Two Powers o'er mortal things dominion hold
Ruling the world with a divided lot,
Immortal, all pervading, manifold,
Twin Genii, equal Gods—when life and thought
Sprang forth, they burst the womb of inessential Naught.

XXVI.
The earliest dweller of the world alone,
Stood on the verge of chaos: Lo! afar
O'er the wide wild abyss two meteors alone
Sprung from the depth of its tempestuous jar
A blood-red Comet and the Morning Star
Mingling their beams in combat—as he stood,
All thoughts within his mind waged mutual war
In dreadful sympathy,—when to the flood
That fair Star fell, he turn'd and shed his brother's blood.

XXVII.
Thus evil triumph'd, and the Spirit of evil,
One Power of many shapes which none may know
One Shape of many names; the Fiend did revel
In victory, reigning o'er a world of woe,
For the new race of man went to and fro,
Famish'd and homeless, loth to and loathing, wild,
And hating good—for his immortal foe,
He changed from starry shape, beauteous and mild
To a dire Snake, with man and beast unreconciled.

XXVIII.
The darkness lingering o'er the dawn of things,
Was Evil's breath and life: this made him strong
To soar aloft with overshadowing wings;
And the great Spirit of Good did crew among
The nations of mankind, and every tongue
Cursed and blasphemed him as he past; for none
Knew good from evil, though their names were hung
In mockery o'er the fane where many a groan,
As King, and Lord, and God, the conquering Fiend did own.

XXIX.
The fiend, whose name was Legion; Death, Decay,
Earthquake and Blight, and Want, and Madness pale,
Winged and wan diseases, an array
Numerous as leaves that strew the autumnal gale;
Poison, a snake in flowers, beneath the veil
Of food and mirth, hiding his mortal head;
And, without whom all these might naught avail,
Fear, Hatred, Faith, and Tyranny, who spread
Those subtle nets which snare the living and the dead.

XXX.
His spirit is their power, and they his slaves
In air, and light, and thought, and language dwell;
And keep their state from palaces to graves,
In all resorts of men—invisible,
But when, in ebon mirror, Nightmare fell
To tyrant or impostor bids them rise,
Black winged demon forms—who, from the hell,
His reign and dwelling beneath nether skies,
He loosens to their dark and blasting ministries.

XXXI.
In the world's youth his empire was as firm
As its foundations—soon the Spirit of Good,
Though in the likeness of a loathsome worm,
Sprang from the billows of the formless flood,
Which shrunk and fled; and with that fiend of blood
Renew'd the doubtful war—thrones their first hook,
And earth's immense and troubled multitude,
In hope on their own powers began to look,
And Fear, the demon pale, his sanguine shrine forsook.
XXXII.
Then Greece arose, and to its bards and sages,
In dream, the golden-pinion'd Genii came,
Even where they slept amid the night of ages,
Steeping their hearts in the divinest flame,
Which thy breath kindled, Power of holiest name!
And oft in cycles since, when darkness gave
New weapons to thy foe, their sunlike fame
Upon the combat shone—a light to save,
Like Paradise spread forth beyond the shadowy grave.

XXXIII.
Such is this conflict—when mankind doth strive
With its oppressors in a strife of blood,
Or when free thoughts, like lightnings, are alive;
And in each bosom of the multitude
Justice and truth, with custom's hydra brood,
Wage silent war;—when priests and kings assemble
In smiles or frowns their fierce disquietude,
When round pure hearts, a host of hopes assemble,
The Snake and Eagle meet—the world's foundations tremble!

XXXIV.
Thou hast beheld that fight—when to thy home
Thou dost return, sleep not its hearth in tears;
Though thou may'st hear that earth is now become
The tyrant's garbage, which to his compeers,
The vile reward of their dishonor'd years,
He will dividing give.—The victor Fiend
Omnipotent of yore, now quoits, and fears
His triumph dearly won, which soon will lend
An impulse swift and sure to his approaching end.

XXXV.
List, stranger, list! mine is a human form,
Like that thou wear'st—touch me—shrink not now!
My hand thou feel'st is not a ghost's, but warm
With human blood.—'T was many years ago,
Since first my thirsting soul aspired to know
The secrets of this wondrous world, when deep
My heart was pierced with sympathy, for woes
Which could not be mine own—and thought did keep
In dream, unnatural watch beside an infant's sleep.

XXXVI.
Woe could not be mine own, since far from men
I dwelt, a free and happy orphan child,
By the seashore, in a deep mountain glen;
And near the waves, and through the forests wild,
I roamed, to storm and darkness reconciled:
For I was calm while tempest shook the sky:
But when the breathless heavens in beauty smiled,
I wept, sweet tears, yet too tumultuously
For peace, and clasp'd my hands aloft in ecstasy.

XXXVII.
These were forebodings of my fate—before
A woman's heart beat in my virgin breast
It had been nurtured in divinest lore:
A dying poet gave me books, and blest
With wild but holy talk the sweet unrest
In which I watch'd him as he died away—
A youth with hoary hair—a fleeting guest
Of our lone mountains—and this lore did sway
My spirit like a storm, contending there alway.

XXXVIII.
Thus the dark tale which history doth unfold,
I knew, but not, methinks, as others know,
For they weep not; and Wisdom had unroll'd
The clouds which hide the gulf of mortal woe
To few can she that warning vision show,
For I loved all things with intense devotion;
So that when Hope's deep source in fullest flow,
Like earthquake did uplift the stagnant ocean
Of human thoughts—mine shook beneath the wide
emotion.

XXXIX.
When first the living blood through all these veins
Kindled a thought in sense, great France sprang forth,
And seized, as if to break, the ponderous chains
Which bind in woe the nations of the earth,
I saw, and started from my cottage hearth;
And to the clouds and waves in nameless gladness,
Shriek'd, till they caught immeasurable mirth—
And laugh'd in light and music; soon, sweet madness
Was pour'd upon my heart, a soft and thrilling sadness.

XL.
Deep slumber fell on me:—my dreams were fire
Soft and delightful thoughts did rest and hover
Like shadows o'er my brain; and strange desire,
The tempest of a passion, raging over
My tranquil soul, its depth with light did cover,
Which past; and calm, and darkness, sweeter far
Came—then I loved; but not a human lover!
For when I rose from sleep, the Morning Star
Shone through the woodbine wreaths which round
my casement were.

XLI.
'T was like an eye which seem'd to smile on me
I watch'd, till by the sun made pale, it sank
Under the billows of the heaving sea;
But from its beams deep love my spirit drank,
And to my brain the boundless world now shrunk
Into one thought—one image—yes, for ever!
Even like the day-spring, pour'd on vapors dank,
The beams of that one Star did shoot and quiver
Through my benighted mind—and were extinguish'd never.

XLII.
The day past thus: at night, methought in dream
A shape of speechless beauty did appear:
It stood like light on a careering stream
Of golden clouds which shook the atmosphere;
A winged youth, its radiant brow did wear
The Morning Star:—a wild dissolving bliss
Over my frame he breathed, approaching near,
And bent his eyes of kindling tenderness
Near mine, and on my lips impress'd a lingering kiss.

XLIII.
And said: a Spirit loves thee, mortal maiden,
How wilt thou prove thy worth? Then joy and she
Together fled, my soul was deeply laden,
And to the shore I went to muse and weep;
But as I moved, over my heart did creep
A joy less soft, but more profound and strong
Than my sweet dream; and it forbade to keep
The path of the sea-shore: that Spirit's tongue
Seem'd whispering in my heart, and bore my steag.

256
XLIV.
How, to that vast and peopled city led,
Which was a field of holy warfare then,
I walk'd among the dying and the dead,
And shared in fearless deeds with evil men.
Calm as an angel in the dragon's den—
How I braved death for liberty and truth,
And spurn'd at peace, and power, and fame; and when
Those hopes had lost the glory of their youth,
How sadly I return'd—might move the hearer's path.

XLV.
Warm tears throng fast! the tale may not be said—
Know then, that when this grief had been subdu'd,
I was not left, like others, cold and dead;
The Spirit whom I loved in solitude
Sustain'd his child: the tempest-shaken wood,
The waves, the fountains, and the hush of night—
These were his voice, and well I understood
His smile divine, when the calm sea was bright
With silent stars, and Heaven was breathless with delight.

XLVI.
In lonely glens amid the roar of rivers,
When the dim nights were moonless, have I known
Joys which no tongue can tell; my pale lip quivers
When thought revisits them:—know thou alone,
That after many wondrous years were flown,
I was awaken'd by a shriek of woe;
And over me a mystic robe was thrown,
I'hy viewless hands, and a bright star did glow
Before my steps—the Snake then met his mortal foe.

XLVII.
Thou fearest not then the Serpent on thy heart?
Fear it! she said, with brief and passionate cry,
And spake no more: that silence made me start—
I look'd, and we were sailing pleasantly,
Swift as a cloud between the sea and sky,
Beneath the rising moon seen far away;
Mountains of ice, like sapphire, piled on high,
Hemming the horizon round, in silence lay
On the still waters—these we did approach alway.

XLVIII.
And swift and swifter grew the vessel's motion,
So that a dizzy trance fell on my brain—
Wild music woke me; we had past the ocean
Which girds the pole, Nature's remotest reign—
And we glide fast o'er a bellucid plain
Of waters, azure with the noon-tide day.
Ethereal mountains shone around—a Fane
Stood in the midst, girt by green isles which lay
On the blue sanny deep, resplendent far away.

XLIX.
It was a Temple, such as mortal hand
Has never built, nor ecstasy, nor dream,
Rear'd in the cities of enchanted land:
'T was likest Heaven, ere yet its purple stream
Ebb'd o'er the western forest, while the gleam
Of the unrisen moon among the clouds
Is gathering—when with many a golden beam
The thronging constellations rush in crowds;
Paving with fire the sky and the mornoreal floods.

L.
Like what may be conceived of this vast dome,
When from the depths which thought can seldom pierce,
Genius beholds it rise, its native home,
Girt by the deserts of the Universe,
Yet, nor in painting's light, or mightier verse,
Or sculpture's marble language can invest
That shape to mortal sense—such glooms immerge
That incommunicable sight, and rest
Upon the laboring brain and overburthen'd breast.

LI.
Winding among the lawny islands fair,
Whose bloomy forests starr'd the shadowy deep,
The wingless boat passed where an ivory stair
Its fretwork in the crystal sea did steep,
Encircling that vast Fane's aerial heap:
We disembark'd, and through a portal wide
We pass'd—whose roof of moonstone carved, did keep
A glimmering o'er the forms on every side;
Sculptures like life and thought; immovable, deep-eyed.

LII.
We came to a vast hall, whose glorious roof
Was diamond, which had drunk the lightning's sheen
In darkness, and now pour'd it through the roof
Of spell-inwoven clouds hung there to screen
Its blinding splendor—through such veil was seen
That work of subllest power, divine and rare;
Orb above orb, with starry shapes between,
And horned moons, and meteors strange and fair,
On night-black columns poised—one hollow hemisphere!

LIII.
Ten thousand columns in that quivering light
Distinct—between whose shafts wound far away
The long and labyrinthine aisles—more bright
With their own radiance than the Heaven of Day;
And on the jasper walls around, there lay
Paintings, the poesy of mightiest thought,
Which did the Spirit's history display;
A tale of passionate change, divinely taught,
Which, in their winged dance, unconscious Genii wrought.

LIV.
Beneath, there sate on many a sapphire throne,
The Great, who had departed from mankind,
A mighty Senate,—some, whose white hair shone
Like mountain snow, mild, beautiful, and blind.
Some, female forms, whose gestures beam'd with mind;
And ardent youths, and children bright and fair;
And some had lyres whose strings were intertwined
With pale and clinging flames, which ever there
Waked faint yet thrilling sounds that pierced the crystal air.

LV.
One seat was vacant in the midst, a throne,
Rear'd on a pyramid like sculptured flame,
Distinct with circling steps which rested on
Their own deep fire—soon as the Woman came
Into that hall, she shriek'd the Spirit's name
And fell; and vanished slowly from the sight.
Darkness arose from her dissolving frame,
Which gathering, fill'd that dome of woven light,
Blotting its spherical stars with supernatural night.
LVI.
Then first, two glittering lights were seen to glide
In circles on the amethystine floor,
Small serpent eyes trailing from side to side,
Like meteors on a river's grassy shore.
They round each other roll'd, dilating more
And more—then rose, conningling into one,
One clear and mighty planet hanging o'er
A cloud of deepest shadow, which was thrown
Athwart the glowing steps and the crystalline throne.

LVII.
The cloud which rested on that cone of flame
Was cloven; beneath the planet sate a Form,
Fairer than tongue can speak or thought may frame,
The radiance of whose limbs rose-like and warm
Flow'd forth, and did with softest light inform
The shadowy dome, the sculptures, and the state
Of those assembled shapes—with clinging charm
Sinking upon their hearts and mine—He sate
Majestic, yet most mild—calm, yet compassionate.

LVIII.
Wonder and joy a passing faintness threw
Over my brow—a hand supported me,
Whose touch was magic strength: an eye of blue
Look'd into mine, like moonlight, soothingly;
And a voice said—You must a listener be
This day—two mighty Spirits now return,
Like birds of calm, from the world's raging sea,
They pour fresh light from Hope's immortal urn;
A tale of human power—despair not—list and learn!

LIX.
I look'd, and lo! one stood forth eloquently,
His eyes were dark and deep, and the clear brow
Which shadow'd them was like the morning sky,
The cloudless Heaven of Spring, when in their flow
Through the bright air, the soft winds as they blow
Wake the green world—his gestures did obey
The oracular mind that made his features glow,
And where his curved lips half open lay,
Passion's divinest stream had made impetuous way.

LX.
Beneath the darkness of his outspread hair
He stood thus beautiful: but there was One
Who sate beside him like his shadow there,
And held his hand—far lovelier—she was known
To be thus fair, by the few lines alone
Which through her floating locks and gather’d cloak,
Glances of soul-dissolving glory, shone—
None else beheld her eyes—in him they woke
Memories which found a tongue, as thus he silence broke.

CANTO II.

I.
The starlight smile of children, the sweet looks
Of women, the fair breast from which I fed,
The murmur of the unrepining brooks,
And the green light which, shifting overhead,
Some tangled bower of vines around me shed,
The shells on the sea-sand, and the wild flowers,
The lamp-light through the rafters cheerily spread
And on the twining flax—in life's young hours
These sights and sounds did nurse my spirit's folded powers.

II.
In Argolis, beside the echoing sea,
Such impulses within my mortal frame
Arose, and they were dear to memory,
Like tokens of the dead:—but others came
Soon, in another shape: the wondrous fame
Of the past world, the vital words and deeds
Of minds whom neither time nor change can tame
Traditions dark and old, whence evil creeds
Start forth, and whose dim shade a stream of poison feeds.

III.
I heard, as all have heard, the various story
Of human life, and wept unwilling tears.
Feeble historians of its shame and glory,
False disputants on all its hopes and fears,
Victims who worshipp'd ruin,—chroniclers
Of daily scorn, and slaves who loathed their state;
Yet flattering power had given its ministers
A throne of judgment in the grave:—twas fate,
That among such as these my youth should seek its mate.

IV.
The land in which I lived, by a fell bane
Was wither'd up. Tyrants dwelt side by side,
And stabled in our homes,—until the chain
Stifled the captive's cry, and to abide
That blasting curse men had no shame—all vied
In evil, slave and despot; fear with lust,
Strange fellowship through mutual hate had tied,
Like two dark serpents tangled in the dust,
Which on the paths of men their mingling poison thrust.

V.
Earth, our bright home, its mountains and its waters
And the ethereal shapes which are suspended
Over its green expanse, and those fair daughters,
The clouds, of Sun and Ocean, who have blended
The colors of the air since first extended
It cradled the young world, none wander'd forth
To see or feel: a darkness had descended
On every heart: the light which shows its worth
Must among gentle thoughts and fearless take its birth.
VI.
This vital world, this home of happy spirits,
Was as a dungeon to my blasted kind.
All that despair from murder'd hope inherits
They sought, and in their helpless misery blind,
A deeper prison and heavier chains did find,
And stronger tyrants—a dark gulf before,
The realm of a stern Ruler, yawn'd; behind,
Terror and Time conflicting drove, and bore
On their tempestuous flood the shrieking wretch from shore.

VII.
Out of that Ocean's wrecks had Guilt and Woe
Framed a dark dwelling for their homeless thought,
And, starting at the ghosts which to and fro
 Glide o'er its dim and gloomy strand, had brought
The worship thence which they each other taught,
Well might men loathe their life, well might they turn
Even to the hills again from which they sought
Such refuge after death,—well might they learn
To gaze on this fair world with hopeless unconcern!

VIII.
For they all pined in bondage; body and soul,
Tyrant and slave, victim and torturer, bent
Before one Power, to which supreme control
Over their will by their own weakness lent
Made all its many names omnipotent;
All symbols of things evil, all divine;
And hymns of blood or mockery, which rent
The air from all its fanes, did intertwine
Imposture's impious toils round each discordant shrine.

IX.
I heard, as all have heard, life's various story,
And in no careless heart transcribed the tale;
But, from the sneers of men who had grown hoary
In shame and scorn, from groans of crowds made pale
By famine, from a mother's desolate wail
O'er her polluted child, from innocent blood
Pour'd on the earth, and brow's anxious and pale
With the heart's warfare; did I gather food
To feed my many thoughts—a tameless multitude!

X.
I wander'd through the wrecks of days departed
Far by the desolate shore, when even
O'er the still sea and jagged islets darted
The light of moonrise; in the northern Heaven,
Among the clouds near the horizon driven
The mountains lay beneath one planet pale;
Around me, broken tombs and columns riven
Look'd vast in twilight, and the sorrowing gale
Waked in those ruins gray its everlasting wail!

XI.
I knew not who had framed these wonders then.
Nor had I heard the story of their deeds;
But dwellings of a race of mightier men,
And monuments of less ungentle creeds
Tell their own tale to him who wisely heeds
The language which they speak; and now, to me
The moonlight making pale the blooming weeds,
The bright stars shining in the breathless sea,
Interpreted those scrolls of mortal mystery.

XII.
Such man has been, and such may yet become!
Ay, wiser, greater, gentler, even than they
Who on the fragments of you shattered's dome
Have stamp'd the sign of power—I felt the away
Of the vast stream of ages bear away
My floating thoughts—my heart beat loud and fast—
Even as a storm let loose beneath the ray
Of the still moon, my spirit onward past
Beneath Truth's steady beams upon its tumult cast.

XIII.
. . . It shall be thus no more! too long, too long,
Sons of the glorious dead! have ye lain bound
In darkness and in ruin.—Hope is strong,
Justice and Truth their winged child have found—
Awake! arise! until the mighty sound
Of your career shall scatter in its gust
The thrones of the oppressor, and the ground
Hide the last altar unregarded dust.
Whose Idol has so long betray'd your impious trust.

XIV.
It must be so—I will arise and waken
The multitude, and like a sulphurous hill,
Which on a sudden from its snows has shaken
The sown of ages, it shall burst and fill
The world with cleansing fire; it must, it will—
It may not be restrain'd!—and who shall stand
Amid the rocking earthquake stedfast still,
But Laon? on high Freedom's desert land
A tower whose marble walls the leagued storms withstand!

XV.
One summer night, in commune with the hope
Thus deeply fed, amid those rains gray
I watch'd, beneath the dark sky's starry cope;
And ever from that hour upon me lay
The burthen of this hope, and night or day,
In vision or in dream, close to my breast:
Among mankind, or when gone far away
To the lone shores and mountains, 'twas a guest,
Which follow'd where I fled, and watch'd when I did rest.

XVI.
These hopes found words through which my spirit sought
To weave a bondage of such sympathy,
As might create some response to the thought
Which ruled me now—and as the vapors lie
Bright in the outspread morning's radiancy,
So were these thoughts invested with the light of language; and all bosoms made reply
On which its lustre stream'd, whene'er it might
Thro' darkness wide and deep those tranced spirits smile.

XVII.
Yes, many an eye with dizzy tears was dim,
And oft I thought to clasp my own heart's brother,
When I could feel the listener's senses swim,
And hear his breath its own swift gaspings smoother
Even as my words evoked them—and another,
And yet another, I did fondly deem,
Felt that we all were sons of one great mother;
And the cold truth such sad reverse did seem,
As to awake in grief from some delightful dream.
SHELLEY'S POETICAL WORKS.

XVIII.
Yes, oft beside the ruin'd labyrinth
Which skirts the hoary caves of the green deep,
Did Leon and his friend on one gray plinth,
Round whose worn base the wild waves hiss and leap,
Resting at eve, a lofty converse keep;
And that this friend was false, may now be said
Calmly—that he like other men could weep
Tears which are lies, and could betray and spread
Snares for that guileless heart which for his own had bled.

XIX.
Then, had no great aim recompensed my sorrow,
I must have sought dark respite from its stress,
In dreamless rest, in sleep that sees no morrow—
For to tread life's dismaying wilderness
Without one smile to cheer, one voice to bless,
Amid the snares and snares of human-kind,
Is hard—but I betray'd it not, nor less
With love that scorn'd return, sought to unbend
The interwoven clouds which make its wisdom blind.

XX.
With deathless minds which leave where they have past
A path of light, my soul communion knew;
Till from that glorious intercourse, at last,
As from a mine of magic store, I drew
Words which were weapons; round my heart there grew
The adamantine armor of their power,
And from my fancy wings of golden hue
Sprang forth—yet not alone from wisdom's tower,
A minister of truth, these plumes young Leon bore.

XXI.
An orphan with my parents lived, whose eyes
Were load-stars of delight, which drew me home
When I might wander for'th; nor did I prize
Aught human thing beneath Heaven's mighty dome.
Beyond this child: so when sad hours were come,
And baffled hope like ice still chung to me,
Since kin were cold, and friends had now become
Heartless and false, I turn'd from all; to be,
Cythna, the only source of tears and smiles to thee.

XXII.
What wert thou then? A child most infantine,
Yet wandering far beyond that innocent age
In all but its sweet looks and mien divine;
Even then, methought, with the world's tyrant rage
A patient warfare thy young heart did wage,
When those soft eyes of scarcely conscious thought,
Some tale, or thine own fancies would engage
To overflow with tears, or converse fraught
With passion, o'er their depths its fleeting light had wrought.

XXIII.
She moved upon this earth a shape of brightness,
A power, that from its objects scarcely drew
One impulse of her being—in her lightness
Most like some radiant cloud of morning dew,
Which wanders through the waste air's pathless blue,
To nourish some far desert; she did seem
Beside me, gathering beauty as she grew,
Like the bright shade of some immortal dream
Which walks, when tempest sleeps, the wave of life's dark stream.

XXIV.
As mine own shadow was this child to me,
A second self, far dearer and more fair;
Which clothed in undissolving radiance
All those steep paths which languor and despair
Of human things, had made so dark and bare,
But which I trod alone—not, till bereft
Of friends, and overcome by lonely care,
Knew I what solace for that loss was left,
Though by a bitter wound my trusting heart was cleft.

XXV.
Once she was dear, now she was all I had
To love in human life—this playmate sweet,
This child of twelve years old—so she was made
My sole associate, and her willing feet
Wander'd with mine where earth and ocean meet,
Beyond the aerial mountains whose vast cells
The unreposing billows ever beat,
Through forest wide and old, and lawny dells,
Where bought of incense droop over the emerald wells.

XXVI.
And warm and light I felt her clasping hand
When twined in mine: she follow'd where I went,
Through the lone paths of our immortal land.
It had no waste, but some memorial lent
Which strung me to my toil—some monument
Vital with mind: then, Cythna by my side,
Until the bright and beaming day were spent,
Would rest, with looks entertaining to abide,
Too earnest and too sweet ever to be denied.

XXVII.
And soon I could not have refused her—thus
For ever, day and night, we two were ne'er parted, but when brief sleep divided us:
And when the pauses of the furling air
Of noon beside the sea, had made a lair
For her soothed senses, in my arms she slept,
And I kept watch over her slumbers there,
While, as the shifting visions o'er her swept,
Amid her innocent rest by turns she smiled and wept.

XXVIII.
And, in the murmur of her dreams was heard
Sometimes the name of Leon—suddenly
She would arise, and like the secret bird
Whom sunset wakens, fill the shore and sky
With her sweet accents—a wild melody!
Hymns which my soul had woven to Freedom strong
The source of passion whence they rose, to be;
Triumphant strains, which, like a spirit's tongue
To the enchanted waves that child of glory sung.

XXIX.
Her white arms lifted through the shadowy wreath
Of her loose hair—oh, excellently great
Seem'd to me then my purpose, the vast theme
Of those impassion'd songs, when Cythna sate
Amid the calm which rapture doth create
After its tumult, her heart vibrating,
Her spirit o'er the ocean's floating state
From her deep eyes far wandering, on the wing
Of visions that were mine, beyond its utmost spri.
XXX.

For, before Cythna loved it, had my song
Peopled with thoughts the boundless universe,
A mighty congregation, which were strong
Where'er they trod the darkness to dispense
The cloud of that unutterable curse
Which clings upon mankind:—all things became
Slaves to my holy and heroic verse,
Earth, sea and sky, the planets, life and fame
and fate, or what'er else binds the world's wondrous frame.

XXXI.

And this beloved child thus felt the sway
Of my conceptions, gathering like a cloud
The very wind on which it rolls away:
Hers too were all my thoughts, ere yet endow'd
With music and with light, their fountains flow'd
In poesy; and her still and earnest face,
Pallid with feelings which intensely glow'd.
Within, was turn'd on mine with speechless grace,
atching the hopes which there her heart had learn'd
to trace.

XXXII.

In me, communion with this purest being
Kindled intenser zeal, and made me wise
In knowledge, which in hers mine own mind seeing
Left in the human world few mysteries:
How without fear of evil or disguise
Was Cythna!—what a spirit strong and mild,
Which death, or pain or peril could despise,
Yet melt in tenderness! what genius wild,
It mightily, was inclosed within one simple child!

XXXIII.

New lore was this—old age with its gray hair,
And wrinkled legends of unworthy things,
And icy sneers, is taught: it cannot dare
To burst the chains which life for ever flings
On the entangled soul's aspiring wings,
So is it cold and cruel, and is made
The careless slave of that dark power which brings
Evil, like blight on man, who, still betray'd,
Who's o'er the grave in which his living hopes are laid.

XXXIV.

Nor are the strong and the severe to keep
The empire of the world: thus Cythna taught
Even in the visions of her eloquent sleep,
Unconscious of the power through which she wrought
The woof of such intelligible thought,
As from the tranquil strength which cradled lay
In her smile-peopled rest, her spirit sought
Why the deceiver and the slave has sway
or heralds so divine of truth's arising day.

XXXV.

Within that fairest form, the female mind
Untainted by the poison-clouds which rest
on the dark world, a sacred home did find:
But else, from the wide earth's maternal breast,
Victorious Evil, which had dissipest
All native power, had those fair children torn,
And made them slaves to soothe his vile unrest,
And minister to lust its joys forlorn,
ill they had learn'd to breathe the atmosphere of scorn.

XXXVI.

This misery was but coldly felt, till she
Became my only friend, who had indued
My purpose with a wider sympathy;
Thus, Cythna mourn'd with me the servitude
In which the half of human-kind were mew'd,
Victims of lust and hate, the slaves of slaves.
She mourn'd that grace and power were thrown
as food
To the hyena Lust, who, among graves,
Over his loathed meal, laughing in agony, raves.

XXXVII.

And I, still gazing on that glorious child.
Even as these thoughts flash'd o'er her.—Cythna sweet,
Well with the world art thou unreconciled:
Never will peace and human nature meet
Till free and equal man and woman greet
Domestic peace; and ere this power can make
In human hearts its calm and holy seat:
This slavery must be broken."—As I spake,
From Cythna's eyes a light of exultation brake.

XXXVIII.

She replied earnestly:—"It shall be mine,
This task, mine, Laon!—thou hast much to gain;
Nor wilt thou at poor Cythna's pride repine,
If she should lead a happy female train
To meet thee over the rejoicing plain,
When myriads at thy call shall throng around
The Golden City."—Then the child did strain
My arm upon her tremulous heart, and wound
Her own about my neck, till some reply she found.

XXXIX.

I smiled and spake not:—"Wherefore dost thou smile
At what I say! Laon, I am not weak,
And though my cheek might become pale the while,
With thee, if thou desirest, will I seek
Through their army of bounden slaves to wreak
Ruins upon the tyrants. I had thought
It was more hard to turn my unpractised cheek
To scorn and shame, and this beloved spot
And thee. O dearest friend, to leave and murmur not.

XL.

"Whence came I what I am? thou, Laon, knowest
How a young child should thus undaunted be;
Methinks, it is a power which thou bestowest,
Through which I seek, by most resembling thee,
So to become most good, and great and free,
Yet far beyond this Ocean's utmost roar
In towers and huts are many like to me,
Who, could they see thine eyes, or feel such lore
As I have learnt from them, like me would fear no more.

XLI.

"Think'st thou that I shall speak unskillfully.
And none will heed me? I remember now,
How once, a slave in tortures doom'd to die,
Was saved, because in accents sweet and low
He sung a song his Judge loved long ago,
As he was led to death.—All shall relent
Who hear me—tears as mine have flow'd, shall flow,
Hearts beat as mine now beats, with such intent
As renovates the world; a will omnipotent!
XLII. 
"Yes, I will tread Pride’s golden palaces,
Through Penury’s roofless huts and squallid cells
Will I descend, where’er in abjectness
Woman with some vile slave her tyrant dwells.
There with the music of thine own sweet spells
Will disenchant the captives, and will pour
For the despairing, from the crystal walls
Of thy deep spirit, reason’s mighty lore,
And power shall then abound, and hope arise once more.

XLIII. 
"Can man be free if woman be a slave?
Chain one who lives, and breathes this boundless air
To the corruption of a closed grave!
Can they whose mates are beasts, condemn’d to bear
Scorn, heavier far than toil or anguish, dare
To trample their oppressors? in their home
Among their babes, thou knowest a curse would wear
The shape of woman—hoary crime would come
Behind, and fraud rebuild Religion’s tottering dome.

XLIV. 
"I am a child—I would not yet depart.
When I go forth alone, bearing the lamp
Aloft which thou hast kindled in my heart,
Millions of slaves from many a dungeon damp
Shall leap in joy, as the benumbing cramp
Of ages leaves their limbs—no ill may harm
Thy Cythna ever—truth its radiant stamp
Has fix’d, as an invulnerable charm
Upon her children’s brow, dark falsehood to disarm.

XLV. 
"Wait yet awhile for the appointed day—
Thou wilt depart, and I with tears shall stand
Watching thy dim sail skirt the ocean gray;
Amid the dwellers of this lonely land
I shall remain alone—and thy command
Shall then dissolve the world’s unquiet trance,
And, multitudinous as the desert sand
Borne on the storm, its millions shall advance,
Thronging round thee, the light of their deliverance.

XLVI. 
"Then, like the forests of some pathless mountain,
Which from remotest glens two warring winds
Involv’d in fire, which not the lozen’d fountain
Of broadest floods might quench, shall all the kinds
Of evil, catch from our uniting minds
The spark which must consume them;—Cythna then
Will have cast off the impotence that binds
Her childhood now, and through the paths of men
Will pass, as the charm’d bird that haunts the serpent’s den.

XLVII. 
"We part!—O Laon, I must dare nor tremble
To meet these looks no more!—Oh, heavy stroke,
Sweet brother of my soul! can I assemble
The agony of this thought?"—As thus she spoke
The gather’d sobs her quivering accents broke,
And in my arms she hid her beating breast.
I remain’d still for tears—sudden she woke
As one awakes from sleep, and wildly prest
My bosom, her whole frame impetuously posses.

XLVIII. 
"We part to meet again—but you blue waste,
Yon desert wide and deep holds no recess,
Within whose happy silence, thus embraced
We might survive all ills in one caress:
Nor doth the grave—I fear ‘tis passionless—
Nor yon cold yacent Heaven—we meet again
Within the minds of men, whose lips shall blest
Our memory, and whose hopes its light retain
When these disserv’d bones are trodden in the plain."

XLIX. 
I could not speak, though she had ceased, for mirth
The fountains of her feeling, swift and deep,
Seem’d to suspend the tumult of their flow;
So we arose, and by the starlight steep
Went homeward—neither did we speak nor weep.
But pale, were calm with passion—thus subdue.
Like evening shades that o’er the mountains creep
We moved towards our home; where, in this me
Each from the other sought refuge in solitude.

CANTO III.

I.
What thoughts had sway o’er Cythna’s lo
slumber
That night, I know not; but my own did see
As if they might ten thousand years outnum
Of waking life, the visions of a dream.
Which hid in one dim gulf the troubled strea
Of mind; a boundless chaos wild and vast,
Whose limits yet were never memory’s threa
And I lay struggling as its whirlwinds past,
Sometimes for rapture sick, sometimes for pain ag

II.
Two hours, whose mighty circle did embrace
More time than might make gray the infant’s
Roll’d thus, a weary and tumultuous space;
When the third came, like mist on brestes a
From my dim sleep a shadow was unfurl’d:
Methought, upon the threshold of a cave
I sate with Cythna; drooping briony, pearl’d
With dew from the wild streamlet’s shatter’d t
Hung, where we sate to taste the joys which 
gave.

III.
We lived a day as we were wont to live,
But Nature had a robe of glory on,
And the bright air o’er every shape did we
Intenser hue, so that the herbless stone,
The leafless bough among the leaves alone,
Had being clearer than its own could be,
And Cythna’s pure and radiant self was sh
In this strange vision, so divine to me,
That if I loved before, now love was agony.
IV.
Morn fled, noon came, evening, then night descended,
And we prolong'd calm talk beneath the sphere
Of the calm moon—when suddenly was blended
With our reposè a nameless sense of fear;
And from the cave behind I seem'd to hear
Sounds gathering upwards!—accents incomplete,
And stifled shrieks,—and now, more near and near,
A tumult and a rush of thronging feet
To cavern's secret depths beneath the earth did beat.

V.
The scene was changed, and away, away, away!
Through the air and over the sea we sped,
And Cythna in my sheltering bosom lay,
And the winds bore me,—through the darkness spread
Around, the gaping earth then vomited
Legions of foul and ghastly shapes, which hung
Upon my flight; and ever, as we fled,
They pluck'd at Cythna—soon to me then clung
 Sense of actual things those monstrous dreams among.

VI.
And I lay struggling in the impotence
Of sleep, while outward life had burst its bond,
Though, still deluded, strove the tortured sense
to dire wanderings to adapt the sound
Which in the light of morn was pour'd around
Our dwelling—breathless, pale, and unaware
Rose, and all the cottage crowded round
With armed men, whose glittering swords were bare,
Whose degraded limbs the tyrant's garb did wear.

VII.
And ere with rapid lips and gather'd brow
Could demand the cause—a feeble shriek—
I was a feeble shriek, faint, far and low,
Arrested me—my mien grew calm and meek,
And grasping a small knife, I went to seek
That voice among the crowd—'t was Cythna's cry!
Beneath most calm resolve did agony wreak
In whirlwind rage—to me past quietly
If beheld, where bound, that dearest child did lie.

VIII.
Stared to behold her, for delight
And exultation, and a joyance free,
Solemn, serene and lofty, fill'd the light
Of the calm smile with which she look'd on me:
So that I fear'd some brainless ecstasy,
Wrought from that bitter woe, had wilder'd her—
'Farewell! farewell!' she said, as I drew nigh.
At first my peace was marr'd by this strange stir,
So I am calm as truth—its chosen minister.

IX.
Look not so, Laon—say farewell in hope,
These bloody men are but the slaves who bear
Their mistress to her task—it was my scope
The slavery where they drag me now, to share,
And among captives willing chains to wear
While—tis the rest thou knowest—return, dear friend!
Let our first triumph trample the despair
Which would ensnare us now, for in the end,
Victory or in death our hopes and fears must blend.'

X.
These words had fallen on my unheeding ear,
Whilst I had watch'd the motions of the crew
With seeming careless glance; not many were
Around her, for their comrades just withdrew
To guard some other victim—so I drew
My knife, and with one impulse, suddenly
All unaware three of their number slew,
And grasped a fourth by the throat, and with loud cry
My countrymen invoked to death or liberty!

XI.
What follow'd then, I know not—for a stroke
On my raised arm and naked head, came down,
Filling my eyes with blood—when I awoke,
I felt that they had bound me in my sown,
And up a rock which overhangs the town,
By the steep path were bearing me: below,
The plain was fill'd with slaughter,—overthrown
The vineyards and the harvests, and the glow
Of blazing roofs shone far o'er the white Ocean's flow.

XII.
Upon that rock a mighty column stood,
Whose capitol seemed sculptured in the sky,
Which to the wanderers o'er the solitude
Of distant seas, from ages long gone by,
Had made a landmark: o'er its height to fly
Scarcely the cloud, the vulture, or the blast
Has power—and when the shades of evening lie
On Earth and Ocean, its carved summits cast
The sunken daylight far through the aerial waste.

XIII.
They bore me to a cavern in the hill
Beneath that column, and unbound me there:
And one did strip me stark; and one did fill
A vessel from the putrid pool; one bare
A lighted torch, and four with friendless care
Guided my steps the cavern-paths along,
Then up a steep and dark and narrow stair
We wound, until the torches' fiery tongue
Amid the gushing day beamless and pallid hung.

XIV.
They raised me to the platform of the pile,
That column's dizzy height—the grate of brass
Through which they thrust me, open stood the while,
As to its ponderous and suspended mass,
With chains which eat into the flesh, alas!
With brazen links, my naked limbs they bound:
The grate, as they departed to repose,
With horrid clangor fell, and the far sound
Of their retiring steps in the dense gloom was drown'd.

XV.
The noon was calm and bright—around that column
The overhanging sky and circling sea
Spread forth in stillness profound and solemn
The darkness of brief frenzy cast on me,
So that I knew not my own misery:
The islands and the mountains in the day
Like clouds reposed afar; and I could see
The town among the woods below that lay,
And the dark rocks which bound the bright and glassy bay.

263
XVI.

It was so calm, that scarce the feathery weed
Sown by some eagle on the topmost stone
Swayed in the air:—so bright, that noon did bred
No shadow in the sky beside mine own—
Mine, and the shadow of my chain alone.
Below the smoke of roofs involved in flame
Rested like night, all else was clearly shown
In that broad glare, yet sound to me none came,
But of the living blood that ran within my frame.

XVII.

The peace of madness fled, and ah, too soon!
A ship was lying on the sunny main,
Its sails were flagging in the breathless noon—
Its shadow lay beyond—that sight again
Waked, with its presence, in my tranced brain
The stings of a known sorrow, keen and cold:
I knew that ship bore Cythna over the plain
Of waters, to her blighting slavery sold,
And watch'd it with such thoughts as must remain
untold.

XVIII.

I watch'd, until the shades of evening wrapt
Earth like an exhalation—then the bark
Moved, for that calm was by the sunset snapt.
It moved a speck upon the Ocean dark:
Soon the wan stars came forth, and I could mark
Its path no more!—I sought to close mine eyes,
But like the bulls, their lids were still and stark;
I would have risen, but ere that I could rise,
My parched skin was split with piercing agonies.

XIX.

I gnaw'd my brazen chain, and sought to sever
Its adamantite links, that I might die:
O Liberty! forgive the base endeavor,
Forgive me, if reserved for victory,
The Champion of thy faith e'er sought to fly—
That starry night, with its clear silence, sent
Tameless resolve which laugh'd at misery
Into my soul—linked remembrance lent
To that such power, to me such a severe content.

XX.

To breathe, to be, to hope, or to despair
And die, I question'd not; nor, though the Sun
Its shafts of agony kindling through the air
Moved over me, nor through evening dun,
Or when the stars their visible courses run,
Or morning, the wide universe was spread
In dreary calmness round me, did I shun
Its presence, nor seek refuge with the dead
From one faint hope whose flower a dropping poison shed.

XXI.

Two days thus past—I neither raved nor died—
Thirst raged within me, like a scorpion's nest
Built in mine entrails: I had spurn'd aside
The water-vessel, while despair posset
My thoughts, and now no drop remain'd! the uprest
Of the third sun brought hunger—but the crust
Which had been left, was to my craving breast
Fuel, not food. I chew'd the bitter dust,
And bit my bloodless arm, and lick'd the brazen rust.

XXII.

My brain began to fail when the fourth morn
Burst o'er the golden isles—a fearful sleep,
Which through the caverns dreary and forlorn
Of the riven soul, sent its soul dreams to sweep
With whirlwind swiftness—a full and deep;
A gulf, a void, a sense of senselessness—
These things dwelt in me, even as shadows keep
Their watch in some dim charnel's loneliness,
A shoreless sea, a sky sunless and planetless!

XXIII.

The forms which peopled this terrific trance
I well remember,—like a quire of devils,
Around me they involved a giddy dance:
Legions seem'd gathering from the misty level
Of Ocean, to supply those ceaseless revels,
Foul, ceaseless shadows—thought could not div
The actual world from these entangling evils,
Which so bemock'd themselves, that I descried
All shapes like mine own self, hideously multiplying

XXIV.

The sense of day and night, of false and true,
Was dead within me. Yet two visions burst
That darkness—one, as since that hour I knew
Was not a phantom of the realms accurst,
Where then my spirit dwelt—but of the first
I know not yet, was it a dream or no.
But both, though not distinct, were immense
In hues which, when through memory's waste we flow,
Made their divided streams more bright and rapid

XXV.

I methought that gate was lifted, and the seven
Who brought me thither, four stiff corpses bare;
And from the frieze to the four winds of Hea
Hung them on high by the entangled hair:
Swarthy were three—the fourth was very fair
As they retired, the golden moon upsprung.
And eagerly, out in the giddy air,
Leaning that I might eat, I stretch'd and clung
Over the shapeless depth in which those corpses lay

XXVI.

A woman's shape, now lank and cold and blue
The dwelling of the many-color'd worm,
Hung there, the white and hollow cheek I did
To my dry lips—what radiance did inform
Those horny eyes? whose was that wither'd form?
Alas, alas! it seem'd that Cythna's ghost
Laugh'd in those looks, and that the flesh was warm
Within my teeth I—a whirlwind keen as frost.
Then in its sinking gulf my sickening spirit tore

XXVII.

Then seem'd it that a shapeless hurricane
Arose, and bore me in its dark career
Beyond the sun, beyond the stars that wane
On the verge of formless space—it languish'd o'er
And dying, left a silence lone and drear,
More horrible than famine—in the deep
The shape of an old man did then appear,
Stately and beautiful, that dreadful sleep
His heavenly smiles dispersed, and I could wake by
weep.
THE REVOLT OF ISLAM.

XXVIII.

And when the blinding tears had fallen, I saw
That column, and those corpse, and the moon,
And felt the poisonous tooth of hunger gnaw
My vitals, I rejoiced, as if the boon
Of senseless death would be accorded soon;—
When from that stony gloom a voice arose,
Solomon and sweet as when low winds attune
The midnight pines, the grate did then unclose,
Id on that reverend form the moonlight did repose.

XXIX.

He struck my chains, and gently spake and smiled:
As they were loosed by that Hermit old,
Mine eyes were of their madness half beguiled,
To answer those kind looks—he did infold
His giant arms around me, to uphold
My wretched frame, my scorched limbs he wound
In linen moist and balmy, and as cold
As dew to dropping leaves—the chain, with sound
Of earthquake, through the chasm of that steep
Stair did bound,

XXX.

As lifting me, it fell!—What next I heard,
Were billows leaping on the harbor bar,
And the shrill sea-wind, whose breath idly stir'd
My hair;—I look'd abroad, and saw a star
Shining beside a sail, and distant wind
That mountain and its column, the known mark
Of those who in the wide deep wandering are,
So that I fear'd some Spirit, fell and dark,
Fiance had lain me thus within a fiendish bark.

XXXI.

For now indeed, over the salt seas billow
sail'd: yet dared not look upon the shape
Of him who ruled the helm, although the pillow
Or my light head was hollow'd in his lap,
And my bare limbs his mantle did enwrap,
Ear'd it was a fiend: at last, he bent
Over me his aged face, as if to snap
Those dreadful thoughts the gentle grandsire bent,
Who my inmost soul his soothing looks he sent.

XXXII.

A soft and healing potion to my lips
At intervals he rais'd—now look'd on high,
To mark if yet the starry giant dips
His zone in the dim sea—now cheeringly,
Though he said little, did he speak to me:
It is a friend beside thee—take good cheer,
Poor victim, thou art now at liberty!"
Joy'd as those a human tone to hear,
So in cells deep and lone have languish'd many a year.

XXXIII.

A dim and feeble joy, whose glimpses oft
Were quench'd in a relapse of wildering dreams,
Yet still methought we sail'd, until aloft
The stars of night grew pallid, and the beams
Of morn descended on the ocean-streams,
And all that aged man, so grand and mild,
Said me, even as some sick mother seems
To hang in hope over a dying child,
In the azure East darkness again was piled.

XXXIV.

And then the night-wind streaming from the shore,
Sent odors dying sweet across the sea,
And the swift boat the little waves which bore,
Were cut by its keen keel, though slantingly;
Soon I could hear the leaves sigh, and could see
The myrtle-blossoms starring the dim grove,
As past the pebbly beach the boat did flee
On sidelong wing, into a silent cove,
Where ebon pines a shade under the starlight wove.

CANTO IV.

I.

The old man took the ears, and soon the bark
Smote on the beach beside a tower of stone;
It was a crumbling heap, whose portal dark
With blooming ivy trails was overgrown;
Upon whose floor the spangling sands were strown,
And rarest sea-shells, which the eternal flood,
Slave to the mother of the months, had thrown
Within the walls of that gray tower, which stood.
A changeling of man's art, nursed amid Nature's brood.

II.

When the old man his boat had anchored,
He wound me in his arms with tender care,
And very few, but kindly words he said,
And bore me through the tower adown a stair,
Whose smooth descent some ceaseless step to wear
For many a year had fall'n—We came at last
To a small chamber, which with mosses rare
Was tapestried, where me his soft hands placed
Upon a couch of grass and oak-leaves interlaced.

III.

The moon was darting through the latticet
Its yellow light, warm as the beams of day—
So warm, that to admit the dewy breeze,
The old man open'd them; the moonlight lay
Upon a lake whose waters wore their play.
Even to the threshold of that lonely home:
Within was seen in the dim wavering ray,
The antique sculptured roof, and many a tome,
Whose lore had made that sage all that he had become.

IV.

The rock-built barrier of the sea was past,
And I was on the margin of a lake,
A lonely lake, amid the forests vast
And snowy mountains—did my spirit wake
From sleep, as many-color'd as the snake
That girds eternity? in life and truth,
Might not my heart its cravings ever slake?
Was Cythna then a dream, and all my youth,
And all its hopes and fears, and all its joy and ruth?
V.

Thus madness came again,—a milder madness, 
Which darken'd naught but time's unquiet flow 
With supernatural shades of clinging sadness; 
That gentle Hermit, in my helpless woe, 
By my sick couch was busy to and fro, 
Like a strong spirit ministrant of good: 
When I was heal'd, he led me forth to show 
The wonders of his sylvan solitude, 
And we together sate by that isle-fretted flood.

VI.

He knew his soothing words to weave with skill 
From all my madness told; like mine own heart, 
Of Cythna would he question me, until 
That thrilling name had ceased to make me start, 
From his familiar lips—it was not art, 
Of wisdom and of justice when he spoke— 
When 'mid soft looks of pity, there would dart 
A glance as keen as is the lightning's stroke 
When it doth rive the knots of some ancestral oak.

VII.

Thus slowly from my brain the darkness roll'd, 
My thoughts their due array did reassume 
Through the enchantments of that Hermit old; 
Then I bethought me of the glorious doom 
Of those who sternly struggle to resume 
The lamp of Hope o'er man's bewild'er'd lot, 
And, sitting by the waters, in the gloom 
Of eve, to that friend's heart I told my thought— 
That heart which had grown old, but had corrupted not.

VIII.

That hoary man had spent his livelong age 
In converse with the dead, who leave the stamp 
Of ever-burning thoughts on many a page, 
When they are gone into the senseless damp 
Of graves;—his spirit thus became a lamp 
Of splendor, like to those on which it fed, 
Through peopled haunts, the City and the Camp, 
Deep thirst for knowledge had his footsteps led, 
And all the ways of men among mankind he read.

IX.

But custom maketh blind and obdurate 
The loftiest hearts:—he had beheld the woe 
In which mankind was bound, but deem'd that fate 
Which made them abject, would preserve them so; 
And in such faith, some stedfast joy to know, 
He sought this cell: but when fame went abroad, 
That one in Argolis did undergo 
Torture for liberty, and that the crowd 
High truths from gifted lips had heard and understood;

X.

And that the multitude was gathering wide; 
His spirit leap'd within his aged frame, 
In lonely peace he could no more abide, 
But to the land on which the victor's flame 
Had fed, my native land, the Hermit came: 
Each heart was there a shield, and every tongue 
Was as a sword of truth,—young Laon's name 
Rallied their secret hopes, though tyrants sung 
Hymns of triumphant joy our scatter'd tribes among.

XI.

He came to the lone column on the rock, 
And with his sweet and mighty eloquence 
The hearts of those who watch'd it did unlock 
And made them melt in tears of penitence. 
They gave him entrance free to bear me then. 
Since this, the old man said, seven years are spent 
While slowly truth on thy benighted sense 
Has crept; the hope which wiled'r'd it has len 
Meanwhile, to me the power of a sublime intent

XII.

"Yes, from the records of my youthful state, 
And from the lore of bard and sages old, 
From whatsoever my wake'd thoughts create 
Out of the hopes of thine aspirations bold, 
Have I collected language to unfold 
Truth to my countrymen; from shore to shore 
Doctrines of human power my words have tol 
They have been heard, and men aspire to mo 
Than they have ever gain'd or ever lost of yore."

XIII.

"In secret chambers parents read, and weep, 
My writings to their babes, no longer blind 
And young men gather when their tyrants sit 
And vows of faith each to the other bind; 
And marriageable maidens, who have pined 
With love, till life seem'd melting through their 
A warmer zeal, a nobler hope now find; 
And every bosom thus is rapt and shook, 
Like autumn's myriad leaves in one swoon mou 
brook."

XIV.

"The tyrants of the Golden City tremble 
At voices which are heard about the streets, 
The ministers of fraud can scarce assemble 
The lies of their own heart; but when one r 
Another at the shrine, he singly weeps, 
Though he says nothing, that the truth is kno 
Murderers are pale upon the judgment-seats, 
And gold grows vile even to the wealthy cre 
And laughter fills the Fane, and curses shak 
Throne."

XV.

"Kind thoughts, and mighty hopes, and gentle de 
Abound, for fearless love, and the pure law 
Of mild equality and peace, succeeds 
To faiths which long have held the world in 
Bloody and false, and cold:—as whirlpools do 
All wrecks of Ocean to their chasm, the swi 
Of thy strong genius, Laon, which foresaw 
This hope, compels all spirits to obey, 
Which round thy secret strength now throng in 
array.

XVI.

"For I have been thy passive instrument"— 
(As thus the old man spake, his countenance 
Glam'd on me like a spirit)—"thou hast l 
To me, to all, the power to advance 
Towards this unforeseen deliverance 
From our ancestral chains—aye, thou didst r 
That lamp of hope on high, which time nor cl 
Nor change may not extinguish; and my sha 
Of good, was o'er the world its gather'd beams to}
"But I, alas! am both unknown and old,
And though the woof of wisdom I know well
To dye in hues of language, I am cold
In seeming, and the hopes which inly dwell,
My manners note that I did long repel;
And Loos' name to the tumultuous throng
Were like the star whose beams the waves compel
And tempests, and his soul-subduing tongue
ere as a lance to quell the mailed crest of wrong.

Perchance blood need not flow, if thou at length
Wouldst rise, perchance the very slaves would spare
Their brethren and themselves; great is the strength
Of words—for lately did a maiden fair,
Who from her childhood has been taught to bear
The tyrant's heaviest yoke, arise, and make
Her sex the law of truth and freedom hear,
And with these quiet words—"for thine own sake
While I bear meek tribute spare me;"—did with ruth so take

All hearts, that even the torturer who had bound
Her meek calm frame, ere it was yet impaled,
Loosen'd her weeping then; nor could be found
One human hand to harm her—nassassiled.
Therefore she walks through the great City, veil'd
In virtue's adornment, eloquence,
'Gainst scorn, and death and pain thus trebly mail'd,
And blending in the smiles of that defence,
the Serpent and the Dove, Wisdom and Innocence.

The wild-eyed women throng around her path:
From their luxurious dungeons, from the dust
Of meaner thralls, from the oppressor's wrath,
Or the caresses of his lusty lust,
They congregate—in her they put their trust;
The tyrants send their armed slaves to quell
Her power;—they, even like a thunder-gust
Caught by some forest, bend beneath the spell
That young maiden's speech, and to their chiefs rebel.

Thus she doth equal laws and justice teach
To woman, outraged and polluted long;
Gather the sweetest fruit in human reach
For those fair hands now free, while armed wrong
Trembles before her look, though it be strong;
Thousands thus dwell beside her, virgins bright,
And matrons with their babes, a stately throng!
Lovers renew the vows which they did plight
Early faith, and hearts long parted now unite.

And homeless orphans find a home near her,
And those poor victims of the proud, no less,
Fair wrecks, on whom the smiling world with stir,
Thrusts the redemption of its wickedness—
as squalid huts, and in its palaces
Sits Lust alone, while o'er the land is borne
Her voice, whose awful sweetness doth repress
All evil, and her foes relenting turn,
As cast the vote of loving in hope's abandon'd urn.

So in the populous City, a young maiden
Has baffled Havoc of the prey which he
Marks as his own, whene'er with chains o'erladen
Men make them arms to hurl down tyranny,
False arbiter between the bound and free;
And o'er the land, in hamlets and in towns
The multitudes collect tumultuously,
And throng in arms; but tyranny disowns
Their claim, and gathers strength around its trembling thrones.

Blood soon, although unwillingly, to shed
The free cannot forbear—the Queen of Slaves,
The hoodwink'd Angel of the blind and dead,
Custom, with iron mace points to the graves
When her own standard desolately waves
Over the dust of Prophets and of Kings.
Many yet stand in her array—she paves
Her path with human hearts,' and o'er it flings
The wildering gloom of her immeasurable wings.

There is a plain beneath the City's wall,
Bounded by misty mountains, wide and vast,
Millions there lift at Freedom's thrilling call
Ten thousand standards wide, they load the blast
Which bears one sound of many voices past,
And startles on his throne their sceptred foe:
He sits amid his idle pomp aghast,
And that his power hath past away, doth know—
Why raise the victor swords to seal his overthrow?

The tyrant's guards resistance yet maintain
Fearless, and fierce, and hard as beasts of blood;
They stand a speck amid the peopled plain;
Carnage and ruin have been made their food
From infancy—ill has become their good,
And for its hateful sake their will has wove
The chains which eat their hearts—the multitude surrounding them, with words of human love,
Seek from their own decay their stubborn minds to move.

Over the land is felt a sudden pause,
As night and day those ruthless bands around
The watch of love is kept—a trance which awes
The thoughts of men with hope—as when the sound
Of whirlwind, whose fierce blasts the waves and clouds confound,
Dies suddenly, the mariner in fear
Feels silence sink upon his heart—thus bound,
The conquerors pause, and oh! may freemen ne'er
Clasp the relentless knees of Dread, the murderer!

If blood be shed, 'tis but a change and choice
Of bonds,—from slavery to bondage
A wretched fall!—uplift thy charmed voice,
Pour on those evil men the love that lies
Hovering within those spirit-soothing eyes
Arise, my friend, farewell!"—As thus he spake,
From the green earth lightly I did arise,
As one out of dim dreams that doth awake,
And look'd upon the depth of that reposing lake.
XXIX.
I saw my countenance reflected there:
And then my youth fell on me like a wind
Descending on still waters—my thin hair
Was prematurely gray, my face was lined
With channels, such as suffering leaves behind.
Not age; my brow was pale, but in my cheek
And lips a flush of gnawing fire did find
'Their food and dwelling; though mine eyes might speak.
A subtle mind and strong within a frame thus weak.

XXX.
And though their lustre now was spent and faded,
Yet in my hollow looks and wither'd mien
The likeness of a shape for which was braided
The brightest woof of genius, still was seen—
One who, methought, had gone from the world's scene,
And left it vacant—'tis her lover's face—
It might resemble—it once had been
The mirror of her thoughts, and still the grace
Which her mind's shadow cast, left there a lingering trace.

XXXI.
What then was I? She slumber'd with the dead.
Glory and joy and peace, had come and gone.
Doth the cloud perish, when the beams are fled
Which steep'd its skirts in gold? or dark and lone,
Doth it not through the paths of night unknown,
On outspread wings of its own wind upborne,
Pour rain upon the earth? the stars are shown,
When the cold moon sharpens her silver horn
Under the sea, and make the wide night not forlorn.

XXXII.
Strengthen'd in heart, yet sad, that aged man
I left, with interchange of looks and tears,
And lingering speech, and to the Camp begun
My way. O'er many a mountain chain which rears
Its hundred crests aloft, my spirit bears
My frame; o'er many a dale and many a moor,
And gaily now me seems serene earth wears
The bloomy spring's star-bright investiture,
A vision which aught sad from sadness might allure.

XXXIII.
My powers revived within me, and I went
As one whom winds waft o'er the bending grass,
Through many a vale of that broad continent.
At night when I reposed, fair dreams did pass
Before my pillow—my own Cythna was
Not like a child of death, among them ever;
When I arose from rest, a woeful mass
That gentle sleep seem'd from my life to sever,
As if the light of youth were not withdrawn for ever.

XXXIV.
Aye as I went, that maiden who had rear'd
The torch of Truth afar, of whose high deeds
The Hermit in his pilgrimage had heard,
Haunted my thoughts.—Ah, Hope its sickness feeds
With whatsoever it finds, or flowers or weeds!
Could she be Cythna? Was that corpse a shade
Such as self-torturing thought from madness breeds?
Why was this hope not torture? yet it made
In light around my steps which would not ever fade.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>VI.</th>
<th>XII.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Thus, while with rapid lips and earnest eyes We talk'd, a sound of sweeping conflict spread, As from the earth did suddenly arise; From every tent, roused by that clamor dread, Our bands outsprung and seized their arms—we sped</td>
<td>&quot;Join then your hands and hearts; and let the past Be as a grave which gives no up its dead To evil thoughts—&quot;—A film then overcast My sense with dimness, for the wound, which bled</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Towards the sound: our tribes were gathering far, These sanguine slaves amid ten thousand dead Stabb'd in their sleep, trampled in treacherous war, The gentle hearts whose power their lives had sought to spare.</td>
<td>Freshly, swift shadows o'er mine eyes had shed. When I awoke, I lay 'mid friends and foes, And earnest countenance on me shed The light of questioning looks, whilst one did close My wound with balmiest herbs, and soothed me to repose.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VII.</td>
<td>XIII.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Like rabid snakes, that sting some gentle child Who brings them food, when winter false and fair Alhures them forth with its cold smiles, so wild They rage among the camp:—they overbear The patriot hosts—confusion, then despair Descends like night:—when &quot;Laom!&quot; one did cry: Like a bright ghost from Heaven that shook my scare The slaves, and widowed through the vaulted sky, seem'd sent from Earth to Heaven in sign of victory.</td>
<td>And one whose spear had pierced me, lean'd beside: With quivering lips and humid eyes:—and all Seem'd like some brothers on a journey wide! Gone forth, whom now strange meeting did befall In a strange land, round one whom they might call Their friend, their chief, their father, for assay Of peril, which had saved them from the thrall Of death, now suffering. Thus the vast array Of those fraternal bands were reconciled that day.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VIII.</td>
<td>XIV.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In sudden panic those false murderers fled, Like insect tribes before the northern gale: But swifter still, our hosts encompassed Their shatter'd ranks, and in a craggy vale, Where even their fierce despair might naught avail, Hemm'd them around!—and then revenge and fear Made the high virtue of the patriots fail: One pointed at his foe the mortal spear rush'd before its point, and cried, &quot;Forbear, forbear!&quot;</td>
<td>Lifting the thunder of their acclamation, Towards the City then the multitude, And I among them, went in joy—a nation Made free by love,—a mighty brotherhood Link'd by a jealous interchange of good; A glorious pageant, more magnificent Than kingly slaves array'd in gold and blood; When they return from carnage, and are sent In triumph bright beneath the populous battlement.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IX.</td>
<td>XV.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The spear transfus'd my arm that was uplifted In swift exstipation, and the blood Gust'd round its point: I smiled, and,—&quot;Oh! thou gifted With eloquence which shall not be withstood, Flow thus!&quot;—I cried in joy: &quot;thou vital flood, Until my heart be dry, ere thus the cause For which thou wert urged worthy be subdued— Ah, ye are pale,—ye weep, your passions pause,—is well! ye feel the truth of love's benignant laws.</td>
<td>Afire, the City walls were throng'd on high, And myriads on each giddy turret clung, And to each spire lessening in the sky, Bright pensions on the idle winds were hung; As we approach'd a shout of joyance sprung At once from all the crowd, as if the vast And peopled Earth its boundless skies among The sudden clamor of delight had east, When from before its face some general wreck had past.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>X.</td>
<td>XVI.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Soldiers, our brethren and our friends are slain: Ye murder'd them, I think, as they did sleep! Alas, what have ye done? the slightest pain Which ye might suffer, there were eyes to weep: But ye have quench'd them—there were smiles to sleep Your hearts in balm, but they are lost in woes; And those whom love did set his watch to keep Around your tents truth's freedom to bestow, stab'd as they did sleep—but they forgive ye now.</td>
<td>Our armies through the City's hundred gates Were pour'd, like brooks which to the rocky lair Of some deep lake, whose silence them awaits, Throng from the mountains when the storms are there; And as we past through the calm sunny air, A thousand flower-inwoven crowns were shed, The token flowers of truth and freedom fair, And fairest bounds bound them on many a head. Those angels of love's heaven, that over all was spread.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XI.</td>
<td>XVII.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;O wherefore should I ever flow from ill, And pain still keener pain for ever breed? We all are brethren—even the slaves who kill For hire, are men! and to avenge misdeed On the misdoer, doth but Misery feed With her own broken heart! O Earth, O Heaven! And thou, dread Nature, which to every deed And all that lives, or is, to be hath given, Even as to thee have these done ill, and are forgiven.</td>
<td>I trod as one tranced in some rapturous vision: Those bloody bands so lately reconciled, Were, ever as they went, by the contrition Of anger turn'd to love from ill beguiled, And every one on them more gently smiled, Because they had done evil— the sweet awe Of such mild looks made their own hearts grow mild, And did with soft attraction ever draw Their spirits to the love of freedom's equal law</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
XVIII.
And they, and all, in one loud symphony
My name which Liberty, commingling, lifted
"The friend and the preserver of the free!"
The parent of this joy!" and fair eyes gifted
With feelings, caught from one who had uplifted
The light of a great spirit, round me shone;
And all the shapes of this grand scenery shifted
Like restless clouds before the stedfast sun,—
Where was that Maid? I ask'd, but it was known
of none.

XIX.
Laone was the name her love had chosen,
For she was nameless, and her birth none knew:
Where was Laone now!—the words were frozen
Within my lips with fear; but to subdue
Such dreadful hope, to my great task was due,
And when at length one brought reply, that she
To-morrow would appear, I then withdrew
To judge what need for that great throng might be,
For now the stars came thick over the twilight sea.

XX.
Yet need was none for rest or food to care,
Even though that multitude was passing great,
Since each one for the other did prepare
All kindly succour.—Therefore to the gate
Of the Imperial House, now desolate,
I past, and there was found aghast, alone,
The fallen Tyrant!—silently he sate
Upon the footstool of his golden throne,
Which, starr'd with sunny gems, in its own lustre shone.

XXI.
Alone, but for one child, who led before him
A graceful dance: the only living thing
Of all the crowd, which thither to adore him
Flock'd yesterday, who solace sought to bring
In his abandonment!—she knew the King
Had praised her dance of yore, and now she wove
Its circles, eye weeping and murmuring
'Mid her sad task of unregarded love,
That to no smiles it might his speechless sadness move.

XXII.
She fled to him, and wildly clasp'd his feet
When human steps were heard:—he moved nor spoke,
Nor changed his hue, nor raised his looks to meet
The gaze of strangers—our loud entrance woke
The echoes of the hall, which circling broke
The calm of its recesses,—like a tomb
Its sculptured walls vacantly to the stroke
Of footsteps answered, and the twilight's gloom,
Lay like a charnel's mist within the radiant dome.

XXIII.
The little child stood up when we came nigh;
Her lips and cheeks seem'd very pale and wan,
But on her forehead, and within her eye
Lay beauty, which makes hearts that feed thereon
Sick with excess of sweetness; on the throne
She lean'd;—the King with gather'd brow and lips
Wreathed by long scorn, did only sneer and frown
With hate like that when some great painter dips
His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse.

XXIV.
She stood beside him like a rainbow braided
Within some storm, when scarce its shadow was
From the blue paths of the swift sun have faded
A sweet and solemn smile, like Cythna's, cast
One moment's light, which made my heart be
fast,
O'er that child's parted lips—a gleam of bliss,
A shade of vanish'd days,—as the tears past
Which wrapt it, even as with a father's kiss
I press'd those softest eyes in trembling tenderness.

XXV.
The sceptred wretch then from that solitude
I drew, and of his change compassionate,
With words of sadness soothed his rugged mood;
But he, while pride and fear held deep debate,
With sullen guile of ill-dissembled hate
Glared on me as a toothless snake might glare;
Pity, not scorn I felt, though desolate
The desolator now, and unaware
The curses which he mock'd had caught him by the hair.

XXVI.
I led him forth from that which now might seem
A gorgeous grave: through portals sculptured deep
With imagery beautiful as dream
We went, and left the shades which tend on ele
Over its unregarded gold to keep
Their silent watch.—The child trod faintingly,
And as she went, the tears which she did weep
Glanced in the starlight; wilder'd seemed she,
And when I spake, for sob's she could not answer:

XXVII.
At last the tyrant cried, "She hunger's, slave:
Stab her, or give her bread!"—It was a tone
Such as sick fancies in a new-made grave
Might hear. I trembled, for the truth was know
He with this child hadthus been left alone,
And neither had gone forth for food,—but he
In mingled pride and awe cover'd near his throne
And she, a nursling of captivity,
Knew naught beyond those walls, nor what shall change might be.

XXVIII.
And she was troubled at a charm withdrawn
Thus suddenly: that sceptres ruled no more—
That even from gold the dreadful strength was gone,
Which once made all things subject to its pow'r
Such wonder seiz'd him, as if hour by hour
The past had come again; and the swift fall
Of one so great and terrible of yore,
To desolation, in the hearts of all
Like wonder sturr'd, who saw such awful chaos befall.

XXIX.
A mighty crowd, such as the wide land pours
Once in a thousand years, now gather'd round
The fallen tyrant,—like the rush of showers
Of hail in spring, pattering along the ground;—
Their many footsteps fell, else came no sound
From the wide multitude: that lonely man
Then knew the burthen of his change, and for
Concealing in the dust his visage wan,
Refuge from the keen looks which thro' his bosom
And he was faint withal: I sate beside him
Upon the earth, and took that child so fair
From his weak arms, that ill might none beside him
Or her;—when food was brought to them, her share
To his averted lips the child did bear,
But when she saw he had enough, she ate
And wept the while,—the lonely man's despair
Hunger then overcame, and of his state
Forgetful, on the dust as in a trance he sate.

Slowly the silence of the multitudes
Past, as when far is heard in some lone dell
The gathering of a wind among the woods—
And he is fallen! they cry, he who did dwell
Like famine or the plague, or aught more fell
Among our homes, is fallen! the murderer
Who slaked his thirsting soul as from a well
Of blood and tears with ruin! he is here!
In a gulf of scorn from which none may him rear!

Then was heard,—He who judged let him be brought
To judgment! blood for blood cries from the soil
On which his crimes have deep pollution wrought!
Shall Othman only unavenged despair?
Shall they who by the stress of grinding toil
Wrest from the unwilling earth his luxuries,
Perish for crime, while his foul blood may boil,
Or creep within his veins at will!—Arose!
id to high justice make her chosen sacrifice.

"What do ye seek? what fear ye?" then I cried,
Suddenly starting forth, "that ye should shed
The blood of Othman—if your hearts are tried
In the true love of freedom, cease to dread
This one poor lonely man—beneath Heaven spread
In purest light above us all, through earth,
Maternal earth, which doth her sweet smiles shed
For all, let him go free; until the worth
Oman nature win from these a second birth.

What call ye justice? is there one who ne'er
A secret thought has wish'd another's ill?—
Are ye all pure? let those stand forth who hear,
And tremble not. Shall they insult and kill,
If such they be? their mild eyes can they fill
With the false anger of the hypocrite?
Was, such were not pure—the chasten'd will
Of virtue sees that justice is the light
Love, and not revenge, and terror and despire."

The murmur of the people slowly dying,
Cause as I spake, then those who near me were,
Cast gentle looks where the lone man was lying
Thro'ouching his head, which now that infant fair
Damp'd on her lap in silence;—through the air
Johns were then heard, and many kiss'd my feet
A pity's madness, and to the despair
If whom late they cursed, a solace sweet
Every victims brought—soft looks and speeches meet.

Then to a home for his repose assign'd,
Accompanied by the still throng he went
In silence, where to soothe his rankling mind,
Some likeness of his ancient state was lent;
And if his heart could have been innocent
As those who pardon'd him, he might have ended
His days in peace; but his strait lips were bent,
Men said, into a smile which guile portended,
A sight with which that child-like hope with fear
was blended.

'Twas midnight now, the eve of that great day
Whereon the many nations at whose call
The chains of earth like mist melted away,
Decreed to hold a sacred Festival,
A rite to attest the equality of all
Who live. So to their homes, to dream or wake,
All went. The sleepless silence did recall
Laone to my thoughts, with hopes that make
The flood recede from which their thirst they seek to
slake.

The dawn flow'd forth, and from its purple fountains
I drank those hopes which make the spirit quail,
As to the plain between the misty mountains
And the great City, with a countenance pale
I went;—it was a sight which might avail
To make men weep exulting tears, for whom
Now first from human power the reverence veil
Was torn, to see Earth from her general womb
Four forth her swelling sons to a fraternal doom:

To see, far glancing in the misty morning,
The signs of that innumerable host,
To hear one sound of many made, the warning
Of Earth to Heaven from its free children lost,
While the eternal hills, and the sea lost
In wavering light, and starring the blue sky
The city's myriad spires of gold, almost
With human joy made mute society,
Its witnesses with men who must hereafter be.

To see like some vast island from the Ocean,
The Altar of the Federation rear
Its pile i' the midst; a work, which the devotion
Of millions in one night created there,
Sudden, as when the moonrise makes appear
Strange clouds in the east; a marble pyramid
Distinct with steps: that mighty shape did wear
The light of genius; its still shadow hid
Far ships: to know its height the morning mists forbid!

To hear the restless multitudes for ever
Around the base of that great Altar flow,
As on some mountain islet burst and shiver
Atlantic waves; and solemnly and slow
As the wind bore that tumult to and fro,
To feel the dreamlike music, which did swim
Like beams through floating clouds on waves below
Falling in pauses, from that Altar dim,
As silver-sounding tongues breathed an aerial hymn.
XLII.
To hear, to see, to live, was on that morn
Lethean joy! so that all those assembled
Cast off their memories of the past outworn;
Two only booms with their own life trembled;
And mine was one,—and we had both assembled;
So with a beating heart I went, and one,
Who having much, covets yet more, resembled;
A lost and dear possession, which not won.
He walks in lonely gloom beneath the noonday sun.

XLIII.
To the great Pyramid I came: its stair
With female quires was throng'd: the loveliest
Among the free, grouped with its sculptures rare;
As I approach'd, the morning's golden mist,
Which now the wonder-stricken breezes kiss
With their cold lips, fled, and the summit shone
Like Athos seen from Samothrace, drest
In earliest light by vintagers, and one
Sate there, a female Shape upon an ivory throne.

XLIV.
A Form most like the imagined habitant
Of silver exhalations sprung from dawn,
By winds which feed on sunrise woven, to enchant
The faiths of men: all mortal eyes were drawn,
As famish'd mariners through strange seas gone
Gaze on a burning watch-tower, by the light
Of those divinest lineaments—alone
With thoughts which none could share, from that
fair sight
I turn'd in sickness, for a veil shrouded her coun-
tenance bright.

XLV.
And, neither did I hear the acclamations,
Which from brief silence bursting, fill'd the air
With her strange name and mine, from all the nations
Which we, they said, in strength had gather'd there
From the sleep of bondage; nor the vision fair
Of that bright pageantry beheld,—but blind
And silent, as a breathing corpse did fare,
Lean'd upon my friend, till like a wind
To fever'd cheeks, a voice flaw'd o'er my troubled mind.

XLVI.
Like music of some minstrel heavenly gifted,
To one whom friends enthrall, this voice to me;
Scarce did I wish her veil to be uplifted,
I was so calm and joyous—I could see
The platform where we stood, the statues three
Which kept their marble watch on that high shrine,
The multitudes, the mountains, and the sea;
As when eclipse hath past, things sudden shine
To men's astonish'd eyes most clear and crystalline.

XLVII.
At first Laone spoke most tremulously:
But soon her voice the calmness which it shed
Gather'd, and—"Thou art whom I sought to see,
And thou art our first votary here," she said:
"I had a dear friend once, but he is dead!—
And of all those on the wide earth who breathe,
Thou dost resemble him alone—I spread
This veil between us two, that thou beneath
Shouldst imagine one who may have been long lost in death.

XLVIII.
"For this wilt thou not henceforth pardon me?
Yes, but those joys which silence will require
Forbid reply,—why men have chosen me,
To be the Priestess of this holiest rite
I scarcely know, but that the floods of light
Which flow over the world, have borne me hit
To meet thee, long most dear; and now unite
Thine hand with mine, and may all comfort wait
From both the hearts whose pulse in joy now beat together.

XLIX.
If our own will as others' law we bind,
If the foul-worship trampled here we fear;
If as ourselves we cease to love our kind!"—
She paused and pointed upwards—sculptured
Three shapes around her ivory throne appear
One was a Giant, like a child asleep
On a loose rock, whose grasp crush'd, as it we
In dream, sceptres and crowns; and one did
Its watchful eyes in doubt whether to smile or we

L.
A Woman sitting on the sculptured disk
Of the broad earth, and feeding from one bre
A human babe and a young basilisk;
Her looks were sweet as Heaven's when love
In Autumn eyes:—The third Image was drest
In white wings swift as clouds in winter ski
Beneath his feet, 'mongst ghastliest forms, rep
Lay Faith, an obscene worm, who sought to
While calmly on the Sun he turn'd his diamond

LI.
Beside that Image then I sate, while she
Stood, 'mid the throngs which ever cbb'd and fl
Like light amid the shadows of the sea
Cast from one cloudless star, and on the crow
That touch which none who feels forgets, best
And whilst the sun return'd the stedfast gaz
Of the great Image as o'er Heaven it glode,
That rite had place; it ceased when sun's set
Burn'd o'er the isles; all stood in joy and amaze.

When in the silence of all spirits there
Laone's voice was felt, and through the air
Her thrilling gestures spoke, most eloquent;

1.
"Calm art thou as you sunset! swift and clear
As new-fledged Eagles, beautiful and young,
That float among the blinding beams of morn,
And underneath thy feet write the Faith, and fresh,
Custom, and Hell, and mortal Melancholy—
Hark! the Earth starts to hear the mighty voice
Of thy voice sublime and holy;
Its free spirits here assembled,
See thee, feel thee, know thee now,—
To thy voice their hearts have trembled,
Like ten thousand clouds which flow
With one wide wind as it flies!
Wisdom! thy irresistible children rise
To hail thee, and the elements they chain
And their own will to swell the glory of thy
2. “O Spirit vast and deep as Night and Heaven! Mother and soul of all to which is given The light of life, the loveliness of being, Lo! thou dost reseed the human heart, Thy throne of power, almighty as thou wert, In dreams of Poets old grown pale by seeing The shade of thee:—now, millions start To feel thy lightnings through them burning: Nature, or God, or Love, or Pleasure, Or Sympathy the sad tears turning To mutual smiles, a drainless treasure, Descends amidst us:—Scorn and Hate, Revenge and Selfishness are desolate— A hundred nations swear that there shall be Pity and Peace and Love, among the good and free!

3. “Eldest of things, divine Equality! Wisdom and Love are but the slaves of thee, The Angels of thy sway, the poor around thee Treasures from all the cells of human thought, And from the Stars, and from the Ocean brought, And the last living heart whose beatings bound thee: The powerful and the wise had sought Thy coming, thou in light descending O'er the wide land which is thine own Like the spring whose breath is blending All blasts of fragrance into one, Comest upon the paths of men!— Earth bares her general boom to thy ken, And all her children here in glory meet To feed upon thy smiles, and clasp thy sacred feet.

4. “My brethren, we are free! the plains and mountains The gray sea-shore, the forests and the fountains, Are haunts of happiest dwellers:—man and woman, Their common bondage burst, may freely borrow From lawless love a solace for their sorrow; For oft we still must weep, since we are human. A stormy night’s serenest morn, Whose showers are pity’s gentle tears, Whose clouds are smiles of those that die Like infants without hopes or fears, And whose beams are joys that lie In blended hearts, now holds dominion; The dawn of mind, which upwards on a pinion Borne, swift as sunrise, far illumines space, And clasps this barren world in its own bright embrace!

5. “My brethren, we are free! the fruits are glowing Beneath the stars, and the night-winds are flowing O'er the ripe corn, the birds and beasts are dream- ing— Never again may blood of bird or beast Stain with its venomous stream a human feast! To the pure skies in accusation steaming, Averting poisons shall have ceased To feed disease and fear and madness, The dwellers of the earth and air Shall throng around our steps with gladness, Seeking their food or refuge there. Our toil from thought all glorious forms shall cull, To make this Earth, our home, more beautiful, And Science, and her sister Poesy, Shall clothe in light the fields and cities of the free!"

6. “Victory, Victory to the prostrate nations! Bear witness Night, and ye mute Constellations Who gaze on us from your crystalline cars! Thoughts have gone forth whose powers can sleep no more! Victory! Victory! Earth’s remotest shore, Regions which groan beneath the Antarctic stars, The green lands cradled in the roar Of western waves, and wildernesses Peopled and vast, which skirt the oceans Where morning dyes her golden tresses, Shall soon partake our high emotions: Kings shall turn pale! Almighty Fear, The Fiend-God, when our charmed name he hear, Shall fade like shadow from his thousand fanes, While Truth with Joy enthroned o’er his lost empire reigns!”

LII. Ere she had ceased, the mists of night entwining Their dim woof, floated o’er the infinite throng; She, like a spirit through the darkness shining, In tones whose sweetness silence did prolong, As if to lingering winds they did belong, Pour’d forth her immost soul: a passionate speech With wild and thrilling pauses woven among, Which whose heard, was mute, for it could teach To rapture like her own all listening hearts to reach.

LIII. Her voice was as a mountain stream which sweeps The wither’d leaves of Autumn to the lake, And in some deep and narrow bay then sleeps In the shadow of the shores; as dead leaves wake Under the wave, in flowers and herbs which make Those green depths beautiful when skies are blue, The multitude so moveless did partake Such living change, and kindling murmurs flew As o’er that speechless calm delight and wonder grew

LIV. Over the plain the thongs were scatter’d then In groups around the fires, which from the sea Even to the gorge of the first mountain glen Blazed wide and far: the banquet of the free Was spread beneath many a dark cypress-tree. Beneath whose spires, which sway’d in the red light Reclining as they ate, of Liberty, And Hope, and Justice, and Laone’s name, Earth’s children did a woof of happy converse frame

LV. Their feast was such as Earth, the general mother Pours from her fairest bosom, when she smiles In the embrace of Autumn,—to each other As when some parent fondly reconciles Her waiting children, she their wrath beguiles With her own sustenance; they relenting weep. Such was this Festival, which from their isles And continents, and winds, and oceans deep, All shapes might throng to share, that fly, or walk, or creep.
CANTO VI.

I.
Beside the dimness of the glimmering sea,
Weaving swift language from impassion'd themes,
With that dear friend I linger'd, who to me
So late had been restored, beneath the gleams
Of the silver stars; and ever in soft dreams
Of future love and peace sweet converse lapt
Our willing fancies, till the pallid beams
Of the last watch-fire fell, and darkness wrapt
The waves, and each bright chain of floating fire
Was snapt.

II.
And till we came even to the City's wall
And the great gate, then, none knew whence or why,
Disquiet on the multitudes did fall:
And first, one pale and breathless past us by,
And stared and spoke not;—then with piercing cry
A troop of wild-eyed women, by the shrieks
Of their own terror driven,—tumultuously
Hither and thither hurrying with pale cheeks,
Each one from fear unknown a sudden refuge seeks—

LVI.
Might share in peace and innocence, for gone
Or poison none this festal did pollute,
But piled on high, an overflowing store
Of pomegranates, citrons, finest fruit,
Melons, and dates, and figs, and many a root
Sweet and sustaining, and bright grapes ere yet
Accursed fire their mild juice could transmute
Into a mortal bane, and brown corn set
In baskets; with pure streams their thirsting lips
they wet.

LVII.
Laone had descended from the shrine,
And every deepest look and holiest mind
Fed on her form, though now those tones divine
Were silent as she past; she did unwind
Her veil, as with the crowds of her own kind
She mix'd; some impulse made my heart refrain
From seeking her that night, so I reclined
Amidst a group, where on the utmost plain
A festal watch-fire burn'd beside the dusky main.

LVIII.
And joyous was our feast; pathetic talk,
And wit, and harmony of choral strains,
While far Orion o'er the waves did walk
That flow among the isles, held us in chains
Of sweet captivity, which none disclaims
Who feels: but when his zone grew dim in mist
Which clothes the Ocean's bosom, o'er the plains
The multitudes went homeward, to their rest,
Which that delightful day with its own shadow blest.

III.
Then, rallying cries of treason and of danger
Resounded: and—"They come! to arms! to arms!
The Tyrant is amongst us, and the stranger
Comes to enslave us in his name! to arms!"
In vain: for Panic, the pale fiend who charms
Strength to forswear her right, those millions swept
Like waves before the tempest—those alarms
Came to me, as to know their cause I leapt
On the gate's turret, and in rage and grief and scorn
I wept!

IV.
For to the North I saw the town on fire,
And its red light made morning pallid now,
Which burst over wide Asia,—louder, higher,
The yells of victory and the screams of woe
I heard approach, and saw the throng below
Stream through the gates like foam-wrought
water-falls
Fed from a thousand storms—the fearful glow
Of bombs flares overhead—at intervals
The red artillery's bolt mangling among them falls.

V.
And now the horsemen come—and all was done
Swifter than I have spoken—I beheld
Their red swords flash in the uprisen sun.
I rush'd among the rout to have repell'd
That miserable flight—one moment quell'd
By voice, and looks and eloquent despair,
As if reproach from their own hearts withheld
Their steps, they stood; but soon came pouring the
New multitudes, and did those rallied bands o'erbear

VI.
I strove, as drifted on some cataract
By irresistible streams, some wretch might strive
Who hears the fatal roar—the files compact
Whelm'd me, and from the gate avail'd to drive
With quickening impulse, as each bolt did rive
Their ranks with bloodier chasm:—into the plain
Disgorge'd at length the dead and the alive,
In one dread mass, were parted, and the stain
Of blood from mortall steel fell o'er the fields like rain

VII.
For now the despoil'd blood-hounds with their prey
Unarm'd and unaware, were gorging deep
Their glutiny of death; the loose array
Of horsemen o'er the wide fields murdering swe
And with loud laughter for their tyrant reap
A harvest sown with other hopes; the while,
Far overhead, ships from Propontis keep
A killing rain of fire:—when the waves smile
As sudden earthquakes light many a volcano isle.

VIII.
Thus sudden, unexpected feast was spread
For the carrion fowls of Heaven.—I saw the sigh
I moved,—I lived—as o'er the heaps of dead,
Whose stony eyes glared in the morning light,
I trod;—to me there came no thought of flight
But with loud cries of scorn which whoso hea
That dreaded death, felt in his veins the might
Of virtuous shame return, the crowd I stirr'd
And desperation's hope in many hearts recur'd
IX.
A band of brothers gathering round me, made,
Although unarmed, a steadfast front, and still
Retreating, with stern looks beneath the shade
Of gather'd eyebrows, did the victors fill
With doubt even in success; deliberate will
Inspired our growing troop, not overthrown
It gained the shelter of a grassy hill,
And ever still our comrades were hewn down,
And their defenceless limbs beneath our footsteps strown.

X.
Immovably we stood—in joy I found,
Beside me then, firm as a giant pine
Among the mountain vapors driven around,
The old man whom I loved—his eyes divine
With a mild look of courage answer’d mine,
And my young friend was near, and ardently
His hand grasp’d mine a moment—now the line
Of war extended, to our rallying cry
As myriads flock’d in love and brotherhood to die.

XI.
For ever while the sun was climbing Heaven
The horsemen hew’d our unarmed myriads down
Safely, though when by thirst of carnage driven
Too near, those slaves were swiftly overthrown
By hundreds leaping on them:—flesh and bone
Soon made our ghastly ramparts; then the shaft
Of the artillery from the sea was thrown
More fast and fiery, and the conquerors laugh’d
in pride to hear the wind our screams of torment waft.

XII.
For on one side alone the hill gave shelter,
So vast that phalanx of unconquer’d men,
And there the living in the blood did waver
Of the dead and dying, which, in that green glen
Like stifled torrents, made a pashly fen
Under the feet—thus was the butchery waged
While the sun clomb Heaven’s eastern steep—but when
It gan to sink—a fiercer combat raged,
For in more doubtful strife the armies were engaged.

XIII.
Within a cave upon the hill were found
A bundle of rude pikes, the instrument
Of those who war but on their native ground
For natural rights: a shout of joyance sent
Even from our hearts the wide air pierced and rent,
As those few arms the bravest and the best
Seize; and each sixth, thus arm’d, did now present
A line which cover’d and sustain’d the reat,
A confident phalanx, which foes on every side invest.

XIV.
That onset turn’d the foes to flight almost;
But soon they saw their present strength, and knew
That coming night would to our resolute host
Bring victory, so dismounting close they drew
Their glittering files, and then the combat grew
Unequal but most horrible;—and ever
Our myriads, whom the swift bolt overthrow,
Or the red sword, fail’d like a mountain river
Which rushes forth in foam to sink in sands for ever.

XV.
Sorrow and shame, to see with their own kind
Our human brethren mix, like beasts of blood
To mutual ruin arm’d by one behind
Who sits and scoffs!—That friend so mild and good,
Who like its shadow near my youth had stood,
Was stabb’d!—my old preserver’s hoary hair,
With the flesh clinging to its roots, was strew’d
Under my feet!—I lost all sense or care,
And like the rest I grew desperate and unaware.

XVI.
The battle became ghistlier—in the midst
I paused, and saw, how ugly and how fell,
O Hate! thou art, even when thy life thou sheddest
For love. The ground in many a little dell
Was broken, up and down whose steepes befell
Alternate victory and defeat, and there
The combatants with rage most horrible
Strove, and their eyes started with cracking stare,
And impotent their tongues they loll’d into the air.

XVII.
Flaccid and foamy, like a mad dog’s hanging
Want, and Moon-madness, and the Pest’s swift bane;
When its shafts smile—while yet its bow is twanging—
Have each their mark and sign—some ghastly stain;
And this was thine, O War! of hate and pain
Thou loathed slave. I saw all shapes of death
And minister’d to many, o’er the plain,
While carnage in the sunbeam’s warmth did seethe,
Till twilight o’er the east wove her serenest wreath.

XVIII.
The few who yet survived, resolute and firm
Around me fought. At the decline of day
Winding above the mountain’s snowy term
New banners shone: they quiver’d in the ray
Of the sun’s unseen orb—ere night the array
Of fresh troops hemm’d us in—of those brave bands
I soon surmised alone—and now I lay
Vanquish’d and faint, the grasp of bloody hands
I felt, and saw on high the glare of falling brands:

XIX.
When on my foes a sudden terror came,
And they fled, scattering—lo! with reckless speed
A black Tartarian horse of giant frame
Comes trampling o’er the dead, the living bleed
Beneath the hoofs of that tremendous steed,
On which, like to an Angel, robed in white,
Sate one waving a sword:—the hosts recede
And fly, as through their ranks with awful might,
Sweeps in the shadow of eve that Phantom swift
and bright;

XX.
And its path made a solitude.—I rose
And mark’d its coming: it relax’d its course
As it approach’d me, and the wind that flows
Through night, bore accents to mine ear whose force
Might create smiles in death—the Tartar horse
Paused, and I saw the shape its might which sway’d,
And heard her musical pants, like the sweet source
Of waters in the desert, as she said,
“Mount with me, Laon, now.”—I rapidly obey’d.

275
XXI.

Then: "Away! away!" she cried, and stretch'd her sword
As 'twere a scourge over the courser's head,
And lightly shook the reins:—We spake no word,
But like the vapor of the tempest fled
Over the plain; her dark hair was dispread
Like the pine's locks upon the lingering blast;
Over mine eyes its shadowy strings it spread,
Fitfully, and the hills and streams fled fast,
As o'er their glistening forms the steed's broad shadow past.

XXII.

And his hoofs ground the rocks to fire and dust,
His strong sides made the torrents rise in spray;
And turbulence, as of a whirlwind's gust,
Surrounded us:—and still away! away!
Through the desert night we sped, while she alway
Gazed on a mountain which we near'd, whose crest
Crown'd with a marble ruin, in the ray
Of the obscure stars gleam'd;—its rugged breast
The steed strain'd up, and then his impulse did arrest.

XXIII.

A rocky hill which overhang the Ocean:—
From that lone ruin, when the steed that panted
Paused, might be heard the murmur of the motion
Of waters, as in spots for ever haunted
By the choicest winds of Heaven, which are enchanted
To music, by the wand of Solitude,
That wizard wild, and the far tents implanted
Upon the plain, be seen by those who stood
Thence marking the dark shore of Ocean's curv'd flood.

XXIV.

One moment these were heard and seen—another
Past; and the two who stood beneath that night,
Each only heard, or saw, or felt the other;
As from the lofty steed she did alight,
Cythna (for, from the eyes whose deepest light
Of love and sadness made my lips feel pale
With influence strange of mournfulst delight,
My own sweet Cythna look'd), with joy did quail,
And felt her strength in tears of human weakness fail.

XXV.

And, for a space in my embrace she rest'd,
Her head on my unquiet heart reposeing,
While my faint arms her languid frame invested:
At length she look'd on me, and half enclosing
Her tremulous lips, said: "Friend, thy bands were losing
The battle, as I stood before the King
In bonds,—I burst them then, and swiftly choosing
The time, did seize a Tartar's sword, and spring
Upon his horse, and swift as on the whirlwind's wing.

XXVI.

"Have thou and I been borne beyond pursuer,
And we are here."—Then turning to the steed,
She press'd the white moon on his front with pure
And rose-like lips, and many a fragrant weed
From the green ruin pluck'd, that he might feed:—
But I to a stone seat that Maidan led,
And kissing her fair eyes, said, "Thou hast need
Of rest," and I heap'd up the courser's bed
In a green mossy nook, with mountain flowers dispread.

XXVII.

Within that ruin, where a shatter'd portal
Looks to the eastern stars, abandon'd now
By man, to be the home of things immortal,
Memories, like awful ghosts which come and go
And must inherit all he builds below,
When he is gone, a hall stood: o'er whose roof
Fair clinging weeds with ivy pale did grow,
Clapping its gray rents with a verdurous woof,
A hanging dome of leaves, a canopy moon-proof.

XXVIII.

The autumnal winds, as if spell-bound, had made
A natural couch of leaves in that recess,
Which season's none disturb'd, but in the shade
Of flowering parasites, did spring love to dress
With their sweet blooms the wintry loneliness
Of those dead leaves, shedding their stars, whose
The wandering wind her nurslings might caress.
Whose intertwining fingers ever there,
Made music wild and soft that fill'd the listening ear.

XXIX.

We know not where we go, or what sweet drest
May pilot us through caverns strange and fair
Of far and pathless passion, while the stream
Of life our bark doth on its whirlpools bear,
Spreading swift wings as sail to the dim air;
Nor should we seek to know, so the devotion
Of love and gentle thoughts be heard still there
Londer and louder from the utmost Ocean
Of universal life, attuning its commotion.

XXX.

To the pure all things are pure! Oblivion wrap
Our spirits, and the fearful overthrow
Of public hope was from our being snapt,
Though linked years had bound it there; for in
A power, a thirst, a knowledge, which below
All thoughts, like light beyond the atmosphere,
Clothing its clouds with grace, doth ever flow,
Came on us, as we sate in silence there,
Beneath the golden stars of the clear azure air.

XXXI.

In silence which doth follow talk that causes
The baffled heart to speak with sighs and tears
When wildering passion swalloweth up the pan
Of inexpressive speech:—the youthful years
Which we together past, their hopes and fears,
The blood itself which ran within our frames,
That likeness of the features which endears
The thoughts express'd by them, our very name
And all the winged hours which speechless mem-
claims.

XXXII.

Had I found a voice:—and ere that voice did ps
The night grew damp and dim, and through a r
Of the ruin where we sate, from the morass,
A wandering meteor by some wild wind sent,
Hung high in the green dome, to which it lent
A faint and paled lustre; while the song
Of blasts, in which its blue hair quivering bent
Strew'd strangest sounds the moving leaves ame
A wondrous light, the sound as of a spirit's tongut
XXXIII.
The meteor show'd the leaves on which we sate,
And Cythna's glowing arms, and the thick ties
Of her soft hair, which bent with gather'd weight.
My neck near hers, her dark and deepening eyes,
Which, as twin phantoms of one star that lies
O'er a dim well, move, though the star reposes,
Swam in our mute and liquid ecstasies,
Her marble brow, and eager lips, like roses,
With their own fragrance pale, which spring but half uncloses.

XXXIV.
The meteor to its far morass return'd:
The beating of our veins one interval
Made still; and then I felt the blood that burn'd
Within her frame, mingle with mine, and fall
Around my heart like fire; and over all
A mist was spread, the sickness of a deep
And speechless swoon of joy, as might befall
Two disunited spirits when they leap
A union from this earth's obscure and fading sleep.

XXXV.
Was it one moment that confounded thus
All thought, all sense, all feeling, into one
Unutterable power, which shielded us
Even from our own cold looks, when we had gone
Into a wide and wild oblivion
Of tumult and of tenderness? or now
Had ages, such as make the moon and sun,
The seasons, and mankind their changes know,
Eft and tear and time unfelt by us alone below?

XXXVI.
I know not. What are kisses whose fire clasps
The failing heart in languishment, or limb
Twined within limb? or the quick dying gases
Of the life meeting, when the faint eyes swim
Through tears of a wide mist boundless and dim,
In one cares? What is the strong control
Which leads the heart that dizzy steep to climb,
Where far over the world those vapors roll,
Which blend two restless frames in one reposing soul?

XXXVII.
It is the shadow which doth float unseen,
But not unfelt, o'er blind mortality,
Whose divine darkness fled not, from that green
And lone recess, where kept in peace did lie
Our linked frames; till, from the changing sky,
That night and still another day had fled;
And then I saw and felt. The moon was high,
And clouds, as of a coming storm, were spread
Under its orb,—loud winds were gathering overhead.

XXXVIII.
Cythna's sweet lips seem'd lurid in the moon,
Her fairest limbs with the night wind were chill,
And her dark tresses were all loosely strown
O'er her pale bosom—all within was still,
And the sweet peace of joy did almost fill
The depth of her unfathomable look;—
And we sate calmly, though that rocky hill,
The waves contending in its caverns strook,
As they foreknew the storm, and the gray ruin shook.

XXXIX.
There we unheeding sate, in the communion
Of interchanged vows, which, with a rite
Of faith most sweet and sacred, staid our union.—
Few were the living hearts which could unite
Like ours, or celebrate a bridal night
With such close sympathies, for they had sprung
From linked youth, and from the gentle might
Of earliest love, delay'd and cherish'd long,
Which common hopes and fears made, like a tempest,
Strong.

XL.
And such is Nature's law divine, that those
Who grow together cannot choose but love,
If faith or custom do not interpose,
Or common slavery war what else might move
All gentler thoughts; as in the sacred grove
Which shades the springs of Ethiopian Nile,
That living tree, which, if the arrowy dove
Strike with her shadow, shrinks in fear awhile,
But its own kindred leaves clasps while the sunbeams
Smile;

XLI.
And clings to them, when darkness may disseyre
The close caresses of all duller plants
Which bloom on the wide earth—thus we for ever
Were link'd, for love had nurst us in the haunts
Where knowledge, from its secret source, enchant's
Young hearts with the fresh music of its springing,
Ere yet its gather'd flood feeds human wants,
As the great Nile feeds Egypt; ever flinging
Light on the woven boughs which o'er its waves are
Swinging.

XLII.
The tones of Cythna's voice like echoes were
Of those far murmuring streams; they rose and fell,
Mix'd with mine own in the tempestuous air,—
And so we sate, until our talk befell
Of the late ruin, swift and horrible;
And how those seeds of hope might yet be sown
Whose fruit is evil's mortal poison: well,
For us, this ruin made a watch-tower lone,
But Cythna's eyes look'd faint, and now two days
Were gone.

XLIII.
Since she had food:—therefore I did awaken
The Tartar steed, who, from his ebon mane,
Soon as the clinging slumber he had shaken
Bent his thin head to seek the brazen rein,
Following me obediently; with pain
Of heart, so deep and dread, that one caress
When lips and heart refuse to part again,
Till they have told their fill, could scarce express
The anguish of her mute and fearful tenderness.

XLIV.
Cythna beheld me part, as I bestrode
That willing steed—the tempest and the night,
Which gave my path its safety as I rode
Down the ravine of rocks, did soon unite,
The darkness and the tumult of their might
Borne on all winds.—Far through the streaming rain
Floating at intervals the garments white
Of Cythna gleam'd, and her voice once again
Came to me on the gust, and soon I reach'd the plain.
I dreaded not the tempest, nor did he  
Who bore me, but his eyeballs wide and red  
Turn'd on the lightning's cleft exultingly;  
And when the earth beneath his tameless tread,  
Shook with the sullen thunder, he would spread  
His nostrils to the blast, and joyously  
Mock the fierce peel with neighings;—thus we sped  
O'er the lit plain, and soon I could discern  
Where Death and Fire had gorged the spoil of victory.

There was a desolate village in a wood,  
Whose bloom-inwoven leaves now scattering fed  
The hungry storm; it was a place of blood,  
A heap of heartless walls,—the flames were dead  
Within those dwellings now,—the life had fled  
From all those corpses now,—but the wide sky  Flooded with lightning was ribb'd overhead  
By the black rafters, and around did lie  
Women, and babes, and men, slaughter'd confusedly.

No living thing was there beside one woman  
Whom I found wandering in the streets, and she  Was wither'd from a likeness of aught human  Into a fiend, by some strange misery:  
Soon as she heard my steps she leap'd on me,  
And glued her burning lips to mine, and laugh'd  With a loud, long, and frantic laugh of glee,  
And cried, "Now, Mortal, thou hast deeply quaff'd  The Plague's blue kisses—soon millions shall pledge the draught!"

"My name is Pestilence—this bosom dry,  
Once fed two babes—a sister and a brother—  When I came home, one in the blood did lie  Of three death-wounds—the flames had ate the other:  Since then I have no longer been a mother,  But I am Pestilence—hither and thither  I flit about, that I may slay and smother;—  All lips which I have kiss'd must surely wither,  But Death's—if thou art he, we'll go to work together!"

"What seek'st thou here? the moonlight comes in flashes,—  "I will moisten her! and thou shalt see the gashes In my sweet boy, now full of worms—but tell  First what thou seek'st."—"I seek for food."—"This well,  Thou shalt have food; Famine, my paramour.  Waits for us at the feast—cruel and fell  Is Famine, but he drives not from his door  Those whom these lips have kiss'd, alone. No more, no more!"
CANTO VII.

I.
So we sate joyous as the morning ray
Which fed upon the wrecks of night and storm
Now lingering on the winds; light airs did play
Among the dewy weeds, the sun was warm,
And we said link'd in the inwoven charm
Of converse and caresses sweet and deep,
Speakless caresses, talk that might disarm
Time, though he wield the darts of death and sleep,
And those thrice mortal bars in his own poison steep.

II.
I told her of my sufferings and my madness,
And how, awakened from that dreamy mood
By Liberty's uprise, the strength of gladness
Came to my spirit in my solitude;
And all that now I was, while tears pursed
Each other down her fair and listening cheek
Fast as the thoughts which fed them, like a flood
From sunbright dales; and when I ceased to speak,
For accents soft and sweet the passing air did wake.

III.
She told me a strange tale of strange endurance,
Like broken memories of many a heart
Woven into one; to which no firm assurance,
So wild were they, could her own faith impart.
She said that not a tear did dare to start
From the sown brain, and that her thoughts were
Firm
When from all mortal hope she did depart,
Borne by those slaves across the Ocean's term,
And that she reach'd the port without one fear firm.

IV.
One was she among many there, the thrall
Of the cold Tyrant's cruel lust; and they
Laugh'd mournfully in those polluted halls;
But she was calm and sad, musing alway
On loftiest enterprise, till on a day
The Tyrant heard her singing to her lute
A wild, and sad, and spirit-thrilling lay,
Like winds that die in wastes—one moment mate
The evil thoughts it made, which did his breast pollute.

V.
Even when he saw her wondrous loveliness,
One moment to great Nature's sacred power
He bent, and was no longer passionless;
But when he bade her to her secret bower
Be borne a loveless victim, and she tore
Her locks in agony, and her words of flame
And mightier looks avail'd not; then he bore
Again his load of slavery, and became
King, a heartless beast, a pageant and a name.

VI.
She told me what a loathsome agony
Is that when selfishness mocks love's delight,
Foul as in dreams most fearful imagery
To daily with the moving dead—that night
All torture, fear, or horror made seem light,
Which the soul dreams or knows, and when the day
Shone on her awful frenzy, from the sight
Where like a Spirit in fleshly chains she lay
Struggling, aghast and pale the Tyrant fled away.

VII.
Her madness was a beam of light, a power
Which dawn'd through the rent soul; and words it gave,
Gestures and looks, such as in whirlwinds bore
Which might not be withstood, whence none could save
All who approach'd their sphere, like some calm wave
Vex'd into whirlpools by the chasms beneath;
And sympathy made each attendant slave
Fearless and free, and they began to breathe
Deep curses, like the voice of flames far underneath.

VIII.
The King felt pale upon his noonday throne;
At night two slaves he to her chamber sent,
One was a green and wrinkled eunuch, grown
From human shape into an instrument
Of all things ill—distorted, bow'd, and bent.
The other was a wretch from infancy
Made dumb by poison; who taught knew or meant
But to obey: from the fire-isles came he
A diver lean and strong, of Oman's coral sea.

IX.
They bore her to a bark, and the swift stroke
Of silent rowers clove the blue moonlight seas,
Until upon their path the morning broke;
They anchor'd then, where, he there calm or breeze,
The gloomiest of the drear Symplegades
Shakes with the sleepless surge;—the Ethiop there
Wound his long arms around her, and with knees
Like iron clasp'd her feet, and plunged with her
Among the closing waves out of the boundless air.

X.
"Swift as an eagle stooping from the plain
Of morning light, into some shadowy wood.
He plunged through the green silence of the main,
Through many a cavern which the eternal flood
Had scoop'd, as dark lairs for its monster brood;
And among mighty shapes which fled in wonder,
And among mightier shadows which pursued
His heels, he wound: until the dark rocks under
He touch'd a golden chain—a sound arose like thunder

XI.
"A stunning clang of massive bolts redoubling
Beneath the deep—a burst of waters driven
As from the roots of the sea, raging and bubbling
And in that roof of crags a space was riven
Through which there shone the emerald beams of heaven,
Shot through the lines of many waves inwoven,
Like sunlight through acacia woods at even,
Through which, his way the diver having cloven,
Past like a spark sent up out of a burning oven.
XII.

"And then," she said, "he laid me in a cave
Above the waters, by that chasm of sea,
A fountain round and vast, in which the wave
Imprison'd, boil'd and leap'd perpetually,
Down which, one moment resting, he did flee,
Winning the adverse depth; that spacious cell
Like an apothecary temple wide and high,
Whose aery dome is inaccessible,
Was pierced with one round cleft through which the
sunbeams fell.

XIII.

"Below, the fountain's brink was richly paven
With the deep's wealth, coral, and pearl, and sand
Like spangling gold, and purple shells engraven
With mystic legends, by no mortal hand
Left there, when thro'ning to the moon's command,
The gathering waves rent the Hesperian gate
Of mountains, and on such bright floor did stand
Columns, and shapes like statues, and the state
Of kingless thrones, which Earth did in her heart
create.

XIV.

"The fiend of madness which had made its prey
Of my poor heart, was lulling to sleep awhile:
There was an interval of many a day,
And a sea-eagle brought me food, the while,
Whose nest was built in that untrodden isle,
And who, to be the jailor had been taught,
Of that strange dungeon; as a friend whose smile
Like light and rest at morrow and even is sought,
That wild bird was to me, till madness misery brought.

XV.

"The misery of a madness slow and creeping,
Which made the earth seem fire, the sea seem air,
And, the white clouds of noon which oft were sleeping,
In the blue heaven so beautiful and fair,
Like hosts of ghastly shadows hovering there;
And the sea-eagle look'd a fiend, who bore
Thy mangled limbs for food;—thus all things were
Transform'd into the agony which I wore
Even as a poison'd robe around my bosom's core

XVI.

"Again I knew the day and night fast fleeing,
The eagle, and the fountain, and the air;
Another frenzy came—there seem'd a being
Within me—a strange load my heart did bear,
As if some living thing had made its lair
Even in the fountains of my life:—a long
And wondrous vision wrought from my despair,
Then grew, like sweet reality among
Dim visionary woes, an unreposing throng.

XVII.

"Methought I was about to be a mother—
Month after month went by, and still I dream'd
That we should soon be all to one another,
I and my child; and still new pulses seem'd
To beat beside my heart, and still I deem'd
There was a babe within,—and when the rain
Of winter through the rifted cavern stream'd,
Methought, after a lapse of lingering pain,
I saw that lovely shape, which near my heart had lain.

XVIII.

"It was a babe, beautiful from its birth.—
It was like thee, dear love! its eyes were thine.
Its brow, its lips, and so upon the earth
It laid its fingers, as now rest on mine
Thine own beloved:—'t was a dream divine;
Even to remember how it fled, how swift,
How utterly, might make the heart repine,—
Though 'twas a dream."—Then Cynthia did uplift
Her looks on mine, as if some doubt she sought to
shift:

XIX.

A doubt which would not flee, a tenderness
Of questioning grief, a source of throbbing tears
Which, having past, as one whom sorest opprest,
She spoke: "Yes, in the wilderness of years
Her memory, aye, like a green home appears,
She suck'd her fill even at this breast, sweet love!
For many months. I had no mortal fears;
Methought I felt her lips and breath approve,—
It was a human thing which to my bosom
close.

XX.

"I watch'd the dawn of her first smiles, and saw
When zenith-stars were trembling on the wave,
Or when the beams of the invisible moon,
Or sun, from many a prism within the cave,
Their gem-born shadows to the water gave,
Her looks would hunt them, and with outspared
hand,
From the swift lights which might that fountain
pave,
She would mark one, and laugh, when that com-
mand
Slighting, it linger'd there, and could not understand.

XXI.

"Methought her looks began to talk with me;
And no articulate sounds, but something sweet
Her lips would frame, —so sweet it could not be
That it was meaningless: her touch would meet
Mine, and our pulses calmly flow and beat
In response while we slept; and on a day
When I was happiest in that strange retreat,
With heaps of golden shells we two did play,—
Both infants, weaving wings for time's perpetual wa

XXII.

"Ere night, methought, her waning eyes were
grown
Weary with joy, and, tired with our delight,
We, on the earth, like sister twins lay down
On one fair mother's bosom:—from that night
She fled,—like those illusions clear and bright,
Which dwell in lakes, when the red moon on his
Pause ere it wakens tempest;—and her flight,
Though 'twas the death of brainless phantasy,
Yet smote my lonesome heart more than all miser

XXIII.

"It seem'd that in the dreary night, the diver
Who brought me thither, came again, and bore
My child away. I saw the waters quiver,
When he so swiftly sunk, as once before:
Then morning came—it shone even as of yore,
But I was changed— the very life was gone
Out of my heart— I wasted more and more,
Day after day, and sitting there alone,
Vex'd the inconstant waves with my perpetual mo
XXIV.

"I was no longer mad, and yet methought
My breasts were swoln and changed,—in every vein
The blood stood still one moment, while that thought
Was passing—with a gush of sickening pain
It ebb'd even to its wither'd springs again:
When my wan eyes in stern resolve I turn'd
From that most strange delusion, which would pain
Have waked the dream for which my spirit yearn'd
With more than human love,—then left it unreturn'd.

XXV.

"So, now my reason was restored to me,
I struggled with that dream, which, like a beast
Most fierce and beauteous, in my memory
Had made its lair, and on my heart did feast;
But all that cave and all its shapes possess'd
By thoughts which could not fade, renew'd each one
Some smile, some look; some gesture which had swoln
Me herebefore: I, sitting there alone,
Yet'd the inconstant waves with my perpetual moan.

XXVI.

"Time past, I know not whether months or years;
For day, nor night, nor change of seasons made
Its note, but thoughts and unavailing tears;
And I became at last even as a shade,
A smoke, a cloud on which the winds have prey'd,
Till it be thin as air; until, one even,
A Nautilus upon the fountain play'd,
Spreading his azure sail where breath of Heaven
Descended not, among the waves and whirlpools driven.

XXVII.

"And when the Eagle came, that lovely thing,
Oaring with rosy feet its silver boat,
Fled near me as for shelter; on slow wing,
The Eagle, hovering o'er his prey, did float;
But when he saw that I with fear did note
His purpose, proffering my own food to him,
The eager plumes subsided on his throat—
He came where that bright child of sea did swim,
And o'er it cast in peace his shadow broad and dim.

XXVIII.

"This waken'd me, it gave me human strength;
And hope, I know not whence, or wherefore, rose,
But I resumed my ancient powers at length;
My spirit felt again like one of those,
Like thine, whose fate it is to make the woes
Of human-kind their prey,—what was this cave?
Its deep foundation no firm purpose knows,
 Immutable, restless, strong to save,
Like mind while yet it mocks the all-devouring grave.

XXIX.

"And where was Lao'n I might my heart be dead,
While that dearer heart could move and be;
Or whilst over the earth the pall was spread,
Which I had sworn to rend? I might be free,
Could I but win that friendly bird to me,
To bring me ropes; and long in vain I sought
By intercourse of mutual imagery
Of objects, if such aid he could be taught;
But fruit, and flowers, and boughs, yet never ropes he brought.

XXX.

"We live in our own world, and mine was made
From glorious phantasies of hope departed:
Aye, we are darken'd with their floating shade,
Or cast a lustre on them—time imparted
Such power to me, I became fearless-hearted,
My eye and voice grew firm, calm was my mind,
And piercing, like the morn, now it has darted
Its lustre on all hidden things, behind
Yon dim and fading clouds which load the weary wind.

XXXI.

"My mind became the book through which I grew
Wise in all human wisdom, and its cave;
Which like a mine I rifled through and through,
To me the keeping of its secrets gave—
One mind, the type of all, the moveless wave
Whose calm reflects all moving things that are,
Necessity, and love, and life, the grave,
And sympathy, fountains of hope and fear;
Justice, and truth, and time, and the world's natural sphere.

XXXII.

"And on the sand would I make signs to range
These woods, as they were woven, of my thought;
Clear, elemental shapes, whose smallest change
A subler language within language wrought:
The key of truths which once were dimly taught
In old Crotona;—and sweet melodies
Of love, in that lone solitude I caught
From mine own voice in dream, when thy dear eyes
Shone through my sleep, and did that utterance harmonize.

XXXIII.

"Thy songs were winds whereon I fled at will,
As in a winged chariot, o'er the plain
Of crystal youth: and thou wert there to fill
My heart with joy, and there we sat again
On the gray margin of the glistening main,
Happy as then, but wiser far, for we
Smiled on the flowery grave in which were lain
Fear, Faith, and Slavery: and mankind was free,
Equal, and pure and wise, in wisdom's prophecy.

XXXIV.

"For to my will my fancies were as slaves
To do their sweet and subtle ministries;
And oft from that bright fountain's shadowy waves
They would make human thongs gather and rise
To combat with my overflowing eyes,
And voice made deep with passion,—thus I grew
Familiar with the shock and the surprise
And war of earthly minds, from which I drew
The power which has been mine to frame their thoughts anew.

XXXV.

"And thus my prison was the populous earth—
Where I saw—even as misery dreams of morn
Before the east has given its glory birth—
Religion's pomp made desolate by the sworn
Of Wisdom's faintest smile, and thrones upthorn
And dwellings of mild people interspersed
With undivided fields of ripening corn,
And love made free,—a hope which we have nurst
Even with our blood and tears,—until its glory burst

2 L
XXXVI.
"All is not lost! there is some recompense
For hope whose fountain can be thus profound,
Even through Evil's splendid impotence,
Girl by its hell of power, the secret sound
Of hymnus to truth and freedom—the dread bound
Of life and death past fearlessly and well,
Dungeons wherein the high resolve is found,
Racks which degraded woman's greatness tell,
And what may else be good and irresistible.

XXXVII.
"Such are the thoughts which, like the fires that flare
In storm-encompass'd isles, we cherish yet
In this dark ruin—such were mine even there;
As in its sleep some odorous violet,
While yet its leaves with nightly dews are wet,
Breathes in prophetic dreams of day's uprise,
Or, as ere Scythian frost in fear has met
Spring's messengers descending from the skies,
The buds foreknew their life—this hope must ever rise.

XXXVIII.
"So years had past, when sudden earthquake rent
The depth of ocean, and the cavern crackle
With sound, as if the world's wide continent
Had fallen in universal ruin rack;
And through the cleft stream'd in one cataract,
The stifling waters — when I woke, the flood
Whose banded waves that crystal cave had sack'd
Was ebbing round me, and my bright abode
Before me yawn'd—a chasm, desert, and bare, and broad.

XXXIX.
"Above me was the sky, beneath the sea:
I stood upon a point of shatter'd stone,
And heard loose rocks rushing tumultuously
With splash and shock into the deep—anon
All ceased, and there was silence wide and lone.
I felt that I was free! the Ocean-spray
Quiver'd beneath my feet, the broad Heaven shone
Around, and in my hair the winds did play
Linger ing as they pursued their unimpeded way.

XL.
"My spirit moved upon the sea like wind
Which round'some thorny cape will lag and hover, though
It can wake the still cloud, and unbind
The strength of tempest: day was almost over,
When through the fading light I could discover
A ship approaching—its white sails were fed
With the north wind—its Moving shade did cover
The twilight deep; the mariners in dread
Cast anchor when they saw new rocks around them spread.

XII.
"And when they saw one sitting on a crag,
They sent a boat to me; the sailors row'd
In sive through many a new and fearful jag
Of overhanging rock, through which there flow'd
The flam of streams that cannot make abode.
They came and question'd me, but when they heard
My voice, they became silent, and they stood
And moved as men in whom new love had stirr'd
Deep thoughts: so to the ship we pass without a word.

CANTO VIII.
I.
"I sate beside the steersman then, and gazing
Upon the west, cried, 'Spread the sails! behold!
The sinking moon is like a watch-tower blazing
Over the mountains yet;—the City of Gold
Yon Cape alone does from the sight withold;
The stream is fleet—the north breathes steadily
Beneath the stars, they tremble with the cold;
Ye cannot rest upon the dreary sea:—
Haste, haste to the warm home of happier destiny!"

II.
"The Mariners obey'd— the Captain stood
Alas, and whispering to the Pilot, said,
'Alas, alas! I fear we are pursued
By wicked ghosts: a Phantom of the Dead
The night before we sail'd, came to my bed
In dream, like that!' — The Pilot then replied,
'It cannot be—she is a human Maid—
Her low voice makes you weep—she is some bride,
Or daughter of high birth—she can be naught besides

III.
"We past the islets, borne by wind and stream,
And as we sail'd, the Mariner's came near
And throng'd around to listen—in the gleam
Of the pale moon I stood, as one whom fear
May not attaint, and my calm voice did rear:
Ye all are human—yon broad moon gives light
To millions who the selfsame likeness wear.
Even while I speak—beneath this very night,
Their thoughts flow on like ours, in sadness or delight.

IV.
"What dream ye? Your own hands have built
home,
Even for yourselves on a beloved shore:
For some, fond eyes are pining till they come,
How they will greet him when his toils are o'er?
And laughing babes rush from the well-known door.
Is this your care? ye tell for your own good—
Ye feel and think—has some immortal Power
Such purposes! or in a human mood,
Dream ye some Power thus builds for man in solitude.

V.
"What is that Power? ye mock yourselves, and give
A human heart to what ye cannot know:
As if the cause of life could think and live!
T were as if man's own works should feel, and show
The hopes, and fears, and thoughts from which the flow,
And he be like to them. Lo! Plague is free
To waste, Blight, Poison, Earthquake, Hail, or Snow,
Disease, and Want, and worse Necessity
Of hate and ill, and Pride, and Fear, and Tyranny

282
VI.  "What is that Power? Some moon-struck sophist stood
Watching his shade from his own soul uplifted
Fill Heaven and darken Earth, and in such mood
The form he saw and worshipp'd was his own,
His likeness in the world's vast mirror shown
And 'twere an innocent dream, but that a faith
Nursed by fear's dew of poison, grows thereon.
And that man, that Power has chosen Death
On all who scorn its laws, to wreak immortal wrath.

VII.  "Men say that they themselves have heard and seen,
Or known from others who have known such things,
A Shade, a form, which Earth and Heaven between
Wields an invisible rod—that Priest and King,
Custom, domestic sway, ay, all that brings
Man's free-born soul beneath the oppressor's heel,
Are his strong ministers, and that the stings
Of death will make the wise his vengeance feel,
Though truth and virtue arm their hearts with tenfold steel.

VIII.  "And it is said, this Power will punish wrong;
Yes, add despair to crime, and pain to pain!
And deepest hell, and deathless snakes among,
Will bind the wretch on whom is fix'd a stain,
Which, like a plague, a burthen, and a bane,
Clung to him while he lived;—for love and hate,
Virtue and vice, they say, are difference vain—
The will of strength is right—this human state
Yrants, that they may rule, with lies thus desolate.

IX.  "Alas, what strength? opinion is more frail
Than you dim cloud now fading on the moon
Even while we gaze, though it awhile avail
To hide the orb of truth—and every throne
Of Earth or Heaven, though shadows rest thereon,
One shape of many names—'for this ye plow
The barren waves of ocean, hence each one
Is slave or tyrant; all betray and bow,
Command, or kill, or fear, or wreat, or suffer woe.

X.  "Its names are each a sign which maketh holy
All power—ay, the ghost, the dream, the shade,
Of power—lust, falsehood, hate, and pride, and folly;
The pattern whence all fraud and wrong is made,
A law to which mankind has been betray'd;
And human love is as the name well known
Of a dear mother, when the murderer laid
In bloody grave, and into darkness thrown,
Her wretcher'd babes around him as his own.

XI.  "O love! who to the hearts of wandering men
Art as the calm to Ocean's weary waves!
Justice, or truth, or joy! thou only can
From slavery and religion's labyrinth caves
Guide us, as one clear star the seaman saves.
To give to all an equal share of good,
To track the steps of freedom though through graves
She pass, to suffer all in patient mood,
Weep for crime, though staint'd with thy friend's dearest blood.

XII.  "To feel the peace of self-contentment's lot,
To own all sympathies, and outrage none,
And in the utmost powers of sense, and thought,
Until life's sunny day is quite gone down,
To sit and smile with joy, or, not alone,
To kiss salt tears from the worn cheek of Woe;
And live, as if to love and live were one,—
This is not faith or law, nor those who bow
To thrones on Heaven or Earth, such destiny may know.

XIII.  "But children near their parents tremble now,
Because they must obey—one rules another,
And as one Power rules both high and low,
So man is made the captive of his brother,
And Hate is throne'd on high with Fear her mother,
Above the Highest—and those fountain-cells,
Whence love yet flow'd when faith had chok'd all other.
Are darken'd—Woman as the bond-slave, dwells
Of man, a slave; and life is poison'd in its wells.

XIV.  "Man seeks for gold in mines, that he may weave
A lasting chain for his own slavery;
In fear and restless care that he may live
He toils for others, who must ever be
The joyless thralls of like captivity;
He murders, for his chief delight in ruin;
He builds the altar, that its idol's fee
May be his very blood; he is pursuing
O, blind and willing wretch! his own obscure undoing.

XV.  "Woman!—she is his slave, she has become
A thing I weep to speak—the child of scorn,
The outcast of a desolated home,
Falsehood, and fear, and toil, like waves have worn
Channels upon her cheeks, which smiles adorn,
As calm decks the false Ocean—well ye know
What Woman is, for none of Woman born
Can choose but drain the bitter dregs of woe,
Which ever from the oppress'd to the oppressors flow.

XVI.  "This need not be; ye might arise, and will
That gold should lose its power, and thrones their glory;
That love, which none may bind, be free to fill
The world, like light; and evil faith, grown hoary
With crime, be quench'd and die.—Yon promontory
Even now eclipses the descending moon!—
Dungeons and palaces are transitory—
High temples fade like vapor—Man alone
Remains, whose will has power when all beside is gone.

XVII.  "Let all be free and equal!—from your hearts
I feel an echo; through my inmost frame
Like sweetest sound, seeking its mate, it darts—
Whence come ye, friends! alas, I cannot name
All that I read of sorrow, toil, and shame,
On your worn faces; as in legends old,
Which make immortal the disastrous fame
Of conquerors and impostors false and bold,
The discord of your hearts, I in your looks behold
``Whence come ye, friends? from pouring human blood.
Forth on the earth? or bring ye steel and gold,
That Kings may dupe and slay the multitude?
Or from the famish'd poor, pale, weak, and cold,
Bear ye the earnings of their toil? unfold!
Speak! are your hands in slaughter's sanguine hue
Stain'd freshly? have your hearts in guile grown old?
Know yourselves thus! ye shall be pure as dew,
And I will be a friend and sister unto you.
``

``Disguise it not—we have one human heart—
All mortal thoughts confess a common home:
Blush not for what may to thyself impart
Stains of inevitable crime: the door
Is this, which has, or may, or must become
Thine, and all human-kind's. Ye are the spoil
Which Time thus marks for the devouring tomb,
Thou and thy thoughts, and they, and all the toil
Wherewith ye twine the rings of life's perpetual coil.
``

``Yes, it is Hate, that shapeless fiendly thing
Of many names, all evil, some divine,
Whom self-contempt arms with a mortal sting;
Which, when the heart its snaky folds entwine,
Is wasted quite, and when it doth repine
To gorge such bitter prey, on all beside
It turns with ninefold rage, as with its twine
When Amphibusa some fair bird has tided,
Soon o'er the putrid mass he threats on every side.
``

``Reproach not thine own soul, but know thyself,
Nor hate another's crime, nor loathe thine own.
It is the dark idolatry of self,
Which, when our thoughts and actions once are gone,
Demands that man should weep, and bleed, and groan;
O vacant expiation! be at rest—
The past is Death's, the future is thine own;
And love and joy can make the foulest breast
A paradise of flowers, where Peace might build her nest.
``

``Speak thou! whence come ye?''—A Youth made reply,
``Wearily, wearily o'er the boundless deep
We sail;—thou readest well the misery
Told in these faded eyes, but much doth sleep
Within, which there the poor heart loves to keep,
Or dare not write on the dishonor'd brow;
Even from our childhood have we learn'd to steep
The bread of slavery in the tears of woe,
And never dream'd of hope or refuge until now.
``

``Yes—I must speak—my secret should have perish'd
Even with the heart it wasted, as a brand
Fades in the dying flame whose life it cherish'd.
But that no human bosom can withstand
Thee, wondrous Lady, and the mild command
Of thy keen eyes,—yes, we are wretched slave
Who from their wonted loves and native land
Are not, and bear o'er the dividing waves
The unregard'd prey of calm and happy graves.
``

``We drag afar from pastoral vales the fairest,
Among the daughters of those mountains lone,
We drag them there, where all things best are rarest
Are stain'd and trampled.—years have come and gone
Since, like the ship which bears me, I have known
No thought;—but now the eyes of one dear Ma
On mine with light of mutual love have shone.
She is my life,—I am but as the shade
Of her,—a smoke sent up from ashes, soon to fade
``

``For she must perish in the tyrant's hall—
Alas, alas!—He ceased, and by the sail
Sate cowering—but his sobs were heard by all
And still before the ocean and the gale
The ship fled fast till the stars 'gan to fall,
And round me gather'd with mute countenance
The Seamen gazed, the Pilot, worn and pale
With toil, the Captain with grey locks, whose gait
Met mine in restless awe,—they stood as in a tran

``Recede not! pause not now! thou art grown
But Hope will make thee young, for Hope
Are children of one mother, even Love—beho
The eternal stars gaze on us!—is the truth
Within your soul? care for your own, or Ruth
For other's sufferings? do ye thurst to bear
A heart which not the serpent's custom's tooth
May violate!—be free! and even here,
Swear to be firm till death! they cried, 'we swear'
``

``The very darkness shook, as with a blast
Of subterranean thunder at the cry;
The hollow shore its thousand echoes cast
Into the night, as if the sea, and sky,
And earth, rejoiced with new-born Liberty,
For in that name they swore! Bolts were unbraze
And on the deck, with uncustom'd eye,
The captives gazing stood, and every one
Shrank as the inconstant torch upon her countenance shone.
``

``They were earth's purest children, young and
With eyes the shrines of unawaken'd thought
And brows as bright as spring or morning, ere
dark time had there its evil legend wrought
In characters of cloud which wither not;
The change was like a dream to them; but as
They knew the glory of their alter'd lot,
In the bright wisdom of youth's breathless no
Sweet talk, and smiles, and sighs, all bosom's attune.'
XXX.

"But one was mute, her cheeks and lips most fair,
Changing their hue like lilies newly blown,
Beneath a bright acacia's shadowy hair,
Waved by the wind amid the sunny noon,
Show'd that her soul was quivering; and full soon
That youth arose, and breathlessly did look
On her and me, as for some speechless boon:
I smiled, and both their hands in mine I took,
And felt a soft delight from what their spirits shook.

CANTO IX.

I.

"That night we anchor'd in a woody bay,
And sleep no more around us dared to hover
Than, when all doubt and fear has past away,
It shades the couch of some unresting lover,
Whose heart is now at rest; thus night past over
In mutual joy;—around, a forest grew
Of poplars and dark oaks, whose shade did cover
The waning stars prankt in the waters blue,
And trembled in the wind which from the morning flow.

II.

"The joyous mariners, and each free maiden,
Now brought from the deep forest many a bough,
With woodland spoil most innocently laden;
Soon wreaths of budding foliage seem'd to flow
Over the mast and sails, the stern and prow
Were canopied with blooming boughs,—the while
On the slant sun's path o'er the waves we goe
Rejoicing, like the dwellers of an isle
Soon'd to pursue those waves that cannot cease to smile.

III.

"The many ships spotting the dark-blue deep
With snowy sails, fled fast as ours came nigh,
In fear and wonder; and on every steep
Thousands did gaze, they heard the startling cry,
Like earth's own voice lifted unconquerably
To all her children, the unbounded mirth,
The glorious joy of thy name,—Liberty!
They heard!—As o'er the mountains of the earth
From peak to peak leap on the beams of morning's birth:

IV.

"So from that cry over the boundless hills,
Sudden was caught one universal sound,
Like a volcano's voice, whose thunder fills
Remote skies,—such glorious madness found
A path through human hearts with stream which drown'd
Its struggling fears and cares, dark custom's brood.
They knew not whence it came, but felt around
A wide contagion pour'd—they call'd aloud a liberty—that name lived on the sunny flood.

V.

"We reach'd the port—alas! from many spirits
The wisdom which had waked that cry, was fled
Like the brief glory which dark Heaven inherits
From the false dawn, which fades ere it is spread,
Upon the night's devouring darkness shed:
Yet soon bright day will burst—even like a chasm
Of fire, to burn the shrouds outworn and dead,
Which wrap the world; a wide enthusiasm,
To cleanse the fever'd world as with an earthquake's spasm!

VI.

"I walk'd through the great City then, but free.
From shame or fear; those toil-worn Mariners
And happy Maidens did encompass me;
And like a subterranean wind that stirs
Some forest among caves, the hopes and fears
From every human soul, a murmur strange
Made as I past; and many wept, with tears
Of joy and awe, and winged thoughts did range,
And half-extinguish'd words, which prophesied of change.

VII.

"For, with strong speech I tore the veil that hid
Nature, and Truth, and Liberty, and Love,—
As one who from some mountain's pyramid,
Points to the unrisen sun,—the shades approve
His truth, and flee from every stream and grove.
Thus, gentle thoughts did many a bosom fill,—
Wisdom, the mail of tried affections wove
For many a heart, and timeless scorn of ill.
Thrice steep'd in molten steel the unconquerable will.

VIII.

"Some said I was a maniac wild and lost;
Some, that I scarce had risen from the grave
The Prophet's virgin bride, a heavenly ghost—
Some said, I was a fiend from my weird cave,
Who had stolen human shape, and o'er the wave,
The forest, and the mountain came:—some said
I was the child of God, sent down to save
Women from bonds and death, and on my head
The burthen of their sins would frightfully be laid.

IX.

"But soon my human words found sympathy
In human hearts: the purest and the best,
As friend with friend, made common cause with me,
And they were few, but resolute:—the rest,
Ere yet success the enterprise had blest,
Leagued with me in their hearts:—their meals,
Their slumber,
Their hourly occupations were posset
By hopes which I had arm'd to overnumber,
Those hosts of manner cares, which life's strong wings encumber.

X.

"But chiefly women, whom my voice did waken
From their cold, careless, willing slavery,
Sought me: one truth their dreary prison has shaken:—
They look'd around, and lo! they became free!
Their many tyrants sitting desolately
In slave-deserted huts, could none restrain;
For wrath's red fire had wither'd in the eye,
Whose lightning once was death.—nor fear, nor gain
Could tempt one captive now to lock another's chain.
XI.

"Those who were sent to bind me; wept, and felt
Their minds outcast to the bonds which clasped them round,
Even as a waxen shape may waste and melt
In the white furnace; and a vision's swound,
A pause of hope and awe the City bound,
Which, like the silence of a tempest's birth,
When in its awful shadow it has wound
The sun, the wind, the ocean, and the earth,
Hung terrible, ere yet the lightnings have leapt forth.

XII.

"Like clouds invovled in the silent sky,
By winds from distant regions meeting there,
In the high name of truth and liberty
Around the City millions gather'd were,
By hopes which sprang from many a hidden lair;
Words, which the lore of truth in hues of grace
Array'd, thine own wild songs which in the air
Like homeless odors floated, and the name
Of thee, and many a tongue which thou hadst dipp'd in flame.

XIII.

"The Tyrant knew his power was gone, but Fear,
The nurse of Vengeance, bade him wait the event—
That perfidy and custom, gold and prayer,
And whatso'er, when force is impotent,
To fraud the sceptre of the world has lent,
Might, as he judged, confirm his failing sway,
Therefore throughout the streets the Priests he sent
To curse the rebels. —To their gods did they
For Earthquake, Plague, and Want, kneel in the public way.

XIV.

"And grave and heavy men were bribed to tell
From seats where law is made the slave of wrong,
How glorious Athens in her splendor fell,
Because her sons were free,—and that among
Mankind, the many to the few belong,
By Heaven, and Nature, and Necessity.
They said, that age was truth, and that the young
Marr'd with wild hopes the peace of slavery,
With which old times and men had quell'd the vain
and free.

XV.

"And with the falsehood of their poisonous lips
They breathed on the enduring memory
Of sages and of bards a brief eclipse;
There was one teacher, who, necessity
Had arm'd, with strength and wrong against mankind,
His slave and his avenger aye to be;
That we were weak and sinful, frail and blind,
And that the will of one was peace, and we
Should seek for naught on earth but toil and misery.

XVI.

"For thus we might avoid the hell hereafter,
So spake the hypocrites, who cursed and lied;
Alas, their sway was past, and tears and laughter
Clung to their hoary hair, withering the pride
Which in their hollow hearts dared still abide;
And yet obscene slaves with smoother brow,
And sneers on their strait lips, thin, blue and wide,
Said, that the rule of men was over now,
And hence, the subject world to woman's will must bow;

XVII.

"And gold was scatter'd through the streets, and wine
Flow'd at a hundred feasts within the wall.
In vain! the steady towers in Heaven did shine
As they were wont, nor at the priestly call.
Left Plague her banquet in the Esh'lip's hall,
Nor famine from the rich man's portal came,
Where at her ease she ever preys on all
Who throng to kneel for food: nor fear nor shame
Nor faith, nor discord, dimm'd hope's newly-kindled flame.

XVIII.

"For gold was as a god whose faith began
To fade, so that its worshippers were few,
And Faith itself, which in the heart of man
Gives shape, voice, name, to spectral Terror, kneel.
Its downfall, as the altars lonelier grew,
Till the Priests stood alone within the fane;
The shafts of falsehood unpolluting flew,
And the cold sneers of calumny were vain
The union of the free with discord's brand to stain.

XIX.

"The rest thou knowest—Lo! we two are here—
We have survived a ruin wide and deep—
Strange thoughts are mine—I cannot grieve or weep
Sitting with thee upon this lonely steep
I smile, though human love should make me weep;
We have survived a joy that knows no sorrow,
And I do feel a mighty calmness creep
Over my heart, which can no longer borrow
Its hues from chance or change, dark children to-morrow.

XX.

"We know not what will come—yet Laon, deare
Cythna shall be the prophetess of love,
Her lips shall rob thee of the grace thou wear'
To hide thy heart, and clothe the shapes which ro
Within the homeless future's wintry grove:
For I now, sitting thus beside thee, seem
Even with thy breath and blood to live and mo,
And violence and wrong are as a dream
Which rolls from stedfast truth an unreturning stream.

XXI.

"The blasts of Autumn drive the winged seed
Over the earth,—next come the snows, and rail;
And frost, and storms, which dreary Winter lea
Out of his Scythian cave, a savage train.
Behold! Spring sweeps over the world again,
Shedding soft dew from her ethereal wings;
Flowers on the mountains, fruits over the plain
And music on the waves and woods she flings,
And love on all that lives, and calm on lifeless thir.

XXII.

"O Spring! of hope, and love, and youth, and gladn
Wind-winged emblem! brightest, best and fair
Whence comest thou, when, with dark Winter's sadn
The tears that fade in sunny smiles thou share,
Sister of joy! thou art the child who wearest
Thy mother's dying smile, tender and sweet;
Thy mother Autumn, for whose grave thou beat
Fresh flowers, and beams like flowers, with get
Feet,
Disturbing not the leaves which are her winding-sh
XXIII.

"Virtue, and Hope, and Love, like light and Heaven, Surround the world.—We are their chosen slaves. Has not the whirlwind of our spirit driven
Truth’s deathless germs to thought’s remotest caves?
Lo! Winter comes!—the grief of many graves. The frost of death, the tempest of the sword. The flood of tyranny, whose sanguine waves Stagnate like ice at Faith, the enchanter’s word, and bind all human hearts in its repose abhor’d.

XXIV.

"The seeds are sleeping in the soil;—some, meanwhile The tyrant peoples dungeons with his prey, Pale victors on the guarded scaffold smile. Because they cannot speak; and, day by day, The moon of wasting Science wanes away. Among her stars, and in that darkness vast. The sons of earth to their foul idols pray, and gray Priests triumph, and, like blight or blast shade of selfish care o’er human looks is cast.

XXV.

"This is the winter of the world!—and here We die, even as the winds of Autumn fade. Expiring in the frore and foggy air.— Behold! Spring comes, though we must pass, who made The promise of its birth,—even as the shade. Which from our death, as from a mountain, slings The future, a broad sunrise; thus array’d As with the plumes of overshadowing wings, on its dark gulf of chains, Earth like an eagle springs.

XXVI.

"O dearest love! we shall be dead and cold Before this morn may on the world arise; Wouldst thou the glory of its dawn behold? Alas! gaze not on me, but turn thine eyes On thine own heart—it is a paradise Which everlasting Spring has made its own, And while drear Winter fills the naked skies. Sweet streams of sunny thought, and flowers fresh blown, are there, and weave their sounds and odors into one.

XXVII.

"In their own hearts the earnest of the hope Which made them great, the good will ever find; And though some envious shade may interlope Between the effect and it, one comes behind, Who e’er the future to the past will bind— Necessity, whose sightless strength for ever Evil with evil, good with good must wind In bands of union, which no power may sever: Joy must bring forth their kind, and be divided never!

XXVIII.

"The good and mighty of departed ages Are in their graves, the innocent and free, Heroes, and Poets, and prevailing Sages, Who leave the vesture of their majesty To adorn and clothe this naked world;—and we Are like to them—such perish, but they leave All hope, or love, or truth, or liberty, Whose forms their mighty spirits could conceive Be a rule and law to ages that survive.

XXIX.

"So be the turf heap’d over our remains. Even in our happy youth, and that strange lot, Whate’er it be, when in these mingling veins The blood is still, be ours: let sense and thought Pass from our being, or be number’d not. Among the things that are; let those who come Behind, for whom our stedfast will has brought A calm inheritance, a glorious doom. Insult, with careless tread, our undivided tomb.

XXX.

"Our many thoughts and deeds, our life and love, Our happiness, and all that we have been. Immorally must live, and burn and move, When we shall be no more;—the world has seen A type of peace; and as some most serene And lovely spot to a poor maniac’s eye, After long years, some sweet and moving scene Of youthful hope returning suddenly, Quells his long madness—thus man shall remember thee.

XXXI.

"And Calumny meanwhile shall feed on us. As worms devour the dead, and near the throne And at the altar, most accepted thus Shall sneers and curses be!—what we have done None shall dare vouch, though it be truly known, That record shall remain, when they must pass Who built their pride on its oblivion; And fame, in human hope which sculptured was, Survive the perish’d scrolls of unending brass.

XXXII.

"The while we two, beloved, must depart, And Sense and Reason, those enchanters fair, Whose wand of power is hope, would bid the heart That gazed beyond the wormy grave despair: These eyes, these lips, this blood, seem darkly there To fade in hideous ruin; no calm sleep, Peopleing with golden dreams the stagnant air, Seems our obscure and rotting eyes to steep In joy;—but senseless death—a ruin dark and deep!

XXXIII.

"These are blind fancies—reason cannot know What sense can neither feel, nor thought conceive, There is delusion in the world—and woe, And fear, and pain—we know not whence we live, Or why, or how, or what mate Power may give Their being to each plant, and star, and beast, Or even these thoughts:—Come near me! I do weave A chain I cannot break—I am possesst With thoughts too swift and strong for one lone human breast.

XXXIV.

"Yes, yes—thy kiss is sweet, thy lips are warm Of willingly beloved, would these eyes. Might they no more drink being from thy form, Even as to sleep whence we again arise, Close their faint orbs in death: I fear nor prize Aught that can now beside, unshared by thee—Yes, Love when wisdom fails makes Cythna wise. Darkness and death, if death be true, must be Dearer than life and hope, if utterjoy’d with thee.

287
XXXV.
"Alas, our thoughts flow on with stream, whose waters
Return not to their fountain—Earth and Heaven,
The Ocean and the Sun, the clouds their daughters,
Winter, and Spring; and Morn, and Noon, and Even,
All that we are or know, is darkly driven
Towards one gulf—Lo! what a change is come
Since I first spake—but time shall be forgiven,
Though it change all but thee!"—She ceased:
night's gloom
Meanwhile had fallen on earth from the sky's sunless dome.

XXXVI.
Though she had ceased, her countenance uplifted
To Heaven, still spake, with solemn glory bright;
Her dark deep eyes, her lips, whose motions gifted
The air they breathed with love, her locks undight;
"Fair star of life and love!" I cried, "my soul's delight!
Why lookest thou on the crystalline skies?
O, that my spirit were yon Heaven of night,
Which gazes on thee with its thousand eyes!"
She turn'd to me and smiled—that smile was Paradise!

CANTO X.

I.
Was there a human spirit in the steed,
That thus with his proud voice, ere night was gone,
He broke our linked rest? or do indeed
All living things a common nature own,
And thought erect a universal throne,
Where many shapes one tribute ever bear?
And Earth, their mutual mother, does she groan
To see her sons contend? and makes she bare
Her breast, that all in peace its drainless stores may share?

II.
I have heard friendly sounds from many a tongue,
Which was not human—the lone Nightingale
Has answer'd me with her most soothing song,
Out of her ivy bower, when I sat pale
With grief, and sigh'd beneath; from many a dale
The Antelopes who flock'd for food have spoken
With happy sounds, and motions, that avail
Like man's own speech; and such was now the token
Of waning night, whose calm by that proud neigh
was broken.

III.
Each night, that mighty steed bore me abroad,
And I return'd with food to our retreat,
And dark intelligence; the blood which flow'd
Over the fields, had stain'd the courser's feet—
Soon the dust drinks that bitter dew,—then meet
The vulture, and the wild-dog, and the snake,
The wolf, and the hyena gray, and eat
The dead in horrid truce: their throgs did make
Behind the steed, a chasm like waves in a ship's wake.

IV.
For, from the utmost realms of earth, came pour'd
The banded slaves whom every despot sent
At that throne'd traitor's summons; like the run
Of fire, whose floods the wild deer circumvent
In the scorched pastures of the South; so bent
The armies of the lengthied kings around
Their files of steel and flame;—the continent
Trembled, as with a zone of ruin bound,
Beneath their feet, the sea shook with their Navi sound.

V.
From every nation of the earth they came,
The multitude of moving heartless things,
Whom slaves call men: obediently they came,
Like sheep whom from the fold the shepherd bri
To the stall; red with blood; their many kings
Led them, thus erring, from their native home;
Tartar and Frank, and millions whom the wing
Of Indian breezes lull, and many a band
The Arctic Anarch sent, and Idumea's sand.

VI.
Fertile in prodigies and lies;—so there
Strange natures made a brotherhood of ill
The desert savage ceased to grasp in fear
His Asian shield and bow, when, at the will
Of Europe's subtler son, the bolt would kill
Some shepherd sitting on a rock secure;
But smiles of wondering joy his face would fi
And savage sympathy: those slaves impure,
Each one the other thus from ill to ill did lure.

VII.
For traitorously did that foul Tyrant robe
His countenance in lies,—even at the hour
When he was snatch'd from death, then o'er globe,
With secret signs from many a mountain tow
With smoke by day, and fire by night, the pot
Of kings and priests, those dark conspirators
He call'd:—they knew his cause own
swore
Like wolves and serpents, to their mutual wa
Strange truce, with many a rite which Earth
Heaven abhors.

VIII.
Myriads had come—millions were on their w
The Tyrant past, surrounded by the steel
Of hired assassins, through the public way,
Choked with his country's dead:—his footsteps
On the fresh blood—he smiles, "Ay, now I fi
I am a King in truth!" he said, and took
His royal seat, and bade the torturing wheel
Be brought, and fire, and pincers, and the hot
And scorpions; that his soul on its revenge might

IX.
"But first, go slay the rebels—why return
The victor bands?" he said, "millions yet liv
Of whom the weakest with one word might t
The scales of victory yet;—let none survive
But those within the walls,—each fifth shall, g
The expiation for his brethren here.
Go forth, and waste and kill!"—"O King, for e
My speech," a soldier answer'd—"but we fe
The spirits of the night, and morn is drawing n;
X.
"For we were slaying still without remorse,
And now that dreadful chief beneath my hand
Defenceless lay, when, on a hell-black horse,
An Angel bright as day, wavine a brand
Which flash'd among the stars, past."—" Dost thou stand
Parleying with me, thou wretch?" the king replied;
"Slaves, bind him to the wheel; and of this band,
Whoso will drag that woman to his side
That scared him thus, may burn his dearest foe beside;"

XI.
"And gold and glory shall be his.—Go forth!"
They rush'd into the plain—Loud was the roar
Of their career: the horsemen shook the earth;—
The wheel'd artillery's speed the pavement tore;
The infantry, file after file, did pour
Their clouds on the utmost hills. Five days they slew
Among the wasted fields; the sixth saw gore
Stream through the city; on the seventh, the dew
Of daughter became stuff; and there was peace anew:

XII.
Peace in the desert fields and villages,
Between the glutted beasts and mangled dead!
Peace in the silent streets! save when the cries
Of victims to their fiery judgment led,
Made pale their voiceless lips who seem'd to dread
Even in their dearest kindred, lest some tongue
Be faithless to the fear yet unbetray'd;
In the Tyrant's palace, where the horns
Waste the triumphal hours in festival and song!

XIII.
Day after day the burning Sun roll'd on
Over the death-polluted land—it came
Out of the east like fire, and fiercely shone
A lamp of Autumn, ripening with its flame
The few lone ears of corn;—the sky became
Stagnate with heat, so that each cloud and blast
Languish'd and died,—the thristing air did claim
All moisture, and a rotting vapor past
From the unburied dead, invisible and fast.

XIV.
First Want, then Plague came on the beasts; their food
Fail'd, and they drew the breath of its decay.
Millions on millions, whom the scent of blood
Had lured, or who, from regions far away,
Had track'd the hosts in festival array.
From their dark deserts; gaunt and wasting now,
Stalk'd like fell shades among their perish'd prey;
In their green eyes a strange disease did glow,
They sank in hideous spasm, or pains severe and slow.

XV.
The fish were poison'd in the streams; the birds
In the green woods perish'd; the insect race
Was wither'd up; the scatter'd flocks and herds
Who had survived the wild beasts' hungry chase
Died mourning, each upon the other's face
In helpless agony gazing; round the City
All night, the lean byvens their sad case
Like starving infants wall'd; a woful ditty!
nd many a mother wept, pierced with unnatural
pity

XVI.
Amid the aerial minarets on high,
The Æthiopian vultures fluttering fell
From their long line of brethren in the sky,
Startling the concourse of mankind.—Too well
Those signs the coming mischief did foretell:—
Strange panic first, a deep and sickening dread
Within each heart, like ice, did sink and swell,
A voiceless thought of evil, which did spread
With the quick glance of eyes, like withering lightnings shed.

XVII.
Day after day, when the year wanes, the frosts
Strip its green crown of leaves, till all is bare;
So on those strange and congregated hosts
Came Famine, a swift shadow, and the air
Gron'd with the burthen of a new despair;
Famine, than whom Misrule no deadlier daughter
Feeds from her thousand breasts, though sleeping there
With lidless eyes, lie Faith, and Plague, and Slaughter,
A ghastly brood; conceived of Lathe's sullen water.

XVIII.
There was no food, the corn was trampled down,
The flocks and herds had perish'd; on the shore
The dead and putrid fish were ever thrown:
The deeps were foodless, and the winds no more
Creak'd with the weight of birds, but as before
Those winged things sprang forth, were void of shade;
The vines and orchards, Autumn's golden store,
Were burn'd—so that the meanest food was weigh'd
With gold, and Avarice died before the god it made.

XIX.
There was no corn—in the wide market-place
All loveliest things, even human flesh, was sold;
They weigh'd it in small scales—and many a face
Was fix'd in eager horror then: his gold
The miser brought, the tender maid, grown bold
Through hunger, bare her scorned charms in vain
The mother brought her eldest born, control'd
By instinct blind as love, but turn'd again
And bade her infant suck, and died in silent pain.

XX.
Then fell blue Plague upon the race of man.
"O, for the sheathed steel, so late which gave
Oblivion to the dead, when the streets ran
With brother's blood! O, that the earthquake's grave
Would gape, or Ocean lift its stifling wave!"
Vain cries—throughout the streets, thousands pursued
Each by his fiery torture howl and rave,
Or sit in frenzy's unimagin'd mood,
Upon fresh heaps of dead; a ghastly multitude.

XXI.
It was not hunger now, but thirst. Each well
Was choked with rotting corpses, and became
A caldron of green mist made visible
At sunrise. Thither still the myriads came,
Seeking to quench the agony of the flame
Which raged like poison through their bursting veins;
Naked they came from torture, without shame,
Spotted with nameless scars and lurid blains,
Childhood, and youth, and age, writhing in savage
pains.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>XXII.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| It was not thirst, but madness! many saw<br> Their own lean image everywhere, it went<br> A ghastlier self beside them, till the awe<br> Of that dread sight to self-destruction sent<br> Those shrieking victims; some, ere life was spent,<br> Sought, with a herid sympathy, to shed<br> Contagion on the sound; and others rent<br> Their matted hair, and cried aloud, "We tread<br> In fire! the avenging Power his hell on earth has<br> spread."

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>XXIII.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| Sometimes the living by the dead were hid.<br> Near the great fountain in the public square,<br> Where corpses made a crumbling pyramid<br> Under the sun, was heard one stilled prayer<br> For life, in the hot silence of the air;<br> And strange 'twas, amid that hideous heap to see<br> Some shrouded in their long and golden hair,<br> As if not dead, but slumbering quietly,<br> Like forms which sculptors carve, then love to agony.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>XXIV.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| Famine had spared the palace of the king:<br> He rioted in festival the while,<br> He and his guards and priests; but Plague did<br> fling<br> One shadow upon all. Famine can smile<br> On him who brings it food, and pass, with guile<br> Of thankful falsehood, like a courtier gray,<br> The house-dog of the throne; but many a mile<br> Comes Plague, a winged wolf, who loathes alway<br> The garbage and the scum that strangers make her<br> prey.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>XXV.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| So, near the throne, amid the gorgeous feast,<br> Sheathed in resplendent arms, or loosely dight<br> To luxury, ere the mockery yet had ceased<br> That linger'd on his lips, the warrior's might<br> Was loosed'nd, and a new and ghastlier night<br> In dreams of frenzy lap'd his eyes; he fell<br> Headlong, or with stiff eyeballs aye upright<br> Among the guests, or raving mad, did tell<br> Strange truths; a dying seer of dark oppression's hell.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>XXVI.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| The Princes and the Priests were pale with terror;<br> That monstrous faith wherewith they ruled man-kind,<br> Fell, like a shaft loosed by the Bowman's error,<br> On their own hearts; they sought and they could<br> find,<br> No refuge—'twas the blind who led the blind!<br> So, through the desolate streets to the high fane,<br> The many-tongued and endless armies wind<br> In sad procession: each among the train<br> To his own Idol lifts his supplications vain.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>XXVII.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| "O God!" they cried, "we know our secret pride<br> Has scorn'd thee, and thy worship, and thy name;<br> Secure in human power we have defied<br> Thy fearful might; we bend in fear and shame<br> Before thy presence; with the dust we claim<br> Kindred; be merciful, O King of Heaven!<br> Most justly have we suffer'd for thy fame<br> Made dim, but be at length our sins forgiven,<br> Ere to despair and death thy worshippers be driven.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>XXVIII.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| "O King of Glory! thou alone hast power!<br> Who can resist thy will? who can restrain<br> Thy wrath, when on the guilty thou dost shower<br> The shafts of thy revenge, a blistering rain?<br> Greatest and best, be merciful again!<br> Have we not stabb'd thine enemies, and made<br> The Earth an altar, and the Heavens a fane,<br> Where thou wert worshipp'd with their blood, and<br> laid<br> Those hearts in dust which would thy searchless<br> works have weigh'd?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>XXIX.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| "Well didst thou loosen on this impious City<br> Thine angels of revenge; recall them now;<br> Thy worshippers, abased, here kneel for pity,<br> And bind their souls by an immortal vow:<br> We swear by thee! and to our oath do thou<br> Give sanction, from thine hell of fiends and flame<br> That we will kill with fire and torments slow,<br> The last of those who mock'd thy holy name,<br> And scorn'd the sacred laws thy prophets did<br> proclaim."

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>XXX.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| Thus they with trembling limbs and pallid lips<br> Worship'd their own hearts' image, dim and vast,<br> Scared by the shade wherewith they would eclipse<br> The light of other minds;—troubled they past<br> From the great Temple;—fiercely still and fast<br> The arrows of the plague among them fell,<br> And they on one another gaz'd aghast,<br> And through the hosts contention wild befell,<br> As each of his own god the wondrous works did tell.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>XXXI.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| And Oromaze, Joshua, and Mahomet,<br> Moses, and Buddha, Zerdusht, and Brahun, and Foh,<br> A tumult of strange names, which never met<br> Before, as watch-words of a single woe,<br> Arose; each raging votary 'gan to throw<br> Aloft his armed hands, and each did howl<br> "Our God alone is God!" and slaughter now<br> Would have gone forth, when from beneath a cow<br> A voice came forth, which pierced like ice through<br> every soul.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>XXXII.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| 'Twas an Iberian Priest from whom it came,<br> A zealous man, who led the legion'd west<br> With words which faith and pride had steep'd in<br> flame,<br> To quell the unbelievers; a dire guest<br> Even to his friends was he, for in his breast<br> Did hate and guilt lie watchful, intertwined.<br> Twin serpents in one deep and winding nest;<br> He loathed all faith beside his own, and pined<br> To wreak his fear of Heaven in vengeance on man<br> kind.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>XXXIII.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>But more he loathed and hated the clear light&lt;br&gt; Of wisdom and free thought, and more did fear&lt;br&gt; Lest, kindled once, its beams might pierce the night&lt;br&gt; Even where his Idol stood; for, far and near&lt;br&gt; Did many a heart in Europe leap to hear&lt;br&gt; That faith and tyranny were trampled down;&lt;br&gt; Many a pale victim, doom'd for truth to share&lt;br&gt; The murderer's cell, or see, with helpless groan.&lt;br&gt; The priests his children drag for slaves to serve the&lt;br&gt; own.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
XXXIV.
He dared not kill the infidels with fire
Or steel, in Europe: the slow agonies
Of legal torture mock'd his keen desire:
So he made truce with those who did despise
The expiation and the sacrifice,
That, though detested, Islam's kindred creed
Might crush for him those deadly enemies;
For fear of God did in his bosom breed
A jealous hate of man, an unreposing need.

XXXV.
"Peace! Peace!" he cried, "when we are dead,
the day
Of judgment comes, and all shall surely know
Whose God is God, each fearfully shall pay
The errors of his faith in endless woe!
But there is sent a mortal vengeance now
On earth, because an impious race had spurn'd
Him whom we all adore,—a subtle foe,
By whom for ye this dread reward was earn'd,
And kingly thrones, which rest on faith, nigh overturn'd.

XXXVI.
"Think ye, because ye weep, and kneel, and pray,
That God will lull the pestilence? it rose
Even from beneath his throne, where, many a day
His mercy soothing it to a dark repose
It walks upon the earth to judge his foes,
And what are thou and I, that he should deign
To curb his ghastly minister, or close
The gates of death, ere they receive the twain
Who shook with mortal spells his undefended reign!

XXXVII.
"Ay, there is famine in the gulf of hell,
Its giant worms of fire for ever yawn—
Their lurid eyes are on us! those who fall
By the swift shaft of pestilence ere dawn,
Are in their jaws! they hunger for the spawn
Of Satan, their own brethren, were sent
To make our souls their spoil. See! see! they fawn
Like dogs, and they will sleep with luxury spent,
When those detested hearts their iron fangs have rent!

XXXVIII.
"Our God may then lull Pestilence to sleep:
Fill high the pyre of expiration now!
A forest's spoil of boughs, and on the heap
Pour venomous gums, which sullenly and slow,
When touch'd by flame, shall burn, and melt, and flow,
A stream of clinging fire,—and fix on high
A net of iron, and spread forth below
A couch of snakes, and scorpions, and the fry
Of centipedes and worms, earth's hellish progeny!

XXXIX.
"Let Laon and Laone on that pyre,
Link'd tight with burning brass, perish!—then pray
That, with this sacrifice, the withering ire
Of Heaven may be appeased." He ceased, and they
A space stood silent, as far, far away
The echoes of his voice among them died;
And he knelt down upon the dust, alway
Muttering the curses of his speechless pride,
Whilst shame, and fear, and awe, the armids did divide.

XL.
His voice was like a blast that burst the portal
Of fabled hell; and as he spake, each one
Saw gaze beneath the chasms of fire immortal,
And Heaven above seem'd cloven, where, on a throne
Girt round with storms and shadows, sat alone,
Their King and Judge—fear kill'd in every breast
All natural pity then, a fear unknown
Before, and with an inward fire posset.
They raged like homeless beasts whom burning
woods invest.

XLI.
"I was born—at noon the public crier went forth,
Proclaiming through the living and the dead,
"The Monarch saith, that this great Empire's worth
Is set on Laon and Laone's head:
He who but one yet living here can lead,
Or who the life from both their hearts can wring,
Shall be the kingdom's heir, a glorious meed!
But he who both alive can hither bring.
The Princess shall espose, and reign an equal King."

XLII.
Ere night the pyre was piled, the net of iron
Was spread above, the fearful couch below,
It overtopp'd the towers that did environ
That spacious square; for Fear is never slow
To build the thrones of Hate, her mate and foe.
So, she scourg'd forth the maniac multitude
To rear this pyramid—rottering and slow,
Plague-stricken, foodless, like lean herds pursued
By gad-fly's, they have piled the heath, and gums,
And wood.

XLIII.
Night came, a starless and a moonless gloom.
Until the dawn, those hosts of many a nation
Stood round that pile, as near one lover's tomb
Two gentle sisters mourn their desolation;
And in the silence of that expectation
Was heard on high the reptiles' hiss and crawl—
It was so deep, save when the devastation
Of the swift pest with fearful interval,
Marking its paths with shrieks, among the crowd
would fall.

XLIV.
Morn came,—among those sleepless multitudes,
Mudness, and Fear, and Plague, and Famine still
Heap'd corpse on corpse, as in autumnal woods
The frosts of many a wind with dead leaves fill
Earth's cold and sullen brooks; in silence, still
The pale survivors stood; ere noon, the fear
Of Hell became a panic, which did kill
Like hunger or disease, with whispers drear,
As "Hush! hark! Come they yet? Just Heaven:
'Neth hour is near!"

XLV.
And Priests rush'd through their ranks, some
counterfeiting
The rage they did inspire, some mad indeed
With their own lies; they said their god was waiting
To see his enemies writhe, and burn, and bleed,—
And that, till then, the snakes of Hell had need
Of human souls,—three hundred furnaces
Soon blazed through the wide City, where with speed,
Men brought their infidel kindred to appease
God's wrath, and while they burn'd, knelt round on
quivering knees.
The noon tide sun was darken'd with that smoke,
The winds of eve dispersed those ashes gray,
The madness which these rites had luff'd, awoke
Again at sunset;—Who shall dare to say
The deeds which night and fear brought forth, or weigh
In balance just the good and evil there?
He might man's deep and searchless heart display,
And cast a light on those dim layrinthns, where
Hope, near imagined chasms, is struggling with despair.

"Tis said, a mother dragg'd three children then,
To those fierce flames which roast the eyes in the head,
And laugh'd and died; and that unholy men,
Feasting like fiends upon the infidel dead,
Look'd from their meal, and saw an Angel trend
The visible floor of Heaven, and it was she!
And, on that night, one without doubt or dread
Came to the fire, and said, "Stop, I am he!
Kill me!" they burn'd them both with hellish mockery.

And, one by one, that night, young maidens came,
Beauteous and calm, like shapes of living stone
Clothed in the light of dreams, and by the flame
Which shrank as overgorged, they laid them down,
And sung a slow sweet song, of which alone
One word was heard, and that was Liberty;
And that some kiss'd their marble feet, with moan
Like love, and died, and then that they did die
With happy smiles, which sunk in white tranquillity.

CANTO XI.

I.
She saw me not,—she heard me not,—alone
Upon the mountain's dizzy brink she stood;
She spake not, breathed not, moved not,—there was
thrown
Over her look, the shadow of a mood
Which only clothes the heart in solitude,
A thought of voiceless depth;—she stood alone;
Above, the Heavens were spread;—below, the flood
Was murmuring in its caves;—the wind had blown
Her hair apart, through which her eyes and forehead shone.

II.
A cloud was hanging o'er the western mountains;
Before its blue and moveless depth were flying
Gray mists pour'd forth from the unresting fountains
Of darkness in the North;—the day was dying;
Sudden, the sun shore forth, its beams were lying
Like boiling gold on Ocean, strange to see,
And on the shutter'd vapors, which defying
The power of light in vain, toss'd restlessly
in the red Heavens, like wrecks in a tempestuous sea.

III.
It was a stream of living beams, whose bank
On either side by the cloud's cleft was made;
And where its chasms that flood of glory drank,
Its waves gush'd forth like fire, and as if sward'd
By some mute tempest, roll'd on her; the shade
Of her bright image floated on the river
Of liquid light, which then did end and fade—
Her radiant shape upon its verge did shiver.
Aloft, her flowing hair like strings of flame did quiver.

IV.
I stood beside her, but she saw me not—
She look'd upon the sea, and skies, and earth;
Rapture, and love, and admiration wrought
A passion deeper far than tears, or mirth,
Or speech, or gesture, or what'er has birth
From common joy, which, with the speechless feeling
That led her there united, and shot forth
From her far eyes, a light of deep revealing,
All but her dearest self from my regard concealing.

V.
Her lips were parted, and the measured breath
Was now heard there,—her dark and intricate eye
Orb within orb, deeper than sleep or death,
Absorb'd the glories of the burning skies,
Which, mingling with her heart's deep ecstasies,
Burst from her looks and gestures;—and a light
Of liquid tenderness like love, did rise
From her whole frame, an atmosphere which quit
Array'd her in its beams, tremulous and soft and bright.

VI.
She would have clasp'd me to her glowing frame
Those warm and odorous lips might soon have she
On mine the fragrance and the invisible flame
Which now the cold winds stole;—she would have laid
Upon my languid heart her dearest head;
I might have heard her voice, tender and sweet
Her eyes mingling with mine, might soon have felt
My soul with their own joy.—One moment yet
I gazed,—we parted then, never again to meet!

VII.
Never but once to meet on Earth again!
She heard me as I lied,—her eager tone
Sunk on my heart, and almost wove a chain
Around my will to link it with her own,
So that my stern resolve was almost gone.
"I cannot reach thee! whither dost thou fly?
My steps are faint—Come back, thou dearest one—
Return, ah me! return!"—the wind past by
On which those accents died, faint, far, and lingering

VIII.
Woe! woe! that moonless midnight—Want and Pe
Were horrible, but one more fell doth rear,
As in a hydra's swarming lair, its crest
Eminent among those victims—even the Fear
Of Hell: each girt by the hot atmosphere
Of his blind agony, like a scorpion stung
By his own rage upon his burning bier
Of circling coals of fire; but still there clung
One hope, like a keen sword on starting threads upheld
IX.
Not death—death was no more refuge or rest;
Not life—it was despair to be!—not sleep,
For fires and ashes of fire had disposseted
All natural dreams: to wake was not to weep,
But to gaze, mad and pallid, at the leap
To which the Future, like a snaky scourge,
Or like some tyrant’s eye, which other doth keep
Its withering beam upon his slaves, did urge
Fear upon fear; they heard the roar of Hell’s sulphurous
Surge.

X.
Each of that multitude alone, and lost
To sense of outward things, one hope yet knew;
As on a foam-girl crag some seaman lost,
Stars at the rising tide, or like the crew
Whilst now the ships are splitting through and through;
Each, if the trap of a far steed was heard,
Started from sick despair, or if there flew
One murmur on the wind, or if some word
Bich none can gather yet, the distant crowd has
Stirr’d.

XI.
Why became cheeks wan with the kiss of death
Paler from hope? they had sustain’d despair.
Why watch’d those myriads with suspended breath
Sleepless a second night? they are not here
The victims, and hour by hour, a vision drear,
Warm corpses fall upon the clay-cold dead;
And even in death their lips are wræathed with fear—
The crowd is mute and moveless—overhead
Scent Arcturus shines—ha! heart thou not the tread

XII.
Of rushing feet? laughter? the shout, the scream,
Of triumph not to be contain’d? see! hark!
They come, they come, give way! alas, ye deem
Falsely—tis but a crowd of maniacs stark
Driven, like a troop of spectres, through the dark,
From the choked well, whence a bright death-fire
 sprung,
A lurid earth-star, which dropp’d many a spark
From its blue train, and spreading widely, clung
Their wild hair, like mist the topmost pines among.

XIII.
And many from the crowd collected there,
Joint’d that strange dance in fearful sympathies;
There was the silence of a long despair,
When the last echo of those terrible cries
Came from a distant street, like agonies
Stiff’d afar.—Before the Tyrant’s throne
All night his aged Senate sate, their eyes
In stony expectation fix’d; when one
Stood before them stood, a Stranger and alone.

XIV.
Dark Priests and haughty Warriors gazed on him
With baffled wonder, for a hermit’s vest
Conceal’d his face; but when he spake, his tone,
For yet the matter did their thoughts arrest,
Earnest, benignant, calm, as from a breast
Void of all hate or terror, made them start;
For as with gentle accents he address’d
His speech to them, on each unwilling heart
Usual awe did fall—a spirit-quelling dart.

XV.
“Ye Princes of the Earth, ye sit aghast
Amid the ruin which yourselves have made;
Yes, desolation heard your trumpet’s blast,
And sprang from sleep!—dark Terror has obey’d
Your bidding—O, that I whom ye have made
Your foe, could set my nearest enemy free
From pain and fear! but evil casts a shade,
Which cannot pass so soon, and Hate must be
The nurse and parent still of an ill progeny.

XVI.
“Ye turn to Heaven for aid in your distress;
Alas, that ye, though mighty and the wise,
Who, if ye dared, might not aspire to less
Than ye conceive of power, should fear the lies
Which thou, and thou, didst frame for mysteries
To blind your slaves:—consider your own thought,
An empty and a cruel sacrifice
Ye now prepare, for a vain idol wrought
Out of the fears and hate which vain desires have
brought.

XVII.
“Ye seek for happiness—alas, the day!
Ye find it not in luxury nor in gold,
Nor in the fame, nor in the envious way
For which, O willing slaves to Custom old!
Severe task-mistress! ye your hearts have sold
Ye seek for peace, and when ye die, to dream
No evil dreams: all mortal things are cold
And senseless then; if ’tis aught survive, I deem
It must be love and joy, for they immortal seem

XVIII.
“Fear not the future, weep not for the past.
O, could I win your ears to dare be now
Glorious, and great, and calm! that ye would cast
Into the dust those symbols of your woe,
Purple, and gold, and steel! that ye would go
Proclaiming to the nations whence ye came,
That Want, and Plague, and Fear, from slavery
flow;
And that mankind is free, and that the shame
Of royalty and faith is lost in freedom’s fame.

XIX.
“If thus, ’tis well—if not, I come to say
That Laon”—while the Stranger spoke, among
The Council sudden tumult and affray
Arose, for many of those warriors young
Had on his eloquent accents fed and hung
Like bees on mountain-flowers; they knew the
truth,
And from their thrones in vindication sprung;
The men of faith and law then without ruth
Drew forth their secret steel, and stab’d each audent
youth.

XX.
They stab’d them in the back and sneer’d—a slave
Who stood behind the throne, those corpses drew
Each to its bloody, dark, and secret grave;
And one more daring raised his steel anew
To pierce the Stranger: “ What hast thou to do
With me, poor wretch?”—Calm, solemn, and severe,
That voice unstrung his sinews, and he threw
His dagger on the ground, and pale with fear,
Sate silently—his voice then did the Stranger rear

39 293
XXI.

"It doth avail not that I weep for ye—
Ye cannot change, since ye are old and gray,
And ye have chosen your lot—your fame must be
A book of blood, whence in a milder day
Men shall learn truth, when ye are wrapt in clay:
Now ye shall triumph! I am Laon's friend,
And him to your revenge will I betray,
So you concede one easy boon. Attend!
For now I speak of things which ye can apprehend.

XXII.

"There is a People mighty in its youth,
A land beyond the Oceans of the West,
Where, though with rudest rites, Freedom and Truth
Are worship'd; from a glorious mother's breast,
Who, since high Athens fell, among the rest
Sate like the Queen of Nations, but in woe,
By inbred monsters outraged and oppress'd,
Turns to her chaste and child for succor now,
It draws the milk of Power in Wisdom's fullest flow.

XXIII.

"That land is like an Eagle, whose young gaze
Feeds on the noontide beam, whose golden plume
Floats moveless on the storm, and in the blaze
Of sunrise gleams when Earth is wrapt in gloom;
An epitaph of glory for the tomb
Of murder'd Europe may thy fame be made,
Great People: as the sands shall thou become;
Thy growth is swift as morn, when night must fade;
The multitudinous Earth shall sleep beneath thy shade.

XXIV.

"Yes, in the desert there is built a home
For Freedom. Genius is made strong to rear
The monuments of man beneath the dome
Of a new Heaven, myriads assemble there,
Whom the proud lords of man, in rage or fear,
Drive from their wasted homes: the boon I pray
Is this,—that Cythna shall be convoy'd there—
Nay, start not at the name—America!
And then to you this night Laon will I betray.

XXV.

"With me do what ye will. I am your foe!"
The light of such a joy as makes the stare
Of hungry snakes like living emeralds glow,
Shone in a hundred human eyes—Where, where
Is Laon? haste! fly! drag him swiftly here!
We grant thy boon."—"I put no trust in ye:
Swear by the Power ye dread."—"We swear, we swear!"
The Stranger threw his vest back suddenly,
And smiled in gentle pride, and said, "Lo! I am he!"

CANTO XII.

I.

The transport of a fierce and monstrous gladness
Spread through the multitudinous streets, fast flying
Upon the wings of fear; from his dull madness
The starveling waked, and died in joy; the dyme
Among the corpses in stark agony lying,
Just heard the happy tidings, and in hope
Closed their faint eyes: from house to house repllying
With loud acclaim, the living shook Heaven's cop
And fill'd the startled Earth with echoes: morn d ope

II.

Its pale eyes then; and lo! the long array
Of guards in golden arms, and priests beside,
Singing their bloody hymns, whose garbs betray
The blackness of the faith it seems to hide;
And see, the tyrant's gem-wrought chariot glide
Among the gloomy caws and glittering spears—
A shape of light is sitting by his side,
A child most beautiful. I the midst appears
Laon,—exempt alone from mortal hopes and fears.

III.

His head and feet are bare, his hands are bound
Behind with heavy chains, yet none do wreck
Their scoffs on him, though myriads throng arow,
There are no sneers upon his lip, which speak
That scorn or hate hath made him bold; his chr
Resolve has not turn'd pale,—his eyes are mild
And calm, and like the morn about to break,
Smile on mankind,—his heart seems reconciled
To all things and itself, like a reposing child

IV.

Tumult was in the soul of all beside,
Ill joy, or doubt, or fear; but those who saw
Their tranquil victim pass, felt wonder glide
Into their brain, and became calm with awe.
See, the slow pageant near the pile doth draw.
A thousand torches in the spacious square,
Borne by the ready slaves of ruthless law,
Await the signal round: the morning fair
Is changed to a dim night by that unnatural glare

V.

And see! beneath a sun-bright canopy,
Upon a platform level with the pile,
The anxious Tyrant sit, enthroned on high,
Girt by the chiefflims of the host; all smile
In expectation, but one child: the white
I, Laon, led by mutes, ascend my bier
Of fire, and look around; each distant isle
Is dark in the bright dawn; towers far and ne
Pierce like reposing flames the tremulous atmosph

294
VI.
There was such silence through the host, as when
An earthquake trampling on some populous town
Has crush'd ten thousand with one tread, and men
Expect the second! all were mute but one,
That fairest child, who, bold with love, alone
Stood up before the king, without avail,
Pleading for Leo's life—her stifled groan
Was heard; she trembled like one aspen pale,
Long the gloomy pines of a Norwegian vale.

VII.
What were his thoughts link'd in the morning sun,
Among those reptiles, singless with delay,
Even like a tyrant's wrath?—the signal-gun
Roar'd; hark! again! in that dread pause he lay,
As in a quiet dream—the slaves obey—
A thousand torches drop—and hark, the last
Bursts on that awful silence; far away
Millions, with hearts that beat both loud and fast,
Tuch for the springing flame expectant and aghast.

VIII.
They fly; the torches fall—a cry of fear
Has startled the triumphant!—they recede!
For ere the cannon's roar has died, they hear
The tramp of hoofs like earthquake, and a steed
Dark and gigantic, with the tempest's speed,
Bursts through their ranks: a woman sits thereon,
Swarer it seems than aught that earth can breed,
Calm, radiant, like the phantom of the dawn,
Spirits from the coves of daylight wandering gone.

IX.
All thought it was God's Angel come to sweep
The lingering guilty to their fiery grave;
The tyrant from his throne in dread did leap,—
For innocence his child from fear did save;
Scared by the faith they feign'd, each priestly slave
Chelt for his mercy whom they served with blood,
And, like the reulence of a mighty wave
Sink'd into the loud sea, the multitude
With crushing panic, fled in terror's alter'd mood.

X.
They pause, they blush, they gaze,—a gathering
Shout
Bursts like one sound from the ten thousand streams
If a tempestuous sea:—that sudden rout
The check'd who, never in his mildest dreams
Felt save from grace or loveliness, the seams
If his rent heart so hard and cold a creed
Had sward with blistering ice—but he misdiums
That he is wise, whose wounds do only bleed
For self; thus thought the Iberian Priest indeed,

XI.
And others, too, thought he was wise to see,
A pain, and fear, and hate, something divine:
A love and beauty—no divinity—
Now with a bitter smile, whose light did shine
Like a fiend's hope upon his lips and eyes,
He said, and the persuasion of that sneer
Tallied his trembling comrades—Is it mine
To stand alone, when kings and soldiers fear
A woman? Heaven has sent its other victim here!"
The warm touch of a soft and tremulous hand
Waken'd me then; lo, Cythna sate reclined
Beside me, on the waved and golden sand
Of a clear pool, upon a bank o'errowned
With strange and star-bright flowers, which to the wind
Breathed divine odor; high above, was spread
The emerald heaven of trees of unknown kind,
Whose moonlike blooms and bright fruit overhead
A shadow, which was light, upon the waters shed.

And round about sloped many a lawny mountain
With incense-bearing forests, and vast caves
Of marble radiance to that mighty fountain;
And where the flood its own bright margin laves,
Which, their echoes talk with its eternal waves,
Which, from the depths whose jagged caverns breed
Their unrepenting strife, it lifts and heaves,—
Till through a chasm of hills they roll, and feed
A river deep, which flies with smooth but arrowy speed.

As we sate gazing in a trance of wonder,
A boat approach'd, borne by the musical air
Along the waves which sung and sparkled under
Its rapid keel—a winged shape sate there,
A child with silver-shining wings, so fair,
That as her bark did through the waters glide,
The shadow of the lingering waves did wear
Light, as from starry beams; from side to side,
While veering to the wind, her plumes the bark did guide.

The boat was one curved shell of hollow pearl,
Almost translucent with the light divine
Of her within; the prow and stern did curl
Horned on high, like the young moon supine,
When o'er dim twilight mountains dark with pine,
It floats upon the sunset's sea of beams,
Whose golden waves in many a purple line
Fade fast, till borne on sunlight's ebbing streams,
Dilating, on earth's verge the sunken meteor gleams.

Its keel has struck the sands beside our feet;—
Then Cythna turn'd to me, and from her eyes
Which swam with unshed tears, a look more sweet
Than happy love, a wild and glad surprise,
Glanced as she spake; "Ay, this is Paradise
And not a dream, and we are all united!
Lo, that is mine own child, who in the guise
Of madness came, like day to one benighted
In lonesome woods: my heart is now too well requited!"

And then she wept aloud, and in her arms
Chasp'd that bright Shape, less marvellously fair
Than her own human hues and living charms;
Which, as she lean'd in passion's silence there,
Breathed warmth on the cold bosom of the air,
Which seem'd to blush and tremble with delight:
The glossy darkness of her streaming hair
Fell o'er that snowy child, and wrapt from sight
The fond and long embrace which did their hearts unite.

Then the bright child, the plumed Seraph came,
And fix'd its blate and beaming eyes on mine,
And said, "I was disturb'd by tremulous shame
When once we met, yet knew that I was thine
From the same hour in which thy lips divine
Kindled a clinging dream within my brain,
Which ever waked when I might sleep, to twine
Thine image with her memory dear—again
We meet, exempted now from mortal fear or pain.

"When the consuming flames had wrapt ye round,
The hope which I had cherish'd went away;
I fell in agony on the senseless ground,
And hid mine eyes in dust, and far astray
My mind was gone, when bright, like dawning day,
The Spectre of the Plague before me flew,
And breathed upon my lips, and seem'd to say,
"They wait for thee, beloved?"—then I knew
The death-mark on my breast, and became calm anew

"It was the calm of love—for I was dying.
I saw the black and half-extinguish'd pyre
In its own gray and shrunkened ashes lying;
The pitchy smoke of the departed fire
Still hung in many a hollow dome and spire
Above the towers like night; beneath whose shad
Aved by the ending of their own desire
The armies stood; a vacancy was made
In expectation's depth, and so they stood dismay'd.

"The frightful silence of that alter'd mood,
The tortures of the dying cove alone,
Till one uprose among the multitude,
And said—"The flood of time is rolling on,
We stand upon its brink, whilst they are gone
To glide in peace down death's mysterious strait
Have ye done well? they moulder flesh and bone
Who might have made this life's envenom'd drea
A sweeter draught than ye will ever taste, I deem

"These perish as the good and great of yore
Have perish'd, and their murderers will repent,
Yes, vain and barren tears shall flow, before
Yon smoke has fied from the firmament,
Even for this cause, that ye who must lament
The death of those that made this world so fair
Cannot recall them now; but then is lent
To man the wisdom of a high despair,
When such can die, and he live on and linger he

"Ay, ye may fear not now the Pestilence,
From fabled hell as by a charm withdrawn,
All power and faith must pass, since calmly her
In pain and fire have unbelievers gone;
And ye must sadly turn away, and moan
In secret, to his home each one returning,
And to long ages shall this hour be known;
And slowly shall its memory, ever burning,
Fill this dark night of things with an eternal morn
XXXI.

'Then suddenly I stood a winged Thought
Before the immortal Senate, and the seat
Of that star-shining spirit, whence is wrought
The strength of its dominion, good and great,
The better Genius of this world's estate.
His realm around one mighty Fane is spread,
Elysian islands bright and fortunate,
Calm dwellings of the free and happy dead,
Here I am sent to lead!" These winged words she said,

XXXII.

And with the silence of her eloquent smile,
Rade us embark in her divine canoe;
Then at the helm we took our seat, the while
Above her head those plumes of dazzling hue
Into the winds' invisible stream she threw,
Sitting beside the prow: like gossamer,
On the swift breath of morn, the vessel flew
Over the bright whirlpools of that fountain fair,
Those shores receded fast, whilst we seemed lingering there;

XXXIII.

Till down that mighty stream dark, calm, and fleet,
Between a chasm of cedar mountains riven,
Chased by the throning winds whose viewless feet
As swift as twinkling beams, had, under Heaven,
From woods and waves wild sounds and odors driven,
The boat fled visibly—three nights and days,
Borne like a cloud through morn, and noon, and even,
We sailed along the winding watery ways
The vast stream, a long and labyrinthine maze.

XXXIV.

A scene of joy and wonder to behold
That river's shapes and shadows changing ever,
Where the broad sunrise, fill'd with deepening gold,
Its whirlpools, where all hues did spread and quiver,
And where melodious falls did burst and shiver
Among rocks clad with flowers, the foam and spray
Sparkled like stars upon the sunny river,
Or when the moonlight pour'd a holier day,
We vast and glittering lake around green islands lay.

XXXV.

Morn, noon, and even, that boat of pearl outran
The streams which bore it, like the arrowy cloud
Of tempest, or the speedier thought of man,
Which fleth forth and cannot make abode.
Sometimes through forests, deep, like night, we glide,
Between the walls of mighty mountains crown'd
With Cyclopean piles, whose turrets proud,
The homes of the departed, dimly frown'd
The bright waves which girt their dark foundations round.

XXXVI.

Sometimes between the wide and flowering meadows,
Mile after mile we sail'd, and 'twas delight
To see far off the sunbeams chase the shadows
Over the grass; sometimes beneath the night
Of wide and vaulted caves, whose roofs were bright
With starry gems, we fled, whilst from their deep
And dark-green chasms, shades beautiful and white,
Amid sweet sounds across our path would sweep,
Like swift and lovely dreams that walk the waves of sleep.

XXXVII.

And ever as we sail'd, our minds were full
Of love and wisdom, which would overflow
In converse wild, and sweet, and wonderful;
And in quick smiles whose light would come and go,
Like music o'er wide waves, and in the flow
Of sudden tears, and in the mune caress—
For a deep shade was left, and we did know,
That virtue, though obscured on Earth, not less
Survives all mortal change in lasting loveliness.

XXXVIII.

Three days and nights we sail'd, as thought and feeling
Number delightful hours—for through the sky
The spheres lamps of day and night, revealing
New changes and new glories, roll'd on high,
Sun, Moon, and moonlike lamps, the progeny
Of a diviner Heaven, serene and fair:
On the fourth day, wild as a wind-wrought sea
The stream became, and fast and faster bare
The spirit-winged boat, steadily speeding there.

XXXIX.

Steadily and swift, where the waves roll'd like mountains
Within the vast ravine, whose rifts did pour
Tumultuous floods from their ten thousand fountains,
The thunder of whose earth-uplifting roar
Made the air sweep in whirlwinds from the shore.
Calm as a shade, the boat of that fair child
Securely fled, that rapid stress before,
Amid the topmost spray, and sunbows wild,
Wreathed in the silver mist: in joy and pride we smiled.

XL.

The torrent of that wide and raging river
Is past, and our aerial speed suspended.
We look behind; a golden mist did quiver
When its wild surges with the lake were blended:
Our bark hung there, as one line suspended
Between two Heavens, that windless waveless lake;
Which four great cataracts from four vales, attended
By mists, aye feed; from rocks and clouds they break,
And of that azure sea a silent refuge make.

XLI.

Motionless resting on the lake awhile,
I saw its marge of snow-bright mountains rear
Their peaks aloft, I saw each radiant isle,
And in the midst, afar, even like a sphere
Hung in one hollow sky, did there appear
The Temple of the Spirit; on the sound
Which issued thence, drawn nearer and more near,
Like the swift moon this glorious earth around,
The charmed boat approach'd, and there its haven found.
DEDICATION.

TO LEIGH HUNT, ESQ.

My dear Friend,

I inscribe with your name, from a distant country, and after an absence whose months have seemed years, this the latest of my literary efforts.

Those writings which I have hitherto published, have been little else than visions which impersonate my own apprehensions of the beautiful and the just. I can also perceive in them the literary defects incidental to youth and impatience; they are dreams of what ought to be, or may be. The drama which I now present to you is a sad reality. I lay aside the presumptuous attitude of an instructor, and am content to paint, with such colors as my own heart furnishes, that which has been.

Had I known a person more highly endowed than yourself with all that it becomes a man to possess, I had solicited for this work the ornament of his name. One more gentle, honorable, innocent and brave; one of more exalted toleration for all who do and think evil, and yet himself more free from evil; one who knows better how to receive, and how to confer a benefit, though he must ever confer far more than he can receive; one of simpler, and, in the highest sense of the word, of purer life and manners, I never knew: and I had already been fortunate in friendships when your name was added to the list.

In that patient and irreconcilable enmity with domestic and political tyranny and imposture which the tenor of your life has illustrated, and which, had I health and talents, should illustrate mine, let us, comforting each other in our task, live and die.

All happiness attend you!

Your affectionate friend,

Percy B. Shelley.

Rome, May 29, 1819.

PREFACE.

A MANUSCRIPT was communicated to me during my travels in Italy which was copied from the archives of the Cenci Palace at Rome, and contains a detailed account of the horrors which ended in the extinction of one of the noblest and richest families of that city, during the Pontificate of Clement VIII., in the year 1599. The story is, that an old man having spent his life in debauchery and wickedness, conceived at length an implacable hatred towards his children; which showed itself towards one daughter under the form of an incestuous passion, agitated by every circumstance of cruelty and violence. This daughter, after long and vain attempts to escape from what she considered a perpetual contamination both of body and mind, at length plotted with her mother-in-law and brother to murder their common tyrant. The young maiden, who was urged to this tremendous deed by an impulse which overpowered its horror, was evidently a most gentle and amiable being; creature formed to adorn and be admired, and then violently thwarted from her nature by the necessity of circumstance and opinion. The deed was quickly discovered; and in spite of the most earnest prayer made to the Pope by the highest persons in Rome the criminals were put to death. The old man having during his life repeatedly bought his pardon from the Pope for capital crimes of the most enormous an unspeakable kind, at the price of a hundred thousand crowns; the death therefore of his victims can scarcely be accounted for by the love of justice. The Pope, among other motives for severity, probably feared that whoever killed the Count Cenci deprived him of a treasure of a certain and copious source of revenue.

The Papal Government formerly took the most extraordinary precautions against the publicity of facts which offer so tragical a demonstration of its own wickedness and weakness; so that the communication of the MS. had become, until very lately, a matter of some difficulty. Such a story, if told so as to present to the reader all the feelings of those who once acted it, their hopes and fears, their confidences or misgivings, their various interests, passions and opinions, acting upon and with each other, yet all corresponding to some tremendous end, would be as a light to make apparent some of the most dark and secret caverns of the human heart.

On my arrival at Rome, I found that the story the Cenci was a subject not to be mentioned in Italian society without awakening a deep and breathed interest; and that the feelings of the company refused to incline to a romantic pity for the wrong and a passionate exultation of the horrible deed which they urged her, who has been mingles in centuries with the common dust. All ranks of people knew the outlines of this history, and participated the overwhelming interest which it seems to be the magic of exciting in the human heart. I had copy of Guido's picture of Beatrice which is preserved in the Colonna Palace, and my servant instantly recognized it as the portrait of La Cenci.

This national and universal interest which the story produces and has produced for two centuries and among all ranks of people, in a great City, the imagination is kept for ever active and awed first suggested to me the conception of its fitness as a dramatic purpose. In fact it is a tragedy which I already received, from its capacity of awakening a sustaining the sympathy of men, approbation a success. Nothing remained, as I imagined, but clothe it to the apprehensions of my countrymen such language and action as would bring it home to their hearts. The deepest and the sublimest tragi-compositions, King Lear and the two plays in which the tale of Oedipus is told, were stories which alrea
stood in tradition, as matters of popular belief and rest, before Shakespeare and Sophocles made them familiar to the sympathy of all succeeding genera-
tions of mankind.

This story of the Cenci is indeed eminently fearful of monstrous: any thing like a dry exhibition of it the stage would be insupportable. The person to whom such a subject, must increase the fear, and diminish the true horror of the events, an ease which arises from the poetry which exists in these tempestuous sufferings and woes, may mitigate the pain of the contemplation a moral deformity from which they spring.

I am also nothing attempted to make it possible to submit to what is vulgarly termed a moral purpose. The highest moral purpose aimed at the highest species of the drama, is the teaching a human heart, through its sympathies and antitheses, the knowledge of itself; in proportion to a possession of which knowledge, every human act is wise, just, sincere, tolerant, and kind. If mas can do more, it is well: but a drama is no fit one for the enforcement of them. Undoubtedly, a person can truly dishonored by the act of anger; and the fit return to make to the most enorm ous injuries is kindness and forbearance, and a resolution to convert the injurer from his dark path by peace and love. Revenge, retaliation, unfair, are pernicious mistakes. If Beatrice had thought in this manner, she would have been wiser a better: but she would never have been a tragic character: the few whom such an exhibition would be interested, could never have been sufficiently interested for a dramatic purpose, from the want of a single sympathy in their interest among the mass to surround them. It is in the restless and anatomizing curiosity with which men seek the justification of Beatrice, yet feel that she has done what needs justification; it is in the superstitious horror with which they contemplate alike her wrongs and their revenge, that the dramatic character of what she did suffered consists.

I have endeavored as nearly as possible to repre sent the characters as they probably were, and have set to avoid the error of making them actuated by their very conceptions of right or wrong, false or true: thus under a thin veneer uncovering names and actions of the sixteenth century into cold impersonal actions of my own mind. They are represented as Catholics, and as Catholics deeply tinged with religion. To a Protestant apprehension there will appear something unnatural in the earnest and peremptory sentiment of the relations between God and man which pervade the tragedy of the Cenci. It is especially startled at the combination of an astounding persuasion of the truth of the popular region, with a cool and determined perseverance in conscious guilt. But religion in Italy is not, as in Protestant countries, a cloak to be worn on particular days, or a passport which those who do not wish to be dealt with carry with them to exhibit; it is a grov ele for penetrating the impenetrable mysteries of being, which terrifies its possessor at the dexter of the abyss to the brink of which it has conducted him. Religion coexists, as it were, in the mind of an Italian Catholic with a faith in that of which all men have the most certain knowledge.

Intertwined with the whole fabric of life. It is the adoration, faith, submission, penitence, blind admiratio n, not a rule for moral conduct. It has no necessary connexion with any one virtue. The most atrocious villain may be rigidly devout, and, without any shock to established faith, confess himself to be so. Religion pervades intensely the whole frame of society, and is, according to the temper of the mind which it inhabits, a passion, a persuasion, an excuse; a refuge: never a check. Cenci himself built a chapel in the court of his Palace, and dedicated it to St. Thomas the Apostle, and established masses for the peace of his soul. Thus in the first scene of the fourth act, Lucretia's design in exposing herself to the consequences of an expostulation with Cenci after having administered the opiate, was to induce him by a feigned tale to confess himself before death; this being esteemed by Catholics as essential to salvation; and she only relinquishes her purpose when she perceives that her perseverance would expose Beatrice to new outrages.

I have avoided with great care in writing this play the introduction of what is commonly called mere poetry, and I imagine there will scarcely be found a detached simile or a single isolated description, unless Beatrice's description of the chasm appointed for her father's murder should be judged to be of that nature.*

In a dramatic composition, the imagery and the passion should interpenetrate one another, the former being reserved simply for the full development and illustration of the latter. Imagination is as the immortal God which should assume flesh for the redemption of mortal passion. It is thus that the most remote and the most familiar imagery may alike be fit for dramatic purposes when employed in the illustration of strong feeling, which raises what is low, and levels to the apprehension that which is lofty, casting over all the shadow of its own greatness. In other respects I have written more care lessly; that is, without an over-fastidious and learned choice of words. In this respect I entirely agree with those modern critics who assert, that in order to move men to true sympathy we must use the familiar language of men; and that our great ancestors the ancient English poets are the writers, a study of whom might incite us to do that for our own age which they have done for theirs. But it must be the real language of men in general, and not that of any particular class to whose society the writer happens to belong. So much for what I have attempted: I need not be assured that success is a very different matter; particularly for one whose attention has but newly been awakened to the study of dramatic literature.

I endeavored whilst at Rome to observe such monuments of this story as might be accessible to a stranger. The portrait of Beatrice at the Colonna Palace is most admirable as a work of art: it was taken by Guido, during her confinement in prison. But it is most interesting as a just representation of one of the loveliest specimens of the workmanship of Nature. There is a fixed and pale composure upon the features: she seems sad and stricken down in spirit, yet the despair thus expressed is lightened by the patience of gentleness. Her head is bound with folds of white drapery, from which the yellow strings of her golden hair escape, and fall about her

* An idea in this speech was suggested by a most sublime passage in " El Purgatorio de San Patricio" of Calderon: the only plagiarism which I have intentionally committed in the whole piece.
The moulding of her face is exquisitely delicate; the eyebrows are distinct and arched; the lips have that permanent meaning of imagination and sensibility which suffering has not repressed, and which it seems as if death scarcely could extinguish. Her forehead is large and clear; her eyes, which we are told were remarkable for their vivacity, are swollen with weeping, and lustreless, but beautifully tender and serene. In the whole men, there is a simplicity and dignity which, united with her exquisite loveliness and deep sorrow, are inexpressibly pathetic. Beatrice Cenci appears to have been one of those rare persons in whom energy and gentleness dwell together without destroying one another: her nature was simple and profound. The crimes and miseries in which she was an actor and a sufferer are as the mask and the mantle in which circumstances clothed her for her impersonation on the scene of the world.

The Cenci Palace is of great extent, and though in part modernized, there yet remains a vast and gloomy pile of feudal architecture in the same state as during the dreadful scenes which are the subject of this tragedy. The Palace is situated in an obscure corner of Rome, near the quarter of the Jews, and from the upper windows you see the immense ruins of Mount Palatine half hidden under their profuse overgrowth of trees. There is a court in one part of the palace (perhaps that in which Cenci built the Chapel to St. Thomas), supported by granite columns and adorned with antique friezes of fine workmanship, and built up, according to the ancient Italian fashion, with balcony over balcony of open work. One of the gates of the palace formed of immense stones, and leading through a passage, dark and lofty and opening into gloomy subterranean chambers, struck me particularly.

Of the Castle of Petralla, I could obtain no further information than that which is to be found in the manuscript.

**DRAMATIS PERSONAE.**

**MEN.**

COUNT FRANCESCO CENCI.
GIACOMO, His son.
BERNARDO, His son.
CARDINAL CAMILLO.
ORSINO, a Prelate.
SAVELLA, the Pope's Legate.
OLIMPIO, Assassins.
MARZIO, Servant to Cenci.
ANDREA, Noble, Judges, Guards, Servants.

**WOMEN.**

LUCRETTIA, Wife of Cenci, and step-mother of his children.
BEATRICE, his daughter.

The Scene lies principally in Rome, but changes through the fourth Act to Petronella, a castle among the Apsilian Appennines.

**TIME.** During the Pontificate of Clement VIII.

---

**THE CENCI.**

---

**ACT I.**

**SCENE I.**

**An Apartment in the Cenci Palace.**

Enter COUNT CENCI, and CARDINAL CAMILLO.

**CAMILLO.**

That matter of the murder is hush'd up
If you consent to yield his Holiness
Your liege that lies beyond the Pincian gate.—
It needed all my interest in the conclave
To bend him to this point: he said that you
Bought perilous impunity with your gold;
That crimes like yours if once or twice compound
Enrich'd the Church, and resipit from hell
An erring soul which might repent and live;—
But that the glory and the interest
Of the high throne he fills, little consist
With making it a daily mart of guilt
So manifold and hideous as the deeds
Which you scarce hide from men's revoluted eye.

The third of my possessions—let it go!
Ay, I once heard the nephew of the Pope
Had sent his architect to view the ground
Meaning to build a villa on my vines
The next time I compounded with his uncle:
I little thought he should outvit me so!
Henceforth no witness—not the lamp—shall see
That which the vassal threaten'd to divulge
Whose throat is choked with dust for his reward
The deed he saw could not have rated higher
Than his most worthless life:—it angers me!
Resipit from Hell!—So may the Devil
Respite their souls from Heaven. No doubt
Clement,
And his most charitable nephews, pray
That the apostle Peter and the saints
Will grant for their sakes that I long enjoy
Strength, wealth, and pride, and lust, and long days
Wherein to act the deeds which are the stewart
Of their revenue.—But much yet remains
To which they show no title.

**CENCI.**

Oh, Count Cenci!
So much that thou might'st honorably live,
And reconcile thyself with thine own heart,
And with thy God, and with the offended world
How hideously look deeds of lust and blood
Through those snow-white and venerable hairs
Your children should be sitting round you now
But that you fear to read upon their looks
The shame and misery you have written there
Where is your wife? Where is your gentle daug
Methinks her sweet looks, which make all thing
Beauteous and glad, might kill the fiend within
Why is she barr'd from all society
But her own strange and uncomplaining wrong
Talk with me, Count,—you know I mean you
I stood beside your dark and fiery youth
Watching its bold and bad career, as men
Watch meteors, but it vanish'd not—I mark'd
Your desperate and remorseless manhood; now

300
I behold you in dishonor'd age
harged with a thousand unrepented crimes.
I have ever hoped you would amend,
and in that hope have saved your life three times.

Of thee!
y, this is idle.—We should know each other.
I to my character for what men call crime,
being I please my senses as I list,
and vindicate that right with force or guile,
which is a public matter, and I care not
I discuss it with you. I may speak
like to you and my own conscious heart—
if you give out that you have half reform'd me,
therefore strong vanity will keep you silent
I fear should not; both will, I do not doubt.
I men delight in sensual luxury,
men enjoy revenge; and most exult
the tortures they can never feel—
uttering their secret peace with others' pain.
It I delight in nothing else. I love
sight of agony, and the sense of joy,
then this shall be another's, and that mine.
I have no remorse and little fear,
which are, I think, the checks of other men.
This mood has grown upon me, until now
I design my capacious fancy makes
picture of its wish, and it forms none
such as men like you would start to know,
and as natural food and rest debarr'd
till it be accomplish'd.

Camillo.
Art thou not
but miserable?

Why miserable?—
I am what your theologians call
friends;—which they must be in impudence,
to revile a man's peculiar taste.
I, I was happier than I am, while yet
nothhood remain'd to act the thing I thought;
while lust was sweeter than revenge; and now
abandon'd. I have must all grow old—
that there yet remains a deed to act
honor of your mouth make sharp an appetite
er than mine—I'd do, I know not what,
when I was young I thought of nothing else
its pleasure; and I fed on honey sweets:
by St. Thomas! cannot live like bees,
I grew tired,—yet till I kill'd a foe,
I heard his groans, and heard his children's groans,
now I not what delight was else on earth,
which now delights me little. I the rather
ask on such pangs as terror ill conceals,
The dry fix'd eye-ball; the pale quivering lip,
Which tell me that the spirit weeps within
Tears bitterer than the bloody sweat of Christ.
I rarely kill the body, which preserves,
Like a strong prison, the soul within my power,
Wherein I feed it with the breath of fear
For hourly pain.

Camillo.
Hell's most abandon'd fiend
Did never, in the drunkenness of guilt,
Speak to his heart as now you speak to me.
I thank my God that I believe you not.

Enter Andrea.

Andrea.

My lord, a gentleman from Salamanca
Would speak with you.

Camillo.

Bid him attend me in the grand saloon.

Camillo.

Farewell; and I will pray
Almighty God that thy false, impious words
Tempt not his spirit to abandon thee.

Camillo.
The third of my possessions! I must use
Close husbandry, or gold, the old man's sword,
Falls from my wither'd hand. But yesterday
There came an order from the Pope to make
Fourfold provision for my cursed sons;
Whom I have sent from Rome to Salamanca,
Hoping some accident might cut them off;
And meaning, if I could, to starve them there.
I pray thee, God, send some quick death upon them!
Bernardo and my wife could not be worse
If dead and damn'd—then, as to Beatrice—

[Looking around him suspiciously.]
I think they cannot hear me at that door:
What if they should? And yet I need not speak
Though the heart triumphs with itself in words.
O, thou most silent air, that shall not hear
What now I think! Thou pavement, which I tread
Towards her chamber,—let your echoes talk
Of my imperious step scaring surprise,
But not of my intent!—Andrea!

Enter Andrea.

Andrea.

My lord!

Camillo.

Bid Beatrice attend me in her chamber
This evening. —no, at midnight and alone.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

A garden of the Cenci Palace.

Enter Beatrice and Orsino, as in conversation.

Beatrice.

Pervert not truth,
Orsino. You remember where we held
That conversation;—may, we see the spot
Even from this cypress;—two long years are past
Since, on an April midnight, underneath
The moonlight ruins of Mount Palatine,
I did confess to you my secret mind.

40
You said you loved me then.

You are a Priest:

Speak to me not of love.

I may obtain
The dispensation of the Pope to marry.
Because I am a Priest, do you believe
Your image, as the hunter some struck deer,
Follows me not whether I wake or sleep.

As I have said, speak to me not of love;
Had you a dispensation, I have not;
Nor will I leave this home of misery
Whilst my poor Bernard, and that gentle lady
To whom I owe life, and these virtuous thoughts,
Must suffer what I still have strength to share.
Alas, Orsino! All the love that once
I felt for you, is turn’d to bitter pain.
Ours was a youthful contract, which you first
Broke, by assuming vows no Pope will loose.
And yet I love you still, but holily,
Even as a sister or a spirit might;
And so I swear a cold fidelity.
And it is well perhaps we shall not marry.
You have a sly, equivocating vein
That suits me not—Ah, wretched that I am!
Where shall I turn? Even now you look on me
As you were not my friend, and as if you
Discover’d that I thought so, with false smiles
Making my true suspicion seem your wrong.
Ah! No, forgive me; sorrow makes me seem
Sterner than else my nature might have been;
I have a weight of melancholy thoughts,
And they forbode,—but what can they forbode
Worse than I now endure?

All will be well.

Is the petition yet prepared? You know
My zeal for all you wish, sweet Beatrice;
Doubt not but I will use my utmost skill
So that the Pope attend to your complaint.

Your zeal for all I wish,—Ah me, you are cold!
Your utmost skill—speak but one word—

(Aside). Alas!
Weak and deserted creature that I am,
Here I stand bickering with my only friend!

This night my father gives a sumptuous feast,
Orsino; he has heard some happy news
From Salamanca, from my brothers there,
And with this outward show of love he mocks
His inward hate. 'Tis bold hypocrisy,
For he would gladlier celebrate their deaths,
Which I have heard him pray for on his knees:
Great God! that such a father should be mine!
But there is mighty preparation made,
And all our kin, the Cenci, will be there,
And all the chief nobility of Rome.
And he has hidden me and my pale mother
Attire ourselves in festival array.
Poor lady! She expects some happy change
In his dark spirit from this act; I none.

At supper I will give you the petition.
Till when—farewell.

Will ne’er absolve me from my priestly vow
But by absolving me from the revenue
Of many a wealthy see; and, Beatrice,
I think to win thee at an easier rate.
Nor shall he read her eloquent petition:
He might bestow her on some poor relation
Of his sixth cousin, as he did her sister,
And I should be debarr’d from all access.
Then as to what she suffers from her father,
In all this there is much exaggeration:
Old men are testy and will have their way;
A man may stab his enemy, or his slave,
And live a free life as to wine or women,
And with a peevish temper may return
To a dull home, and rate his wife and children;
Daughters and wives call this foul tyranny.
I shall be well content if on my conscience
There rest no heavier sin than what they suffer
From the devices of my love—A net
From which she shall escape not. Yet I fear
Her subtle mind, her awe-inspiring gaze,
Whose beams anatomize me nerve by nerve
And lay me bare, and make me blush to see
My hidden thoughts—Ah, no! A friendless girl
Who clings to me, as to her only hope—I
was a fool, not less than if a panther
Were panic-stricken by the antelope’s eye,
If she escape me.

SCENE III.

A magnificent Hall in the Cenci Palace.

A Banquet. Enter CENCI, LucreTIA, Beatrice
ORSINO, CAMILLO, NOBLES.

Welcome, my friends and kinsmen; welcome ye,
Princes and Cardinals, pillars of the church,
Whose presence honors our festivity.
I have too long lived like an Anchoret,
And in my absence from your merry meetings
An evil word is gone abroad of me;
But I do hope that you, my noble friends,
When you have shared the entertainment here,
And heard the pious cause for which 'tis given,
And we have pledged a health or two together,
Will think me flesh and blood as well as you;
Sinful indeed, for Adam made all so,
But tender-hearted, meek, and pitiful.

FIRST GUEST.
In truth, my lord, you seem too light of heart,
Too sprightly and companionable a man,
To act the deeds that rumor pins on you.

I never saw such blithe and open cheer
In any eye!

SECOND GUEST.
Some most desired event,
In which we all demand a common joy,
Has brought us hither; let us hear it, Count.


CENCi.

It is indeed a most desired event.

I, when a parent from a parent's heart
Lifts from this earth to the Great Father of all
A prayer, both when he lays him down to sleep,
And when he rises up from dreaming it;
His supplication, one desire, one hope,
That he would grant a wish for his two sons
Even all that he demands in their regard—
And suddenly beyond his dearest hope.

It is accomplish'd, he should then rejoice,
And call his friends and kinsmen to a feast,
And task their love to grace his Merriment,
Then honor me thus far—for I am he.

BEATRICE (to Lucretia).

Great God! How horrible! Some dreadful ill
Must have befallen my brothers.

LUcretia.

Fear not, child,

BEATRICE.

Ah! My blood runs cold.

Fear that wicked laughter round his eye,
Which wrinkles up the skin even to the hair.

CENCi.

These are the letters brought from Salamanca;
Letter, read them to your mother. God!
Thank thee! In one night didst thou perform
Your disobedient and rebellious sons
To death!—Why dead!—What means this change
Of cheer?

Oh, hear me not, I tell you they are dead;
And they will need no food or raiment more:
He tapers that did light them the dark way
Their last cost. The Pope, I think, will not
Expect I should maintain them in their collins.
Cajoise with me—my heart is wondrous glad.

BEATRICE (Lucretia sinks, half fainting; Beatrice
Supports her).

Is not true!—Dear lady, pray look up.
And it been true, there is a God in Heaven,
Who would not live to boast of such a boon.
Mortal man, thou knowest that it is false.

CENCi.

Y, as the word of God; whom here I call
To witness that I speak the sober truth;
And whose most favoring Providence was shown
Ven in the manner of their deaths. For Rocco
As kneeling at the mass, with sixteen others,
Then the church fell and crush'd him to a mummy,
He rest escaped unhurt. Cristofano
As stabb'd in error by a jealous man,
While she he loved was sleeping with his rival;
In the self-same hour of the same night;
Which shows that Heaven has special care of me.
Beg those friends who love me, that they mark
He day a feast upon their calendars.

The twenty-seventh of December:
Y, read the letters if you doubt my oath.

[The assembly appears confused; several of
The guests rise.

FIRST GUEST.

Ah, horrible! I will depart.—

SECOND GUEST.

And I.—

THIRD GUEST.

No, stay!

I do believe it is some jest; though, faith!
Tis mocking us somewhat too solemnly.
I think his son has married the Infanta,
Or found a mine of gold in El Dorado.
'Tis but to season some such news; stay, stay!
I see 'tis only railing by his smile.

CENCi (filling a bowl of wine, and lifting it up).

Oh, thou bright wine, whose purple splendor leaps
And bubbles gaily in this golden bowl!
Under the lamplight, as my spirits do,
To hear the death of my accursed sons!
Could I believe thou wert their mingled blood,
Then would I taste thee like a sacrament,
And pledge with thee the mighty Devil in Hell,
Who, if a father's cursers, as men say,
Climb with swift wings after their children's souls,
And drag them from the very throne of Heaven,
Now triumphs in my triumph!—But thou art
Superfluous; I have drunken deep of joy,
And I will taste no other wine to-night.
Here, Andrea! Bear the bowl around.

A GUEST (rising).

Thou wretch
Will none among this noble company
Check the abandon'd villain?

CAMILLO.

For God's sake,
Let me dismiss the guests! You are insane,
Some ill will come of this.

SECOND GUEST.

Seize, silence him!

FIRST GUEST.

I will!

And I!

CENCi (addressing those who rise with a threatening
Gesture).

Who moves? Who speaks?

[Turning to the Company]

'Tis nothing.

Enjoy yourselves.—Beware! for my revenge
Is as the seal'd commission of a king,
That kills, and none dare name the murderer.

[The Banquet is broken up; several of the
Guests are departing.

BEATRICE.

I do entreat you, go not, noble guests:
What although tyranny, and impious hate
Stand shelter'd by a father's horry hair?
What if 'tis he who clothed us in these limbs
Who tortures them, and triumphs? What, if we,
The desolate and the dead, were his own flesh,
His children and his wife, whom he is bound
To love and shelter! Shall we therefore find
No refuge in this merciless wide world?
Oh, think what deep wrongs must have blotted out
First love, then reverence in a child's prone mind
Till it thus vanquish shame and fear! Oh, think
I have borne much, and kiss'd the sacred hand
Which crush'd us to the earth, and thought its stroke
Was perhaps some paternal chastisement!
Have excused much; doubted; and when no doubt
Remain'd, have sought by patience, love and tears
To soften him; and when this could not be

303
I have knelt down through the long sleepless nights
And lifted up to God, the father of all,
Passionate prayers: and when these were not heard
I have still borne,—until I meet you here,
Princes and kinsmen, at this hideous feast
Given at my brothers' deaths. 'Tis yet remain,
His wife remains and I, whom if ye save not,
Ye may soon share such remembrance again
As fathers make over their children's graves.
Oh! Prince Colonna, thou art our near kinsman,
Cardinal, thou art the Pope's chamberlain,
Camillo, thou art chief justiciary,
Take us away!

CENCI. [He has been conversing with Camillo
during the first part of Beatrice's speech;
he hears the conclusion, and now advances.
I hope my good friends here
Will think of their own daughters—or perhaps
Of their own throats—before they lend an ear
To this wild girl.

BEATRICE (not noticing the words of CenCI).
Dare not one look on me?
None answer? Can one tyrant overbear
The sense of many best and wisest men?
Or is it that I see not in some form
Of servirous law, that ye deny my suit?
Oh, God! that I were buried with my brothers!
And that the flowers of this departed spring
Were fading on my grave! And that my father
Were celebrating now one feast for all!

CAMILLO.
A bitter wish for one so young and gentle;
Can we do nothing?—

COLONNA.
Nothing that I see.
Count CenCI were a dangerous enemy:
Yet I would second any one.

A CARDINAL.
And I.

CENCI.
Retire to your chamber, insolent girl!

BEATRICE.
Retire, thou impious man! Ay, hide thyself
Where never eye can look upon thee more!
Wouldst thou have honor and obedience
Who art a torturer? Father, never dream,
Though thou mayst overbear this company,
But ill must come of ill.—Frown not on me!
Haste, hide thyself, lest withavenging looks
My brothers' ghosts should hunt thee from thy seat!
Cover thy face from every living eye,
And start if thou but hear a human step:
Seek out some dark and silent corner, there
Brow thy white head before offended God,
And we will kneel around, and fervently
Pray that he pity both ourselves and thee.

CENCI.
My friends, I do lament this insane girl
Has spoilt the mirth of our festivity.
Good night, farewell! I will not make you longer
Spectators of our dull domestic quarrel.
Another time.—

[Exeunt all but CenCI and Beatrice.
My brain is swimming round;
Give me a bowl of wine!

(To Beatrice). Thou painted viper!

Beast that thou art! Fair and yet terrible!
I know a charm shall make thee meek and tame.
Now get thee from my sight! [Exit Beatrice.

Here, Andrea,
Fill up this goblet with Greek wine. I said
I would not drink this evening, but I must;
For, strange to say, I feel my spirits fail
With thinking what I have decreed to do.

[Drinking the wine.
Be thou the resolution of quick youth
Within my veins, and mankind's purpose stern,
And age's firm, cold, subtle villany;
As if thou wert indeed my children's blood
Which I did thirst to drink. The charm works well
It must be done, it shall be done, I swear! [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the CenCI Palace.

Enter Lucretia and Bernardo.

LUcretIA.
Weep not, my gentle boy; he struck but me,
Who have borne deeper wrongs. In truth, if he
Had kill'd me, he had done a kinder deed.
Oh, God Almighty, do thou look upon us,
We have no other friend but only thee!
Yet weep not; though I love you as my own,
I am not your true mother.

BERNARDO.
Oh, more, more
Than ever mother was to any child
That have you been to me! Had he not been
My father, do you think that I should weep?

LUcretIA.
Alas! poor boy, what else couldst thou have done?

Enter Beatrice.

BEATRICE (in a hurried voice).
Did he pass this way? Have you seen him, brother?
Ah! no, that is his step upon the stairs;
'Tis nearer now; his hand is on the door;
Mother, if I to thee have ever been
A duteous child, now save me! Thou, great God,
Whose image upon earth a father is,
Dost thou indeed abandon me? He comes;
The door is opening now: I see his face;
He frowns on others, but he smiles on me,
Even as he did after the feast last night.

Enter a Servant.

Almighty God, how merciful thou art!
'Tis but Orsino's servant—Well, what news

サーVant.
My master bids me say, the Holy Father
Has sent back your petition thus unopened.

[Giving a Paper
And he demands at what hour 'twere secure
To visit you again?

LUcretIA.
At the Ave-Mary. [Exit Servant
So, daughter, our last hope has fail'd! Ah me!
How pale you look; you tremble, and you stand
Wrapp'd in some fix'd and fearful meditation,
THE CENCI.  

As if one thought were over-strong for you:  
Your eyes have a chill glare; oh, dearest child!  
Are you gone mad? If not, pray speak to me.  

BEATRICE.  
You see I am not mad; I speak to you.  

LUCRETIA.  
You talk'd of something that your father did  
After that dreadful feast? Could it be worse  
Than when he smiled, and cried, My sons are dead!  
And every one look'd in his neighbor's face  
To see if others were as white as he?  
At the first word he spoke, I felt the blood  
Rush to my heart, and fell into a trance;  
And when it past, I sat all weak and wild;  
Whilst you alone stood up, and with strong words  
Check'd his unnatural pride; and I could see  
The devil was rebuked that lives in him.  
Until this hour thus you have ever stood  
Between us and your father's moody wrath  
Like a protecting presence: your firm mind  
Has been our only refuge and defence:  
What can have thus subdued it? What can now  
Have given you that cold melancholy look,  
Succeeding to your unaccustomed 'tread?  

BEATRICE.  
What is it that you say? I was just thinking  
'T were better not to struggle any more.  
Men, like my father, have been dark and bloody,  
Yet never—O! before worse comes of it,  
'T were wise to die: it ends in that at last.  

LUCRETIA.  
Oh, talk not so, dear child! Tell me at once  
What did your father do or say to you?  
He stay'd not after that accursed feast  
One moment in your chamber.—Speak to me.  

BERNARDO.  
Oh, sister, sister, prithee, speak to us!  

BEATRICE [speak very slowly with a forced  
calmness.  
It was one word, mother, one little word;  
One look, one smile.  
[Wildly.  
Oh! he has trampled me  
Under his feet, and made the blood stream down  
My pallid cheeks. And he has given us all  
Ditch-water, and the fever-stricken flesh  
Of buffaloes, and bade us eat or starve,  
And we have eaten.—He has made me look  
On my beloved Bernardo, when the rust  
Of heavy chains has gangrener his sweet limbs,  
And I have never yet despair'd—but now!  
What would I say!  
[Recovering herself.  
Ah! no, 'tis nothing new.  
The sufferings we all share have made me wild:  
He only struck and cursed me as he pass'd;  
He said, he look'd, he did,—nothing at all  
Beyond his wont, yet it disorder'd me.  
Alas! I am forfetful of my duty,  
I should preserve my senses for your sake.  

LUCRETIA.  
Nay, Beatrice; have courage, my sweet girl.  
If any one despair, it should be I,  
Who loved him once, and now must live with him  
Till God in pity call for him or me;  
For you may, like your sister, find some husband,  
And smile, years hence, with children round your knees;  

Whilst I, then dead, and all this hideous coil,  
Shall be remember'd only as a dream.  

BEATRICE.  
Talk not to me, dear lady, of a husband:  
Did you not nurse me when my mother died?  
Did you not shield me and that dearest boy?  
And had we any other friend but you  
In infancy, with gentle words and looks  
To win our father not to murder us?  
And shall I now desert you? May the ghost  
Of my dead mother plead against my soul  
If I abandon her who fill'd the place  
She left, with more, even, than a mother's love!  

BERNARDO.  
And I am of my sister's mind. Indeed  
I would not leave you in this wretchedness,  
Even though the Pope should make me free to live  
In some bittre place, like others of my age,  
With sports, and delicate food, and the fresh air.  
Oh, never think that I will leave you, Mother!  

LUCRETIA.  
My dear, dear children!  

Enter Cenci, suddenly.  

CENCI.  
What, Beatrice here!  
Come hither! [She shrinks back, and covers her face.  
Nay, hide not your face, 'tis fair;  
Look up! Why, yester-night you dared to look  
With disobedient insolence upon me,  
Bending a stern and an inquiring brow  
On what I meant; whilst I then sought to hide  
That which I came to tell you—but in vain.  

BEATRICE [wildly, staggerings towards the door].  
Oh, that the earth would gape! Hide me, oh God!  

CENCI.  
Then it was I whose inarticulate words  
Fell from my lips, who with tottering steps  
Fled from your presence, as you now from mine.  
Stay, I command you—from this day and hour  
Never again, I think, with fearless eye,  
And brow superior, and unalter'd cheek,  
And that lip made for tenderness or scorn,  
Shalt thou strike dumb the meanest of mankind  
Me least of all. Now get thee to thy chamber,  
Thou too, loathed image of thy cursed mother,  

[To BERNARDO.  
Thy milky, meek face makes me sick with hate!  

[Exeunt BEATRICE and BERNARDO.  

(Aside). So much has past between us as must  
Make me bold, her fearful.—'Tis an awful thing  
To touch such mischief as I now conceive:  
So men sit shivering on the dewy bank,  
And try the chill stream with their feet; once in—  
How the delighted spirit pants for joy!  

LUCRETIA [advancing timidly towards him].  
Oh, husband! Pray forgive poor Beatrice,  
She meant not any ill.  

CENCI.  
Nor you perhaps?  
Nor that young imp, whom you have taught by rote  
Parricide with his alphabet? Nor Giacomo?  
Nor those two most unnatural sons, who stirr'd  
Enmity up against me with the Pope?  
Whom in one night merciful God cut off:  
Innocent lambs! They thought not any ill,
You were not here conspiring! You said nothing
Of how I might be dungeon'd as a madman;
Or be confin'd to death for some offence,
And you would be the witnesses!—This failing,
How just it were to hire assassins, or
Put sudden poison in my evening's drink?
Or smother me when overcome by wine?
Seeing we had no other judge but God,
And he had sentenced me, and there were none
But you to be the executioners
Of his decree enregister'd in Heaven?
Oh, no! You said not this?

LUCRETIA.

So help me God,
I never thought the things you charge me with!

CENCIL.

If you dare speak that wicked lie again,
I'll kill you. What! it was not by your counsel
That Beatrice disturb'd the feast last night?
You did not hope to stir some enemies
Against me, and escape, and laugh to scorn
What every nerve of you now trembles at?
You judged that men were bolder than they are:
Few dare to stand between their grave and me.

LUCRETIA.

Look not so dreadfully! By my salvation
I knew not aught that Beatrice design'd;
Nor do I think she design'd any thing
Until she heard you talk of her dead brothers.

CENCIL.

Blaspheming liar! You are daimn'd for this!
But I will take you where you may persuade
The stones you tend on to deliver you:
For men shall there be none but those who dare
All things—not question that which I command.
On Wednesday next I shall secure you know
That savage rock, the Castle of Petrella,
'Tis safely wall'd, and moated round about:
Its dungeons under ground, and its thick towers
Never told tales; though they have heard and seen
What might make dumb things speak.—Why do you
linger?

Make speediest preparation for the journey!

[Exit LUCRETIA.

The all-beholding sun yet shines; I hear
A busy stir of men about the streets;
I see the bright sky through the window-panes;
it is a garish, broad, and peering day;
Loud, light, suspicious, full of eyes and ears,
And every little corner, nook and hole
Is penetrated with the insolent light.
Come, darkness! Yet, what is the day to me?
And wherefore should I wish for night, who do
A deed which shall confound both night and day?
'T is she shall grope through a bewildering mist
Of horror: if there be a sun in heaven,
She shall not dare to look upon its beams;
Nor feel its warmth. Let her then wish for night;
The act I think shall soon extinguish all
For me: I bear a darker deadlier gloom
Than the earth's shade, or interlunar air,
Or constellations quench'd in murky cloud,
In which I walk secure and unbeheld
Towards my purpose.—Would that it were done!

[Exit.

SCENE II.

A Chamber in the Vatican.

Enter Camillo and Giacomo, in conversation.

CAMILLO.

There is an obsolete and doubtful law,
By which you might obtain a bare provision
Of food and clothing.

GIACOMO.

Nothing more? Alas!
Bare must be the provision which strict law
Awards, and aged sullen avarice pays.
Why did my father not apprentice me
To some mechanic trade? I should have then
Been train'd in no high-born necessities.
Which I could meet not by my daily toil.
The eldest son of a rich nobleman
Is heir to all his incapacities;
He has wide wants, and narrow power. If you,
Cardinal Camillo, were reduced at once
From thrice-driven beds of down, and delicate food
An hundred servants, and six palaces,
To that which nature doth indeed require?

CAMILLO.

Nay, there is reason in your plea; 'twere hard

GIACOMO.

'Tis hard for a firm man to bear: but I
Have a dear wife, a lady of high birth,
Whose dowry in ill hour I lent my father,
Without a bond or witness to the deed;
And children, who inherit her fine senses,
The fairest creatures in this breathing world;
And she and they reproach me not. Cardinal,
Do you not think the Pope would interpose
And stretch authority beyond the law?

CAMILLO.

Though your peculiar case is hard, I know
The Pope will not divert the course of law.
After that impious feast the other night
I spoke with him, and urged him then to check
Your father's cruel hand; he frown'd, and said
"Children are disobedient, and they sting
Their fathers' hearts to madness and despair,
Requiting years of care with contumely.
I pity the Count Cenci from my heart;
His outraged love perhaps awaken'd hate,
And thus he is exasperated to ill.
In the great war between the old and young,
I, who have white hairs and a tottering body,
Will keep at least blameless neutrality."

Enter Orsino.

You, my good lord Orsino, heard those words.

ORSINO.

What words?

GIACOMO.

Alas, repeat them not again!
There then is no redress for me, at least
None but that which I may achieve myself,
Since I am driven to the brink.—But say,
My innocent sister and my only brother
Are dying underneath my father's eye,
The memorable torturers of this land,
Galeaz Visconti, Borgia, Ezzelin,
Never inflicted on their meanest slave
What these endure: shall they have no protection?

Camillo.

Why, if they would petition to the Pope,
I see not how he could refuse it—yet
He holds it of most dangerous example
In aught to weaken the paternal power,
Being, as 'twere, the shadow of his own.
I pray you now excuse me. I have business
That will not bear delay. [Exit Camillo.

Giacomo.

But you, Orsino,
Have the petition; wherefore not present it?

Orsino.

I have presented it, and back'd it with
My earnest prayers, and urgent interest:
It was return'd unanswered. I doubt not
But that the strange and execrable deeds
Alleged in it—in truth they might well baffle
Any belief—have turn'd the Pope's displeasure
Upon the accusers from the criminal:
So I should guess from what Camillo said.

Giacomo.

My friend, that palace-walking devil Gold
Has whisper'd silence to his Holiness:
And we are left, as scorpions ring'd with fire.
What should we do but strike ourselves to death?
For he who is our murderous persecutor
Is shielded by a father's holy name,
Or I would— [Stops abruptly.

Orsino.

What? Fear not to speak your thought.
Words are but holy as the deeds they cover:
A priest who has forsown the God he serves;
A judge who makes the truth weep at his decree;
A friend who should weave counsel, as I now,
But as the mantle of some selfish guile;
A father who is all a tyrant seems,
Were the profaner for his sacred name.

Giacomo.

Ask me not what I think; the unwilling brain
Feigns often what it would not; and we trust
Imagination with such phantasies
As the tongue dares not fashion into words,
Which have no words, their horror makes them dim
To the mind's eye—My heart denies itself
To think what you demand.

Orsino.

But a friend's bosom
Is as the inmost cave of our own mind,
Where we sit shut from the wide gaze of day,
And from the all-communicating air.
You look what I suspected—

Giacomo.

Spare me now!
I am as one lost in a midnight wood,
Who dares not ask some harmless passenger
The path across the wilderness, lest he,
As my thoughts are, should be—a murderer.
I know you are my friend, and all I dare
Speak to my soul that will I trust with thee.
But now my heart is heavy, and would take

Lone counsel from a night of sleepless care
Pardon me, that I say farewell—farewell!
I would that to my own suspected self
I could address a word so full of peace.

Orsino.

Farewell!—Be your thoughts better or more bold.

[Exit Giacomo.

I had disposed the Cardinal Camillo
To feed his hope with cold encouragement:
It fortunately serves my close designs
That 'tis a trick of this same family
To analyze their own and other minds.
Such self-anatomy shall teach the will
Dangerous secrets: for it tempts our powers,
Knowing what must be thought, and may be done,
Into the depth of darkest purposes:
So Cenci fell into the pit; even I,
Since Beatrice unvail'd me to myself,
And made me shrink from what I cannot shun,
Show a poor figure to my own esteem,
To which I grow half reconciled. I'll do
As little mischief as I can; that thought
Shall see the accuser Conscience. [After a pause.
Now what harm
If Cenci should be murder'd?—Yet, if murder'd,
Wherefore by me? And what if I could take
The profit, yet omit the sin and peril
In such an action? Of all earthly things
I fear a man whose blows outspeed his words;
And such is Cenci: and while Cenci lives,
His daughter's dowry were a secret grave
If a priest wins her.—Oh, fair Beatrice!
Would that I loved thee not, or loving thee
Could but despise danger and gold, and all
That frowns between my wish and its effect,
Or smiles beyond it! There is no escape—
Her bright form kneels beside me at the altar,
And follows me to the resort of men,
And fills my lumber with tumultuous dreams,
So when I wake my blood seems liquid fire;
And if I strike my damp and dizzy head,
My hot palm scorches it: her very name,
But spoken by a stranger, makes my heart
Sicken and pant; and thus unprofitably
I clasp the phantom of unfelt delights,
Till weak imagination half possesses
The self-created shadow. Yet much longer
Will I not nurse this life of feverous hours:
From the unravell'd hopes of Giacomo
I must work out my own dear purposes.
I see, as from a tower, the end of all:
Her father dead; her brother bound to me
By a dark secret, surer than the grave;
Her mother scarred and unexpostulating;
From the dread manner of her wish achieved:
And she!—Once more take courage, my faint heart;
What dares a friendless maiden match'd with thee?
I have such foresight as assures success!
Some unbeheld divinity doth ever,
When dread events are near, stir up men's minds
To black suggestions; and he prosperous best,
Not who becomes the instrument of ill,
But who can flatter the dark spirit, that makes
Its empire and its prey of other hearts.
Till it become his slave—as I will do.

[Exit.
ACT III.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Cenci Palace.

LUCRETIA; to her enter BEATRICE.

BEATRICE (She enters staggering, and speaks wildly).

Reach me that handkerchief?—My brain is hurt; My eyes are full of blood; just wipe them for me— I see but indistinctly.—

LUCRETIA.

My sweet child, You have no wound; 'tis only a cold dew That starts from your dear brow—Alas! alas! What has befallen?

BEATRICE.

How comes this hair undone? Its wandering strings must be what blind me so, And yet I tied it fast—O, horrible! The pavement sinks under my feet! The walls Spin round! I see a woman weeping there, And standing calm and motionless, whilst I Slide giddily as the world reels—My God! The beautiful blue Heaven is fleck'd with blood! The sunshine on the floor is black! The air Is changed to vapors such as the dead breathe In charnel-pits! Pah! I am choked! There creeps A clinging, black, contaminating mist About me—'tis substantial, heavy, thick. I cannot pluck it from me, for it clings My fingers and my limbs to one another, And eats into my sinews, and dissolves My flesh to a pollution, poisoning The subtle, pure, and inmost spirit of life! My God! I never knew what the mind felt Before; for I am mad beyond all doubt! [More wildly.

No, I am dead! These putrefying limbs Shut round and sepulchre the panting soul Which would burst forth into the wandering air! [A pause.

What hideous thought was that I had even now? 'Tis gone; and yet its burthen remains here O'er these dull eyes—upon this weary heart! O, world! O, life! O, day! O, misery!

LUCRETIA.

What ails thee, my poor child! She answers not: Her spirit apprehends the sense of pain, But not its cause; suffering has dried away The source from which it sprung—

BEATRICE (frantically).

Like parricide—Misery has kill'd its father: yet its father Never like mine—O, God! What thing am I?

LUCRETIA.

My dearest child, what has your father done?

BEATRICE (doubtfully).

Who art thou, questioner! I have no father.

[Aside.

She is the madhouse nurse who tends on me: It is a piteous office.

[To LUCRETIA, in a low, subdued voice.

Do you know, I thought I was that wretched Beatrice Men speak of, whom her father sometimes hales

From hall to hall by the entangled hair; At others, pens up naked in damp cells Where scaly reptiles crawl, and starves her there, Till she will eat strange flesh. This woful story So did I overact in my sick dreams, That I imagined—no, it cannot be! Horrible things have been in this wild world, Precious mixtures, and confusions strange Of good and ill; and worse have been conceived Than ever there was a heart to do. But never fancy imaged such a deed As— [Pauses, suddenly recollecting herself. Who art thou? Swear to me, ere I die With fearful expectation, that indeed Thou art not what thou seemest—Mother!

LUCRETIA.

Oh! My sweet child, know you—

BEATRICE.

Yet speak it not:

For then if this be truth, that other too Must be a truth, a firm enduring truth, Link'd with each lasting circumstance of life, Never to change, never to pass away. Why so it is! This is the Cenci Palace; Thou art Lucretia; I am Beatrice. I have talk'd some wild words, but will no more. Mother, come near me; from this point of time, I am— [Her voice dies away faintly.

LUCRETIA.

Alas! What has befallen thee, child? What has thy father done?

BEATRICE.

What have I done?

Am I not innocent? Is it my crime That one with white hair, and imperious brow, Who tortured me from my forgotten years, As parents only dare, should call himself My father, yet should be!—Oh, what am I? What name, what place, what memory shall be mine? What retrospects, outliving even despair?

LUCRETIA.

He is a violent tyrant, surely, child: We know that death alone can make us free; His death or ours. But what can he have done Of deadlier outrage or worse injury? Thou art unlike thyself; thine eyes shoot forth A wandering and strange spirit. Speak to me: Unlock those pallid hands whose fingers twine With one another.

BEATRICE.

'Tis the restless life Tortured within them. If I try to speak I shall go mad. Ay, something must be done; What, yet I know not—something which shall make The thing that I have suffer'd but a shadow In the dread lightning which avenges it; Brief, rapid, irreversible, destroying The consequence of what it cannot cure. Some such thing is to be endured or done: When I know what, I shall be still and calm, And never any thing will move me more. But now!—Oh blood, which art my father's blood, Circling through these contaminated veins, If thou, pour'd forth on the polluted earth, Could wash away the crime, and punishment
LUCRETIA.

It must indeed have been some bitter wrong;
Yet what, I dare not guess. Oh! my lost child,
Hide not in proud impenetrable grief
Thy sufferings from my fear.

BEATRICE.

I hide them not.

What are the words which you would have me speak?
I, who can feign no image in my mind
Of that which has transform’d me. I, whose thought
Is like a ghost shrouded and folded up
In its own formless horror. Of all words,
That minister to mortal intoxicourse,
Which wouldst thou hear? For there is none to tell
My misery: if another ever knew
Aught like to it, she died as I will die,
And left it, as I must, without a name.
Death! Death! Our law and our religion call thee
A punishment and a reward—Oh, which
Have I deserved?

LUCRETIA.

The peace of innocence;
Till in your season you be called to heaven.
What’er you may have suffer’d, you have done
No evil. Death must be the punishment
Of crime, or the reward of trampling down
The thorns which God has strew’d upon the path
Which leads to immortality.

BEATRICE.

Ay, death—
The punishment of crime, I pray thee, God,
Let me not be bewild’r’d while I judge.
If I must live day after day; and keep
These limbs, the unworthy temple of thy spirit,
As a foul den from which what thou abhorrest
May mock thee, unavenged—it shall not be!
Self-murder—no, that might be no escape,
For thy decree yawns like a Hell between
Our will and it.—Oh! in this mortal world
There is no vindication and no law
Which can adjudge and execute the doom
Of that through which I suffer.

Enter ORSINO.
She approaches him solemnly). Welcome, Friend!
I have to tell you that, since last we met,
I have endured a wrong so great and strange,
That neither life nor death can give me rest.
Ask me not what it is, for there are deeds
Which have no form, sufferings which have no tongue.

ORSINO.

And what is he who has thus injured you?

BEATRICE.

The man they call my father: a dread name.

ORSINO.

But cannot be.

BEATRICE.

What it can be, or not,
Or bear to think. It is, and it has been;
Dive me how it shall not be again.
Thought to die; but a religious awe
Restains me, and the dread lest death itself
Might be no refuge from the consciousness
Of what is yet unexpired. Oh, speak!

ORSINO.

Accuse him of the deed, and let the law
Avenge thee.

BEATRICE.

Oh, ice-hearted counsellor!
If I could find a word that might make known
The crime of my destroyer; and that done,
My tongue should like a knife tear out the secret
Which canker my heart’s core; ay, lay all bare,
So that my unpolluted fame should be
With vilest gossips a stale-mouth’d story;
A mock, a byword, an astonishment:
If this were done, which never shall be done,
Think of the offender’s gold, his dreaded hate,
And the strange horror of the accuser’s tale,
Baffling belief, and overpowering speech;
Scarce whisper’d, unimaginable, wrapt
In hideous hints—Oh, most assured redress!

ORSINO.

You will endure it then.

BEATRICE.

Endure?—Orsino,
It seems your counsel is small profit.
(Turns from him, and speaks half to herself.

Ay,

All must be suddenly resolved and done.
What is this indistinguishable mist
Of thoughts, which rise, like shadow after shadow,
Darkening each other?

ORSINO.

Should the offender live?
Triumph in his misdeed? and make, by use,
His crime, whate’er it is, dreadful no doubt,
Thine element; until thou mayest become
Utterly lost; subdued even to the hue
Of that which thou permitted?

BEATRICE (to herself).

Mighty Death!
Thou double-visaged shadow! Only judge!
Rightfulest arbiter!

[She retires absorbed in thought.

LUCRETIA.

If the lightning
Of God has e’er descended to avenge—

ORSINO.

Blaspheme not! His high Providence commits
Its glory on this earth, and their own wrongs
Into the hands of men; if they neglect
To punish crime—

LUCRETIA.

But if one, like this wretch,
Should mock with gold, opinion, law, and power?
If there be no appeal to that which makes
The guiltiest tremble? If because our wrongs,
For that they are unnatural, strange and monstrous,
Exceed all measure of belief? Oh, God!
If, for the very reasons which should make
Redress most swift and sure, our injurer triumphs?
And we the victims, bear worse punishment
Than that appointed for their torturer?

ORSINO.

Think not
But that there is redress where there is wrong,
So we be bold enough to seize it.
LUCRETIA.

How?
If there were any way to make all sure,
I know not—but I think it might be good
To—

ORSINO.

Why, his late outrage to Beatrice;
For it is such, as I but faintly guess,
As makes remorse dishonor, and leaves her
Only one duty, how she may avenge:
You, but one refuge from ill endured;
Me, but one counsel—

LUCRETIA.

For we cannot hope
That aid, or retribution, or resource
Will arise thence, where every other one
Might find them with less need.

(Beatrice advances.)

ORSINO.

Then—

BEATRICE.

Peace, Orsino!
And, honor'd lady, while I speak, I pray
That you put off, as garments overworn,
Forbearance and respect, remorse and fear,
And all the fit restraints of daily life,
Which have been borne from childhood, but which
now
Would be a mockery to my holier plea.
As I have said, I have endured a wrong,
Which, though it be expressionless, is such
As asks atonement; both for what is past,
And lest I be reserved, day after day,
To load with crimes an overburthen'd soul,
And be—what ye can dream not. I have pray'd
To God, and I have talk'd with my own heart,
And have unravell'd my entangled will,
And have at length determined what is right.
Art thou my friend, Orsino? False or true?
Pledge thy salvation ere I speak.

ORSINO.

I swear
To dedicate my cunning, and my strength,
My silence, and whatever else is mine,
To thy commands.

LUCRETIA.

You think we should devise
His death?

BEATRICE.

And execute what is devised,
And suddenly. We must be brief and bold.

ORSINO.

And yet most cautious.

LUCRETIA.

For the jealous laws
Would punish us with death and infamy
For that which it became themselves to do.

BEATRICE.

Be cautious as ye may, but prompt. Orsino,
What are the means?

ORSINO.

I know two dull, fierce outlaws,
Who think man's spirit as a worm's, and they
Would trample out, for any slight caprice,
The meanest or the noblest life. This mood
Is marketable here in Rome. They sell
What we now want.

LUCRETIA.

To-morrow before dawn,
Cenci will take us to that lonely rock,
Petralla, in the Apulian Apennines.
If he arrive there—

BEATRICE.

He must not arrive.

ORSINO.

Will it be dark before you reach the tower?

LUCRETIA.

The sun will scarce be set.

BEATRICE.

But I remember
Two miles on this side of the fort, the road
Crossest a deep ravine; 'tis rough, and narrow,
And winds with short turns down the precipice;
And in its depth there is a mighty rock,
Which has, from unimaginable years,
Sustain'd itself with terror and with toil
Over a gulf, and with the agony
With which it clings, seems slowly coming down.
Even as a wretched soul, hour after hour,
Clinging to the mass of life; yet clinging, leans;
And leaning, makes more dark the dread abyss
In which it fears to fall: beneath this crag
Huge as despair, as if in weariness,
The melancholy mountain yawns—below,
You hear but see not an impenetrate torrent
Raging among the caverns, and a bridge
Crosseth the chasm; and high above there grow,
With intersecting trunks, from crag to crag.
Cedars, and yews, and pines; whose tangled hair
Is matted in one solid roof of shade
By the dark ivy's twine. At noonday here
'Tis twilight, and at sunset blackest night.

ORSINO.

Before you reach that bridge, make some excuse
For spurring on your mules, or loitering
Until—

BEATRICE.

What sound is that?

LUCRETIA.

Hark! No, it cannot be a servant's step:
It must be Cenci, unexpectedly
Return'd—Make some excuse for being here.

BEATRICE (to Orsino, as she goes out).

That step we hear approach must never pass
The bridge of which we spoke.

[Execute LUCRETIA and BEATRICE.

ORSINO.

What shall I do?
Cenci must find me here; and I must bear
The imperious inquisition of his looks
As to what brought me hither: let me mask
Mime own in some inane and vacant smile.

Enter GIACOMO, in a hurried manner.

How! Have you ventured thither? know you th
That Cenci is from home?

GIACOMO.

I sought him here;
And now must wait till he returns.

ORSINO.

Great God.

Weigh you the danger of this rashness!
GIACOMO.  

Ay!  

Does my destroyer know his danger? We  
Are now no more, as once, parent and child,  
But man to man; the oppressor to the oppress'd;  
The slanderer to the slander'd; foe to foe:  
He has cast Nature off, which was his shield,  
And Nature casts him off, who is her shame;  
And I spurn both. Is it a father's throat  
Which I will shake, and say, I ask not gold;  
I ask not happy years; nor memories  
Of tranquill childhood; nor home-shelter'd love;  
Though all these hast thou torn from me, and more;  
But only my fair fame; only one hoard  
Of peace, which I thought hidden from thy hate,  
Under the purgy heap'd on me by thee,  
Or I will—God can understand and pardon:  
Why should I speak with man?  

ORSINO.  

Be calm, dear friend.  

GIACOMO.  

Well, I will calmly tell you what he did.  
This old Francesco Cenci, as you know,  
Borrow'd the dowry of my wife from me,  
And then denied the loan; and left me so  
poverty, the which I sought to mend  
by holding a poor office in the state.  
I had been promised to me, and already  
bought new clothing for my ragged babes,  
and my wife smiling; and my heart knew repose;  
When Cenci's intercession, as I found,  
confer'd this office on a wretch, whom thus  
he paid for vilest service. I return'd  
With this ill news, and we sate sad together  
placing our despondency with tears  
Of such affection and unbroken faith  
Is temper life's worst bitterness; when he  
saw he was wont, came to upbraid and curse,  
tearing our poverty, and telling us  
what was God's scourge for disobedient sons.  
and then, that I might strike him dumb with shame,  
spoke of my wife's dowry; but he coin'd  
A brief yet specious tale, how I had wasted  
the sum in secret riot; and he saw  
my wife touch'd, and he went smiling forth.  
and when I knew the impression he had made,  
and felt my wife insult with silent scorn  
ye ardent truth, and look averse and cold,  
gentleness, but soon return'd again;  
Yet not so soon but that my wife had taught  
ye children her harsh thoughts, and they all cried,  
Give us clothes, father! Give us better food!  
What you in one night snipper were enough  
or months! I look'd, and saw that home was hell  
and to that hell will I return no more  
until mine enemy has render'd up  
conemion, or, as he gave life to me  
will, reversing nature's law—  

ORSINO.  

Trust me,  

the compensation which thou seesther  
will be denied.  

GIACOMO.  

Then—are you not my friend?  
Did you not hint at the alternative,  
pon the brink of which you see I stand.  

The other day when we conversed together?  
My wrongs were then less. That word paricide.  
Although I am resolved, haunts me like fear.  

ORSINO.  

It must be fear itself, for the bare word  
Is hollow mockery. Mark, how wisest God  
Draws to one point the threads of a just doom,  
So sanctifying it: what you devise  
Is, as it were, accomplish'd.  

GIACOMO.  

Is he dead?  

ORSINO.  

His grave is ready. Know that since we met  
Cenci has done an outrage to his daughter.  

GIACOMO.  

What outrage?  

ORSINO.  

That she speaks not, but you may  
Conceive such half conjectures as I do,  
From her fix'd paleness, and the lofty grief  
Of her stern brow bent on the idle air,  
And her severe unmodulated voice,  
Drowning both tenderness and dread; and last  
From this: that whilst her stepmother and I,  
Bewild'er'd in our horror, talk'd together  
With obscure hints; both self-misunderstood  
And darkly guessing, stumbling, in our talk,  
Over the truth, and yet to its revenge,  
She interrupted us, and with a look  
Which told beforehand, she spake it, he must die.  

GIACOMO.  

It is enough. My doubts are well appeased;  
There is a higher reason for the act  
Than mine; there is a holier judge than me,  
A more unblamed avenger. Beatrice,  
Who in the gentleness of thy sweet youth  
Hast never trodden on a worm, or bruised  
A living flower, but thou hast pitted it  
With needless tears! Fair sister, thou in whom  
Men wonder'd how such loveliness and wisdom  
Did not destroy each other! Is there made  
Ravage of thee? O heart, I ask no more  
Justification! Shall I wait, Orsino,  
Till he return, and stab him at the door?  

ORSINO.  

Not so; some accident might interpose  
To rescue him from what is now most sure;  
And you are unprovided where to fly,  
How to excuse or to conceal. Nay, listen:  
All is contrived; success is so assured  
That—  

Enter Beatrice.  

Beatrice.  

'Tis my brother's voice! Ye know me not?  
GIACOMO.  

My sister, my lost sister!  

Beatrice.  

Lost indeed!  
I see Orsino has talk'd with you, and  
That you conjecture things too horrible  
To speak, yet far less than the truth. Now, stay not,  
He might return; yet kiss me; I shall know  
That then thou hast consented to his death.  
Farewell, farewell? Let piety to God,
Brotherly love, justice and clemency,  
And all things that make tender hardest hearts,  
Make thine hard, brother. Answer not—farewell.  

(SCENE severally.)

SCENE II.

A mean apartment in GIACOMO's house.

GIACOMO, alone.

"Tis midnight, and Orsino comes not yet.  
[Thunder, and the sound of a storm.]

What! can the everlasting elements  
Feel with a worm like man? If so, the shaft  
Of mercy-winged lightning would not fall  
On stones and trees. My wife and children sleep:  
They are now living in unmeaning dreams:  
But I must wake, still doubting if that deed  
Be just which was most necessary. O,  
Thou unrepent'd lamp! whose narrow fire  
Is shaken by the wind, and on whose edge  
Devouring darkness hovers! Thou small flame,  
Which, as a dying pulse rises and falls,  
Still flickerest up and down, how very soon,  
Did I not feed thee,wouldst thou fail and be  
As thou hadst never been! So wastes and sinks  
Even now, perhaps, the life that kindled mine:  
But that no power can fill with vital oil  
That broken lamp of flesh. Ha! 'tis the blood  
Which fed these veins that ebb'st till all is cold:  
It is the form that moulded mine that sinks  
Into the white and yellow spasms of death:  
It is the soul by which mine was array'd  
In God's immortal likeness which now stands  
Naked before Heaven's judgment-seat!  

[A bell strikes.  
One! Two!  

The hours crawl on; and when my hairs are white  
My son will then perhaps be waiting thus.  
Tortured between just hate and vain remorse;  
Chiding the tardy messenger of news  
Like those which I expect. I almost wish  
He be not dead, although my wrongs are great;  
Yet—'tis Orsino's step—

Enter ORSINO.

Speak!  
ORSINO.

To say he has escaped.

GIACOMO.

Escaped!  
ORSINO.

And safe  
Within Petralla. He pass'd by the spot  
Appointed for the deed an hour too soon.

GIACOMO.

Are we the fools of such contingencies ?  
And do we waste in blind misgivings thus  
The hours when we should act? Then wind and thunder,  
Which seem'd to howl his knell, is the loud laughter  
With which Heaven mocks our weakness! I henceforth  
Will ne'er repent of aught design'd or done  
But my repentance.

ORSINO.

See, the lamp is out.

GIACOMO.

If no remorse is ours when the dim air  
Has drunk this innocent flame, why should we quench  
When Cenel's life, that light by which ill spirits  
See the worst deeds they prompt, shall sink for ever.  
No, I am harden'd.

ORSINO.

Why, what need of this?  
Who fear'd the pale intrusion of remorse  
In a just deed? Although our first plan fail'd,  
Doubt not but he will soon be laid to rest.  
But light the lamp; let us not talk 't the dark.

GIACOMO (lighting the lamp).  
And yet once quench'd I cannot thus resume  
My father's life: do you not think his ghost  
Might plead that argument with God?

ORSINO.

Once gone  
You cannot now recall your sister's peace;  
Your own extinguish'd years of youth and hope;  
Nor your wife's bitter words; nor all the terrors  
Which, from the prosperous, weak misfortune take  
Nor your dead mother; nor—

GIACOMO.

O, speak no more!  
I am resolved, although this very hand  
Must quench the life that animated it

ORSINO.

There is no need of that. Listen: you know  
Olimpio, the castellan of Petralla  
In old Colonna's time; him whom your father  
Degraded from his post? And Marzio,  
That desperate wretch, whom he deprived last year  
Of a reward of blood, well earn'd and due?  

GIACOMO.

I knew Olimpio; and they say he hated  
Old Cenci so, that in his silent rage  
His lips grew white only to see him pass.  
Of Marzio I know nothing.

ORSINO.

Marzio's hate  
Matches Olimpio's. I have sent these men,  
But in your name, and as at your request,  
To talk with Beatrice and Lucretia.

GIACOMO.

Only to talk

ORSINO.

The moments, which even now  
Pass onward to to-morrow's midnight hour,  
May memorize their flight with death: ere then  
They must have talk'd, and may perhaps have done  
And made an end.

GIACOMO.

Listen! what sound is that?

ORSINO.

The house-dog moans, and the beams crack: nau,  

GIACOMO.

It is my wife complaining in her sleep:  
I doubt not she is saying bitter things  
Of me; and all my children round her dreaming  
That I deny them sustenance.

ORSINO.

Whilst he  
Who truly took it from them, and who fills
Their hungry rest with bitterness, now sleeps
Lapp'd in bad pleasures, and triumphantly
Mocks thee in visions of successful hate
I'm like the truth of day.

GIACOMO.
If o'er he wakes
Again, I will not trust to hireling hands.

ORSINO.
Why, that were well. I must be gone; good night!
When next we meet—

GIACOMO.
May all be done—and all
Forbidden.—Oh, that I had never been!

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Castle of Petrella.

Enter CENCI.

CENCI.
He comes not; yet I left her even now
Anquish'd and faint. She knows the penalty
Of her delay: yet what if threats are vain?
In not now within Petrella's most
I fear still the eyes and ears of Rome?
Fight not drug her by the golden hair?
Camp to her? Keep her sleepless till her brain
Overworn! Tame her with chains and flame?
E'er would suffice. Yet so to leave undone
That I most seek! No, 'tis her stubborn will,
Which by its own consent shall stoop as low
As that which drags it down.

Enter Lucretia.

Thou loathed wretch! I shudder from my abhorrence!
Fly, begone! I bid Beatrice come hither.

LUcretia.
Oh, husband! I pray, for thine own wretched sake,
Seed what thou dost. A man who walks like thee
Through crimes, and through the danger of his crimes,
Each hour may stumble o'er a sudden grave.
And thou art old; thy hair is hoary gray;
A thought wouldst save thyself from death and hell,
Thy daughter; give her to some friend
Marriage: so that she may tempt thee not
Of hatred, or worse thoughts, if worse there be.

CENCI.
That! like her sister, who has found a home
Mock my hate from with prosperity?
Rage ruin shall destroy both her and thee,
All that yet remain. My death may be
Spid, her destiny outspeeds it. Go,
If her come hither, and before my mood
Changed, lest I should drag her by the hair.

Lucretia sent me to thee, husband. At thy presence
Thee, as thou dost know, into a trance;
In that trance she heard a voice which said,
Cenci must die. Let him confess himself!
En now the accusing Angel waits to hear
If God, to punish his enormous crimes,
Harden his dying heart!

CENCI.
Why—such things are—
No doubt divine revelations may be made.
'Tis plain I have been favor'd from above,
For when I cursed my sons, they died—Ay—so—
As to the right or wrong, that's talk. Repentance—
Repentance is an easy moment's work,
And more depends on God than me. Well—well—
I must give up the greater point, which was
To poison and corrupt her soul.

[Pause; Lucretia approaches anxiously, and
Then shrinks back as she speaks.

One, two;
Ay—Rocco and Cristofano my curse
Strangled; and Giacomo, I think, will find
Life a worse Hell than that beyond the grave:
Beatrice shall, if there be skill in hate,
Die in despair, blaspheming: to Bernardo,
He is so innocent, I will bequeath
The memory of these deeds, and make his youth
The sepulchre of hope, where evil thoughts
Shall grow like weeds on a neglected tomb.
When all is done, out in the wide Campagna,
I will pile up my silver and my gold;
My costly robes, paintings, and tapestries;
My parchments and all records of my wealth,
And make a bonfire in my joy, and leave
Of my possessions nothing but my name,
Which shall be an inheritance to strip
Its wearer bare as infamy. That done,
My soul, which is a scourge, will I resign
Into the hands of him who wielded it;
Be it for its own punishment or theirs,
He will not ask it of me till the lash
Be broken in its last and deepest wound;
Until its hate be all inflicted. Yet,
Last death outspeeds my purpose, let me make
Short work and sure.

Lucretia (stops him).
Oh, stay! It was a faint:
She had no vision, and she heard no voice.
I said it but to awe thee.

CENCI.
That is well.
Vile palterer with the sacred truth of God,
Be thy soul choked with that blaspheming lie!
For Beatrice worse torments are in store
To bend her to my will.

Lucretia.
Oh! to what will?
What cruel sufferings more than she has known
Canst thou inflict?

CENCI.
Andrea! go, call my daughter.
And if she comes not, tell her that I come.
What sufferings? I will drag her, step by step,
Through infamies unheard of among men;
She shall stand shelterless in the broad noon
Of public scorn, for acts blazon'd abroad,
One among which shall be—What? Canst thou guess?
She shall become (for what she most abhors
Shall have a fascination to enter;
Her loathing will), to her own conscious self
All she appears to others; and when dead,
As she shall die unshrived and unforgiven,
A rebel to her father and her God;
Her corpse shall be abandon'd to the hounds;
Her name shall be the terror of the earth;
Her spirit shall approach the throne of God.
Plague-spotted with my curses, I will make
Body and soul a monstrous lump of ruin.

Enter Andrea.

Andrea.
The lady Beatrice—

Cenic.
Speak, pale slave! What said she?

Andrea.
My lord, 'twas what she look'd; she said:
Go tell my father that I see the gulf
Of Hell between us two, which he may pass,
I will not. [Exit Andrea.

Cenic.
Go thou quick, Lucretia,
Tell her to come; yet let her understand
Her coming is consent; and say, moreover,
That if she come not I will curse her.

[Exit Lucretia.

Ha!
With what but with a father's curse doth God
Panic-strike arm'd victory, and make pale
Cities in their prosperity? The world's Father
Must grant a parent's prayer against his child,
Be he who asks even what men call me.
Will not the deaths of her rebellious brothers
Awe her before I speak? For I on them
Did imprecate quick ruin, and it came.

Enter Lucretia.

Well; what? Speak, wretch!

Lucretia.
She said, I cannot come;
Go tell my father that I see a torrent
Of his own blood raging between us.

Cenic (kneeling).

God!
Hear me! If this most specious mass of flesh,
Which thou hast made my daughter; this my blood,
This particle of my divided being;
Or rather, this my bane and my disease,
Whose sight infects and poisons me; this devil
Which sprung from me as from a hell, was meant
To aught good use; if 'her bright loveliness
Was kindled to illumine this dark world;
If, nursed by thy selectest dew of love,
Such virtues blossom in her as should make
The peace of life. I pray thee for my sake,
As thou the common God and Father art
Of her, and me, and all; reverse that doom!
Earth, in the name of God, let her food be
Poison, until she be encrusted round
With leprous stains! Heaven, rain upon her head
The blistering drops of the Marenna's dew,
Till she be speckled like a toad; parch up
Those love-enkindling lips, warp those fine limbs
To loth'd lameness! All-beholding sun,
Strike in thine envy those life-darting eyes
With thine own blinding beams!

Lucretia.
Peace! peace!
For thine own sake unsay those dreadful words.
When high God grants he punishes such prayers.
Cenic (leaping up, and throwing his right hand toward Heaven).
He does his will, I mine! This in addition,
That if she have a child—

Lucretia.
Horrible thought!

Cenic.
That if she ever have a child; and thou,
Quick Nature! I adjure thee by thy God,
That thou be fruitful in her, and increase
And multiply, fulfilling his command,
And my deep imprecation! May it be
A hideous likeness of herself, that as
From a distorting mirror, she may see
Her image mix'd with what she most abhors,
Smiling upon her from her nursing breast.
And that the child may from its infancy
Grow, day by day, more wicked and deform'd,
Turning her mother's love to misery;
And that both she and it may live until
It shall repay her care and pain with hate,
Or what may else be more unnatural,
So he may hunt her through the clamorous scuffs
Of the loud world to a dishonour'd grave.
Shall I revoke this curse? Go, bid her come,
Before my words are chronicled in heaven.

[Exit Lucretia.

I do not feel as if I were a man,
But like a fiend appointed to chastise
The offences of some unremembr'd world.
My blood is running up and down my veins;
A fearful pleasure makes it prick and tingle;
I feel a giddy sickness of strange awe;
My heart is beating with an expectation
Of horrid joy.

Enter Lucretia.

What? Speak!

Lucretia.
She bids thee curse
And if thy curses, as they cannot do,
Could kill her soul—

Cenic.
She would not come. 'Tis we
I can do both: first take what I demand,
And then extort, concession. To thy chamber!
Fly ere I spurn thee: and beware this night
That thou cross not my footsteps. It were safer
To come between the tiger and his prey.

[Exit Lucretia.

It must be late; mine eyes grow weary dim
With unaccustomed heaviness of sleep.
Conscience! Oh! thou most insolent of lies!
They say that sleep, that healing dew of heaven,
Sleeps not in balm the foldings of the brain
Which thinks thee an impostor. I will go
First to belie thee with an hour of rest,
Which will be deep and calm, I feel: and then—
O, multitudinous Hell, the fiends will shake
Thine arches with the laughter of their joy!
There shall be lamentation heard in Heaven
As o'er an angel fallen; and upon Earth

314
All good shall droop and sicken, and ill things shall with a spirit of unnatural life Sir and be quicken'd—even as I am now. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Before the Castle of Petrella.

Enter Beatrice and Lucretia above on the ramparts.

Beatrice.

They come not yet.

Lucretia.

'Tis near midnight.

Beatrice.

How slow behind the course of thought, even sick with speed, ages leaden-footed time!

Lucretia.

The minutes pass— he should wake before the deed is done!

Beatrice.

Mother! He must never wake again. That thou hast said persuades me our act ill but dislodge a spirit of deep hell out of a human form.

Lucretia.

'Tis true he spoke of death and judgment with strange confidence or one so wicked; as a man believing in God, yet recking not of good or ill and yet to die without confession!

Beatrice.

Oh! believe that Heaven is merciful and just, and will not add our dread necessity the amount of his offences.

Enter Olimpio and Marzio, below.

Beatrice.

See, they come.

Beatrice.

All mortal things must hasten thus their dark end. Let us go down.

[Exit Lucretia and Beatrice from above.

Olimpio.

How feel you to this work?

Marzio.

As one who thinks thousand crowns excellent market price an old murderer's life. Your cheeks are pale.

Olimpio.

Is the white reflection of your own, which you call pale.

Marzio.

Is that their natural hue?

Olimpio.

'Gist my hate and the deferr'd desire to wreak it, which extinguishes their blood.

Marzio.

Are you inclined then to this business?

Olimpio.

Ay.

Olimpio.

Ione should bribe me with a thousand crowns to kill a serpent which had stung my child, could not be more willing.

Enter Beatrice and Lucretia, below.

Noble ladies!

Beatrice.

Are you resolved?

Olimpio.

Is he asleep?

Marzio.

Is all

Beatrice.

I mix'd an opiate with his drink:

He sleeps so soundly—

Beatrice.

That his death will be But as a change of sin-chastising dreams,

A dark continuance of the Hell within him,

Which God extinguish! But ye are resolved! Ye know it is a high and holy deed!

Olimpio.

We are resolved.

Marzio.

As to the how this act

Be warranted, it rests with you.

Beatrice.

Well, follow!

Olimpio.

Hush! Hark! What noise is that?

Marzio.

Ha! some one comes!

Beatrice.

Ye conscience-stricken cravers, rock to rest your baby hearts.

It is the iron gate, Which ye left open, swaying to the wind,

That enters whistling as in scorn. Come, follow!

And be your steps like mine, light, quick, and bold!

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Castle.

Enter Beatrice and Lucretia.

Lucretia.

They are about it now.

Beatrice.

Nay, it is done.

Lucretia.

I have not heard him groan.

Beatrice.

He will not groan.

Lucretia.

What sound is that?

Beatrice.

List! 'tis the tread of feet about his bed.

Lucretia.

My God!

If he be now a cold stiff corpse—

Beatrice.

O, fear not

What may be done, but what is left undone:

The act seals all.

Enter Olimpio and Marzio.

Is it accomplish'd?

315
MARZIO.
Did you not call?

OLIMPIO.
What?

BEATRICE.
When?

OLIMPIO.
Now.

BEATRICE.
I ask if all is over?

OLIMPIO.
We dare not kill an old and sleeping man;
His thin gray hair, his stern and reverent brow,
His veined hands cross'd on his heaving breast,
And the calm innocent sleep in which he lay,
Quell'd me. Indeed, indeed, I cannot do it.

MARZIO.
But I was bolder; for I chid Olimpio,
And bade him bear his wrongs to his own grave,
And leave me the reward. And now my knife
Touch'd the loose wrinkled throat, when the old man
Stir'd in his sleep, and said, "God! hear O, hear,
A father's curse! What, art thou not our father?"
And then he laugh'd. I knew it was the ghost
Of my dead father speaking through his lips,
And could not kill him.

BEATRICE.
Miserable slaves!
Where, if ye dare not kill a sleeping man,
Found ye the boldness to return to me
With such a deed undone? Base palterers!
Cowards and traitors! Why, the very conscience
Which ye would sell for gold and for revenge
Is an equivocation; it sleeps over
A thousand daily acts disgracing men;
And when a deed where mercy insults Heaven—
Why do I talk?
[Snatching a dagger from one of them and
raising it.]
Hadst thou a tongue to say,
She murder'd her own father, I must do it!
But never dream ye shall outlive him long!

OLIMPIO.
Stop, for God's sake!

MARZIO.
I will go back and kill him.

OLIMPIO.
Give me the weapon: we must do thy will.

BEATRICE.
Take it! Depart! Return!
[Enter Olimpio and Marzio. He is—
OLIMPIO.
Dead.

MARZIO.
We strangled him, that there might be no blood;
And then we threw his heavy corpse in' the garden
Under the balcony; 'twill seem it fell.

BEATRICE (giving them a bag of coin).
Here, take this gold, and hasten to your homes.
And, Marzio, because thou wast only awed
By that which made me tremble, wear thou this!
[Clothes him in a rich mantle.]
It was the mantle which my grandfather
Wore in his high prosperity, and men
Envied his state: so may they envy thine. Thou Wert a weapon in the hand of God
To a just use. Long live and thrive! And, mark,
If thou hast crimes, repent: this deed is none.
[A horn is sounded.]

LUCRETTIA.
Hark, 'tis the castle horn: my God! it sounds
Like the last trump.

BEATRICE.
Some tedious guest is coming.

LUCRETTIA.
The drawbridge is let down; there is a tramp
Of horses in the court; fly, hide yourselves!
[Enter Olimpio and Marzio.]

BEATRICE.
Let us retire to counterfeit deep rest;
I scarcely need to counterfeit it now:
The spirit which doth reign within these limbs
Seems strangely undisturb'd. I could even sleep
Fearless and calm: all ill is surely past.
[Exit Olimpio and Marzio.

SCENE IV.

Another apartment in the Castle.

Enter on one side the Legate Savella introduced
a Servant, and on the other Lucrettia and Benardo.

SAVELLA.
Lady, my duty to his Holiness
Be my excuse, that thus unseasonably
I break upon your rest. I must speak with
Count Cenci; doth he sleep?

LUCRETTIA (in a hurried and confused manner)
I think he sleeps.

SAVELLA.
Yet wake him not; I pray, spare me awhile,
He is a wicked and a wrathful man;
Should he be roused out of his sleep to-night,
Which is, I know, a hell of angry dreams,
It were not well; indeed it were not well.
Wait till day-break—
[Aside. O, I am deadly sick!]

SAVELLA.
I grieve thus to distress you, but the Count
Must answer charges of the gravest import,
And suddenly; such my commission is.

LUCRETTIA (with increased agitation).
I dare not rouse him: I know none who dare—
'T were perilous;—you might as safely awaken

316
A serpent; or a corpse in which some fiend Were laid to sleep.

SAVELLA.
Lady, my moments here Are counted. I must rouse him from his sleep, Since none else dare.

LUCRETTIA (aside).
O, terror! O, despair!
(To BERNARDO.) Bernardo, conduct you the Lord Legate to Your father's chamber.

[Execut SAVELLA and BERNARDO.

ENTER BEATRICE.

BEATRICE.
'Tis a messenger
Come to arrest the culprit who now stands Before the throne of unappealable God. Both Earth and Heaven, consenting arbiters, Acquit our deed.

LUCRETTIA.
Oh, agony of fear! Would that he yet might live! Even now I heard The legate's followers whisper as they pass'd: They had a warrant for his instant death. All was prepared by unforbidden means Which we must pay so dearly, having done. Even now they search the tower, and find the body; Now they suspect the truth; now they consult Before they come to tax us with the fact; O, horrible, 'tis all discover'd!

BEATRICE.
Mother, What is done wisely, is done well. Be bold As thou art just. 'Tis like a truant child To fear that others know what thou hast done, Even from thine own strong consciousness, and thus Write on unsteadybas and alter'd cheeks All thou wouldst hide. Be faithful to thyself, And fear no other witness but thy fear. For if, as cannot be, some circumstance Should rise in accusation, we can blind Suspicion with such cheap astonishment, Or overbear it with such guiltless pride, As murderers cannot feign. The deed is done, And what may follow now regards not me. I am as universal as the light; Free as the earth-surrounding air; as firm As the world's centre. Consequence, to me, Is as the wind which strikes the solid rock But shakes it not.

[A cry within and tumult.

BERNARDO.
Murder! Murder! Murder!

[Enter BERNARDO and SAVELLA.

SAVELLA (to his followers).
Go, search the castle round; sound the alarm; Look to the gates that none escape!

BEATRICE. What now?

BERNARDO.
Know not what to say—my father's dead.

BEATRICE.
How dead! he only sleeps; you mistake, brother. His sleep is very calm, very like death;

'Tis wonderful how well a tyrant sleeps.
He is not dead?

BERNARDO.
Dead; murdered.

LUCRETTIA (with extreme agitation).
Oh, no, no, He is not murder'd, though he may be dead; I have alone the keys of those apartments.

SAVELLA.
Ha! Is it so?

BEATRICE.
My lord, I pray excuse us; We will retire; my mother is not well: She seems quite overcome with this strange horror.

[Execut LUCRETTIA and BEATRICE.

SAVELLA.
Can you suspect who may have murder'd him?

BERNARDO.
I know not what to think.

SAVELLA.
Can you name any
Who had an interest in his death?

BERNARDO.
Alas!

I can name none who had not, and those most Who most lament that such a deed is done; My mother, and my sister, and myself.

SAVELLA.
'Tis strange! There were clear marks of violence. I found the old man's body in the moonlight, Hanging beneath the window of his chamber Among the branches of a pine: he could not Have fallen there, for all his limbs lay heap'd And effortless; 'tis true there was no blood.— Favor me, Sir—it much imports your house That all should be made clear—to tell the ladies That I request their presence.

[Exit BERNARDO.

ENTER GUARDS, bringing in MARZIO.

GUARD.
We have one.

OFFICER.
My lord, we found this ruffian and another Lurking among the rocks; there is no doubt But that they are the murderers of Count Cenci: Each had a bag of coin; this fellow wore A gold-inwoven robe, which, shining bright Under the dark rocks to the glimmering moon, Betray'd them to our notice: the other fell Desperately fighting.

SAVELLA.
What does he confess?

OFFICER.
He keeps firm silence; but these lines found on him May speak.

SAVELLA.
Their language is at least sincere.

[Reads

"To the lady Beatrice.

'That the atonement of what my nature Sickens to conjecture may soon arrive, I send thee, at thy brother's desire, those Who will speak and do more than I dare Write.—Thy devoted servant, ORSINO."

43 317
Enter Lucretia, Beatrice, and Bernardo.

Knowest thou this writing, lady?

Beatrice.

No.

Lucretia. Not thou?

Lucretia (her conduct throughout the scene is marked by extreme agitation).

Where was it found? What is it? It should be Orsino's hand! It speaks of that strange horror Which never yet found utterance, but which made Between that hapless child and her dead father A gulf of obscure hatred.

SAVELLA.

Is it so?

Is it true, lady, that thy father did Such outrages as to awaken in thee Unfilial hate.

Beatrice.

Not hate, 'tis was more than hate;

This is most true, yet wherefore question me?

SAVELLA.

There is a deed demanding question done;

Thou hast a secret which will answer not.

Beatrice.

What sayest? My lord, your words are bold and rash.

SAVELLA.

I do arrest all present in the name Of the Pope's Holiness. You must to Rome.

Lucretia.

O, not to Rome! Indeed we are not guilty.

Beatrice.

Guilty! Who dares talk of guilt? My lord, I am more innocent of parricide Than is a child born fatherless—Dear mother, Your gentleness and patience are no shield For this keen-judging world, this two-edged lie, Which seems, but is not. What! will human laws, Rather will ye who are their ministers, Bar all access to retribution first.

And then, when Heaven doth interpose to do What ye neglect, arming familiar things To the redress of an unwonted crime, Make ye the victims who demanded it Culprits? 'Tis ye are culprits! That poor wretch Who stands so pale, and trembling, and amazed, If it be true he murder'd Cenci, was A sword in the right hand of justest God. Wherefore should I have wielded it? unless The crimes which mortal tongue dare never name, God therefore scurples to avenge.

SAVELLA.

You own

That you desired his death?

Beatrice.

It would have been

A crime no less than his, if for one moment That fierce desire had faded in my heart. 'Tis true I did believe, and hope, and pray, Ay, I even knew—for God is wise and just, That some strange sudden death hung over him. 'Tis true that this did happen, and most true There was no other rest for me on earth, No other hope in Heaven—now what of this?

SAVELLA.

Strange thoughts beget strange deeds; and here are both. I judge thee not.

Beatrice.

And yet, if you arrest me, You are the judge and executioner

Of that which is the life of life; the breath Of accusation kills an innocent name, And leaves for lame acquittal the poor life, Which is a mask without it. 'Tis most false That I am guilty of foul parricide; Although I must rejoice, for justest cause, That other hands have sent my father's soul To ask the mercy he denied to me. Now leave us free: stain not a noble house With vague surmises of rejected crime; Add to our sufferings and your own neglect No heavier sum; let them have been 'enough: Leave us the wreck we have.

SAVELLA.

I dare not, lady.

I pray that you prepare yourselves for Rome; There the Pope's further pleasure will be known.

Lucretia.

O, not to Rome! O, take us not to Rome!

Beatrice.

Why not to Rome, dear mother? There, as here, On imbecility as an armed heel To trample accusation. God is there As here, and with his shadow ever clothes The innocent, the injured, and the weak; And such are we. Cheer up, dear lady, lean On me; collect your wandering thoughts. My lord As soon as you have taken some refreshment, And had all such examinations made Upon the spot, as may be necessary To the full understanding of this matter. We shall be ready. Mother; will you come?

Lucretia.

Ha! they will bind us to the rack, and wrest Self-accusation from our agony! Will Giacomo be there? Orsino? Marzio? All present; all confronted; all demanding Each from the other's countenance the thing Which is in every heart! O, misery!

[She faints; and is borne out]

SAVELLA.

She faints: an ill appearance this.

Beatrice.

My lord, She knows not yet the uses of the world. She fears that power is as a beast whichatches And loosens not: a snake whose look transmutes All things to guilt which is its nutriment. She cannot know how well the supine slaves Of blind authority read the truth of things When written on a brow of guilelessness: She sees not yet triumphant Innocence Stand at the judgment-seat of mortal man, A judge and an accuser of the wrong Which drags it there. Prepare yourself, my lord. Our suite will join yours in the court below.
ACT V.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in Orsino’s Palace.

Enter Orsino and GIACOMO.

GIACOMO.

Do evil deeds thus quickly come to end?
O, that the vain remorse which must chastise Crimes done, had but as loud a voice to warn
As its keen sting is mortal to averge!
O, that the hour when present had cast off
The mantle of its mystery, and shown
The ghastly form with which it now returns
When its scared game is roused, cheering the hounds
Of conscience to their prey! Alas! alas!
It was a wicked thought, a piteous deed,
To kill an old and hoary-headed father.

ORSINO.

It has turn’d out unluckily, in truth.

GIACOMO.

To violate the sacred doors of sleep;
To cheat kind Nature of the placid death;
Which she prepares for over-wearyed age;
To drag from Heaven an unrepentant soul,
Which might have quench’d in reconciling prayers
A life of burning crimes—

ORSINO.

You cannot say

I urged you to the deed.

GIACOMO.

O, had I never
Found in thy smooth and ready countenance
The mirror of my darkest thoughts; hadst thou
Never with hints and questions made me look
Upon the monster of my thought, until
It grew familiar to desire—

ORSINO.

’Tis thus

Men cast the blame of their unprosperous acts
Upon the abettors of their own resolve,
Or any thing but their weak, guilty selves.
And yet, confess the truth, it is the peril
In which you stand that gives you this pale sickness
Of penitence; confess, ‘tis fear disguised
From its own shame that takes the mantle now
Of thin remorse. What if we yet were safe?

GIACOMO.

How can that be? Already Beatrice,
Lucretia, and the murderer, are in prison.
I doubt not officers are, whilst we speak,
Sent to arrest us.

ORSINO.

I have all prepared

For instant flight. We can escape even now,
So we take fleet occasion by the hair.

GIACOMO.

Rather expire in tortures, as I may.
What! will you cast by self-accusing flight
Assured conviction upon Beatrice?
She, who alone in this unnatural work,
Stands like God’s angel minister’d upon
By fiends; avenging such a nameless wrong
As turns black paricide to piety;

Whilst we for basest ends—I fear, Orsino,
While I consider all your words and looks,
Comparing them with your proposal now,
That you must be a villain. For what end
Could you engage in such a perilous crime,
Training me on with hints, and signs, and smiles
Even to this gulf? Thou art no liar: No,
Thou art a lie! a traitor and murderer!
Coward and slave! But, no—defend thyself; [Drawing
Let the sword speak what the indignant tongue
Displants to brand thee with.

ORSINO.

Put up your weapon.

Is it the desperation of your fear
Makes you thus rash and sudden with your friend,
Now ruin’d for your sake? If honest anger
Have moved you, know, that what I just proposed
Was but to try you. As for me, I think,
Thankless affection led me to this point,
From which, if my firm temper could repent,
I cannot now recede. Even whilst we speak,
The ministers of justice wait below.
They grant me these brief moments. Now, if you
Have any word of melancholy comfort
To speak to your pale wife, ‘twere best to pass
Out at the postern, and avoid them so.

GIACOMO.

Oh, generous friend! How canst thou pardon me?
Would that my life could purchase thine!

ORSINO.

That wish

Now comes a day too late. Hast; fare thee well!
Hearst thou not steps along the corridor?

[Exit GIACOMO

I’m sorry for it; but the guards are waiting
At his own gate, and such was my contrivance
That I might rid me both of him and them.
I thought to act a solemn comedy
Upon the painted scene of this new world,
And to attain my own peculiar ends
By some such plot of mingled good and ill
As others weave; but there arose a Power
Which grasp’d and snapp’d the threads of my device,
And turn’d it to a net of ruin—Ha!

[Shout heard.

Is that my name I hear proclaim’d abroad?
But I will pass, wrapt in a vile disguise;
Rags on my back, and a false innocence
Upon my face, through the misdeeming crowd
Which judges by what seems. ’Tis easy then
For a new name and for a country new,
And a new life, fashion’d on old desires,
To change the honors of abandon’d Rome.
And these must be the masks of that within.
Which must remain unalter’d,—Oh, I fear
That what is pass’d will never let me rest!
Why, when none else is conscious, but myself;
Of my misdeeds, should my own heart’s contempt
Trouble me? Have I not the power to fly
My own reproaches? Shall I be the slave
Of—what? A word I which those of this false world
Employ against each other, not themselves;
As men wear daggers not for self-offence.
But if I am mistaken, where shall I
Find the disguise to hide me from myself;
As now I skulk from every other eye?

[Exit.
SCENE II.

A Hall of Justice.

Camillo, Judges, etc., are discovered seated; Marzio is led in.

FIRST JUDGE.
Accused, do you persist in your denial?
I ask you, are you innocent, or guilty?
I demand who were the participators
In your offence? Speak truth, and the whole truth.

MARZIO.
My God! I did not kill him; I know nothing;
Olimpio sold the robe to me from which
You would infer my guilt.

SECOND JUDGE.
Away with him!

FIRST JUDGE.
Dare you, with lips yet white from the rack's kiss,
Speak false? Is it so soft a questioner,
That you would banda lover's talk with it,
Till it wind out your life and soul? Away!

MARZIO.
Spare me! O, spare! I will confess.

FIRST JUDGE.
Then speak.

MARZIO.
I strangled him in his sleep.

FIRST JUDGE.
Who urged you to it?

MARZIO.
His own son Giacomo, and the young prelate
Orsino sent me to Petrella; there
The ladies Beatrice and Lucretia
Tempted me with a thousand crowns, and I
And my companion with murder'd him.
Now let me die.

FIRST JUDGE.
This sounds as bad as truth. Guards, there,
Lead forth the prisoners!

Enter Lucretia, Beatrice, and Giacomo, guarded.

Look upon this man:
When did you see him last?

BEATRICE.
We never saw him.

MARZIO.
You know me too well, Lady Beatrice.

BEATRICE.
I know thee! How? where? when?

MARZIO.
You know 'twas I
Whom you did urge with menaces and bribes
To kill your father. When the thing was done,
You clothed me in a robe of woven gold
And bade me thrive: how I have thriven, you see.
You, my lord Giacomo, Lady Lucretia,
You know that what I speak is true.

[Beatrice advances towards him; he covers his face, and shrinks back.

Oh, dart
The terrible resentment of those eyes
On the dread earth! Turn them away from me!
They wound: 'twas torture forced the truth. My lords,
Having said this, let me be led to death.

BEATRICE.
Poor wretch! I pity thee; yet stay awhile.

CAMILLO.
Guards, lead him not away

BEATRICE.
Cardinal Camillo,
You have a good repute for gentleness
And wisdom: can it be that you sit here
To countenance a wicked farce like this?
When some obscure and trembling slave is dragg'd
From sufferings which might shake the sternest heart
And bade to answer, not as he believes,
But as those may suspect or do desire,
Whose questions thence suggest their own reply:
And that in peril of such hideous tortures
As merciful God spares even the damn'd. Speak now
The thing you surely know, which is that you,
If your fine frame were stretch'd upon that wheel,
And you were told, Confess that you did poison
Your little nephew: that fair blue-eyed child
Who was the lead-star of your life; and though
All see, since his most swift and piteous death,
That day and night, and heaven and earth, and time
And all things hoped for or done therein
Are changed to you, through your exceeding grief,
Yet you would say, I confess any thing—
And beg from your tormentors, like that slave,
The refuge of dishonorable death.
I pray thee, Cardinal, that thou assert
My innocence.

Camillo (much moved).

What shall we think, my lords?
Shame on these tears! I thought the heart was frozen
Which is their fountain. I would pledge my soul
That she is guiltless.

JUDGE.
Yet she must be tortured.

CAMILLO.
I would as soon have tortured mine own nephew
(If he now lived, he would be just her age;
His hair, too, was her color, and his eyes
Like hers in shape, but blue, and not so deep):
As that most perfect image of God's love
That ever came sorrowing upon the earth.
She is as pure as speechless infancy!

JUDGE.
Well, be her purity on your head, my lord;
If you forbid the rack. His Holiness
Enjoin'd us to pursue this monstrous crime
By the severest forms of law; nay even
To stretch a point against the criminals.
The prisoners stand accused of parricide,
Upon such evidence as justifies
Torture.

BEATRICE.
What evidence? This man's!

JUDGE.
Even so

BEATRICE (to Marzio).
Come near. And who art thou, thus chosen forth
Out of the multitude of living men
To kill the innocent?

MARZIO.
I am Marzio.

Thy father's vassal.

320
BEATRICE.

Fix thine eyes on mine;
Answer to what I ask.  [Turning to the Judges]
I prithee mark
His countenance: unlike bold calumny
Which sometimes dares not speak the thing it looks,
He dares not look the thing he speaks, but bends
His gaze on the blind earth.

(To Marzio.) What! wilt thou say
That I did murder my own father?

MARZIO.

Oh!
Spare me! My brain swims round—I cannot speak—
It was that horrid torture forced the truth.
Take me away! Let her not look on me!
I am a guilty miserable wretch;
I have said all I know; now, let me die!

BEATRICE.

My lords, if by my nature I had been
So stern, as to have plann'd the crime alleged,
Which your suspicions dictate to this slave,
And the rack makes him utter, do you think
I should have left this two-edged instrument
Of my misdeed; this man, this bloody knife
With my own name engraven on the hilt,
Lying unheathed amid a world of foes,
For my own death? That with such horrible need
For deepest silence, I should have neglected
So trivial a precaution, as the making
His tomb the keeper of a secret written
On a thief's memory? What is his poor life?
What are a thousand lives? A parricide
Had trampled them like dust; and see, he lives!
[Turning to Marzio.]
And thou—

MARZIO.

Oh, spare me! Speak to me no more!
That stern yet piteous look, those solemn tones,
Wound worse than torture.

(To the Judges.) I have told it all;
For pity's sake, lead me away to death.

CAMILLO.

Guards, lead him nearer the lady Beatrice:
He shrinks from her regard like autumn's leaf
From the keen breath of the serenest north.

BEATRICE.

Oh, thou who tremblest on the giddy verge
Of life and death, pause ere thou answerest me;
So mayest thou answer God with less dismay:
What evil have we done thee? I, alas!
Have lived but on this earth a few sad years,
And so my lot was ordered that a father
First turn'd the moments of awakening life
To tears, each poisoning youth's sweet hope; and then
Stab'd with one blow my everlasting soul;
And my untainted flame; and even that peace
Which sleeps within the core of the heart's heart.
But the wound was not mortal; so my hate
Became the only worship I could lift.
To our great Father, who in pity and love,
Arm'd thee, as thou dost say, to cut him off;
And thus his wrong becomes my accusation:
And art thou the accuser? If thou hast
Mercy in Heaven, show justice upon earth:
Worse than a bloody hand is a hard heart.
If thou hast done murders, made thy life's path
Over the trampled laws of God and man,
Rush not before thy Judge, and say: "My Maker,
I have done this and more; for there was one
Who was most pure and innocent on earth;
And because she endured what never any
Guilty or innocent endured before;
Because her wrongs could not be told, nor thought,
Because thy hand at length did rescue her;
I with my words kill'd her and all her kin."
Think, I adjure you, what it is to slay
The reverence living in the minds of men
Towards our ancient house, and stainless fame!
Think what it is to strange infant pity,
Cradled in the belief of guileless looks,
Till it become a crime to suffer. Think
What 'tis to blot with infamy and blood
All that which shows like innocence, and is,
Hear me, great God! I swear, most innocent,
So that the world lose all discrimination
Between the sly, fierce, wild regard of guilt,
And that which now compels thee to reply
To what I ask: Am I, or am I not
A parricide?

MARZIO.

Thou art not!

JUDGE.

What is this?

MARZIO.

I here declare those whom I did accuse
Are innocent. 'Tis I alone am guilty.

JUDGE.

Drag him away to torments; let them be
Subtle and long drawn out, to tear the folds
Of the heart's inmost cell. Unbind him not
Till he confess.

MARZIO.

Torture me as ye will:
A keener pain has wrung a higher truth
From my last breath. 'She is most innocent!
Bloodhounds, not men, glut yourselves well with me!
I will not give you that fine piece of nature
To rend and ruin.

[Exit Marzio, guarded.]

CAMILLO.

What say ye now, my lords?

JUDGE.

Let tortures strain the truth till it be white
As snow thrice-sifted by the frozen wind.

CAMILLO.

Yet stain'd with blood.

JUDGE (to Beatrice).

Know you this paper, lady?

BEATRICE.

Entrap me not with questions. Who stands here
As my accuser? Ha! wilt thou be he,
Who art my judge? Accuser, witness, judge,
What, all in one? Here is Orsino's name;
Where is Orsino? Let his eye meet mine.
What means this scrawl? Alas! ye know not what,
And therefore on the chance that it may be
Some evil, will ye kill us?

Enter an Officer.

OFFICER.

Marzio's dead.
SCENE III.
The Cell of a Prison.

BEATRICE is discovered asleep on a couch.

Enter Bernardo.

BERNARDO.

How gently slumber rests upon her face! Like the last thoughts of some day sweetly spent Closing in night and dreams, and so prolong’d. After such torments as she bore last night, How light and soft her breathing comes! Ah, me! Methinks that I shall never sleep again. But I must shake the heavenly dew of rest From this sweet folded flower, thus—wake! awake! What, sister, canst thou sleep?

BEATRICE (awakening).

I was just dreaming That we were all in Paradise. Thou knowest This cell seems like a kind of Paradise After our father’s presence.

BERNARDO.

Dear, dear sister, Would that thy dream were not a dream! O, God! How shall I tell?

BEATRICE.

What wouldst thou tell, sweet brother? Bernardo.

Look not so calm and happy, or, even whilst I stand considering what I have to say, My heart will break.

BEATRICE.

See now, thou makest me weep: How very friendless thou wouldest be, dear child, If I were dead! Say what thou hast to say. Bernardo.

They have confess’d; they could endure no more The tortures—

BEATRICE.

Ha! What was there to confess? They must have told some weak and wicked lie To flatter their tormentors. Have they said That they were guilty? O, white Innocence! That thou shouldst wear the mask of guilt to hide Thine awful and serene countenance From those who know thee not!

Enter Judge with Lucretia and Giacomo, guarded

IGNoble hearts!

For some brief spasms of pain, which are at least As mortal as the limbs through which they pass, Are centuries of high splendor laid in dust! And that eternal honor which should live Sunlike, above the reek of mortal fame, Changed to a mockery and a byword! What! Will you give up these bodies to be dragg’d At horses’ heels, so that our hair should sweep The footsteps of the vain and senseless crowd, Who, that they may make our calamity Their worship and their spectacle, will leave The churches and the theatres as void As their own hearts? Shall the light multitude Fling, at their choice, curses or faded pity, Sad funeral flowers to deck a living corpse, Upon us as we pass to pass away, And leave—what memory of our having been? Infamy, blood, terror, despair! O thou, Who wert a mother to the parentless, Kill not thy child! Let not her wrongs kill thee! Brother, lie down with me upon the rack, And let us each be silent as a corpse; It soon will be as soft as any grave. ’Tis but the falsehood it can wring from fear Makes the rack cruel.

GIACOMO.

They will tear the truth Even from thee at last, those cruel pains: For pity’s sake, say thou art guilty now.

LUcretia.

O, speak the truth! Let us all quickly die; And after death, God is our judge, not they; He will have mercy on us.

BERNARDO.

If indeed It can be true, say so, dear sister mine; And then the Pope will surely pardon you, And all be well.

JUDGE.

Confess, or I will warp Your limbs with such keen tortures—

BEATRICE.

Tortures! Turn The rack henceforth into a spinning-wheel! Torture your dog, that he may tell when last He lapp’d the blood his master shed—not me! My pangs are of the mind, and of the heart, And of the soul; ay, of the immost soul, Which weeps within tears as of burning gall To see, in this ill world where none are true, My kindred false to their deserted selves, And with considering all the wretched life Which I have lived, and its now wretched end, And the small justice shown by Heaven and Earth To me or mine; and what a tyrant thou art, And what slaves these; and what a world we make The oppressor and the oppress’d—such pangs compel My answer. What is it thou wouldst with me?
ART thou not guilty of thy father's death?

BEATRICE.

Or wilt thou rather tax high-judging God
That he permitted such an act as that
Which I have suffer'd, and which he beheld;
Made it unutterable, and took from it
All refuge, all revenge, all consequence,
But that which thou hast call'd my father's death?
Which is or is not what men call a crime,
Which either I have done, or have not done;
Say what ye will. I shall deny no more.
If ye desire it thus, thus let it be,
And so an end of all. Now do your will;
No other pains shall force another word.

JUDGE.

She is convicted, but has not confess'd.
Be it enough. Until their final sentence
Let none have converse with them. You, young lord,
Linger not here!

BEATRICE.

O, tear him not away!

JUDGE.

Guards! do your duty.

BERNARDO (embracing BEATRICE).

Oh! would ye divide
Body from soul?

OFFICER.

That is the headsman's business.

[Exeunt all but Lucretia, Beatrice and Giacomo.

GIACOMO.

Have I confess'd? Is it all over now?
No hope! No refuge! O, weak, wicked tongue
Which hast destroy'd me, would that thou hadst been
Cut out and thrown to dogs first! To have kill'd
My father first, and then betray'd my sister;
Ay, thee! the one thing innocent and pure
In this black guilty world, to that which I
So well deserve! My wife! my little ones!
Destitute, helpless; and I—Father! God!
Carn thou forgive even the unforgiving,
When their full hearts break thus, thus?—

[Covers his face and weeps.

LUCRETIA.

O, my child!

To what a dreadful end are we all come!
Why did I yield? Why did I not sustain
These torments? Oh! that I were all dissolved
Into these fast and unwavering tears,
Which flow and feel not!

BEATRICE.

What 'twas weak to do,
'Tis weaker to lament, once being done;
Take cheer! The God who knew my wrong, and
Made
Our speedy end the angel of his wrath,
Seems, and but seems to have abandon'd us.
Let us not think that we shall die for this.
Brother, sit near me; give me your firm hand.
You had a manly heart. Bear up! bear up!
Oh! dearest Lady, put your gentle head
Upon my lap, and try to sleep awhile:
Your eyes look pale, hollow, and overworn,
With heaviness of watching and slow grief.
Come, I will sing you some low, sleepy tune,
Not cheerful, nor yet sad; some dull old thing,
Some outworn and unused old monotony,

Such as our country gossips sing and spin,
Till they almost forget they live: lie down!
So, that will do. Have I forgot the words?
Faith! they are sadder than I thought they were

SONG.

False friend, wilt thou smile or weep
When my life is laid asleep?
Little cares for a smile or a tear,
The clay-cold corpse upon the bier!
Farewell! Heigh ho!
What is this whisper low?
There is a snake in thy smile, my dear;
And bitter poison within thy tear.

Sweet Sleep! were Death like to thee,
Or if thou couldst mortel be,
I would close these eyes of pain;
When to wake! Never again.
O World! farewell!
Listen to the passing bell!
It says, thou and I must part,
With a light and a heavy heart.

[The scene closes.

SCENE IV.

A Hall of the Prison.

Enter Camillo and Bernardo.

CAMILLO.

The Pope is stern; not to be moved or bent.
He look'd as calm and keen as is the engine
Which tortures and which kills, exempt itself
From aught that it inflicts; a marble form,
A rite, a law, a custom: not a man.
He frown'd, as if to frown had been the trick
Of his machinery, on the advocates
Presenting the defences, which he tore
And throwed behind, muttering with hoarse, harsh voice
"Which among ye defended their old father
Kill'd in his sleep?" Then to another: "Thou
Dost this in virtue of thy place; 'tis well."
He turn'd to me then, looking depreciation,
And said these three words, coldly: "They must die."

BERNARDO.

And yet you left him not?

CAMILLO.

I urged him still;
Pleading, as I could guess, the devilish wrong
Which prompted your unnatural parent's death:
And he replied, "Paolo Santa Croce
Murder'd his mother yester-evening,
And he is fled. Parricide grows so rife
That soon, for some just cause no doubt, the young
Will strangle us all, dozing in our chairs.
Authority, and power, and hoary hair
Are grown crimes capital. You are my nephew,
You come to ask their pardon; stay a moment;
Here is their sentence; never see me more
Till, to the letter, it be all fulfill'd."

BERNARDO.

O, God, not so! I did believe indeed
That all you said was but sad preparation
For happy news. O, there are words and looks
To bend the sternest purpose! Once I knew them,
Now I forget them at my dearest need.
What think you if I seek him out, and bathe
His feet and robe with hot and bitter tears?
Importune him with prayers, vexing his brain
With my perpetual cries, until in rage
He strike me with his pastoral cross, and trample
Upon my prostrate head, so that my blood
May stain the senseless dust on which he treads,
And remorse waken mercy! I will do it!
O, wait till I return. [Rushes out.]

CAMILLO.
Alas! poor boy!
A wreck-devoted seaman thus might pray
To the deaf sea.

Enter Lucretia, Beatrice and Giacomo, guarded.

BEATRICE.
I hardly dare to fear
That thou bring'st other news than a just pardon.

CAMILLO.
May God in heaven be less inexorable
To the Pope's prayers, than he has been to mine.
Here is the sentence and the warrant.'

BEATRICE (toldly).
My God! Can it be possible I have
To die so suddenly! So young to go
Under the obscure, cold, rotting, wormy ground!
To be nail'd down into a narrow place;
To see no more sweet sunshine; hear no more
Blithe voice of living thing; muse not again
Upon familiar thoughts, sad, yet thus lost.
How fearful! to be nothing! or to be—
What? O, where am I? Let me not go mad!
Sweet Heaven, forgive weak thoughts! if there should be
No God, no Heaven, no Earth in the void world;
The wide, gray, lampless, deep unpeopled world!
If all things then should be—my father's spirit
His eye, his voice, his touch surrounding me;
The atmosphere and breath of my dead life!
If sometimes, as a shape more like himself,
Even the form which tortured me on earth,
Mask'd in gray hairs and wrinkles, he should come
And wind me in his hollis arms, and fix
His eyes on mine, and drag me down, down, down!
For was he not alone omnipotent
On Earth, and ever present? even though dead,
Does not his spirit live in all that breathe,
And work for me and mine still the same rain,
Scorn, pain, despair! Who ever yet return'd
To teach the laws of death's untrodden realm?
Unjust perhaps as those which drive us now,
O, whiter, whiter?

LUCRETIA.
Trust in God's sweet love,
The tender promises of Christ: ere night
Think we shall be in Paradise.

BEATRICE. 'Tis past!
Whatever comes my heart shall sink no more.
And yet, I know not why, your words strike chill:
How tedious, false and cold seem all things. I
Have met with much injustice in this world;
No difference has been made by God or man,
Or any power moulding my wretched lot,
'Twixt good or evil, as regarded me.

I am cut off from the only world I know,
From light, and life, and love, in youth's sweet prime.
You do well telling me to trust in God,
I hope I do trust in him. In whom else
Can any trust? And yet my heart is cold.

[During the latter speeches Giacomo has retired,
conversing with Camillo, who now goes out
Giacomo advances.

GIACOMO.
Know you not, Mother—Sister, know you not?
Bernardo even now has gone to implore
The Pope to grant our pardon.

LUCRETIA.
Child, perhaps
It will be granted. We may all then live
To make these woes a tale for distant years:
O, what a thought! It gushes to my heart
Like the warm blood.

BEATRICE.
Yet both will soon be cold.
O, trample out that thought! Worse than despair,
Worse than the bitterness of death, is hope:
It is the only ill which can find place
Upon the giddy, sharp and narrow hour
Trotting beneath us. Plead with the swift frost
That it should spare the eldest flower of spring:
Plead with awakening Earthquake, o'er whose couch
Even now a city stands, strong, fair, and free;
Now stench and blackness yawns, like death. O
plead
With famine, or wind-walking Pestilence,
Blind lightning, or the deaf sea, not with man!
Cruel, cold, formal man; righteous in words,
In deeds a Cain. No, mother, we must die:
Since such is the reward of innocent lives;
Such the alleviation of worst wrongs,
And whilst our murderers live, and hard, cold men,
Smiling and slow, walk through a world of tears
To death as to life's sleep; I were just the grave
Were some strange joy for us. Come, obscure Death
And wind me in thine all-embracing arms!
Like a fond mother hide me in thy bosom,
And rock me to the sleep from which none wake.
Live ye, who live, subject to one another
As we were once, who now—

BERNARDO rushes in.

BERNARDO.
Oh, horrible!
That tears, that looks, that hope pour'd forth in prayer
Even till the heart is vacant and despair,
Should all be vain! The ministers of death
Are waiting round the doors. I thought I saw
Blood on the face of one—what if 'twere fancy?
Soon the heart's blood of all I love on earth
Will sprinkle him, and he will wipe it off
As if 'twere only rain. O, life! O, world!
Cover me! let me be no more! To see
That perfect mirror of pure innocence
Wherein I gazed, and grew happy and good,
Shiver'd to dust! To see thee, Beatrice,
Who made all lovely thou didst look upon—
Thee, light of life—dead, dark! while I say, sister
To hear I have no sister; and thou, mother,
Whose love was as a bond to all our loves—
Dead! The sweet bond broken!

324
Enter Camillo and Guards.

They come! Let me as those warm lips before their crimson leaves were blighted—white—cold. Say farewell, before oath chokes that gentle voice! O let me hear on speak!

BEATRICE.

Farewell, my tender brother. Think of our sad fate with gentleness, as now: and let mild, pitying thoughts lighten for thee by sorrow’s load. Err not in harsh despair, but tears and patience. One thing more, my child, or thine own sake be constant to the love thou bearest us; and to the faith that I, though wrapt in a strange cloud of crime and shame, never holy and unstain’d. And though I tongues shall wound me, and our common name as a mark stamp’d on thine innocent brow

For men to point at as they pass, do thou Forbear, and never think a thought unkind Of those who perhaps love thee in their graves. So mayest thou die as I do; fear and pain Being subdued. Farewell! Farewell! Farewell! BERNARDO.

I cannot say farewell!

CAMILLO.

O, Lady Beatrice!

BEATRICE.

Give yourself no unnecessary pain, My dear Lord Cardinal. Here, mother, tie My girdle for me, and bind up this hair In any simple knot; ay, that does well. And yours I see is coming down. How often Have we done this for one another! now We shall not do it any more. My Lord, We are quite ready. Well, ’tis very well.

Prometheus Unbound:

A LYRICAL DRAMA, IN FOUR ACTS.

Audianæ hac, Amphitheatrum, sub terram abdictæ?

PREFACE.

In Greek tragic writers, in selecting as their subject a portion of their national history or mythology, employed in their treatment of it a certain arbitrary criterion. They by no means conceived themselves bound to adhere to the common interpretation, or to state in story as in title their rivals and predecessors. Such a system would have amounted to a negation of those claims to preference over their predecessors which incited the composition. The athenian or immortal story was exalted on the Athenian stage with as many variations as dramas.

I have presumed to employ a similar license. The "Prometheus Unbound" of Eschylus supposed the cancellation of Jupiter with his victim as the price of the disclosure of the danger threatened to his empire by the consummation of his marriage with Tis. Theis, according to this view of the subject, were given in marriage to Peleus, and Prometheus, with permission of Jupiter, delivered from his capitivity by Hercules. Had I framed my story on this model, I should have done no more than have attempted to restore the lost drama of Eschylus; an addition, which, if my preference to this mode of writing the subject had incited me to cherish, the collection of the high comparison such an attempt of wild challenge might well abate. But, in truth, I was averse from a catastrophe so feeble as that of reconciling the Champion with the Oppressor of mankind. The moral interest of the fable, which is so powerfully sustained by the sufferings and endurance of Prometheus, would be annihilated if we could receive of him as unsaying his high language and feelings before his successful and perfidious adver-
resource of awakening the sympathy of their contemporaries was unknown, were in the habitual use of this power; and it is the study of their works (since a higher merit would probably be denied me), to which I am willing that my readers should impute this singularity.

One work is due in candor to the degree in which the study of contemporary writings may have tinged my composition, for such has been a topic of censure with regard to poems far more popular, and indeed more deservedly popular, than mine. It is impossible that any one who inhabits the same age with such writers as those who stand in the foremost ranks of our own, can conscientiously assure himself that his language and tone of thought may not have been modified by the study of the productions of those extraordinary intellects. It is true, that, not the spirit of their genius, but the forms in which it has manifested itself, are due less to the peculiarities of their own minds than to the peculiarity of the mortal and intellectual condition of the minds among which they have been produced. Thus a number of writers possess the form, whilst they want the spirit of those whom, it is alleged, they imitate; because the former is the endowment of the age in which they live, and the latter must be the uncommunicated lighting of their own mind.

The peculiar style of intense and comprehensive imagery which distinguishes the modern literature of England, has not been, as a general power, the product of the imitation of any particular writer. The mass of capabilities remains at every period materially the same; the circumstances which awaken it to action peremptorily change. If England were divided into forty republics, each equal in population and extent to Athens, there is no reason to suppose but that, under institutions not more perfect than those of Athens, each would produce philosophers and poets equal to those who (if we except Shakespeare) have never been surpassed. We owe the great writers of the golden age of our literature to that fervid awakening of the public mind which shook to dust the oldest and most oppressive form of the Christian religion. We owe Milton to the progress and development of the same spirit: the sacred Milton was, let it ever be remembered, a republican, and a bold inquirer into morals and religion. The great writers of our own age are, we have reason to suppose, the companions and forerunners of some unimagined change in our social condition or the opinions which cement it. The cloud of mind is discharging its collected lightning, and the equilibrium between institutions and opinions is now restoring, or is about to be restored.

As to imitation, poetry is a mimetic art. It creates, but it creates by combination and representation. Poetical abstractions are beautiful and new, not because the portions of which they are composed had no previous existence in the mind of man or in nature, but because the whole, produced by their combination has some intelligible and beautiful analogy with those sources of emotion and thought, and with the contemporary condition of them: one great poet is a masterpiece of nature, which another not only ought to study but must study. He might as wisely and as easily determine that his mind should no longer be the mirror of all that is lovely in the visible universe as exclude from his contemplation the beautiful which exists in the writings of a great contemporary. The pretence of doing it would be a presumption in any but the greatest; the effect, even in him, would be strained, unnatural, and ineffective. A poet is the combined product of such internal powers as mould the nature of others; and of such external influence as excite and sustain these powers; he is not one but both. Every man’s mind is, in this respect modified by all the objects of nature and art. Every word and every suggestion which he ever addressed to act upon his consciousness; it is the mirror upon which all forms are reflected, and in which they compose one form. Poets, not otherwise than philosophers, painters, sculptors, and musicians, are in one sense, the creators, and in another, the creations, of their age. From this subject the lofiers do not escape. There is a similarity between Homer and Hesiod, between Æschylus and Euripides, between Virgil and Horace, between Dante and Petrarch, between Shakespeare and Fletcher, between Dryden and Pope; each has a generic resemblance under which their specific distinctions are arranged.

This similarity be it considered as an effect of imitation, I am willing to confess that I have imitated. Let this opportunity be conceded to me of a knowledge that I have, what a Scotch philosopher characteristically terms, “a passion for reforming the world:” what passion incited him to write and publish his book, he omits to explain. For my part, I had rather be damned with Plato and Lord Bacon than go to Heaven with Paley and Malthus. But is a mistake to suppose that I dedicate my poetic compositions solely to the direct enforcement of a form, or that I consider them in any degree as containing a reasoned system on the theory of human life. Didactic poetry is my abhorrence; nothing can be equally well expressed in prose that is not tedious and supererogatory in verse. My purpose has hitherto been simply to familiarize the highly refined imagination of the more select classes of poetical readers with beautiful idealisms of moral excellence; awful and touching, and sublime and noble, and hope, and enduring, reasoned principles of moral conduct are seeds cast upon the highway of life which the unconscious passenger tramples down although they would bear the harvest of his happiness. Should I live to accomplish what I purport that is, produce a systematical history of what a fear to me to be the genuine elements of human respect, let not the advocates of injustice and superstition flatter themselves that I should take Æschylus rather than Plato as my model.

The having spoken of myself with unmodified freedom will need little apology with the candid; let the uncandid consider that they injure me less than their own hearts and minds by misconception. Whatever talents a person may possess and amuse and instruct others, be they ever so incalculable, he is yet bound to exert them: if his attempt be ineffectual, let the punishment of an unaccomplished purpose have been sufficient; let none trust themselves to heap the dust of oblivion upon I efforts; the pile they raise will betray his grave which might otherwise have been unknown.
Eat with their burning cold into my bones.
Heaven's winged hound, polluting from thy lips
His beak in poison not his own, tears up
My heart; and shapeless sights come wandering by,
The ghastly people of the realm of dream,
Mocking me: and the Earthquake-fiends are charged
To wrench the rivets from my quivering wounds
When the rocks split and close again behind:
While from their loud abysses howling throng
The genii of the storm, urging the rage
Of whirlwind, and afflict me with keen hail.
And yet to me welcome is day and night,
Whether one breaks the hoar frost of the morn,
Or starry, dim, and slow, the other climbs
The leaden-color'd east; for then they lead
The wingless, crawling hours, one among whom
—As some dark Priest hates the reluctant victim—
Shall drag thee, cruel King, to kiss the blood
From these pale feet, which then might trample thee
If they disclaim'd not such a prostrate slave.
Disclaim! Ah no! I pity thee. What ruin
Will hunt thee undefended through the wide Heaven!
How will thy soul, cloven to its depth with terror,
Gape like a hell within! I speak in grief,
Not exultation, for I hate no more
As then, ere misery made me wise. The curse
Once breathed on thee I would recall. Ye Mountains
Whose many-voiced Echoes, through the mist
Of cataracts, flung the thunder of that spell!
Ye icy Springs, stagnant with wrinkle frost,
Which vibrated to hear me, and then crept
Shuddering through India! Thou serenes't Air,
Through which the Sun walks burning without beams!
And ye swift Whirlwinds, who on tossed wings
Hung mute and moveless o'er you hush'd abyss,
As thunder, louder than your own, muffle rock
The orbed world! If then my words had power,
Though I am changed so that aught evil wish
Is dead within; although no memory be
Of what is hate, let them not lose it now!
What was that curse? for ye all heard me speak.

FIRST VOICE: FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

Thrice three hundred thousand years
O'er the Earthquake's couch we stood:
Of, as men convulsed with fears,
We trembled in our multitude.

SECOND VOICE: FROM THE SPRINGS.

Thunderbolts had parch'd our water,
We had been stain'd with bitter blood
And had run mute, 'mid shrieks of slaughter,
Through a city and a solitude.

THIRD VOICE: FROM THE AIR.

I had clothed, since Earth uprose,
Its wastes in colors not their own;
And o'er had my serene repose
Been cloven by many a rending groan.

FOURTH VOICE: FROM THE WHIRLWINDS.

We had soar'd beneath these mountains
Unresting ages; nor had thunders,
Nor you volcano's flaming fountains,
Nor any power above or under
Ever made us mute with wonder.
SHELLEY'S POETICAL WORKS.

80

FIRST VOICE.

But never bow'd our snowy crest
As at the voice of thine unrest.

SECOND VOICE.

Never such a sound before
To the Indian waves we bore.
A pilot asleep on the howling sea
Leap'd up from the deck in agony,
And heard, and cried, "Ah, woe is me!"
And died as mad as the wild waves be.

THIRD VOICE.

By such dread words from Earth to Heaven
My still realm was never riven:
When its wound was closed, there stood
Darkness o'er the day like blood.

FOURTH VOICE.

And we shrank back: for dreams of ruin
To frozen caves our flight pursuing
Made us keep silence—thus—and thus—
Though silence is a hell to us.

THE EARTH.

The tongueless Caverns of the craggy hills
Cried, "Misery!" then; the hollow Heaven replied,
"Misery!" And the Ocean's purple waves,
Climbing the land, how'd to the lashing winds,
And the pale nations heard it, "Misery!"

PROMETHEUS.

I hear a sound of voices: not the voice
Which I gave forth. Mother, thy sons and thou
Scorn him, without whose all-enduring will
Beneath the fierce omnipotence of Jove,
Both they and thou had vanish'd, like thin mist
Unrolled on the morning wind. Know ye not me,
The Titan? He who made his agony
The barrier to your else all-conquering foe?
Oh, rock-emboss'd lawns, and snow-fed streams,
Now seen athwartefore vapors, deep below,
Through whose o'ershadowing woods I wander'd once
With Asia, drinking life from her loved eyes;
Why scorns the spirit which informs ye, now
To commune with me? me alone, who check'd,
As one who checks a fiend-drawn charioteer,
The falsehood and the force of him who reigns
Supreme, and with the groans of pining slaves
Fills your dim glens and liquid wildernesses:
Why answer ye not, still? Brethren!

THE EARTH.

They dare not.

PROMETHEUS.

Who dares? for I would hear that curse again.
Ha! what an awful whisper rises up!
'Tis scarce like sound: it tingles through the frame
As lightning tingles, hovering ere it strike.
Speak, Spirit! from thine inorganie voice
I only know that thou art moving near
And love. How cursed I him?

THE EARTH.

How canst thou hear,
Who knowest not the language of the dead?

PROMETHEUS.

Thou art a living spirit; speak as they.

THE EARTH.

I dare not speak like life, lest Heaven's fell King
Should hear, and link me to some wheel of pain
More torturing than the one whereon I roll.
Subtle thou art and good; and though the Gods
Hear not this voice, yet thou art more than God,
Being wise and kind: earnestly hearken now.

PROMETHEUS.

Obscurely through my brain, like shadows dim,
Sweep awful thoughts, rapid and thick. I feel
Faint, like one mingled in entwining love;
Yet 'tis not pleasure.

THE EARTH.

No; thou canst not hear:
Thou art immortal, and this tongue is known
Only to those who die.

PROMETHEUS.

And what art thou,
O, melancholy Voice!

THE EARTH.

I am the Earth,
Thy mother: she within whose stony veins,
To the last fibre of the loftiest tree
Whose thin leaves trembled in the frozen air,
Joy ran, as blood within a living frame,
When thou didst from her bosom, like a cloud
Of glory, arise, a spirit of keen joy!
And at thy voice her pining sons uplifted
Their prostrate brows from the polluting dust,
And our Almighty Tyrant with fierce dread
Grew pale, until his thunder chain'd thee here.
Then, see these million worlds which burn and
Around us: their inhabitants beheld
My spher'd light wane in wide Heaven; the sea
Was lifted by strange tempest, and new fire
From earthquake-rifted mountains of bright snow
Shook its portentous hair beneath Heaven's frow
Lightning and Inundation vex'd the plains;
Blue thistles bloom'd in cities; foodless toads
Within voluptuous chambers panting crawl'd;
When Plague had fallen on man, and beast, and w
And Famine; and black blight on herb and tree
And in the corn, and vines, and meadow-grass,
Teem'd ineradicable poisonous weeds
Draining their growth, for my wan breasts was d
With grief; and the thin air, my breath, was s
With the contagion of a mother's hate
Breathed on her child's destroyer; yea, I heard
Thy curse, the which, if thou rememberest not,
Yet my innumerable seas and streams,
Mountains, and caves, and winds, and phantoms;
And the inarticulate people of the dead,
Preserve, a treasured spell. We meditate
In secret joy and hope those dreadful words,
But dare not speak them.

PROMETHEUS.

Venerable mother!
All else who live and suffer take from thee
Some comfort; flowers, and fruits, and happy soil
And love, though fleeting; these may not be mine:
But mine own words, I pray, deny me not.

THE EARTH.

They shall be told. Ere Babylon was dust,
The Magus Zoroaster, my dead child,
Met his own image walking in the garden.
That apparition, sole of men, he saw.

328
And but O, what so ind; 'tis or ind Time lades lave lasra %en 'ry, e re underneath I though rainy darkness the burning gold. Son, one of these shall utter the curse which all remember. Call at will thine own ghost, or the ghost of Jupiter, Iades or Typhon, or what mightier Gods rom all-prolific Evil, since thy ruin lave sprung, and trampled on my prostrate sons. as, and they must reply: so the revenge if the Supreme may sweep through vacant shades, a rainy wind through the abandon'd gate of a fallen palace.

PROMETHEUS.
Mother, let not aught of that which may be evil, pass again thy lips, or those of aught resembling me. fantasm of Jupiter, arise, appear!

IONE.
My wings are folded o'er mine ears: My wings are crossed o'er mine eyes: Yet through their silver shade appears, And through their lulling plumes arise, A Shape, a throng of sounds; May it be no ill to thee, O doon of many wounds! Near whom, for our sweet sister's sake, Ever thus we watch and wake.

PANTHEA.
The sound is of whirlwind underground, Earthquake, and fire, and mountains cloven; The shape is awful like the sound, Clothed in dark purple, star-inwoven. A sceptre of pale gold To stay steps proud, o'er the slow cloud His veined hand doth hold. Caelu he looks, but calm and strong, Like one who does, not suffers wrong.

PHANTASM OF JUPITER.
Thy have the secret powers of this strange world given me, a frail and empty phantom, hither a direst storms! What unaccustomed sounds re heaving on my lips, unlike the voice with which our pallid race hold ghastly talk in darkness! And, proud sufferer, who art thou?

PROMETHEUS.
rememhre Image! as thou art must be whom thou shadowest forth. I am his foe, the Titan. Speak the words which I would hear, though no thought inform thine empty voice.

THE EARTH.
listen! And though your echoes must be mute, Gray mountains, and old woods, and haunted springs, Prophectic caves, and isle-surrounding streams, Rejoice to hear what yet ye cannot speak.

PHANTASM.
A spirit seizes me and speaks within: It tears me as fire tears a thunder-cloud.

PANTHEA.
See, how he Lifts his mighty looks, the Heaven Darkens above.

IONE.
He speaks! O shelter me!

PROMETHEUS.
I see the curse on gestures proud and cold, And looks of firm defiance, and calm hate, And such despair as mocks itself with smiles, Written as on a scroll: yet speak: Oh, speak!

PHANTASM.
Fiend, I defy thee! with a calm, fix'd mind, All that thou canst inflect I bid thee do; Foul Tyrant both of Gods and Human-kind, One only being shalt thou not subdue. Rain then thy plagues upon me here, Ghastly disease, and frenzizing fear; And let alternate frost and fire Eat into me, and be thine ire Lightning, and cutting hail, and legion'd forms Of furies, driving by upon the wounding storms.

AY, do thy worst. Thou art omnipotent. O'er all things but thyself I gave thee power, And my own will. Be thy swift mischiefs sent To blast mankind, from yon ethereal tower. Let thy malignant spirit move In darkness over those I love: On me and mine I imprecate. The utmost torture of thy hate; And thus devote to sleepless agony, This undying head while thou must reign on high.

But thou, who art the God and Lord: O, thou, Who fillst with thy soul this world of woe, To whom all things of Earth and Heaven do bow In fear and worship: all-prevailing foe! I curse thee! let a sufferer's curse Clasp thee, his torturer, like remorse; Till thine infinity shall be A robe of envenom'd agony; And thine Omnipotence a crown of pain, To cling like burning gold round thy dissolving brain.

Hean on thy soul, by virtue of this Curse, Ill deeds, then be thou damn'd, beholding good; Both infinite as is the universe, And thou, and thy self-torturing solitude. An awful image of calm power Though now thou stittest, let the hour Come, when thou must appear to be That which thou art internally. And after many a false and fruitless crime, Scorn track thy lagging fall through boundless space and time.

PROMETHEUS.
Were these my words, O Parent?
THE EARTH.
They were thine.

PROMETHEUS.

It doth repent me: words are quick and vain:
Grief for awhile is blind, and so was mine.
I wish no living thing to suffer pain.

THE EARTH.

Misery, Oh misery to me,
That Jove at length should vanquish thee.
Wail, howl aloud, Land and Sea,
The Earth's rent heart shall answer ye.
Howl, Spirits of the living and the dead,
Your refuge, your defence lies fallen and vanquished.

FIRST ECHO.
Lies fallen and vanquished!

SECOND ECHO.
Fallen and vanquished!

IONE.

Fear not: 'tis but some passing spasm,
The Titan is unvanquish'd still.
But see, where through the azure chasm
Of yon fork'd and snowy hill
Trampling the slant winds on high
With golden-sandall'd feet, that glow
Under plumes of purple dye,
Like rose-ensanguined ivory,
A Shape comes now,
Stretching on high from his right hand
A serpent-cinctured wand.

PANTHEA.
'Tis Jove's world-wandering herald, Mercury.

IONE.

And who are those with hydra tresses
And iron wings that climb the wind;
Whom the frowning God represses
Like vapers steaming up behind,
Clanging loud, an endless crowd—

PANTHEA.

These are Jove's tempest-walking hounds,
Whom he gluts with groans and blood,
When charioted on sulphurous cloud
He bursts Heaven's bounds.

IONE.

Are they now led, from the thin dead
On new pangs to be fed?

PANTHEA.
The Titan looks as ever, firm, not proud.

FIRST FURY.

Ha! I scent life.

SECOND FURY.

Let me but look into his eyes!

THIRD FURY.
The hope of torturing him smells like a heap
Of corpses, to a death-bird after battle.

FIRST FURY.

Darest thou delay, O Herald! take cheer, Hounds

Of Hell: what if the Son of Main soon
Should make us food and sport—who can please
The Omnifuent?

MERCURY.

Back to your towers of iron,
And gnash beside the streams of broil, and wall
Your foodless teeth. Geryon, arise! and Corgon,
Chimera, and then Sphinx, subtlest of fiends,
Who minister'd to Thebes Heaven's poison'd wine,
Unnatural love, and more unnatural hate:
These shall perform your task.

FIRST FURY.

We die with our desire: drive us not back!

MERCURY.

Crouch then in silence.

Awful Sufferer!

To thee unwilling, most unwillingly
I come, by the great Father's will driven down,
To execute a doom of new revenge.
Alas! I pity thee, and hate myself
That I can do no more: aye from thy sight
Returning, for a season, Heaven seems hell,
So thy worn form pursues me night and day,
Smiling reproach. Wise art thou, firm and good,
But vainly wouldst stand forth alone in strife
Against the Omnifuent; as you clear lamps
That measure and divide the weary years
From which there is no refuge, long have taught
And long must teach. Even now thy Torturer art
With the strange might of unimagined pains
The powers who scheme slow agones in Hell,
And my commission is to lead them here,
Or what more subtle, foul, or savage fiends
People the abyss, and leave them to their task.
Be it not so! there is a secret known
To thee, and to none else of living things,
Which may transfer the sceptre of wide Heaven,
The fear of which perplexes the Supreme:
Clothe it in words, and bid it clasp his throne
In intercession; bend thy soul in prayer,
And like a suppliant in some gorgeous fané,
Let the will kneel within thy haughty heart:
For benefits and meek submission tame
The fiercest and the mightiest.

PROMETHEUS.

Evil minds
Change good to their own nature. I gave all
He has; and in return he chains me here
Years, ages, night and day: whether the Sun
Split my parch'd skin, or in the moonly night
The crystal-winged snow clout round my hair
Whilst my beloved race is trampled down
By his thought-executing ministers.
Such is the tyrant's recompense: 'tis just:
He who is evil can receive no good;
And for a world bestow'd, or a friend lost,
He can feel hate, fear, shame; not gratitude,
He but requires me for his own misdeed.
 Kindness to such is keen reproach, which breaks
With bitter stings the light sleep of Revenge.
Submission, thou dost know I cannot try:
For what submission but that fatal word,
The death-seal of mankind's captivity,
Like the Sicilian's hair-suspended sword,
Which trembles o'er his crown, would he accept,
I could yield: Which yet I will not yield.

at others flatter Crime, where it sits throned
brief Omnipotence: secure are they:

so Justice, when triumphant, will weep down
by no punishment, on her own wrongs,
such avenged by those who err. I wait,
where the retributive hour
high since we spake is even nearer now.
at hark, the hell-hounds elamor: fear delay:
hold! Heaven lowers under thy Father's frown.

Mercury.

that we might be spared. I to inflict,
and thou to suffer. Once more answer me:
you knowest not the period of Jove's power?

Prometheus.

know but this, that it must come.

Mercury.

Alas!

Prometheus.

Yet, while Jove must reign: nor more nor less
I desire or fear.

Mercury.

Vexing, the beauty of delight makes lovers glad,
Gazing on one another: so are we.
As from the rose which the pale priestess kneels
To gather for her festal crown of flowers
The aerial crimson falls, flushing her cheek,
So from our victims' destined agony
The shade which is our form invests us round,
Else we are shapeless as our mother Night.

Prometheus.

I laugh your power, and his who sent you here,
To lowest scorn. Pour forth the cup of pain.

First Fury.

Thou think'st we will rend thee bone from bone
And nerve from nerve, working like fire within?

Prometheus.

Pain is my element, as hate is thine;
Ye rend me now: I care not.

Second Fury.

Dost imagine
We will but laugh into thy lidless eyes?

Prometheus.

I weigh not what ye do, but what ye suffer,
Being evil. Cruel was the power which call'd
You, or aught else so wretched, into light,

Third Fury.

Thou think'st we will live through thee, one by one,
Like animal life, and though we can obscure not
The soul which burns within, that we will dwell
Beside it, like a vain loud multitude
Vexing the self-content of wisest men:
That we will be dread thought beneath thy brain,
And foul desire round thine astonish'd heart,
And blood within thy labyrinthine veins,
Crawling like agony.

Prometheus.

Why ye are thus now?
Yet am I king over myself, and rule

331
The torturing and conflicting throngs within,
As Jove rules you when Hell grows mutinous.

CHORUS OF FURIES.

From the ends of the earth, from the ends of the earth,
Where the night has its grave and the morning its birth,
Come, come, come!
Oh, ye who shake hills with the scream of your mirth,
When cities sink howling in ruins; and ye
Who with wingless footsteps trample the sea,
And close upon Shipwreck and Famine's track,
Sit chattering with joy on the faceless wreck:

Come, come, come!

Leave the bed, low, cold, and red,
Strew'd beneath a nation dead;
Leave the hatred, as in ashes
Fire is left for future burning:
It will burst in bloodier flashes
When ye stir it, soon returning;
Leave the self-contempt implanted
In young spirits, sense-enraptured,
Misery's yet unkindled fuel:

Leave Hell's secrets half un_nth,ed,
To the maniac dreamer; cruel
More than ye can be with hate
Is he with fear.

Come, come, come!

We are steaming up from Hell's wide gate,
And we bursts the blasts of the atmosphere,
But vainly we toil till ye come here.

IONE.

Sister, I hear the thunder of new wings.

PANTHEA.
These solid mountains quiver with the sound
Even as the tremulous air; their shadows make
The space within my plumes more black than night.

FIRST FURY.

Your call was as a winged car,
Driven on whirlwinds fast and far:
It wrapt us from red gulfs of war.

SECOND FURY.

From wide cities, famine-wasted;

THIRD FURY.

Groans half heard, and blood untasted;

FOURTH FURY.

Kingly conclaves, stern and cold,
Where blood with gold is bought and sold;

FIFTH FURY.

From the furnace, white and hot,
In which—

A FURY.

Speak not; whisper not;
I know all that ye would tell,
But to speak might break the spell
Which must bend the Invincible,
The stern of thought;
He yet defies the deepest power of Hell

FURY.

Tear the veil!

ANOTHER FURY.

It is torn.

CHORUS.

The pale stars of the morn
Shine on a misery to be borne.
Dost thou faint, mighty Titan? We laugh thee to scorn
Dost thou boast the clear knowledge thou wak'nt for man?
Then was kindled within him a thirst which outrun
Those perishing waters; a thirst of fierce fever,
Hope, love, doubt, desire, which consume him for ever
One came forth of gentle worth.
Smiling on the sunburnt earth;
His words outlived him, like swift poison
Withering up truth, peace, and pity.
Look! where round the wide horizon
Many a million-peopled city
Vomits smoke in the bright air.
Mark that outcry of despair!
"Tis his mild and gentle ghost
Wailing for the faith he kindled:
Look! again! the flames almost
To a glow-worm's lamp have dwindled:
The survivors round the embers
Gather in dread.
Joy, joy, joy!
Past ages crowd on thee, but each one remember
And the future is dark, and the present is spread
Like a pillow of thorns for thy slumberless head.

SEMICHORUS I.

Drops of bloody agony flow
From his white and quivering brow.
Grant a little respite now;
See! a disenchanted nation
Springs like day from desolation;
To Truth its state is dedicate,
And Freedom leads it forth, her mate;
A legion'd band of linked brothers,
Whom Love calls children—

SEMICHORUS II.

"Tis an other!
See how kindred murder kin!
"Tis the vintage-time for death and sin.
Blood, like new wine, bubbles within:
Till despair smotherers
The struggling world, which slaves and tyrants
[All the Furies vanish, except

IONE.

Hark, sister! what a low yet dreadful groan
Quite unsuppress'd is tearing up the heart
Of the good Titan, as storms tear the deep,
And beasts hear the sea moan in inland caves.
Darest thou observe how the fiends torture him?

PANTHEA.

Alas! I look'd forth twice, but will no more.

IONE.

What didst thou see?

PANTHEA.

A woful sight: a youth
With patient looks nail'd to a crucifix.

IONE.

What next?
FURY.

Behold an emblem: those who do endure deep wrongs for man, and scorn, and chains, but heap thousandfold torment on themselves and him.

FURV.

Tempt the anguish of that lighted stare; lose those wan lips; let that thorn-wounded brow cream not with blood; it mingleth with thy tears! fix, fix those tortured orbs in peace and death, o thy sick throns shake not that crucifix, o those pale fingers play not with thy gore.

FURY.

In each human heart terror survives he rain it has gorged: the loftiest fear'll that they would disdain to think were true: ypopery and custom make their minds he fames of many a worship, now outworn; they dare not devise good for man's estate, and yet they know not that they do not dare. he good want power, but to weep barren tears. he powerful goodness want: worse need for them. be wise want love; and those who love, want wadom; and all best things are thus confused to ill. any are strong and rich, and would be just; 'tis live among their suffering fellow-men. if none felt: they know not what they do.

FURV.

by words are like a cloud of winged snakes; and yet I pity those they torture not.

FURV.

Ah woe! Alas! pain, pain ever, for ever!
close my tearless eyes, but see more clear my works within my woe-illumined mind,
now subtle tyrant! Peace is in the grave.
The grave hides all things beautiful and good: am a God, and cannot find it there,
FIRST SPIRIT.

On a battle-trumpet's blast,
I fled hither, fast, fast, fast,
'Mid the darkness upward cast.
From the dust of creeds outworn,
From the tyrant's banner torn,
Gathering round me, onward borne,
There was mingled many a cry—
Freedom! Hope! Death! Victory!
Till they faded through the sky;
And one sound above, around,
One sound beneath, around, above,
Was moving; 'twas the soul of love;
'Twas the hope, the prophecy,
Which begins and ends in thee.

SECOND SPIRIT.

A rainbow's arch stood on the sea,
Which rock'd beneath, immovably;
And the triumphant storm did flee,
Like a conqueror, swift and proud,
Between with many a captive cloud
A shapeless, dark and rapid crowd,
Each by lightning riven in half:
I heard the thunder hoarsely laugh:
Mighty fleets were striven like chaff
And spread beneath a hell of death
Over the white waters. I alit
On a great ship lightning-split,
And speeded hither on the sigh
Of one who gave an enemy
His plank, then plunged aside to die.

THIRD SPIRIT.

I sat beside a sage's bed,
And the lamp was burning red
Near the look where he had fed,
When a Dream with plumes of flame,
To his pillow hovering came,
And I knew it was the same
Which had kindled long ago
Pity, eloquence, and woe;
And the world awhile below
Wore the shade its lustre made.
It has borne me here as fleet
As Desire's lightning feet:
I must ride it back ere morrow,
Or the sage will wake in sorrow.

FOURTH SPIRIT.

On a poet's lips I slept,
Dreaming like a love-adept
In the sound his breathing kept;
Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,
But feeds on the aerial kisses
Of shapes that haunt thought's wildernesses.
He will watch from dawn to gloom
The lake-reflected sun illumine
The yellow bees in theivy-bloom,
Nor heed nor see, what things they be;
But from these create he can
Forms more real than living man,
Nurslings ofimmortality!
One of these awaken'd me,
And I sped to succor thee.

IONE.

Behold'st thou not two shapes from the east and west,
Come, as two doves to one beloved nest,
Twin nurturings of the all-sustaining air
On swift still wings glide down the atmosphere?
And, hark! their sweet, sad voices! 'tis despair
Mingled with love and then dissolved in sound.

PANTHEA.

Canst thou speak, sister? all my words are drowned
IONE.

Their beauty gives me voice. See how they float
On their sustaining wings of skiey grain,
Orange and azure deepening into gold:
Their soft smiles light the air like a star's fire.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

Hast thou beheld, the form of Love?

FIFTH SPIRIT.

As over wide dominions
I sped, like some swift cloud that wings the wide
air's wildernesses,
That planet-crested shape swept by on lightning
bridled pinions,
Scattering the liquid joy of life from his ambrosia
trusses:
His footsteps paved the world with light; but as
pass'd t was fading,
And hollow Ruin yawn'd behind: great sages boun
in madness,
And headless patriots, and pale youths who perish
unbraiding,
Gleam'd in the night. I wander'd o'er, till thou,
King of sadness,
Turn'd by thy smile the worst I saw to recollect
graciousness.

SIXTH SPIRIT.

Ah, sister! Desolation is a delicate thing:
It walks not on the earth, it floats not on the air,
But treads with silent footstep, and fans with silent
wing
The tender hopes which in their hearts the best at
gentlest bear;
Who, soothed to false repose by the sanning plum
above,
And the music-stirring motion of its soft and busy fet
Dream visions of aerial joy, and call the monster, Lov
And wake and find the shadow Pain, as he who
now we greet.

CHORUS.

Though Ruin now Love's shadow be,
Following him, destroyingly,
On Death's white and winged steed,
Which the fleetest cannot flee,
Trampling down both flower and weed,
Man and beast, and soul and fair,
Like a tempest through the air;
Thou shalt quell this horseman grim
Woundless though in heart or limb.

PROMETHEUS.

Spirits! how know ye this shall be?

CHORUS.

In the atmosphere we breathe,
As buds grow red when the snow-storms flee
From spring gathering up beneath,
Whose mild wilds shake the elder brake,
And the wandering herdsmen know
That the white-thorn soon will blow:
Wisdom, Justice, Love, and Peace,
When they struggle to increase,
Are to us as soft winds be
To shepherd boys, the prophecy
Which begins and ends in thee.

IONE.
Where are the spirits fled?

PANTEHA.
Only a sense
Remains of them, like the omnipotence
Of music, when the inspired voice and lute
Languish, ere yet the responses are mute,
Which through the deep and labyrinthine soul,
Like echoes through long caverns, wind and roll.

PROMETHEUS.
How fair these air-borne shapes! and yet I feel
Most vain all hope but love; and thou art far,
Asia! who, when my being overflow'd,
Wert like a golden chalice to bright wine
Which else had sunk into the thirsty dust.
All things are still: alas! how heavily
This quiet morning weighs upon my heart;
Though I should dream I could even sleep with grief,
If slumber were denied not. I would fain
Be what it is my destiny to be,
The savior and the strength of suffering man,
Or sink into the original gulf of things:
There is no agony, and no solace left;
Earth can console, Heaven can torment no more.

PANTEHA.
Hast thou forgotten one who watches thee
The cold dark night, and never sleeps but when
The shadow of thy spirit falls on her?

PROMETHEUS.
I said all hope was vain but love: thou loveth.

PANTEHA.
Deeply, in truth; but the eastern star looks white,
And Asia waits in that far Indian vale
The scene of her sad exile; rugged once
And desolate and frozen, like this ravine;
But now invested with fair flowers and herbs,
And haunted by sweet airs and sounds, which flow
Among the woods and waters, from the other
Of her transforming presence, which would fade
If it were mingled not with thine. Farewell!

Which should have learnt to sate: thou hast descend-
ed
Cradled in tempests; thou dost wake, O Spring!
O child of many winds! As suddenly
Thou comest as the memory of a dream,
Which now is sad because it hath been sweet!
Like genius, or like joy which riseth up
As from the earth, clothing with golden clouds
The desert of our life.
This is the season, this the day, the hour;
At sunrise thou shouldest come, sweet sister mine,
Too long desired, too long delaying, come!
How like death-worms the wingless moments crawl!
The point of one white star is quivering still
Deep in the orange light of widening morn
Beyond the purple mountains: through a chasm
Of wind-divided mist the darker lake
Reflects it: now it wanes: it gleams again
As the waves fade, and as the burning thread
Of woven cloud unrelax in pale air:
'Tis lost! and through yon peaks of cloudlike snow
The roseate sunlight quivers: hear I not
The Elolian music of her sea-green plumes
W ninnowing the crimson dawn?

PANTEHA enters.

I feel, I see
Those eyes which burn through smiles that fade in tears,
Like stars half quench'd in mists of silver dew.
Beloved and most beautiful, whoarest
The shadow of that soul by which I live,
How late thou art! the spher'd sun had climb'd
The sea; my heart was sick with hope, before
The printless air felt thy belated plumes.

PANTEHA.
Pardon, great Sister! but my wings were faint
With the delight of a remember'd dream,
As are the noontide plumes of summer winds
Satiate with sweet flowers. I was wont to sleep
Peacefully, and awake refresh'd and calm
Before the sacred Titan's fall, and thy
Unhappy love, had made, through use and pity,
Both love and woe familiar to my heart
As they had grown to thine: erewhile I slept
Under the glaucous caverns of old Ocean
Within dim bowers of green and purple moss,
Our young Ione's soft and milky arms
Lock'd then, as now, behind my dark, moist hair,
While my shut eyes and cheek were press'd within
The folded depth of her life-breathing bosom;
But not as now, since I am made the wind
Which fails beneath the music that I bear
Of thy most wordless converse; since dissolved
Into the sense with which love talks, my rest
Was troubled and yet sweet; my waking hours
Too full of care and pain.

ASIA.
Lift up thine eyes,
And let me read thy dream.

PANTEHA.
As I have said
With our sea-sister at his feet I slept.
The mountain mists, condensing at our voice
Under the moon, had spread their snowy flakes,
From the keen ice shielding our linked sleep.
Then two dreams came. One, I remembernot.
But in the other his pale wound-worn limbs
Fell from Prometheus, and the azure night
Grew radianti with the glory of that form
Which lives unchanged within, and his voice fell
Like music which makes giddily the dim brain,
Faint with intoxication of keen joy:
"Sister of her whose footsteps pave the world
With loveliness—more fair than aught but her,
Whose shadow thou art—lift thine eyes on me."
I lifted them: the overpowering light
Of that immortal shape was shadow'd o'er
By love; which, from his soft and flowing limbs,
And passion-parted lips, and keen, faint eyes,
Steam'd forth like vaporous fire; an atmosphere
Which wrapt me in its all-dissolving power,
As the warm ether of the morning sun
Wraps ere it drinks some cloud of wandering dew:
I saw not, heard not, moved not, only felt
His presence flow and mingle through my blood
Till it became his, and his grew mine,
And I was thus absorb'd, until it past
And like the vapors when the sun sinks down
Gatherling again in drops upon the pines,
And tremulous as they, in the deep night
My being was condensed; and as the rays
Of thought were slowly gather'd, I could hear
His voice, whose accents linger'd ere they died
Like footsteps of weak melody: thy name
Among the many sounds alone I heard
Of what might be articulate; though still
I listen'd through the night when sound was none.
Ione waken'd then, and said to me:
"Canst thou divine what troubles me to-night?
I always knew what I desired before,
Nor ever found delight to wish in vain.
But now I cannot tell thee what I seek;
I know not; something sweet, since it is sweet
Even to desire; it is thy sport, false sister;
Thou hast discover'd some enchantment old,
Whose spells have stolen my spirit as I slept
And mingled it with thine: for when just now
We kiss'd, I felt within thy parted lips
The sweet air that sustaint'd me, and the warmth
Of the life-blood, for loss of which I faint,
Quiver'd between our intertwining arms."
I answer'd not, for the Eastern star grew pale,
But fled to thee.

**Asia.**

Thou speakest, but thy words
Are as the air: I feel them not: Oh, lift
Thine eyes, that I may read his written soul!

**Panthéa.**

I lift them, though they drop beneath the load
Of that they would express: what canst thou see
But thine own fairest shade imaged there?

**Asia.**

Thine eyes are like the deep-blue, boundless heaven
Contracted to two circles underneath
Their long, fine lashes; dark, far, measureless,
Orb within orb, and line through line involvèd.

**Panthéa.**

Why lookest thou as if a spirit past?

**Asia.**

There is a change: beyond their immost depth
I see a shade, a shape: 'tis He, array'd
In the soft light of his own smiles, which spread
Like radiance from the cloud-surrounded morn.

Prometheus, it is thine! depart not yet!
Say not those smiles that we shall meet again
Within that bright pavilion which their beams
Shall build on the waste world! The dream is told
What shape is that between us? Its rude hair
Roughens the wind that lifts it, its regard
Is wild and quick, yet 'tis a thing of air,
For through its gray robe gleams the golden dew
Whose stars the moon has quench'd not.

**Dream.**

Follow! Follow!

**Panthéa.**

It is mine other dream.

**Asia.**

It disappears.

**Panthéa.**

It pases now into my mind. Methought
As we sate here, the flower-infolding buds
Burst on you lightning-blasted almond-tree.
When swift from the white Scythian wilderness
A wind swept forth wrinkling the Earth with frost
I look'd, and all the blossoms were blown down;
But on each leaf was stamp'd, as the blue bells
Of Hycanth tell Apollo's written grief,
O, follow, follow!

**Asia.**

As you speak, your words
Fill, pause by pause, my own forgotten sleep
With shapes. Methought among the lawns together
We wander'd, underneath the young gray dawn.
And multitudes of dense white fleecy clouds
Were wandering in thick flocks along the mountain
Shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind;
And the white dew on the new-bladed grass,
Just piercing the dark earth, hung silently;
And there was more which I remember not:
But on the shadows of the morning clouds,
Atheart the purple mountain slope, was written,
Follow, O, follow! As they vanish'd by,
And on each herb, from which Heaven's dew had fallen,
The like was stamp'd, as with a withering fire.
A wind arose among the pines: it shook
The clinging music from their boughs, and then
Low, sweet, faint sounds, like the farewell of ghost.
We were heard: Oh, follow, follow, follow me!
And then I said; "Panthéa, look on me."
But in the depth of those beloved eyes
Still I saw, follow, follow!

**Echo.**

Follow, follow!

**Panthéa.**

The crags, this clear spring morning, mock on voices,
As they were spirit-tongued.

**Asia.**

It is some being
Around the crags. What fine clear sounds! O, let
Echoes (unseen).

Echoes we: listen!
We cannot stay:
As dew-stars gleam,
Then fade away—
Child of Ocean!
Spirits, I, ECHOES.
Nor i, And how Of Hark A and sitting Forest, The follow, distant.

Through the caverns hollow, Where the forest spreadeth; (More distant.)
O, follow, follow! Through the caverns hollow, As the song floats thou pursue, Where the wild bee never flew, Through the noontide darkness deep, By the odor-breathing sleep Of faint night-flowers, and the waves At the fountain-lighted caves, While our music, wild and sweet, Mocks thy gently falling feet, Child of Ocean!

Shall we pursue the sound? It grows more faint And distant.

List! the strain floats nearer now
ECHOS.
In the world unknown Sleeps a voice unspoken; By thy step alone Can its rest be broken; Child of Ocean!

How the notes sink upon the ebbing wind!

ECHOS.
O, follow, follow! Through the caverns hollow, As the song floats thou pursue, By the woodland noontide dew; By the forests, lakes, and fountains, Through the many-folded mountains; To the rents, and gulfs, and chasms, Where the Earth repose from spasms, On the day when He and thou Parted, to commingle now; Child of Ocean!

Come, sweet Panthea, link thy hand in mine, And follow, ere the voices fade away.

SCENE II.
A Forest, intermingled with Rocks and Caverns. ASIA and PANTEHA pass into it. Two young Fauns are sitting on a Rock, listening

SEMICHORUS I. OF SPIRITS.
The path through which that lovely twain Have past, by cedar, pine, and yew, And each dark tree that ever grew, Is curtain’d out from Heaven’s wide blue;

Nor sun, nor moon, nor wind, nor rain, Can pierce its interwoven bowers, Nor aught, save where some cloud of dew, Drifted along the earth-creeping breeze, Between the trunks of the hoar trees, Hangs each a pearl in the pale flowers Of the green laurel, blown anew; And bends, and then fades silently, One frail and fair anemone: Or when some star of many a one That climbs and wanders through steep night, Has found the cleft through which alone Beams fall from high those depths upon Ere it is borne away, away, By the swift Heavens that cannot stay, It scatters drops of golden light, Like lines of rain that ne’er unite: And the gloom divine is all around; And underneath is the mossy ground.

SEMICHORUS II.
There the voluptuous nightingales, Are awake through all the broad noonday, When one with bliss or sadness fails, And through the windless ivy-boughs, Sick with sweet love, droops dying away On its mate’s music-panting bosom; Another from the swinging blossom, Watching to catch the languid close Of the last strain, then lifts on high The wings of the weak melody, Till some new strain of feeling bear The song, and all the woods are mute; When there is heard through the dim air The rush of wings, and rising there Like many a lake-surrounding flute, Sounds overflow the listener’s brain So sweet, that joy is almost pain.

SEMICHORUS I.
There those enchanted eddies play Of echoes, music-tongued, which draw, By Demogorgon’s mighty law, With melting rapture, or sweet awe, All spirits on that secret way; As inland boats are driven to Ocean Down streams made strong with mountain-thaw And first there comes a gentle sound To those in talk or slumber bound, And wakes the destined soft emotion, Attracts, impels them; those who saw Say from the breathing earth behind There streams a plume-uplifting wind Which drives them on their path, while they Believe their own swift wings and feet The sweet desires within obey: And so they float upon their way, Until, still sweet, but loud and strong, The storm of sound is driven along, Suck’d up and hurrying as they fleet Behind, its gathering billows meet, And to the fatal mountain bear Like clouds amid the yielding air.

FIRST FAUN.
Canst thou imagine where those spirits live
Which make such delicate music in the woods?
We haunt within the least frequented caves
And closest coverts, and we know these wilds,
Yet never meet them, though we hear them oft:
Where may they hide themselves?

SECOND FAUN.
'Tis hard to tell:
I have heard those more skill’d in spirits say,
The bubbles, which enchantment of the sun
Sucks from the pale faint water-flowers that pave
The ozzy bottom of clear lakes and pools,
Are the pavilions where such dwell and float
Under the green and golden atmosphere
Which noontide kindles through the woven leaves;
And when these burst, and the thin fiery air,
The which they breathed within those lucent domes,
Ascends to flaw like meteors through the night,
They ride on them, and rein their headlong speed,
And bow their burning crests, and glide in fire
Under the waters of the earth again.

FIRST FAUN.
If such live thus, have others other lives,
Under pink blossoms or within the bells
Of meadow flowers, or folded violets deep,
Or on their dying odors, when they die,
Or on the sunlight of the spherical dew!

SECOND FAUN.
Ay, many more which we may well divine.
But should we stay to speak, noontide would come,
And thwart Silenus find his goats undrawn,
And grudge to sing these wise and lovely songs
Of fate, and chance, and God, and Chaos old,
And Love, and the chain’d Titan’s woful dooms,
And how he shall be loosed; and make the earth
One brotherhood: delightful strains which cheer
Our solitary twilights, and which charm
To silence the unenvying nightingales.

SCENE III.
A Pinnacle of Rock among Mountains. Asia and Panthea.

PANthea.
Hither the sound has borne us—to the realm
Of Demogorgon, and the mighty portal,
Like a volcano’s meteor-breathing chasm,
Whence the oracular vapor is hurl’d up
Which lonely men drink wandering in their youth,
And call truth, virtue, love, genius, or joy,
That maddening wine of life, whose dregs they drain
To deep intoxication; and uplift,
Like Maenads who cry loud, Evoe! Evoe!
The voice which is contagion to the world.

ASIA.
Fit throne for such a Power! Magnificent!
How glorious art thou, Earth! And if thou be
The shadow of some spirit lovelier still,
Though evil stain its work, and it should be
Like its creation, weak yet beautiful,
I could fall down and worship that and thee.
Even now my heart adores: Wonderful!
Look, sister, ere the vapor dim thy brain;
Beneath is a wide plain of billowy mist,
As a lake, paving in the morning sky,
With azure waves which burst in silver light,
Some Indian vale. Behold it, rolling on
Under the curdling winds, and islanding
The peak whereon we stand, midway, around,
Encircuted by the dark and blooming forests,
Dim twilight-lawns, and stream-illumined caves,
And wind-enchant ed shapes of wandering mist;
And far on high the keen sky-creeping mountains
From icy spires of sunlike radiance fling
The dawn, as lifted Ocean’s dazzling spray.
From some Atlantic islet scatter’d up,
Spangles the wind with lamp-like water-drops,
The vale is girdled with their walls, a howl
Of cataclastics from their thaw-cloven ravines
Sustains the listening wind, continuous, vast,
A wful as silence. Hark! the rushing snow!
The sun-awaken’d avalanche! whose mass,
Thrice stifled by the storm, had gather’d there
Flake after flake, in Heaven-defying minds
As thought by thought is piled, till some great truth
Is loosen’d, and the nations echo round,
Shaken to their roots, as do the mountains now.

PANthea.
Look how the gusty sea of mist is breaking
In crimson foam, even at our feet! it rises
As Ocean at the enchantment of the moon
Round foodless men wreck’d on some oozy isle.

ASIA.
The fragments of the cloud are scatter’d up;
The wind that lifts them discontentes my hair;
Its billows now sweep o’er mine eyes; my brain
Grows dizzy; I see thin shapes within the mist.

PANthea.
A countenance with beckoning smiles: there burn
An azure fire within its golden locks!
Another and another: hark! they speak!

SONG OF SPIRITS.
To the deep, to the deep,
Down, down!
Through the shade of sleep,
Through the cloudy strife
Of Death and of Life;
Through the veil and the bar
Of things which seem and are,
Even to the steps of the remotest throne,
Down, down!

While the sound whirls around,
Down, down!
As the fawn draws the hound,
As the lightning the vapor,
As a weak molder the taper;
Death, despiar; love, sorrow;
Time both; to-day, to-morrow;
As steel obeys the spirit of the stone,
Down, down!

Through the gray, void abyss,
Down, down!
Where the air is no prism,
And the moon and stars are not,
And the cavern-creags wear not
The radiance of Heaven,
Nor the gloom to Earth given,
Where there is one pervading, one alone
Down, down!

338
In the depth of the deep
Down, down!
Like veil’d lightening asleep,
Like the spark nursed in embers,
The last look Love remembers,
Like a diamond, which shines
On the dark wealth of mines,
A spell is treasured but for thee alone.
Down, down!

We have bound thee, we guide thee:
Down, down!
With the bright form beside thee;
Resist not the weakness,
Such strength is in meekness
That the Eternal, the Immortal,
Must unloose through life’s portal
The snake-like Doom coil’d underneath his throne
By that alone.

SCENE IV.
The Cave of Demogorgon, Asia and Panthea.

PANTHEA.
What veiled form sits on that ebon throne?

TH. vein has fallen.

PANTHEA.
I see a mighty darkness
Filling the seat of power, and rays of gloom
Dart round, as light from the meridian sun,
Unguarded upon and shapeless; neither limb,
Nor form, nor outline; yet we feel it is
A living Spirit.

DEMOGORGON.
Ask what thou wouldst know.

ASIA.
What canst thou tell?

DEMOGORGON.
All things thou darest demand.

ASIA.
Who made the living world?

DEMOGORGON.
God.

ASIA.
Who made all
That it contains? thought, passion, reason, will,
Imagination?

DEMOGORGON.
God: Almighty God.

ASIA.
Who made that sense which, when the winds of spring
In rarest visitation, or the voice
Of one beloved heard in youth alone,
Fills the faint eyes with falling tears which dim
The radiant looks of unbewailing flowers,
And leaves this peopled earth a solitude
When it returns no more?

DEMOGORGON.
Merciful God.

ASIA.
And who made terror, madness, crime, remorse,
Which from the links of the great chain of things,
To every thought within the mind of man
Sway and drag heavily, and each one reels
Under the load towards the pit of death;
Abandon’d hope, and love that turns to hate;
And self-contempt, bitterer to drink than blood;
Pain, whose unheeding and familiar speech
Is howling, and keen shrieks, day after day;
And Hell, or the sharp fear of Hell?

DEMOGORGON. He reigns.

ASIA.
Uter his name: a world pining in pain.
Asks but his name: curses shall drag him down.

DEMOGORGON.

He reigns.

ASIA.
I feel, I know it: who?

DEMOGORGON. He reigns.

ASIA.
Who reigns? There was the Heaven and Earth at first,
And Light and Love; then Saturn, from whose throne
Time fell, an envious shadow: such the state
Of the earth’s primal spirits beneath his sway,
As the calm joy of flowers and living leaves.
Before the wind or sun has wither’d them
And semi-vital worms; but he refused
The birthright of their being, knowledge, power.
The skill which wields the elements, the thought
Which pierces the dim universe like light,
Self-empire, and the majesty of love;
For thirst of which they fainted. Then Prometheus
Gave wisdom, which is strength, to Jupiter.
And with this law alone, “Let man be free,”
Clothed him with the dominion of wide Heaven.
To know nor faith, nor love, nor law; to be
Omnipotent but friendless, is to reign;
And Jove now reign’d; for on the race of man
First famine and then toil, and then disease,
Strife, wounds, and ghastly death unseen before,
Fell; and the unseasonable seasons drove,
With alternating shafts of frost and fire,
Their shelterless, pale tribes to mountain caves:
And in their desert hearts fierce wants he sent,
And mad disquietudes, and shadows idle
Of unreal good, which levied mutual war,
So ruining the lair wherein they raged.
Prometheus saw, and waked the legion’d hopes
Which sleep within folded Elysian flowers,
Nepenthe, Moly, Amarant, fadeless blooms,
That they might hide with thin and rainbow wings
The shape of Death; and love he sent to bind
The disunited tendrils of that vine
Which bears the wine of life, the human heart;
And he tamed fire, which, like some beast of prey,
Most terrible, but lovely, play’d beneath
The frown of man; and tortured to his will
Iron and gold, the slaves and signs of power,
And gems and poisons, and all subtlest forms
Hidden beneath the mountains and the waves.
He gave man speech, and speech created thought,
Which is the measure of the universe;
And Science struck the thrones of earth and heaven,
Which shook but fell not; and the harmonious mind
Pour’d itself forth in all-prophetic song;
And music lifted up the listening spirit
Until it walk’d, exempt from mortal care,
Godlike, o'er the clear billows of sweet sound;
And human hands first mimick'd and then mock'd,
With moulded limbs more lovely than its own,
The human form, till marble grew divine;
And mothers, gaz'ing, drank the love men see
Reflected in their race, behold, and perish.
He told the hidden power of herbs and springs,
And Disease drank and slept. Death grew like sleep.
He taught the implicated orbits shown
Of the wide-wandering stars; and how the sun
Changes his hair, and by what secret spell
The pale moon is transform'd, when her broad eye
Gazes not on the interlunar sea:
He taught to rule, as life directs the limbs,
The tempest-winged chariots of the Ocean,
And the Celt knew the Indian. Cities then
Were built, and through their snow-like columns flow'd
The warm winds, and the azure ether shine,
And the blue sea and shadowy hills were seen.
Such, the allusions of his state,
Prometheus gave to man, for which he hangs
Withering in destined pain: but who rains down
Evil, the immedicable plague, which, while
Man looks on his creation like a God
And sees that it is glorious, drives him on
The wreck of his own will, the scorn of earth,
The outcast, the abandon'd, the alone?
Not Jove: while yet his frown shook heaven, aye
when
His adversary from adamantine chains
Cursed him, he trembled like a slave. Declare
Who is his master? Is he too a slave?

DEMORGON.
All spirits are enslaved which serve things evil:
Thou knowest if Jupit'er be such or no.

ASIA.
Whom calledst thou God?

DEMORGON.
I spoke but as ye speak,
For Jove is the supreme of living things.

ASIA.
Who is the master of the slave?

DEMORGON.
If the abyss
Could vomit forth its secrets—But a voice
Is wanting, the deep truth is imageless;
For what would it avail to bid thee gaze
On the revolving world? What to bid speak
Fate, Time, Occasion, Chance and Change? To these
All things are subject but eternal Love.

ASIA.
So much I ask'd before, and my heart gave
The response thou hast given; and of such truths
Each to itself must be the oracle.
One more demand; and do thou answer me
As my own soul would answer, did it know
That which I ask. Prometheus shall arise
Henceforth the sun of this rejoicing world:
When shall the destined hour arrive?

DEMORGON.
Behold!

ASIA.
The rocks are cloven, and through the purple night
I see cars drawn by rainbow-winged steeds
Which trample the dim winds: in each there stands
A wild-eyed charioteer urging their flight.
Some look behind, as fiends pursued them there,
And yet I see no shapes but the keen stars.
Others, with burning eyes, lean forth, and drink
With eager lips the wind of their own speed,
As if the thing they loved fled on before,
And now, even now, they clasp'd it. Their bright
locks
Stream like a comet's flashing hair: they all
Sweep onward.

DEMORGON.
These are the immortal Hours,
Of whom thou didst demand. One waits for thee.

ASIA.
A spirit with a dreadful countenance
Checks its dark chariot by the craggy gulf.
Unlike thy brethren, ghastly charioteer,
Who ar't thou? Whither would'st thou bear me? Speak

SPIRIT.
I am the shadow of a destiny
More dread than is my aspect: ere von planet
Has set, the darkness which ascends with me
Shall wrap in lasting night heaven's kingless throne.

ASIA.
What meanest thou?

PANTHEA.
That terrible shadow floats
Up from its throne, as may the lurid smoke
Of earthquake-ruin'd cities o'er the sea.
Lo! it ascends the car; the courser fly
Terrified: watch its path among the stars
Blackening the night!

ASIA.
Thus I am answer'd; strange

PANTHEA.
See, near the verge, another charioteer stays;
An ivory shell inlaid with crimson fire,
Which comes and goes within its sculptured rim
Of delicate strange tracery; the young spirit
That guides it has the dove-like eyes of hope;
How its soft smiles attract the soul! as light
Lures winged insects through the lampless air.

SPIRIT.
My courser are fed with the lightning,
They drink of the whirlwind's stream,
And when the red morning is bright'ning
They bathe in the fresh sunbeam;
They have strength for their swiftness I deem
Then ascend with me, daughter of Ocean.
I desire; and their speed makes night kindle;
I fear: they outstrip the Typhoon;
Ere the cloud piled on Atlas can dwindle
We encircle the earth and the moon;
We shall rest from long labors at noon:
Then ascend with me, daughter of Ocean.

SCENE V.
The Car pauses within a Cloud on the Top of a snow
Mountain. ASIA, PANTHEA, and the SPIRIT OF the Hour.

SPIRIT.
On the brink of the night and the morning
My courser are wont to respire;
But the Earth has just whisper'd a warning
That their flight must be swifter than fire:
They shall drink the hot speed of desire!

340
ASIA.
The breaths on their nostrils, but my breath
Would give them swifter speed:

SPIRIT.       Alas! it could not.

PANTHEA.       \h Spirit! pause, and tell whence is the light
Which fills the cloud? the sun is yet unrisen.

SPIRIT.
The sun will rise not until noon. Apollo
a held in heaven by wonder; and the light
Which fills this vapor, as the aerial hue
of fountain-gazing roses fills the water,
flows from thy mighty sister.

PANTHEA.       Yes, I feel——

ASIA.
What is it with thee, sister? Thou art pale.

PANTHEA.
low thou art changed! I dare not look on thee;
feel but see thee not. I scarce endure
the radiance of thy beauty, Some good change
working in the elements, which suffer
by presence thus unveiled. The Nereids tell
that on the day when the clear hyaline
was cloven at thy uprise, and thou didst stand
within a veined shell, which floated on
ver the calm floor of the crystal sea,
among the Egean isles, and by the shores
which bear thy name; love, like the atmosphere
of the sun's fire filling the living world,
urst from thee, and illumined earth and heaven
and the deep ocean and the sunless caves
nd all that dwells within them; till grief cast
eclipse upon the soul from which it came:
such art thou now; nor is it I alone,
by sister, thy companion, thine own chosen one,
at the whole world which seeks thy sympathy.
sarest thou not sounds the air which speak the love
of all articulate beings! Feels not thou not
he inanimate winds enamor'd of thee? List!

[Music.

ASIA.
by words are sweeter than ought else but his
those echoes they are; yet all love is sweet,
even or return'd. Common as light is love,
and its familiar voice wearies not ever.
ike the wide heaven, the all-sustaining air,
makes the reptile equal to the God:
human who inspire it most are fortunate,
as I am now; but those who feel it most
re happier still, after long sufferings,
I shall soon become.

PANTHEA.
List! Spirits, speak.

VOICE (in the air, singing).
Life of Life! thy lips enkindle
With their love the breath between them;
And thy smiles before they dwindle
Make the cold air fire; then screen them

In those looks, where whose gazes
Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light! thy lips are burning
Through the vest which seems to hide them;
As the radiant lines of morning
Through the clouds are they divide them;
And this atmosphere divinest
Shrouds thee whereas the thou shinest.

Fair are others; none beholds thee,
But thy voice sounds low and tender
Like the fairest, for it folds thee
From the sight, that liquid splendor,
And all feel, yet see thee never,
As I feel now, lost for ever!

Lamp of Earth! where'er thou movest
Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,
And the souls of whom thou lovest
Walk upon the winds with lightness,
Till they fail, as I am failing,
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!

ASIA.
My soul is an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;
And thine doth like an angel sit
Beside the helm conducting it,
Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing
It seems to float ever, for ever,
Upon that many-winding river,
Between mountains, woods, abysses,
A paradise of wildernesses!
Till, like one in slumber bound,
Borne to the ocean, I float down, around,
Into a sea profound, of ever-spread ing sound:
Meanwhile thy spirit lifts its pinions
In music's most serene dominions;
Catching the winds that fan that happy heaven.
And we sail on, away, afar,
Without a course, without a star,
But, by the instinct of sweet music driven;
Till through Elysian garden islets
By thee, most beautiful of pilots,
Where never mortal pinace glided,
The boat of my desire is guided:
Realms where the air we breathe is love,
Which in the winds on the waves doth move,
Harmonizing this earth with what we feel above.

We have pass'd Age's icy caves,
And Manhood's dark and tossing waves,
And Youth's smooth ocean, smiling to betray:
Beyond the glassy guls we flee
Of shadow-peopled Infancy,
Through Death and Birth, to a diviner day:
A paradise of vaulted bower s,
Lit by downward-gazing flowers,
And watery paths that wind between
Wildernesses calm and green,
Peopled by shapes too bright to see,
And rest, having beheld; somewhat like thee,
Which walk upon the sea, and chant melodiously:
ACT III.

SCENE I.

Heaven. Jupiter on his Throne; Thetis and the other Deities assembled.

JUPITER.

Ye congregated powers of heaven, who share The glory and the strength of him ye serve, Rejoice! henceforth I am omnipotent. All else had been subdued to me; alone The soul of man, like an unextinguish'd fire, Yet burns towards heaven with fierce reproach, and doubt, And lamentation, and reluctant prayer, Heaving up insurrection, which might make Our antique empire insecure, though built On eldest faith, and hell's coeval, fear:

And though my curses through the pendulous air, Like snow on herbless peaks, fall flake by flake, And cling to it; though under my wrath's might It climb the crags of life, step after step, Which wound it, as ice wounds unsandall'd feet, It yet remains supreme o'er misery. Aspiring, unrepress'd, yet soon to fall: Even now have I begotten a strange wonder, That fatal child, the terror of the earth, Who waits but till the distant hour arrive, Bearing from Demogorgon's vacant throne The dreadful might of ever-living limbs Which clothed that awful spirit unbeheld, To descend, and trample out the spark. Pour forth heaven's wine, Idesan Camynmede, And let it fill the Deidal cups like fire, And from the flower-inwoven soil divine Ye all-triumphant harmonies arise, As dew from earth under the twilight stars: Drink! be the nectar circling through your veins The soul of joy, ye ever-living Gods, Till exultation burst in one wide voice Like music from Elysian winds.

And thou Ascend beside me, veiled in the light Of the desire which makes thee one with me, Thetis, bright image of eternity!

When thou didst cry, "Insufferable might! God! Spare me! I sustein not the quick flames, The penetrating presence; all my being, Like him whom the Numidian seps did thaw Into a dew with poison, is dissolved, Sinking through its foundations!" even then Two mighty spirits, mingling, made a third Mightier than either, which, unbodied now, Between us floated, felt, although unbeheld, Waiting the incarnation which ascends, (Hear ye the thunder of the fiery wheels Griding the winds?) from Demogorgon's throne. Victory! victory! Feel'st thou not, O world! The earthquake of his chariot thundering up Olympus?

'The Car of the Hour arrives. Demogorgon descends, and moves towards the Throne of Jupiter. Awful shape, what art thou? Speak!

DEMOGORGON.

Eternity. Demand no direr name. Descend, and follow me down the abyss.

I am thy child, as thou wert Saturn's child; Mightier than thee: and we must dwell together Henceforth in darkness. Lift thy lightnings not. The tyranny of heaven none may retain, Or reassemble, or hold, succeeding thee: Yet if thou wilt, as 'tis the destiny Of trodden worms to writhe till they are dead, Put forth thy might.

JUPITER.

Detested prodigy! Even thus beneath the deep Titanian prisons I trample thee! thou lingerest? Mercy! mercy!

No pity, no release, no respite! Oh. That thou wouldst make mine enemy my judge, Even where he hangs, fear'd by my long revenge On Caucasus! he would not doom me thus. Gentle, and just, and dreadful, is he not The monarch of the world? What art thou? No refuge! no appeal! Sink with me then, We two will sink on the wide waves of ruin, Even as a vulture and a snake outspent Drop, twisted in inextricable fight, Into a shoreless sea. Let hell unlock Its mounded oceans of tempestuous fire, And whelm on them into the bottomless void This desolated world, and thee, and me, The conqueror and the conquer'd, and the wreck Of that for which they combated.

Ai! Ai!

The elements obey me not. I sink Dizzily down, ever, for ever, down. And, like a cloud, mine enemy above Darkens my fall with victory! Ai, Ai!

SCENE II.

The Mouth of a great river in the Island Atlas. Ocean is discovered reclining near the She. Apollo stands beside him.

OCEAN.

He fell, thou sayest, beneath his conqueror's foot.

APOLLO.

Aye, when the strife was ended which made dim The orb I rule, and shook the solid stars, The terrors of his eye illumined heaven With sanguine light, through the thick ragged sky Of the victorious darkness, as he fell: Like the last glare of day's red agony, Which, from a rent among the fiery clouds, Burns far along the tempest-wrinkled deep.

OCEAN.

He sunk to the abyss? To the dark void?

APOLLO.

An eagle so caught in some bursting cloud On Caucasus, his thunder-baffled wings Entangled in the whirlwind, and his eyes Which gazed on the undazzling sun, now blindeo By the white lightning, while the ponderous hail Beats on his struggling form, which sinks at length Prone, and the aerial ice clings over it.

OCEAN.

Henceforth the fields of Heaven-reflecting sea Which are my realm, will heaven, unstain'd with blood, Beneath the uplifting winds, like plains of corn.
day'd by the summer air; my streams will flow
bend many peopled continents, and round
fortunate isles; and from their glassy thrones
we Proteus and his timid nymphs shall mark
the shadow of fair ships, as mortals see
the floating bark of the light-laden moon
that white star, its sightless pilot's crest,
come down the rapid sunset's ebbing sea;
acknowledging their path no more by blood and groans,
and desolation, and the mingled voice
of slavery and command; but by the light
of wave-reflected flowers, and floating odors,
and music soft, and mild, free, gentle voices,
and sweetest music, such as spirits love.

APOLLO.

...I shall gaze not on the deeds which make
my mind obscure with sorrow, as eclipse
shrouds the sphere I guide; but list, I hear
the small, clear, silver lute of the young Spirit
that sits on the morning star.

OCEAN.

Thou must away;
thy steeds will pause at even, till when farewell:
be loud deep calls me home even now to feed it
with azure calm out of the emerald urns
high stand for ever full beside my throne.
hold the Nereids under the green sea,
their waveling limbs borne on the wind-like stream,
their white arms lifted o'er their streaming hair
like garlands plied and stary sea-flower crowns,
listening to grace their mighty sister's joy.

[A sound of waves is heard]

is the unpastured sea hungering for calm.
ace, monster; I come now. Farewell.

APOLLO.

Farewell.

SCENE III.

ACT I.

Prometheus, Hercules, Ione, the Earth
Spirits, Asia, and Panthea, borne in the Car with
the Spirit of the Hour.

Hercules unbinds Prometheus, who descends.

HERCULS.

At glorious among spirits! thus doth strength
a wisdom, courage, and long-suffering love,
be these, who are the form they animate,
minister like a slave.

Prometheus.

Thy gentle words
are sweeter even than freedom long desired
ad long delay'd.

Asia, thou light of life,
shadow of beauty unbeheld: and ye,
two sister nymphs, who made long years of pain
meet to remember, through your love and care:
face to face we will not part. There is a cave,
overgrown with trailing odorous plants,
which curtain out the day with leaves and flowers,
and paved with veined emerald, and a fountain
deep in the midst with an awakening sound.
from its curved roof the mountain's frozen tears
like snow, or silver, or long diamond spires,
downward, raining forth a doubtful light:
and there is heard the ever-moving air,

Whispering without from tree to tree, and birds,
And bees; and all around are mossy seats,
And the rough walls are clothed with long soft grass;
A simple dwelling, which shall be our own;
Where we will sit and talk of time and change,
As the world ebbs and flows, ourselves unchanged
What can hide man from mutability?
And if ye sigh, then I will smile; and thou,
Ione, shalt chant fragments of sea-music,
Until I weep, when ye shall smile away
The tears she brought, which yet were sweet to shed
We will entangle buds and flowers and beams
Which twinkle on the fountain's brim, and make
Strange combinations out of common things,
Like human babes in their brief innocence;
And we will search, with looks and words of love
For hidden thoughts, each lovelier than the last,
Our unexhausted spirits; and like lutes
Touch'd by the skill of the enamor'd wind,
Weave harmonies divine, yet ever new,
From difference sweet where discord cannot be;
And hither come, sped on the charmed winds,
Which meet from all the points of Heaven, as bees
From every flower aerial Enna feeds,
At their known island-homes in Himmern,
The echoes of the human world, which tell
Of the low voice of love, almost unheard,
And dove-eyed pity's murmur'd pain, and music,
Itself the echo of the heart, and all
That tempers or improves man's life, now free;
And lovely apparitions, dim at first,
Then radiant, as the mind, arising bright
From the embrace of beauty, whence the forms
Of which these are the phantoms, casts on them
The gather'd rays which are reality,
Shall visit us, the progeny immortal.
Of Painting, Sculpture, and Wreath'd Poesy,
And arts, though unimagined, yet to be.
The wandering voices and the shadows these
Of all that man becomes, the mediators
Of that best worship love, by him and us
Given and return'd; swift shapes and sounds, which
grow
More fair and soft as man grows wise and kind,
And veil by veil, evil and error fall:
Such virtue has the cave and place around.

[Turning to the Spirit of the Hour]

For thee, fair Spirit, one soul remains.
Ione,
Give her that curved shell, which Proteus old
Made Asia's nuptial boon, breathing within it
A voice to be accomplish'd, and which thou
Didst hide in grass under the hollow rock.

Ione.

Thou most desired Hour, more loved and lovely
Than all thy sisters, this is the mystic shell;
See the pale azure fading into silver
Lining it with a soft yet glowing light:
Looks it not like lull'd music sleeping there?

SPIRIT.

It seems in truth the fairest shell of Ocean:
Its sound must be at once both sweet and strange.

Prometheus.

Go, borne over the cities of mankind
On whirlwind-footed courser: once again
Outspeed the sun around the orb'd world;
And as thy chariot cleaves the kindling air,
Thou breathe into the many-folded shell,
Loosening its mighty music; it shall be
As thunder mingled with clear echoes: then
Return; and thou shalt dwell beside our cave.
And thou, O, Mother Earth!—

THE EARTH.

I hear, I feel;
Thy lips are on me, and thy touch runs down
Even to the adamantine central gloom
Along these marble nerves; 'tis life, 'tis joy,
And through my wither'd, old, and icy frame
The warmth of an immortal youth shoots down
Circling. Henceforth the many children fair
Folded in my sustaining arms; all plants,
And creeping forms, and insects rainbow'd,
And birds, and beasts, and fish, and human shapes,
Which drew disease and pain from my wan bosom,
Draining the poison of despair, shall take
And interchange sweet nutriment; to me
Shall they become like sister-antelopes
By one fair dam, snow-white and swift as wind,
Nursed among lilies near a brimming stream.
The dew-mists of my sunless sleep shall float
Under the stars like balm: night-folded flowers
Shall suck unwitting hues in their repose;
And men and beasts in happy dreams shall gather
Strength for the coming day, and all its joy:
And death shall be the last embrace of her
Who takes the life she gave, even as a mother
Folding her child, says, "Leave me not again."

ASIA.

Oh, mother! wherefore speak the name of death?
Cease they to love, and move, and breathe, and speak,
Who die?

THE EARTH.

It would avail not to reply:
Thou art immortal, and this tongue is known
But to the uncommunicating dead.
Death is the veil which those who live call life:
They sleep, and it is lifted: and meanwhile
In mild variety the seasons mild
With rainbow-skirted showers, and odorous winds,
And long blue meteors cleansing the dull night,
And the life-kindling shafts of the keen sun's
All-piercing bow, and the dew-mingled rain
Of the calm moonbeams, a soft influence mild,
Shall clothe the forests and the fields, ay, even.
The crag-built deserts of the barren deep,
With ever-living leaves, and fruits, and flowers.
And thou! There is a cavern where my spirit
Was panting forth in anguish whilst thy pain
Made me heart mad, and those that did inhale it
Became mad too, and built a temple there,
And spoke, and were oracular, and lured
The erring nations round to mutual war,
And faithless faith, such as Jove kept with thee;
Which breath now rises, as amongst tall weeds
A violet's exhalation, and it fills
With a serener light and crimson air
Intense, yet soft, the rocks and woods around;
It feeds the quick growth of the serpent vine,
And the dark-link'd ivy tangling wild,
And budding, blown, or odor-faded blooms
Which star the winds with points of color'd light,
As they rain through them, and bright golden globes
Of fruit, suspended in their own green Heaven,
And through their veined leaves and amber stems
'The flowers whose purple and translucent bowls
Stand ever mantling with aerial dew,
The drink of spirits: and it circles round,
Like the soft waving wings of noontide dreams,
Inspiring calm and happy thoughts, like mine,
Now thou art thus restored. This cave is thine.
Arise! Appear!

[A Spirit rises in the likeness of a winged child.]

This is my torch-bearer;
Who let his lamp out in old time with gazing
On eyes from which he kindled it anew.
With love, which is as fire, sweet daughter mine,
For such is that within thine own. Run, wayward
And guide this company beyond the peak
Of Baechic Nysa, Menad-haunted mountain,
And beyond Indus and its tribute rivers,
Trampling the torrent streams and glassy lakes
With feet unwet, unwearied, undelaying,
And up the green ravine, across the vale,
Beside the windless and crystalline pool,
Where ever lies, on unerasmg waves,
The image of a temple, built above,
Distinct with column, arch, and architrave,
And palm-like capital, and over-wrought,
And populous most with living imagery,
Praxitelean shapes, whose marble smiles
Fill the hush'd air with everlasting love.
It is deserted now, but once it bore
Thy name, Prometheus; then the emulous youths
Bore to thy honors through the divine gloom
The lamp which was thine emblem; even as they
Who bear the untransmitted torch of hope
Into the grave, across the night of life,
As thou hast borne it most triumphantly
To this far goal of Time. Depart, farewell.
Beside that temple is the destined cave.

SCENE IV.

A Forest. In the back-ground a Cave. PROMETHEUS.

ASIA, PANTEHA, IONE, AND THE SPIRIT OF THE EARTH.

IONE.

Sister, it is not earthly: how it glides
Under the leaves! how on its head there burns
A light, like a green star, whose emerald beams
Are twined with its fair hair! how, as it moves,
The splendor drops in flakes upon the grass!
Knowest thou it?

PANTEHA.

It is the delicate spirit
That guides the earth through Heaven. From afar
The populous constellations call that light
The loveliest of the planets; and sometimes
It floats along the spray of the salt sea,
Or makes its chariot of a foggy cloud,
Or walks through fields or cities while men sleep
Or o'er the mountain-tops, or down the rivers,
Or through the green waste wilderness, as now
Wondering at all it sees. Before Jove reign'd,
It loved our sister Asia, and it came.
Each leisure hour to drink the liquid light
Out of her eyes, for which it said it thirsted
As one bit by a dipus, and with her
It made its childish confidence, and told her

344
And thinning one bright bunch of amber berries,
With quick long beats, and in the deep there lay
Those lovely forms imaged as in a sky;
So with my thoughts full of these happy changes,
We meet again, the happiest change of all.

ASIA.
And never will we part, till thy chaste sister
Who guides the frozen and inconstant moon
Will look on thy more warm and equal light
Till her heart thaw like flakes of April snow
And love thee.

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH.

What! as Asia loves Prometheus?

ASIA.
Peace, wanton: thou art yet not old enough.
Think ye by gazing on each other’s eyes
To multiply your lovely selves, and fill
With spreded fires the interlunar air!

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH.
Nay, mother, while my sister tramis her lamp,
’Tis hard I should go darkling.

ASIA.
Listen; look!

The Spirit of the Hour enters.
PROMETHEUS.

We feel what thou hast heard and seen: yet speak.

SPIRIT OF THE HOUR.

Soon as the sound had ceased whose thunder fill’d
The abysses of the sky and the wide earth,
There was a change: the impalpable thin air
And the all-circling sunlight were transform’d,
As if the sense of love dissolv’d in them
Had fold’d itself round the spher’d world.
My vision then grew clear, and I could see
Into the mysteries of the universe:
Dizzy as with delight I floated down,
Winnowing the lightsome air with languid plumes.
My coursers sought their birth-place in the sun,
Where they henceforth will live exempt from toil
Pasturing flowers of vegetable fire.
And where my moonlike ear will stand within
A temple, gaz’d upon by Phidian forms
Of thee, and Asia, and the Earth, and me,
And you fair nymphs looking the love we feel;
In memory of the tidings it has borne;
Beneath a dome fretted with graven flowers,
Poised on twelve columns of resplendent stone,
And open to the bright and liquid sky.
Yoked to it by an amphibian snake,
The likeness of those winged steeds will mock
The light from which they find repose. Alas,
Whither has wander’d now my partial tongue
When all remains untold which ye would hear?
As I have said, I floated to the earth;
It was, as it is still, the pain of bliss
To move, to breathe, to be; I wandering went
Among the haunts and dwellings of mankind,
And first was disappointed not to see
Such mighty change as I had felt within
Express’d in outward things; but soon I look’d,
And behold, thrones were kingless, and men walk’d
One with the other even as spirits do.
None fawn’d, none trampled; hate, disdain, or fear,
Self-love or self-contempt, on human brows
No more inscribed, as o’er the gate of hell,

2T

PROMETHEUS UNBOUND.
"All hope abandon ye who enter here;"
None frown'd, none trembled, none with eager fear
Gazed on another's eye of cold command,
Until the subject of a tyrant's will
Became, worse fate, the abject of his own,
Which spur'd him, like an outspent horse, to death.
None wrought his lips in truth-entangling lines
Which smiled the lie his tongue disdain'd to speak;
None, with firm sneer, trod out in his own heart
The sparks of love and hope till there remain'd
Those bitter ashe's, a soul self-consumed,
And the wretch crept a vampire among men,
Infesting all with his own hideous ill;
None talk'd that common, false, cold, hollow talk
Which makes the heart deny the yes it breathes,
Yet question that unmeanht hypocrisy
With such a self-mistrust as has no name.
And women, too, frank, beautiful, and kind
As the free heaven which rains fresh light and dew
On the wide earth, past; gentle, radiant forms,
From custom's evil taint exempt and pure;
Speaking the wisdom once they could not think,
Looking emotions once they fear'd to feel,
And changed to all which once they dared not be,
Yet being now, made earth like heaven; nor pride,
Nor jealousy, nor envy, nor ill shame,
The bitterest of those drops of treasured gall,
Spoil'd the sweet taste of the nepenthè, love.

Thrones, altars, judgment-seats, and prisons; wherein,
And beside which, by wretched men were borne
Sceptres, tiaras, swords, and chains, and tomes
Of reason wrong'd, glanced on by ignorance,
Were like those monstrous and barbaric shapes.
The ghosts of a no more remember'd fame,
Which, from their unworn obelisks, look forth
In triumph o'er the palaces and tombs
Of those who were their conquerors: mouldering round
Those imaged to the pride of kings and priests,
A dark yet mighty faith, a power as wide
As is the world it wasted, and are now
But an astonishment; even so the tools
And emblems of its last captivity,
Arid the dwellings of the peopled earth,
Stand, not o'erthrown, but unregarded now.
And those foul shapes, abhor'd by god and man,
Which, under many a name and many a form
Strange, savage, ghastly, dark, and execrable,
Were Jupiter, the tyrant of the world;
And which the nations, panic-stricken, served
With blood, and hearts broken by long hope, and love.
Drag'd to his altars soil'd and garlandless,
And slain among men's unclaiming tears,
Flatttering the thing they fear'd, which fear was hate,
Frown, mouldering fast, o'er their abandon'd shrines:
The painted veil, by those who were, call'd life,
Which mimick'd, as with colors idly spread,
All men believed and hoped, is torn aside;
The loathsome mask has fallen, the man remains
Scepterless, free, uncircumscribed, but man
Equal, unclass'd, tribeless, and nationless,
Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king
Over himself; just, gentle, wise: but man
Passionless; not yet free from guilt or pain,
Which were, for his will made or suffer'd them,
Nor yet exempt, though ruling them like slaves,
From chance, and death, and mutability,
The clogs of that which else might oversee
The loftiest star of unascended heaven,
Pinnacled dim in the intense inane.

ACT IV.

SCENE.—A part of the Forest near the Cave of Prometheus. Panthea and Ione are sleeping; they awaken gradually during the first Song.

VOICE OF UNSEEN SPIRITS.
The pale stars are gone!
For the sun, their swift shepherd,
To their fold them compelling,
In the depths of the dawn,
Hastens, in meteor-eclipsing array, and they flee
Beyond his blue dwelling,
As fawns flee the leopard,
But where are ye?

A Train of dark Forms and Shadows passes by
fusedly, singing.

Here, oh! here:
We bear the bier
Of the Father of many a cancell'd year!
Spectres we
Of the dead Hours be,
We bear Time to his tomb in eternity.

Strew, oh! strew
Hair, not yew!
Wet the dusky pall with tears, not dew!
Be the faded flowers
Of Death's bare bower's
Spread on the corpse of the King of Hours!

Haste, oh, haste!
As shades are chased,
Trembling, by day, from Heaven's blue waste
We melt away,
Like dissolving spray,
From the children of a diviner day,
With the lullaby
Of winds that die
On the bosom of their own harmony!

IONE.
What dark forms were they?

PANTHEA.
The past Hours weak and gray,
With the spoil which their toil
Raked together
From the conquest but One could fail

IONE.
Have they past?

PANTHEA.
They have past;
They outspeeded the blast,
While 'tis said, they are fled:

IONE.
Whither, oh! whither?
PANTEA.
To the dark, to the past, to the dead.

VOICE OF UNSEEN SPIRITS.
Bright clouds float in heaven,
Dew-stars gleam on earth,
Waves assemble on ocean,
They are gathered and driven
by the storm of delight, by the panic of glee!
They shake with emotion,
They dance in their mirth.

But where are ye?

The pine-boughs are singing
Old songs with new gladness;
The billows and fountains
Fresh music are flinging,
ke the notes of a spirit from land and from sea;
The storms mock the mountains
With the thunder of gladness.

But where are ye?

IONE.
hat charioteers are these?

PANTEA.
here are their chariots?

SEMICHORUS OF HOURS.
he voice of the Spirits of Air and of Earth
as drawn back the figured curtain of sleep
ich cover'd our being and darken'd our birth
the deep.

A VOICE.
In the deep?

SEMICHORUS I.
Oh! below the deep.

SEMICHORUS II.
hundred ages we had been kept
ed in visions of hate and care,
and each one who waked as his brother slept,
and the truth—

SEMICHORUS II.
Worse than his visions were!

SEMICHORUS III.
e have heard the lute of Hope in sleep;
e have known the voice of Love in dreams;
e have felt the wand of Power, and leap—

SEMICHORUS III.
the billows leap in the morning beams!

CHORUS.
ave the dance on the floor of the breeze,
Pierce with song heaven's silent light,
chant the day that too swiftly flies,
To check its flight ere the cave of night.

Ice the hungry Hours were hounds
Which chased the day like a bleeding deer,
nd it limp'd and stumbled with many wounds
Through the nightly gells of the desert year.

But now, oh! weave the mystic measure
Of music, and dance, and shapes of light;
Let the Hours, and the spirits of night and pleasure,
Like the clouds and sunbeams, unite

A VOICE.
Unite.

PANTEA.
See, where the Spirits of the human mind
Wred in sweet sounds, as in bright veils, approach.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.
Ve we join the throng
Of the dance and the song,
By the whirlwind of gladness borne along;
As the flying-fish leap
From the Indian deep,
And mix with the sea-birds, half-sleep.

CHORUS OF HOURS.
Whence come ye, so wild and so fleet,
For sandal's of lightning are on your feet,
And your wings are soft and swift as thought,
And your eyes are as love which is veiled not?

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.
Ve come from the mind
Of human-kind,
Which was late so dust, and obscene, and blind;
Now 'tis an ocean
Of clear emotion,
A heaven of serene and mighty motion.

From that deep abyss
Of wonder and bliss,
Whose caverns are crystal palaces
From those steeple towers
Where Thought's crowned powers
Sit watching your dance, ye happy Hours!

From the dim recesses
Of woven caresses,
Where lovers catch ye by your loose tresses;
From the azure isles
Where sweet Wisdom smiles,
Delaying your ships with her suen wiles.

From the temples high
Of Man's ear and eye,
Roof'd over Sculpture and Poesy
From the murmuring
Of the unseal'd springs
Where Science bedews his D€sal wings.

Years after years,
Through blood, and tears,
And a thick hell of hatreds, and hopes, and fears,
We waded and flew,
And the islets were few
Where the bud-blighted flowers of happiness grew

Our feet now, every palm,
Are sandall'd with calm,
And the dew of our wings is a rain of balm.
And, beyond our eyes,
The human love lies
Which makes all it gazes on Paradise.

347
CHORUS OF SPIRITS AND HOURS.
Then weave the web of the mystic measure;
From the depths of the sky and the ends of the earth,
Come, swift Spirits of might and of pleasure,
Fill the dance and the music of mirth,
As the waves of a thousand streams rush by
To an ocean of splendor and harmony!

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.
Our spoil is won,
Our task is done,
We are free to dive, or soar, or run;
Beyond and around,
Or within the bound
Which clips the world with darkness round.
We'll pass the eyes
Of the starry skies
Into the hoar deep to colonize:
Death, Chaos, and Night,
From the sound of our flight,
Shall flee, like mist from a tempest's might.

And Earth, Air, and Light;
And the Spirit of Might,
Which drives round the stars in their fiery flight;
And Love, Thought, and Breath,
The powers that quell Death,
Wherever we soar shall assemble beneath.

And our singing shall build
In the void's loose field
A world for the Spirit of Wisdom to wield;
We will take our plan
From the new world of man,
And our work shall be call'd the Promethean.

CHORUS OF HOURS.
Break the dance, and scatter the song;
Let some depart, and some remain.

SEMICHORUS I.
We, beyond heaven, are driven along;

SEMICHORUS II.
Us the enchantments of earth retain:

SEMICHORUS I.
Ceaseless, and rapid, and fierce, and free,
With the Spirits which build a new earth and sea,
And a heaven where yet heaven could never be.

SEMICHORUS II.
Solomon, and slow, and serene, and bright,
Leading the Day and outspreading the Night,
With the powers of a world of perfect light.

SEMICHORUS I.
We whirl, singing loud, round the gathering sphere.
Till the trees, and the beasts, and the clouds appear
From its chaos made calm by love, not fear.

SEMICHORUS II.
We encircle the ocean and mountains of earth,
And the happy forms of its death and birth
Change to the music of our sweet mirth.

CHORUS OF HOURS AND SPIRITS.
Break the dance, and scatter the song,
Let some depart, and some remain;
Wherever we fly we lead along
In leashes, like star-beams, soft yet strong.
The clouds that are heavy with love's sweet rain

PANTHEA.
Ha! they are gone!

IONE.
Yet feel you no delight
From the past sweetness?

PANTHEA.
As the bare green hill
When some soft cloud vanishes into rain,
Laughs with a thousand drops of sunny water
To the un pavilion'd sky!

IONE.
Even whilst we speak
New notes arise. What is that awful sound?

PANTHEA.
'Tis the deep music of the rolling world,
Kindling within the strings of the waved air
Eolian modulations.

IONE.
Listen too,
How every pause is fill'd with under-notes,
Clear, silver, icy, keen awakening tones,
Which pierce the sense, and live within the soul,
As the sharp stars pierce winter's crystal air
And gaze upon themselves within the sea.

PANTHEA.
But see where, through two openings in the forest
Which hanging branches over-canopy,
And where two runnels of a rivulet,
Between the close moss violet inwoven,
Have made their path of melody, like sisters
Who part with sighs that they may meet in smile,
Turning their dear disunion to an isle
Of lovely grief, a wood of sweet sad thoughts;
Two visions of strange radiance float upon
The ocean-like enchantment of strong sound,
Which flows intense, keener, deeper yet
Under the ground and through the windless air.

IONE.
I see a chariot like that thinnest boat
In which the mother of the months is borne
By ebbing night into her western cave,
When she up springs from interlunar dreams,
O'er which is curved an orlike canopy
Of gentle darkness, and the hills and woods
Distinctly seen through that dusky airy veil,
Regard like shapes in an enchanter's glass;
Its wheels are solid clouds, azure and gold,
Such as the genii of the thunder-storm
Pile on the floor of the illumined sea
When the sun rushes under it; they roll
And move and grow as with an inward wind;
Within it sits a winged infant, white
Its plumes are as feathers of sunny frost,
Its limbs gleam white, through the wind-flowing &
Of its white robe, woof of ethereal pearl.
Its hair is white, the brightness of white light
Scatter'd in strings; yet its two eyes are heavens
Of liquid darkness, which the Deity

348
Within seems pouring, as a storm is pour'd
From jagged clouds, out of their arrowy lashes,
Tempering the cold and radiant air around,
With fire that is not brightness; in its hand
It sways a quivering moonbeam, from whose point
A guiding power directs the chariot's prow
Over its wheeled clouds, which as they roll
Over the grass, and flowers, and waves, wake sounds
Sweet as a singing rain of silver dew.

PANTHEA.
And from the other opening in the wood
Rushes, with loud and whirlwind harmony,
A sphere, which is as many thousand spheres,
Solid as crystal, yet through all its mass
Flow, as through empty space, music and light:
Ten thousand orbs involving and involved,
Purple and azure, white, green, and golden,
Sphere within sphere; and every space between
Peopled with unimaginable shapes,
Such as ghosts dream dwell in the lampless deep,
Yet each inter-transpicuous, and they whirl
Over each other with a thousand motions,
Upon a thousand sightless axles spinning,
And with the force of self-destroying swiftness,
Intensely, slowly, solemnly roll on,
Kindling with mingled sounds, and many tones,
Intelligible words and music wild.

With mighty whirl the multitudinous orb
Smites the bright brook into an azure mist
Of elemental subtlety, like light;
And the wild odor of the forest flowers,
The music of the living grass and air,
The emerald light of leaf-entangled beams
Bound its intense yet self-conflicting speed,
Seem kneaded into one aerial mass
Which drowns the sense. Within the orb itself,
'Willow'd upon its alabaster arms,
Ake to a child o'erwearied with sweet toil,
In its own folded wings, and wavy hair,
The Spirit of the Earth is laid asleep,
And you can see its little lips are moving,
And the changing light of their own smiles,
Ake one who talks of what he loves in dream.

IONE.
I'm only mocking the orb's harmony.

PANTHEA.
Planks turn'd to marble; quivers, helms, and spears
And gorgon-headed targes, and the wheels
Of scythed chariots, and the emblazonry
Of trophies, standards, and armorial beasts,
Round which death laugh'd, sepulchred emblems
Of dread destruction, ruin within ruin!
The wrecks beside of many a city vast,
Whose population which the earth grew over
Was mortal, but not human; see, they lie
Their monstrous works, and uncouth skeletons,
Their statues, domes and fames; prodigious shapes
Huddled in gray annihilation, split,
Jammed in the hard, black deep; and over these,
The anatomicies of unknown winged things,
And fishes which were isles of living scale,
And serpents, bow chains, twisted around
The iron crags, or within heaps of dust
To which the torturous strength of their last pangs
Had crush'd the iron crags; and over these
The jagged alligator, and the might
Of earth-convulsing behemoth, which once
Were monarch beasts, and on the slimy shores,
And weed-overgrown continents of earth,
Increased and multiplied like summer worsts
On an abandon'd corpse, till the blue globe
Writeln deluge round it like a cloak, and they
Yell'd, gasp'd, and were abolish'd; or some God
Whose throne was in a comet, past, and cried,
Be not! And like my words they were no more.

THE EARTH.
The joy, the triumph; the delight, the madness!
The boundless, overflowing, bursting gladness,
The vaporous exultation not to be confined!
Ha! ha! the animation of delight
Which wraps me, like an atmosphere of light,
And bears me as a cloud is borne by its own wind.

THE MOON.
Brother mine, calm wanderer,
Happy globe of land and air.
Some Spirit is darted like a beam from thee,
Which penetrates my frozen frame,
And passes with the warmth of flame,
With love, and odor, and deep melody
Through me, through me!

THE EARTH.
Ha! ha! the caverns of my hollow mountains,
My clowen fire-crags, sound-exulting fountains,
Laugh with a vast and inextinguishable laughter.
The oceans, and the deserts, and the abysses.
And the deep air's unmeasured wildernesses,
Answer from all their clouds and billows, echoing after.

They cry aloud as I do. Sceptred curse,
Who all our green and azure universe
Threaten'd to muzzle round with black destruction, sending
A solid cloud to rain hot thunder-stones,
And splinter and knead down my children's bones,
All I bring forth, to one void mass battering and blending,

Until each crag-like tower, and storied column,
Palace, and obelisk, and temple solemn 46

PROMETHEUS UNBOUND.
My imperial mountains crown'd with cloud, and snow, and fire; My sea-like forests, every blade and blossom Which finds a grave or cradle in my bosom, Were stamp'd by thy strong hate into a lifeless mire.

How art thou sunk, withdrawn, cover'd, drunk up By thirsting nothing, as the brickish cup Drain'd by a desert troop, a little drop for all; And from beneath, around, within, above, Filling thy void annihilation, love

Bursts in like light on caves cloven by thunder-ball.

Of my mountains, of my sea, all things burst forth; My thoughts and forms, which else senseless and shape less were.

The moon, The snow upon my lifeless mountains Is loosed' in flowing fountains, My solid oceans flow, and sing, and shine: A spirit from my heart bursts forth, It clothes with unexpected birth My cold bare bosom: Oh! it must be thine On mine, on mine!

Gazing on thee I feel, I know Green stalks burst forth, and bright flowers grow, And living shapes upon my bosom move:
Music is in the sea and air, Winged clouds soar here and there, Dark with the rain new buds are dreaming of: 'Tis love, all love!

The earth. It interpenetrates my granite mass, Through tangled roots and trodden clay doth pass, Into the utmost leaves, and delicatest flowers; Upon the winds, among the clouds 'tis spread, It wakes a life in the forgotten dead, They breathe a spirit up from their obscurest bowers, And like a storm bursting its cloudy prison With thunder, and with whirlwind, has arisen Out of the lampless caves of unimagined being:
With earthquake shock and swiftness making shiver
Thought's stagnant chaos, unremoved for ever, Till hate, and fear and pain, light-vanquish'd shadows, fleeing,

Leaf man, who was a many-sided mirror, Which could distort to many a shape of error, This true fair world of things, a sea reflecting love; Which over all his kind, as the sun's heaven Gliding o'er ocean, smooth, serene, and even Daring from starry depths radiance and light, doth move,

Leaf man, even as a leprous child is left, Who follows a sick beast to some warm cleft Of rocks, through which the might of healing springs is pour'd; Then when it wanders home with rosy smile, Unconscious, and its mother fears awhile It is a spirit, then weeps on her child restored.

Man, oh, not men! a chain of linked thought, Of love and might to be divided not, Compelling the elements with adamantine stress; As the sun rules, even with a tyrant's gazo, The unquiet republic of the maze Of planets, struggling fierce towards heaven's free wilderness.

Man, one harmonious soul of many a soul, Whose nature is its own divine control, Where all things flow to all, as rivers to the sea; Familiar acts are beautiful through love;Labor, and pain, and grief, in life's green grove Sport like tame beasts, none knew how gentle they could be!

His will, with all mean passions, bad delights And selfish cares, its trembling satellites, A spirit ill to guide, but mighty to obey, Is as a tempest-winged ship, whose helm Love rules, through waves which dare not overwhelm, Forcing life's wildest shores to own its sovereign sway

All things confess his strength. Through the cold mass Of marble and of color his dreams pass; Bright threads whence mothers weave the robes their children wear;
Language is a perpetual orphic song, Which rules with Dedal harmony a throng Of thoughts and forms, which else senseless and shape less were.

The lightning is his slave: heaven's utmost deep Gives up its stars, and like a flock of sheep They pass before his eye, are number'd, and roll on The tempest is his steed, he strides the air And the abyss shouts from her depth laid bare Heaven, hast thou secrets? Man unveils me; I have none.

The moon. The shadow of white death has past From my path in heaven at last, A clinging shroud of solid frost and sleep; And through my newly-woven bowers Wander happy pamphlets, Less mighty, but as mild as those who keep Thy vales more deep.

The earth. As the dissolving warmth of dawn may fold A half-frozen dew-globe, green, and gold, And crystalline, till it becomes a winged mist, And wanders up the vault of the blue day, Outlives the noon, and on the sun's last ray Hangs o'er the sea, a fleece of fire and amethyst.

The moon. Thou art folded, thou art lying In the light which is undying Of thine own joy, and heaven's smile divine All suns and constellations shower On thee a light, a life, a power Which doth array thy sphere; thou pourest thine On mine, on mine!

The earth. I spin beneath my pyramid of night, Which points into the heavens dreaming delig Murmuring victorious joy in my enchanted sleep; As a youth lulld in love-dreams faintly sighs Under the shadow of his beauty lying, Which round his rest a watch of light and warm doth keep.
THE MOON.

As in the soft and sweet eclipse,
When soul meets soul on lovers' lips,
High hearts are calm, and brightest eyes are dull; 
So when thy shadow falls on me,
Then am I mute and still, by thee.

Thou art speeding round the sun,
Brightest world of many a one;
Green and azure sphere which shineth
With a light which is divinest
Among all the lamps of Heaven
To whom life and light is given;
I, thy crystal paramour
Borne beside thee by a power
Like the polar Paradise,
Magnet-like, of lovers' eyes;
I, a most enamoured maiden,
Whose weak brain is overladen
With the pleasure of her love,
Maniac-like around thee move
Gazing, an insatiate bride,
On thy form from every side
Like a Mænad, round the cup
Which Agave lifted up
In the weird Cadmean forest.
Brother, whereas o'er thou sorest
I must hurry, whirl and follow
Through the Heavens wide and hollow,
Shelter'd by the warm embrace
Of thy soul from hungry space,
Drinking from thy sense and sight
Beauty, majesty, and might,
As a lover or a camelion
Grows like what it looks upon,
As a violet's gentle eye
Gazes on the azure sky
Until its hue grows like what it beholds,
As a gray and watery mist
Gloves like solid amethyst
Athwart the western mountain it infolds,
When the sunset sleeps
Upon its snow.

THE EARTH.

And the weak day weeps
'That it should be so.
Oh, gentle Moon! the voice of thy delight
Falls on me like thy clear and tender light
Soothing the sea-man, borne the summer night
Through isles for ever calm;
Oh, gentle Moon! thy crystal accents pierce
The caverns of my pride's deep universe,
Charming the tiger joy, whose trampings fierce
Made wounds which need thy balm.

PANTHEA.

Because your words fall like the clear, soft dew
Shaken from a bathing wood-nymph's limbs and hair

PANTHEA.

Peace! peace! A mighty Power, which is as darkness
Is rising out of Earth, and from the sky
Is shower'd like night, and from within the air
Bursts-like eclipse which had been gather'd up
Into the pores of sunlight; the bright visions,
Wherein the singing spirits rode and shine,
Gleam like pale meteors through a watery night

IONE.

There is a sense of words upon mine ear.

PANTHEA.

A universal sound like words: Oh, list!

DEMOGORGON.

Thou, Earth, calm empire of a happy soul!
Sphere of divinest shapes and harmonies,
Beautiful orb! gathering as thou dost roll
The love which paves thy path along the skies:

I hear: I am as a drop of dew that dies.

DEMOGORGON.

Thou, Moon, which gazest on the nightly Earth
With wonder, as it gazes upon thee;
Whilst each to men, and beasts, and the swift birth
Of birds, is beauty, love, calm, harmony:

THE MOON.

I hear: I am a leaf shaken by thee!

DEMOGORGON.

Ye kings of suns and stars! Demons and Gods,
Ethereal Dominations! who possess
Elysian, windless, fortunate abodes
Beyond Heaven's constellated wilderness:

A VOICE FROM ABOVE.

Our great Republic hears: we are blest, and bless

DEMOGORGON.

Ye happy dead! whom beams of brightest verse
Are clouds to hide, not colors to portray,
Whether your nature is that universe
Which once ye saw and suffer'd—

A VOICE FROM BENEATH.

Or as they

Whom we have left, we change and pass away

DEMOGORGON.

Ye elemental Genii, who have homes
From man's high mind even to the central stone
Of sullen lead; from Heaven's star-fretted domes
To the dull weed some sea-worm battens on

A CONFUSED VOICE.

We hear: thy words waken Oblivion.

DEMOGORGON.

Spirits! whose homes are flesh; ye beasts and birds.
Ye worms, and fish; ye living leaves and buds;
Lightning and wind; and ye untamable herbs,
Meteors and mists, which throng air's solitudes:
A voice.
Thy voice to us is wind among still woods.

DEMOGORGON.

Man, who wert once a despot and a slave;
A dupe and a deceiver; a decay;
A traveller from the cradle to the grave,
Through the dim night of this immortal day:

ALL.
Speak! thy strong words may never pass away.

DEMOGORGON.

This is the day, which down the void abyss
At the Earth-born's spell yawns for Heaven's despotism,
And Conquest is drag'd captive through the deep;
Love, from its awful throne of patient power
In the wise heart, from the last giddy hour
Of dead, endurance, from the slippery, steep,
And narrow verge of crag-like agony, springs
And folds over the world its healing wings.

Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endurance,
These are the seals of that most firm assurance
Which bars the pit over Destruction's strength;
And if, with infirm hand, Eternity,
Mother of many acts and hours, should free
The serpent that would clasp her with his length;
These are the spells by which to resume
An empire o'er the disentangled doom.

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night,
To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;
To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, nor flatter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan! is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory.

Queen May.

I.
How wonderful is Death, Death and his brother Sleep!
One, pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue;
The other, rosy as the morn
When, throneéd on ocean's wave,
It blushes o'er the world:
Yet both so passing wonderful!

Hath then the gloomy Power
Whose reign is in the tainted sepulchres
Seized on her sinless soul?
Must then that peerless form
Which love and admiration cannot view
Without a beating heart, those azure veins
Which steal like streams along a field of snow,
That lovely outline, which is fair
As breathing marble, perish?
Must purifaction's breath
Leave nothing of this heavenly sight
But lothesomeness and ruin?
Spare nothing but a gloomy theme,
On which the lightest heart might moralize?
Or is it only a sweet slumber
Stealing o'er sensation,
Which the breath of roseate morning
Chaseth into darkness?
Will lanthe wake again,
And give that faithful bosom joy
Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch
Light, life and rapture from her smile?

Yes! she will wake again,
Although her glowing limbs are motionless,
And silent those sweet lips,
Once breathing eloquence,
That might have soothed a tiger's rage,
Or thaw'd the cold heart of a conqueror.

Her dewy eyes are closed,
And on their lids, whose texture fine
Scarce hides the dark-blue orbs beneath,
The baby Sleep is pillow'd:
Her golden tresses shade
The bosom's stainless pride,
Curling like tendrils of the parasite
Around a marble column.

Hark! whence that rushing sound?
'Tis like the wondrous strain
That round a lonely ruin swells,
Which, wandering on the echoing shore,
swept by rapturist hearts at evening:
'Tis softer than the west win'd's sigh;
'Tis wilder than the unmeasured notes
Of that strange lyre whose strings
The genii of the breezes sweep:
Those lines of rainbow light
Are like the moonbeams when they fall
Through some cathedral window, but the teints
Are such as may not find
Comparison on earth.

Behold the chariot of the Fairy Queen!
Celestial coursers paw the unyielding air;
Their filmy pennons at her word they hurl,
And stop obedient to the reins of light:
These the Queen of spells drew in,
She spread a charm around the spot,
And leaning graceful from the ethereal car,
Long did she gaze, and silently,
Upon the slumbering maid.

Oh! not the vision'd poet in his dreams,
When silver clouds float through the wilder'd br-
When every sight of lovely, wild and grand,
Astonishes, enraptures, elevates,
When fancy at a glance combines

352
The wondrous and the beautiful,—
So bright, so fair, so wild a shape
Hath ever yet beheld.
As that which rein'd the courser of the air,
And pour'd the magic of her gaze
Upon the maiden's sleep.

The broad and yellow moon
Shone dimly through her form—
That form of faultless symmetry;
The pearly and pellucid car
Moved not the moonlight's line:
'T was not an earthly pageant;
Those who had look'd upon the sight,
Passing all human glory,
Saw not the yellow moon,
Saw not the mortal scene,
Heard not the night-wind's rush,
Heard not an earthly sound,
Saw but the fairy pageant,
Heard but the heavenly strains
That fill'd the lonely dwelling.

The Fairy's frame was slight ;
yon fibrous cloud
That catches but the palest tinge of even,
And which the struggling eye can hardly seize
When melting into eastern twilight's shadow,
Were scarce so thin, so slight; but the fair star
That gems the glittering coronet of morn,
Sheds not a light so mild, so powerful,
As that which, bursting from the Fairy's form,
Spread a purpureal halo round the scene,
Yet with an undulating motion,
Sway'd to her outline gracefully.

From her celestial car
The Fairy Queen descended,
And thrice she waved her wand
Circled with wreaths of amaranth:
Her thin and misty form
Moved with the moving air,
And the clear silver tones,
As thus she spoke, were such
As are unheard by all but gifted ear.

FAIRY.
Stars! your balmiest influence shed!
Elements! your wrath suspend!
Sleep, Ocean, in the rocky bounds
That circle thy domain!
Let not a breath be seen to stir
Around you grass-grown ruin's height,
Let even the restless gossamer
Sleep on the moveless air!

Soul of Ianthe! thou,
Judged alone worthy of the envied boon
That waits the good and the sincere; that waits
Those who have struggled, and with resolute will
Vanquish'd earth's pride and meanness, burst the chains,
The icy chains of custom, and have shone
The day-stars of their age:—Soul of Ianthe!
Awake! arise!

Sudden arose
Ianthe's Soul; it stood
All beautiful in naked purity.

The perfect semblance of its bodily frame,
Instinct with inexpressible beauty and grace.
Each strain of earthliness
Had pass'd away, it resumed
Its native dignity, and stood.
Immortal amid ruin.

Upon the couch the body lay
Wrapt in the depth of slumber:
Its features were fix'd and meaningless,
Yet animal life was there,
And every organ yet perform'd.
Its natural functions: 'twas a sight
Of wonder to behold the body and soul
The self-same lineaments, the same
Marks of identity were there:
Yet, oh how different! One aspires to Heaven
Pants for its imperishable heritage,
And ever-changing, ever-rising still,
Wantons in endless being.
The other, for a time the unwilling sport
Of circumstance and passion, struggles on;
Fleets through its sad duration rapidly;
Then like a useless and worn-out machine,
Rots, perishes, and passes.

FAIRY.
Spirit! who hast dived so deep;
Spirit! who hast soar'd so high;
Thou the fearless, thou the mild,
Accept the boon thy worth hath earn'd,
Ascend the car with me.

SPIRIT.
Do I dream? is this new feeling
But a vision'd ghost of slumber?
If indeed I am a soul,
A free, a disembodied soul,
Speak again to me.

FAIRY.
I am the Fairy Mab: to me 'tis given
The wonders of the human world to keep;
The secrets of the immeasurable past,
In the unfailling consciences of men,
Those stern, unflattering chroniclers, I find:
The future, from the causes which arise
In each event, I gather: not the sting
Which retributive memory implants
In the hard bosom of the selfish man;
Nor that ecstatic and exulting throb
Which virtue's votary feels when he sums up
The thoughts and actions of a well-spent day,
Are unforeseen, unregister'd by me;
And it is yet permitted me to rend
The veil of mortal frailty, that the spirit
Clothed in its changeless purity, may know
How soonest to accomplish the great end
For which it hath its being, and may taste
That peace, which in the end all life will share
This is the meed of virtue; happy Soul,
Ascend the car with me!

The chains of earth's immurement
Fell from Ianthe's spirit;
They shrank and brake like bandages of straw

2 U
Beneath a waken'd giant's strength,
She knew her glorious change,
And felt in apprehension uncontrol'd
New raptures opening round:
Each day-dream of her mortal life,
Each frenzied vision of the slumbers
That closed each well-spent day,
Seem'd now to meet reality.

The Fairy and the Soul proceeded;
The silver clouds dispersed;
And as the car of magic they ascended,
Again the speechless music swell'd,
Again the courser of the air
Unfurled their azure pennons, and the Queen,
Shaking the beamy reins,
Bade them pursue their way.

The magic car moved on.
The night was fair, and countless stars
Studded heaven's dark-blue vault,—
Just o'er the eastern wave
Peep'd the first faint smile of morn:—
The magic car moved on—
From the celestial hoofs
The atmosphere in flaming sparkles flew,
And where the burning wheels
Eddied above the mountain's loftiest peak,
Was traced a line of lightning,
Now it flew far above a rock,
The utmost verge of earth,
The rival of the Andes, whose dark brow
Lower'd o'er the silver sea.

Far, far below the chariot's path
Calm as a slumbering bane,
Tremendous Ocean lay.
The mirror of its stillness show'd
The pale and waning stars,
The chariot's fiery track,
And the gray light of morn
Tinging those fleecy clouds
That canopied the dawn.
Seem'd it, that the chariot's way
Lay through the midst of an immense concave,
Radiant with million constellations, tinged
With shades of infinite color,
And semicircled with a belt
Flashing incessant meteors.

The magic car moved on.
As they approach'd their goal,
The courser seem'd to gather speed;
The sea no longer was distinguish'd; earth
Appear'd a vast and shadowy sphere:
The sun's unclouded orb
Roll'd through the black concave: (1)
Its rays of rapid light
Parted around the chariot's swifter course,
And fell, like ocean's feathery spray
Dash'd from the boiling surge
Before a vessel's prow.

The magic car moved on.
Earth's distant orb appear'd
The smallest light that twinkles in the heaven;

Whilst round the chariot's way
Innumerable systems roll'd, (2)
And countless spheres diffused
An ever-varying glory.
It was a sight of wonder: some
Were horned like the crescent moon;
Some shed a mild and silver beam
Like Hesperus o'er the western sea;
Some dash'd athwart with trains of flame,
Like worlds to death and ruin driven;
Some shone like suns, and as the chariot pass'd
Eclipsed all other light.

Spirit of Nature! here!
In this interminable wilderness
Of worlds, at whose immensity
Even soaring fancy staggers,
Here is thy fitting temple.
Yet not the slightest leaf
That quiver to the passing breeze
Is less instinct with thee;
Yet not the meanest worm
That lurks in graves and fatten's on the dead
Less shares thy eternal breath.
Spirit of Nature! thou!
Imperishable aa this scene,
Here is thy fitting temple.

II.

If solitude hath ever led thy steps
To the wild ocean's echoing shore,
And thou hast linger'd there,
Until the sun's broad orb
Seem'd resting on the burnish'd wave,
Thou must have mark'd the lines
Of purple gold, that motionless
Hung o'er the sinking sphere:
Thou must have mark'd the billowy clouds
Edged with intolerable radiance,
Towering like rocks of jet
Crown'd with a diamond wreath.
And yet there is a moment,
When the sun's highest point
Peeps like a star o'er ocean's western edge,
When those far clouds of feathery gold,
Shaded with deepest purple, gleam
Like islands on a dark-blue sea;
Then has thy fancy soar'd above the earth,
And furl'd its weary wing
Within the Fairy's fane.

Yet not the golden island
Gleaming in yon flood of light,
Nor the feathery curtains
Stretching o'er the sun's bright couch.
Nor the burnish'd ocean waves
Paving that gorgeous dome,
So fair, so wonderful a sight
As Mab's ethereal palace could afford.
Yet likest evening's vault, that fairy Hall!
As Heaven, low resting on the wave, it spread
Its floors of flashing light,
Its vast and azure dome,
Its fertile golden islands
Floating on a silver sea;
Whilst suns their mingling beamings darted
Through clouds of circumambient darkness,
And pearly battlements around
Look'd o'er the immense of Heaven.

The magic car no longer moved.
The Fairy and the Spirit
Enter'd the Hall of Spells:
Those golden clouds
That roll'd in glittering billows
Beneath the azure canopy
With the ethereal footsteps, trembled not:
The light and crimson mists,
Floating to strains of thrilling melody
Through that unearthly dwelling,
Yielded to every movement of the will.
Upon their pensive spell the spirit lean'd,
And, for the varied bliss that press'd around,
Used not the glorious privilege
Of virtue and of wisdom.

Spirit! the Fairy said,
And pointed to the gorgeous dome,
This is a wondrous sight
And mocks all human grandeur;
But, were it virtue's only meed, to dwell
In a celestial palace, all resign'd
To pleasurable impulses, immured
Within the prison of itself, the will
Of changeless nature would be unfulfill'd.
Learn to make others happy. Spirit, come!
This is thine high reward—the past shall rise;
Thou shalt behold the present; I will teach
The secrets of the future.

The Fairy and the Spirit
Approach'd the overhanging battlement—
Below lay stretch'd the universe!
There, far as the remotest line
That bounds imagination's flight,
Countless and unending orbs
In many motion intermingled,
Yet still fulfill'd immutably
Eternal nature's law.
Above, below, around
The circling systems form'd
A wilderness of harmony;
Each with undeviating aim,
In eloquent silence, through the depths of space
Pursued its wondrous way.

There was a little light
That twinkled in the misty distance:
None but a spirit's eye
Might ken that rolling orb;
None but a spirit's eye,
And in no other place
But that celestial dwelling, might behold
Each action of this earth's inhabitants.
But matter, space and time,
In those aerial mansions cease to act;
And all-prevailing wisdom, when it reaps
The harvest of its excellence, o'erbounds
Those obstacles, of which an earthly soul
Fears to attempt the conquest.

The Fairy pointed to the earth.
The Spirit's intellectual eye
Its kindred beings recognized.
The thronging thousands, to a passing view,
Seem'd like an ant-hill's citizens.
How wonderful! that even
The passions, prejudices, interests,
That sway the meanest being, the weak touch
That moves the finest nerve,
And in one human brain
Causes the faintest thought, becomes a link
In the great chain of nature.

Behold, the Fairy cried,
Palmyra's ruin'd palaces—
Behold! where grandeur frown'd;
Behold! where pleasure smiled;
What now remains—the memory
Of senselessness and shame—
What is immortal there?
Nothing—it stands to tell
A melancholy tale, to give
An awful warning: soon
Oblivion will steal silently
The remnant of its fame.
Monarchs and conquerors there
Proud o'er prostrate millions trod—
The earthquakes of the human race;
Like them, forgotten when the ruin
That marks their shock is past.

Beside the eternal Nile
The pyramids have risen.
Nile shall pursue his changeless way:
Those pyramids shall fall;
Yea! not a stone shall stand to tell
The spot whereon they stood;
Their very site shall be forgotten,
As is their builder's name!

Behold yon sterile spot;
Where now the wandering Arab's tent
Flaps in the desert blast.
There once old Salem's haughty fane
Rear'd high to heaven its thousand golden domes.
And in the blushing face of day
Exposed its shamefull glory.

Oh! many a widow, many an orphan cursed
The building of that fane; and many a father,
Worn out with toil and slavery, implored
The poor man's God to sweep it from the earth,
And spare his children the detested task
Of piling stone on stone, and poisoning
The choicest days of life,
To soothe a dotard's vanity.
There an inhuman and uncultured race
How'd hideous praises to their Demon-God,
They rush'd to war, tore from the mother's womb
The unborn child,—old age and infancy
Promiscuous perish'd; their victorious arms
Left not a soul to breathe. Oh! they were fiends
But what was he who taught them that the God
Of nature and benevolence had given
A special sanction to the trade of blood?
His name and theirs are fading, and the tales

355
SHELLEY'S

Their harvest to the day,
Thou canst not find one spot
Whereon no city stood.

How strange is human pride!
I tell thee that those living things,
To whom the fragile blade of grass,
That springeth in the morn
And perisheth ere noon,
Is an unbounded world;
I tell thee that those viewless beings,
Whose mansion is the smallest particle
Of the impulsive atmosphere,
Think, feel and live like man;
That their affections and antipathies,
Like his, produce the laws
Ruling their mortal state;
And the minutest throb
That through their frame diffuses
The slightest, faintest motion,
Is fix'd and indispensable
As the majestic laws
That rule yon rolling orbs.

The Spirit seemed to stand
High on an isolated pinnacle;
The flood of ages combating below,
The depth of the unbounded universe
Above, and all around
Nature's unchanging harmony.

III.

FAIRY! the Spirit said,
And on the Queen of spells
Fix'd her ethereal eyes,
I thank thee. Thou hast given
A boon which I will not resign, and taught
A lesson not to be unlearn'd.
I know
The past, and thence I will essay to glean
A warning for the future, so that man
May profit by his errors, and derive
Experience from his folly:
For, when the power of imparting joy
Is equal to the will, the human soul
Requires no other heaven.

MAB.

Turn thee, surpassing Spirit!
Much yet remains unascend'd.
Thou knowest how great is man,
Thou knowest his imbecility:
Yet learn thou what he is,
Yet learn the lofty destiny
Which restless Time prepares
For every living soul.

Behold a gorgeous palace, that, amid
Yon populous city, rears its thousand towers

356

Of this barbarian nation, which imposture
Recites till terror credits, are pursuing
Itself into forgetfulness.

Where Athens, Rome, and Sparta stood,
There is a moral desert now:
The mean and miserable huts,
The yet more wretched palaces,
Contrasted with those ancient sages,
Now crumbling to oblivion;
The long and lonely colonnades,
Through which the ghost of Freedom stalks,
Seem like a well-known tune,
Which in some dear scene we have loved to hear,
Remember'd now in sadness.
But, oh! how much more changed,
How gloomier is the contrast
Of human nature there!
Where Socrates expired, a tyrant's slave,
A coward and a fool, spreads death around—
Then, shuddering, meets his own.
Where Cicero and Antoninus lived,
A cowl'd and hypocritical monk
Prays, curses and deceives.

Spirit! ten thousand years
Have scarcely past away,
Since, in the waste where now the savage drinks
His enemy's blood, and, aping Europe's sons,
Wakes the unholy song of war,
Arose a stately city,
Metropolis of the western continent:
There, now, the mossy column-stone,
Indented by time's unrelaxing grasp,
Which once appear'd to brave
All, save its country's ruin;
There the wide forest scene,
Rude in the uncultivated loveliness
Of gardens long run wild,
Seems, to the unwilling sojourner, whose steps
Chance in that desert has delay'd,
Thus to have stood since earth was what it is.
Yet once it was the busiest haunt,
Whither, as to a common centre, flock'd
Strangers, and ships, and merchandise:
Once peace and freedom blesst
The cultivated plain:
But wealth, that curse of man,
Blighted the bud of its prosperity:
Virtue and wisdom, truth and liberty,
Fled, to return not, until man shall know
That they alone can give the bliss
Worthy a soul that claims
Its kindred with eternity.

There's not one atom of yon earth
But once was living man;
Nor the minutest drop of rain,
That hangeth in its thinnest cloud,
But flow'd in human veins:
And from the burning plains
Where Lybian monsters yell,
From the most gloomy gles
Of Greenland's sunless clime,
To where the golden fields
Of fertile England spread
Those who transgress her law,—she only knows
How justly to proportion to the fault
The punishment it merits.

Is it strange
That this poor wretch should pride him in his woe?
Take pleasure in his abjectness, and hug
The scorpion that consumes him? Is it strange
That, placed on a conspicuous throne of thorns,
Grasping an iron sceptre, and immured
Within a splendid prison, whose stern bounds
Shut him from all that's good or dear on earth,
His soul asserts not its humanity!
That man's mild nature rises not in war
Against a king's employ? No,—'tis not strange.
He, like the vulgar, thinks, feels; acts and lives
Just as his father did; the unconquer'd powers
Of precedent and custom interpose
Between a king and virtue. Stranger yet,
To those who know not nature, nor deduce
The future from the present, it may seem,
That not one slave, who suffers from the crimes
Of this unnatural being; not one wretch,
Whose children famish, and whose nuptial bed
Is earth's unpitying bosom, rears an arm
To dash him from his throne!

Those gilded flies
That, basking in the sunshine of a court,
Fatten on its corruption!—what are they?
—The drones of the community; they feed
On the mechanic's labor: the starved mind
For them compels the stubborn glebe to yield
Its unshared harvests; and yon squallid form,
Leaner than fleshless misery, that wastes
A sunless life in the unwholesome mine,
Drags out in labor a protracted death,
To glut their grandeur; many faint with toil,
That few may know the cares and woe of sloth.

Whence, thinnest thou, kings and parasites arose?
Whence that unnatural line of drones, who heap
Toil and unvanquishable penury
On those who build their palaces, and bring
Their daily bread?—From vice, black loathsome vice.
From rapine, madness, treachery, and wrong;
From all that genders misery, and makes
Of earth this thorny wilderness; from lust,
Revenge, and murder.—And when reason's voice,
Loud as the voice of nature, shall have waked
The nations; and mankind perceive that vice
Is discord, war, and misery; that virtue
Is peace, and happiness, and harmony;
When man's maturer nature shall disdain
The playthings of its childhood,—kingly glare
Will lose its power to dazzle; its authority
Will silently pass by; the gorgeous throne
Shall stand unnoticed in the regal hall,
Fast falling to decay; whilst falsehood's trade
Shall be as hateful and unprofitable
As that of truth is now.

Where is the fame
Which the vain-glorious mighty of the earth
Seek to eternize? Oh! the faintest sound
From time's light footprint, the minutest wave
The snakes that gnaw his heart; he raiseth up
The tyrant, whose delight is in his woe,
Whose sport is in his agony. Yon sun,
Lights it the great alone? Yon silver beams,
Sleep they less sweetly on the cottage thatch,
Than on the dome of kings? Is mother earth
A stepdame to her numerous sons, who earn
Her unshared gifts with unremitting toil,
A mother only to those puling babes
Who, nursed in ease and luxury, make men
The playthings of their babyhood, and mar,
In self-important childishness, that peace
Which men alone appreciate?

Spirit of Nature! no,
The pure diffusion of thy essence throbs
Alike in every human heart.
Thou, ay, erectest there
Thy throne of power unappealable:
Thou art the judge beneath whose nod
Man's brief and frail authority
Is powerless as the wind
That passeth idly by.
Thine the tribunal which surpasseth
The show of human justice,
As God surpasses man.

Spirit of Nature! thou
Life of interminable multitudes;
Soul of those mighty spheres
Whose changeless paths through Heaven's divine silence lie;
Soul of that smallest thing,
The dwelling of whose life
Is one faint April sun-gleam;—
Man, like these passive things,
Thy will unconsciously fulfilleth:
Like theirs, his age of endless peace,
Which time is fast maturing,
Will swiftly, surely come;
And the unbounded frame, which thou pervad
Will be without a flaw
Marring its perfect symmetry.

IV.

How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh,
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this movelian scene. Heaven's own
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur
Seems like a canopy which love had spread
To curtail her sleeping world, Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,
So stainless, that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castellated steeple
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly, that mpt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace—all form a scene
Where musing solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
Where silence undisturb'd might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still.
The orb of day,  
Southern climes, o'er ocean's waveless field  
Skeets sweetly smiling: not the faintest breath  
Bids o'er the unruffled deep; the clouds of eve  
Effect unmoved the lingering beam of day;  
And Vesper's image on the western main  
Beautifully still. To-morrow comes:  
And upon cloud, in dark and deepening mass,  
Ill o'er the blacken'd waters; the deep roar  
Of distant thunder mutters awfully;  
Sequester unfolds its pinion o'er the gloom  
That shrouds the boiling surge, the pitiless fiend,  
Athe his winds and lightnings, tracks his prey;  
The torn deep yawns,—the vessel finds a grave  
Nearth its jagged gulf.

Ah! whence you glare  
That fires the arch of heaven?—that dark-red smoke  
Biting the silver moon? The stars are quench'd:  
Darkness, and the pure and spangling snow  
Seams faintly through the gloom that gathers round!  
Tum to that roar, whose swift and deaf'nig peals  
Countless echoes through the mountains ring,  
Silent pale midnight on her starry throne!  
A swell the intermingling din; the jar  
Frequent and frightful of the bursting bomb;  
That falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,  
The ceaseless clangor, and the rush of men  
Bribat with rage—loud, and more loud  
The distant growls; till pale death shuts the scene,  
And o'er the conqueror and the conquer'd draws  
Cold and bloody gloom.—Of all the men  
From day's departing beam saw blooming there,  
Proud and vigorous health; of all the hearts  
The beat with anxious life at sunset there;  
Few few survive, how few are beating now!  
A is deep silence, like the fearful clamor  
At slumber's in the storm's portentous pause;  
Are when the frantic wail of widow's love  
Shuddering on the blast, or the faint moan  
With which some soul bursts from the frame of clay  
(Note round its struggling powers.

The gray morn  
Lives on the mournful scene! the sulphurous smoke  
Pores the icy wind slow rolls away,  
And the bright beams of frosty morning dance  
On the spangling snow. There tracks of blood  
Len the forest's depth, and scattered arms,  
And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments  
Lath's self could change not, mark the dreadful path  
The out-sallying victors: far behind,  
Ach ashes note where their proud city stood.  
Thin voin forest is a gloomy glen—  
Lea tree which guards its darkness from the day  
Lives o'er a warrior's tomb.

I see thee shrink,  
Passing Spirit!—wret thou human else!  
A shade of doubt and horror fleet  
Cross thy stainless features; yet fear not;  
It is no unconnected misery,  
Stands uncursed, and irretrievable.  
An's evil nature, that apology  
Rich kings who rule, and cowards who erouch,  
Set up  
Their unnumber'd crimes, sheds not the blood  
Which desolates the discord-wasted land.  
From kings, and priests, and statesmen, war arose,  
Whose safety is man's deep unbetter'd woe,  
Whose grandeur his debasement. Let the ax  
Strike at the root, the poison-tree will fall;  
And where its venom'd exhalations spread  
Ruins, and death, and woe, where millions lay  
Quenching the serpent's flame, and their bones  
Bleaching unburied in the putrid blast,  
A garden shall arise, in loneliness  
Surpassing fabled Eden.

Hath Nature's soul,  
That form'd this world so beautiful, that spread  
Earth's lap with plenty, and life's smallest chord  
Strung to unchanging unison, that gave  
The happy birds their dwelling in the grove,  
That yielded to the wanderers of the deep  
The lovely silence of the unfathom'd main,  
And still'd the meanest worm that crawls in dust  
With spirit, thought, and love; on Man alone,  
Partial in causeless malice, wantonly  
Heap'd ruin, vice, and slavery; his soul  
Blasted with withering curses; placed afar  
The meteor-happiness, that shuns his grasp,  
But serving on the frightful gulf to glare,  
Rent wide beneath his footsteps.

Nature!—no!  
Kings, priests, and statesmen, blast the human flower  
Even in its tender bud; their influence darts  
Like subtle poison through the bloodless veins  
Of desolate society. The child,  
Ere he can lisp his mother's sacred name,  
Swells with the unnatural pride of crime, and life  
His baby-sword even in a hero's mood.  
This infant-arm becomes the bloodiest scourge  
Of devastated earth; whilst specious names,  
Learn't in soft childhood's unsuspecting hour,  
Serve as the sophisms with which manhood dims  
Bright reason's ray, and sanctifies the sword  
Upraised to shed a brother's innocent blood.  
Let priest-lead slaves cease to proclaim that man  
Inherits vice and misery, when force  
And falsehood hang even o'er the cradled babe  
Stifling with rudest grasp all natural good.

Ah! to the stranger-soul, when first it peeps  
From its new tenement, and looks abroad  
For happiness and sympathy, how stern  
And desolate a track is this wide world!  
How wither'd all the buds of natural good!  
No shade, no shelter from the sweeping storms  
Of pitiless power! On its wretched frame,  
Poison'd, perchance, by the disease and woe  
Heap'd on the wretched parent whence it sprung  
By morals, law, and custom, the pure winds  
Of heaven, that renovate the insect tribes.  
May breathe not. The untainting light of day  
May visit not its longings. It is bound  
Ere it has life: yea, all the chains are forged  
Long ere its being: all liberty and love  
And peace is torn from its defencelessness;  
Cursed from its birth, even from its cradle doom'd  
To abjectness and bondage!

359
Throughout this varied and eternal world
Soul is the only element, the block
That for uncounted ages has remain'd.
The moveless pillar of a mountain's weight
Is active, living spirit. Every grain
Is sentient both in unity and part,
And the minutest atom comprehends
A world of loves and hatreds; these beget
Evil and good: hence truth and falsehood spring;
Hence will and thought and action, all the germs
Of pain or pleasure, sympathy or hate,
That variegate the eternal universe.
Soul is not more polluted than the beams
Of heaven's pure orb, ere 'round their rapid lines
The taint of earth-born atmospheres arise.

Man is of soul and body, form'd for deeds
Of high resolve, on fancy's boldest wing
To soar unwearied, fearlessly to turn
The keenest pangs to peacefulness, and taste
The joys which mingled sense and spirit yield.
Or he is form'd for abjectness and woe,
To grovel on the dunghill of his fears,
To shrink at every sound, to quench the flame
Of natural love in sensualism, to know
That hour as blest when on his worthless days
The frozen hand of death shall set its seal,
Yet fear the cure, though hating the disease.
The one is man that shall hereafter be;
The other, man as vice has made him now.

War is the statesman's game, the priest's delight,
The lawyer's jest, the hired assassin's trade,
And, to those royal murderers, whose mean thrones
Are bought by crimes of treachery and gore,
The bread they eat, the staff on which they lean.
Guards, garb'd in blood-red livery, surround
Their palaces, participate the crimes
That force defends, and from a nation's rage
Secures the crown, which all the curses reach
That famine, frenzy, woe and penury breathe.
These are the hired braves who defend
The tyrant's throne (3)—the bulwarks of his fear:
These are the sinks and channels of worst vice,
The refuse of society, the dregs
Of all that is most vile: their cold hearts blend
Deceit with sternness, ignorance with pride.
All that is mean and villainous, with rage
Which hopelessness of good, and self-contempt,
Alone might kindle; they are deck'd in wealth,
Honor and power, then are sent abroad
To do their work. The pestilence that stalks
In gloomy triumph through some eastern land
Is less destroying. They cajole with gold,
And promise of fame, the thoughtless youth
Already crush'd with servitude: he knows
His wretchedness too late, and cherishes
Repentance for his ruin, when his doom
Is seal'd in gold and blood!
Those too, the tyrant serve, who, skill'd to snare
The best of justice in the toils of law,
Stand, ready to oppress the weaker still;
And, right or wrong, will vindicate for gold,
Sneering at public virtue, which beneath
Their pitiless tread lies torn and trampled, where
Honor sits smiling at the sale of truth.

Then grave and hony-headed hypocrites,
Without a hope, a passion, or a love,
Who, through a life of luxury and lies,
Have crept by flattery to the seats of power,
Support the system whence their honors flow—
They have three words:—well tyrants know to use,
Well pay them for the loan, with usury
Torn from a bleeding world!—God, Hell, and Heaven
A vengeful, pitiless, and almighty fiend,
Whose mercy is a nickname for the rage
Of tameless tigers hungering for blood.
Hell, a red gulf of everlasting fire,
Where poisonous and unyielding worms prolong
Eternal misery to those hapless slaves
Whose life has been a penance for its crimes.
And Heaven, a meed for those who dare belie
Their human nature, quake, believe, and cringe
Before the mockeries of earthly power.

These tools the tyrant tempts to his work,
Wields in his wrath, and as he wills destroys,
Omnipotent in wickedness: the while
Youth springs, age moulders, manhood tamely doth
His bidding, bribed by shortlived joys to lend
Force to the weakness of his trembling arm.

They rise, they fall; one generation comes,
Yielding its harvest to destruction's scythe.
It fades, another blossoms: yet behold!
Red glows the tyrant's stamp-mark on its bloom,
Withering and cankered deep its passive prime.
He has invented lying words and modes,
Empty and vain as his own coreless heart;
Evasive meanings, nothings of much sound,
To lure the heedless victim to the toils
Spread round the valley of its paradise.

Look to thyself, priest, conqueror, or prince!
Whether thy trade is falsehood, and thy lusts
Deep wallow in the earnings of the poor,
With whom thy master was,—or thou delight'st
In numbering o'er the myriads of thy slain,
All misery weighing nothing in the scale
Against thy shortlived fame: or thou dost load
With cowardice and crime the groaning land,
A pomp-fed king.
Look to thy wretched self!
Ay, art thou not the veriest slave that e'er
Crawl'd on the loathing earth? Are not thy days
Days of unsatisfying listlessness?
Dost thou not cry, ere night's long rack is o'er,
When will the morning come? Is not thy youth
A vain and feverish dream of sensualism?
Thy manhood blighted with unripe disease?
Are not thy views of unregretted death
Drear, comfortless, and horrible? Thy mind,
Is it not morbid as thy nerveless frame,
Incapable of judgment, hope, or love?
And dost thou wish the errors to survive
That bar thee from all sympathies of good,
After the miserable interest
Thou hold'st in their protraction? When the grun
Has swallow'd up thy memory and self;
Dost thou desire the bane that poisons earth
To twine its roots around thy coffin'd clay,
Spring from thy bones, and blossom on thy tomb?
That of its fruit thy babes may eat and die?

360
Gold is a living god, and rules in scorn
All earthly things but virtue.

Since tyrants, by the sale of human life,
Heap luxuries to their sensualism, and fame
To their wide-wasting and insatiate pride,
Success has sanction'd to a credulous world
The ruin, the disgrace, the woes of war.
His hosts of blind and unresisting dupes
The despot numbers; from his cabinet
These puppets of his schemes he moves at will,
Even as the slaves by force or famine driven.
Beneath a vulgar master, to perform
A task of cold and brutal drudgery;—
Harden'd to hope, insensible to fear,
Scarce living pulleys of a dead machine,
Mere wheels of work and articles of trade,
That grace the proud and noisy pomp of wealth!

The harmony and happiness of man
Yield to the wealth of nations; that which life
His nature to the heaven of its pride,
Is barter'd for the poison of his soul;
The weight that drags to earth his towering hopes,
Blighting all prospect but of selfish gain.
Withering all passion but of slavish fear,
Extinguishing all free and generous love
Of enterprise and daring, even the pulse
That fancy kindles in the beating heart
To mingle with sensation, it destroys,—
Leaves nothing but the sordid lust of self,
The grovelling hope of interest and gold,
Unqualified, unmingled, unredeem'd
Even by hypocrisy.

And statesmen boast
Of wealth! (7) The wordy eloquence that lives
After the ruin of their hearts, can gild
The bitter poison of a nation's woe,
Can turn the worship of the servile mob
To their corrupt and glaring idol fame,
From virtue, trampled by its iron tread,
Although its dazzling pedestal be raised
Amid the horrors of a limb-strewn field,
With desolated dwellings smoking round.
The man of case, who, by his warm fireside,
To deeds of charitable intercourse
And bare fulfillment of the common laws
Of decency and prejudice, confines
The struggling nature of his human heart,
Is duped by their cold sophistry; he sheds
A passing tear perchance upon the wreck
Of earthly peace, when near his dwelling's door
The frightful waves are driven,—when his son
Is murder'd by the tyrant, or religion
Drives his wife raving mad. (8) But the poor man
Whose life is misery, and fear, and care;
Whom the morn wakes but to fruitless toil;
Whoever hears his famish'd offspring's scream,
Whom their pale mother's uncomplaining gaze
For ever meets, and the proud rich man's eye
Flash ing command, and the heart-breaking scene
Of thousands like himself;—he little heeds
The rhetoric of tyranny; his hate
Is quenchless as his wrongs; he laughs to scorn
The vain and bitter mockery of words,

2 V
Feeling the horror of the tyrant's deeds,
And unrestrain'd but by the arm of power,
That knows and dreads his enmity.

The iron rod of penury still compels
Her wretched slave to bow the knee to wealth,
And poison, with unprofitable toil,
A life too void of solace to confirm
The very chains that bind him to his doom.
Nature, impartial in munificence,
Has gifted man with all-subduing will:
Matter, with all its transitory shapes,
Lies subjected and plastic at his feet,
That, weak from bondage, tremble as they tread.
How many a rustic Milton has past by,
Stifling the speechless longings of his heart,
In unremitting drudgery and care!
How many a vulgar Cato has compell'd
His energies, no longer tameless then,
To mould a pin, or fabricate a nail!
How many a Newton, to whose passive ken
Those mighty spheres that gem infinity,
Were only specks of tinsel, fix'd in heaven
To light the midnights of his native town!

Yet every heart contain perfection's germ:
The wisest of the sages of the earth,
That ever from the stores of reason drew
Science and truth, and virtue's dreadful tone,
Were but a weak and inexperienced boy,
Proud, sensual, unimpassion'd, uninimb'd
With pure desire and universal love.
Compared to that high being, of cloudless brain,
Untainted passion, elevated will,
Which death (who even would linger long in awe
Within his noble presence, and beneath
His changeless eyebeam), might alone subdue.
Him, every slave now dragging through the filth
Of some corrupted city his sad life,
Pining with famine, swoln with luxury,
Blunting the keenness of his spiritual sense
With narrow schemings and unworthy cares,
Or madly rushing through all violent crime,
To move the deep stagnation of his soul,—
Might imitate and equal.

But mean last
Has bound its chains so tight around the earth,
That all within it but the virtuous man
Is venal: gold or fame will surely reach
The price prefix'd by selfishness, to all
But him of resolute and unchanging will;
Whom, nor the plaudits of a servile crowd,
Nor the vile joys of tainting luxury,
Can bribe to yield his elevated soul
To tyranny or falsehood, though they wield
With blood-red hand the sceptre of the world.

All things are sold: the very light of heaven
Is venal; earth's unsparing gifts of love,
The smallest and most despicable things
That lurk in the abysses of the deep,
All objects of our life, even life itself,
And the poor pittance which the laws allow
Of liberty, the fellowship of man,
Those duties which his heart of human love
Should urge him to perform instinctively,
Are bought and sold as in a public mart
Of undisguising selfishness, that sets
On each its price, the stamp-mark of her reign
Even love is sold; (9) the solace of all woe
Is turn'd to deadliest agony, old age
Shivers in selfish beauty's loathing arms,
And youth's corrupted impulses prepare
A life of horror from the blighting bane
Of commerce; whilst the pestilence that springs
From unenjoying sensualism, has fill'd
All human life with hydra-headed woes.

Falsehood demands but gold to pay the pangs
Of outraged conscience; for the slavish priest
Sets no great value on his hireling faith:
A little passing pomp, some servile souls,
Whom cowardice itself might safely chain,
Or the spare nite of avarice could bride
To deck the triumph of their languid zeal,
Can make him minister to tyranny.
More daring crime requires a loftier meed:
Without a shudder, the slave-soldier lends
His arm to murderous deeds, and steals his heart
When the dread eloquence of dying men,
Low mingling on the lonely field of fame,
Assails that nature, whose applause he sells
For the gross blessings of a patriot mob,
For the vile gratitude of heartless kings,
And for a cold world's good word,—viler still!

There is a nobler glory, which survives
Until our being fades, and, solacing
All human care, accompanies its change;
Deserts not virtue in the dungeon's gloom,
And, in the precincts of the palace, guides
Its footsteps through that labyrinth of crime,
Imbues its lineaments with dauntless,ness,
Even when, from power's avenging hand, he takes
Its sweetest, last and noblest title—death;
—The consciousness of good, which neither gold
Nor sordid fame, nor hope of heavenly bliss,
Can purchase: but a life of resolute good,
Unalterable will, quenchless desire
Of universal happiness, the heart
That beats with it in unison, the brain,
Whose ever-wakeful wisdom toils to change
Reason's rich stores for its eternal weal.

This commerce of sincerest virtue needs
No meditative signs of selfishness,
No jealous intercourse of wretched gain,
No balancings of prudence, cold and long;
In just and equal measure all is weigh'd.
One scale contains the sum of human weal,
And one, the good man's heart.

How vainly seek
The selfish for that happiness denied
To aught but virtue! Blind and harden'd they,
Who hope for peace amid the storms of care,
Who covet power they know not how to use,
And sigh for pleasure they refuse to give,—
Madly they frustrate still their own designs;
And, where they hope that quiet to enjoy
Which virtue pictures, bitterness of soul,
To the red and baleful sun
That faintly twinkles there. (10)

'Spirit! on yonder earth,
Falsehood now triumphs; deadly power
Has fix'd its seal upon the lip of truth!

Madness and misery are there!
The happiest is most wretched! Yet confide,
Until pure health-drops, from the cup of joy,
Fall like a dew of balm upon the world.
Now, to the scene I show, in silence turn,
And read the blood-stain'd charter of all woe,
Which nature soon, with recreating hand,
Will blot in mercy from the book of earth.
How bold the flight of passion's wandering wing,
How swift the step of reason's firmer tread,
How calm and sweet the victories of life,
How terrorless the triumph of the grave!
How powerless were the mightiest monarch's arm,
Vain his loud threat, and impotent his frown!
How ludicrous the priest's dogmatic roar!
The weight of his exterminating curse
How light! and his affected charity,
To suit the pressure of the changing times,
What palpable deceit!—but for thy aid,
Religion! but for thee, prolific fiend,
Who peopled earth with demons, hell with men,
And heaven with slaves!

Thou taintest all thou look'st upon!—the stars,
Which on thy cradle beam'd so brightly sweet,
Were gods to the distemper'd playfulness
Of thy untutor'd infancy: the trees,
The grass, the clouds, the mountains, and the sea,
All living things that walk, swim, creep, or fly,
Were gods: the sun had homage, and the moon
Her worshipper. Then thou becamest a boy,
More daring in thy frenzies: every shape,
Monstrous or vast, or beautifully wild,
Which, from sensibility's relics, fancy culls;
The spirits of the air, the thundering ghost,
The genii of the elements, the powers
That give a shape to nature's varied works,
Had life and place in the corrupt belief
Of thy blind heart: yet still thy youthful hands
Were pure of human blood. Then manhood gave
Its strength and ardor to thy frenzied brain;
Thine eager gaze scan'd the stupendous scene,
Whose wonders mock'd the knowledge of thy pride:
Their everlasting and unchanging laws
Reproach'd thine ignorance. Awhile thou stoodst
Baffled and gloomy; then thou didst sum up
The elements of all that thou didst know;
The changing seasons, winter's leafless reign,
The budding of the heaven-breathing trees,
The eternal orbs that beautify the night,
The sunrise, and the setting of the moon,
Earthquakes and wars, and poisons and disease,
And all their causes, to an abstract point
Converging, thou didst bend, and call'd it God!
The self-suffering, the omnipotent,
The merciful, and the avenging God!
The prototype of human misrule, sits
High in heaven's realm, upon a golden throne,
Even like an earthly king; and whose dread work,
Hell, gapes for ever for the unhappy slaves
Of fate, whom he created in his sport,
To triumph in their torments when they fell!
Earth heard the name; earth trembled, as the smoke

VI.

All touch, all eye, all ear,
To Spirit felt the Fairy's burning speech.
O'er the thin texture of its frame,
In varying periods painted changing glows,
As on a summer even,
When soul-infolding music floats around,
The stainless mirror of the lake
Re-images the eastern gloom,
Mixing convulsively its purple hues
With sunset's burnish'd gold.

Then thus the Spirit spoke:
Is there a wild and miserable world!
Thorny, and full of care,
Vich every fiend can make his prey at will.
O Fairy! in the lapse of years,
Is there no hope in store?
Will you vast suns roll on
Interminably, still illumining
The night of so many wretched souls,
And see no hope for them?
All not the universal Spirit e'er
Rivify this wither'd limb of Heaven?

The Fairy calmly smiled
From forth, and a kindling gleam of hope
Suffused the Spirit's lineaments.

O rest thee tranquil; chase those fearful doubts,
Which ne'er could rack an everlasting soul,
Thou seest the chains which bind it to its doom.
Vengeance and misery are in yonder earth,
Falsehood, mistake, and lust;
But the eternal world
Claims at once the evil and the cure.
So eminent in virtue shall start up,
Even in perverset time:
T' their pure lips, that never die,
Still bind the scorpion falsehood with a wreath
Of ever-living flame,
U' the monster sting itself to death.

How sweet a scene will earth become!
O wondrous spirits a pure dwelling-place,
Sophomious with the planetary spheres;
Man, with changeless nature coalescing,
Undertake regeneration's work,
With its ungenial poles no longer point
Of his revenge ascended up to heaven,  
Blotting the constellations; and the cries  
Of millions, butcher'd in sweet confidence  
And unsuspecting peace, even when the bonds  
Of safety were confirm'd by witty oaths  
Sworn in his dreadful name, rung through the land;  
Whilst innocent babes withdrew on this stubborn spear,  
And thou didst laugh to hear the mother's shriek  
Of maniac gladness, as the sacred steel  
Felt cold in her torn entrails!

Religion! thou wert then in manhood's prime:  
But age crept on: one God would not suffice  
For senile puerility; thou framedst  
A tale to suit thy dotage, and to glut  
Thy misery-thirsting soul, that the mad fiend  
Thy wickedness had pictured, might afford  
A plea for sating the unnatural thirst  
For murder, rapine, violence, and crime,  
That still consumed thy being, even when  
Thou hearest the step of fate—that flames might light  
Thy funeral scene, and the shrill rotten shrieks  
Of parents dying on the pile that burn'd,  
To light their children to thy paths, the roar  
Of the encircling flames, the exulting cries  
Of thine apostles, loud commingling there,  
 Might safe thine hungry ear  
Even on the bed of death!

But now contempt is mocking thy gray hairs;  
Thou art descending to the darksome grave,  
Unhonored and unpitied, but by those  
Whose pride is passing by like thine, and shed's  
Like thine, a glare that fades before the sun  
Of truth, and shines but in the dreadful night  
That long has lower'd above the ruin'd world.

Throughout these infinite orbs of mingling light,  
Of which ye earth is one, is wide diffused  
A spirit of activity and life,  
That knows no term, cessation, or decay;  
That fades not when the lamp of earthly life,  
Extinguished in the dampness of the grave.  
Awhile there slumber, more than when the babe  
In the dim newness of its being feels  
The impulses of sublunary things;  
And all is wonder to unpractised sense:  
But, active, stedfast, and eternal, still,  
Guides the fierce whirlwind, in the tempest roars,  
Cheers in the day, breathes in the balmy groves,  
Strengthens in health, and poisons in disease;  
And in the storm of change, that ceaselessly  
Rolls round the eternal universe, and shakes  
Its undecaying battlement, presides,  
Apportioning with irresistible law  
The place each spring of its machine shall fill;  
So that, when waves on waves tumultuous heap  
Confusion to the clouds, and fiercely driven  
Heaven's lightnings scarce fill'd uprooted ocean-fords,  
Whilst, to the eye of shipwreck'd mariner,  
Lone sitting on the bare and shuddering rock,  
Ali seems unlinked contingency and chance;  
No atom of this turbulence fulfills  
A vague and unecessary task,  
Or acts but as it must and ought to act.(11)  
Even the minutest molecule of light,

That in an April sunbeam's fleeting glow  
Fulfils its destined, though invisible work.  
The universal Spirit guides; nor less  
When merciless ambition, or mad zeal,  
Has led two hosts of dupes to battle-field,  
That, blind, they there may dig each other's grave  
And call the sad work glory, does it rule  
All passions: not a thought, a will, an act,  
No working of the tyrant's moody mind,  
Nor one misgiving of the slaves who boast  
Their servitude, to hide the shame they feel,  
Nor the events enchainning every will,  
That from the depths of unrecorded time  
Have drawn all-influencing virtue, pass  
Unrecognized, or unforeseen by thee,  
Soul of the Universe! eternal spring  
Of life and death, of happiness and woe,  
Of all that chequers the phantasial scene  
That floats before our eyes in wavering light,  
Which gleams but on the darkness of our prison,  
Whose chains and masy walls  
We feel, but cannot see.

Spirit of Nature! all-sufficing power,  
Necessity! thou mother of the world!(12)  
Unlike the God of human error, thou  
Requirest no prayers or praises; the caprice  
Of man's weak will belongs no more to thee  
Than do the changeful passions of his breast  
To thy unvarying harmony: the slave,  
Whose horrible lusts spread misery o'er the world  
And the good man, who lifts, with virtuous pride,  
His being, in the sight of happiness,  
That springs from his own works; the poison-tree  
Beneath whose shade all life is wither'd up,  
And the fair oak, whose leafy dome affords  
A temple where the vows of happy love  
Are register'd, are equal in thy sight:  
No love, no hate thou cherishest; revenge  
And favoritism, and worst desire of fame,  
Thou knowest not: all that the wide world conts  
Are but thy passive instruments, and thou  
Regard'st them all with an impartial eye,  
Whose joy or pain thy nature cannot feel,  
Because thou hast not human sense,  
Because thou art not human mind.

Yes! when the sweeping storm of time  
Has sung its death-dirge o'er the ruin'd faces  
And broken altars of th' Almighty fiend,  
Whose name usurps thy honors, and the blood  
Through centuries clotted there, has floated down  
The tainted flood of ages, shalt thou live  
Unchangeable! A shrine is raised to thee,  
Which, nor the tempest breath of time,  
Nor the interminable flood,  
Over earth's slight pageant rolling,  
Availeth to destroy,—  
The sensitive extension of the world,  
That wondrous and eternal flame,  
Wherein pain and pleasure, good and evil join,  
To do the will of strong necessity,  
And life, in multitudinous shapes,  
Still pressing forward where no term can be,  
Like hungry and unresting flame  
Curls round the eternal columns of its strength.
VII.

SPIRIT.

was an infant when my mother went
to see an atheist burn’d. She took me there:
the dark-robed priests were met around the pile;
the multitude was gazing silently;
and as the culprit pass’d with dauntless mien,
emperor’d disdain in his unaltering eye,
fix’d with a quiet smile, shone calmly forth;
his thirsty fire crept round his many limbs;
is resolute eyes were scorched to blindness soon;
is death-pang rent my heart! the insensate mob
’tier’d a cry of triumph, and I wept.
weep not, child! cried my mother; for that man
as said, There is no God. (13.)

FAIRY.

There is no God! nature confirms the faith his death-groan seal’d:
at heaven and earth, let man’s revolving race,
is ceaseless generations tell their tale;
every part depending on the chain
that links it to the whole, point to the hand
that grasps its term! let every seed that falls
silent eloquence unfold its store
argument: infinity within,
finity without, belle creation;
he interminable spirit it contains
nature’s only God; but human pride
skillful to invent most serious names
’t hide its ignorance.

The name of God
is hallowed about all crime with holiness,
self the creature of his worshippers,
’those names and attributes and passions change,
ena, Buddha, Foh, Jehovah, God, or Lord,
en the human dupes who build his shrines,
ill serving o’er the war-polluted world
E desolation’s watch-word; whether hosts
sin his death-blaspheming chariot-wheels, as on
sumphantly they roll, whilst Brahmins raise
sacred hymn to mingle with the groans;
countless partners of his power divide
his tyranny of weakness; or the smoke
burning towns, the cries of female helplessness,
arm’d old age, and youth, and infancy,
ribbly massacred, ascend to heaven
honor of his name; or last and worst,
irrh groans beneath religion’s iron age,
’d priests dare babble of a God of peace,
en whilst their hands are red with guiltless blood,
ndering the while, uprooting every germ
truth, exterminating, spoiling all,
king the earth a slaughter-house!

O Spirit! through the sense
which thy inner nature was apprized
Of outward shows, vague dreams have roll’d,
And varied reminiscences have waked
Tablets that never fade;
All things have been imprinted there,
The stars, the sea, the earth, the sky,
Even the unshapelier liniments
Of wild and fleeting visions

Have left a record there
To testify of earth.

These are my empire, for to me is given
The wonders of the human world to keep,
And fancy’s thin creations to endow
With matter, being, and reality;
Therefore a wondrous phantom, from the dreams
Of human error’s dense and purblind faith,
I will evoke, to meet thy questioning.
Ahasuerus, rise! (14)

A strange and woé-worn wight
Arose beside the battlement,
And stood unmoving there.
His incensorial figure cast no shade
Upon the golden floor;
His port and mien bore mark of many years,
And chronicles of untold antiquity.
Were legible within his beardless eye:
Yet his cheek bore the mark of youth;
Freshness and vigor knit his manly frame;
The wisdom of old age was mingled there
With youth’s primeval dauntlessness;
And inexpressible woe,
Chasten’d by fearless resignation, gave
An awful grace to his all-speaking brow.

SPIRIT

Is there a God?

AHAUSERUS.

Is there a God!—ay, an almighty God,
And vengeful as almighty! Once his voice
Was heard on earth: earth shudder’d at the sound,
The fiery-visaged firmament express’d
Abhorrence, and the grave of nature yawnd
To swallow all the dauntless and the good
That dared to hurl defiance at his throne,
Girt as it was with power. None but slaves
Survived,—cold-blooded slaves, who did the work
Of tyrannous omnipotence; whose souls
No honest indignation ever urged
To elevated daring, to one deed
Which gross and sensual self did not pollute.
These slaves built temples for the omnipotent fiend,
Gorgeous and vast: the costly altars smoked
With human blood, and hideous priests rung
Through all the long-drawn aisles. A murderer
heard
His voice in Egypt, one whose gifts and arts
Had raised him to his eminence in power
Accomplish of omnipotence in crime,
And confidant of the all-knowing one.

These were Jehovah’s words.

From an eternity of idleness
I, God, awoke; in seven days’ toil made earth
From nothing; rested, and created man:
I placed him in a paradise, and there
Planted the tree of evil, so that he
Might eat and perish, and my soul procure
Wherewith to sate its malice, and to turn,
Even like a heartless conqueror of the earth
All misery to my fame. The race of men
Chosen to my honor, with impunity
May sate the lusts I planted in their heart.

48 365
Here I command thee hence to lead them on,
Until, with harden'd feet, their conquering troops
Wade on the promised soil through woman's blood,
And make my name be dreaded through the land.
Yet ever-burning flame and ceaseless woe
Shall be the doom of their eternal souls,
With every soul on this ungrateful earth,
Virtuous or vicious, weak or strong—even all
Shall perish to fulfil the blind revenge
(Which you, to men, call justice) of their God.

The murderer's brow
Quiver'd with horror.

God omnipotent,
Is there no mercy? must our punishment
Be endless? I will long ages roll away,
And see no term? Oh! wherefore hast thou made
In mockery and wrath this evil earth?
Mercy becomes the powerful—be but just:
O God! repent and save.

One way remains:
I will beget a son, and he shall bear
The sins of all the world; (15) he shall arise
In an unnoticed corner of the earth.
And there shall die upon a cross, and purge
The universal crime; so that the few
On whom my grace descends, those who are mark'd
As vessels to the honor of their God.
May credit this strange sacrifice, and save
Their souls alive: millions shall live and die,
Who 'e'er shall call upon their Savior's name,
But, unredeem'd, go to the gaping grave.
Thousands shall deem it an old woman's tale,
Such as the nurses frighten babes withal:
These in a gulf of anguish and of flame
Shall curse their repudiation endlessly,
Yet tenfold pangs shall force them to avow,
Even on their beds of torment, where they howl,
My honor, and the justice of their doom.
What then avail their Virtuous deeds, their thoughts
Of purity, with radiant genius bright,
Or lit with human reason's earthly ray?
Many are call'd, but few will I elect.
Do thou my bidding, Moses!

Even the murderer's cheek
Was blanch'd with horror, and his quivering lips
Scarcely faintly utter'd—O almighty one,
I tremble and obey!

O Spirit! centuries have set their seal
On this heart of many wounds, and loaded brain,
Since the Incarnate came: humbly he came,
Veiling his horrible Godhead in the shape
Of man, scorn'd by the world, his name unheard,
Save by the rabbles of his native town,
Even as a parish demagogue. He led
The crowd; he taught them justice, truth, and peace,
In semblance; but he lit within their souls
The queenless flames of zeal, and blest the sword
He brought on earth to satiate with the blood
Of truth and freedom his malignant soul.
At length his mortal frame was led to death.
I stood beside him: on the torturing cross
No pain assaul'td his interrestrial sense;
And yet he groan'd. Indignantly I summ'd
The massacres and miseries which his name
Had sanction'd in my country, and I cried,
Go! go! in mockery.
A smile of godlike malice reillumined
His fading lineaments—I go, I cried,
But thou shalt wander o'er the unquiet earth
Eternally. The dampness of the grave
Bathed my impassible front. I fell,
And long lay tranced upon the charmed soil.
When I awoke, hell burn'd within my brain,
Which stagger'd on its seat; for all around
The moulder ing relics of my kindred lay,
Even as the Almighty's ire arrested them,
And in their various attitudes of death
My murder'd children's mute and eyeless skulls
Glared ghastly upon me.

But my soul,
From sight and sense of the polluting woe
Of tyranny, had long learn'd to prefer
Hell's freedom to the servitude of heaven.
Therefore I rose, and dauntlessly began
My lonely and unending pilgrimage,
Resolved to wage unweariable war
With my almighty tyrant, and to hurl
Defiance at his impotence to harm
Beyond the curse I bore. The very hand
That bard'd my passage to the peaceful grave
Has crush'd the earth to misery, and given
Its empire to the chosen of his slaves.
These have I seen, even from the earliest dawn
Of weak, unstable and precarious power;
Then preaching peace, as now they practise war,
So when they turn'd but from the massacre
Of unoffending infidels, to quench
Their thirst for ruin in the very blood
That flow'd in their own veins, and pitiless zeal
Freeze every human feeling, as the wife
Sheathed in her husband's heart the sacred steel.
Even whilst its hopes were dreaming of her love
And friends to friends, brothers to brothers stood
Opposed in bloodiest battle-field, and war,
Scarce-satiable by fate's last death-draughts
Drunk from the wine-press of the Almighty's wrath
Whilst the red cross, in mockery of peace,
Pointed to victory! When the fray was done,
No remnant of the exterminated faith
Survived to tell its ruin, but the flesh,
With putrid smoke poisoning the atmosphere,
That rotted on the half-extinguish'd pile.

Yes! I have seen God's war-shippers unsheath
The sword of his revenge, when grace descended
Confirming all unnatural impulses,
To sanctify their desolating deeds:
And frantic priests waved the ill-omen'd cross
O'er the unhappy earth; then shone the sun
On showrers of gore from the upflashing steel
Of safe assassination, and all crime
Made-stingless by the spirits of the Lord.
And blood-red rainbows canopied the land
Spirit! no year of my eventful being
Has pass'd unstain'd by crime and misery,
Which flows from God's own faith. I've mark'd
his slaves,
With tongues whose lies are venomous, beguile
The insensate mob, and whilst one hand was res
with murder, feign to stretch the other out
or brotherhood and peace; and that they now
able of love and mercy, whilst their deeds
mark'd with all the narrowness and crime
that freedom's young arm dare not yet chastise,
aeon may claim our gratitude, who now
establishing the imperishable throne
truth, and stubborn virtue, maketh vain
the unpervading malice of my foe,
those bootless rage heaps torments for the brave,
their innoxious eunuch's malice to pain,
whilst keeneast disappointment racks his breast
see the smiles of peace around them play,
frustrate or to sanctify their doom.

hus have I stood,—through a wild waste of years
ruffling with whirlwinds of mad agony,
et peaceful, and serene, and self-enshrined,
beckoning my powerless tyrant's horrible curse
with stubborn and unalterable will,
seems as a giant oak, which heaven's fierce flame
ad seathed in the wilderness, to stand
monument of faceless ruin there;
et peacefully and movelessly it braves
the midnight conflict of the wintry storm.
As in the sunlight's calm it spreads
Its worn and wither'd arms on high
meet the quiet of a summer's noon.

The Fairy waved her wand:
Austerus fled
That as the shapes of mingled shade and mist,
set lurk in the glens of a twilight grove,
Flee from the morning beam:
The matter of which dreams are made
Not more endow'd with actual life
Than this phantasmal portraiture
Of wandering human thought.

VIII.
In present and the past thou hast beheld:
was a desolate sight. Now, Spirit, learn
The secrets of the future.—Time!
fold the brooding pinion of thy gloom,
der thou up thy half-devoured babes,
as from the cradles of eternity,
here millions lie lull'd to their portion'd sleep
The deep murmuring stream of passing things,
far thou that gloomy shroud.—Spirit, behold
Thy glorious destiny!

Joy to the Spirit came.
Though the wide rent in Time's eternal veil,
де was seen beaming through the mists of fear:
Earth was no longer hell;
Love, freedom, health, had given
Their ripeness to the manhood of its prime,
And all its pulses beat
Enthusiastic to the planetary spheres:
Then dulcet music swell'd
Complac'd with the life-strings of the soul;
Throb'd in sweet and languid beating there,
Chiming new life from tranitory death.—
In the vague sighings of a wind at even,
It wakes the wavelets of the slumbering sea;
At dies on the creation of its breath,

And sinks and rises, falls and swells by fits:
Was the pure stream of feeling
That sprang from these sweet notes,
And o'er the Spirit's human sympathies
With mild and gentle motion calmly flow'd.

Joy to the Spirit came,—
Such joy as when a lover sees
The chosen of his soul in happiness,
And witnesses her peace
Whose woe to him were bitterer than death,
Sees her unfaded cheek
Glow mantling in first luxury of health,
Thrills with her lovely eyes,
Which like two stars amid the heaving main
Sparkle through liquid bliss.

Then in her triumph spoke the Fairy Queen:
I will not call the ghost of ages gone
To unfold the frightful secrets of its lore;
The present now is past,
And those events that desolate the earth
Have faded from the memory of Time,
Who dares not give reality to that.
Whose being I annul. To me is given
The wonders of the human world to keep.
Space, matter, time, and mind.
Futurity
Exposes now its treasure; let the sight
Renew and strengthen all thy failing hope.
O human Spirit! spur thee to the goal
Where virtue fixes universal peace,
And, 'midst the ebb and flow of human things,
Show somewhat stable, somewhat certain still,
A light-house o'er the wild dry sea waves.
The habitable earth is full of bliss;
Those wastes of frozen billows that were hurl'd
By everlasting snow-storms round the poles,
Where matter dares not vegetate or live,
But ceaseless frost round the vast solitude
Round its broad zone of stillness, are unloosed;
And fragrant zephyrs there from spicy isles
Ruffle the placid ocean-deep, that rolls
Its broad, bright surges to the sloping sand,
Whose rear is waken'd into echoes sweet
To murmur through the heaven-breathing groves,
And melodize with man's blest nature there.

Those deserts of immeasurable sand,
Whose age-collected fervors scarce allow'd
A bird to live, a blade of grass to spring,
Where the shrill chirp of the green lizard's love
Broke on the sultry stillness alone,
Now teem with countless rills and shady woods,
Corn-fields and pastures and white cottages;
And where the startled wilderness beheld
A savage conqueror stain'd in kindred blood,
A tiger eating with the flesh of lambs
The unnatural fame of her toothless cubs,
Whilst shouts and howlings through the desert rang
Sloping and smooth the daisy-spangled lawn,
Offering sweet incense to the sunrise, smiles
To see a babe before his mother's door,
Sharing his morning's meal
With the green and golden basilisk
That comes to lick his feet.

367
Those trackless deeps, where many a weary sail
Has seen above the illimitable plain,
Morning on night, and night on morning rise,
Whilst still no land to greet the wanderer spread
Its shadowy mountains on the sunbright sea,
Where the loud roarings of the tempest-waves
So long have mingled with the gusty wind
In melancholy loneliness, and swept
The desert of those ocean solitudes,
But vocal to the sea-bird's harrowing shriek,
The bellowing monster, and the rushing storm,
Now to the sweet and many mingling sounds
Of kindliest human impulses respond.
Those lonely realms bright garden-isles begem,
With lightsome clouds and shining seas between,
And fertile valleys, resonant with bliss,
Whilst green woods overcanopy the wave,
Which like a toil-worn laborer leaps to shore,
To meet the kisses of the flowerets there.

All things are recreated, and the flame
Of conscientious love inspires all life:
The fertile bosom of the earth gives suck
To myriads, who still grow beneath her care,
Rewarding her with their pure perfection:
The balmy breathings of the wind inhale
Her virtues, and diffuse them all abroad:
Health floats amid the gentle atmosphere,
Glows in the fruits, and mantles on the stream:
No storms deform the beaming brow of Heaven,
Nor scatter in the freshness of its pride
The foliage of the ever-verdant trees;
But fruits are ever ripe, flowers ever fair,
And autumn proudly bears her coronet grace,
Kindling a flush on the fair cheek of spring,
Whose virgin bloom beneath the ruddy fruit
Reflects its tint and blushes into love.

The lion now forgets to thirst for blood:
There might you see him sporting in the sun
Beside the dreadful kid; his claws are sheathed,
His teeth are harmless, custom's force has made
His nature as the nature of a lamb.
Like passion's fruit, the midnight's tempting bane
Poisons no more the pleasure it bestows:
All bitterness is past; the cup of joy
Unmingled mantles to the goblet's brim,
And COURS the thirsty lips it fed before.

But chief, ambiguous, he that can know
More misery, and dream more joy than all;
Whose keen sensations thrill within his breast
To mingle with a lofter instinct there,
Lending their power to pleasure and to pain,
Yet raising, sharpening, and refining each;
Who stands amid the ever-varying world,
The burthen or the glory of the earth;
He chief perceives the change, his being notes
The gradual renovation, and defines
Each movement of its progress on his mind.

Man, where the gloom of the long polar night
Lowers o'er the snow-clad rocks and frozen soil,
Where scarce the hardest herb that braves the frost
Basks in the moonlight's intellectual glow,
Shrank with the plants, and darken'd with the night
His chill'd and narrow energies, his heart,
In sensible to courage, truth, or love,
His stunted stature and imbecile frame,
Mark'd him for some abortion of the earth,
Fit companion of the bears that roam'd around,
Whose habits and enjoyments were his own,
His life a feverish dream of stagnant woe,
Whose meager wants, but scantily fulfill'd,
Apprized him ever of the joyless length
Which his short being's wretchedness had reach'd,
His death a pang which famine, cold and toil,
Long on the mind, whilst yet the vital spark
Clung to the body stubbornly, had brought:
All was inflicted here that earth's revenge
Could wreak on the infringers of her law;
One curse alone was spared—the name of God.

Nor where the tropics bound the realms of day
With a broad belt of mingling cloud and flame,
Where blue mists through the unmoving atmosphere
Scatter'd the seeds of pestilence, and fed
Unnatural vegetation, where the land
Teem'd with all earthquake, tempest and disease,
Was man a noble being: slavery
Had crush'd him to his country's blood-stain'd dust
Or he was bair'ted for the fame of power,
Which, all internal impulses destroying,
Makes human will an article of trade;
Or he was changed with Christians for their gold,
And dragg'd to distant isles, where to the sound
Of the flesh-mangling scourge, he does the work
Of all-polluting luxury and wealth,
Which doubtly visits on the tyrants' heads
The long-protracted fullness of their woe;
Or he was led to legal butchery,
To turn to worms beneath that burning sun,
Where kings first leagued against the rights of me
And priests first traded with the name of God.

Even where the milder zone afforded man
A seeming shelter, yet contagion there,
Blighting his being with unnumber'd ills,
Spread like a quenchless fire; nor truth till late
Avail'd to arrest its progress, or create
That peace which first in bloodless victory wave'd
Her snowy standard o'er this favor'd clime:
There man was long the train-bearer of slaves,
The mimic of surounding misery,
The jackal of ambition's lion-moge,
The bloodhound of religion's hungry zeal.

Here now the human being stands adorning
This loveliest earth with untaintless body and mind
Blest from his birth with all bland impulses,
Which gently in his noble bosom wave,
All kindly passions and all pure desires.
Him, still from hope to hope the bliss pursuing,
Which from the exhaustless lore of human woe
Draws on the virtuous mind, the thoughts that rise
In time-destroying infiniteness, gift
With self-constraining eternity, (16) that mocks
The unprevailing hauriness of age.
And man, once fleeting o'er the transient scene
Swift as an unremember'd vision, stands
Immortal upon earth: no longer now
He slays the lamb that looks him in the face, (17)

368
and horribly devours his mangled flesh, Which, still avenging nature's broken law, Cindled all putrid humors in his frame, His evil passions, and all vain belief, Hatred, despair, and loathing in his mind.

The germs of misery, death, disease, and crime. So longer, now the winged habitants, That in the woods their sweet lives sing away, Fee from the form of man; but gather round, And prune their sunny feathers on the hands Which little children stretch in friendly sport Towards these dreamless partners of their play.

All things are void of terror: man has lost His terrible prerogative, and stands In equal amidst equals: happiness and science dawn, though late, upon the earth; Once cheers the mind, health renovates the frame; Insease and pleasure cease to mingle here, Reason and passion cease to combat there; Whilst each unfetter'd o'er the earth extend Their all-subduing energies, and wield The sceptre of a vast dominion there; Whilst every shape and mode of matter lends A force to the omnipotence of mind, Which from its dark mine drugs the gem of truth To decorate its paradise of peace.

IX.

Happy Earth! reality of Heaven! Of those restless souls that ceaselessly Strong through the human universe, aspire; Hau consummation of all mortal hope! Hau glorious prize of blindly-working will! Those rays, diffused throughout all space and time, Urge to one point and blend for ever there: Pure spirits thou pure dwelling-place! Here care and sorrow, impotence and crime, Angour, disease, and ignorance, dare not come: happy Earth, reality of Heaven!

Genius has seen thee in her passionate dreams, And dim forebodings of thy loveliness Sunning the human heart, have there entwined Hose rooted hopes of some sweet place of bliss, Where friends and lovers meet to part no more. How art the end of all desire and will, He product of all action; and the souls hate by the paths of an aspiring change Are reach'd thy haven of perpetual peace, Here rest from the eternity of toil That framed the fabric of thy perfection.

When Time, the conqueror, fled thee in his fear; He hoary giant, who, in lonely pride, Long had ruled the world, that nations fell beneath his silent footprint. Pyramids, That for millenniums had withstood the tide Of human things, his storm-breath drove in sand Cross that desert where their stones survived The name of him whose pride had heap'd them there.

On monarch, in his solitary pomp, As but the mushroom of a summer day, But his light-winged footprint press'd to dust: Thee was the king of earth: all things gave way to him, but the fix'd and virtuous will, The sacred sympathies of soul and sense, That mock'd his fury and prepared his fall.

Yet slow and gradual dawn'd the morn of love, Long lay the clouds and darkness o'er the scene, Till from its native heaven they roll'd away: First, crime triumphant o'er all hope care'r Unblushing, undisguising, bold and strong; Whilst falsehood, trick'd in virtue's attributes, Long sanctified all deeds of vice and woe. Till done by her own venomous sting to death, She left the moral world without a law, No longer fettering passion's fearless wing, Nor searing reason with the brand of God. Then steadily the happy ferment work'd; Reason was free; and wild though passion went Through tangled glens and wood-embosom'd meads, Gathering a garland of the strangest flowers, Yet like the bee returning to her queen, She bound the sweetest on her sister's brow, Who meek and sober kiss'd the sportive child, No longer trembling at the broken rod.

Mild was the slow necessity of death: The tranquil Spirit fail'd beneath its grasp, Without a groan, almost without a fear, Calm as a voyager to some distant land, And full of wonder, full of hope as he. The deadly germs of languor and disease Died in the human frame, and purity Blest with all gifts her earthly worshippers How vigorous then the athletic form of age! How clear its open and unwrinkled brow! Where neither avance, cunning, pride, nor care, Had stamp'd the seal of gray deformity On all the mingling lineaments of time. How lovely the intrepid front of youth! Which meek-eyed courage deck'd with freshest grace Courage of soul, that dreaded not a name, And elevated will, that journey'd on Through life's phantasmal scene in fearlessness With virtue, love, and pleasure, hand in hand.

Then, that sweet bondage which is freedom's self, And rivets with sensation's softest tie The kindred sympathies of human souls, Needed no fetters of tyrannic law: Those delicate and timid impulses In nature's primal modesty arose, And with undoubting confidence disclosed The growing longings of its dawning love, Uncheck'd by dull and selfish chastity, That virtue of the chalybly virtuous, Who pride themselves in senselessness and frost. No longer prostitution's venom'd bane Poison'd the springs of happiness and life; Woman and man, in confidence and love, Equal and free and pure, together trod The mountain-paths of virtue, which no more Were stain'd with blood from many a pilgrim's feet.

Then, where, through distant ages, long in pride The palace of the monarch-slave had mock'd Famine's faint groan, and penury's silent tear. A heap of crumbling ruins stood, and threw Year after year their stones upon the field.

2 W
Wakening a lonely echo; and the leaves
Of the old thorn, that on the topmost tower
Usurp'd the royal ensign's grandeur, shook
In the stern storm that sway'd the topmost tower,
And whisper'd strange tales in the whirlwind's ear.

Low through the lone cathedral's roofless aisles
The melancholy winds a death-dirge sung:
It were a sight of awfulness to see
The works of faith and slavery, so vast,
So sumptuous, yet so perishing withal!
Even as the corpse that rests beneath its wall.
A thousand mourners deck the pomp of death.
To-day, the breathing marble glows above
To decorate its memory, and tongues
Are busy of its life: to-morrow, worms
In silence and in darkness seize their prey.

Within the massy prison's mouldering courts,
Fearless and free the ruddy children play'd,
Weaving gay chaplets for their innocent brows
With the green ivy and the red wall-flower,
That mock the dungeon's unavailing gloom;
The ponderous chains, and gratings of strong iron,
There rusted amid heaps of broken stone,
That mingled slowly with their native earth:
There the broad beam of day, which feebly once
Lighted the cheek of lean captivity.
With a pale and sickly glare, then freely shone
On the pure smiles of infant playfulness:
No more the shuddering voice of heartless despair
Peal'd through the echoing vaults, but soothing notes
Of ivy-finger'd winds and gladsome birds
And merriment were resonant around.

These ruins soon left not a wreck behind:
Their elements, wide scatted o'er the globe,
To happier shapes were moulded, and became
Ministrant to all blissful impulses:
Thus human things were perfected, and earth,
Even as a child beneath its mother's love,
Was strengthen'd in all excellence, and grew
Fairer and nobler with each passing year.

Now Time his dusky pennons o'er the scene
Closes in stedfast darkness, and the past
Fades from our charmed sight. My task is done:
Thy lore is learnt. Earth's wonders are thine own,
With all the fear and all the hope they bring.
My spells are past: the present now recurs.
Ah me! a pathless wilderness remains
Yet unsubdued by man's reclaiming hand.

Yet, human Spirit! bravely hold thy course,
Let virtue teach thee firmly to pursue
The gradual paths of an aspiring change:
For birth and life and death, and that strange state
Before the naked soul has found its home,
All tend to perfect happiness, and urge
The restless wheels of being on their way,
Whose flashing spokes, instinct with infinite life,
Bicker and burn to gain their destined goal:
For birth but wakes the spirit to the sense
Of outward shows, whose unexperienced shape
New modes of passion to its frame may lend;
Life is its state of action, and the store

Of all events is aggregated there
That variegate the eternal universe;
Death is a gate of dreaminess and gloom,
That leads to azure isles and beaming skies,
And happy regions of eternal hope.
Therefore, O Spirit! Fearlessly bear on:
Though storms may break the primrose on its stalk,
Though frosts may blight the freshness of its stem,
Yet spring's awakening breath will woo the earth,
To feed with kindliest dews its favorite flower,
That blooms in mossy banks and darksome glens,
Lighting the greenwood with its sunny smile.

Fear not then, Spirit! death's disrobing hand,
So welcome when the tyrant is awake,
So welcome when the bigot's hell-torch burns;
'Tis but the voyage of a darksome hour,
The transient gulf-dream of a startling sleep.
Death is no foe to virtue: earth has seen
Love's brightest roses on the scaffold bloom,
Mingling with freedom's faceless laurels there,
And presaging the truth of vision'd bliss.
Are there not hopes within thee, which this scene
Of link'd and gradual being has confirm'd?
Whose sttringings bade thy heart look further still,
When to the moonlight walk, by Henry led,
Sweetly and sadly thou didst talk of death?
And wilt thou rudely tear them from thy breast
Listening supinely to a bigot's creed,
Or tamely crouching to the tyrant's rod,
Whose iron thongs are red with human gore?
Never: but bravely bearing on, thy will
Is destined an eternal war to wage
With tyranny and falsehood, and uproot
The germs of misery from the human heart.
Thine is the hand whose piety would soothe
The thorny pillow of unhappy crime,
Whose impotence an easy pardon gains,
Watching its wanderings as a friend's disease:
Thine is the brow whose mildness would defy
Its fiercest rage, and brave its sternest will,
When fenced by power and master of the world.
Thou art sincere and good; of resolute mind,
Free from heart-withering custom's cold control,
Of passion lofty, pure and unsubdued.
Earth's pride and meanness could not vanquish thee,
And therefore art thou worthy of the boon
Which thou hast now received: virtue shall keep
Thy footsteps in the path that thou hast trod,
And many days of beaming hope shall bless
Thy spotless life of sweet and sacred love.
Go, happy one! and give that bosom joy
Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch
Light, life and rapture from thy smile.

The fairy waves her wand of charm,
Speechless with bliss the Spirit mounts the car,
That roll'd beside the battlement,
Bending her beamy eyes in thankfulness.
Again the enchanted steeds were yoked,
Again the burning wheels in flame
The steep descent of heaven's entwroden way
Fast and far the chariot flew;
The vast and fiery globes that roll'd
Around the Fairy's palace-gate
Lesson'd by slow degrees, and soon appeared.
QUEEN MAB.

ich tiny twinklers as the planet orbs that have attendant on the solar power. Its borrow'd light pursued their narrower way.

Earth floated then below:
The chariot paused a moment there;
The spirit then descended:
He restless courser pass'd the ungenial soil, buff'd the gross air, and then, their errand done, snuff'd their pinions to the winds of heaven.

The Body and the Soul united then.

gentle start convulsed, lanthe's frame:
er veiny eyelids quietly unclosed;
loveless awhile the dark-blue orbs remain'd:
he look'd around in wonder, and beheld ery, who kneel'd in silence by her couch, watching her sleep with looks of speechless love,

The bright beaming stars
That through the casement shone.

NOTES.

Note 1, page 106, col. 1.
The sun's unclouded orb Roll'd through the black concave.

The sun's unclouded orb Roll'd through the black concave. Across our atmosphere the sun would appear a ray, as orb of fire in the midst of a black concave. The total diffusion of its light on earth is owing to the fraction of the rays by the atmosphere, and their reflection from other bodies. Light consists either of brazen propagated through a subtle medium, or of innumerable minute particles repelled in all directions on the luminous body. Its velocity greatly exceeds at any substance with which we are acquainted: observations on the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites we demonstrated that light takes up no more than 7" in passing from the sun to the earth, a distance of 9,000,000 miles.—Some idea may be gained of the immense distance of the fixed stars, when it is computed that many years would elapse before light could reach this earth from the nearest of them; yet in one year light travels 5,422,400,000,000 miles, which is a stroke 5,707,600 times greater than that of the sun on the earth.

Note 2, page 106, col. 2.
Whilst round the chariot's way Innumerable systems roll'd.
The plurality of worlds,—the indefinite immensity the universe, is a most awful subject of contemplation. He who rightly feels its mystery and grandeur, is in no danger of seduction from the falsehoods of religious systems, or of deifying the principle of the universe. It is impossible to believe that the spirit that pervades this infinite machine, begat a body upon the body of a Jewish woman; or is angered the consequences of that necessity, which is a two of itself. All that miserable tale of the devil, and Eve, and an Intercessor, with the childish visions of the God of the Jews, is irreconcilable with the knowledge of the stars. The works of their fingers have borne witness against him. The nearest of the fixed stars is inconceivably distant from the earth, and they are probably proportionably distant from each other. By a calculation of the velocity of light, Sirius is supposed to be at least 54,324,000,000,000 miles from the earth. That which appears only like a thin and silvery cloud streaking the heavens, is in effect composed of innumerable clusters of suns, each shining with its own light, and illuminating numbers of planets that revolve around them. Millions and millions of suns are ranged around us, all attended by innumerable worlds, yet calm, regular, and harmonious, all keeping the paths of immutability necessary.

Note 3, page 112, col. 1.
These are the hired braves who defend The tyrant's throne.

To employ murder as a means of justice, is an idea which a man of an enlightened mind will not dwell upon with pleasure. To march forth in rank and file, and all the pomp of streamers and trumpets, for the purpose of shooting at our fellow-men as a mark; to inflict upon them all the variety of wounding and anguish; to leave them writhing in their blood; to wander over the field of desolation, and count the number of the dying and the dead,—are employments which in thesis we may maintain to be necessary, but which no good man will contemplate with gratulation and delight. A battle, we suppose, is won;—thus truth is established, thus the cause of justice is confirmed! It surely requires no common sagacity to discern the connexion between this immense heap of calamities and the assertion of truth or the maintenance of justice.

Kings, and ministers of state, the real authors of the calamity, sit unmolested in their cabinet, while those against whom the fury of the storm is directed are, for the most part, persons who have been trepaned into the service, or who are dragged unwillingly from their peaceful homes into the field of battle. A soldier is a man whose business it is to kill those who never offended him, and who are the innocent martyrs of other men's iniquities. Whatever may become of the abstract question of the justifability of war, it seems impossible that the soldier should not be a depraved and unnatural being.

To these more serious and momentous considerations it may be proper to add, a recollection of the ridiculousness of the military character. Its first constituent is obedience: a soldier is, of all descriptions of men, the most completely a machine; yet his profession inevitably teaches him something of dogmatism, swaggering, and self-consequence: he is like the puppet of a showman, who, at the very time he is made to strut and swell and display the most farcical airs, we perfectly know cannot assume the most insignificant gesture, advance either to the right or to the left, but as he is moved by his exhibitor. Godwin's Enquirer, Essay V.

I will here subjoin a little poem, so strongly expressive of my abhorrence of despotism and falsehood, that I fear lest it never again may be depicted so vividly. This opportunity is perhaps the only one that ever will occur of rescuing it from oblivion.

FALSEHOOD AND VICE; A DIALOGUE.

Whilst monarchs laugh'd upon their thrones To hear a fetch'd nation's groans, And hugg'd the wealth wrung from their woe That makes its eyes and veins overflow.

* See Nicholson's Encyclopaedia, Art. Light.
They thought 'twas theirs,—but mine the deed!
Thine is the toil, but mine the need—
Ten thousand victims madly bleed.
They dream that tyrants read them there
With poisonous war to沾 the air:
These tyrants, on their beds of thorn,
Swell with the thoughts of murderous fame,
And with their gains, to lift my name.
Restless they plan from night to morn:
I—do all; without my aid
Thy daughter, that relentless maid,
Could never o'er a death-bed urge
The fury of her venom'd scourg.
FALSEHOOD.
Brother, well—the world is ours;
And whether thou or I have won,
The pestilence expectant lowers
On all beneath you blasted sun.
Our joys, our toils, our honors, meet
In the milk-white and wormy winding-sheet:
A shortlived hope, unceasing care,
Some heartless scraps of godly prayer.
A moody curse, and a frenzied sleep,
Ere gaps the grave's unclosing deep,
A tyrant's dream, a coward's start,
The ice that clings to a priestly heart,
A judge's brow, a courtier's smile,
Make the great whole for which we toil;
And, brother, whether thou or I
Have done the work of misery,
It little boots: thy toil and pain,
Without my aid, were more than vain;
And but for thee I never had sate
The guardian of heaven's palace-gate.

Note 4, page 113, col. 1.
 Thus do the generations of the earth
Go to the grave, and issue from the womb.

One generation passeth away and another generation cometh, but the earth abideth for ever. The sun also ariseth and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he arose. The wind goeth toward the south and turneth about unto the north, it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuits. All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full; unto the place whence the rivers come, thither shall they return again— Ecclesiastes, chap. 1.

Note 5, page 113, col. 1.
 Even as the leaves
Which the keen east-wind of the waning year
Has scattered on the forest soil.

Suae mari magno turbantibus aqua ventis
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem:
Non qua vexari quemquam et jucunda voluptas.
Sed quibus ipse maesis carcas quia cernere suae
Suave etiam beli certamina magna tueri,
Por campos instructa, tua sine parte perici;
Sed quibuscles est bene quam munia tenere
Edita doctrina sapientum tempora serena;
Despicere unde quas alias, passimque videre
Errare atque viam palatiae quare verice;
Certare ingenio; contendere nobilitate;
Neces atque dies nit sunt prastane labore
Ad summam emergere opes, rerumque potiri.
O mineris hominum menteis! O pectora caeca!
Note 7, page 113, col. 2.

And statesmen boast "of wealth!"

There is no real wealth but the labor of man. The mountains of gold and the valleys of silver, a world would not be one grain of corn the richer; some comfort would be added to the human race. Consequence of our consideration for the precious metals, one man is enabled to heap to himself luxuries at the expense of the necessities of his neighbor; a system admirably fitted to produce all the vices of disease and crime, which never fail to characterize the two extremes of opulence and penury. A speculator takes pride to himself as the promoter this country's prosperity, who employs a number of hands in the manufacture of articles avowedly ditute of use, or subservient only to the unhallow dedications of luxury and ostentation. The nobleman, who employs the peasants of his neighborhood building his palaces, until "jam pacuca araturo jux regiae molest relinquant," flutters himself that he has gained the title of a patriot by yielding to the impulses of vanity. The show and pomp of courts success the same apology for its continuance; and say a fête has been given, many a woman has expiated her beauty by her dress, to benefit the laborer poor and to encourage trade. Who does not see this is a remedy which aggravates, whilst it palliates the countless diseases of society? The poor asect to labor—for what? Not the food for which it finish: not the blankets for want of which the babes are frozen by the cold of their miserable beds; not those comforts of civilization without which civilized man is far more miserable than the utmost savage; oppressed as he is by all its insidious evils, within the daily and taunting prospect of its innumerable benefits assiduously exhibited before his eyes:—no; for the pride of power, for the miserable illusion of pride, for the false pleasures of the humane part of society. No greater evidence is af fled of the wide-extended and radical mistakes of civilized man than this fact: those arts which are native to his very being are held in the greatest contempt; employments in an inverse ratio to their usefulness: the jeweller, the toymaker, the actor, gains fame and wealth by the exercise of baseless and ridiculous art; whilst the cultivator the earth, he without whom society must cease to exist, struggles through contempt and penury, and punished by that famine which, but for his unceasing labors, would annihilate the rest of mankind.

will not insult common sense by insisting on the derive of the natural equality of man. The ques- tion is not concerning its desirableness, but its practicability; so far as it is practicable, it is desirable. The state of human society which approaches nearer an equal partition of its benefits and evils should, caritas paribus, be preferred: but so long as we con- cede that a wanton expenditure of human labor, not to the necessities, not even for the luxuries of the more opulent, but for the egoism and ostentation of a few of its members, is defensible on the ground of oblique justice, so long we neglect to approximate the redemption of the human race.

labor is required for physical, and leisure for mental improvement: from the former of these ad- vantages the rich, and from the latter the poor, by the inevitable conditions of their respective situations, are precluded. A state which should combine the advantages of both, would be subjected to the evils of neither. He that is deficient in firm health, or vigorous intellect, is but half a man: hence it follows, that, to subject the laboring classes to unnecessary labor, is wantonly depriving them of any opportunities of intellectual improvement; and that the rich are heaping up for their own mischief the disease, lassitude and ennui by which their existence is rendered an intolerable burden.

English reformers exclaim against sinucres,—but the true pension-list is the rent-roll of the landed proprietors: wealth is a power usurped by the few, to compel the many to labor for their benefit. The laws which support this system derive their force from the ignorance and credulity of its victims: they are the result of a conspiracy of the few against the many, who are themselves obliged to purchase this pre-eminence by the loss of all real comfort.

The commodities that substantially contribute to the subsistence of the human species form a very short catalogue: they demand from us but a slender portion of industry. If these only were produced, and sufficiently produced, the species of man would be continued. If the labor necessarily required to produce them were equally divided among the poor, and, still more, if it were equally divided among all, each man's share of labor would be light, and his portion of leisure would be ample. There was a time when this leisure would have been of small comparative value: it is to be hoped that the time will come, when it will be applied to the most important purposes. Those hours which are not required for the production of the necessaries of life, may be devoted to the cultivation of the understanding, the enlarging our stock of knowledge, the refining our taste, and thus opening to us new and more exquisite sources of enjoyment.

* * * *

It was perhaps necessary that a period of monopoly and oppression should subsist, before a period of cultivated equality could subsist. Savages perhaps would never have been excited to the discovery of truth and the invention of art, but by the narrow motives which such a period affords. But surely, after the savage state has ceased, and men have set out in the glorious career of discovery and invention, monopoly and oppression are not necessary to prevent them from returning to a state of barbarism.—GODWIN'S Empirer, Essay II. See also Pol. Jus, book VIII. chap. 11.

It is a calculation of this admirable author, that all the conveniences of civilized life might be produced, if society would divide the labor equally among its members, by each individual being employed in labor two hours during the day.

Note 8, page 113, col. 2.

Or religion

Drives his wife ravishing mad.

I am acquainted with a lady of considerable accomplishments, and the mother of a numerous family, whom the Christian religion has goded to incurable insanity. A parallel case is, I believe, within the experience of every physician.

Nam jam sape homines patriam, carasse parantes Prodiderunt, vitare Acherusia templa petentes.

See Rousseau, "De l'Inégalité parmi les Hommes," bk 7.
Note 9, page 114, col. 2.

Even love is sold.

Not even the intercourse of the sexes is exempt from the despotism of positive instruction. Law pretends even to govern the indiscriminable wanderings of passion, to put fetters on the clearest deductions of reason, and, by appeals to the will, to subdue the involuntary affections of our nature. Love is inevitably consequent upon the perception of loveliness. Love withers under constraint: its very essence is liberty; it is compatible neither with obediency, jealousy, nor fear: it is there most pure, perfect, and unlimited, where its votaries live in confidence, equality, and unreserve.

How long then ought the sexual connexion to last? What law ought to specify the extent of the grievances which should limit its duration? A husband and wife ought to continue so long united as they love each other: any law which should bind them to cohabitation for one moment after the decay of their affection, would be a most intolerable tyranny, and the most unworthy of toleration. How often has usurpation of the right of private judgment should that law be considered, which should make the ties of friendship indissoluble, in spite of the caprices, the inconstancy, the fallibility, and capacity for improvement of the human mind. And by so much would the fetters of love be heavier and more unendurable than those of friendship, as love is more vehement and capricious, more dependent on those delicate peculiarities of imagination, and less capable of reduction to the ostensible merits of the object.

The state of society in which we exist is a mixture of feudal savageness and imperfect civilization. The narrow and unenlightened morality of the Christian religion is an aggravation of these evils. It is not even until lately that mankind have admitted that happiness is the sole end of the science of ethics, as of all other sciences; and that the fanatical idea of mortifying the flesh for the love of God has been discarded. I have heard, indeed, an ignorant collegiate adduce, in favor of Christianity, its hostility to every worldly feeling.

But if happiness be the object of morality, of all human unions and disunions; if the worthiness of every action is to be estimated by the quantity of pleasurable sensation it is calculated to produce, then the connexion of the sexes is so long sacred as it contributes to the comfort of the parties, and is naturally dissolved when its evils are greater than its benefits. There is nothing immoral in this separation. Constancy has nothing virtuous in itself, independently of the pleasure it confers, and partakes of the temporizing spirit of vice in proportion as it endures tamely moral defects of magnitude in the object of its indiscreet choice. Love is free: to promise for ever to love the same woman, is not less absurd than to promise to believe the same creed: such a vow, in both cases, excludes us from all inquiry. The language of the votarist is this: The woman I now love may be infinitely inferior to many others; the creed I now profess may be a mass of errors and absurdities; but I exclude myself from all future information as to the amiability of the one and the truth of the other, resolving blindly, and in spite of conviction, to adhere to them. Is this the language of delicacy and reason? Is the love of such a frigid heart of more worth than its belief?

The present system of constraint does no more, in the majority of instances, than make hypocrites or open enemies. Persons of delicacy and virtue, unhappily united to one whom they find it impossible to love, spend the loveliest season of their life in unproductive efforts to appear otherwise than they are, for the sake of the feelings of their partner, or the welfare of their mutual offspring: those of less generosity and refinement openly avow their disappointment, and linger out the remnant of that union, which only death can dissolve, in a state of incurable bickering and hostility. The early education of their children takes its color from the squabbles of their parents; they are nursed in a systematic school of ill-humor, violence, and falsehood. Had they been suffered to part at the moment when indifference rendered their union irksome, they would have been spared many years of misery; they would have connected themselves more suitably, and would have found that happiness in the society of more congenial partners which is for ever denied them by the despots of marriage. They would have been separately useful and happy members of society, who, whilst united, were miserable, and rendered misanthropic by misery. The conviction that wedlock is indissoluble holds out the strongest of all temptations to the perverse: they indulge without restraint in aermény, and all the little tyrannies of domestic life when they know that their victim is without appeal. If this connexion were put on a national basis, each would be assured that habitual ill temper would terminate separation, and who would check this vicious and dangerous propensity.

Prostitution is the legitimate offspring of marriage and its accompanying errors. Women, for no other crime than having followed the dictates of a natural appetite, are driven with fury from the comforts and sympathies of society. It is less venial than murder and the punishment which is inflicted on her who destroys her child to escape reproach, is lighter than the life of agony and disease to which the prostitute is irrecoverably doomed. Has a woman obeyed the impulse of unerring nature:—society declares war against her, pitiless and eternal war: she must be the tame slave, she must make no reproisals; there is the right of persecution, hers the duty of endurance. She lives a life of infamy: the loud and bitter laugh of scorn scarifies her from all return. She dies of long and lingering disease; yet she is in fault, she is the criminal, she the froward and untamable child—and Society, forsooth, the pure and virtuous matron who casts her as an abortion from her undefiled bosom? Society avenges herself on the criminals of her own creation; she is employed in anathematize the vice to-day, which yesterday she was the most zealous to teach. Thus is formed one-tenth of the population of London: meanwhile the evil is twofold. Young men, excluded by the fanatical idea of purity from the society of modest and accomplished women, associate with these vicious and miserable
The present state of the arts of navigation is not yet one that can be considered as having reached its culmination. It is true, however, that the progress of the arts of navigation has been accelerated by the history of astronomy and the development of the science of the stars. The science of astronomy is, in fact, the science of the stars, and the science of the stars is, in turn, the science of the universe.

The idea of the connection between the arts of navigation and the stars is, however, far from being an unalloyed one. The arts of navigation are, in fact, the arts of the stars, and the science of the stars is, in turn, the science of the universe. The science of the stars is, in fact, the science of the universe, and the universe is, in turn, the science of the world. The science of the world is, in fact, the science of the universe, and the universe is, in turn, the science of the world.

The idea of the connection between the arts of navigation and the stars is, however, far from being an unalloyed one. The arts of navigation are, in fact, the arts of the stars, and the science of the stars is, in turn, the science of the universe. The science of the stars is, in fact, the science of the universe, and the universe is, in turn, the science of the world. The science of the world is, in fact, the science of the universe, and the universe is, in turn, the science of the world.
Mind, is analogous to the word chance, as applied to matter; they spring from an ignorance of the certainty of the conjunction of antecedents and consequents.

Every human being is irrevocably impelled to act precisely as he does act: in the eternally which preceded his birth a chain of causes was generated, which, operating under the name of motives, make it impossible that any thought of his mind, or any action of his life, should be otherwise than it is. Were the doctrine of Necessity false, the human mind would no longer be a legitimate object of science; from like causes it would be in vain that we should expect like effects; the strongest motive would no longer be paramount over the conduct; all knowledge would be vague and indeterminate; we could not predict with any certainty that we might not meet as an enemy to-morrow him with whom we have parted in friendship to-night; the most probable inducements and the clearest reasonings would lose the invariable influence they possess. The contrary of this is demonstrably the fact. Similar circumstances produce the same unvariable effects. The precise character and motives of any man on any occasion being given, the moral philosopher could predict his actions with as much certainty as the natural philosopher could predict the effects of the mixture of any particular chemical substances. Why is the aged husbandman more experienced than the young beginner? Because there is a uniform, undeniable necessity in the operations of the material universe. Why is the old statesman more skilful than the raw politician? Because, relying on the necessary conjunction of motive and action, he proceeds to produce moral effects, by the application of those moral causes which experience has shown to be effectual. Some actions may be found to which we can attach no motives, but these are the effects of causes with which we are unacquainted. Hence the relation which motive bears to voluntary action is that of cause to effect; nor, placed in this point of view, is it, or ever has it been the subject of popular or philosophical dispute. None but the few fanatics who are engaged in the herculean task of reconciling the justice of their God with the misery of man, will longer outrage common sense by the supposition of an event without a cause, a voluntary action without a motive. History, politics, morals, criticism, all grounds of reasonings, all principles of science, alike assume the truth of the doctrine of Necessity. No farmer carrying his corn to market doubts the sale of it at the market price. The master of a manufactury no more doubts that he can purchase the human labor necessary for his purposes, than that his machinery will act as it has been accustomed to act.

But, whilst none have scrupled to admit necessity as influencing matter, many have disputed its dominion over mind. Independently of its mitigating with the received idea of the justice of God, it is by no means necessary to a superficial inquiry. When the mind observes its own operations, it feels no connexion of motive and action: but as we know "nothing more of causation than the constant conjunction of objects and the consequent inference of one from the other, as we find that these two circumstances are universally allowed to have place in voluntary action, we may be easily led to own that they are subjected to the necessity common to all causes." The actions of the will have a regular conjunction with circumstances and characters; motive is, to voluntary action, what cause is to effect. But the only idea we can form of causation is a constant conjunction of similar objects, and the consequent inference of one from the other: wherever this is the case, necessity is clearly established.

The idea of liberty, applied metaphorically to the will, has sprung from a misconception of the meaning of the word power. What is power?—id quod polet, that which can produce any given effect. To deny power, is to say that nothing can or has the power to be or act. In the only true sense of the word power, it applies with equal force to the loadstone as to the human will. Do you think these motives, which I shall present, are powerful enough to rouse him? is a question just as common as, Do you think this lever has the power of raising this weight? The advocates of free-will assert that the will has the power of refusing to be determined by the strongest motive: but the strongest motive is that which, overcoming all others, ultimately prevails; this assertion therefore amounts to a denial of the will being ultimately determined: this is an absurdity. But it is equally certain that a man cannot resist the strongest motive, as that he cannot overcome a physical impossibility.

The doctrine of Necessity tends to introduce a great change into the established notions of morality, and utterly to destroy religion. Reward and punishment must be considered, by the Necessarian, merely as motives which he would employ in order to procure the adoption or abandonment of any given line of conduct. Desert, in the present sense of the word, would no longer have any meaning; and he, who should inflict pain upon another for no better reason than that he deserved it, would only gratify his revenge under pretence of satisfying justice. It is not enough, says the advocate of free-will, that a criminal should be prevented from a repetition of his crimes: he should feel pain, and his torments, when justly inflicted, ought precisely to be proportioned to the character which is incapable of producing happiness is useless; and though the crimo of Damiens must be condemned, yet the frightful torments which revenge, under the name of justice, inflicted on this unhappy man, cannot be supposed to have augmented, even at the long-run, the stock of pleasurable sensation in the world. At the same time, the doctrine of Necessity does not in the least diminish our disapprobation of vice. The conviction which all feel, that a viper is a poisonous animal, and that a tiger is constrained, by the inevitable condition of his existence, to devour men, does not induce us to avoid them less sedulously, or, even more, to hesitate in destroying them; but he would surely be of a hard heart, who, meeting with a serpent on a desert island, or in a situation where it was incapable of injury, should wantonly deprive it of existence. A Necessarian is inconsistent to his own principles, if he indulges in hatred or contempt, the compassion which he feels for the criminal, is unmixed with a desire of injuring him; he looks with an elevated and dreadless composure upon the links of the universal chain as they pass before his eyes; whilst cowardice, curiosity and inconsistency only assail him in proportion to the feebleness and indissolubility with which he has perceived and rejected the delusions of free-will.

Religion is the perception of the relation in which

376
we stand to the principle of the universe. But if the principle of the universe be not an organic being, the model and prototype of man, the relation between it and human beings is absolutely none. Without some insight into its will respecting our actions, religion is nugatory and vain. But will is only a mode of human qualities also are such as only a human being can possess; to attribute them to the principle of the universe, is to annex to it properties incompatible with any possible definition of its nature. It is probable that the word God was originally only an expression denoting the unknown cause of the known events which men perceived in the universe. By the vulgar mistake of a metaphor for a real being, of a word for a thing, it became a man, endowed with human qualities and governing the universe as an earthly monarch governs his kingdom. Their addresses to this imaginary being, indeed, are much in the same style as those of subjects to a king. They acknowledge his benevolence, depurate his anger, and supplicate his favor.

But the doctrine of Necessity teaches us, that in all cases any event have happened otherwise than it did happen, and that, if God is the author of good, he is also the author of evil; that, if he is entitled to our gratitude for the one, he is entitled to our hatred for the other; that, admitting the existence of this hypothetical being, he is also subjected to the dominion of an immutable necessity. It is plain that the same arguments which prove that God is the author of food, light, and life, prove him also to be the author of poison, darkness, and death. The wide-wasting earthquake, the storm, the battle, and the tyranny, are attributable to this hypothetical being, in the same degree as the fairest forms of nature, sunshine, liberty, and peace.

But we are taught, by the doctrine of Necessity, that there is neither good nor evil in the universe, otherwise than as the events to which we apply these epithets have relation to our own peculiar mode of being. Still less than with the hypothesis of a God, will the doctrine of Necessity accord with the belief of a future state of punishment. God made man such as he is, and then damned him for being so; for to say that God was the author of all good, and man the author of all evil, is to say that one man made a straight line and a crooked one, and another man made the incongruity. A Mahometan story, much to the present purpose, is recorded, wherein Adam and Moses are introduced disputing before God in the following manner. Thou says Moses, art Adam, whom God created and animated with the breath of life, and caused to be worshipped by the angels, and placed in Paradise, from whence mankind have been expelled for thy fault. Whereunto Adam answered, Thou art Moses, whom God chose for his apostle, and intrusted with his word, by giving thee the tables of the law, and whom he vouchsafed to admit to discourse with himself. How many years dost thou find the law was written before I was created? Says Moses, Forty. And dost thou not find, replied Adam, these words therein? And Adam rebelled against his Lord and transgressed! Which Moses confessing, Dost thou therefore blame me, continued he, for doing that which God wrote of me that I should do, forty years before I was created? Nay, for what was decreed concerning me fifty thousand years before the creation of heaven and earth—SALE'S Prelim. Disc. to the Koran, page 164.

Note 13, page 117, col. 1.

There is no God!

This negation must be understood solely to affect a creative Deity. The hypothesis of a pervading Spirit coeternal with the universe, remains unshaken.

A close examination of the validity of the proofs adduced to support my proposition, is the only secure way of attaining truth, on the advantages of which it is unnecessary to descant; our knowledge of the existence of a Deity is a subject of such importance, that it cannot be too minutely investigated; in consequence of this conviction, we proceed briefly and impartially to examine the proofs which have been adduced. It is necessary first to consider the nature of belief.

When a proposition is offered to the mind, it perceives the agreement or disagreement of the ideas of which it is composed. A perception of their agreement is termed belief. Many obstacles frequently prevent this perception from being immediate; these the mind attempts to remove, in order that the perception may be distinct. The mind is active in the investigation, in order to perfect the state of perception of the relation which the component ideas of the proposition bear to each, which is passive: the investigation being confused with the perception, has induced many falsely to imagine that the mind is active in belief,—that belief is an act of volition,—in consequence of which it may be regulated by the mind. Pursuing, continuing this mistake, they have attached a degree of criminality to disbelief; of which, in its nature, it is incapable: it is equally incapable of merit.

Belief, then, is a passion, the strength of which, like every other passion, is in precise proportion to the degrees of excitement.

The degrees of excitement are three. The senses are the sources of all knowledge to the mind; consequently their evidence claims the strongest assent. The decision of the mind, founded upon our own experience, derived from these sources, claims the next degree.

The experience of others, which addresses itself to the former one, occupies the lowest degree.

(A graduated scale, on which should be marked the capabilities of propositions to approach to the test of the senses, would be a just barometer of the belief which ought to be attached to them.) Consequently no testimony can be admitted which is contrary to reason; reason is founded on the evidence of our senses.

Every proof may be referred to one of these three divisions: it is to be considered what arguments we receive from each of them, which should convince us of the existence of a Deity.

1st. The evidence of the senses. If the Deity should reveal to us, if he should convince our senses of his existence, this revelation would necessarily command belief. Those to whom the Deity has thus appeared have the strongest possible conviction of his existence. But the God of Theologians is incapable of local visibility.

2d. Reason. It is urged that man knows that whatever is, must either have had a beginning, or have existed from all eternity: he also knows, that whatever is not eternal must have had a cause. When this reasoning is applied to the universe, it is necessary to prove that it was created; until that is clearly demonstrated, we may reasonably suppose that it has
endured from all eternity. We must prove design before we can infer a designer. The only idea which we can form of causation is derivable from the constant conjunction of objects, and the consequent inference of one from the other. In a case where two propositions are diametrically opposite, the mind believes that which is least incomprehensible: it is easier to suppose that the universe has existed from all eternity, than to conceive a being beyond its limits capable of creating it: if the mind sinks beneath the weight of one, is an alleviation to increase the intolerability of the burden?

The other argument, which is founded on a man's knowledge of his own existence, stands thus. A man knows not only that he now is, but that once he was not; consequently there must have been a cause. But our idea of causation is alone derivable from the constant conjunction of objects and the consequent inference of one from the other; and, reasoning experimentally, we can only infer from effects, causes exactly adequate to those effects. But there certainly is a generative power which is effected by certain instruments: we cannot prove that it is inherent in these instruments; nor is the contrary hypothesis capable of demonstration: we admit that the generative power is incomprehensible; but to suppose that the same effect is produced by an eternal, omnipotent, omnipotent being, leaves the cause in the same obscurity, but renders it more incomprehensible.

5d. Testimony. It is required that testimony should not be contrary to reason. The testimony that the Deity convinces the senses of men of his existence can only be admitted by us, if our mind considers it less probable that these men should have been deceived, than that the Deity should have appeared to them. Our reason can never admit the testimony of men, who not only declare that they were eye-wit- nesses of miracles, but that the Deity was irrational; for he commanded that he should be believed, he proposed the highest rewards for faith, eternal punishments for disbelief. We can only command voluntary actions; belief is not an act of volition; the mind is even passive, or involuntarily active: from this it is evident that we have no sufficient testimony, or rather that testimony is insufficient to prove the being of a God. It has been before shown that it cannot be deduced from reason. They alone, then, who have been convinced by the evidence of the senses, can believe it.

Hence it is evident that, having no proofs from either of the three sources of conviction, the mind cannot believe the existence of a creative God: it is also evident, that, as belief is a passion of the mind, no degree of criminality is attachable to disbelief; and that they only are reprehensible who neglect to remove the false medium through which their minds views any subject of discussion. Every reflecting mind must acknowledge that there is no proof of the existence of a Deity.

God is an hypothesis, and, as such, stands in need of proof: the onus probandi rests on the theist. Sir Isaac Newton says: "Hypotheses non fingo, quicquid enim ex phenomenis non deductur, hypothesis vocanum est, et hypothesis vel meta physica, vel physis, vel qualitatum occultarum, seu mechanicae, in philosophia locum non habent." To all proofs of the existence of a creative God apply this valuable rule.

We see a variety of bodies possessing a variety of powers: we merely know their effects; we are in a state of ignorance with respect to their essences and causes. These Newton calls the phenomena of things; but the pride of philosophy is unwilling to admit its ignorance of their causes. From the phenomena, which are the objects of our senses, we attempt to infer a cause, which we call God, and gratuitously endow it with all negative and contradictory qualities. From this hypothesis we invent this general name, to cover our ignorance of causes of these essences. This being called God by no means answers with the conditions prescribed by Newton; it bears every mark of a veil woven by philosophical conceit, to hide the ignorance of philosophers even from themselves. They borrow the threads of its texture from the anthropomorphism of the vulgar. Words have been used by sophists for the same purposes, from the occult qualities of the peripatetics to the effluvium of Boyle and the crinities or nebulae of Herschel. God is represented as infinite, eternal, incomprehensible; he is contained under every predicate in non that the logic of ignorance could fabricate. Even his wor- shippers allow that it is impossible to form any idea of him; they exclaim with the French poet,

Pour dire ce qu'il est, il faut être lui-même.

Lord Bacon says, that "atheism leaves to man reason, philosophy, natural piety, laws, reputation, and every thing, that can serve to conduct him to virtue; but superstition destroys all these, and creeps itself into a tyranny over the understandings of men; hence atheism never disturbs the government, but renders man more clear-sighted, since he sees nothing beyond the boundaries of the present life."—Bacon's Moral Essays.

La première théologie de l'homme lui fit d'abord craindre et adorer les éléments même, des objets materiels et grossiers; il rendit ensuite ses hommages à des agents précédents aux clémences, à des génies inférieurs, à des héros, ou à des hommes donés de grandes qualités. A force de réfléchir, il crut simplifier les choses en soumettant la nature entière à un seul agent, à un esprit, à une ame universelle, qui mettoit cette nature et ses parties en mouvement. En remontant des causes en causes, les mortels ont fini par ne rien voir; et c'est dans cette obscurité qu'ils ont placé leur Dieu; c'est dans cet abyme ténébreux que leur imagination inquiète travaille toujours à se fabriquer des chimères, qui les affluent jusqu'à ce que la connaissance de la nature les déprécie des fantômes qu'ils ont toujours si vaivement adorés.

Si nous voulons nous rendre compte de nos idées sur la Divinité, nous serons obligés de convenir que, par le mot Dieu, les hommes n'ont jamais pu désigner que la cause la plus cachée, la plus éloignée, la plus incon- nue des effets qu'ils voyoient: ils ne font usage de ce mot, que lorsque le jeu des causes naturelles et con- nus cesse d'être visible pour eux; dès qu'ils perdent le fil de ces causes, ou dès que leur esprit ne peut plus en suivre la chaîne, ils tranchent leur difficulté, et terminent leurs recherches en appelant Dieu la dernière des causes, c'est-à-dire celle qui est au-delà de toutes les causes qu'ils connaissent; ainsi ils ne font qu'assigner une dénomination vague à une cause ignorable, à laquelle leur paresse ou les bornes de leurs connaissances les forcent de s'arrêter. Toutes les fois qu'on nous dit que Dieu est l'auteur de quelque phénomène, cela signifie qu'on ignore comment un tel...
Ne qu'embrouiller c'est C'est Ceux Souscrivent-ils des I'habitude, ce lui, il en Dieu rouver la jur AV même, même cette foule de distinctions subtiles dont la théologie s'est partout remplie dans quelques pays, ces inventions si ingénieuses, imaginées par des penseurs qui se sont succédés depuis tant de siècles, n'ont fait, helas ! qu'embruller les choses, et jamais la science la plus nécessaire aux hommes n'a jusqu'ici pu acquérir la moindre fixité. Depuis des milliers d'années, ces réveurs osés se sont perpétuellement relayés pour méditer la Divinité, pour deviner ses voies cachées, pour inventer des hypothèses propres à développer cette énigme importante. Leur peu de succès n'a point décoragué la vanité théologique ; toujours on a parlé de Dieu : on s'est égorgé pour lui, et cet être sublime demeure toujours le plus ignoré et le plus discuté.

Les hommes auraient été trop heureux, si, se bornant aux objets visibles qui les intéressent, ils eussent employé à perfectionner leurs sciences réelles, leurs lois, leur morale, leur éducation, la moitié des efforts qu'ils ont mis dans leurs recherches sur la Divinité. Ils se sont donc des bien plus sages encore, et plus fortunés, s'ils eussent pu consentir à laisser leurs guides désœuvrés se quereller entre eux, et souder des profondeurs capables de les étourdir, sans se mêler de leurs disputes insensées. Mais il est de l'essence de l'ignorance d'attacher de l'importance à ce qu'elle ne comprend pas. La vanité humaine fait que l'esprit se roidit contre les difficultés. Plus un objet se dérobe à nos yeux, plus nous faisons d'efforts pour le saisir, parce que lorsqu'il aiguillonne notre orgueil, il excite notre curiosité, qui nous paroit intéressant. En combatant pour son Dieu chacun ne combatit en effet que pour les intérêts de sa propre vanité, qui de toutes les passions produites par la mal organisation de la société, est la plus prompte à s'alarmer, et la plus propre à produire de très grandes folies.

Si écartant pour un moment les idées fâcheuses que la théologie nous donne d'un Dieu capricieux, dont les décrets partiaux et désopilants décident du sort des humains, nous ne voulons fixer nos yeux que sur la bonté prophétique, que tout les hommes apprene voir en tremblant devant ce Dieu, s'accordent à lui donner ; si nous lui supposons le projet qu'on lui prête, de n'avoir travaillé que pour sa propre gloire ; d'exiger les hommages des êtres intelligents ; de ne chercher dans ses œuvres que le bien-être du genre humain ; comment concilier ses vues et ses dispositions avec l'ignorance vraiment invincible dans laquelle ce Dieu, si glorieux et si bon ; laisse la plupart des hommes sur son compte ? Si Dieu veut être connu, cheri, remercié, que ne se montre-t-il sous des traits favorables à tous ces êtres intelligents dont il veut être aimé et adoré ? Pourquoi ne point se manifester à toute la terre d'une façon non équivoque, bien plus capable de nous convaincre, que ces révélations partielles qui semblent accuser la Divinité d'une partialité fâcheuse pour quelques unes de ses créatures ! Le Tout-Puissant n'aurait-il donc pas des moyens plus convaincants de se montrer aux hommes que ces métamorphoses ridicules, ces incarnations prétendues, qui nous sont attestées par des écrivains si peu d'accord entre eux dans les récits qu'ils en font ? Au lieu de tant de miracles inventés pour prouver la mission divine de tant de législateurs révérés par les différents peuples du monde, le souverain des esprits ne pouvait-il pas convaincre tout d'un coup l'esprit humain des choses qu'il a voulu lui faire connaître ? Au lieu de suspendre un soleil dans la voûte du
 preconceptions of the simon. Had this author, instead of inveighing against the guilt and absurdity of atheism, demonstrated its falsehood, his conduct would have been more suited to the modesty of the sceptic and the toleration of the philosopher.

Omnia enim per Dei potentiam facta sunt: imo, quia natura potentia nulla est nisi ipsa Dei potentia, ariem est nos cætus Dei potentiam non intelligere, quatenus causas naturales ignoramus; adeoque stante ad eandem Dei potentiam recurritur, quando rei ali causam, causam naturalem, sive est, ipsam Dei potentiam ignoramus.—Siphora. Tract. TheoLgico-Pol. chap. 1. page 14.

Note 14, page 117, col. 2.

Ahasuerus, rise!

"Ahasuerus the Jew crept forth from the dark cave of Mount Carmel. Near two thousand years have elapsed since he was first goaded by never-ending restlessness torove the globe from pole to pole. When our Lord was wearied with the burden of his ponderous cross, and wanted to rest before the door of Ahasuerus, the unfeeling wretch drove him away with brutality. The Savior of mankind stagnated, sinking under the heavy load, but uttered no complaint. An angel of death appeared before Aha- suerus, and exclaimed indignantly, 'Barbarian! thou hast denied rest to the Son of Man; be it denied thee, until he comes to judge the world.'

'A black demon, let loose from hell upon Ahasuerus, goads him now from country to country: he denied the consolation which death affords, and precluded from the rest of the peaceful grave.'

"Ahasuerus crept forth from the dark cave or Mount Carmel—he shook the dust from his beard—and taking up one of the skulls heaped there, hurled it down the eminence: it rebounded from the earth shivered atoms. This was my father! roared Ahasuerus. Seven more skulls rolled down from rock to rock; while the infuriate Jew, following them with ghastly looks, exclaimed—And these were my wives! He still continued to hurl down skull after skull, roaing in dreadful accents—And these, and these, all these were my children! They could die; but I reprobate wretch, alas! I cannot die! Dreadful is your conception; the judgment that hangs over me! Jerusalem fell!—I crushed the sucking babe, and piti-cipated myself into the destructive flames. I curse the Romans—but, alas! alas! the restless curse hel me by the hair,—and I could not die!"
and plunged in the tempest of the raging battle. I 

roared defiance to the infuriate Gaul, defiance to the 

victorious Caesar; and the eagle's blood-red 

me, in vain the elephant trample 

I fell on heaps of 

burnt, imprisoned, and poisoned all the unbiassed 

in the Bible, they would be damned to all eternity; and 

women who derived, and still derive immense emoluments 

in the shape of a popular belief, 

told the vulgar, that, if they did not believe in the 

of the humblest and most unconnected 

and the throne of Judea.
nance. Even under a government which, whilst it
infringes the very right of thought and speech, boasts
of permitting the liberty of the press, a man is pil-
loried and imprisoned because he is a deist, and no
one raises his voice in the indignation of outraged
humanity. But it is ever a proof that the falsehood
of a proposition is felt by those who use coercion,
not reasoning, to procure its admission; and a dis-
passionate observer would feel himself more power-
fully interested in favor of a man, who, depending
on the truth of his opinions, simply stated his reasons
for entertaining them, than in that of his aggressor,
who daringly avowing his unwillingness or incapacity
to answer them by argument, proceeded to repress
the energies and break the spirit of their promulgator
by that torture and imprisonment whose infliction he
could command.

Analogy seems to favor the opinion, that as, like
other systems, Christianity has arisen and augmented,
so like them it will decay and perish; that, as vio-
lence, darkness, and deceit, not reasoning and persua-
sion, have procured its admission among mankind,
so, when enthusiasm has subsided, and time, that in-
fallible controvertor of false opinions, has involved
its pretended evidences in the darkness of antiquity,
it will become obsolete; that Milton's poem alone
will give permanency to the remembrance of its ab-
surdities; and that men will laugh as heartily at
grace, faith, redemption, and original sin, as they
now do at the maleficence of Jupiter, the miracles
of Roman saints, the efficacy of witchcraft, and the
appearance of departed spirits.

Had the Christian religion commenced and con-
tinued by the mere force of reasoning and persuasion,
the preceding analogy would be inadmissible. We
should never speculate on the future obsolescence of
a system perfectly conformable to nature and reason:
it would endure so long as they endured; it would
be a truth as indissoluble as the light of the sun, the
criminality of murder, and other facts, whose evi-
dence, depending on our organization and relative
situations, must remain acknowledged as satisfactory
so long as man is man. It is an incontrovertible fact,
the consideration of which ought to repress the hasty
conclusions of credulity, or moderate its obstinacy in
maintaining them, that, had the Jews not been a
fanatical race of men, had even the resolution of
Pontius Pilate been equal to his candor, the Christian
religion never could have prevailed, it could not even
have existed: on so feeble a thread hangs the most
cherished opinion of a sixtieth of the human race!
When will the vulgar learn humility? When will the
pride of ignorance blush at having believed before it
could comprehend?

Either the Christian religion is true, or it is false:
if true, it comes from God, and its authenticity can
admit of doubt and dispute no further than its om-
nipotent author is willing to allow. Either the power
or the goodness of God is called in question, if he
leaves those doctrines most essential to the well-being
of man in doubt and dispute; the only ones which,
since their promulgation, have been the subject of
unceasing cavil, the cause of irreconcilable hatred.
If God has spoken, why is the universe not convinced?

There is this passage in the Christian Scriptures:
"Those who obey not God, and believe not the Gos-
pel of his Son, shall be punished with everlasting
destruction." This is the pivot upon which all reli-
gious turn: they all assume that it is in our power
to believe or not to believe; whereas the mind can

only believe that which it thinks true. A human
being can only be supposed accountable for those
actions which are influenced by his will. But belief
is utterly distinct from and unconnected with volition;
it is the apprehension of the agreement or disagree-
ment of the ideas that compose any proposition. Be-
lief is a passion, or involuntary operation of the mind,
and, like other passions, its intensity is precisely pro-
portional to the degrees of excitement. Votion is
essential to merit or demerit. But the Christian reli-
gion, which is the highest of merit and demerit to that which is worthy of neither, is which is totally unconnected with the peculiar
faculty of the mind, whose presence is essential to
their being.

Christianity was intended to reform the world: had
an all-wise Being planned it, nothing is more improba-
table than that it should have failed: omniscience
would infallibly have foreseen the inutility of a
scheme which experience demonstrates, to this age
have been utterly unsuccessful.

Christianity inculcates the necessity of supplanting
the Deity. Prayer may be considered under two
points of view;—as an endeavor to change the in-
tentions of God, or as a formal testimony of our obe-
dience. But the former case supposes that the caprices of a limited intelligence can occasionally in-
struct the Creator of the world how to regulate the
universe; and the latter, a certain degree of servility
analogous to the loyalty demanded by earthly tyranny.
Obedience indeed is only the pitiful and cowardly
egotism of him who thinks that he can do something
better than reason.

Christianity, like all other religions, rests upon
miracles, prophecies, and martyrdoms. No religion
ever existed, which had not its prophets, its attested
miracles, and, above all, crowds of devotees who
would bear patiently the most horrible tortures to
prove its authenticity. It should appear that in a
case can a discriminating mind subscribe to the genu-
ineless of a miracle. A miracle is an infraction of
nature's law, by a supernatural cause; by a cause
acting beyond that eternal circle within which all
things are included. God breaks through the law of
nature, that he may convince mankind of the trut
of that revelation which, in spite of his precaution
has been, since its introduction, the subject of un-
ceasing schism and cavil.

Miracles resolve themselves into the following
questions—Whether it is more probable to law of
nature, hitherto so immutably harmonious, should
have undergone violation, or that a man should have
told a lie? Whether it is more probable that we are
ignorant of the natural cause of an event, or that we
know the supernatural one? That, in old time
when the powers of nature were less known than
at present, a certain set of men were themselves de-
ceived, or had some hidden motive for deceiving
others; or that God begat a son, who, in his legis-
lation, measuring merit by belief, evidenced himself
to be totally ignorant of the powers of the human
mind—of what is voluntary, and what is the con-
trary?

We have many instances of men telling lies—
one of ancient of nature's laws, those laws who
whose government alone we have any knowledge
or experience. The records of all nations afford it
numerable instances of men deceiving others, edii

* See Hume's Essays, vol. ii. page 121.

392
from vanity or interest, or themselves as being deceived by the limitedness of their views and their ignorance of natural causes: but where is the accredited case of God having come upon earth, to give the lie to his own creations! There would be something truly wonderful in the appearance of a ghost; but the assertion of a child that he saw one as he passed through the church-yard is universally admitted to be less miraculous.

But even supposing that a man should raise a dead body to life before our eyes, and on this fact rest his claim to being considered the son of God,—the Human Society restores drowned persons, and because it makes no mystery of the method it employs, its members are not mistaken for the sons of God. All that we have a right to infer from our ignorance of the cause of any event is, that we do not know it; had the Mexicans attended to this simple rule when they heard the cannon of the Spanishiards, they would not have considered them as gods: the experiments of modern chemistry would have defied the wisest philosophers of ancient Greece and Rome to have accounted for them on natural principles. An author of strong common sense has observed, that "a miracle is no miracle in any case;" he might have added, that a miracle is no miracle in any cause; for until we are acquainted with all natural causes, we have no reason to imagine others.

There remains to be considered another proof of Christianity—Prophecy. A book is written before a certain event, in which this event is foretold; how could the prophet have foreknown it without inspiration? how could he have been inspired without God? The greatest stress is laid on the prophecies of Moses and Hosea on the dispersion of the Jews, and that of Isaiah concerning the coming of the Messiah. The prophecy of Moses is a collection of every possible cursing and blessing; and it is so far from being marvellous that the one of dispersion should have been fulfilled, that it would have been more surprising if, out of all these, none should have taken effect. In Deuteronomy, chap. xxviii. ver. 64, where Moses explicitly foretells the dispersion, he states that "They shall serve gods of wood and stone." And he Lord shall scatter them among all people, from the one end of the earth even to the other, and there thou shalt serve other gods, which neither thou nor thy fathers have known, even gods of wood and stone." The Jews are at this day remarkably tenacious of their religion. Moses also declares that they shall be subjected to these causes for disobedience to his ritual: "And it shall come to pass, if thou wilt not hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe to do all the commandments and statutes which command you this day, that all these curses shall come upon thee and overtake thee." Is this the real reason? The third, fourth and fifth chapters of Hosea are a piece of immodest confession. The indelicate ype might apply in a hundred senses to a hundred kings. The fifty-third chapter of Isaiah is more explicit, yet does not exceed in clearness the oracles of Delphi. The prophecies of Moses and Hosea did write when they are said to have written, is far from being clear and circumstantial.

But prophecy requires proof in its character as a miracle; we have no right to suppose that a man foreknew future events from God, until it is demonstrated that he neither could know them by his own perceptions, nor that the writings which contain the prediction could possibly have been fabricated after the event pretended to be foretold. It is more probable that writings, pretending to divine inspiration, should have been fabricated after the fulfilment of their pretended prediction, than that they should have really been divinely inspired; when we consider that the latter supposition makes God at once the creator of the human mind, and ignorant of its primary powers, particularly as we have numberless instances of false religions, and forged prophecies of things long past, and no accredited case of God having conversed with men directly or indirectly. It is also possible that the description of an event might have foregone its occurrence; but this is far from being a legitimate proof of a divine revelation, as many men, not pretending to the character of a prophet, have nevertheless, in this sense, prophesied.

Lord Chesterfield was never taken for a prophet, even by a bishop, yet he uttered this remarkable prediction: "The despotic government of France is screwed up to the highest pitch; a revolution is fast approaching; that revolution, I am convinced, will be radical and sanguinary." This appeared in the letters of the prophet long before the accomplishment of this wonderful prediction. Now, have these particulars come to pass, or have they not? If they have, how could the Earl have foreknown them without inspiration? If we admit the truth of the Christian religion on testimony such as this, we must admit, on the same strength of evidence, that God has affirmed the highest rewards to belief, and the eternal tortures of the never-dying worm to disbelieve; both of which have been demonstrated to be involuntary.

The last proof of the Christian religion depends on the influence of the Holy Ghost. Theologians divide the influence of the Holy Ghost into its ordinary and extraordinary modes of operation. The latter is supposed to be that which inspired the Prophets and Apostles; and the former to be the grace of God, which summarily makes known the truth of his revelation, to those whose mind is fitted for its reception by a submissive perusal of his word. Persons convinced in this manner, can do any thing but account for their conviction, describe the time at which it happened, or the manner in which it came upon them. It is supposed to instruct the mind by other channels than those of the senses, and therefore professes to be superior to reason, founded on their experience.

Admitting, however, the usefulness or possibility of a divine revelation, unless we demolish the foundations of all human knowledge, it is requisite that our reason should previously demonstrate its genuineness; for, before we extinguish the steady ray of reason and common sense, it is fit that we should discover whether we can do without their assistance, whether or no there be any other which may suffice to guide us through the labyrinth of life? for, if a man is to be inspired upon all occasions, if he is to be sure of a thing because he is sure, if the ordinary operations of the spirit are not to be considered very extraordinary modes of demonstration, if enthusiasm is not to usurp the place of proof, and madness that of sanity, all reasoning is superfluous. The Mahometan dies fighting for his prophet, the Indian immolates himself at the chariot-wheels of Brahma, the Hotentot worships an insect, the Negro a bunch of fea-

thers, the Mexican sacrifices human victims! Their degree of conviction must certainly be very strong; it cannot arise from conviction, it must from feelings, the reward of their prayers. If each of these should affirm, in opposition to the strongest possible arguments, that inspiration carried internal evidence, I fear their inspired brethren, the orthodox Missionaries, would be so uncharitable as to pronounce them obstinate.

Miracles cannot be received as testimonies of a disputed fact, because all human testimony has ever been insufficient to establish the possibility of miracles. That which is incapable of proof itself, is no proof of any thing else. Prophecy has also been rejected by the test of reason. Those, then, who have been actually inspired, are the only true believers in the Christian religion.

Mox humine viso
Virgini tumure sinuis, intransaque mater
Arcano stupuit compleri viscera partu
Auctorem peritura amm. Mortalia corda
Artificem texere poli, latuitque sub uno
Pectore, qui totum late compectar orbem.

CLAUDIUM, Carmen Passchali.

Does not so monstrous and disgusting an absurdity carry its own infamy and refutation with itself?

Note 16, page 120, col. 2.

Him (still from hope to hope the bliss pursuing,
Which, from the exhaustless lore of human weal
Dawns on the virtuous mind), the thoughts that rise
In time-destructing infiniteness, gift
With self-cushioned eternity, etc.

Time is our consciousness of the succession of ideas in our mind. Vivid sensation, of either pain or pleasure, makes the time seem long, as the common phrase is, because it renders us more acutely conscious of our ideas. If a mind be conscious of a hundred ideas during one minute, by the clock, and of two hundred during another, the latter of these spaces would actually occupy so much greater extent in the mind as two exceed one in quantity. If, therefore, the human mind, by any future improvement of its sensibility, should become conscious of an infinite number of ideas in a minute, that minute would be eternity. I do not hence infer that the actual space between the birth and death of a man will ever be prolonged; but that his sensibility is perfect, and that the number of ideas which his mind is capable of receiving is indefinite. One man is stretched on the rack during twelve hours; another sleeps soundly in his bed; the difference of time perceived by these two persons is immense; one hardly will believe that half an hour has elapsed, the other could credit that centuries had flown during his agony. Thus, the life of a man of virtue and talent who should die in his thirtieth year, is, with regard to his own feelings, longer than that of a miserable priest-ridden slave, who dreams out a century of dullness. The one has perpetually cultivated his mental faculties, has rendered himself master of his thoughts, can abstract and generalize amid the lethargy of every-day business; the other can slumber over the brightest moments of his being, and is unable to remember the happiest hour of his life. Perhaps the perishing ephemeron enjoys a longer life than the tortoise.

Dark flood of time!
Roll as it listeth thee—I measure not
By months or moments, thy ambiguous course.
Another may stand by me on the brink,
And watch the bubble whirl’d beyond his ken
The highest or the lowest of my feelings.
The thirst for action, and the impatience’d thought,
Prolong my being: if I wake no more,
My life more actual living will contain
Than some gray veteran’s of the world’s cold school,
Whose listless hours unprofitably roll,
By one enthusiast feeling unredeem’d.

See Godwin’s Pol. Jus. vol. i. page 411;—and

Note 17, page 120, col. 2.

No longer now
He slays the lamb that looks him in the face.

I hold that the depravity of the physical and moral nature of man originated in his unnatural habits of life. The origin of man, like that of the universe of which he is a part, is enveloped in impenetrable mystery. His generations, either had a beginning, or they had not. The weight of evidence in favor of each of these suppositions seems tolerably equal; and it is perfectly unimportant, to the present argument, which is assumed. The language spoken however by the mythology of nearly all religions seems to prove, that at some distant period man forsook the path of nature, and sacrificed the purity and happiness of his being to unnatural appetites. The date of this event seems to have been also that of some great change in the climates of the earth, with which it has an obvious correspondence. The allegory of Adam and Eve eating of the tree of evil, and entailing upon their posterity the wrath of God, and the loss of everlasting life, admits of no other explanation than the disease and crime that had flowed from unnatural diet. Milton was so well aware of this, that he makes Raphael thus exhibit to Adam the consequence of his disobedience.

Immediately a place
Before his eyes appeared: sad, noisome, dark:
A larinar-house it seeming; where were laid
Numbers of all diseased; all maladies
Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms
Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
Intestine stone, and ulcer, cholic pangs,
Demoniac frenzy, moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,
Marasmus and wide-wasting pestilence.
Dropesis, and asthma, and joint-racking rheums.

And how many thousands more might not be ad
Added to this frightful catalogue?

The story of Prometheus is one likewise which although universally admitted to be allegorical he never been satisfactorily explained. Prometheus stole fire from heaven, and was chained for this crime!

Mount Caucasus, where a vulture continually devoured his liver, that grew to meet its hunger. His siad says, that before the time of Prometheus, man kind were exempt from suffering; that they enjoy a vigorous youth, and that death, when at length came, approached like sleep, and gently closed the eyes. Again, so general was this opinion, that Horace a poet of the Augustan age, writes—

Audax omnia perpeti,
Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas;
Audax lapeti genus
Ignem fraude mala gentibus intulit:
Post ignem aetheria domo
Subductum, macies et nova febrium
Terris incubuit cohors,
Semiotique prius tarda necessitas
Lethi corripit gradum.

How plain a language is spoken by all this! Prometheus (who represents the human race) effected so great a change in the condition of his nature, and applied fire to culinary purposes; thus inventing an expedient for screening from his disgust the horrors of the shambles. From this moment his viles were devoured by the vulture of disease. It consumed his being in every shape of its loathsome and infinite variety, inducing the soul-quelling sinkings of premature and violent death. All vice arose from the ruin of health, and every species of disease, therefore, were then known, when reason vainly attempted to guide the wanderings of exacerbated passion. I conclude this part of the subject with an extract from Mr. Newton's Defence of Vegetable Regimen, from whom I have borrowed this interpretation of the fable of Prometheus.

"Making allowance for such transposition of the events of the allegory as time might produce, after the important truths were forgotten, which this portion of the ancient mythology was intended to transmit, the drift of the fable seems to be this:—Man at his creation was endowed with the gift of perpetual youth; that is, he was not formed to be a sickly suffering creature as we now see him, but to enjoy health, and to sink by slow degrees into the bosom of his parent earth, without disease or pain. Prometheus first taught the use of animal food (primus bovem occultit Prometheus) and of fire, with which to render it more digestible and pleasing to the taste. Jupiter, and the rest of the gods, foreseeing the consequences of these inventions, were amused or irritated at the short-sighted devices of the newly-formed creature, and left him to experience the sad effects of them. Thirst, the necessary concomitant of a flesh diet, (perhaps of all diet vitiated by culinary preparation) "ensued;" water was resorted to, and man forfeited the inestimable gift of health which he had received from Heaven: he became diseased, the partaker of a precarious existence, and no longer descended slowly to his grave."‡

But just disease to luxury succeeds,
And every death its own avenger breeds;
The fury passions from that blood began,
And turn'd on man a fiercer savage—man.

Man, and the animals whom he has infected with his society, or deprived by his dominion, are alone diseased. The wild hog, the mouton, the bison, and the wolf, are perfectly exempt from malady, and invariably die either from external violence, or natural old age. But the domestic hog, the sheep, the cow, and the dog, are subject to an incredible variety of distempers; and, like the corrupters of their nature, have physicians who thrive upon their miseries. The supereminence of man is like Satan's, a supereminence of pain; and the majority of his species, doomed to penury, disease, and crime, have reason to curse the untoward event, that by enabling him to communicate his sensations, raised him above the level of his fellow animals. But the steps that have been taken are irrevocable. The whole of human science is comprised in one question:—How can the advantages of intellect and civilization be reconciled with the liberty and pure pleasures of natural life? How can we take the benefits, and reject the evils of the system, which is now interwoven with all the fibres of our being?—I believe that abstinence from animal food and spiritual liquors would in a great measure capacitate us for the solution of this important question.

It is true, that mental and bodily derangement is attributable in part to other deviations from rectitude and nature than those which concern diet. The mistakes cherished by society respecting the connexion of the sexes, whence the misery and diseases of unsanctified celibacy, unenjoying prostitution, and the premature arrival of puberty, necessarily spring; the putrid atmosphere of crowded cities; the exhalations of chemical processes; the muffling of our bodies in superfluous apparel; the absurd treatment of infants:—all these, and innumerable other causes, contribute their mite to the mass of human evil.

Comparative anatomy teaches us that man resembles frugivorous animals in every thing, and carnivorous in nothing; he has neither claws wherewith to seize his prey, nor distinct and pointed teeth to tear the living fibre. A Mandarin of the first class, with nails two inches long, would probably find them alone inefficient to hold even a hare. After every subterfuge of gluttony, the bull must be degraded into the ox, and the ram into the wether, by an unnatural and inhuman operation, that the flaccid fibre may offer a fainter resistance to rebellions nature. It is only by softening and disguising dead flesh by culinary preparation, that it is rendered susceptible of satisfaction or digestion; and that the sight of its bloody juices and raw horror does not excite intolerable loathing and disgust. Let the advocate of animal food force himself to a decisive experiment on its fitness, and, as Plutarch recommends, tear a living lamb with his teeth, and plunging his head into its vitals, slake his thirst with the streaming blood; when fresh from the deed of horror, let him revert to the irresistible instincts of nature that would rise in judgment against it, and say, Nature formed me for such work as this. Then, and then only, would he be consistent.

Man resembles no carnivorous animal. There is no exception, unless man be one, to the rule of herbivorous animals having cellulated colons.

The orang-outang perfectly resembles man both in the order and number of his teeth. The orang-outang is the most anthropomorphous of the ape tribe, all of which are strictly frugivorous. There is no other species of animals, which live on different food, in which this analogy exists.† In many frugivorous animals, the canine teeth are more pointed and distinct than those of man. The resemblance also of the human stomach to that of the orang-outang, is greater than to that of any other animal.

The intestines are also identical with those of herbivorous animals, which present a larger surface for absorption, and have ample and cellulated colons. The cecum also, though short, is larger than that of

† Return to Nature. Cadell, 1811. 2 Y


385
carnivorous animals; and even here the orang-outang retains its accustomed similarity.

The structure of the human frame then is that of one fitted to a pure vegetable diet, in every essential particular. It is true, that the reluctance to abstain from animal food, in those who have been long accustomed to its stimulus, is so great in some persons of weak minds, as to be scarcely overcome; but this is far from bringing any argument in its favor. A lamb, which was fed for some time on flesh by a ship's crew, refused its natural diet at the end of the voyage. There are numerous instances of horses, sheep, oxen, and even wood-pigeons, having been taught to live upon flesh, until they have lost their natural aliment. Young children evidently prefer pastrу, oranges, apples, and other fruit, to the flesh of animals; until, by the gradual deprivation of the digestive organs, the free use of vegetables has for a time produced serious inconveniences; for a time, I say, since there never was an instance wherein a change from spirituous liquors and animal food to vegetables and pure water, has failed ultimately to invigorate the bogy, by rendering its juices bland and consonant, and to restore to the mind the cheerfulness and elasticity, which nature one in fifty possess on the present system. A love of strong liquors is also with difficulty taught to infants. Almost every one remembers the vry faces which the first glass of port produced. Unspecialized instinct is invariably unerring; but to decide on the fitness of animal food, from the perverted appetites which its constrained adoption produces, is to make the criminal a judge in his own case: it is even worse, it is appeasing to the infatuated drunkard in a question of the salubrity of brandy.

What is the cause of morbid action in the animal system? Not the air we breathe, for our fellow-denizens of nature breathe the same uninjured; not the water we drink, (if remote from the pollutants of man and his inventions,) for the animals drink it too; not the earth we tread upon; not the obscured sight of glorious nature, in the wood, the field, or the breeze of sky and ocean; nothing that we are or do in common with the undiseased inhabitants of the forest. Something then wherein we differ from them: our habit of altering our food by fire, so that our appetite is no longer a just criterion for the fitness of its gratification. Except in children, there remain no traces of that instinct which determines, in all other animals, what aliment is natural or otherwise; and so perfectly obliterated are they in the reasoning adults of our species, that it has become necessary to urge considerations drawn from comparative anatomy to prove that we are naturally frugivorous.

Crime is madness. Madness is disease. Whenever the cause of disease shall be discovered, the root, from which all vice and misery have so long overshadowed the globe, will lie bare to the ax. All the excursions of man, from that moment, may be considered as tending to the clearing of his species. No sane mind in a sane body solves upon a real crime. It is a man of violent passions, blood-shot eyes, and swollen veins, that alone can grasp the knife of murder. The system of a simple diet promises no Utopian advantages. It is no mere reform of legislation, whilst the furious passions and evil propensities of the human heart, in which it had its origin, are still unassuaged. It strikes at the root of all evil, and is an experiment which may be tried with success, not alone by nations, but by small societies, families, and even individuals. In no case has a return to vegetable diet produced the slightest injury; in most it has been attended with changes undeniably beneficial. Should ever a physician be born with the genius of Locke, I am persuaded that he might trace all bodily and mental derangements to our unnatural habits, as clearly as that philosopher has traced all knowledge to sensation. What prolific sources of disease are not those mineral and vegetable poisons that have been introduced for its extirpation? How many thousands have become murderers and robbers; bigots and domestic tyrants, dissolve and abandoned adventurers, from the use of fermented liquors! who, had they skated their thirst only with pure water, would have lived but to diffuse the happiness of their own unperturbed feelings. How many groundless opinions and absurd institutions have not received a general sanction from the satiety and intemperance of individuals! Who will assert that, had the populace of Paris satisfied their hunger at the ever-furnished table of vegetable nature, they would have lent their brutal suffrage to the proscription-list of Robespierre? Could a set of men, whose passions were not perverted by unnatural stimulis, look with coolness on an auto da fé? Is it to be believed that a being of gentle feelings, rising from his meal of roots, would take delight in sports of blood? Was Nero a man of temperate life? could you read calm health in his cheek, flushed with ungovernable propensities of hatred for the human race? Did Muley Ismael's pulse beat evenly, was his skin transparent, did his eyes beam with healthfulness, and its invariable concomitants, cheerfulness and benignity? Though history has decided none of these questions, a child could not hesitate to answer in the negative. Surely the bilie-suffused cheek of Bonaparte, his wrinkled brow, and yellow eye, the ceaseless inquietude of his nervous system, speak no less plainly the character of his unreasoning ambition than his murders and his victories. It is impossible, had Bonaparte descended from a race of vegetable feeders, that he could have had either the inclination or the power to ascend the throne of the Bourbons. The desire of tyranny could scarcely be excited in the individual, the power to tyrannize would certainly not be delegated by a society neither frenzied by inebriation nor rendered impotent and irrational by disease. Pregnant indeed with insupportable calamity is the renunciation of instinct, as it concerns our physical nature; arithmetic cannot enumerate, nor reason perhaps suspect, the multitudinous sources of disease in civilized life. Even common water, that apparently innocuous pabulum when corrupted by the filth of populous cities, is a deadly and insidious destroyer. Who can wonder that all the inducements held out by God himself in the Bible to virtue should have been vainer than a nurse's tale; and that these dogmas, by which he has there excited and justified the most ferocious propen-

* The necessity of resorting to some means of purifying water, and the disease which arises from its adulteration in civilized countries, is sufficiently apparent.—See Dr. Lambe's Reports on Cancer. I do not assert that the use of water is in itself unnatural, but that the unperverted palate would swallow no liquid capable of occasioning disease.

* Lambe's Reports on Cancer.
nities, should have alone been deemed essential; whilst Christians are in the daily practice of all those habits, which have infected with disease and crime, not only the reprobate sons, but those favored children of the common Father's love. Omnipotence itself could not save them from the consequences of the original and universal sin.

There is no disease, bodily or mental, which adoption of vegetable diet and pure water has not infallibly mitigated, wherever the experiment has been fairly tried. Debility is gradually converted into strength, disease into healthfulness; madness, in all its hideous variety, from the ravings of the fettered maniac, to the unaccountable irrationalities of ill temper, that make a hell of domestic life, into a calm and considerate evenness of temper, that alone might offer a certain pledge of the future moral reformation of society. On a natural system of diet, old age would be our last and our only malady; the term of our existence would be protracted; we should enjoy life, and no longer preclude others from the enjoyment of it; all sensational delights would be infinitely more exquisite and perfect; the very sense of being would then be a continued pleasure, such as we now feel it in some few and favored moments of our youth. By all that is sacred in our hopes for the human race, I conjure those who love happiness and truth, to give a fair trial to the vegetable system. Reasoning is surely superfuous on a subject whose merits an experience of six months would set for ever at rest. But it is only among the enlightened and benevolent that so great a sacrifice of appetite and prejudice can be expected, even though its ultimate excellence should not admit of dispute. It is found easier, by the short-sighted victims of disease, to palliate their torments by medicine, than to prevent them by regimen. The vulgar of all ranks are invariably sensual and indocile; yet I cannot but feel myself persuaded, that when the benefits of vegetable diet are mathematically proved; when it is as clear, that those who live naturally are exempt from premature death, as that nine is not one, the most sooth of mankind will feel a preference towards a long and tranquil, contrasted with a short and painful life. On an average, out of sixty persons, four die in three years. Hopes are entertained that, in April 1814, a statement will be given, that sixty persons, all having lived more than three years on vegetables and pure water, are then in perfect health. More than two years have now elapsed; not one of them has died; no such example will be found in any sixty persons taken at random. Seventeen persons of all ages (the families of Dr. Lamb and Mr. Newton) have lived for seven years on this diet without a death, and almost without the slightest illness. Surely, when we consider that some of these were infants, and one a martyr to asthma now nearly subdued, we may challenge any seventeen persons taken at random in this city to exhibit a parallel case. Those who have been excited to question the rectitude of established habits of diet, by these loose remarks, should consult Mr. Newton's luminous and eloquent essay.

When these proofs come fairly before the world, and are clearly seen by all who understand arithmetic, it is scarcely possible that abstinence from aliments demonstrably pernicious should not become universal. In proportion to the number of proselytes, so will be the weight of evidence; and when a thousand persons can be produced, living on vegetables and distilled water, who have to dread no disease but old age, the world will be compelled to regard animal flesh and fermented liquors as slow but certain poisons. The change which would be produced by simpler habits on political economy is sufficiently remarkable. The monopolizing eater of animal flesh would no longer destroy his constitution by devouring an acre at a meal, and many loaves of bread would cease to contribute to gout, madness and apoplexy, in the shape of a pint of porter, or a dram of gin, when appeasing the long-protracted famine of the hard-working peasant's hungry babes. The quantity of nutritious vegetable matter, consumed in fattening the carcass of an ox, would afford ten times the succulence, undepairing indeed, and incapable of generating disease, if gathered immediately from the bosom of the earth. The most fertile districts of the habitable globe are now actually cultivated by men for animals, at a delay and waste of aliment absolutely incapable of calculation. It is only the wealth that can, to any great degree, even now, indulge the unnatural craving for dead flesh, and they pay for the greater license of the privilege by subjecting to superhuman diseases. Again, the spirit of the nation that should take the lead in this great reform, would insensibly become agricultural; commerce, with all its vice, selfishness and corruption, would gradually decline; more natural habits would produce gentler manners, and the excessive complication of political relations would be so far simplified, that every individual might feel and understand why he loved his country, and took a personal interest in its welfare. How would England, for example, depend on the caprices of foreign rulers, if she contained within herself all the necessaries and despaired whatever they possessed of the luxuries of life? How could they starve her into compliance with their views? Of what consequence would it be that they refused to take her woollen manufactures, when large and fertile tracts of the island ceased to be allotted to the waste of pasturage? On a natural system of diet, we should require no spices from India; no wines from Portugal, Spain, France, or Madeira; none of those multitudinous articles of luxury, for which every corner of the globe is rife, and which are the causes of so much individual rivalry, such calamitous and sanguinary national disputes. In the history of modern times, the avarice of commercial monopoly, no less than the ambition of weak and wicked chiefs, seems to have fomented the universal discord, to have added stubbornness to the mistakes of cabinets, and indocility to the infatuation of the people. Let it ever be remembered, that it is the direct influence of commerce to make the interval between the richest and the poorest man wider and more unconquerable. Let it be remembered, that it is a foe to every thing of real worth and excellence in the human character. The odious and disgusting aristocracy of wealth is built upon the ruins of all that is good in chivalry or republicanism; and luxury is the forerunner of a barbarism scarce capable of cure. Is it impossible to realize a state of society, where all the energies of man shall be directed to the production of his solid happiness? Certainly, if this advantage
SHELLEY'S POETICAL WORKS.

(dram. Animal flesh, in its effects on the human stomach, is analogous to a dram. It is similar to the kind, though differing in the degree, of its operation. The profligate to a pure diet must be warned to expect a temporary diminution of muscular strength. The subtraction of a powerful stimulus will suffice to account for this event: It is only temporary, and is succeeded by an equal capability for exertion, far surpassing his former various and fluctuating strength. Above all, he will acquire an easiness of breathing, by which such exertion is performed, with a remarkable exemption from that painful and difficult panting now felt by almost every one, after hastily climbing an ordinary mountain. He will be equally capable of bodily exertion, or mental application, after as before his simple meal. He will feel none of the narcotic effects of ordinary diet. Irrita-bility, the direct consequence of exhausting stimuli, would yield to the power of natural and tranquil impulses. He will no longer pine under the lethargy of ennui, that unceasing weariness of life, more to be dreaded than death itself. He will escape the epidemic madness, which broods over its own injurious notions of the Deity, and "realises the hell that priests and beldams feign." Every man forms as it were his god from his own character; to the divinity of one of simple habits, no offering would be more acceptable than the happiness of his creatures. He would be incapable of hating or persecuting others for the love of God. He will find, moreover, a system of simple diet to be a system of perfect epi-curism. He will no longer be incessantly occupied in blunting and destroying those organs from which he expects his gratification. The pleasures of taste to be derived from a dinner of potatoes, beans, peas, turnips, leavings, with a dessert of apples, gooseberries, strawberies, currants, raspberries, and, in winter, oranges, apples and pears, is far greater than is sup posed. Those who wait until they can eat this plain fare with the same of appetite will scarce join with the hypocritical sensualist at a lord-mayor's feast, who declares against the pleasures of the table Solomon kept a thousand concubines, and owned: I despair that all was vanity. The man whose happiness is constituted by the society of one amiable woman, would find some difficulty in sympathizing with the disappointment of this venerable debauchee.

I address myself not only to the young enthusiast the ardent devotee of truth and virtue, the pure and passionate moralist, yet unvitiated by the contagion of the world. He will embrace a pure system, free from its abstract truth, its beauty, its simplicity, and it promise of wide-extended benefit; unless custom has turned poison into food, he will hate the brutal pleasures of the chase by instinct; it will be a continual meal full of horror and disappointment to his mind that he perpissates and the gentlest and most admir able sympathies, should take delight in the death and of the last convulsions of dying animals. The elderly man, whose youth has been poisoned by its temperance, or who has lived with apparent modern, and is afflicted with a variety of painful maladies, would find his account in a beneficinal change produced without the risk of poisonous medicine. The mother, to whom the perpetual restlessness of disease, and accountable deaths incident to her children, are the causes of incurable unhappiness, would find this diet experience the satisfaction of beholding their perpetual health and nature.

* It has come under the author's experience, that some of the workmen on an embankment in North Wales, who, in consequence of the inability of the proprietor to pay them, seldom received their wages, have supported large families by cultivating small spots of stony ground by moonlight. In the notes to Pratt's Poem, "Bread of the Poor," is an account of an industrious laborer, who, by working in a small garden, before and after his day's task, attained to an enviable state of independence.

† See Trotter on the Nervous Temperament.
ALASTOR.

141.

playfulness.* The most valuable lives are daily destroyed by diseases, that it is dangerous to palliate and impossible to cure by medicine. How much longer will man continue to pimp for the gluttony of death, his most insidious, implacable, and eternal foe?

He who believes that he can do what others cannot, they will do what others will not. He who believes that he can do what others cannot, they will do what others will not.

* * * * * * * * *

PREFACE.

The poem entitled "Alastor," may be considered as allegorical of one of the most interesting situations of the human mind. It represents a youth of uncorrupted feelings and adventurous genius led forth by an imagination inflamed and purified through familiarity with all that is excellent and majestic, to the contemplation of the universe. He drinks deep of the fountains of knowledge, and is still insatiate. The magnificence and beauty of the external world sink profoundly into the frame of his conceptions, and afford to their modifications a variety not to be exhausted. So long as it is possible for his desires to point towards objects thus infinite and unmeasured, he is joyous, and tranquil, and self-possessed. But the period arrives when these objects cease to suffice. His mind is at length suddenly awakened, and thirsts for intercourse with an intelligence similar to itself. He images to himself the being whom he loves conversant with speculations of the sublime and most perfect natures, the vision in which he embodies his own imaginations unites all of wonderful, or wise, or beautiful, which the poet, the philosopher, or the lover could depicture. The intellectual faculties, the imagination, the functions of sense, have their respective requirements on the sympathy of corresponding powers in other human beings. The Poet is represented as uniting these requisitions, and attaching them to a single image. He seeks in vain for a prototype of his conception. Blasted by his disappointment, he descends to an untimely grave. The picture is not barren of instruction to actual men. The Poet's self-centred seclusion was avenged by the furies of an irresistible passion pursuing him to speedy ruin. But that power which strikes the luminaries of the world with sudden darkness and extinction, by awakening them to too exquisite a perception of its influences, dooms to a slow and consumptive decay those meamer spirits that dare to adjure its dominion. Their destiny is more abject and inglorious, as their delinquency is more contemptible and pernicious. They who, deluded by no generous error, instigated by no sacred thirst of doubtful knowledge, duped by no illustrious superstition, loving nothing on this earth, and cherishing no hopes beyond, yet keep aloof from sympathies with their kind
rejoicing neither in human joy nor mourning with human grief; these, and such as they, have their apportioned curse. They languish, because none feel with them their common nature. They are morally dead. They are neither friends, nor lovers, nor fathers, nor citizens of the world, nor benefactors of their country. Among those who attempt to exist without human sympathy, the pure and tender-hearted perish through the intensity and passion of their search after its communities, when the vacancy of their spirit suddenly makes itself felt. All else, selfish, blind, and torpid, are those unforeseeing multitudes who constitute, together with their own, the lasting misery and loneliness of the world. Those who love not their fellow-beings, live unfruitful lives, and prepare for their old age a miserable grave.

The good die first,
And those whose hearts are dry as summer’s dust,
Burn to the socket!

December 14, 1815.

ALASTOR;
OR, THE SPIRIT OF SOLITUDE.

EARTH, ocean, air, beloved brotherhood!
If our great Mother has imbued my soul
With aught of natural piety to feel
Your love, and recompense the boon with mine;
If dewy morn, and odorous noon, and even,
With sunset and its gorgeous ministers,
And solemn midnight’s tingling stillness;
If autumn’s hollow sighs in the sere wood,
And winter robing with pure snow and crowns
Of starry ice the gray grass and bare boughs;
If spring’s voluptuous paintings when she breathes
Her first sweet kisses, have been dear to me;
If no bright bird, insect or gentle beast
I consciously have injured, but still loved
And cherish’d these my kindred;—then forgive
This boast, beloved brethren, and withdraw
No portion of your wonted favor now!

Mother of this unfathomable world!
Favor my solemn song, for I have loved
Thee ever, and thee only; I have watch’d
Thy shadow, and the darkness of thy steps,
And my heart ever gazes on the depth
Of thy deep mysteries. I have made my bed
In channels and on coffins, where black death
Keeps record of the trophies won from thee,
Hoping to still these obtuse questionings
Of thee and thine, by forcing some lone ghost,
Thy messenger, to render up the tale
Of what we are. In lone and silent hours,
When night makes a weird sound of its own stillness,
Like an inspired and desperate alchemist
Staking his very life on some dark hope,
Have I mix’d awful talk and asking looks
With my most innocent love, until strange tears,
Uniting with those breathless kisses, made
Such magic as compels the charmed night
To render up thy charge: and, though ne’er yet
Thou hast unveil’d thy inmost sanctuary,

Enough from incommunicable dream,
And twilight phantasms, and deep nocturnal thought
Has shone within me, that serenely now,
And moveless as a long-forgotten lyre,
Suspected in the solitary dome
Of some mysterious and deserted fane,
I wait thy breath, Great Parent, that my strain
May modulate with murmurs of the air,
And motions of the forest and the sea,
And voice of living beings, and woven hymns
Of night and day, and the deep heart of man.

There was a Poet whose untimely tomb
No human hands with pious reverence reared,
But the charm’d edifices of autumn winds
Built o’er his mouldering bones a pyramid
Of mouldering leaves in the waste wilderness;
A lovely youth!—no mourning maiden deck’d
With weeping flowers, or votive cypress wreath,
The lone couch of his everlasting sleep:
Gentle, and brave, and generous, no lorn hard
Breathed o’er his dark fate one melodious sigh:
He lived, he died, he sung, in solitude.
Strangers have wept to hear his passionate notes,
And virgins, as unknown he past, have sigh’d
And wasted for fond love of his wild eyes.
The fire of those soft orbs has ceased to burn,
And Silence, too enamour’d of that voice,
Locks its mute music in her rugged cell.

By solemn vision and bright silver dream,
His infancy was nurtured. Every sight
And sound from the vast earth and ambient air,
Sent to his heart its choicest impulses.
The fountains of divine philosophy
Fled not his thirsting lips; and all of great,
Or good, or lovely, which the sacred past
In truth or fable consecrates, he felt
And knew. When early youth had past, he left
His cold fireside and alienated home,
To seek strange truths in unknown’d lands.
Many a wide waste and tangled wilderness
Has lured his fearless steps; and he has bought
With his sweet voice and eyes, from savage men,
His rest and food. Nature’s most secret steps
He, like her shadow, has pursued, where’er
The red volcano overances
Its fields of snow and pinacles of ice
With burning smoke; or where bitumen lakes,
On black bare pointed islets ever beat
With sluggish surge; or where the secret caves,
Rugged and dark, winding among the springs
Of fire and poison, inaccessible
To avarice or pride, their starry domes
Of diamond and of gold expand above
Numberless and immeasurable halls,
Frequent with crystal column, and clear shrines
Of pearl, and thrones radiant with chrysolite.
Not had that scene of ampler majesty
Than gems of gold, the varying roof of heaven
And the green earth, lost in his heart its claims
To love and wonder; he would linger long
In lonesome vales, making the wild his home,
Until the doves and squirrels would partake
From his innocuous hand his bloodless food,
Lured by the gentle meaning of his looks,
nd the wild antelope, that starts when he
by dry leaf rattle in the brake, suspend
r timid steps, to gaze upon a form
of graceless than her own.

His wandering step,edient to high thoughts, has visited
awful ruins of the days of old:
then, and Tyre, and Balbec, and the waste
here-stand Jerusalem, the fallen towers
Babylon, the eternal pyramids,
templis and Thebes, and whatsoever of strange,
sulptur'd on alabaster obelisk,
jasper tomb, or mutilated sphinx,
ark Ethiopia on her desert hills
onced. Among the ruin'd temples there,
upendous columns, and wild images
more than man, where marble demons watch
Zodiac's brazen mystery, and dead men
ang their mute thoughts on the mute walls around,
ling'er'd, poring on memorials
the world's youth, through the long burning day
zied on those speechless shapes, nor, when the moon
'll the mysterious halls with floating shades
stretched he that task, but ever gazed
ed gazed, till meaning on his vacant mind
ash'd like strong inspiration, and he saw
he thrilling secrets of the birth of time.

Meantime an Arab maiden brought his food,
er daily portion, from her father's tent,
d spread her matting for his couch, and stole
om duties and repose to tend his steps:—
tamor'd, yet not daring for deep awe
 speak her love:—and watch'd his nightly sleep,
celess herself, to gaze upon his lips
ried in slumber, whence the regular breath
occident dreams arose; then, when red morn
ade paler the pale moon, to her cold home,
liver'd and wan and panting, she return'd

The Poet wandering on, through Arabia
Pand Persia, and the wild Carmanian waste,
o'er the aerial mountains which pour down
dus and Ozux from their icy caves,
and exultation held his way,
ill in the vale of Cyh mere, far within
loneliest dell, where odorous plants entwine
breathe the hollow rocks a natural bower,
side a sparkling rivulet he stretch'd
is languid limbs. A vision on his sleep
here came, a dream of hopes that never yet
'd flush'd his cheek. He dream'd a veiled maid
near him, talking in low silver tones.
'er voice was like the voice of his own soul
ard in the calm of thought: its music long,
ke sound waves of streams and breezes, held
is most sensuous suspended in its web
many-color'd woof and shifting hues.
knowledge and truth and virtue were her theme,
lofty hopes of divine liberty,
oughts the most dear to him, and pensive,
self a poet. Soon the solemn mood
her pure mind kindled through all her frame
permeating fire: wild numbers then
raised, with voice stifled in tremulous sobs

Subdued by its own pathos: her fair hands
Were bare alone, sweeping from strange harp
Strange symphony, and in their branching veins
The eloquent blood told an ineffable tale.
The beating of her heart was heard to fill
The pauses of her music, and her breath
Tumultuously accorded with those fits
Of intermitt'd song. Sudden she rose,
As if her heart impatiently endured
its bursting bursteth: at the sound he turn'd,
And saw by the warm light of their own life
Her glowing limbs beneath the sinuous veil
Of woven wind; her outspread arms now bare,
Her dark locks floating in the breath of night,
Her beamy bending eyes, her parted lips
Outstretch'd, and pale, and quivering eagerly.
His strong heart sunk and sicken'd with excess
Of love. He rear'd his shuddering limbs, and quell'd
His gasping breath, and spread his arms to meet
Her panting bosom:—she drew back awhile,
Then, yielding to the irresistible joy,
With frantic gesture and short breathless cry
Folded his frame in her dissolving arms.
Now blackness veil'd his dizzy eyes, and night
Involved and swallow'd up the vision; sleep,
Like a dark flood suspended in its course,
Roll'd back its impulse on his vacant brain.

Roused by the shock, he started from his trance—
The cold white light of morning, the blue moon.
Low in the west, the clear and garish hills,
The distinct valley and the vacant woods,
Spread round where he stood.—Whither have fled
The hues of heaven that canopied his bower
Of yesternight? The sounds that soothed his sleep
The mystery and the majesty of earth,
The joy, the exultation? His wan eyes
Gaze on the empty scene as vacantly
As ocean's moon lights on the moon in heaven,
The spirit of sweet human love has sent
A vision to the sleep of him who spurn'd
Her choicest gifts. He eagerly pursues
Beyond the realms of dream that fleeting shade
He overleaps the bound. Alas! alas!
We're limbs and breath, and being intertwined
Thus treacherously! Lost, lost, for ever lost,
In the wide pathless desert of dim sleep,
That beautiful shade! does the dark gate of death
Conduct to thy mysterious paradise,
O Sleep? Does the bright arch of rainbow clouds,
And pendent mountains seen in the calm lake,
Lead only to a black and watery depth,
While death's blue vault with loveliest vapors hung
Where every shade which the foul grave exhales
Hides its dead eye from the detested day,
Conduct, O Sleep, to thy delightful realms?
This doubt with sudden tide flow'd on his heart,
The insatiate hope, which it awaken'd, stung
His brain even like despair.

While daylight held
The sky, the Poet kept mute conference
With his still soul. At night the passion came,
Like the fierce fiend of a distemper'd dream,
And shook him from his rest, and led him forth
Into the darkness.—As an eagle grasp'd

391
In folds of the green serpent, feels her breast
Burn with the poison, and precipitates
Through night and day, tempest, and calm and cloud,
Frantic with dizzying anguish, her blind flight
O'er the wide airy wilderness: thus driven
By the bright shadow of that lovely dream,
Beneath the cold glare of the desolate night,
Through tangled swamps and deep precipitous dells,
Startling with careless step the moonlight snake,
He fled—Red morning dawn'd upon his flight,
Shedding the mockery of its vital hues
Upon his cheek of death. He wander'd on;
Till vast Aornos seen from Peira's steep
Hung o'er the low horizon like a cloud;
Through Baik, and where the desolated tombs
Of Parthian kings scatter to every wind
Their wasting dust, wildly he wander'd on,
Day after day, a weary waste of hours,
Bearing within his life the brooding care
That ever fed on its decaying flame.
And now his limbs were lean; his scatter'd hair,
Sered by the autumn of strange suffering,
Sung dirges in the wind; his listless hand
Hung like dead bone within its wither'd skin;
Life, and the lustre that consumed it, shone
As in a furnace burning secretly
From his dark eyes alone. The cottagers,
Who moisten'd with human charity
His human wants, beheld with wondering awe
Their fleeting visitant. The mountaineer,
Encountering on some dizzy precipice
That spectral form, deem'd that the Spirit of wind,
With lightning eyes, and eager breath, and feet
Disturbing not the drifted snow, had paused
In his career. The infant would conceal
His troubled visage in his mother's robe;
In terror at the glare of those wild eyes,
To remember their strange light in many a dream
Of after-times: but youthful maidens taught
By nature, would interpret half the woe
That wasted him, would call him with false names
Brother, and friend, would press his pallid hand
At parting, and watch, dim through tears, the path
Of his departure from their father's door.

At length upon the lone Chorasmian shore
He paused, a wide and melancholy waste
Of putrid marshes—a strong impulse urged
His steps to the sea-shore. A swan was there
Beside a sluggish stream among the reeds.
It rose as he approach'd, and with strong wings
Sculling the upward sky, bent its bright course
High over the immenereable main.
His eyes pursued its flight:—the bird has a home,
Beautiful bird: thou voyag'est to thine home,
Where thy sweet mate will twine her downy neck
With thine, and welcome thy return with eyes
Bright in the lustre of their own fond joy.
And what am I, that I should linger here,
With voice far sweeter than thy dying notes,
Spirit more vast than thine, frame more attuned
To beauty, wasting these surpassing powers
In the deaf air, to the blind earth, and heaven,
That echoes not my thoughts?" A gloomy smile
Of desperate hope wrinkled his quivering lips.
For sleep, he knew, kept most relentlessly
Its precious charge, and silent death exposed,
Faithless, perhaps as sleep, a shadowy lure,
With doubtful smile mocking its own strange charms

Startled by his own thoughts he look'd around
There was no fair fiend near him, not a sigh
Or sound of awe but in his own deep mind.
A little shallow floating near the shore
Caught the impotent wandering of his gaze.
It had been long abandon'd, for its sides
Gaped wide with many a rift, and its frail joints
Sway'd with the undulations of the tide.
A restless impulse urged him to embark,
And meet lone Death on the drear ocean's waste;
For well he knew that mighty Shadow loves
The slimy caverns of the populous deep.

The day was fair and sunny; sea and sky
Drank its inspiring radiance, and the wind
Swept strongly from the shore, blackening the wave
Following his eager soul, the wanderer
Leap'd in the boat, he spread his cloak aloft
On the bare mast, and took his lonely seat,
And felt the boat speed o'er the tranquil sea
Like a torn cloud before the hurricane.

As one that in a silver vision floats
Obdient to the sweep of odorous winds
Upon resplendent clouds, so rapidly
Along the dark and ruffled waters fled
The straining boat.—A whirlwind swept it on,
With fierce gusts and precipitating force,
Through the white ridges of the chafed sea.
The waves arose. Higher and higher still
Their fierce waves writhed beneath the tempest's scourge,
Like serpents struggling in a vulture's grasp.

Calm and rejoicing in the fearful war
Of wave running on wave, and blast on blast
Descending, and black flood on whirlpool driven
With dark obliterating course, he sate:
As if their genii were the ministers
Appointed to conduct him to the light
Of those beloved eyes, the Poet sate
Holding the steady helm. Evening came on,
The beams of sunset hung their rainbow hues
High 'mid the shifting domes of sheeted spray
That canopied his path o'er the waste deep;
Twilight, ascending slowly from the east,
Entwined in dusky wreaths her braided locks
O'er the fair front and radiant eyes of day;
Night follow'd, clad with stars. On every side
More horribly the multitudinous streams
Of ocean's mountainous waste to mutual war
Frost'd in dark tumult thundering, as to mock
The calm and spangled sky. The little boat
Still fled before the storm; still fled, like foam
Down the steep cataract of a wintry river;
Now pausing on the edge of the riven wave
Now leaving far behind the bursting mass
That fell, convulsing ocean. Safely fled—
As if that frail and wasted human form
Had been an elemental god.

At midnight
The moon arose: and lo! the ethereal cliffs
Of Caucausus, whose icy summits shone

392
Upon his life, as lightning in a cloud
Gleams, hovering ere it vanish, ere the floods
Of night close over it.

The noonday sun
Now shone upon the forest, one vast mass
Of mingling shade, whose brown magnificence
A narrow vale embosoms. There, huge caves,
Scoop'd in the dark base of those airy rocks,
Mocking its mounds, respond and roar for ever.
The meeting boughs and implicated leaves
Wove twilight o'er the Poet's path, as led
By love, or dream, or God, or mightier Death,
He sought in Nature's dearest haunt, some bank,
Her cradle, and his sepulchre. More dark
And dark the shades accumulate— the oak,
Expanding its immeasurable arms,
Embraces the light beach. The pyramids
Of the tall cedar overarching frame
Most solemn domes within, and far below,
Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,
The ash and the acacia floating hang
Tremulous and pale. Like restless serpents, clothed
In rainbow and in fire, the parasites,
Starr'd with ten thousand blossoms, flow around
The gray trunks, and as gamesome infants', eyes,
With gentle meanings, and most innocent wiles,
Fold their beams round the hearts of those that love,
These twin their tendrils with the wedded boughs,
Uniting their close union; the woven leaves
Make net-work of the dark-blue light of day,
And the night's noon tide clearness, mutable
As shapes in the weird clouds. Soft mossy lawns
Beneath these canopies extend their awells,
Fragrant with perfumed herbs, and eyed with blooms
Minute yet beautiful. One darkest glen
Sends from its woods of musk-rose, twined with jas-
mime,
A soul-dissolving odor, to invite
To some more lovely mystery. Through the dell,
Silence and Twilight here, twin-sisters, keep
Their noonday watch, and sail among the shades
Like vapid shapes half seen; beyond, a well,
Dark, gleaming, and of most translucent wave,
Images all the woven boughs above,
And each depending leaf, and every speck
Of azure sky, darting between their chasms:
Nor aught else in the liquid mirror laves
Its portraiture, but some inconstant star
Between one foliaged lattice twinkling fair,
Or, painted bird, sleeping beneath the moon,
Or gorgeous insect floating motionless,
Unconscions of the day, ere yet his wings
Have spread their glories to the gaze of noon.

Hither the Poet came. His eyes beheld
Their own wan light through the reflected lines
Of his thin hair, distinct in the dark depth
Of that still fountain; as the human heart,
Gazing in dreams over the gloomy grave,
Sees its own treacherous likeness there. He heard
The motion of the leaves, the grass that sprung
Startled and glanced and trembled even to feel
An unaccustomed presence, and the sound
Of the sweet brook that from the secret springs
Of that dark fountain rose. A Spirit seem'd
To stand beside him—dressed in no bright robes.

2 Z
Of shadowy silver or enshrining light,
Borrow'd from aught the visible world affords
Of grace, or majesty, or mystery;
But undulating woods, and silent well,
And leaping rivulet, and evening gloom
Now deepening the dark shades, for speech assuming
Held commune with him, as if he and it
Were all that was,—only—when his regard
Was raised by intense pensiveness—two eyes,
Two starry eyes, hung in the gloom of thought,
And seem'd with their serene and azure smiles
To beckon him.

Obedient to the light
That shone within his soul, he went, pursuing
The windings of the dell—The rivulet
Wanton and wild, through many a green ravine
Beneath the forest flow'd. Sometimes it fell
Among the moss with hollow harmony
Dark and profound. Now on the polish'd stones
It danced, like childhood laughing as it went:
Then through the plain in tranquil wanderings crept,
Reflecting every herb and drooping bud
That overhung its quietness.—"O stream!
Whose source is inaccessibly profound,
Whither do thy mysterious waters tend?
Thou imagest my life. Thy darksome stillness,
Thy dazzling waves, thy loud and hollow gulfs,
Thy searchless fountain and invisible course
Have each their type in me: and the wide sky,
And measureless ocean may declare as soon
What oozy cavern or what wandering cloud
Contains thy waters, as the universe
Tell where these living thoughts reside, when stretch'd
Upon thy flowers my bloodless limbs shall waste
I the passing wind!"

Beside the grassy shore
Of the small stream he went; he did impress
On the green moss his tremulous step, that caught
Strong shuddering from his burning limbs. As one
Roused by some joyous madness from the couch
Of fever, he did move; yet, not like him,
Forgetful of the grave, where, when the flame
Of his frail exultation may declare as soon
He must descend. With rapid steps he went
Beneath the shade of trees, beside the flow
Of the wild babbling rivulet; and now
The forest's solemn canopys were changed
For the uniform and lightsome evening sky.
Gray rocks did peep from the spare moss, and
stem'dd
The struggling bough: tall spires of windle-stre
Threw their thin shadows down the rugged slope,
And naught but gnarled roots of ancient pines,
Branchless and blasted, clenched'd with grasping roots
The unwilling soil. A gradual change was here,
Yet ghastly. For, as fast years flow away,
The smooth brow gathers, and the hair grows thin
And white; and where irradiate dewy eyes
Had shone, gleam stony orbs: so from his steps
Bright flowers departed, and the beautiful shade
Of the green groves, with all their odorous winds
And musical motions. Calm, he still pursued
The stream, that with a larger volume now
Roll'd through the labyrinthine dell; and these
Fretted a path through its descending curves

With its wintry speed. On every side now rose
Rocks, which, in unimaginable forms,
Lifted their black and barren pinnacles
In the light of evening, and its precipice
Obscuring the ravine, disclosed above,
'Mid toppling stones, black gulls, and yawning caves.
Whose windings gave ten thousand various tongues
To the loud stream. Lo! Where the pass expands
Its stony jaws, the abrupt mountain breaks,
And seems, with its accumulated crags,
To overhang the world: far wide expand
Beneath the wan stars and descending moon
Islanded seas, blue mountains, mighty streams,
Dim tracts and vast, robed in the lustrous gloom
Of leaden-color'd even, and fiery hills
Mingling their flames with twilight, on the verge
Of the remote horizon. The near scene,
In naked and severe simplicity,
Made contrast with the universe. A pine,
Rock-rooted; stretch'd athwart the vacancy
Its swinging boughs, to each inconstant blast
Yielding one only response at each pause;
In most familiar cadence, with the howl
The thunder and the hiss of homeless streams
Mingling its solemn song, whilst the broad river,
Foaming and hurrying o'er its rugged path,
Fell into that immeasurable void
Scattering its waters to the passing winds.

Yet the gray precipice, and solemn pine
And torrent, were not all:—one silent nook
Was there. Even on the edge of that vast mountain
Upheld by knotty roots and fallen rocks,
It overlook'd in its serenity
The dark earth, and the bending vault of stars.
It was a tranquil spot, that seem'd to smile
Even in the lap of horror. Ivy clasp'd
The fissured stones with its entwining arms,
And did embower with leaves for ever green,
And berries dark, the smooth and even space
Of its inviolated floor; and here
The children of the autumnal whirlwind bore
In wasteful sport, those bright leaves, whose decay
Red, yellow, or ethereally pale,
Rival the pride of summer. 'Tis the haunt
Of every gentle wind, whose breath can teach
The wilds to love tranquillity. One step,
One human step alone, has ever broken
The stillness of its solitude:—one voice
Alone inspired its echoes;—even that voice
Which hither came, floating among the winds,
And led the loveliest among human forms
To make their wild haunts the depository
Of all the grace and beauty that endued
Its motions, render up its majesty;
Scatter its music on the unfetling storm,
And to the damp leaves and blue cavern mould,
Nurses of rainbow flowers and branching moss,
Commit the colors of that varying cheek,
That snowy breast, those dark and drooping eyes

The dim and horrid moon hung low, and pour'd
A sea of lustre on the horizon's verge
That overflow'd its mountains. Yellow mist
Fill'd the unbounded atmosphere, and drank
Wan moonlight even to fullness: not a star
394
That minister'd on sunlight, ere the west
Eclipses it, was now that wondrous frame—
No sense, no motion, no divinity—
A fragile lute, on whose harmonious strings
The breath of heaven did wander—a bright stream
Once fed with many-voiced waves—a dream
Of youth, which night and time have quench'd for ever,
Still, dark, and dry, and unremember'd now.

O, for Medea's wondrous alchemy,
Which, wheresoe'er it fell, made the earth gleam
With bright flowers, and the wintry boughs exhale
Fromernal blooms fresh fragrant! O, that God,
Profligate of poisons, would conceal the chalice
Which but one living man has drain'd, who now,
Vessel of deathless wrath, a slave that feels
No proud exemption in the blighting curse
He bears, over the world wanderers for ever,
Lone as incarnate death! O, that the dream
Of dark magician in his vision'd cave,
Raking the cinders of a crucible
For life and power, even when his feeble hand
Shakes in its last decay, were the true law
Of this so lovely world! But thou art fled
Like some frail exhalation, which the dawn
Roses in its golden beams,—ah! thou hast fled;
The brave, the gentle, and the beautiful,
The child of grace and genius. Heartless things
Are done and said t' the world, and many worms
And beasts and men live on, and mighty Earth
From sea and mountain, city and wilderness,
In vesper low or joyous onison,
Lifts still its solemn voice—but thou art fled—
Thou canst no longer know or love the shapes
Of this phantasmal scene, who have to thee
Been purest ministers, who are, alas!
Now thou art not. Upon those pallid lips
So sweet even in their silence, on those eyes
That image sleep in death, upon that form
Yet safe from the worm's outrage, let no tear
Be shed—not even in thought. Nor, when those hues
Are gone, and those divinest lineaments,
Worn by the senseless wind, shall live alone
In the frail pauses of this simple strain,
Let not high verse, mourning the memory
Of that which is no more, or painting's woe,
Or sculpture, speck in feeble imagery
Their own cold powers. Art and eloquence,
And all the shows of the world, are frail and vain
To weep a loss that turns their light to shade.
It is a woe too "deep for tears," when all
Is reft at once, when some surpassing Spirit,
Whose light adorn'd the world around it, leaves
Those who remain behind, nor sob nor groans,
The passionate tumult of a clinging hope;
But pale despair and cold tranquillity,
Nature's vast frame, the web of human things.
Birth and the grave, that are not as they were
ADVERTISEMENT.

The story of Rosalind and Helen, is, undoubtedly, not an attempt in the highest style of poetry. It is in no degree calculated to excite profound meditation; and if, by interesting the affections and amusing the imagination, it awaken a certain ideal melancholy favorable to the reception of more important impressions, it will produce in the reader all that the writer experienced in the composition. I resigned myself, as I wrote, to the impulse of the feelings which moulded the conception of the story; and this impulse determined the pauses of a measure, which only pretends to be regular inasmuch as it corresponds with, and expresses, the irregularity of the imaginations which inspired it.

Naples, Dec. 20, 1818.

ROSA LIND AND HELEN.

SCENE—The Shore of the Lake of Como.

Rosalind, Helen, and her Child.

HELEN.

Come hither, my sweet Rosalind.
'Tis long since thou and I have met,
And yet methinks it were unkind
Those moments to forget.
Come, sit by me. I see thee stand
By this lone lake, in this far land,
Thy loose hair in the light wind flying,
Thy sweet voice to each tone of even United, and thine eyes replying
To the hues of yon fair heaven.
Come, gentle friend! wilt sit by me?
And be as thou wert wont to be
Ere we were disunited?
None doth behold us now: the power
That led us forth at this lone hour
Will be but ill required
If thou depart in scorn: oh! come,
And talk of our abandon'd home.
Remember, this is Italy,
And we are exiles. Talk with me
Of that our land, whose wilds and floods,
Barren and dark although they be,
Were dearer than these chestnut woods;
Those healthy paths, that inland stream,
And the blue mountains, shapes which seem
Like wrecks of childhood's sunny dream:
Which that we have abandon'd now,
Weighs on the heart like that remorse
Which alter'd friendship leaves. I seek
No more our youthful intercourse.
That cannot be! Rosalind, speak,

Speak to me. Leave me not.—When morn did come,
When evening fell upon our common home,
When for one hour we parted,—do not drown;
I would not chide thee, though thy faith is broken
But turn to me. Oh! by this cherish'd token,
Of woven hair, which thou wilt not disown
Turn, as 'twere but the memory of me,
And not my scorned self who pr'y'd to thee

ROSALIND.

Is it a dream, or do I see
And hear frail Helen? I would flee
Thy tainting touch; but former years
Arise, and bring forbidden tears;
And my o'erburthen'd memory
Seeks yet its lost repose in thee.
I share thy crime. I cannot choose
But weep for thee: mine own strange grace,
But seldom stoops to such relief;
Nor ever did I love thee less,
Though mourning o'er thy wickedness
Even with a sister's voice. I knew
What to the evil world is due,
And therefore sternly did refuse
To link me with the infamy
Of one so lost as Helen. Now
Bewilder'd by my dire despair,
Wondering I blush, and weep that thou
Shouldest love me still, thou only!—There
Let us sit on that gray stone,
Till our mournful talk be done.

HELEN.

Alas! not there; I cannot bear
The murmur of this lake to hear.
A sound from thee, Rosalind dear,
Which never yet I heard elsewhere
But in our native land, recurs,
Even here where now we meet. It stirs
Too much of suffocating sorrow!
In the dell of you dark chestnut wood
Is a stone seat, a solitude
Less like our own. The ghost of peace
Will not desert this spot. To-morrow,
If thy kind feelings should not cease.
We may sit here.

ROSALIND.

Thou lead, my sweet
And I will follow.

JENNY.

'Tis Fenici's seat
Where you are going? This is not the way
Mamma; it leads behind those trees that grow
Close to the little river.

HELEN.

Yes; I know:
I was bewildered. Kiss me, and be gay,  
Dear boy, why do you sob?

HENRY.  
I do not know:  
But it might brake any one's heart to see  
You and the lady cry so bitterly.

HELEN.  
It is a gentle child, my friend. Go home,  
Henry, and play with Lilla till they come.  
We only cried with joy to see each other;  
We are quite merry now—Good night.

The boy  
Lifted a sudden look upon his mother,  
And in the gleam of forced and hollow joy  
Which lighten'd o'er her face, laugh'd with the glee  
Of light and unsuspecting infancy,  
And whisper'd in her ear, "Bring home with you  
That sweet strange lady-friend." Then off he flew,  
But stopp'd and beckon'd with a meaning smile,  
Where the road turn'd. Pale Rosalind the while,  
Hiding her face, stood weeping silently.

In silence then they took the way  
Beneath the forest's solitude.  
It was a vast and antique wood,  
Through which they took their way;  
And the gray shades of evening  
O'er that green wilderness did fling  
Still deeper solitude.  
Pursuing still the path that wound  
The vast and knotted trees around  
Through which slow shades were wandering,  
To a deep lawny dell they came,  
To a stone seat beside a spring,  
O'er which the column'd wood did frame  
A roofless temple, like the fane  
Where, ere new creeds could faith obtain,  
Man's early race once knelt beneath  
The overhanging deity.  
O'er this fair fountain hung the sky,  
Now spangled with rare stars. The snake,  
The pale snake, that with eager breath  
Creeps here his noontide thirst to slake,  
Is basking with many a mingled hue,  
Shed from yon dome's eternal blue,  
When he floats on that dark and lucid flood  
In the light of his own loneliness;  
And the birds that in the fountain dip  
Their plumes, with fearless fellowship  
Above and round him wheel and hover.  
The fitful wind is heard to stir  
One solitary leaf on high;  
The chirping of the grasshopper  
Fills every pause. There is emotion  
in all that dwells at noontide here:  
Then, through the intricate wild wood,  
A maze of life and light and motion  
is woven. But there is stillness now;  
Gloom, and the trance of Nature now:  
The snake is in his cave asleep;  
The birds are on the branches dreaming:  
Only the shadows creep;  
Only the glow-worm is gleaming;  

Only the owls and the nightingales  
Wake in this dell when daylight fails,  
And gray shades gather in the woods;  
And the owls have all fled far away  
In a merrier glen to hoot and play,  
For the moon is veil'd and sleeping now.  
The accustom'd nightingale still broods  
On her accustom'd bough,  
But she is mute; for her false mate  
Has fled and left her desolate.

This silent spot tradition old  
Had peopled with the spectral dead.  
For the roots of the speaker's hair felt cold  
And stiff; as with turbulent lips he told  
That a hellish shape at midnight led  
The ghost of a youth with hoary hair,  
And sate on the seat beside him there,  
Till a naked child came wandering by,  
When the fiend would change to a lady fair!  
A fearful tale! The truth was worse:  
For here a sister and a brother  
Had solemnized a monstrous curse,  
Meeting in this fair solitude:  
For beneath yon very sky,  
Had they resign'd to one another  
Body and soul. The multitude,  
Tracking them to the secret wood,  
Tore limb from limb their innocent child,  
And stabb'd and trampled on its mother;  
But the youth, for God's most holy grace,  
A priest saved to burn in the market-place.

Duly at evening Helen came  
To this lone silent spot,  
From the wrecks of a tale of wilder sorrow  
So much sympathy to borrow  
As soothed her own dark lot.  
Duly each evening from her home,  
With her fair child would Helen come  
To sit upon that antique seat,  
While the hues of day were pale;  
And the bright boy beside her feet  
Now lay, lifting at intervals  
His broad blue eyes on her;  
Now, where some sudden impulse calls  
Following. He was a gentle boy  
And in all gentle sports took joy;  
Oft in a dry leaf for a boat,  
With a small feather for a sail.  
His fancy on that spring would float,  
If some invisible breeze might stir  
Its marble calm: and Helen smiled  
Through tears of awe on the gay child,  
To think that a boy as fair as he,  
In years which never more may be,  
By that same fount, in that same wood,  
The like sweet fancies had pursued;  
And that a mother, lost like her,  
Had mournfully sate watching him.  
Then all the scene was wont to swim  
Through the mist of a burning tear.

For many months had Helen known  
This scene; and now she thither turn'd
Rosalind.

I saw the dark earth fall upon
The coffin; and I saw the stone
Laid over him whom this cold breast
Had pillow'd to his nightly rest!
Thou knowest not, thou canst not know
My agony. Oh! I could not weep:
The sources whence such blessings flow
Were not to be approach'd by me!
But I could smile, and I could sleep,
Though with a self-accusing heart.
In morning's light, in evening's gloom,
I watch'd,—and would not thence depart,—
My husband's un lamented tomb.
My children knew their sire was gone,
But when I told them, "he is dead,"
They laugh'd aloud in frantic glee,
They clapp'd their hands and leap'd about,
Answering each other's ecstasy
With many a prank and merry shout.
But I sate still and alone,
Wrpapp'd in the mock of mourning weed.

They laugh'd, for he was dead; but I
Sate with a hard and tearless eye,
And with a heart which would deny
The secret joy it could not quell,
Low muttering o'er his loathed name;
Till from that self-contention came
Remorse where sin was none; a hell
Which in pure spirits should not dwell.

I'll tell the truth. He was a man
Hard, selfish, loving only gold,
Yet full of guile: his pale eyes ran
With tears, which each some falsehood told,
And oft his smooth and briddled tongue
Would give the lie to his flushing cheek:
He was a coward to the strong;
He was a tyrant to the weak,
On whom his vengeance he would wreak:
For scorn, whose arrows search the heart,
From many a stranger's eye would dart,
And on his memory cling, and follow
His soul to its home so cold and hollow.
He was a tyrant to the weak,
And we were such, alas the day!
Oft, when my little ones at play
Were in youth's natural lightness gay,
Or if they listen'd to some tale
Of travellers, or of fairy-land,
When the light from the wood-fire's dying brand
Flash'd on their faces,—if they heard
Or thought they heard upon the stair
His footstep, the suspended word
Died on my lips: we all grew pale;
The babe at my bosom was hush'd with fear,
If it thought it heard its father near;
And my two wild boys would near my knee
Cling, cow'd and cowering fearfully.

I'll tell the truth: I loved another.
His name in my ear was ever ringing,
His form to my brain was ever clinging:
Yet if some stranger breathed that name,
My lips turn'd white, and my heart beat fast:
My nights were once haunted by dreams of flame
My days were dim in the shadow cast,
By the memory of the same!
Day and night, day and night,
He was my breath and life and light,
For three short years, which soon were past
On the fourth, my gentle mother
Led me to the shrine, to be
His sworn bride eternally.
And now we stood on the altar-stair,
When my father came from a distant land,
And with a loud and fearful cry,
Rush'd between us suddenly.
I saw the stream of his thin gray hair,
I saw his lean and lifted hand,
And heard his words,—and live! O God! Wherefore do I live?—"Hold, hold!"
He cried,—"I tell thee 'tis her brother! Thy mother, boy, beneath the sod
Of ye church-yard rests in her shroud so cold I am now weak, and pale, and old:
We were once dear to one another, I and that corpse! Thou art our child!"
Then with a laugh both long and wild
The youth upon the pavement fell:
They found him dead! All look'd on me.
The spasms of my despair to see;
But I was calm. I went away;
I was clammy-cold like clay!
I did not weep—I did not speak;
But day by day, week after week, I walk'd about like a corpse alive:
Alas! sweet friend, you must believe
This heart is stone—it did not break.

My father lived a little while,
But all might see that he was dying.
He smiled with such a woful smile!
When he was in the church-yard lying
Among the worms, he grew quite poor,
So that no one would give us bread.
My mother look'd at me, and said

SHELDON'S POETICAL WORKS.
When flowers were dead, and grass was green
Upon my mother’s grave,—that mother
Whom to outlive, and cheer, and make
My wan eyes glitter for her sake.
Was my vow’d task, the single care
Which once gave life to my despair,—
When she was a thing that did not stir,
And the crawling worms were cradling her
To a sleep more deep and so more sweet
Than a baby’s rock’d on its nurse’s knee,
I lived; a living pulse then beat
Beneath my heart that awak’en me.
What was this pulse so warm and free?
Alas! I knew it could not be.
My own dull blood—’twas like a thought
Of liquid love, that spread and wrought
Under my bosom and in my brain,
And crept with the blood through every vein;
And hour by hour, day after day,
The wonder could not charm away,
But hid in sleep, my wakeful pain.
Until I knew it was a child,
And then I wept. For long, long years
These frozen eyes had shed no tears;
But now—’twas the season fair and mild
When April has wept itself to May:
I sate through the sweet sunny day
By my window bower’d round with leaves,
And down my cheeks the quick tears ran
Like twinkling rain-drops from the eaves,
When warm spring showers are passing o’er;
O Helen, none can ever tell
The joy it was to weep once more!

I wept to think how hard it were
To kill my babe, and take from it
The sense of light, and the warm air,
And my own fond and tender care,
And love and smiles; ere I knew yet
That these for it must, as for me,
Be the masks of a grinning mockery.
And haply, I would dream, ’twere sweet
To feed it from my faded breast,
Or mark my own heart’s restless beat
Rock it to its untroubled rest,
And watch the growing soul beneath
Dawn in faint smiles; and hear its breath,
Half interrupted by calm sighs,

And search the depth of its fair eyes
For long departed memories!
And so I lived till that sweet load
Was lighten’d. Darkly forward flow’d
The stream of years, and on it bore
Two shapes of gladness to my sight;
Two other babies, delightful more
In my lost soul’s abandon’d night,
Than their own country ships may be
Sailing towards wreck’d mariners,
Who cling to the rock of a wintry sea.
For each, as it came, brought soothing tears
And a loosening warmth, as each one lay
Sucking the sullen milk away
About my frozen heart, did play,
And wean’d it, oh how painfully!—
As they themselves were wean’d each one
From that sweet food,—even from the thirst
Of death, and nothingness, and rest,
Strange inmate of a living breast!
Which all that I had undergone.
Of grief and shame, since she, who first
The gates of that dark refuge closed,
Came to my sight, and almost burst
The seal of that Leethean spring;
But these fair shadows interposed:
For all delights are shadows now!
And from my brain to my dull brow
The heavy tears gather and flow:
I cannot speak—Oh let me weep!

The tears which fell from her wan eyes
Glimmer’d among the moonlight dew;
Her deep hard sobs and heavy sighs
Their echoes in the darkness threw.
When she grew calm, she thus did keep
The tenor of her tale:

He died,
I know not how. He was not old,
If age be number’d by its years;
But he was bow’d and bent with fears,
Pale with the quenchless thirst of gold,
Which, like fierce fever, left him weak,
And his strait lip and bloated cheek
Were warp’d in spasms by hollow sneers,
And selfish cares with barren plow,
Not age, had lined his narrow brow,
And foul and cruel thoughts, which feed
Upon the withering life within,
Like vipers on some poisonous weed.
Whether his ill were death or sin
None knew, until he died indeed,
And then men own’d they were the same.

Seven days within my chamber lay
That corpse, and my babes made holiday:
At last, I told them what is death:
The eldest, with a kind of shame,
Came to my knees with silent breath,
And sate awe-stricken at my feet;
And soon the others left their play,
And sate there too. It is unmect
To shed on the brief flower of youth
The withering knowledge of the grave,
From me remorse then wrung that truth.
I could not bear the joy which gave
Too just a response to mine own.
In vain. I dared not feign a groan;
And in their arless looks I saw,
Between the mists, of fear and awe,
That my own thought was theirs; and they
Express'd it not in words, but said,
Each in its heart, how-every day
Will pass in happy work and play,
Now he is dead and gone away.

After the funeral all our kin
Assembled, and the will was read.
My friend, I tell thee, even the dead
Have strength, their putrid shrouds within,
To blast and torture. Those who live
Still fear the living, but a corse
Is merciless, and power doth give
To such pale tyrants half the spoil
He rends from those who groan and toil,
Because they blush not with remorse
Among their crawling worms. Behold, I
Have no child! my tale grows old
With grief, and staggers: let it reach
The limits of my feeble speech,
And languidly at length recline
On the brink of its own grave and mine.

Thou knowest what a thing is Poverty
Among the fallen on evil days:
'Tis Crime, and Fear, and Infamy,
And houseless Want in frozen ways
Wandering ungarmented, and Pain,
And, worse than all, that inward stain
Foul Self-contempt, which drowns in sneers
Youth's starlight smile, and makes its tears
First like hot gall, then dry for ever.
And well thou knowest a mother never
Could doom her children to this ill,
And well he knew the same. The will
Imported, that if e'er again
I sought my children to behold,
Or in my birth-place did remain
Beyond three days, whose hours were told,
They should inherit naught: and he,
To whom next came their patrimony,
A sallow lawyer, cruel and cold,
Aye, watch'd me, as the will was read,
With eyes askance, which sought to see
The secrets of my agony;
And with close lips and anxious brow
Stood canvassing still to and fro
The chance of my resolve, and all
The dead man's caution just did call;
For in that killing 'tis was said—
"She is adulterous, and doth hold
In secret that the Christian creed
Is false, and therefore is much need
That I should have a care to save
My children from eternal fire."
Friend, he was shelter'd by the grave,
And therefore dared to be a liar!
In truth, the Indian on the pyre
Of her dead husband, half consumed,
As well might there be false, as I
To those abhorr'd embraces doom'd,

Far worse than fire's brief agony.
As to the Christian creed, if true
Or false, I never question'd it:
I took it as the vulgar do:
Nor my next soul had leisure yet
To doubt the things men say, or deem
That they are other than they seem.

All present who those crimes did hear,
In feign'd or actual scorn and fear,
Men, women, children, sunk away,
Whispering with self-contented pride.
Which half suspects its own base lie.
I spoke to none, nor did abide,
But silently I went my way,
Nor noticed I where joyously
Sato my two younger babes at play,
In the court-yard through which I past;
But went with footsteps firm and fast
Till I came to the brink of the ocean green,
And there, a woman with gray hairs,
Who had my mother's servant been,
Kneeling, with many tears and prayers,
Made me accept a purse of gold,
Half of the earnings she had kept
To refuge her when weak and old.

With woe, which never sleeps or slept,
I wander now. 'Tis a vain thought—
But on you alp, whose snowy head
'Mid the azure air is islanded
(We see it o'er the flood of cloud,
Which sunrise from its eastern caves
Drives, wrinkling into golden waves,
Hung with its precipices proud,
From that gray stone where first we met)
There, now who knows the dead feel naught
Should be my grave; for he who yet
Is my soul's soul, once said: "T were sweet
'Mid stars and lightnings to abide,
And winds and lulling snows, that beat
With their soft flakks the mountain wide,
When weary meteor lamps repose
And languid storms their pinions close;
And all things strong and bright and pure,
And ever-during, aye endure:
Who knows, if one were buried there,
But these things might our spirits make,
Amid the all-surrounding air,
Their own eternity partake?"
Then 'twas a wild and playful saying
At which I laugh'd or seem'd to laugh:
They were his words: now heed my praying
And let them be my epitaph.
Thy memory for a term may be
My monument. Wilt remember me?
I know thou wilt, and canst forgive
Whilst in this erring world to live
My soul disdain'd not, that I thought
Its lying forms were worthy aught,
And much less thee.

HELEN.

O speak not so,
But come to me and pour thy woe
Into this heart, full though it be,

400
Aye overflowing with its own:
I thought that grief had sever'd me
From all beside who weep and groan;
Its likeness upon earth to be,
Its express image; but thou art
More wretched. Sweet! we will not part
Henceforth, if death be not division;
If so, the dead feel no contrition.
But wilt thou hear, since last we parted
All that has left me broken-hearted?

ROSLANDY.

Yes, speak. The faintest stars are scarcely shorn
Of their thin beams by that delusive morn
Which sinks again in darkness, like the light
Of early love, soon lost in total night.

HELEN.

Alas! Italian winds are mild,
But my bosom is cold—wintry cold—
When the warm air weaves among the fresh leaves,
Soft music, my poor brain is wild,
And I am weak like a nursling child,
Though my soul with grief is gray and old.

ROSLAND.

Weep not at thine own words, tho' they must make
Me weep. What is thy tale?

HELEN.

I fear 'twill shake
Thy gentle heart with tears. Thou well
Rememberest when we met no more,
And, though I dwelt with Lionel,
That friendless caution pierced me sore
With grief; a wound my spirit bore
Indignant, but when he died
With him lay dead both hope and pride.

Alas! all hope is buried now.
But then men dream'd the aged earth
Was laboring in that mighty birth,
Which many a poet and a sage
Has aye foreseen—the happy age
When truth and love shall dwell below
Among the works and ways of men;
Which on this world not power but will
Even now is wanting to fulfil.

Among mankind what thence befell
Of strife, how vain, is known too well;
When liberty's dear pan fell
Mid murderous howls. To Lionel,
Though of great wealth and lineage high,
Yet through those dungeon walls there came
Thy thrilling light, O Liberty!
And as the meteor's midnight flame
Startles the dreamer, sunlike truth
Flash'd on his visionary youth,
And fill'd him, not with love, but faith,
And hope, and courage mute in death;
For love and life in him were twins,
Born at one birth: in every other
First life then love its course begins,
Though they be children of one mother;
And so through this dark world they fleet
Divided, till in death they meet:

But he loved all things ever. Then
He pass'd amid the strife of men,
And stood at the throne of armed power
Pleading for a world of woe,
Secure as one on a rock-built tower
'Er the wrecks which the surge trails to and fro,
'Mid the passions wild of human-kind
He stood, like a spirit calming them;
For, it was said, his words could bind
Like music the lull'd crowd, and stem
That torrent of unquiet dream
Which mortals truth and reason deem,
But is revenge and fear, and pride.
Joyous he was; and hope and peace
On all who heard him did abide,
Raining like dew from his sweet talk,
As where the evening star may walk
Along the brink of the gloomy seas,
Liquid mists of splendor quiver.

His very gestures touch'd to tears
The unpersuaded tyrant, never
So moved before: his presence stung
The torturers with their victim's pain,
And none knew how; and through their ears
The subtle witchcraft of his tongue
Unlock'd the hearts of those who keep
Gold, the world's bond of slavery.
Men wonder'd, and some sneer'd to see
One bow what he could never reap:
For he is rich, they said, and young,
And might drink from the depths of luxury.
If he seeks fame, fame never crown'd
The champion of a trampled creed:
If he seeks power, power is enthroned
'Mid ancient rights and 'wrongs, to feed
Which hungry wolves with praise and spoil
Those who would sit near power must toil;
And such, there sitting, all may see.
What seeks he? All that others seek
He casts away, like a vile weed
Which the sea casts unreturningly.
That poor and hungry men should break
The laws which wreak them toil and scorn,
We understand; but Lionel
We know is rich and nobly born.

So wonder'd they; yet all men loved
Young Lionel, though few approved;
All but the priests, whose hatred fell
Like the unseen blight of a smiling day,
The withering honey-dew, which clings
Under the bright green buds of May,
Whilst they unfold their emerald wings:
For he made verses wild and queer
On the strange creeds priests hold so dear,
Because they bring them land and gold.
Of devils and saints and all such gear,
He made tales which whoso heard or read
Would laugh till he were almost dead.
So this grew a proverb: "Don't get old,
Till Lionel's banquet in hell you hear,
And then you will feel yourself young again."
So the priests hated him, and he
Repaid their hate with cheerful glee.
Ah, smiles and joyance quickly died,
For public hope grew pale and dim
In an alter'd time and tide,
And in its wasting wither'd him,
As a summer flower that blows too soon
Droops in the 'smile of the waning moon,
When it scatters through an April night
The frozen dew of wrinkling blight.
None now hoped more. Gray Power was seated
Safely on her ancestral throne;
And Faith, the Python, undefeated,
Even to its blood-stain'd steps dragg'd on
Her soul and wounded train, and men
Were trampled and deceived again,
And words and shows again could bind
The wailing tribes of human-kind
In scorn and famine. Fire and blood
Raged round the raging multitude,
To fields remote by tyrants sent
To be the scorned instrument
With which they drag from mines of gore
The chains their slaves yet ever wore ;
And in the streets men met each other,
And by old altars and in halls,
And smiled again at festivals.
But each man found in his heart's brother
Cold cheer; for all, though half deceived,
The outworn creeds again believed,
And the same round anew began,
Which the weary world yet ever ran.

Many then wept, not tears, but gall
Within their hearts, like drops which fall
Wasting the fountain-stone away.
And in that dark and evil day
Did all desires and thoughts, that claim
Men's care—ambition, friendship, fame,
Love, hope, though hope was now despair—
Indue the colors of this change,
As from the all-surrounding air
The earth takes hues obscure and strange,
When storm and earthquake linger there.

And so, my friend, it then befell
To many, most to Lionel,
Whose hope was like the life of youth
Within him, and when dead, became
A spirit of unresting flame,
Which goaded him in his distress
Over the world's vast wilderness.
Three years he left his native land,
And on the fourth, when he return'd,
None knew him: he was stricken deep
With some disease of mind, and turn'd
Into aught unlike Lionel.
On him, on whom, did he pause in sleep
Serenest smiles were wont to keep,
And, did he wake, a winged hand
Of bright persuasions, which had fed
On his sweet lips and liquid eyes,
Kept their swift pinions half outspread,
To do on men his least command;
On him, whom once 'twas paradise
Even to behold, now misery lay:
In his own heart 'twas remorseless,
To all things else none may express
Its innocence and tenderness.

'Twas said that he had refuge sought
In love from his unquiet thought
In distant lands, and been deceived
By some strange show; for there were found,
Blotted with tears as those relieved.
By their own words are wont to do,
These mournful verses on the ground,
By all who read them blotted too.

"How am I changed! my hopes were once like fire
I loved, and I believed that life was love.
How am I lost! on wings of swift desire
Among Heaven's winds my spirit once did move
I slept, and silver dreams did aye inspire
My liquid sleep. I woke, and did approve
All nature to my heart, and thought to make
A paradise of earth for one sweet sake.

"I love, but I believe in love no more:
I feel desire, but hope not. O, from sleep
Most vainly must my weary brain implore
Its long-lost flattery now. I wake to weep,
And sit through the long day gnawing the core
Of my bitter heart, and, like a miser, keep
Since none in what I feel take pain or pleasure
To my own soul its self-consuming treasure"
Stared with blank frenzy on the sky,  
A farewell look of love he turn'd;  
Half calming me; then gazed awhile,  
As if through that black and massy pile,  
And through the crowd around him there,  
And through the dense and murky air;  
And the throng'd streets, he did espy  
What poets know and prophesy;  
And said, with voice that made them shiver  
And clung like poison to my brain,  
And which the mute walls spoke again  
Prolonging it with deepen'd strain—  
"Fear not the tyrants shall rule for ever,  
Or the priests of the bloody faith;  
They stand on the brink of that mighty river,  
Whose waves they have tainted with death:  
It is fed from the depths of a thousand dells,  
Around them it foams, and rages, and swells,  
And their swords and their sceptres I floating see  
Like wrecks in the surge of eternity."

I dwelt beside the prison-gate,  
And the strange crowd that out and in  
Pass'd, some, no doubt, with mine own fate,  
Might have fretted me with its ceaseless din  
But the fever of care was louder within,  
Soon, but too late, in penitence  
Or fear, his foes released him thence:  
I saw his thin and languid form,  
As leaning on the jailer's arm,  
Whose harden'd eyes grew moist the while,  
To meet his mute and faded smile,  
And hear his words of kind farewell,  
He totter'd forth from his damp cell.  
Many had never wept before,  
From whom fast tears then gush'd and fell;  
Many will relent no more,  
Who sobb'd like infants then; ay, all  
Who throng'd the prison's stony hall,  
The rulers or the slaves of law,  
Felt with a new surprise and awe  
That they were human, till strong shame  
Made them again become the same.  
The prison blood-hounds, huge and grim,  
From human looks the infection caught,  
And fondly crouch'd and fawn'd on him;  
And men have heard the prisoners say,  
Who in their rotting dungeons lay,  
That from that hour, throughout one day,  
The fierce despair and hate which kept  
Their trampled bosoms almost steep:  
When, like twin vultures, they hung feeding  
On each heart's wound, wide torn and bleeding,  
Because their jailers' rule, they thought,  
Grew merciful, like a parent's sway.

I know not how, but we were free:  
And Lionel sate alone with me,  
As the carriage drove through the streets apace  
And we look'd upon each other's face;  
And the blood in our fingers intertwined  
Ran like the thoughts of a single mind,  
As the swift emotions went and came  
Through the veins of each united frame.  
So through the long lone streets we past  
Of the million-peopled city vast;  

Though prosperous; and my heart grew full  
'Mid its new joy of a new care:  
For his cheek became, not pale, but fair,  
As rose o'er-shadow'd lilies are;  
And soon his deep and sunny hair,  
In this alone less beautiful,  
Lake grass in tombs grew wild and rare.  
The blood in his translucent veins  
Beat, not like animal life, but love  
Seem'd now its sullen springs to move,  
When life had fail'd, and all its pains;  
And sudden sleep would seize him oft  
Like death, so calm, but that a tear,  
His pointed eye-lashes between,  
Would gather in the light serene  
Of smiles, whose lustre bright and soft  
Beneath lay undulating there.  
His breath was like inconstant flame,  
As eagerly it went and came;  
And I hung o'er him in his sleep,  
Till, like an image in the lake  
Which rains disturb, my tears would break  
The shadow of that slumber deep;  
Then he would bid me not to weep,  
And say with flattery false, yet sweet,  
That death and he could never meet,  
If I would never part with him.  
And so we loved, and did unite  
All that in us was yet divided:  
For when he said, that many a rite,  
By men to bind but once provided,  
Could not be shared by him and me,  
Or they would kill him in their glee,  
I shudder'd, and then laughing said,  "We will have rites our faith to bind,  
But our church shall be the starry night,  
Our altar the grassy earth outspread,  
And our priest the muttering wind."

'Twas sunset as I spoke: one star  
Had scarce burst forth, when from afar  
The ministers of misrule sent.  
Seized upon Lionel, and bore  
His chain'd limbs to a dreary tower,  
In the midst of a city vast and wide.  
For he, they said, from his mind had bent  
Against their gods keen blasphemy,  
For which, though his soul must rusted be  
In hell's red lakes immortally,  
Yet even on earth must he abide  
The vengeance of their slaves—a trial,  
I think, men call it. What avail  
Are prayers and tears, which chase denial  
From the fierce savage, nursed in hate?  
What the knoll soul that pleading and pale  
Makes wan the quivering cheek, which late  
It painted with its own delight?  
We were divided. As I could,  
I still'd the tingling of my blood,  
And follow'd him in their despite,  
As a widow follows, pale and wild,  
The murderers and corse of her only child;  
And when we came to the prison door,  
And I pray'd to share his dungeon floor  
With prayers that rarely have been spurn'd,  
And when men drove me forth, and I  

ROSALIND AND HELEN.  

155
Which is that desert, where each one
Seeks his mate yet is alone,
Beloved and sought, and mourn'd of none;
Until the clear blue sky was seen,
And the grassy meadows bright and green,
And then I sunk in his embrace,
Inclosing there a mighty space
Of love: and so we travel'd on
By woods, and fields of yellow flowers,
And towns, and villages, and towers,
Day after day of happy hours.
It was the azure time of June,
When the skies are deep in the stainless moon.
And the warm and fitful breezes shake
The fresh green leaves of the hedge-row brier,
And there were odors then to make
The very breath we did expire
A liquid element, whereon
Our spirits, like delighted things
That walk the air on subtle wings,
Float'd and mingled far away,
'Mid the warm winds of the sun's day.
And when the evening star came forth
Above the curve of the new-bent moon.
And light and sound ebb'd from the earth,
Like the tide of the full and weary sea
To the depths of its own tranquillity,
Our natures to its own repose
Did the earth's breathless sleep attune:
Like flowers, which on each other close
Their languid leaves when daylight's gone,
We lay, till new emotions came,
Which seem'd to make each mortal frame
One soul of interwoven flame;
A life in life, a second birth
In worlds diviner far than earth,
Which, like two strains of harmony
That mingle in the silent sky,
Then slowly disunite, past by
And left the tenderness of tears,
A soft oblivion of all fears,
A sweet sleep: so we travel'd on
Till we came to the home of Lionel,
Among the mountains wild and lone,
Beside the hoary western sea,
Which near the verge of the echoing shore
The massy forest shadow'd o'er.

The ancient steward, with hair all hoar,
As we alighted, wept to see
His master changed so fearfully:
And the old man's soles did waken me
From my dream of unremaning gladness;
The truth flash'd o'er me like quick madness
When I look'd, and saw that there was death
On Lionel: yet day by day
He lived, till fear grew hope and faith,
And in my soul I dared to say,
Nothing so bright can pass away:
Death is dark, and foul, and dull,
But he is—O how beautiful!
Yet day by day he grew more weak,
And his sweet voice, when he might speak,
Which no'er was loud, became more low;
And the light which flash'd through his waxen cheek
Grew faint, as the rose-like hues which flow

From sunset o'er the Alpine snow:
And death seem'd not like death in him,
For the spirit of life o'er every limb
Linger'd, a mist of sense and thought.
When the summer wind faint odors brought
From mountain flowers, even as it pass'd
His cheek would change, as the noontide sea
Which the drying breeze swept fitfully.
If but a cloud the sky o'ercast,
You might see his color come and go,
And after the softest strain of music made
Sweet smiles, yet sad, arise, and fade
Amid the dew of his tender eyes:
And the breath, with intermitting flow,
Made his pale lips quiver and part.
You might hear the beatings of his heart,
Quick, but not strong; and with my presses
When off he playfully would bind
In the bowers of mossy lonelines.
His neck, and win me so to mingle
In the sweet depth of woven cares,
And our faint limbs were intertwined,
Alas! the unquiet life didingle
From mine own heart through every vein,
Like a captive in dreams of liberty,
Who beats the walls of his stony cell.
But his, it seem'd already free,
Like the shadow of fire surrounding me!

On my faint eyes and limbs did dwell
Like that spirit as it pass'd, till soon,
As a frail cloud wandering o'er the moon,
Beneath its light invisible;
Is seen when it folds its gray wings again
To alight on midnight's dusky plain,
I lived and saw, and the gathering soul
Pass'd from beneath that strong control,
And I fell on a life which was sick with fear
Of all the woe that now I bear.

Amid a bloomless myrtle wood,
On a green and sea-girt promontory,
Not far from where we dwell, there stood
In record of a sweet sad story,
An altar and a temple bright
Circled by steps, and o'er the gate
Was sculptured, "To Fidelity;"
And in the shrine an image sate,
All veil'd: but there was seen the light
Of smiles, which faintly could express
A mingled pain and tenderness
Through that ethereal drapery.
The left hand held the head, the right—
Beyond the veil, beneath the skin,
You might see the nerves quivering within—
Was forcing the point of a barbed dart
Into its side-convulsing heart.
An unskill'd hand, yet one inform'd
With genius, had the marble warm'd
With that pathetic life. This tale
It told: A dog had from the sea,
When the tide was raging fearfully,
Dragg'd Lionel's mother, weak and pale,
Then died beside her on the sand,
And she that temple thence had plann'd:
But it was Lionel's own hand
Had wrought the image. Each new moon

404
That lady did, in this lone fare,
The rites of a religion sweet,
Whose god was in her heart and brain:
The seasons' loveliest flowers were strewed
On the marble floor beneath her feet,
And she brought crowns of sea-buds white,
Whose odor is so sweet and faint,
And weeds, like branching chrysolite,
Woven in devices fine and quaint,
And tears from her brown eyes did stain
That dying statue, fair and wan,
If tears should cease, to weep again:
And rare Arabian odors came,
Through the myrtle corses steaming thence
From the hissing frankincense,
Whose smoke, woolwhite as ocean foam,
Hung in dense flocks beneath the dome,
That ivory dome, whose azure night
With golden stars, like heaven, was bright
O'er the split cedars' pointed flame:
And the lady's harp would kindle there
The melody of an old air,
Softer than sleep; the villagers
Mix their religion up with hers,
And as they listened round, shed tears.

One eve he led me to this fane:
Daylight on its last purple cloud
Was lingering gray, and soon her strain
The nightingale began; now loud,
Climbing in circles the windless sky,
Now dying music; suddenly
"Tis scatter'd in a thousand notes,
And now to the hush'd ear it floats
Like field-smells known in infancy,
Then failing, soothes the air again.
We sate within that temple lone,
Pavilion'd round with Parian stone:
His mother's harp stood near, and oft
I had awaken'd music soft
Amid its wires; the nightingale
Was pausing in her heaven-taught tale:
"Now drain the cup," said Lionel,
"Which the poet-bird has crown'd so well
With the wine of her bright and liquid song!
Heardst thou not sweet words among
That heaven-resounding minstrelsy!
Heardst thou not, that those who die
Awake in a world of ecstasy?
That love, when limbs are interwoven,
And sleep, when the night of life is cloven,
And thought, to the world's dim boundaries cling-
And music, when one beloved is singing,
Is death? Let us drain right joyously
The cup which the sweet bird fills for me"
He paused, and to my lips he bent
His own: like spirit his words went
Through all my limbs with the speed of fire;
And his keen eyes. glittering through mine,
Fill'd me with the flame divine,
Which in their orbs was burning far,
Like the light of an unmeasured star,
In the sky of midnight dark and deep:
Yes, 'twas his soul that did inspire
Sounds, which my skill could ne'er awaken.

And first, I felt my fingers sweep
The harp, and a long quivering cry
Burst from my lips in symphony:
The dusk and solid air was shaken,
As swift and swifter the notes came
From my touch, that wander'd like quick flame,
And from my bosom, laboring
With some unutterable thing:
The awful sound of my own voice made
My faint lips tremble, in some mood
Of wordless thought Lionel stood
So pale, that even beside his cheek
The snowy column from its shade
Caught whiteness: yet his countenance
Raised upward, burn'd with radiance
Of spirit-piercing joy, whose light,
Like the moon struggling through the night
Of whirlwind-ripped clouds, did break
With beams that might not be confined.
I paused, but soon his gestures kindled
New power, as by the moving wind
The waves are lifted, and my song
To low soft notes now changed and dwindled,
And from the twinkling wires among,
My languid fingers drew and flung
Circles of life-dissolving sound,
Yet faint: in aery rings they bound
My Lionel, who, as every strain
Grow fainter but more sweet, his mien
Sunk with the sound relaxedly;
And slowly now he turn'd to me,
As slowly faded from his face
That awful joy: with looks serene
He was soon drawn to my embrace,
And my wild song then died away
In murmurs: words, I dare not say
We mix'd, and on his lips mine fed
Till they methought felt still and cold:
"What is it with thee, love?" I said;
No word, no look, no motion! yes,
There was a change, but spare to guess,
Nor let that moment's hope be told.
I look'd, and knew that he was dead,
And fell, as the eagle on the plain
Falls when life deserts her brain,
And the mortal lightning is veil'd again.

O that I were now dead! but such
Did they not, love, demand too much
Those dying murmurs! He forbade.
O that I once again were mad!
And yet, dear Rosalind, not so,
For I would live to share thy woe.
Sweet boy; did I forget thee too?
Alas, we know not what we do
When we speak words.

No memory more
Is in my mind of that sea-shore.
Madness came on me, and a troop
Of misty shapes did seem to sit
Beside me, on a vessel's poop,
And the clear north wind was driving it.
Then I heard strange tongues, and saw strange
flowers,
And the stars methought grew unlike ours,
And the azure sky, and the stormless sea
Made me believe that I had died,
And waked in a world, which was to me
Drear hell, though heaven to all beside.
Then a dead sleep fell on my mind,
Whilst animal life many long years
Had rescued from a chasm of tears;
And when I woke, I wept to find
That the same lady, bright and wise,
With silver locks and quick brown eyes,
The mother of my Lionel,
Had tended me in my distress,
And died some months before. Nor less
Wonder, but far more peace and joy
Brought in that hour my lovely boy;
For through that trance my soul had well
The impress of thy being kept;
And if I waked, or if I slept,
No doubt, though memory faithless be,
Thy image ever dwelt on me;
And thus, O Lionel! like thee
Is our sweet child. "Tis sure most strange
I knew not of so great a change,
As that which gave him birth, who now
Is all the solace of my woe.

That Lionel great wealth had left
By will to me, and that of all
The ready lies of law bereft,
My child and me might well befall.
But let me think not of the scorn,
Which from the meanest I have borne,
When, for my child's beloved sake,
I mix'd with slaves, to vindicate
The very laws themselves do make:
Let me not say scorn is my fate,
Lest I be proud, suffering the same
With those who live in deathless fame.

She ceased—" Lo, where red morning through the woods
Is burning o'er the dew!" said Rosalind.
And with these words they rose, and towards the flood
Of the blue lake, beneath the leaves now wind
With equal steps and fingers intertwined:
Thence to a lonely dwelling, where the shore
Is shadowed with rocks, and cypress
Cleave with their dark-green cones the silent skies,
And with their shadows the clear depths below,
And where a little terrace, from its bowers
Of blooming myrtle and faint lemon-flowers,
Seaters its sense-dissolving fragrance o'er
The liquid marble of the windless lake;
And where the aged forest's limbs look hoar,
Under the leaves which their green garments make,
They come; 'tis Helen's home, and clean and white,
Like one which tyrants spare on our own land
In some such solitude, its casements bright
Shone through their vine-leaves in the morning sun,
And even within 't was scarce like Italy.
And when she saw how all things there were plan'd,
As in an English home, dim memory-
Disturb'd poor Rosalind: she stood as one
Whose mind is where his body cannot be,
Till Helen led her where her child yet slept,
And said, "Observe, that brow was Lionel's,
Those lips were his, and so he ever kept
One arm in sleep, pillowing his head with it.
You cannot see his eyes, they are two wells
Of liquid love: let us not wake him yet."
But Rosalind could bear no more, and wept
A shower of burning tears, which fell upon
His face, and so his opening lashes shone
With tears unlike his own, as he did leap
In sudden wonder from his innocent sleep.

So Rosalind and Helen lived together
Thenceforth, changed in all else, yet friends again,
Such as they were, when o'er the mountain heath
They wander'd in their youth, through sun and rain.
And after many years, for human things
Change even like the ocean and the wind,
Her daughter was restored to Rosalind,
And in their circle thence some visitings
Of joy 'mid their new calm would intervene:
A lovely child she was, of looks serene,
And motions which o'er things indifferent shed
The grace and gentleness from whence they came.
And Helen's boy grew with her, and they fed
From the same flowers of thought, until each mind
Like springs which mingle in one flood became,
And in their union soon their parents saw
The shadow of the peace denied to them,
And Rosalind,—for when the living stem
Is canker'd in its heart, the tree must fall,
Died ere her time; and with deep grief and awe
The pale survivors follow'd her remains
Beyond the region of dissolving rains,
Up the cold mountain she was wont to call
Her tomb; and on Chivalena's precipice
They raised a pyramid of lasting ice,
Whose polish'd sides, ere day had yet begun,
Caught the first glow of the unrisen sun,
The last, when it had sunk; and through the night
The charioteers of Arcos wheeled round
Its glittering point, as seen from Helen's home,
Whose sad inhabitants each year would come,
With willing steps climbing that rugged height,
And hang long locks of hair, and garlands bound
With amaranth flowers, which, in the elms' despi
Fill'd the fore air with unaccustom'd light?
Such flowers, as in the wintry memory bloom
Of one friend left, adorn'd that frozen tomb.

Helen, whose spirit was of softer mould,
Whose sufferings too were less, death slowlier led
Into the peace of his dominion cold:
She died among her kindred, being old.
And knew, that if love die not in the dead
As in the living, none of mortal kind
Are blest, as now Helen and Rosalind.
Adonais;

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JOHN KEATS.

*Ασπρο πριν μέν ιαρπάς ἵν ξυστάνεαν έπος*
Νῦν δέ Θανάτος λάμπει ἔπερος ἐν φάιμενοις.

**Plato.**

**Preface.**

That is my intention to subjoin to the London edition of his poem, a criticism upon the claims of its lamented object to be classed among the writers of the highest genius who have adorned our age. My known recognition to the narrow principles of taste on which several of his earlier compositions were modelled, serve, at least, that I am an impartial judge. I consider the fragment of Hyperion as second to nothing that was ever produced by a writer of the same years.

John Keats died at Rome, of a consumption, in his twenty-fourth year, on the—of—1821—and was buried in the romantic and lonely cemetery of the Protectors in that city, under the pyramid which is the tomb of Cestius, and the mossy walls and towers, now mouldering and desolate, which formed the circuit of ancient Rome. The cemetery is an open space among the ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies. It might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place.

The genius of the lamented person to whose memory I have dedicated these unworthy verses, was not less delicate and fragile than it was beautiful; and where canker-worms abound, what wonder, if its young flower was blighted in the bud? The savage criticism on his Endymion, which appeared in the Quarterly Review, produced the most violent effect on his susceptible mind; the agitation thus originated ended in the rupture of a blood-vessel in the lungs; a rapid consumption ensued, and the succeeding acknowledgments from more candid critics, of the true greatness of his powers, were ineffectual to heal the wound thus wantonly inflicted.

It may be well said that these wretched men knew not what they do. They scatter their insults and their slanders without heed as to whether the poisoned shaft lights on a heart made callous by many blows, or one, like Keats's, composed of more penetrable stuff. One of their associates is, to my knowledge, a most base and unprincipled calumniator. As to "Endymion," was it a poem, whatever might be its defects, to be treated contemptuously by those who had celebrated with various degrees of complacency and panegyric, "Paris," and "Woman," and a "Syrian Tale," and a long list of the illustrious obscure! Are these the men, who in their venal good-nature, presumed to draw a parallel between the Rev. Mr. Milman and Lord Byron! What gnats did they strain at here, after having swallowed all those camels! Against what woman taken in adultery, dares the foremost of these literary prostitutes to cast his opprobrious stone? Miserable man! I know, one of the many, have wantonly defaced one of the noblest specimens of the workmanship of God. Nor shall it be your excuse, that, murderer as you are, you have spoken daggers, but used none.

The circumstances of the closing scene of poor Keats's life were not made known to me until the Elegy was ready for the press. I am given to understand that the wound which his sensitive spirit had received from the criticism of Endymion, was exasperated by the bitter sense of unrequited benefits; the poor fellow seems to have been hooted from the stage of life, no less by those on whom he had wasted the promise of his genius, than on whom he had lavished his fortune and his care. He was accompanied to Rome, and attended in his last illness, by Mr. Severn, a young artist of the highest promise, who, I have been informed, "almost risked his own life, and sacrificed every prospect to unwearied attendance upon his dying friend." Had I known these circumstances before the completion of my poem, I should have been tempted to add my feeble tribute of applause to the more solid recompense which the virtuous man finds in the recollection of his own motives. Mr. Severn can dispense with a reward from "such stuff as dreams are made of." His conduct is a golden augury of the success of his future career—may the unextinguished Spirit of his illustrious friend animate the creations of his pencil, and plead against Oblivion for his name!

**Adonais.**

I. I weep for Adonais—he is dead!
O, weep for Adonais! though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head
And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
And teach them thine own sorrow; say—with me
 Died Adonais!—till the Future dares
Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity!
II.
Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when he lay,
When thy Son lay, pierced by the shaft which lies
In darkness? where was born Urani
When Adonais died? With veiled eyes,
'Mid list'ning Echoes, in her Paradise
She sate, while one, with soft enam'rd breath,
Rekindled all the fading melodies,
With which, like flowers that mock the core be
neath,
He had adorn'd and hid the coming bulk of death.

III.
O, weep for Adonais—he is dead!
Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep!
Yet wherefore? Quench within their burning bed
 Thy fiery tears, and let thy'loud heart keep,
Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep;
For he is gone, where all things wise and fair
Descend;—oh, dream not that the amorous Deep
Will yet restore him to the vital air;
Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our
despair.

Most musical of mourners, weep again!
Lament anew, Urani!—He died,
Who was the Sire of an immortal strain,
Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's pride,
The priest, the slave, and the libertine,
Trampled and mock'd with many a loathed rite
Of lust and blood; he went, unfriended,
Into the gulf of death; but his clear sprite
Yet reigns o'er earth; the third among the sons of light.

Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Not all to that bright station dared to climb;
And happier they their happiness who knew,
Whose tapers yet burn through that night of time
In which suns perish'd; others more sublime,
Struck by the envious wrath of man or God,
Have sunk, extinct in their regalust prime;
And some yet live, treading the thorny road,
Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's serene abode.

But now, thy youngest, dearest one, has perish'd,
The nursing of thy widowhood, who grew,
Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherish'd,
And fed with true-love tears, instead of dew;
Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,
The bloom, whose petals nipt before they blow
Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste;
The broken lily lies—the storm is overpast.

To that high Capital, where kingly Death
Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,
He came; and bought, with price of purest breath,
A grave among the eternal.—Come away!
Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day
Is yet his fitting charnel-roof! while still
He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay;
Awake him not! surely he takes his fill
Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

He will awake no more, oh, never more!—
Within the twilight chamber spreads space
The shadow of white Death, and at the door
Invisible Corruption waits to trace
His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place;
The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe
Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to deface
So fair a prey, till darkness, and the law
Of change, shall o'er his sleep the mortal curtain draw.

O, weep for Adonais!—The quick Dreams,
The passion-winged Ministers of thought,
Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams
Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught
The love which was its music, wander not,—
Wander no more, from kindling brain to brain,
But drop there, whence they sprung; and mourn
their lot
Round the cold heart, where, after their sweet
pain,
They ne'er will gather strength, or find a home again.

One from a lucid urn of starry dew
Wash'd his light limbs, as if embalming them;
Another eript her profuse locks, and threw
The wreath upon him, like an anadem,
Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem;
Another in her wilful grief would break
Her bow and winged reeds, as if to storm,
A greater loss with one which was more weak,
And dull the barred fire against his frozen cheek.

Another Splendor on his mouth alti,
That mouth, whence it was wont to draw the breath
Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded wi
And pass into the panting heart beneath
With lightning and with music: the damp deaf
Quench'd its caress upon his icy lips;
And, as a dying meteor stains a wreath
Of moonlight vapor, which the cold night clips,
It flash'd through his pale limbs, and pass'd to the eclipse.

And others came,—Desires and Adorations,
Winged Persuasions and veil'd Destinies,
Splendors, and Gloomns, and glimmering Incarnation
Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phantasies;
And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs.
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam
Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,
Came in slow pomp,—the moving pomp might
seem
Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.
XIV.
The leprous corpse, touch'd by this spirit tender,  
Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath;  
Like incarnations of the stars, when splendor  
is changed to fragrance, they illumine death,  
And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath;  
Naught we know, dice. Shall that alone which knows  
Be as a sword consumed before the sheath  
By sightless lightning?—the intense atom glows  
A moment, then is quench'd in a most cold repose.

XV.
Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,  
And feeds her grief with his remember'd lay,  
And will no more reply to winds or fountains,  
or amorous birds perch'd on the young green spray,  
or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day;  
Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear  
Than those for whose disdain she pined away  
Into a shadow of all sounds—a drear  
Murmur, between their songs, is all the woodmen hear.

XVI.
Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down  
Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,  
or they dead leaves; since her delight is flown  
For whom should she have waked the sullen year?  
To Phoebus was not Hyacinth so dear,  
Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both  
Thou Adonais: wan they stood and sere  
Amid the drooping comrades of their youth,  
With dew all turn'd to tears; odor, to sighing rime.

XVII.
Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale  
Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain;  
Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale  
Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain  
Her mighty youth with morning, doth complain,  
Soaring and screaming round her empty nest,  
As Albaon wails for thee: the curse of Cain  
Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast,  
And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest!

XVIII.
Ah woe is me! Winter is come and gone,  
But grief returns with the reviving year;  
The airs and streams renew their joyous tone;  
The ants, the bees, the swallows reappear;  
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead Season's bier;  
The amorous birds now pair in every brake,  
And build their mossy homes in field and brea,  
And the green lizard, and the golden snake,  
Like unimprison'd flames, out of their trance awake.

XIX.
Through wood and stream, and field and hill and ocean,  
A quickening life from the Earth's heart has burst,  
As it has ever done, with change and motion,  
From the great morning of the world when first  
God dawn'd on Chaos; in its stream immersed,  
The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer light;  
All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst;  
Diffuse themselves; and spend in love's delight,  
The beauty and the joy of their renewed might.
SHELLEY'S POETICAL WORKS.

XXVI.
"Stay yet awhile! speak to me once again;
Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live;
And in my heartless breast and burning brain
That word, that kiss shall all thoughts else survive,
With food of saddest memory kept alive,
Now thou art dead, as if it were a part
Of thee, my Adonais! I would give
All that I am to be as thou now art!
But I am chain'd to Time, and cannot thence depart!

XXVII.
"O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,
Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men
Too soon, and with weak hands though mighty heart
Dare the unpastured dragon in his den?
Defenceless as thou wert, oh! where was then
Wisdom the mirror'd shield, or scorn the spear!
Or hast thou wait'd the full cycle, when
Thy spirit should have fill'd its crescent sphere,
The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee like deer.

XXVIII.
"The herded wolves, bold only to pursue;
The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the dead;
The vultures, to the conqueror's banner true,
Who feed where Desolation first has fed,
And whose wings rain contagion—how they fled,
When, like Apollo, from his golden bow,
The Pythian of the age one arrow sped
And smiled!—The spoilers tempt no second blow,
They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them as they go.

XXIX.
"The sun comes forth, and many reptiles spawn;
He sets, and each ephemeral insect then
Is gather'd into death without a dawn,
And the immortal stars awake again;
So is it in the world of living men:
A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight
Making earth bare and veiling heaven, and when
It sinks, the swarms that dimm'd or shared its light
Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's awful night."

XXX.
Thus ceased she: and the mountain shepherds came,
Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent;
The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
Over his living head like Heaven is bent,
An early but enduring monument,
Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song
In sorrow; from her wiles Ierne sent
The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,
And love taught grief to fall like music from his tongue.

XXXI.
Midst others of less note, came one frail Form,
A phantom among men; companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm
Whose thunder is its knell; he, as I guess,
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness,
Acteon-like, and now he fled a stray
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey.

XXXII.
A pard-like Spirit beautiful and swift—
A Love in desolation mask'd;—a Power
Girt round with weakness;—it can scarce uplift
The weight of the superincumbent hour;
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
A breaking bow;—even whilst we speak
Is it not broken? On the withering flower
The killing sun smiles brightly: on a cheek
The life can burn in blood, even while the heart may break.

XXXIII.
His head was bound with panniers over-blown,
And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue;
And a light spear topp'd with a cypress cone,
Round whose rude shaft dark ivy-tresses grew
Yet dripping with the forest's noonday dew,
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
Shook the weak hand that grasp'd it; of that crew
He came the last, neglected and apart;
A herd-abandon'd deer, struck by the hunter's dart

XXXIV.
All stood aloof, and at his partial moan
Smiled through their tears; well knew that gentle band
Who in another's fate now wept his own,
As in the accents of an unknown land
He sang new sorrow; sad Urania scan'd
The Stranger's mien, and murmur'd: "Who art thou?"
He answer'd not, but with a sudden hand
Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow,
Which was like Cain's or Christ's,—Oh! that it should be so!

XXXV.
What softer voice is hush'd o'er the dead?
A thrall what brow is that dark mantle thrown!
What form leans sadly o'er the white death-bed,
In mockery of monumental stone,
The heavy heart heaving without a moan?
If it be He, who, gentlest of the wise,
Taught, softened, loved, honor'd the departed one;
Let me not vex, with inharmonious sighs,
The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice.

XXXVI.
Our Adonais has drunk poison—oh!
What death and vipers' murder could crown
Life's early cup with such a draught of woe?
The nameless worm would now itself disown:
It felt, yet could escape the magic tone
Whose herald held all envy, hate, and wrong,
But what was howling in one breast alone,
Silent with expectation of the song,
Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver lyre unstung

XXXVII.
Live thou, whose infancy is not thy fame!
Live! fear no heavier chastisement from me,
Thou noteless blot on a remember'd name!
But be thyself, and know thyself to be!
And ever at thy season be thou free
To spill the venom, when thy fangs o'erflow:
Remorse and Self-contempt shall cling to thee;
Hot Shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,
And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt—as now
XXXVIII.
Nor let us weep that our delight is fled
Far from these carrion-kites that scream below;
He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead;
Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now.—
Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit shall flow
Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
A portion of the Eternal, which must glow
Through time and change, unquenchably the same,
Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid heart of shame.

XXXIX.
Peace! peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
He hath awaken'd from the dream of life—
'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife
Invisible nothings—We decay
Like corpses in a channel; fear and grief
Conuzzle us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

XL.
He has outworn the shadow of our night;
Ev'ry and calumny, and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now-cannot ever mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes lead an un lamented urn.

XLI.
He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for Adonais—Thou young Dawn
Turn all thy dew to splendor, for from thee
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!
Cease ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou Air,
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hast thrown
Over the abandon'd Earth, now leave it bare
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

XLII.
He is made one with Nature: there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the noon
Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

XLIII.
He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely: he doth bear
His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there
As new successions to the forms they wear;
Torturing th' unwilling dress that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear;
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

XLIV.
The splendors of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed, but are extinguish'd not,
Like stars to their appointed height they climb,
And death is a low mist which cannot blot
The brightness it may veil.
When lofty thought
Lifts a young heart above its mortal hair,
And love and life contend in it, for what
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

XLV.
The inheritors of unfulfill'd renown
Rose from their thrones built beyond mortal thought,
Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton
Rose pale, his solemn agony had not
Yet fled from him; Sidney, as he fought
And as he fell, and as he lived and loved,
SUBLIMELY MILD, a Spirit without spot,
Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved:
Oblivion as they rose shrunk like a thing reproved.

XLVI.
And many more, whose names on earth are dark,
But whose transmitted effluence cannot die
So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
"Thou art become as one of us," they cry,
"It was for thee young kingless sphere has long
Swung blind in unascended majesty,
Silent alone amid a Heaven of Song.
Assume thy winged throne, thou Vesper of our throng!"

XLVII.
Who mourns for Adonais? oh come forth,
Fond wretch! and know thyself and him aight.
Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous Earth
As from a centre, dast thy spirit's light
Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might
Satiate the void circumference: then shrink
Even to a point within our day and night;
And keep thy heart light, lest it make thee sink
When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the brink.

XLVIII.
Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre,
O, not of him, but of our joy: 'tis naught
That ages, empires, and religions there
Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;
For such as he can lend,—they borrow not
Glory from those who made the world their prey;
And he is gather'd to the kings of thought
Who waged contention with their time's decay,
And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

XLIX.
Go thou to Rome,—at once the Paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise
And flowering weeds, and fragrant copes, dress
The bones of Desolation's nakedness,
Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead,
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread.
L.

And gray walls shoulder round, on which dull Time
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
Pavilioning the dust of him who plann'd
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transform'd to marble; and beneath,
A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitch'd in Heaven's smile their camp of death,
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguish'd
breath.

LI.

Here, pause: these graves are all too young as yet
To have outgrown the sorrows which consign'd
Its charge to each; and if the seal is set,
Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
Of tears and gull. From the world's bitter wind
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

LII.

The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light for ever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-color'd glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
Follow where all is fled!—Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

LIii.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart?
Thy hopes are gone before: from all things here
They have departed; thou shouldst now depart
A light is pass'd from the revolving year,
And man, and woman; and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
The soft sky smiles,—the low wind whispers near,
'Tis Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,
No more let Life divide what Death can join to
gether.

LIV.

That Light whose smiles kindle the Universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move
That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst; now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

Epipsychidion;

VERSES ADDRESSED TO THE NOBLE AND UNFORTUNATE LADY EMILIA V—

Now Imprisoned in the Convent of ——

L'anima amante si stanca fuori del creato, e si crea nell' infinito un Mondo tutto per essa, diverso assai da questo oscuro e pauroso l'atomo.—Her own Words.

ADVERTISEMENT.

(By a Friend of the Author.)

The writer of the following Lines died at Florence, as he was preparing for a voyage to one of the wild-est of the Sporades, which he had bought, and where he had fitted up the ruins of an old building, and where it was his hope to have realized a scheme of life, suited perhaps to that happier and better world of which he is now an inhabitant, but hardly practicable in this. His life was singular; less on account of the romantic vicissitudes which diversify'd it, than the ideal tinge which it received from his own character and feelings. The present Poem, like the Vita Nuova of Dante, is sufficiently intelligible to a certain class of readers without a matter-of-fact history of the circumstances to which it relates; and to certain other class it must ever remain incomprehensible, from a defect of a common organ of perception for the ideas of which it treats. Not that, "in vergognia sarebbe a colui, che rimasse cosa sotto ve di figurn, o di colore rettore: e domandato non pesse demudare le sue parole da cotal veste, in gu che avessero verace intendimento."
The present Poem appears to have been intended by the Writer as the dedication to some longer one.
The stanza prefixed to the Poem is almost a literal translation from Dante's famous Canzone,
Voi, ch' intendo, il terzo ciel movete, etc.
The presumptuous application of the concluding line to his own composition will raise a smile at the sense of my unfortunate friend: be it a smile not of contempt, but pity.
EPISPSYCHIDION.

My Song, I fear that thou wilt find but few
Who duly shall conceive thy reasoning,
Of such hard matter dost thou entertain;
Whence, if by misadventure chance should bring
Thee to base company (as chance may do),
Quite unaware of what thou dost contain,
I prithee, comfort thy sweet self again.
My last delight! tell them that they are dull,
And bid them own that thou art beautiful.

Yet were one lawful and the other true,
These names, though dear, could paint not, as is due,
How beyond refuge I am thine. Ah me!
I am not thine: I am a part of thee.

Sweet Spirit! Sister of that orphan one,
Whose empire is the name thou wearest on,
My heart's temple I suspend to thee
These votive wreaths of wither'd memory.

Poor captive bird! who, from thy narrow cage,
Borest such music, that it might assuage
The rugged hearts of those who prison'd thee,
Vere they not dear to all sweet melody;
This song shall be thy rose; its petals pale weep
And, indeed, my adored Nightingale!
But soft and fragrant is the faded blossom,
And it has no thorn left to wound thy bosom.

High, spirit-winged Heart! who dost for ever
Leat thine unfeeling bars with vain endeavor,
'll those bright plumes of thought, in which array'd
Over soared this low and worldly shade,
As shatter'd; and thy pating, wounded breast
Tears with dead blood its unmortal nest.
WEEP vain tears! blood would less bitter be,
Yet 'pour'nd forth gladlcer, could it profit thee.

Semph of Heaven! too gentle to be human,
Eiling beneath that radiant form of Woman
ill that is insupportable in thee
'f light, and love, and immortality!
Weet Benediction in the eternal curse!
'ell Glory of this lampless Universe!
'hou Moon beyond the clouds! Thou living Form
Among the Dead! Thou Star above the Storm!
'hou Wonder, and thou Beauty, and thou Terror!
'hou Harmony of Nature's art! Thou Mirror
Whom, as in the splendor of the Sun,
,..shapes look glorious which thou gazest on!
y, even the dim words which obscure thee now
lash, lightning-like, with unaccustomed glow;
Pray thee that thou blot from this sad song
Of its much mortality and woe.
With those clear drops, which start like sacred dew
Ron the twin lights thy sweet soul darkens through.
Veeping, till sorrow becomes ecstasy:
'then smile on it, so that it may not die.

I never thought before my death to see
'outh's vision thus made perfect. Emily,
love thee; though the world by no thin name
Vill hide that love, from its unvalued shame,
Wuld we two had been twins of the same mother?
, that the name my heart lent to another
ould be a sister's bond for her and thee,
Lending two beams of one eternity!

She met me, Stranger, upon life's rough way,
And hured me towards sweet Death: as Night by Day
Winter by Spring, or Sorrow by swift Hope,
Led into life, life, peace. An antelope,
In the suspended impulse of its lightness,
Were less ethereally light: the brightness
Of her divinest presence trembles through
Her limbs, as underneath a cloud of dew
Embodied in the windless Heaven of June,
Aim the splendor-winged stars, the Moon
Burns, inextinguishably beautiful:
And from her lips, as from a hyacinth full
Of honey-dew, a liquid murmur drops,
Killing the sense with passion; sweet as stops
Of planetary music heard in trance.
In her mild lights the starry spirit dance,
The sunbeams of these walls which ever leap
Under the lightnings of the soul—too deep
For the brief fathornine of thought or sense.
The glory of her being, issuing thence,
Stains the dead, blank, cold air with a warm shade
Of unentangled intermixture, made
By Love, of light and motion: one intense
Diffusion, one serene Omnipresence.
Whose flowing outlines mingle in their flowing
Around her cheeks and utmost fingers glowing
With the uninterrupted blood, which there
Quivers (as in a fleece of snow-like air
The crimson pulse of living morning quiver),
Continuously prolong'd, and ending never,
Till they are lost, and in that Beauty fur'd
Which penetrates and chasps and fills the world;
Scarce visible from extreme loveliness.
Warm fragrance seems to fall from her light dress,
And her loose hair; and where some heavy tear
The air of her own speed has disentwined,
The sweetness seems to satiate the faint wind;
And in the soul a wild odor is felt,
Beyond the sense, like fiery dews that melt
Into the bosom of a frozen bud._
See where she stands! a mortal shape ended
With love and life, and light and deity,
And motion which may change but cannot die;
An image of some bright Eternity;
A shadow of some golden dream; a Splendor
Leaving the third sphere pilotless; a tender
Reflection of the eternal Moon of Love,
Under whose motions life's dull billows move;
A Metaphor of Spring and Youth and Morning;
A Vision like incarnate April, warning.
With smiles and tears, Frost the Anatomy
Into his summer grave.

Ah, woe is me!
What have I dared? where am I lifted? how
Shall I descend, and perish not? I know
That Love makes all things equal: I have heard
By mine own heart this joyous truth aver'd;
The spirit of the worm beneath the sod,
In love and worship blends itself with God

Spouse! Sister! Angel! Pilot of the Fate
Whose course has been so starless! O too late
Beloved? O too soon adored, by me!
For in the fields of immortality
My spirit should at first have worship'd thine,
A divine presence in a place divine;
Or should have moved beside it on this earth,
A shadow of that substance, from its birth;
But not as now,—I love thee; yes, I feel
That on the fountain of my heart a seal
Is set, to keep its waters pure and bright
For thee, since in those tears thou hast delighted.
We—are we not form'd, as notes of music are,
For one another, though dissimilar;
Such difference without discord, as can make
Those sweetest sounds, in which all spirits shake
As trembling leaves in a continuous air?

Thy wisdom speaks in me, and bids me dare
Beacon the rocks on which high hearts are wreckt.
I never was attach'd to that great sect,
Whose doctrine is, that each one should select
Out of the crowd a mistress or a friend,
And all the rest, though fair and wise, command
To cold oblivion, though it is in the code
Of modern morals, and the beaten road
Which those poor slaves with weary footsteps tread.
Who travel to their home among the dead
By the broad highway of the world, and so
With one chain'd friend, perhaps a jealous foe,
The dreariest and the longest journey go.

True Love in this differs from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away.
Love is like understanding, that grows bright,
Gazing on many truths; 'tis like thy light,
Imagination! which from earth and sky,
And from the depths of human phantasy.
As from a thousand prisms and mirrors, file
The Universe with glorious beams, and kills
Error, the worm, with many a sunlike arrow
Of its reverberated lightning. Narrow
The heart that loves, the brain that contemplates,
The life that wears, the spirit that creates
One object, and one form, and builds thereby
A sepulchre for its Eternity.

Mind from its object differs most in this:
Evil the good, misery from happiness;
The base from the nobler; the impure
And frail, from what is clear and must endure.
If you divide suffering and dress, you may
Diminish till it is consumed away;
If you divide pleasure and love and thought,
Each part exceeds the whole; and we know not
How much, while any yet remains unshared.
Of pleasure may be gain'd, of sorrow spared:
This truth is that deep well, whence sages draw
The unenvied light of hope; the eternal law
By which those five, to whom this world of life
Is as a garden ravaged, and whose strife
Tills for the promise of a later birth
The wilderness of this Elysian earth.

There was a Being whom my spirit oft
Met on its vision'd wanderings, far afoot,
In the clear golden prime of my youth's dawn,
Upon the fairy isles of sunny lawn,
Amid the enchanted mountains, and the caves
Of divine sleep, and on the air-like waves
Of wonder-level dream, whose tremulous floor
Paved her light steps;—on an imagined shore,
Under the gray beach of some promontory
She met me, robed in such exceeding glory,
That I beheld her not. In solitude
Her voice came to me through the whispering woo,
And from the fountains, and the odors deep
Of flowers, which, like lips murmuring in their sile
Of the sweet kisses which had lull'd them there,
Breathed but of her to the enamour'd air;
And from the breezes, whether low or loud,
And from the rain of every passion cloud,
And from the singing of the summer-birds,
And from all sounds, all silence. In the words
Of antique verse and high romance,—in form,
Sound, color,—in whatever checks that Storm
Which with the shutter'd present chokes the past
And in that best philosophy, whose taste
Makes this cold common hell, our life, a doom
As glorious as a fiery martyrdom;
Her Spirit was the harmony of truth.—

Then, from the caverns of my dreamy youth
I sprang, as one sandall'd with plumes of fire,
And towards the loadstar of my one desire,
I flitted, like a dizzy moth, whose flight
Is as a dead leaf's in the owlet light,
When it would seek in Hesper's setting sphere
A radiant death, a fiery sepulchre,
And from whose source a lamp of earthly flame—
But She, whom prayers or tears then could not past,
Like a God throne'd on a winged planet,
Whose burning plumes to tenfold swiftness fan
Into the dreary cone of our life's shade;
And as a man with mighty loss dismay'd,
I would have follow'd, though the grave between
Yawn'd like a gulf whose spectres are unseen:
When a voice said:—"O Thou of hearts the weak!
The phantom is beside thee whom thou seekest.
Then I—"where?" the world's echo answer'd "where?
And in that silence, and in my despair,
I question'd every tongueless wind that flew
Over my tower of mourning, if it knew

414
Whither 'twas fled, this soul out of my soul;
And murmured names and spells which have control
Over the sightless tyrants of our fate;
But neither prayer nor verse could dissipate
The night which closed on her; nor uncreate
That world within this Chaos, mine and me,
Of which she was the veil'd Divinity.

I wept, and though it be a dream, I weep.

What storms then shook the ocean of my sleep,
Blotting that Moon, whose pale and waning lips
Then shrank as in the sickness of eclipse;
And how my soul was as a lampless sea,
And who was then its Tempest; and when She,
The Planet of that hour, was quenched, that frost
Crept o'er those waters, till from coast to coast
The moving billows of my being fell
Into a death of ice, immovable;
And then—what earthquakes made it gape and split,
The white Moon smiling all the while on it,
These words conceal—if not, each word would be
The key of stanchless tears. WEEP not for me.

At length, into the obscure Forest came
The Vision I had sought through grief and shame.
A thwart that wintry wilderness of thorns
Flash'd from her motion splendor like the Morn's,
And from her presence life was radiated
Through the gray earth and branches bare and dead,
So that her way was paved, and roof'd above,
With flowers as soft as thoughts of 'budding love;
And music from her respiration spread
Like light,—all other sounds were penetrated
By the small, still, sweet spirit of that sound,
So that the savage winds hung mute around;
And odors warm and fresh fell from her hair,
Dissolving the dull cold in the froze air:
Soft as an Incarnation of the Sun,
When light is changed to love, this glorious One
Floated into the cavern where I lay,
And call'd my Spirit, and the dreaming clay
Was lifted by the thing that dream'd below
As smoke by fire, and in her beauty's glow
I stood, and felt the dawn of my long night
Was penetrating me with living light;
I knew it was the Vision veil'd from me
So many years—that it was Emily.

Twin Spheres of light who rule this passive Earth
This world of love, this me; and into birth
Awaken all its fruits and flowers, and dart
Magnetic might into its central heart;
And lift its billows and its mists, and guide
By everlastimg laws, each wind and tide
To its fit cloud, and its appointed cave;
And lull its storms, each in the craggy grave
Which was its cradle, luring to faint bowers
The armies of the rainbow-winged showers,
And, as those married lights, which from the towers
Of Heaven look forth and fold the wandering globe
In liquid sleep and splendor, as a robe;
And all their many-mingled influence blend
If equal, yet unlike, to one sweet end;—
So ye, bright regents, with alternate sway
Govern my sphere of being, night and day!
Thou, not disdaining even a borrower's might;
Thou, not eclipsing a remoter light;
And, through the shadow of both seasons three,
From Spring to Autumn's sere maturity,

Mask'd like twin babes, a sister and a brother,
The wandering hopes of one abandon'd mother,
And through the cavern without wings they flew,
And cried "Away, he is not of our crew."

In many mortal forms I rashly sought
The shadow of that idol of my thought;
And some were fair—but beauty dies away:
There were wise—but honey'd words betray:
And One was true—oh! why not true to me?
Here, as a hunted deer that could not flee,
Turn'd upon my thoughts, and stood at bay,
Bound and weak and panting; the cold day
Reminded, for pity of my strife and pain.
Then, like a noontide dawn, there shone again
Elverness. One stood on my path whom seem'd
Like the glorious shape which I had dream'd,
Is the Moon, whose changes ever run
To themselves, to the eternal Sun;
He cold chaste Moon, the Queen of Heaven's bright
Isles,
Who makes all beautiful on which she smiles:
But wandering shrine of soft yet icy flame,
Here, ever transforming, yet still the same,
And warm not but illumines. Young and fair
Is the descend'd Spirit of that sphere
He bid me, as the Moon may hide the light
From its own darkness, until all was bright
Between the Heaven and Earth of my calm mind,
As, from a cloud charioted by the wind,
He led me to a cave in that wild place,
And safe beside me, with her downward face
Unming her slumber's, like the Moon
Axing and waning o'er Endymion.
And I was laid asleep, spirit and limb,
Yet all my being became bright or dim
To the Moon's image in a summer sea,
According as she smiled or frowned on me;
And there I lay, within a chaste cold bed:
As, I then was nor alive nor dead.
And her silver voice came Death and Life,
Unmindful each of their accustom'd stride,

EPICYPHIDION.

167
Light it into the Winter of the tomb,
Where it may ripen to a brighter bloom.
Thou too, O Comet beautiful and fierce!
Who drew the heart of this frail Universe
Towards thine own; till we're'd in that convulsion,
Alternating attraction an' repulsion,
Thine went astray and that was rent in twain;
Oh, float into our azure heaven again!
Be there love's folding-star at thy return;
The living Sun will feed thee from its urn
Of golden fire; the Moon will veil her horn
In thy last smiles; adoring Even and Morn
Will worship thee with incense of calm breath
And lights and shadows; as the star of Death
And Birth is worshipp'd by those sisters wild
Call'd Hope and Fear—upon the heart are piled
Their offerings,—of this sacrifice divine
A World shall be the altar.

Lady mine,
Scorn not these flowers of thought, the fading birth
Which from its heart of hearts that plant puts forth
Whose fruit, made perfect by thy sunny eyes,
Will be as of the trees of Paradise.

The day is come, and thou wilt fly with me.
To whatsoever of dull mortality
Is mine, remain a vestal sister still;
To the intense, the deep, the imperishable,
Not mine but me, henceforth be thou united
Even as a bride delighting and delighted.
The hour is come—the destined Star has risen
Which shall descend upon a vacant prison.
The walls are high, the gates are strong, thick set
The sentinels—but true love never yet
Was thus constrain'd: it overleaps all fence
Like lightning, with invisible violence
Piercing its continents; like Heaven's free breath,
Which he who grasps can hold not; liker Death,
Who rides upon a thought, and makes his way
Through temple, tower, and palace, and the array
Of arms: more strength has he than he or they;
For it can burst his charnel, and make free
The limbs in chains, the heart in agony,
The soul in dust and chaos.

Emily,
A ship is floating in the harbor now,
A wind is hovering o'er the mountain's brow;
There is a path on the sea's azure floor,
No keel has ever plow'd that path before;
The halycons brood around the foamless isles
The treacherous Ocean has forsown its wiles
The merry mariners are bold and free:
Say, my heart's sister, wilt thou sail with me?
Our bark is as an albatross, whose nest
Is a far Eden of the purple East;
And we between her wings will sit, while Night
And Day, and Storm, and Calm, pursue their flight,
Our ministers, along the boundless Sea,
Treading each other's heels, unheededly.
It is an isle under Ionian skies,
Beautiful as a wreck of Paradise,
And, for the harbors are not safe and good,
This land would have remain'd a solitude
But for some pastoral people native there,
Who from the Elysian, clear, and golden air
Draw the last spirit—of the age of gold,
Simple and spirited; innocent and bold.
The blue Egean girls this chosen home,
With ever-changing sound and light and foam,
Kissing the sifted sands, and caverns hoar;
And all the winds waltzering along the shore
Undulate with the undulating tide;
There are thick woods where sylvan forms abide
And many a fountain, rivulet, and pond,
As clear as elemental, of pure
Or serene morning air; and far beyond,
The mossy tracks made by the goats and deer
(Which the rough shepherd treads but once a year)
Pierced into glades, caverns, and bowers, and halls
Built round built with ivy, which the waterfalls
Illumining, with sound that never fails,
Accompany the noonday nightingales;
And all the place is peopled with sweet airs;
The light clear element which the isle wears
Is heavy with the scent of lemon-flowers,
Which floats like mist laden with unseen shower
And falls upon the eyelids like faint sleep;
And from the moss, violets and jonquils peep,
And dart their arrowy odor through the brain
Till you might faint with that delicious pain.
And every motion, odor, beam and tone,
With that deep music is in unison:
Which is a soul within the soul—they seem
Like echoes of an antenatal dream—
It is an isle 'twixt Heaven, Air, Earth, and Sea,
Cradled, and hung in clear tranquillity;
Bright as that wandering Eden Lucifer,
Wash'd by the soft blue Oceans of young air.
It is a favor'd place. Famine or Blight,
Pestilence, War and Earthquake, never light
Upon its mountain-peaks; blind vultures, they
Sail onward far upon their fatal way:
The winged storms, chanting their thunder-psalms
To other lands, leave azure chasms of calm
Over this isle, or weep themselves in dew,
From which its fields and woods ever renew
Their green and golden immortal beauty.
And from the sea there rise, and from the sky
There fall, clear exhalations, soft and bright,
Veil after veil, each hiding some delight,
Which Sun or Moon or Zephyr draw aside,
Till the isle's beauty, like a naked bride
Glowing at once with love and loneliness,
Blushes and trembles at its own excess:
Yet, like a buried lamp, a Soul no less
Burns in the heart of this delicious isle.
An atom of th' Eternal, whose own smile
Unfolds itself; and may be felt, not seen,
O'er the gray rocks, blue waves, and forests gro
Filling their bare and void intentences—
But the chief marvel of the wilderness
Is a lone dwelling, built by whom or how
None of the rustic island-people know;
'Tis not a tower of strength, though with its bed
It overtops the woods; but, for delight,
Some wise and tender Ocean-King, ere crime
Had been invented, in the world's young prime
Rear'd it, a wonder of that simple time
Aenvy of the isles, a pleasure-house
fades sacred to his sister and his spouse.

as scarce seems a Wreck of human art,
at, as it were, Titanic; in the heart
of Earth having assumed its form, then grown
out of the mountains, from the living stone,
loving itself in caverns light and high:
or all the antique and learned imagery
has been erased, and in the place of it
the ivy and the wild-vine interknit
the volumes of their many twining steins;

arabes flowers illumine with dewy gems
the lampless halls, and when they fade, the sky
seeps through their winter-woof of tracery
with moonlight patches, or star atoms keen,

fragments of the day’s intense serene;

Vorking mosaic on their Parian floors.

And, day and night, aloof, from the high towers
and terraces, the Earth and Ocean seem
to sleep in one another’s arms, and dream.

waves, flowers, clouds, woods, rocks, and all that
we

nourish in their smiles, and call reality.

This isle and house are mine, and I have vow’d
here to be lady of the solitude.—

And I have fitted up some chambers there, looking towards the golden Eastern air,
and level with the living winds, which flow
like waves above the living waves below.—

have sent books and music there, and all
those instruments which high spirits call
the future from its cradle, and the past
of its grave, and make the present last
thoughts and joys, which sleep, but cannot die,

altered within their own eternity.

ur simple life wants little, and true taste

ares not the pale drudge Luxury, to waste
that scene it would adorn; and therefore still,

ature, with all her children, haunts the hill.

the ringdove, in the embowering ivy, yet
keeps up her love-lament, and the owls flit
about the evening tower, and the young stars glance
between the quick bats in their twilight dance;

he spotted deer bask in the fresh moonlight
before our gate, and the slow, silent night
measured by the pants of their calm sleep.

this our home in life, and when years heap
their wither’d hours, like leaves, on our decay,

us become the over-hanging day,

the living soul of this Elysian isle,
unimpressed, inappraisable, one. Meanwhile
We two will rise, and sit, and walk together,
under the roof of blue Ionian weather,

and wander in the meadows, or ascend
the mossy mountains, where the blue heavens bend
th’ lightest winds, to touch their paramour;

linger, where the pebble-paven shore,

the quick, faint kisses of the sea,
rembles and sparkles as with ecstasy,—

Possessing and possess by all that is
Within that calm circumference of bliss,
And by each other, till to love and live
Be one:—or, at the noontide hour, arrive
Where some old cavern hoar seems yet to keep
The moonlight of the expired night asleep,
Through which the awaken’d day can never peep;
A veil on our seclusion, close as Night’s,
Where secure sleep may kill thine innocent lights;
Sleep, the fresh dew of languid love, the rain
Whose drops quench kisses till they burn again.

And we will talk, until thought’s melody
Become too sweet for utterance, and it die
In words, to live again in looks, which dart
With thrilling tone into the voiceless heart,
Harmonizing silence without a sound.

Our breath shall intermix, our bosoms bound,
And our veins beat together; and our lips,

With other eloquence than words, eclipse
The soul that burns between them; and the wells
Which boil under our being’s inmost cells,
The fountains of our deepest life, shall be
Confused in passion’s golden purity,

As mountain-springs under the morning Sun.

We shall become the same, we shall be one
Spirit within two frames, oh! wherefore two?

One passion in twin-hearts, which grows and grew,

Till, like two meteors of expanding flame,

Those spheres instinct with it become the same,

Touch, mingle, are transfigured; ever still

Burning, yet ever inconsumable:

In one another’s substance finding food,

Like flames too pure and light and unimbued

To nourish their bright lives with baser prey,

Which point to Heaven and cannot pass away:

One hope within two wills, one will beneath

Two overshadowing minds, one life, one death,

One Heaven, one Hell, one immortality,

And one annihilation. Woe is me!

The winged words on which my soul would pierce

Into the height of love’s rare Universe,

Are chains of lead around its flight of fire.—

I pant, I sink, I tremble, I expire!


Weak verses, go, kneel at your Sovereign’s feet,
And say—’We are the masters of thy slave;
What wou’dst thou with us and ours and thine?’

Then call your sisters from Oblivion’s cave,

All singing loud: “Love’s very pain is sweet,
But its reward is in the world divine
Which, if not here, it builds beyond the grave.”

So shall ye live when I am there. Then haste
Over the hearts of men, until ye meet
Marina, Vanna, Primus, and the rest,

And bid them love each other and be blest
And leave the troop which errs, and which reproves,

And come and be my guest,—for I am Love’s.
Hellas;
A LYRICAL DRAMA.

MANTIE EIM' EΣΘΩΝ ΑΓΩΝΩΝ.
Edin. Colon.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY PRINCE ALEXANDER MAVROCORDATO,
LATE SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS TO THE HOSPODAR OF WALLACHIA,

THE DRAMA OF HELLAS
INSCRIBED AS AN IMPERFECT TOKEN OF THE ADMIRATION, SYMPATHY, AND FRIENDSHIP OF
PISA, NOVEMBER 1, 1821.

THE AUTHOR

PREFACE.

The poem of Hellas, written at the suggestion of the events of the moment, is a mere improvise, and derives its interest (should it be found to possess any) solely from the intense sympathy which the Author feels with the cause he would celebrate.

The subject in its present state is insusceptible of being treated otherwise than lyrically, and if I have called this poem a drama from the circumstance of its being composed in dialogue, the license is not greater than that which has been assumed by other poets, who have called their productions epics, only because they have been divided into twelve or twenty-four books.

The Perses of Æschylus afforded me the first model of my conception, although the decision of the glorious contest now waging in Greece being yet suspended, forbids a catastrophe parallel to the return of Xerxes and the desolation of the Persians. I have, therefore, contented myself with exhibiting a series of lyric pictures, and with having wrought upon the curtain of futurity, which falls upon the unfinished scene, such figures of indistinct and visionary delineation as suggest the final triumph of the Greek cause as a portion of the cause of civilization and social improvement.

The drama (if drama it must be called) is, however, so informal that I doubt whether, if received on the Thespian wagon to an Athenian village at the Dionysia, it would have obtained the prize of the goat. I shall bear with equanimity any punishment greater than the loss of such a reward which the Aristarchi of the hour may think fit to inflict.

The only goat-song which I have yet attempted has, I confess, in spite of the unfavorable nature of the subject, received a greater and a more valuable portion of applause than I expected, or than it deserved.

Common fame is the only authority which I can allege for the details which form the basis of the poem, and I must trespass upon the forgiveness of my readers for the display of newspaper erudition to which I have been reduced. Undoubtedly, until the conclusion of the war, it will be impossible to obtain an account of it sufficiently authentic for historical materials; but poets have their privilege, and it is unquestionable that actions of the most exalted cour-

age have been performed by the Greeks—that they have gained more than one naval victory, and that their defeat in Wallachia was signalized by circumstances of heroism more glorious even than victory.

The apathy of the rulers of the civilized world, to the astonishing circumstances of the descendants of that nation to which they owe their civilization—rising as it were from the ashes of their ruin, is something perfectly inexplicable to a mere spectator of the shows of this mortal scene. We are all Greeks. Our laws, our literature, our religion, our arts, have their root in Greece. But for Greece—Rome the instructor, the conqueror, or the metropolis of our ancestors, would have spread no illumination with her arms, and we might still have been savages and idolaters; or, what is worse, might have arrived at such a stagnant and miserable state of social institution as China and Japan possess.

The human form and the human mind attained a perfection in Greece which has impressed its image on those faultless productions whose very fragment are the despair of modern art, and have propagated impulses which cannot cease, through a thousand channels of manifest or imperfect operation, to enoble and delight mankind until the extinction of the race.

The modern Greek is the descendant of these glorious beings whom the imagination almost refuses to figure to itself as belonging to our kind; and it inherits much of their sensibility, their rapidity of conception, their enthusiasm, and their courage, in many instances he is degraded by moral and political slavery to the practice of the basest vices it endures, and that below the level of ordinary degradation; let us reflect that the corruption of the race produces the worst, and that habits which subsist only in relation to a peculiar state of social institution may be expected to cease, as soon as that relation is dissolved. In fact, the Greeks, since the admirable novel of "Anastatus" could have been a faithful picture of their manners, have undergone important changes. The flower of their youth, returning to their country from the universities of Italy, Germany and France, have communicated to the fellow-citizens the latest results of that social perfection of which their ancestors were the origin source. The University of Chios contained before the breaking out of the revolution eight hundred
students, and among them several Germans and Americans. The munificence and energy of many of the Greek princes and merchants, directed to the renovation of their country with a spirit and a wisdom which has few examples, is above all praise. The English permit their own oppressors to act according to their natural sympathy with the Turkish yrant, and to brand upon their name the indelible blot of an alliance with the enemies of domestic happiness, of Christianity and civilization. Russia desires to possess, not to liberate Greece; and is contented to see the Turks, its natural enemies, and the Greeks, its intended slaves, enfeebled each other, until one or both fall into its net. The wise and generous policy of England would have consisted in establishing the independence of Greece and in maintaining it both against Russia and the Turk—but when was the oppressor generous or just?

The Spanish Peninsula is already free. France is tranquil in the enjoyment of a partial exemption from the abuses which its unnatural and feeble government is vainly attempting to revive. The seed of blood and misery has been sown in Italy, and a more vigorous race is arising to go forth to the harvest. The world waits only the news of a revolution of Germany, to see the tyrants who have pinnacled themselves on its supineness precipitated into the ruin from which they shall never arise. Well do these destroyers of mankind know their enemy, when they impede the insurrection in Greece to the same spirit before which they tremble throughout the rest of Europe; and that enemy well knows the power and cunning of its opponents, and watches the moment of their approaching weakness and inevitable division, to wreath the bloody sceptres from their grasp.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

MAHMUD.
HASSAN.
DAOOD.
AHAUSERUS, a Jew.

CHORUS OF Greek captive Women.
Messengers, Slaves, and Attendants.

SCENE.—Constantinople.
TIME.—Sunset.

HELLAS.

SCENE, a Terrace on the Seraglio.

MAHMUD (sleeping), an Indian Slave sitting beside his Couch.

CHORUS OF GREEK CAPTIVE WOMEN.

We strew these opiate flowers
On thy restless pillow,—
They were stript from Orient bowers,
By the Indian billow.
Be thy sleep
Calm and deep,
Like theirs who fell—not ours who weep!

HELLAS.

INdIAN.
Away, unlovely dreams!
Away, false shapes of sleep:
Be his, as Heaven seems,
Clear, bright and deep!
Soft as love and calm as death,
Sweet as a summer-night without a breath.

CHORUS.

Sleep, sleep! our song is laden
With the soul of slumber;
It was sung by a Samian maiden,
Whose lover was of the number
Who now keep
That calm sleep
Whence none may wake, where none shall weep.

INdIAN.
I touch thy temples pale!
I breathe my soul on thee!
And could my prayers avail,
All my joy should be
Dead, and I would live to weep,
So thou mightst win one hour of quiet sleep.

CHORUS.

Breathe low, low,
The spell of the mighty mistress now!
When conscience lulls her sated snake,
And Tyrants sleep, let Freedom wake.
Breathe low, low,
The words which, like secret fire, shall flow
Through the veins of the frozen earth—low, low

SEMICHORUS I.

Life may change, but it may fly not;
Hope may vanish, but can die not;
Truth be veil'd, but still it burneth;
Love repulsed,—but it returneth!

SEMICHORUS II.

Yet were life a charnel, where
Hope lay coff'n'd with despair;
Yet were truth a sacred lie,
Love were lust—

SEMICHORUS I.

If Liberty
Lent not life its soul of light,
Hope its iris of delight,
Truth its prophet's robe to wear,
Love its power to give and bear.

CHORUS.

In the great morning of the world,
The spirit of God with might unfurl'd
The flag of Freedom over Chaos,
And all its banded anarchs fled,
Like vultures frightened from Imaus,
Before an earthquake's tread—
So from Time's tempestuous dawn
Freedom's splendor burst and shone:—
Thermopylae and Marathon
Caught, like mountains beacon-lighted,
The springing fire.—The winged glory
On Philippi half-illumin'd,
Like an eagle on a promontory.
Its unwearied wings could fan
The quenchless ashes of Milan.*
From age to age, from man to man
It lived; and lit from land to land
Florence, Albion, Switzerland:
Then night fell; and as from night
Reassuming fiery flight,
From the West swift Freedom came,
Against the course of Heaven and doom
A second sun array'd in flame;
To burn, to kindle, to illumine,
From far Atlantis its young beams
Chased the shadows and the dreams.
From all her sanguine steams
Hid, but quench'd it not; again
Through clouds its shafts of glory rain
From utmost Germany to Spain.
As an eagle fled with morning
Scorns the embattled tempest's warning,
When she seeks her airy hanging
In the mountain cedar's hair,
And her brood expect the clanging
Of her wings through the wild air,
Sick with famine—Freedom so
To what of Greece remaineth now
Returns; her hoary ruins glow
Like orient mountains lost in day;
Beneath the safety of her wings
Her renovated nurslings play,
And in the naked lightnings
Of truth they purge their dazzled eyes.
Let Freedom leave, where'er she flies,
A desert, or a Paradise;
Let the beautiful and the brave
Share her glory, or a grave.

SEMICHORUS I.
With the gifts of gladness
Greece did thy cradle strew.

SEMICHORUS II.
With the tears of sadness
Greece did thy shroud bedew.

SEMICHORUS I.
With an orphan's affection
She follow'd thy bier through time;
SEMICHORUS II.
And at thy resurrection
Reappeareth, like thou, sublime!

SEMICHORUS I.
If Heaven should resume thee,
To Heaven shall her spirit ascend;
SEMICHORUS II.
If Hell should entomb thee;
To Hell shall her high hearts bend.

SEMICHORUS I.
If Annihilation—

POETICAL Cycles of generation and of ruin.

The sage, in truth, by dreadful abstinence
And conquering pannage of the mutinous flesh,
Deep contemplation, and unweary'd study,
In years outstretch'd beyond the date of man,
May have obtain'd to sovereignty and science

* Milan was the centre of the resistance of the Lombard league against the Austrian tyrant. Frederic Barbarossa burnt the city to the ground, but liberty lived in its ashes, and it rose like an exhalation from its ruin. See Sismondi's "Histoire des Républiques Italiennes," a book which has done much towards awakening the Italians to an imitation of their great ancestors.
MAIMUD. I would talk

With this old Jew.

HASSAN. Thy will is even now

Made known to him, where he dwells in a sea-cavern

Mid the Demonesi, less accessible

Than thou or God! He who would question him

Must sail alone at sunset, where the stream

Of ocean sleeps around those fearless isles

When the young moon is westering as now,

And evening airs wander upon the wave;

And when the pines of that bee-pasturing isle,

Green Erebinthus, quench the fiery shadow

Of his girt prow within the sapphire water;

Then must the lonely helmsman cry aloud,

Ahasuerus! and the caverns round

Will answer, Ahasuerus! If his prayer

Is granted, a faint meteor will arise,

Lighting him over Marmora, and a wind

Will rush out of the sighing pine-forest,

And with the wind a storm of harmony

Mutteringly sweet, and pilot him

Through the soft twilight to the Bosphorus:

Thence, at the hour and place and circumstance

Set for the matter of their conference,

The Jew appears—Few dare, and few who dare,

Win the desired communion—but that shout

A shout without.

MAIMUD. Evil, doubless; like all human sounds,

Let me converse with spirits.

HASSAN. That shout again!

MAIMUD. This Jew whom thou hast summon'd—

HASSAN. Will be here—

MAIMUD. When the omnipotent hour, to which are yoked

Ie, I, and all things, shall compel—enough.

Silence those mutineers—that drunken crew

That crowd about the pilot in the storm.

Ty! strike the foremost shorter by a head!

They weary me, and I have need of rest.

Kings are like stars—they rise and set, they have

The worship of the world, but no repose.

[Exeunt severally.

CHORUS.*

Worlds on worlds are rolling ever

From creation to decay,

Like the bubbles on a river,

Sparkling, bursting, borne away;

But they are still immortal

Who, through birth's orient portal,

And Death's dark chasm hurrying to and fro,

Clothe their unceasing flight

In the brief dust and light

Gather'd around their chariots as they go.

New shapes they still may weave,

New Gods, new laws receive;

Bright or dim are they, as the robes they cast

On Death's bare ribs had cast.

A power from the unknown God;

A Prometheus conqueror came;

Like a triumphal path he trod

The thorns of death and shame.

A mortal shape to him

Was like the vapor dim

Which the orient planet animates with light;

Hell, Sin and Slavery came,

Like blood-hounds mild and tame,

Nor prey'd until their lord had taken flight.

The moon of Mahomet

Arose, and it shall set:

While blazon'd as on Heaven's immortal moon

The cross leads generations on.

Swift as the radiant shapes of sleep

From one whose dreams are paradise,

Fly when the fond wretch wakes to weep,

And day peers forth with her blank eyes!

So fleet, so faint, so fair.

The powers of earth and air

Fled from the folding-star of Bethlehem:

Apollo, Pan, and Love,

And even Olympian Jove

Grew weak, for killing Truth had glared on them.

Our hills, and seas, and streams,

Disceoped of their dreams,

Their waters turn'd to blood, their dew to tears,

Waft'd for the golden years.

Enter MAIMUD, HASSAN, DAOOD, and others.

MAIMUD. More gold! our ancestors bought gold with victory

And shall I sell it for defeat?

DAOOD. Clamor for pay.

MAIMUD. Go! bid them pay themselves

With Christian blood! Are there no Grecian virgins

or less exalted existence, according to the degree of perfection which every distinct intelligence may have attained. Let it not be supposed that I mean to dogmatize upon a subject concerning which all men are equally ignorant, or that I think the Gordian knot of the origin of evil can be disentangled by that or any similar assertions. The received hypothesis of a Being resembling men in the moral attributes of his nature, having called us out of non-existence, and after inflicting on us the misery of the commision of error, should superadd that of the punishment and the privations consequent upon it, still would remain inexplicable and incredible. That there is a true solution of the riddle, and that in our present state that solution is unattainable by us, are propositions which may be regarded as equally certain; meanwhile, as it is the province of the poet to attach himself to those ideas which exalt and ennoble humanity, let him be permitted to have conjectured the condition of that futurity towards which we are all impelled by an inextinguishable thirst for immortality. Until better arguments can be produced than those which disgrace the cause, this desire itself must remain the strongest and the only presumption that eternity is the inheritance of every thinking being.
Whose shrieks and spasms and tears they may enjoy?
No infidel children, to impale on spears?
No hoary priests after that patriarch*
Who bent the curse against his country's heart,
Which clove his own at last! Go! bid them kill!
Blood is the seed of gold.

DAOD.  
It has been sown,
And yet the harvest to the sickle-men
Is as a grain to each.

MAHMUD.
Then, take this signet:
Unlock the seventh chamber, in which lie
The treasures of victorious Solyma.
An empire's spoils stored for a day of ruin—
O spirit of my sires! is it not come?
The prey-birds and the wolves are gorged and spoil,
But these, who spread their feast on the red earth,
Hunger for gold, which fills not.—See them fed;
Then lead them to the rivers of fresh death.

Oh! miserable dawn, after a night
More glorious than the day which it usurp'd!
O faith in God! O, power on earth! O, word
Of the great Prophet, whose overshadowing wings
Darken'd the thrones and idols of the west,
Now bright!—For thy sake cursed be the hour,
Even as a father by an evil child,
When the orient moon of Islam roll'd in triumph
From Caucasus to white Ceraunia!
Ruin above, and anarchy below;
Terror without, and treachery within;
The chalice of destruction full, and all
Thirsting to drink; and who among us dares
To dash it from his lips? and where is Hope?

HASSAN.
The lamp of our dominion still rides high;
One God is God—Mahomet is his Prophet.
Four hundred thousand Moslems, from the limits
Of utmost Asia irremissibly
Throng, like full clouds at the Sirocco's cry,
But not like them to sweep their strength in tears;
They have destroying lightning, and their step
Wakes earthquake, to consume and overwhelm,
And reign in ruin. Phrygian Olympus,
Tmolus, and Latmos, and Mycales, roughen
With horrid arms, and lofty ships, even now,
Like vapors anchor'd to a mountain's edge,
Freighted with fire and whirlwind, wait at Scala
The convoy of the ever-veering wind.
Samos is drunk with blood;—the Greek has paid
Brief victory with swift loss and long despair.
The false Moldavian serfs fled fast and far
When the fierce shout of Allah-illah-Allah!
Rose like the war-cry of the northern wind,
Which kills the sluggish clouds, and leaves a flock
Of wild swans struggling with the naked storm.
So were the lost Greeks on the Danube's day!

If night is mute, yet the returning sun
Kindles the voices of the morning birds;
Nor at thy bidding less exultingly
Than birds rejoicing in the golden day,
The anarchies of Africa unseat
Their tempest-winged cities of the sea,
To speak in thunder to the rebel world.
Like sulphurous clouds half-shatter'd by the storm
They swept the pale Ægean, while the Queen
Of Ocean, bound upon her island throne,
Far in the west sits mourning that her sons,
Who OWN on Freedom, spare a smile for thee:
Russia still hovers, as an eagle might
Within a cloud, near which a kite and crane
Hang tangled in inextricable fight,
To stoop upon the victor;—for she fears
The name of Freedom, even as she hates thine.
But recreant Austria loves thee as the grave
 Loves pestilence, and her slow dogs of war,
Flesh'd with the chase, come up from Italy,
And howl upon their limits; for they see
The panther Freedom fled to her old cover
'Mid seas and mountains, and a mighty brood
Crouch around. What anarch wears a crown or no?
Or bears the sword, or grasps the key of gold,
Whose friends are not thy friends, whose foes thy foes?
Our arsenals and our armories are full;
Our forts defy assailants; ten thousand cannon
Lie ranged upon the beach, and hour by hour
Their earth-convulsing wheels afflict the city;
The galloping of fiery steeds makes pale
The Christian merchant, and the yellow Jew
Hides his hoard deeper in the faithless earth.
Like clouds, and like the shadows of the clouds
Over the hills of Anatolia,
Swift in wide troops the Tartar chivalry
Sweep;—the far-flashing of their starry lances
Reverberates the dying light of day.
We have one God, one King, one Hope, one Law
But many-headed Insurrection stands
Divided in itself, and soon must fall.

MAHMUD.
Proud words, when deeds come short, are seasonable
Look, Hassan, on your crescent moon, emblazon'd
Upon that shatter'd flag of fiery cloud
Which leads the rear of the departing day,
Wan emblem of an empire fading now!
See how it trembles in the blood-red air,
And like a mighty lamp whose oil is spent,
Shrinks on the horizon's edge, while, from above.
One star with insolent and victorious light
Hovers above its fall, and with keen beams,
Like arrows through a fleeting antelope,
Strikes its weak form to death.

HASSAN.  
Even as that moon

Renews itself—

MAHMUD.  
Shall we be not renew'd!
Far other bark than ours were needed now
To stem the torrent of descending time;
The spirit that lifts the slave before its lord
Stalks through the capitals of armed kings,
And spreads his ensign in the wilderness;
Exults in chains; and when the rebel falls,
Cries like the blood of Abel from the dust;
And the inheritors of earth, like beasts
When earthquake is unleash'd, with idiot fear
Cower in their kingly dens—as I do now.
What were Defeat, when Victory must appal?
Or Danger, when Security looks pale?
How said the messenger—who from the fort
Islanded in the Danube, saw the battle
Of Bucharest?—that—

**HASSAN.**
Ibrahim's scimitar
Drew with its gleam swift victory from heaven,
To burn before him in the night of battle—
A light and a destruction.

**MAHMUD.**
Ay! the day
Was ours; but how?—

**HASSAN.**
The light Wallachians,
The Arnaut, Servian, and Albanian allies,
Fled from the glance of our artillery
Almost before the thunder-stone alit;
One-half the Grecian army made a bridge
Of safe and slow retreat, with Moslem dead;
The other—

**MAHMUD.**
Speak—tremble not—

**HASSAN.**
Islanded
By victor myriads, form'd in hollow square
With rough and stedfast front, and thrice flung back
The deluge of our foaming cavalry;
Thrice their keen wedge of battle pierced our lines
Our baffled army trembled like one man
Before a host, and gave them space; but soon,
From the surrounding hills, the batteries blazed,
Kneading them down with fire and iron rain.
Yet none approach'd; till, like a field of corn
Under the hook of the swart sickle-man,
The bands intrench'd in mounds of Turkish dead
Grew weak and few—Then said the Pacha, "Slaves,
Render yourselves!—They have abandon'd you—
What hope of refuge, or retreat, or aid?
We grant your lives."—"Grant that which is thine
own,"
Cried one, and fell upon his sword and died!
Another—"God, and man, and hope abandon me;
But I to them and to myself remain Constant;"—he bow'd his head, and his heart burst.
A third exclaim'd—"There is a refuge, tyrant,
Where thou darest not pursue, and canst not harm,
Shouldst thou pursue; there we shall meet again."—
Then held his breath, and, after a brief spasm,
The indignant spirit cast its mortal garment
Among the slain—dead earth upon the earth!
So these survivors, each by different ways,
Some strange, all sudden, none dishonorable,
Met in triumphant death; and when our army,
Closed in, while yet in wonder, and awe, and shame,
Held back the base hyenas of the battle
That feed upon the dead and fly the living,
One rose out of the chaos of the slain;
And if it were a corpse which some dead spirit
Of the old saviors of the land we rule
Had lifted in its anger, wandering by;
Of if there burn'd within the dying man
Unquenchable disdain of death, and faith
Creating what it feign'd;—I cannot tell.

But he cried, "Phantoms of the free, we come!
Armies of the Eternal, ye who strike
To dust the citadels of sanguine kings,
And shake the souls throne'd on their stony hearts,
And thaw their frost-work diadems like dew!—
Oh ye who float around this clime, and weave
The garment of the glory which it wears,
Whose fame, though earth betray the dust it clasped'd
Lies spotchred in monumental thought!
Progenitors of all that yet is great,
Ascribe to your bright senate, O accept
In your high ministrations, us, your sons—
Us first, and the more glorious yet to come!
And ye, weak conquerors! giants who look pale
When the crush'd worm rebels beneath your tread—
The vultures, and the dogs, your pensioners tame,
Are overgorged; but, like oppressors, still
They crave the relic of destruction's feast.
The exhalations and the thirsty winds
Are sick with blood; the dew is foul with death—
Heaven's light is quench'd in slaughter: Thus
Where'er
Upon your camps, cities, or towers, or fleets,
The obscene birds the recking remnants cast
Of these dead limbs upon your streams and mountains,
Up on your fields, your gardens, and your house-tops
Where'er the winds shall creep, or the clouds fly,
Or the dews fall, or the angry sun look down
With poison'd light—Famine, and Pestilence,
And Panic, shall wage war upon our side!
Nature from all her boundaries is moved
Against ye: Time has found ye light as foam.
The Earth rebels; and Good and Evil stake
Their empire o'er the unborn world of men
On this one cast—but ere the die be thrown,
The renovated genius of our race,
Proud umpire of this impious game, descends
A seraph-winged Victory, bestriding
The tempest of the Omnipotence of God,
Which sweeps all things to their appointed doom,
And you to Oblivion?"—More he would have said.
But—

**MAHMUD.**
Died—as thou shouldst ere thy lips had painted
Their ruin in the hues of our success.
A rebel's crime, gilt with a rebel's tongue!
Your heart is Greek, Hassan.

**HASSAN.**
It may be so:
A spirit not my own wrench'd me within,
And I have spoken words I fear and hate;
Yet would I die for—

**MAHMUD.**
Live! O live! owlive
Me and this sinking empire—but the fleet—

**HASSAN.**
Aias!

**MAHMUD.**
The fleet which, like a flock of clouds
Chased by the wind, flies the insurgent banner;
Our winged castles from their merchant ships!
Our myriads before their weak pirate bands!
Our arms before their chains! Our years of empire
Before their centuries of servile fear!
Death is awake! Repulsed on the waters,
They own no more the thunder-bearing banner

423
Of Mahmod; but like hounds of a base breed,
Gorge from a stranger's hand, and rend their master.

HASSAN.

Latmos, and Ampelos, and Pharnae, saw
The wreck—

MAHMUD.
The coves of the Icarian isles
Howl each to the other in loud mockery,
And with the tongue as of a thousand echoes
First of the sea-convulsing fight—and then—
Thou darest to speak—senseless are the mountains;
Interpret thou their voice!

HASSAN.

My presence bore
A part in that day's shame. The Grecian fleet
Bore down at day-break from the North, and hung,
As multitudinous on the ocean line
As cranes upon the cloudless Thracian wind.
Our squadron, convoying ten thousand men,
Was stretching towards Nauplia when the battle
Was kindled.—
First through the hail of our artillery
The agile Hydriote barks with press of sail
Dash'd:—ship to ship, cannon to cannon, man
To man were grappled in the embrace of war
Inextricable but by death or victory.
The tempest of the raging fight convulsed
To its crystalline depths that stainless sea,
And shook heaven's roof of golden morning clouds
Poised on an hundred azure mountain-iles.
In the brief trances of the artillery,
One cry from the destroy'd and the destroyer
Rose, and a cloud of desolation wrapt
The unforeseen event, till the north wind
Sprung from the sea, lifting the heavy veil
Of battle-smoke—then victory—victory!
For, as we thought, three frigates from Algiers
Bore down from Naxos to our aid, but soon
The abhorred cross glimmer'd behind, before,
Among, around us; and that fatal sign
Dried with its beams the strength of Moalem hearts.
As the sun drinks the dew.—What more? We fled!
Our noonday path over the sanguine foam
Was beacon'd, and the glare struck the sun pale
By our consuming transports: the fierce light
Made all the shadows of our sails blood-red,
And every countenance blank. Some ships lay feeding
The ravening fire even to the water's level:
Some were blown up: some, settling heavily,
Sunk; and the shrieks of our companions died
Upon the wind, that bore us fast and far,
Even after they were dead. Nine thousand perish'd:
We met the vultures legion'd in the air,
Stemming the torrent of the tainted wind:
They, screaming from the cloudy mountain peak
Stoop'd through the sulphurous battle-smoke, and
perch'd
Each on the weltering carcass that we loved,
Like its ill angel or its damned soul.
Riding upon the bosom of the sea,
We saw the dog-fish hastening to their feast.
Joy waked the voiceless people of the sea,
And ravening famine left its ocean-cave
To dwell with war, with us, and with despair.
We met night three hours to the west of Patmos,
And with night, tempest—

MAHMUD.

Cease!

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER.

Your Sublime Highness,
That Christian hound, the Muscovite ambassador,
Has left the city. If the rebel fleet
Had anchor'd in the port, had victory
Crown'd the Greek legions in the hippodrome,
Panic were tamer.—Obedience and mutiny,
Like giants in contention planet-struck
Stand gazring on each other. There is peace
In Stamboul.—

MAHMUD.

Is the grave not calmer still?
Its ruins shall be mine.

HASSAN.

Fear not the Russian;
The tiger leagues not with the stag at bay
Against the hunter.—Cunning, base, and cruel,
He crouches, watching till the spoil be won,
And must be paid for his reserve in blood.
After the war is fought, yield the sleek Russian
That which thou canst not keep, his deserved portion
Of blood, which shall not flow through streets and fields
Rivers and seas, like that which we may win,
But stagnate in the veins of Christian slaves!

Enter Second Messenger.

SECOND MESSENGER.

Nauplia, Tripolizzi, Mothon, Athens,
Navarin, Artas, Mowenbasin,
Corinth and Thebes are carried by assault;
And every Islamite who made his dogs
Fat with the flesh of Calillean slaves,
Pass'd at the edge of the sword: the lust of blood
Which made our warriors drunk, is quench'd in death,
But like a fiery plague breaks out anew,
In deeds which make the Christian cause look pale
In its own light. The garrison of Patras
Has store but for ten days, nor is there hope
But from the Brion: at once slave and tyrant,
His wishes still are weaker than his fears;
Or he would sell what faith may yet remain
From the oaths broke in Genoa and in Not-was:
And if you buy him not, your treasury
Is empty even of promises—his own coin.
The freedman of a western poet chief*
Holds Attica with seven thousand rebels,
And has bent back the Pacha of Negropont,
The aged Ali sits in Yanna,
A crownless metaphor of empire;
His name, that shadow of his wither'd might,
Holds our besieging army like a spell
In prey to famine, pest, and mutiny:
He, basion'd in his citadel, looks forth
Joyless upon the sapphire lake that mirrors
The ruins of the city where he reign'd
Childless and sceptreless. The Greek has reap'd
The costly harvest his own blood matured,

* A Greek who had been Lord Byron's servant commanded the insurgents in Attica. This Greek, Lord Byron informs me, though a poet and an enthusiastic patriot, gave him rather the idea of a timid and unenterprising person. It appears that circumstances make men what they are, and that we all contain the germ of a degree of degradation or of greatness, whose connexion with our character is determined by events.
Not the sower, Ali—who has bought a truce
From Ypsiianti with ten camel-loads
Of Indian gold.

Enter a Third Messenger.

MAHMUD.
What more?

THIRD MESSENGER.
The Christian tribes
Of Lebanon and the Syrian wilderness
Are in revolt:—Damascus, Hems, Aleppo,
Tremble:—the Arab menace Medina;
The Ethiop has intrenched himself in Sennar,
And keeps the Egyptian rebel well employ'd:
Who denies homage, claims investiture
As price of tardy aid. Persia demands
The cities on the Tigris, and the Georgians
Refuse their living tribute. Crete and Cyprus,
Like mountain-twins that from each other's veins
Catch the volcano-fire and earthquake spasm.
Shake in the general fever. Through the city,
Like birds before a storm the anxious shriek,
And prophecyings horrible and new
Are heard among the crowd; that sea of men
Sleeps on the wrecks it made, breathless and still.
A Devise, learn'd in the koran, preaches
That it is written how the sins of Islam
Must raise up a destroyer even now.

The Greeks expect a Savior from the west,*
Who shall not come, men say, in clouds and glory,
But in the omnipresence of that spirit
In which all live and are. Ominous signs
Are blazon'd broadly on the noonday sky;
One saw a red cross stamp'd upon the sun;
It has rain'd blood; and monstrous births declare
The secret wrath of Nature and her Lord.
The army encamp'd upon the Cydaris
Was roused last night by the alarm of battle,
And saw two hosts confounding in the air,—
The shadows doubtless of the unborn time,
Cast on the mirror of the night. While yet
The fight hung balanced, there arose a storm
Which swept the phantoms from among the stars.
At the third watch the spirit of the plague
Was heard abroad flapping among the tents:
Those who relieved watch found the sentinals dead.
The last news from the camp is, that a thousand
Have sicken'd, and—

Enter a Fourth Messenger.

MAHMUD.
And thou, pale ghost, dion shadow
Of some untimely rumor, speak!

FOURTH MESSENGER.
One comes
Fainting with toil, cover'd with foam and blood;
He stood, he says, upon Clelonites' Promontory, which o'erlooks the isles that groan
Under the Briton's frown, and all their waters
Then trembling in the splendor of the moon;
When as the wandering clouds unveil'd or hid
Her boundless light, he saw two adverse fleets
Stalk through the night in the horizon's glimmer,

Mingling fierce thunders and sulphureous gleams,
And smoke which strangled every infant wind
That soothed the silver clouds through the deep air.
At length the battle slept, but the Sirocco
Awoke, and drove his flock of thunder-clouds
Over the sea-horizon, blotting out
All objects—save that in the faint moon-glimpse
He saw, or dream'd he saw the Turkish admiral
And two the loftiest of our ships of war,
With the bright image of the queen of heaven,
Who bid, perhaps, her face for grief, reversed;
And the abhorred cross—

Enter an Attendant.

ATTENDANT.
The Jew, who—

MAHMUD.
Could not come more seasonably:
Bid him attend. I 'll hear no more! too long
We gaze on danger through the mist of fear,
And multiply upon our shatter'd hopes
The images of ruin. Come what will!
To-morrow and to-morrow are as lamps
Set in our path to light us to the edge
Through rough and smooth; nor can we suffer aught
Which he inflicts not in whose hand we are. [Exeunt

SEMICHORUS I.

Would I were the winged cloud
Of a tempest swift and loud!
I would scorn
The smile of morn
And the wave where the moon-rise is born!
I would leave
The spirits of eve
A shroud for the corpse of the day to weave,
From others' threads than mine!
Bask in the blue moon divine
Who would, not I.

SEMICHORUS II.
Whither to fly?

SEMICHORUS I.
Where the rocks that gird the Ægean
Echo to the battle pean
Of the free—
I would flee
A tempestuous herald of victory!
My golden rain
For the Grecian slain
Should mingle in tears with the bloody main;
And my solemn thunder-knell
Should ring to the world the passing-bell
Of tyranny!

SEMICHORUS II.
Ah king! wilt thou chain
The rack and the rain?
Wilt thou fetter the lightning and hurricane?
The storms are free.
But we—

CHORUS.
O Slavery! thou frost of the world's prime,
Killing its flowers and leaving its thorns bare
Thy touch has stamp'd these limbs with crime,
These brows thy branding garland bear;
But the free heart, the impassive soul,
Scorn thy control!
SEMICHORUS I.

Let there be light! said Liberty;  
And like sunrise from the sea,  
Athens arose!—Around her born,  
Shone, like mountains in the morn,  
Glorious states;—and are they now  
Ashes, wrecks, oblivion?

SEMICHORUS II.

Go  
Where Themis and Asopus swallow’d  
Persia, as the sand does foam,  
Deluge upon deluge follow’d,  
Discord, Macedon, and Rome:  
And, lastly, thou!

SEMICHORUS I.

Temples and towers,  
Citadels and marts, and they  
Who live and die there, have been ours,  
And may be thine, and must decay;  
But Greece and her foundations are  
Built below the tide of war,  
Based on the crystalline sea  
Of thought and its eternity;  
Her citizens’ imperial spirits  
Rule the present from the past;  
On all this world of men inherits  
Their seal is set.

SEMICHORUS II.

Hear ye the blast,  
Whose Orphic thunder thrilling calls  
From ruin her Titanian walls?  
Whose spirit shakes the sapless bones  
Of Slavery? Argos, Corinth, Crete,  
Hear, and from their mountain thrones  
The demons and the nymphs repeat  
The harmony.

SEMICHORUS I.

I hear! I hear!  
The world’s eyeless charioteer,  
Destiny, is hurrying by!  
What faith is crush’d, what empire bleeds  
Beneath her earthquake-footed steeds?  
What eagle-winged victory sits  
At her right hand? what shadow flies  
Before? what splendor rolls behind?  
Ruin and Renovation cry,  
Who but we?

SEMICHORUS II.

I hear! I hear!  
The hiss as of a rushing wind,  
The roar as of an ocean foaming,  
The thunder as of earthquake coming,  
I hear! I hear!  
The crash as of an empire falling,  
The shrieks as of a people calling  
Mercy! Mercy!—How they thrill!  
Then a shout of “Kill! kill! kill!”  
And then a small still voice, thus—

SEMICHORUS II.

For  
Revenge and wrong bring forth their kind,  
The foul cubs like their parents are,  
Their den is in their guilty mind,  
And Conscience feeds them with despair.

SEMICHORUS I.

In sacred Athens, near the fine  
Of Wisdom, Pity’s altar stood;  
Serve not the unknown God in vain,  
But pay that broken shrine again  
Love for hate, and tears for blood.

Enter MAHMUD and AHAUSERUS.

MAHMUD.  
Thou art a man, thou sages, even as we—  
AHAUSERUS.  
No more!  
MAHMUD.  
But raised above thy fellow-men  
By thought, as I by power.  
AHAUSERUS.  
Thou sayest so.

MAHMUD.  
Thou art an adept in the difficult lore  
Of Greek and Frank philosophy; thou numberest  
The flowers, and thou measurest the stars;  
Thou searest element from element;  
Thy spirit is present in the past, and sees  
The birth of this old world through all its cycles  
Of desolation and ofloveliness;  
And when man was not, and how man became  
The monarch and the slave of this low sphere,  
And all its narrow circles—it is much.  
I honor thee, and would be what thou art  
Were I not what I am; but the unborn hour,  
Cradled in fear and hope, conflicting storms,  
What shall unveil? Nor thou, nor I, nor any  
Mighty or wise. I apprehend not  
What thou hast taught me, but I now perceive  
That thou art no interpreter of dreams,  
Thou dost not own that art, device, or God,  
Can make the future present—let it come!  
Moreover, thou disdainest us and ours;  
Thou art as God, whom thou contemplatest.

AHAUSERUS.  
Disdain thee!—not the worm beneath my feet!  
The Fathomless has care for meaner things  
Than thou canst dream, and has made pride for  
thee  
Who would be what they may not, or would seem  
That which they are not. Sultan! talk no more  
Of thee and me, the future and the past;  
But look on that which cannot change—the one  
The unborn, and undying. Earth and ocean,  
Space, and the isles of life or light that gem  
The sapphire floods of interstellar air,  
This firmament pavilion’d upon chaos,  
With all its cresses of immortal fire,  
Whose outwells, bastion’d impossibly  
Against the escape of boldest thoughts, repels them  
As Calpe the Atlantic clouds—this whole  
Of suns, and worlds, and men, and beasts, and flowers  
With all the silent or tempestuous workings  
By which they have been, are, or cease to be,  
Is but a vision;—all that it inherits  
Are motes of a sick eye, bubbles and dreams;  
Thought is its cradle and its grave, nor less  
The future and the past are idle shadows  
Of thought’s eternal flight—they have no being;  
Naught is but that it feels itself to be.

MAHMUD.  
What meanest thou? thy words stream like a tempest  
Of dazzling mist within my brain—they shake
The earth on which I stand, and hang like night
In Heaven above me. What can they avail? 
They cast on all things, surest, brightest, best,
Doubt, insecurity, astonishment.

Ahasuerus.

Mistake me not! All contained in each,
Delson's forest to an acorn's cup,
As that which has been or will be, to that
Which is—the absent to the present. Thought
Alone, and its quick elements, Will, Passion,
Reason, Imagination, cannot die.
They are what that which they regard appears,
The stuff whence mutability can weave
All that it hath dominion o'er—worlds, worms,
Empires, and superstitions. What has thought
To do with time, or place, or circumstance?
Wouldst thou behold the future?—ask and have!
Knock and it shall be open'd—look, and lo!
The coming age is shadow'd on the past
As on a glass.

Mahmud.

Wild, wilder thoughts converse
My spirit.—Did not Mahomet the Second
Win Stamboul?

Ahasuerus.

Thou wouldst ask that giant spirit
The written fortunes of thy house and faith
Thou wouldst cite one out of the grave to tell
How was born in blood must die.

Mahmud.

Thy words have power on me! I see—

Ahasuerus.

What hearest thou?

Mahmud.

A far whisper—

Terrible silence.

Ahasuerus.

What succeeds?

Mahmud.

The sound
As of the assualt of an imperial city,
The hiss of inextinguishable fire,
The roar of giant cannon—the earthquake
Of vast bastions and precipitous towers,
The shock of crags shot from strange enginery,
The clash of wheels, and clang of armed hoofs,
And crash of brazen mail, as of the wreck
Of adamantine mountains—the mad blast
Of trumpets, and the neigh of raging steeds,
And shrieks of women whose thrill jars the blood,
And one sweet laugh, most horrible to hear,
As of a joyous infant waked and playing
With its dead mother's breast; and now more loud

The mingled battle-cry—ha! hear I not
Ev touthe evn, Allah, Ilah, Allah!

Ahasuerus.

The sulphurous mist is raised—thou seest—

Mahmud.

A chasm
As of two mountains, in the wall of Stamboul,
And in that ghastly breach the Islamites,
Like giants on the ruins of a world,
Stand in the light of sunrise. In the dust
Glimmers a kingless diadem, and one
Of regal port has cast himself beneath
The stream of war. Another, proudly clad
In golden arms, spurs a Tartarian Barb
Into the gap, and with his iron mace
Directs the torrent of that tide of men,
And seems—he is—Mahomet.

Ahasuerus.

What thou seest
Is but the ghost of thy forgotten dream;
A dream itself, yet less, perhaps, than that
Thou call'st reality. Thou mayst behold
How cities, on which empire sleeps enthroned,
Bow their tower'd crests to mutability.
Poised by the flood, e'en on the height thou holdest
Thou mayst now learn how the full tide of power
Ebb's to its depths.—Inheritor of glory,
Conceived in darkness, born in blood, and nourish'd
With tears and toil, thou seest the mortal throes
Of that whose birth was but the same. The Past
Now stands before thee like an Incarnation
Of the To-come; yet wouldst thou commune with
That portion of thyself which was ere thou
Didst start for this brief race whose crown is death,
Dissolve with that strong faith and fervent passion
Which call'd it from the uncreated deep,
Yon cloud of war, with its tempestuous phantoms
Of raging death; and draw with mighty will
The imperial shade hither.

Mahmud.

Approach!

Phantom.

I come
Thence whither thou must go! The grave is fitter
To take the living, than give up the dead;
Yet has thy faith prevail'd, and I am here.
The heavy fragments of the power which fell
When I arose, like shapeless crags and clouds,
Hang round my throne on the abyss, and voices
Of strange lament soothe my supreme repose,
Wailing for glory never to return.—
A later empire nods in its decay;
The autumn of a greener faith is come,
And wolfish change, like winter, bow's to strip
The foliage in which Fame, the eagle, built
Her aery, while Dominion wheel'd below.
The storm is in its branches, and the frost
Is on its leaves, and the blank deep expects
Oblivion on oblivion, spoil on spoil,
Ruin on ruin: thou art slow, my son;
The anarchs of the world of darkness keep
A throne for thee, round which thine empire lies
Boundless and mute; and for thy subjects thou,
Like us, shall rule the ghosts of murder'd life,
The phantoms of the powers who rule thee now—
Mutinous passions, and conflicting fears,
And hopes that sate themselves on dust and die!
Stript of their mortal strength, as thou of thine.
Islam must fall, but we will reign together,
Over its ruins in the world of death—
And if the trunk be dry, yet shall the seed
Unfold itself even in the shape of that
Which gathers birth in its decay. Woe! woe!
To the weak people tangled in the grasp
Of its last spasms.

MAHMUD.

Spirit, woe to all!
Woe to the wrong’d and the avenger! Woe—
To the destroyer, woe to the destroy’d!
Woe to the dupe, and woe to the deceiver!
Woe to the oppress’d, and woe to the oppressor!
Woe both to those that suffer and inflicts;
Those who are born, and those who die! But say,
Imperial shadow of the thing I am
When, how, by whom, Destri eion must accomplish
Her consummation?

PHANTOM.
Ask the cold pale Hour,
Rich in reversion of impending death,
When he shall fall upon whose rife gray hairs
Sit care, and sorrow, and infirmity—
The weight which crime, whose wings are plumed with years,
Leaves in his flight from ravaged heart to heart
Over the heads of men, under which burneth
They bow themselves unto the grave: fond wretch!
He leans upon his crutch, and talks of years
To come, and how in hours of youth renew’d
He will renew lost joys, and—

VOICE WITHOUT.
Victory! victory!

[The phantom vanishes.]

MAHMUD.
What sound of the importunate earth has broken
My mighty trance?

VOICE WITHOUT.
Victory! victory!

MAHMUD.
Weak lightning before darkness! poor faint smile
Of dying Islam! Voice which art the response
Of hollow weakness? Do I wake and live?
Were there such things? or may the unquiet brain,
Vex’d by the wise mad talk of the old Jew,
Have shaped itself these shadows of its fear?
It matters not!—for naught we see or dream,
Possess, or lose, or grasp at, can be worth
More than it gives or teaches. Come what may,
The future must become the past, and I
As they were to whom once this present hour,
This gloomy crag of time to which I cling,
Seem’d an Elysian isle of peace and joy
Never to be attain’d. I must rebuke
This drunkenness of triumph ere it die,
And dying, bring despair.—Victory!—poor slaves!

VOICE WITHOUT.

Shout in the jubilee of death! The Greeks
Are as a brood of lions in the net;
Round which the kingly hunters of the earth
Stand smiling. Anarcha, ye whose daily food
Are curses, groans, and gold, the fruit of death,
From Thule to the girdle of the world,
Come, feast! the board groans with the flesh of men—
The cup is foaming with a nation’s blood,
Famine and thirst await.—eat, drink, and die!

SEMICHORUS I.
Victorious Wrong, with vulture scream,
Salutes the risen sun, pursues the flying day!
I saw her ghastly as a tyrant’s dream,
Perch on the trembling pyramid of night,
Beneath which earth and all her realms pavilion’d lay
In visions of the dawning undelight.
Who shall impede her flight?
Who rob her of her prey?

VOICE WITHOUT.
Victory! victory! Russia’s fiendish eagles
Dare not to prey beneath the crescent’s light.
Impale the remnant of the Greeks! despoil!
Violete! make their flesh cheaper than dust!

SEMICHORUS II.
Thou voice which art
The herald of the ill in splendor hid!
Thou echo of the hollow heart
Of monarch, bear me to thine abode
When desolation flashes o’er a world destroy’d
Oh bear me to those islands of jagged cloud
Which float like mountains on the earthquake
’mid
The momentary oceans of the lightning;
Or to some toppling promontory proud
Of solid tempest, whose black pyramid,
Riven, overhangs the founts intensely brightenin
Of those dawn-tinted deluges of fire
Before their waves expire,
When Heaven and earth are light, and only ligh
In the thunder-night!

VOICE WITHOUT.
Victory! victory! Austria, Russia, England,
And that tame serpent, that poor shadow, France,
Cry peace, and that means death when monarchs speak.
Ho, there! bring torches, sharpen those red stakes
These chains are light, fitter for slaves and poison
Than Greeks. Kill! plunder! burn! let none remai

SEMICHORUS I.
Alas for Liberty!
If numbers, wealth, or unfilling years,
Or fate, can quell the free;
Alas for Virtue! when
Torments, or contumely, or the sneers
Of erring judging men
Can break the heart where it abides.
Alas! if Love, whose smile makes this obscure me
splendid,
Can change, with its false times and tides,
Like hope and terror—
Alas for Love!
And Truth, who wanderest lone and unbefriended
If thou canst veil thy lie-consuming mirror
Before the dazzled eyes of error.
Alas for thee! Image of the above.

SEMICHORUS II.
Repulse, with plumes from conquest torn,
Led the ten thousand from the limits of the morn
Through many a hostile Anarchy!
At length they wept aloud and cried, "The sea! the sea!
Through exile, persecution, and despair,
Rome was, and young Atlantis shall become
The wonder, or the terror, or the tomb
Of all whose step wakes power dull’d in her savage la
But Greece was as a hermit child,
Whose fairest thoughts and limbs were built
To woman's growth by dreams so mild,
She knew not pain or guilt;
And now, O Victory, blush! and Empire, tremble,
When ye desert the free!
If Greece must be
A wreck, yet shall its fragments reassemble,
And build themselves again impregnably
In a diviner clime,
To Amphionic music, on some cape sublime,
Which frowns above the idle foam of Time.

SEMICHORUS I.
Let the tyrants rule the desert they have made;
Let the free possess the paradise they claim;
Be the fortune of our fierce oppressors void'd
With our ruin, our resistance, and our name!

SEMICHORUS II.
Our dead shall be the seed of their decay,
Our survivors be the shadows of their pride,
Our adversity a dream to pass away—
Their dishonor a remembrance to abide.

VOICE WITHOUT.
Victory! Victory! The bought Briton sends the keys of ocean to the Islame.
For shall the blazon of the cross be veil'd, and British skill directing Othman might, thunder-strike rebel victory. O keep holy this jubilee of unrevealed blood! ill! crush! despoil! Let not a Greek escape!

SEMICHORUS I.
Darkness has daw'd in the East.
On the noon of time:
The death-birds descend to their feast,
From the hungry clime.
Let Freedom and Peace flee far
To a sunnier strand,
And follow Love's folding-star
To the evening! God's

SEMICHORUS II.
The young moon has fed
Her exhausted horn
With the sunset's fire:
The weak day is dead,
But the night is not born:
And, like 'loneliness panting with wild desire,
While it trembles with fear and delight,
Hesperus flies from awakening might,
And pants in its beauty and speed with light
Fast flashing, soft, and bright.
Thou beacon of love! Thou lamp of the free!
Guide us far, far away,
O climes where now, veil'd by the ardor of day,
Thou art hidden
From waves on which weary Noon
Faints in her summer swoon,
Between kingless continents, sinless as Eden,
Around mountains and islands inviolably
Franki on the shining sea.

SEMICHORUS L.
Through the sunset of hope,
Like the shapes of a dream,
What Paradise islands of glory gleam
Beneath Heaven's cope.
Their shadows more clear float by—
The sound of their oceans, the light of their sky,
The music and fragrance their solitudes breathe,
Burst like morning on dreams, or like Heaven on death
Through the walls of our prison;
And Greece, which was dead, is arisen!

CHORUS.
The world's great age begins anew,*
The golden years return.
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outgrown:
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.
A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
From waves serener far,
A new Peneus rolls its fountains
Against the morning-star.
Where fairer Tempe bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads, on a sunnier deep;
A loftier Argos cleaves the main,
Fraught with a later prize;
Another Orpheus sings again,
And loves, and weeps, and dies.
A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.
O write no more the tale of Troy,
If earth Death's scroll must be!
Nor mix with Lyian rage the joy
Which dwana upon the free:
Although a subtle sphinx renew
Riddles of death Thebes never knew,
Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendor of its prime;
And leave, if naught so bright may live,
All earth can take or heaven can give.
Saturn and Love their long repose†
Shall burst, more wise and good
Than all who fell, than one who rose,
Than many unwittheold—
Not gold, nor blood, their alter dowers,
But native tears, and symbol flowers.
O cease! must hate and death return?
Cease! must men kill and die?
Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy.
The world is weary of the post—
O might it die or rest at last!*

* The final chorus is indistinct and obscure as the event of the living drums whose arrival it foretells. Prophecies of wars, and rumor of wars, etc. may safely be made by poet or prophet in any age; but to anticipate, however darkly, a period of re-generation and happiness, is a more hazardous exercise of the faculty which bardes possess or feign. I will remind the reader, "mago nee proximus intervallo," of Isaiih and Virgil, whose ardent,spirits overlooking the actual reign of evil which we endure and bewail already saw the possible and perhaps approaching state of society in which "the lion shall lie down with the lamb," and "omnia ferae omnia tellus." Let these great names be my authority and excuse.
† Saturn and Love were among the deities of a real or imaginary state of innocence and happiness. All those who fell, or the Gods of Greece, Asia and Egypt, and the many unsubdued, or the monstrous objects of the idolatry of China, India, the Antarctic islands, and the native tribes of America, certainly have reigned over the understandings of men in conjunction or in succession, during periods in which all we know of evil has been in a state of portentous, and, until the revival of learning and the arts, perpetually increasing activity. The Grecian Gods seem indeed to have been personally more innocent, although it cannot be said that, as far as temperance and chastity are concerned, they gave very edifying examples. The horrors of the Mexican, the Peruvian, and the Indian superstitions are well known.
MATTED with thistles and amphibious weeds,
Such as from earth's embrace the salt ooze breeds.
Is this; an uninhabited sea-side,
Which the lone fisher, when his nets are dried,
Abandons; and no other object breaks
The waste, but one dwarf-tree and some few stakes
Broken and unrepair'd, and the tide makes
A narrow space of level sand thereon.

Where 'tis was our wont to ride while day went down
This ride was my delight. I love all waste
And solitary places; where we taste
The pleasure of believing what we see
Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be:
And such was this wide ocean, and this shore
More barren than its billows; and yet more
Than all, with a remember'd friend I love
To ride as then I rode,—for the winds drove
The living spray along the sunny air
Into our faces; the blue heavens were bare,
Strip'd to their depths by the awakening nor't.
And, from the waves, sound like delight, broke forth
Harmonizing with solitude, and sent
Into our hearts ariel errment.

So, as we rode, we talk'd; and the swift thought
Winging itself with laughter, linger'd not,
But flew from brain to brain,—such glee was ours,
Charged with light memories of remember'd hours.
None slow enough for sadness: till we came
Homeward, which always makes the spirit tame.

This day had been cheerful but cold, and now
The sun was sinking, and the wind also.
Our talk grew somewhat serious, as may be
Talk interrupted with such ratiory
As mocks itself, because it cannot scorn
The thoughts it would extinguish:—'t was forlorn,
Yet pleasing; such as once, so poets tell,
The devil's held within the dales of hell,
Concerning God, free-will, and destiny.
Of all that Earth has been, or yet may be,
All that vain men imagine or believe,
Or hope can paint, or suffering can achieve,
We desisted; and I (for ever still
Is it not wise to make the best of ill?)
Argued against despondency; but pride
Made my companion take the darker side.
The sense that he was greater than his kind
Had struck, methinks, his eagle spirit blind
By gazing on its own exceeding light.
Meanwhile the sun paused ere it should alight
Over the horizon of the mountains—Oh!
How beautiful is sunset, when the glow
Of heaven descends upon a land like thee,
Thou paradise of exiles, Italy!

Thy mountains, seas, and vineyards, and the tower
Of cities they encircle!—It was once
To stand on thee, beholding it; and then,
Just where we had dismounted, the Count's men
We were waiting for us with the gondola.  
As those who pause on some delightful way,  
Though bent on pleasant pilgrimage, we stood,  
Looking upon the evening and the flood,  
Which lay between the city and the shore,  
Paved with the image of the sky: the hoar  
And airy Alps, towards the north, appear’d,  
Through mist, a heaven-sustaining bulwark, rear’d  
Between the east and west; and half the sky  
Was not’d with clouds of rich emblazonry,  
Dark purple at the zenith, which still grew  
Down the steep west into a woodroous hue.  
Brighter than burning gold, even to the rent  
Where the swift sun yet paused in his descent  
Among the many-folded hills—they were  
Those famous Euganean hills, which bear,  
As seen from Lido through the harbor piles,  
The likeness of a clump of peaked isles—  
And then, as if the earth and sea had been  
Dissolved into one lake of fire, were seen  
Those mountains towering, as from waves of flame,  
Around the vaporous sun, from which there came  
The immost purple spirit of light, and made  
Their very peaks transparent.  "Ere it fade,"  
said my companion.  "I will show you soon  
A better station!" So o'er the lagune  
We glided; and from that funeral bark  
Lean’d, and saw the city, and could mark  
Low from their many isles, in evening’s gleam,  
A temples and its palaces did seem  
Like fabrics of enchantment piled to heaven.  
Was about to speak, when—"We are even  
Now at the point I meant," said Maddalo,  
And bade the gondolieri cease to row.  
Look, Julian, on the west, and listen well  
If you hear not a deep and heavy bell."  
Look’d, and saw between us and the sun  
A building on an island, such an one  
As ago to age might add, for uses vile,—  
A windowless, deform’d and dreary pile;  
And on the top an open tower, where hung  
A bell, which in the radiance sway’d and swung—  
We could just hear its hoarse and iron tongue:  
'Twas broad sun sank behind it, and it toll’d  
A strong and black relief.—"What we behold  
Shall be the madhouse and its belfry tower?"—  
said Maddalo, "and even at this hour,  
those who may cross the water hear that bell,  
Which calls the maniacs, each one from his cell,  
O, vespers."—"As much skill as need to pray,  
A thanks or hope for their dark lot, have they,  
'To their stern Maker," I replied.—"O, ho!  
You talk as in years past," said Maddalo.  
'Tis strange men change not. You were ever still  
Among Christ’s flock a perilous infidel,  
Wolf for the meek lambs: if you can’t swim,  
AWARE OF PROVIDENCE." I looked on him,  
Out the gay smile had faded from his eye.  
And such," he cried "is our mortality;  
And this must be the emblem and sign  
We should be eternal and divine;  
And like that black and dreary bell, the soul  
Ung in a heav’n-illumined tower, must toll  
Our thoughts and our desires to meet below  
Onder the rent heart, and pray—as madmen do;  
For what? they know not, till the night of death.  
As sunset that strange vision, severeth  
Our memory from itself, and us from all  
We sought, and yet were baffled." I recalled  
The sense of what he said, although I mar  
The force of his expressions. The broad star  
Of day meanwhile had sunk behind the hill;  
And the black bell became invisible;  
And the red tower look’d gray; and all between.  
The churches, ships, and palaces, were seen  
Huddled in gloom; into the purple sea  
The orange hues of heaven sunk silently.  
We hardly spoke, and soon the gondola  
Convey’d me to my lodging by the way.  

The following morn was rainy, cold and dim:  
Ere Maddalo arose I call’d on him,  
And whilst I waited, with his child I play’d;  
A lovelier toy sweet Nature never made;  
A serious, subtle, wild, yet gentle being;  
Graceful without design, and unforeseeing;  
With eyes—Oh! speak not of her eyes! which seem  
Twin mirrors of Italian Heaven, yet gleam  
With such deep meaning as we never see  
But in the human countenance. With me  
She was a special favorite: I had nursed  
Her fine and feeble limbs, when she came first  
To this bleak world; and she yet seem’d to know,  
On second sight, her ancient playfellow.  
Less changed than she was by six months or so.  
For, after her first shyness was worn out,  
We sate there, rolling billiard-balls about,  
When the Count enter’d. Salutations past:  
"The words you spoke last night might well have cast  
A darkness on my spirit;—if man be  
The passive thing you say, I should not see  
Much harm in the religions and old saws  
(Though I may never own such leaden laws)  
Which break a teachless nature to the yoke:  
Mine is another faith."—Thus much I spoke,  
And, noting he replied not, added—"See  
This lovely child; blithe, innocent and free;  
She spends a happy time, with little care;  
While we to such sick thoughts subjected are,  
As came on you last night. It is our will  
Which thus enchains us to permitted ill.  
We might be otherwise; we might be all  
We dream of, happy, high, majestic.  
Where is the love, beauty, and truth we seek,  
But in our minds? And, if we were not weak,  
Should we be less in deed than in desire?"—  
—"Ay, if we were not weak,—and we aspire,  
How vainly! to be strong," said Maddalo  
"You talk Utopia—"
Who reign'd before religion made men blind; 
And those who suffer with their suffering kind, 
Yet feel this faith, religion."

"My dear friend," 

Said Maddalfo, "my judgment will not bend 
To your opinion, though I think you might 
Make such a system refutation-tight, 

As far as words go. I knew one like you, 
Who to this city came some months ago, 
With whom I argued in this sort,—and he 
Is now gone mad—and so he answer'd me, 
Poor fellow! But if you would like to go, 
We'll visit him, and his wild talk will show 
How vain are such aspiring theories."—

"I hope to prove the induction otherwise, 
And that a want of that true theory still, 
Which seeks a soul of goodness in things ill, 
Or in himself or others, has thus bow'd 
His being:—there are some by nature proud, 
Who, patient in all else, demand but this— 
To love and be beloved with gentleness:— 
And being scorn'd, what wonder if they die 
Some living death! This is not destiny, 
But man's own willful ill."—

As thus I spoke, 

Servants announced the gondola, and we 
Through the fast-falling rain and high-wrought sea 
Sail'd to the island where the mad-house stands. 
We disembark'd: The clap of tortured hands, 
Fierce yells, and howlings, and lamentings, keen, 
And laughter where complaint had merrier been, 
Accost'd us. We climb'd the cozy stairs 
Into an old court-yard. I heard on high, 
Then, fragments of most touching melody, 
But looking up saw not the singer there— 
Through the black bars in the tempestuous air 
I saw, like weeds on a wreck'd palace growing, 
Long tangled locks flung wildly forth and flowing, 
Of those who on a sudden were beguil'd 
Into strange silence, and look'd forth and smiled, 
Hearing sweet sounds. Then I—:

"Methinks there were 
A cure of these with patience and kind care, 
If music can thus move. But what is he, 
Whom we seek here!"

"Of his sad history 
I know but this," said Maddalfo: "he came 
To Venice a dejected man, and fam'd far 
Said he was wealthy, or he had been so. 
Some thought the loss of fortune wrought him woe; 
But he was ever talking in such sort 
As you do,—but more sadly:—he seem'd hurt, 
Even as a man with his peculiar wrong, 
To hear but of the oppression of the strong, 
Or those absurd deceits (I think with you 
In some respects, you know) which carry through 
The excellent impostors of this earth 
When they outface detection. He had worth, 
Poor fellow! but a humorist in his way."—

"Alas! what drove him mad?"

"I cannot say:

A lady came with him from France, and when 
She left him and return'd, he wander'd then 
About your lonely isles of desert sand, 
Till he grew wild. He had no cash or land 
Remaining:—the police had brought him here— 
Some fancy took him, and he would not bear 
Removal, so I fitted up for him 
Those rooms beside the sea, to please his whim; 
And sent him busts, and books, and urns for flowers. 
Which had adorn'd his life in happier hours, 
And instrument of music. You may guess 
A stranger could do little more or less 
For one so gentle and unfortunate— 
And those are his sweet strains which charm the 
weight 
From madmen's chains, and make this hell appear 
A heaven of sacred silence, hush'd to hear."

"Nay, this was kind of you,—he had no claim, 
As the world says."

"None but the very same 
Which I on all mankind, were I, as he, 
Full'n to such deep reverse. His melody 
Is interrupted now; we hear the din 
Of madmen, shriek on shriek, again begin 
Let us now visit him: after this strain, 
He ever communes with himself again, 
And sees and hears not any."

Having said 

These words, we call'd the keeper, and he led 
To an apartment opening on the sea— 
There the poor wretch was sitting mournfully 
Near a piano, his pale fingers twined 
One with the other; and the oozie and wind 
Rush'd through an open casement, and did sway 
His hair, and start'd it with the brackish spray; 
His head was leaning on a music-book, 
And he was muttering; and his lean limbs shook; 
His lips were press'd against a folded leaf 
In hue too beautiful for health, and grief 
Smiled in their motions as they lay apart, 
As one who wrought from his own fervid heart 
The eloquence of passion: soon he raised 
His sad meek face, and eyes lustrous and glaz'd. 
And spoke,—sometimes as one who wrote, and thr:—
His words might move some heart that heed'd not 
If sent to distant lands;—and then as one 
Reproaching deeds never to be undone, 
With wondering self-compassion:—thea his speech 
Was lost in grief; and then his words came each 
Unmodulated and expressionless,— 
But that from one jarr'd accent you might guess 
It was despair made them so uniform: 
And all the while the loud and gusty storm 
Hiss'd through the window, and we stood behind, 
Stealing his accents from the envious wind, 
Unseen. I yet remember what he said 
Distinctly, such impression his words made 

"Month after month," he cried, "to bear this load, 
And, as a jade urged by the whip and goad, 
To drag life on—which like a heavy chain 
Lengthens behind with many a link of pain, 
And not to speak my grief—O, not to dare 
To give a human voice to my despair;
But live, and move, and, wretched thing! smile on,
As if I never went aside to groan,
And wear this mask of falsehood even to those
Who are most dear—not for my own repose—
Alas! no scorn, or pain, or hate, could be
So heavy as that falsehood is to me.
But that I cannot bear more alter'd faces
Than needs must be, more changed and cold embrac
More misery, disappointment, and mistrust
To own me for their father. Would the dust
Were cover'd in upon my body now!
That the life ceased to toil within my brow!
And then these thoughts would at the last be fled:
Let us not fear such pain can vex the dead.

"What Power delights to torture us? I know
That to myself I do not wholly owe
What now I suffer, though in part I may.
Alas! none strew'd fresh flowers upon the way,
Where, wandering needlessly, I met Pale Pain,
My shadow, which will leave me not again.
If I have err'd, there was no joy in error,
But pain, and insult, and unrest, and terror;
I have not, as some do, bought penitence
With pleasure, and a dark yet sweet offence;
For then if love, and tenderness, and truth
Had overlived Hope's momentary youth,
My creed should have redeem'd me from repenting;
But loathed scorn and outrage unrelenting
Met love excited by far other seeming,
Until the end was gain'd:—as one from dreaming
Of sweetest peace, I woke, and found my state
Such as it is—\n
"O, thou, my spirit's mate!
Who, for thou art compassionate and wise,
Wouldst pity me from thy most gentle eyes,
If this sad writing thou shouldst ever see,
My secret groans must be unheard by thee;
Thou wouldst weep tears, bitter as blood, to know
Thy lost friend's incomunicable woe.
Ye few by whom my nature has been weigh'd
In friendship, let me not that name degrade,
By placing on your hearts the secret load
Which crushes mine to dust. There is one road
To peace, and that is truth, which follow ye!
Love sometimes leads astray to misery.
Yet think not, though subdued (and I may well
Say that I am subdued)—that the full hell
Within me would infect the unainted breast
Of sacred nature with its own unrest;
As some perverted beings think to find
In scorn or hate a medicine for the mind
Which scorn or hate hath wounded—Oh, how vain!
The dagger heals not, but may rend again.
Believe that I am ever still the same
In creed as in resolve: and what may fame
My heart, must leave the understanding free,
Or all would sink under this agony.
—Nor dream that I will join the vulgar eye,
Or with my silence sanction tyranny,
Or seek a moment's shelter from my pain
In any madness which the world calls gain;
Ambition, or revenge, or thoughts as stern
As those which make me what I am, or turn

To avarice or misanthropy or lust.
Heap on me soon, O grave, thy welcome dust!
Till then the dungeon may demand its prey,
And Poverty and Shame may meet and say,
Hating beside me in the public ways.
"That love-devoted youth is ours; let's sit
Beside him: he may live some six months yet."
—Or the red scaffold, as our country bends,
May ask some willing victim; or ye, friends!
May fall under some sorrow, which this heart
Or hand may share, or vanquish, or avert;
I am prepared, in truth, with no proud joy
To do or suffer aught, as when a boy
I did devote to justice, and to love,
My nature, worthless now.

"I must remove
A veil from my pent mind. 'Tis torn aside!
O! pallid as Death's dedicated bride,
Thou mockery which art sitting by my side,
Am I not wan like thee? At the grave's call
I haste, invited to thy wedding-hall,
To meet the ghastly paramour, for whom
Thou hast deserted me,—and made the tomb
Thy bridal bed. But I beside thy feet
Will lie, and watch ye from my winding-sheet
Thus—wide awake though dead.——Yet stay, O stay!
Go not so soon— I know not what I say—
Hear but my reasons—I am mad, I fear
My fancy is o'erwrought—thou art not here.
Pale art thou, 'tis most true—but thou art gone—
Thy work is finish'd; I am left alone.

"Nay, was it I who woe'd thee to this breast,
Which like a serpent thou envenomest
As in repayment of the warmth it lent?
Didst thou not seek me for thine own content?
Did not thy love awake mine? I thought
That thou wert she who said 'You kiss me not
Ever; I fear you do not love me now.'
In truth I loved even to my overthrow
Her, who would fain forget these words; but they
Cling to her mind, and cannot pass away.

"You say that I am proud; that when I speak,
My lip is tortured with the wrongs, which break
The spirit it expresses.——Never one
Humbled himself before, as I have done!
Even the instinctive worm on which we tread
Turns, though it wound not—then, with prostrate head,
Sink's in the dust, and writhes like me—and dies
—No——wears a living death of agonies!
As the slow shadows of the pointed grass
Mark the eternal periods, its pangs pass,
Slow, ever-moving, making moments be
As mine seem,—each an immortality!

"That you had never seen me! never heard
My voice! and more than all, had ne'er endured
The deep pollution of my loathed embrace!
That your eyes ne'er had lied love in my face!
That, like some maniac monk, I had torn out
The nerves of manhood by their bleeding root

3 E
With mine own quivering fingers! so that ne'er
Our hearts had for a moment mingled there,
To disunite in horror! These were not
With thee like some suppress'd and hideous thought,
Which flits athwart our musings, but can find
No rest within a pure and gentle mind—
Thou seest them with many a bare broad word,
And searest my memory o'er them,—for I heard
And can forget not—they were minister'd,
One after one, those curses. Mix them up
Like self-destroying poisons in one cup:
And they will make one blessing, which thou ne'er
Didst imprest for on me——death!

"It were
A cruel punishment for one most cruel,
If such can love, to make that love the fuel
Of the mind's hell—hate, scorn, remorse, despair:
But me, whose heart a stranger's tear might wear,
As water-drops the sandy fountain-stone;
Who loved and pitted all things, and could mean
For woes which others hear not; and could see
The absent with the glass of phantasy,
And near the poor and trampled sit and weep,
Following the captive to his dungeon deep;
Me, who am as a nerve o'er which do creep
The else unfelt oppressions of this earth,
And was to thee the flame upon thy heart,
When all beside was cold—that thou on me
Should rain these plagues of blistering agony—
Such curses are from lips once eloquent
With love's too partial praise! Let none relent
Who intend deeds too dreadful for a name
Henceforth, if an example for the same
They seek—for thou on me look'dst so and so,
And didst speak thus and thus. I live to show
How much men bear and die not.

"Thou wilt tell,
With the grime of hate, how horrible
It was to meet my love when thine grew less;
Thou wilt admire how I could o'er address
Such features to love's work——This taunt, though true
(For indeed Nature nor in form nor hue
Bestow'd on me her choicest workmanship),
Shall not be thy defence: for since thy life
Met mine first, years long past,—since thine eye kindled
With soft fire under mine,—I have not dwindled,
Nor changed in mind, or body, or in aught,
But as love changes what it loveth not
After long years and many trials.

"How vain
Are words! I thought never to speak again,
Not even in secret, not to my own heart—
But from my lips the unwilling accents start,
And from my pen the words flow as I write,
Dazzling my eyes with scalding tears—my sight
Is dim to see that character'd in vain,
On this unfeeling leaf, which burns the brain
And eats into it, blotting all things fair,
And wise and good, which time had written there.
Those who inflict must suffer, for they see
The work of their own hearts, and that must be
Our chastisement or recompense.—O, child!
I would that thine were like to be more mild,
For both our wretched sakes,—for thine the most.
Who feel'st already all that thou hast lost,
Without the power to wish it thine again.
And, as slow years pass, a funereal train,
Each with the ghost of some lost hope or friend
Following it like its shadow, wilt thou bend
No thought on my dead memory?

"Alas, love!
Fear me not: against thee I'd not move
A finger in despite. Do I not live
That thou mayst have less bitter cause to grieve?
I give thee tears for scorn, and love for hate;
And, that thy lot may be less desolate
Than his on whom thou tramplest, I refrain
From that sweet sleep which medicines all pain.
Then—when thou speakest of me—never say,
'He could forgive not.'—Here I cast away
All human passions, all revenge, all pride;
I think, speak, act no ill; I do but hide
Under these words, like embers, every spark
Of that which has consumed me. Quick and dark
The grave is yawning:—as its roof shall cover
My limbs with dust and worms, under and over,
So let oblivion hide this grief—The air
Closes upon my accents, as despair
Upon my heart—let death upon despair!"

He ceased; and overcome, leant back awhile;
Then rising, with a melancholy smile,
Went to a sofa, and lay down, and slept
A heavy sleep, and in his dreams he wept,
And mutter'd some familiar name, and wept
Went without shame in his society.
I think never was I press'd so much;
The man who were not, must have lack'd a touch
Of human nature.—Then we linger'd not,
Although our argument was quite forgot;
But, calling the attendants, went to dine
At Maddalo's:—yet neither cheer nor wine
Could give us spirits, for we talk'd of him,
And nothing else, till daylight made stars dim.
And we agreed it was some dreadful ill
Wrought on him boldly, yet unappeasable.
By a dear friend; some deadly change in love
Of one vow'd deeply which he dream'd not of;
For whose sake he, it seem'd, had fix'd a blot
Of falsehood in his mind, which flourisht not
But in the light of all-beholding truth;
And having stamp'd thiscken on his youth.
She had abandon'd him—and how much more
Might be his woe, we guess'd not—he had store
Of friends and fortune once, as we could guess
From his nice habits and his gentleness:
These now were lost—it were a grief indeed
If he had chang'd one unsustaining reed.
For all that such a man might else adorn
The colors of his mind seem'd yet unworm'd;
For the wild language of his grief was high—
Such as in measure were call'd poetry.
And I remember one remark, which then
Maddalo made: he said—'Most wretched men
Their attractions, we might say, were mutual and enduring. I could not have been an unconnected man, therefore I sought relief from the deep tenderness that maniac wrought within me—"It was perhaps an idle thought, but I imagined that if, by day by day, I watched him, and seldom went away, and studied all the beatings of his heart with zeal, as men study some stubborn art for their own good, and could by patience find an entrance to the caverns of his mind, I might reclaim him from his dark estate. In friendships I had been most fortunate, yet never saw I one whom I would call a more willingly my friend; and this was all. Accomplish'd not—such dreams of baseless good. Oft come and go, in crowds or solitude, and leave no trace!—but what I now design'd, Made, for long years, impression on my mind. The following morning, urged by my affairs, I left bright Venice.

After many years, and many changes, I return'd; the name of Venice, and its aspect, were the same; but Maddalo was travelling, far away, among the mountains of Armenia. His dog was dead; his child had now become a woman, such as it has been my doom to meet with few; a wonder of this earth, where there is little of transcendent worth. Like one of Shakespeare's women. Kindly she, and with a manner beyond courtesy, received her father's friend; and, when I ask'd of the born maid, she gave me her task'd, and told, as she had heard, the mournful tale: "What the poor sufferer's health began to fail, two years from my departure; but that then the lady, who had left him, came again. Her mien had been imperious, but she now look'd meek; perhaps remorse had brought her low. Her coming made him better; and they stay'd together at my father's—for I play'd, as I remember, with the lady's swain! I might be six years old;—But, after all, she left him."—

"Why, her heart must have been tough: How did it end!"

"And was not this enough? They met, they parted."

"Child, is there no more?"

"Something within that interval, which bore The stamp of why they parted, how they met; Yet if thine aged eyes disdain to wet Those wrinkled cheeks with youth's remember'd tears, Ask me no more; but let the silent years Be closed and cedared over their memory. As you mute marble where their corpses lie." I urged and question'd still: she told me how All happen'd—but the cold world shall not know Rome, May, 1819.

THE WITCH OF ATLAS.

I.

Before those cruel Twins, whom at one birth Incestuous Change bore to her father Time, Error and Truth, had hunted from the earth All those bright natures which adorn'd its prime. And left us nothing to believe in, with the pains of putting into learned rhyme, A lady-witch there lived on Atlas' mountain, Within a cavern by a secret fountain.

II.

Her mother was one of the Atlantides: The all-beholding Sun had ne'er beheld In his wide voyage o'er continents and seas So fair a creature, as she lay enfolden In the warm shadow of her loveliness: He kiss'd her with his beams, and made all golden. The chamber of gray rock in which she lay— She, in that dream of joy, dissolved away.

III.

'Tis said, she was first changed into a vapor, And then into a cloud, such clouds as fit. Like splendor-winged moths about a taper. Round the red west where the sun dies in It and then into a meteor, such as caper On hill-tops when the moon is in a fit. Then, into one of those mysterious stars Which hide themselves between the Earth and Mars.

IV.

Ten times the Mother of the Months had bent Her bow beside the folding-star, and bidden With that bright sign the billows to indent The sea-deserted sand: like children children, At her command they ever came and went:— Since in that cave a dewy splendor hidden, Took shape and motion: with the living form Of this embodied Power, the cave grew warm.

V.

A lovely lady garmented in light From her own beauty—deep her eyes, as are Two openings of unfathomable night. Seen through a tempest-cloven roof—her hair Dark—the dim brain whirrs dizzy with delight. Picturing her form! her soft smiles shone afar, And her low voice was heard like love, and drew All living things towards this wonder new

435
VI.

And first the spotted cameleopard came,
And then the wise and fearless elephant;
Then the sly serpent, in the golden flame
Of his own volumes interwoven—all gaunt
And sanguine beasts her gentle looks made tame.
They drank before her at her sacred fount,
And every beast of beating heart grew bold,
Such gentleness and power even to behold.

VII.

The brinded lioness led forth her young,
That she might teach them how they should forego
Their inborn thirst of death; the pard unstrung
His sinews at her feet, and sought to know,
With looks whose motions spoke without a tongue,
How he might be as gentle as the doe.
The magic circle of her voice and eyes
All savage nature did imparadise.

VIII.

And old Silenus, shaking a green stick
Of lilies, and the wood-gods in a crew
Came, blithe, as in the olive copses thick
Cicada are, drunk with the noonday dew:
And Driop and Faunus follow'd quick,
Teasing the God to sing them something new,
Till in this cave they found the lady lone,
Sitting upon a seat of emerald stone.

IX.

And Universal Pan, 'tis said, was there,
And though none saw him,—through the adamant
Of the deep mountains, through the trackless air,
And through those living spirits, like a want
He past out of his everlasting lair
Where the quick heart of the great world doth pant,
And felt that wondrous lady all alone,—
And she felt him, upon her emerald throne.

X.

And every nymph of stream and spreading tree,
And every shepherdess of Ocean's flocks,
Who drives her white waves over the green sea;
And Ocean, with the brine on his gray locks,
And quaint Priapus with his company
All came, much wondering how the enwombed rocks
Could have brought forth so beautiful a birth—
Her love subdued their wonder and their mirth.

XI.

The herdsman and the mountain maidens came,
And the rude kings of pastoral Garamant—
These spirits shook within them, as a flame
Stir'd by the air under a cavern glint:
Pignies, and Polyphemus, by many a name,
Centaurs and Satyrs, and such shapes as haunt
Wet cliffs,—and lumps neither alive nor dead,
Dog-headed, bosom-eyed and bird-footed.

XII.

For she was beautiful: her beauty made
The bright world dim, and every thing beside
Seem'd like the fleeting image of a shade:
No thought of living spirit could abide,
Which to her looks had ever been betray'd,
On any object in the world so wide,
On any hope within the circling skies,
But on her form, and in her inmost eyes

XIII.

Which when the lady knew, she took her spindle
And twined three threads of fleecy mist, and three
Long lines of light, such as the dawn may kindle
The clouds and waves and mountains with, and she
As many star-beams, ere their lamps could dwindle
In the belated moon, wound skilfully;
And with these threads a subtle veil she wove—
A shadow for the splendor of her love.

XIV.

The deep recesses of her odorous dwelling
Were stored with magic treasures—sounds of air
Which had the power all spirits of compelling,
Folded in cells of crystal silence there;
Such as we hear in youth, and think the feeling
Will never die,—yet ere we are aware,
The feeling and the sound are fled and gone,
And the regret they leave remains alone.

XV.

And there lay Visions swift, and sweet, and quaint,
Each in its thin sheath like a chrysalis;
Some eager to burst forth, some weak and faint
With the soft burden of intensest bliss;
It is its work to bear to many a saint
Whose heart adores the shrine which holiest is,
Even Love's—and others white, green, gray, and black,
And of all shapes—and each was at her beck.

XVI.

And odors in a kind of aviary
Of ever-blooming Eden-trees she kept,
Cipt in a floating net, a love-sick Fairy
Had woven from dew-beams while the moon yeal'd;
As bats at the wired window of a dairy,
They beat their vans; and each was an adept,
When loosed and mission'd, making wings of wind,
To stir sweet thoughts or sad in destined minds.

XVII.

And liquors clear and sweet, whose healthful mirth
Could medicine the sick soul to happy sleep,
And change eternal death into a night
Of glorious dreams—or if eyes needs must weep
Could make their tears all wonder and delight,
She in her crystal vials did closely keep;
If men could drink of those clear vials, 'tis said
The living were not envied of the dead.

XVIII.

Her cave was stored with scrolls of strange device
The works of some Saturnian Archmage,
Which taught the expiations at whose price
Men from the Gods might win that happy age
Too lightly lost, redeeming native vice;
And which might quench the earth-consuming rag
Of gold and blood—till men should live and move
Harmonious as the sacred stars above.

XIX.

And how all things that seem untamable,
Not to be check'd and not to be confined,
Obey the spells of wisdom's wizard skill:
Time, Earth and Fire—the Ocean and the Wind
And all their shapes—and man's imperial will;
And other scrolls whose writings did unbind
The inmost lore of Love—let the profane
Tremble to ask what secrets they contain.
XX.
And wondrous works of substances unknown,
To which the enchantment of her father's power
had changed those ragged blocks of savage stone,
Were heap'd in the recesses of her bower;
Armed lamps and chalices, and plaitis which stone
In their own golden beams—each like a flower,
But of whose depth a fire-fly shakes his light
Neter a cypress in a starless night.

XXI.
At first she lived alone in this wild home,
And her own thoughts were each a minister,
Clothing themselves or with the ocean-foam,
Or with the wind, or with the speed of fire,
To work whatever purposes might come
Into her mind; such power her mighty Sire
Fad girt them with, whether to fly or run,
Through all the regions which he shines upon.

XXII.
The Ocean-nymphs and Hamadryades,
Oreads and Naiades with long woody locks,
Offer'd to do her bidding through the seas,
Under the earth, and in the hollow rocks,
And far beneath the matted roots of trees,
And in the gnarled heart of stubborn oaks,
To they might live for ever in the light
Of her sweet presence—each a satellite.

XXIII.
This may not be," the wizard maid replied;
"The fountains where the Naiades bedew
Their shining hair, at length are drain'd and dried;
The solid rocks forget their strength, and strew
Their latest leaf upon the mountains wide;
The boundless ocean, like a drop of dew,
Will be consumed—the stubbom centre must
Be scatter'd, like a cloud of summer dust.

XXIV.
And ye with them will perish one by one:
If I must sigh to think that this shall be,
If I must weep when the surviving Sun
Shall smile on your decay—Oh, ask not me
To love you till your little race is run;
I cannot die as ye must—over me
Your leaves shall glance—the streams in which ye
dwell
Shall be my paths henceforth, and so, farewell!"

XXV.
She spoke and wept: the dark and azure well
Sparkled beneath the shower of her bright tears,
And every little circle where they fell,
Plunging to the cavern-roof inconstant spheres
And intertingled lines of light—a knell
Of sobbing voices came upon her ears
From those departing Forms, o'er the serene
Of the white streams and of the forest green.

XXVI.
All day the wizard lady sat aloof,
Spelling out scrolls of dread antiquity
Under the cavern's fountain-lighted roof;
Or brodering the pictured poesy
Of some high tale upon her growing wood,
Which the sweet splendor of her smiles could dye
In hues outshining Heaven—and ever she
Added some grace to the wrought poesy.

XXVII.
While on her hearth lay blazing many a piece
Of sandal-wood, rare gums and cinnamon;
Men scarcely know how beautiful fire is,
Each flame of it is as a precious stone
Dissolved in ever-moving light, and this
Belongs to each and all who gaze upon.
The Witch beheld it not, for in her hand
She held a woof that dimm'd the burning brand.

XXVIII.
This lady never slept, but lay in trance
All night within the fountain—as in sleep.
Its emerald crags glow'd in her beauty's glance:
Through the green splendor of the water deep
She saw the constellations reel and dance
Like fire-flies—and withal did ever keep
The tenor of her contemplations calm,
With open eyes, closed feet and folded palm.

XXIX.
And when the whirlwinds and the clouds descended
From the white pinnacles of that cold hill,
She past at dewfall to a space extended,
Where in a lawn of flowering aspodels,
Amid a wood of pines and cedars blended,
There yawn'd an inextinguishable well
Of crimson fire, full even to the brink,
And overflaying all the margin trim.

XXX.
Within the which she lay when the fierce war
Of wintry winds shook that innocuous liquor
In many a mimic noon and bearded star,
O'er woods and lawns—the serpent heard it flicker
In sleep, and dreaming still, he crept afar
And when the windless snow descended thicker
Than autumn leaves, she watch'd it as it came
Melt on the surface of the level flame.

XXXI.
She had a Boat which some say Vulcan wrought
For Venus, as the chariot of her star;
But it was found too feeble to be fraught
With all the arors in that sphere which are,
And so she sold it, and Apollo bought,
And gave it to this daughter: from a car
Changed to the fairest and the lightest boat
Which ever upon mortal stream did float.

XXXII.
And others say, that when but three hours old,
The first-born Love out of his cradle leapt,
And clove dun Chaos with his wings of gold,
And like a horticultural adept,
Stole a strange seed, and wrapt it up in mould,
And sow'd it in his mother's star, and kept
Watering it all the summer with sweet dew,
And with his wings fanning it as it grew.

XXXIII.
The plant grew strong and green—the snowy flower
Fell, and the long and gourd-like fruit began
To turn the light and dew by inward power
To its own substance; woven tracery ran
Of light firm texture, ribb'd and branching, o'er
The solid rind, like a leaf's veined fan,
Of which Love scoop'd this boat, and with soft motion
Piloted it round the circumfuluous ocean.
XXXIV.
This boat she moor'd upon her fount; and lit
A living spirit within all its frame,
Breathing the soul of swiftness into it.
Couch'd on the fountain like a panther tame,
One of the twain at Evan's feet that sit;
Or as on Vesta's sceptre a swift flame,
Or on blind Homer's heart a winged thought,—
In joyous expectation lay the boat.

XXXV.
Then by strange art she kneaded fire and snow
Together, tempering the repugnant mass
With liquid love—all things together grow
Through which the harmony of love can pass;
And a fair Shape out of her hands did flow
A living Image, which did far surpass
In beauty that bright shape of vital stone
Which drew the heart out of Pygmalion.

XXXVI.
A sexless thing it was, and in its growth
It seem'd to have developed no defect
Of either sex, yet all the grace of both,—
In gentleness and strength its limbs were deck'd;
The bosom lightly swell'd with its full youth,
The countenance was such as might select
Some artist that his skill should never die,
Imaging forth such perfect purity.

XXXVII.
From its smooth shoulders hung two rapid wings,
Fit to have borne it to the seventh sphere,
Tipt with the speed of liquid lightnings,
Dyed in the odors of the atmosphere:
She led her creature to the boiling springs
Where the light boat was moor'd,—and said—
"Sit here!"
And pointed to the prow, and took her seat
Beside the rudder with opposing feet.

XXXVIII.
And down the streams which clove these mountains vast
Around their inland islets, and amid
The panther-peopled forests, whose shade cast
Darkness and odors, and a pleasure hid
In melancholy gloom, the pinnacle past;
By many a star-surrounded pyramid
Of icy crag cleaving the purple sky,
And cavern yawning round infaomitably.

XXXIX.
The silver noon into that dwelling dell,
With slanted gleam athwart the forest tops,
Temper'd like golden evening, feebly fell;
A green and glowing light, like that which drops
From folded lilies in which glow-worms dwell,
When earth over her face night's mantle wraps;
Between the seven'd mountains lay on high
Over the stream, a narrow rift of sky.

XL.
And ever as she went, the Image lay
With folded wings and unawaken'd eyes;
And o'er its gentle countenance did play
The busy dreams, as thick as summer flies,
Chasing the rapid smiles that would not stay,
And drinking the warm tears, and the sweet sighs
Inhaling, which, with busy murm'ring vain,
They had aroused from that full heart and brain.

XLI.
And ever down the prone vale, like a cloud
Upon a stream of wind, the pinnacle went:
Now lingering on the pools, in which abode
The calm and darkness of the deep content
In which they paused; now o'er the shallow road
Of white and dancing waters all besprent
With sands and polish'd pebbles——mortal boat
In such a shallow rapid could not float.

XLII.
And down the earthquakeing cataracts which shive
Their snow-like waters into golden air,
Or under chasms unfasthiable ever
Sepulchre them till in their rage they tear
A subterranean portal for the river,
It fled—the circling sunbow's did upbear
Its fall down the hoar precipice of spray,
Lighting it far upon its lampeless way.

XLIII.
And when the wizard lady would ascend
The labyrinths of some many-winding vale,
Which to the inmost mountain upward tend—
She call'd "Hermaphroditus!" and the pale
And heavy hue which slumber could extend
Over its lips and eyes, as on the gale
A rapid shadow from a slope of grass,
Into the darkness of the stream did pass.

XLIV.
And it unfurl'd its Heaven-color'd pinions,
With stars of fire spotting the stream below,
And from above into the Sun's dominions
Flinging a glory, like the golden glow
In which spring clothes her emerald-winged minia
All interwoven with fine feathery snow
And moonlight splendor of intensest rime,
With which frost paints the pines in winter-time.

XLV.
And then it winnow'd the Elysian air
Which ever hung about that lady bright,
With its ethereal vans—and speedin there,
Like a star up the torrent of the night,
Or a swift eagle in the morning glare
Breasting the whirlwind with impetuous flight;
The pinnacle, oar'd by those enchanted wings,
Clove the fierce streams towards their upper spring.

XLVI.
The water flash'd like sunlight, by the prow
Of a noon-wandering meteor flung to Heaven;
The still air seem'd as if its waves did flow
In tempest down the mountains,—loosely drive
The lady's radiant hair stream'd to and fro:
Beneath, the billows having vainly striven
Indignant and impetuous, roar'd to feel
The swift and steady motion of the keel.

XLVII.
Or, when the weary moon was in the wane,
Or in the noon of interlunar night,
The lady-witch in visions could not chain
Her spirit; but sail'd forth under the light
Of shooting stars, and bade extend amain
His storm-outspeeding wings, th' Hermaphrodit
She to the Austral waters took her way,
Beyond the fabulous Thamondoa.
XLVIII.

Here, like a meadow which no scythe has shaven,
Which rain could never bend, or whirl-blast shake
With the Antarctic constellations heaven,
Canopus and his crew; lay th' Antarctic lake—
Here she would build herself a windless haven
Out of the clouds whose moving torrents make
Her chastions of the storm, when through the sky
She spirits of the tempest thunder'd by.

XLIX.

Haven, beneath whose translucant floor
The tremulous stars sparkled unfathomably,
And round which, the solid vapors hoar,
Based on the level waters, to the sky
Dit their dreadful crags; and like a shore
Of wintry mountains, inaccessibly
Laid in with rifts and precipices gray,
And hanging crags, many a cove and bay.

L.

And whilst the outer lake beneath the lash
Of the winds' scourge, foam'd like a wounded thing;
And the incessant hail with stony clash
Plow'd up the waters, and the flagging wing
Of the roused coromant in the lightning flash
Look'd like the wreck of some wind-swarding segment of inkys thunder-smoke—this haven
Was as a gem to copy Heaven engraven.

L.

In which that lady play'd her many pranks,
Circling the image of a shooting star,
As a tiger on Hysaspes' banks
Outspeeds the antelopes which speediest are,
Her light boat; and many quips and cranks
She play'd upon the water; till the car
Of the late moon, like a sick matron wan,
To journey from the misty east began.

LII.

And then she call'd out of the hollow turrets
Of those high clouds, white, golden and vermilion,
The armies of her ministering spirits—
In mighty legions, million after million,
They came, each troop emblazoning its merits
On meteor flags; and many a proud pavilion,
Of the intertexture of the atmosphere,
They pitch'd upon the plain of the calm mere.

LIII.

They framed the imperial tent of their great Queen
Of woven exhalations, underlaid
With lambent lightning-fire, as may be seen
A dome of thin and open ivory inlaid
With crimson silk—crestssets from the serene
Hung there, and on the water for her tread,
A tapestry of fleece-like mist was strewn,
Dyed in the beams of the ascending moon.

LIV.

And on a throne o'erlaid with star-light, caught
Upon those wandering isles of aery dew,
Which highest shoals of immortal shipwreck not,
She sat, and heard all that had happen'd new
Between the earth and moon since they had brought
The last intelligence— and now she grew
Pale as that moon, lost in the watery night—
And now she wept, and now she laugh'd outright.

LV.

These were tame pleasures— she would often climb
The steepest ladder of the cruddled rack
Up to some beaked cape of cloud sublime,
And like Arion on the dolphin's back
Ride singing through the shoreless air. Off-time
Following the serpent lightning's winding track
She ran upon the platforms of the wind,
And laugh'd to hear the fire-balls roar behind.

LVI.

And sometimes to those streams of upper air,
Which whirl the earth in its diurnal round,
She would ascend, and win the spirits there
To let her join their chorus. Mortals found
That on those days the sky was calm and fair,
And mystic snatches of harmonious sound
Wander'd upon the earth where'er she past,
And happy thoughts of hope, too sweet to last.

LVII.

But her choice sport was in the hours of sleep,
To glide adown old Nius, where he threads
Egypt and Æthiopia, from the steep
Of utmost Aemum, until he spreads,
Like a calm flock of silver-fleece sheep,
His waters on the plain; and crested heads
Of cities and proud temples gleam amid,
And many a vapor-belted pyramid.

LVIII.

By Mers or the Marceotid lakes,
Strew'd with faint blooms like bridal-chamber floors,
Where naked boys brilling tame watersnakes,
Or chariotteering ghastly alligators,
Had left on the sweet waters mighty wakes
Of those huge forms— within the brazen doors
Of the great Labyrinth slept both boy and beast,
Tired with the pomp of their Osaian feast.

LIX.

And where within the surface of the river
The shadows of the massy temples lie,
And never are erased—but tremble ever
Like things which every cloud can doom to die,
Through lotus-paven canals, and wheresoever
The works of man pierced that serenest sky
With tombs, and towers, and fanes, 'twas her delight
To wander in the shadow of the night.

LX.

With motion like the spirit of that wind
Whose soft step deepens slumber, her light feet
Past through the peopled haunts of human-kind,
Scattering sweet visions from her presence sweet,
Through fane and palace-court and labyrinth mined
With many a dark and subterranean street
Under the Nile; through chambers high and deep
She past, observing mortals in their sleep.

LXI.

A pleasure sweet doubtless it was to see
Mortals subdued in all the shapes of sleep,
Here lay two sister-twins in infancy;
There, a lone youth who in his dreams did weep
Within, two lovers link'd innocently
In their loose locks which over both did creep
Like ivy from one stem; — and there lay calm,
Old age with snow-bright hair and folded palm
LXII.
But other troubled forms of sleep she saw,
Not to be mirror'd in a holy song,
Distortions foul of supernatural awe,
And pale imaginings of vision'd wrong,
And all the code of custom's lawless law.
Written upon the brows of old and young:
'This," said the wizard maiden, "is the strife,
Which stirs the liquid surface of man's life."

LXIII.
And little did the sight disturb her soul—
We, the weak mariners of that wide lake,
Where'er its shores extend or billows roll,
Our course unpiointed and starless make
O'er its wide surface to an unknown goal—
But she in the calm depths her way could take,
Where in bright bowers immortal forms abide,
Beneath the weeping of the restless tide.

LXIV.
And she saw princes couch'd under the glow
Of sunlike gems; and round each temple-court
In dormitories ranged, row after row,
She saw the priests asleep,—all of one sort,
For all were educated to be so;—
The peasants in their huts, and in the port
The sailors she saw cradled on the waves,
And the dead full'd within their dreamless graves.

LXV.
And all the forms in which those spirits lay
Were to her sight like the diaphanous
Veils, in which those sweet ladies oft array
Their delicate limbs, who would conceal from us
Only their scorn of all concealment: they
Move in the light of their own beauty thus.
But these, and all, now lay with sleep upon them,
And little thought a Witch was looking on them.

LXVI.
She all those human figures breathing there
Beheld as living spirits—to her eyes
The naked beauty of the soul lay bare,
And often through a rude and worn disguise
She saw the inner form most bright and fair—
And then,—she had a charm of strange device,
Which murmur'd on mute lips with tender tone,
Could make that spirit mingle with her own.

LXVII.
Alas, Aurora! what wouldst thou have given,
For such a charm, when Tithon became gray!
Or how much, Venus, of thy silver Heaven
Would'st thou have yielded, ere Proserpina
Had half (oh! why not all?) the debt forgiven
Which dear Adonis had been doom'd to pay,
To any witch who would have taught you it?
The Heliad doth not know its value yet.

LXVIII.
'Tis said in after-times her spirit free
Knew what love was, and felt itself alone—
But holy Dion could not chaster be
Before she stoop'd to kiss Endymion,
Than now this lady—like a sexless bee
Tasting all blossoms, and confined to none—
Among those mortal forms, the wizard maiden
Pass'd with an eye serene and heart unladen.

LXIX.
To those she saw most beautiful, she gave
Strange panacea in a crystal bowl.
They drank in their deep sleep of that sweet way
And lived thenceforth as if some control
Mightier than life, were in them; and the grave
Of such, when death oppress'd the weary soul,
Was as a green and over-arching bower,
Lit by the gems of many a starry flower.

LXX.
For on the night that they were buried, she
Restored the embalmers' ruin'd, and shook
The light out of the funeral lamps, to be
A mimic day within that deathly nook;
And she unwound the waven imagery
Of second childhood's swaddling-bands, and took
The coffin, its last cradle, from its niche,
And threw it with contempt into a ditch.

LXXI.
And there the body lay, age after age,
Mute, breathing, beating, warm, and undecay'd
Like one asleep in a green hermitage.
With gentle sleep about its eyelids playing,
And living in its dreams beyond the rage
Of death or life; while they were still array'd
In liveries ever new, the rapid, blind
And fleeting generations of mankind.

LXXII.
And she would write strange dreams upon the bi
Of those who were less beautiful, and make
All harsh and crooked purposes more vain
Than in the desert is the serpent's wake
Which the sand covers,—all his evil gain
The miser in such dreams would rise and shake
Into a beggar's lap,—the lying scribe
Would his own lies betray without a bribe.

LXXIII.
The priests would write an explanation full,
Translating hieroglyphics into Greek,
How the god Apis really was a bull,
And nothing more; and bid the herald stick
The same against the temple-doors, and pull
The old cant down; they licensed all to speak
What'er they thought of hawks, and cats, and ge
By pastoral letters to each diocese.

LXXIV.
The king would dress an ape up in his crown
And robes, and seat him on his glorious seat,
And on the right hand of the sunlike throne
Would place a gaudy mock-bird to repeat
The chattering of the monkey.—Every one
Of the prone courtiers crawl'd to kiss the feet
Of their great Emperor when the morning came
And kiss'd—alas, how many kiss the same!

LXXV.
The soldiers dream'd that they were blackamiths,
Walk'd out of quarters in somnambulism:
Round the red anvils you might see them stand
Like Cyclopes in Vulcan's sooty abyss,
Beating their swords to plowshares,—in a band
The jailers sent those of the liberal schism
Free through the streets of Memphis; much, I w
To the annoyance of king Amasis.
LXXVI.

nd timid lovers, who had been so coy
They hardly knew whether they loved or no,
Could rise out of their rest, and take sweet joy,
To the fulfilment of their inmost thought;
nd when next day the maiden and the boy
Met one another, both, like sinners caught,
ush'd at the thing which each believed was done
ily in fancy—till the tenth moon shone;

LXXVII.

nd then the Witch would let them take no ill:
Of many thousand schemes which lovers find
the Witch found one,—and so they took their fill
Of happiness in marriage warm and kind.
ends who by practice of some envious skill
Were torn apart, a wide wound, mind from mind!
he did unite again with visions clear
f deep affection and of truth sincere.

LXXVIII.

these were the pranks she play'd among the cities
Of mortal men, and what she did to sprites
And gods, entangling them in her sweet ditties
To do her will, and show their subtle sleights,
will declare another time; for it is
A tale more fit for the weird winter nights—
than for these garish summer days, when we
scarce believe much more than we can see.

THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE.

swift as a spirit hastening to his task
If glory and of good, the Sun sprang forth
Rejoicing in his splendor, and the mask
Of darkness fell from the awaken'd Earth—
The smokeless altars of the mountain snows
Flame'd above crimson clouds, and at the birth
Of light, the Ocean's orison arose,
To which the birds temper'd their matin lay;
All flowers in field or forest which uncloze
Their trembling eyelids to the kiss of day,
Swinging their censers in the element,
With orient incense lit by the new ray,
Burn'd slow and inconsumably, and sent
Their odorous sighs up to the smiling air;
And, in succession due, did continent,

isle, ocean, and all things that in them wear
The form and character of mortal mould,
Rise as the sun their father rose, to bear
Their portion of the toil, which he of old
Took as his own and then imposed on them:
But I, whom thoughts which must remain untold
Had kept as wakeful as the stars that gem
The cone of night, now they were laid asleep,
Stretch'd my faint limbs beneath the hoary stem
Which an old chestnut flung athwart the steep
Of a green Aspen: before me fled
The night; behind me rose the day; the deep

Was at my feet, and Heaven above my head,
When a strange trance over my fancy grew,
Which was not slumber, for the shade it spread

Was so transparent, that the scene came through
As clear as when a veil of light is drawn
O'er evening hills they glimmer; and I knew
That I had felt the freshness of that dawn.
Bathed in the same cold dew my brow and hair,
And sate as thus upon that slope of lawn
Under the selfsame bough, and heard as there
The birds, the fountains, and the ocean hold
Sweet talk in music through the enamor'd air,
And then a vision on my brain was roll'd.

As in that trance of wondrous thought I lay,
This was the tenor of my waking dream—
Methought I sate beside a public way

Thick strewn with summer dust, and a great stream
Of people there was hurrying to and fro,
Numerous as gnats upon the evening gleam,

All hastening onward; yet none seem'd to know
Whither he went, or whence he came, or why
He made one of the multitude, and so

Was borne amid the crowd, as through the sky
One of the million leaves of summer's hier;
Old age and youth, manhood and infancy,
Mix'd in one mighty torrent did appear,
Some flying from the thing they fear'd, and some
Seeking the object of another's fear;

And others, as with steps towards the tomb,
Pored on the trodden worms that crawl'd beneath;
And others mournfully within the gloom
Of their own shadow walk'd, and call'd it death;
And some fled from it as it were a ghost,
Half fainting in the affliction of vain breath:

But more, with motions which each other cross,
Pursued or spur'd the shadows the clouds throw,
Or birds within the noonday ether lost,

Upon that path where flowers never grew,
And weary with vain toil and faint for thirst,
Heard not the fountains, whose melodious dew

Out of their mossy cells for ever burst;
Nor felt the breeze which from the forest told
Of grassy paths and wood, lawn-interspersed,

With overarchlng elms and caverns cold,
And violet banks where sweet dreams brood, but they
Pursued their serious folly as of old.

And as I gazed, methought that in the way
The thong grew wilder, as the woods of June
When the south wind shakes the extinguish'd day;
And a cold glare, intenser than the noon,
But icy cold, obscured with [blinding] light
The sun, as he the stars. Like the young moon,

When on the sunlit limits of the night
Her white shell trembles amid crimson air,
And whilst the sleeping tempest gathers might,

Doth, as the herald of its coming, bear
The ghost of its dead mother, whose dim brow
Bends in dark other from her infant's chair,—

So came a chariot on the silent storm
Of its own rushing splendor, and a Shape
So sate within, as one whom years deform,

Beneath a dusky hood and double cape,
Crouching within the shadow of a tomb;
And o'er what seem'd the head a cloud-like crape

Was bent, a dun and faint ethereal gloom
Tempering the light upon the chariot beam;
A Janus-visaged shadow did assume

The guidance of that wonder-winged team;
The shapes which drew it in thick lightnings
Were lost:—I heard alone on the air's soft stream

The music of their ever-moving wings.
All the four faces of that charioteer
Had their eyes banded; little profit brings

Speed in the van and blindness in the rear,
Nor then avail the beams that quench the sun,
Or that with banded eyes could pierce the sphere

Of all that is, has been or will be done;
So ill was the car guided—but it past
With solemn speed majestically on.

The crowd gave way, and I arose aghast,
Or seemed to rise, so mighty was the trance,
And saw, like clouds upon the thunder's blast,

The million with fierce song and manic dance
Raging around—such seem'd the jubilee
As when to meet some conqueror's advance

Imperial Rome pour'd forth her living sea,
From senate-house, and forum, and theatre,
When [ ] upon the sea

Had bound a yoke, which soon they stoop'd to bear.
Nor wanted here the just similitude
Of a triumphal pageant, for where'er

The chariot roll'd, a captive multitude
Was driven;—all those who had grown old in power
Or misery,—all who had their age subdued

By action or by suffering, and whose hour
Was drain'd to its last sand in weal or woe,
So that the trunk survived both fruit and flower;—

All those whose fame or infamy must grow
Till the great winter lay the form and name
Of this green earth with them for ever low;—

All but the sacred few who could not tame
Their spirits to the conquerors—but as soon
As they had touch'd the world with living flame,

Fled back like eagles to their native noon;
Or those who put aside the diadem
Of earthly thrones or gems [ ]

Were there, of Athens or Jerusalem,
Were neither 'mid the mighty captives seen,
Nor 'mid the rabid crowd that follow'd them,

Nor those who went before fierce and obscene.
The wild dance maddens in the van, and those
Who lead it, fleet as shadows on the green,

Outspeed the chariot, and without repose
Mix with each other in tempestuous measure
To savage music; wilder as it grows,

They, tortured by their agonizing pleasure,
Convulsed and on the rapid whirlwinds spun
Of that fierce spirit, whose unholy leisure

Was soothed by mischief since the world begun
Throw back their heads and loose their streaming hate
And in their dance round her who dims the sun,

Maidens and youths fling their wild arms in air;
As their feet twinkle, they recede, and now
Bending within each other's atmosphere

Kindle invisibly—and as they glow,
Like moths by light attracted and repelle'd,
Oft to their bright destruction come and go,

Till, like two clouds into one vale impell'd,
That shake the mountains when their lightnings mingle
And die in rain,—the fiery band which held

Their natures, snap—the shock still may tingle;
One falls and then another in the path
Senseless—nor is the desolation single;

Yet ere I can say where—the chariot hath
Past over them—nor other trace I find
But as of foam after the ocean's wrath

Is spent upon the desert shore:—behind,
Old men and women foully disarray'd,
Shake their gray hairs in the insulting wind,

To seek, to [ ] to strain with limbs decay'd,
Limping to reach the light which leaves them still
Farther behind and deeper in the shade.

But not the less with impotence of will
They wheel, though ghastly shadows interpose
Round them and round each other, and fulfill

Their work, and in the dust from whence they rose
Sink, and corruption veils them as they lie,
And past in these performs what [ ] in those

Struck to the heart by this sad pageantry,
Half to myself I said—and what is this?
Whose shape is that within the car? And why—
would have added—is all here amiss?—

If a voice answer'd—"Life!"—I turn'd, and knew

that what I thought was an old root which grew

in the grass, that methought hung so wide

and white, but his thin discolor'd hair, and

that the holes it vainly sought to hide,

for there or had been eyes—"If thou canst forbear

to join the dance, which I had well forborne!"

As the grim Feature of the pageant since the morn;

f a thirst of knowledge shall not then abate,

flow it thou even to the night, but I

am weary."—Then like one who with the weight

of his own words is stagger'd, wearily

I paused; and ere he could resume, I cried:

"first, who art thou?"—Before thy memory,

feard, loved, hated, suffer'd, did and died,

and if the spark with which Heaven lit my spirit

had been with purer sentiment sown,

Corruption would not now thus much inherit

what was once Rousseau,—nor this disguise

dint'd that which ought to have disdain'd to wear it;

if I have been extinguish'd, yet there rise

thousand beacons from the spark I bore"—

and who are those chain'd to the car?"

"The wise,

the great the unforgotten,—they who wore

styes and helms and crowns, or wreaths of light,

gras of thought's empire over thought—their lore

caught them not this, to know themselves; their might

old not repress the mystery within,

ad for the morn of truth they feign'd, deep night

caught them ere evening."—"Who is he with chin

pons his breast, and hands crost on his chain?"

The Child of a fierce hour; he sought to win

The world, and lost all that it did contain

greatness, in its hope destroy'd; and more

fame and peace than virtue's self can gain,

Without the opportunity which bore

im on its eagle pinions to the peak

on which a thousand climbers have before

fall'n, as Napoleon fell."—I felt my cheek

for, to see the shadow pass away

those grasp had left the giant world so weak;

unt every pigny kick'd it as it lay;

and much I grieved to think how power and will

opposition rule our mortal day,

And why God made irreconcilable

Good and the means of good; and for despair

I half disdain'd mine eyes' desire to fill

With the spent vision of the times that were

And scarce have ceased to be—"Dost thou behold,"

said my guide, 'those spoilers spoil'd, Voltaire,

"Frederic, and Paul, Catherine, and Leopold,

And hoary anarchs, demagogues, and sage—

—names the world thinks always old,

"For in the battle, life and they did wage,

She remain'd conqueror. I was overcome

By my own heart alone, which neither age,

"Nor tears, nor infamy, nor now the tomb,

Could temper to its object. —"Let them pass,"

I cried, "the world and its mysterious doom

"Is not so much more glorious than it was,

That I desire to worship those who drew

New figures on its false and fragile glass

"As the old faded."—"Figures ever new

Rise on the bubble, paint them as you may;

We have but thrown, as those before us threw,

"Our shadows on it as it pass'd away.

But mark how chain'd to the triumphall chain

The mighty phantoms of an elder day;

"All that is mortal of great Plato there

Expiates the joy and woe his master knew not;

The star that ruled his doom was far too fair,

"And life, where long that flower of Heaven grew not,

Conquer'd that heart by love, which gold, or pain,

Or age, or sloth, or slavery could subdue not.

"And near walk the [ ] twain,

The tutor and his pupil, whom Dominion

Follow'd as tame as vulture in a chain.

"The world was darken'd beneath either pinion

Of him whom from the flock of conquerors

Fame singled out for her thunder-bearing minion;

"The other long outlived both woes and wars,

Throned in the thoughts of men, and still had kept

The jealous key of truth's eternal doors,

"If Bacon's eagle spirit had not leapt

Like lightning out of darkness—he compell'd

The Proteus shape of Nature as it slept

"To wake, and lead him to the caves that held

The treasure of the secrets of its reign.

See the great bards of elder time, who quell'd

The passions which they sung, as by their strain

May well be known: their living melody

Tempers its own contagion to the vein

"Of those who are infected with it—I

Have suffer'd what I wrote, or viler pain!

And so my words have seeds of misery"—

443
The sun linger'd o'er his ocean floor,
To gild his rival's new prosperity.
Thou wouldst forget thus vainly to deplore
Ills, which if ills can find no cure from thee,
The thought of which no other sleep will quell.

Nor other music blot from memory,

So sweet and deep is the oblivious spell;
And whether life had been before that sleep
The heaven which I imagine, or a hell.

Like this harsh world in which I wake to weep
I know not. I arose, and for a space
The scene of woods and waters seem'd to keep,

Though it was now broad day, a gentle trace
Of light diviner than the common sun
Sheds on the common earth, and all the place

Was fill'd with magic sounds woven into one
Oblivious melody, confusing sense
Amid the gliding waves and shadows dun;

And, as I look'd, the bright omnipresence
Of morning through the orient cavern flow'd,
And the sun's image radiantly intense

Burn'd on the waters of the well that glow'd
Like gold, and threaded all the forest's maze
With winding paths of emerald fire; there stood

Amid the sun, as he amid the blaze
Of his own glory, on the vibrating
Floor of the fountain, paved with flashing rays.

A Shape all light, which with one hand did flin.
Dew on the earth, as if she were the dawn,
And the invisible rain did ever sing

A silver music on the mossy lawn;
And still before me on the dusky grass,
Iris her many-color'd scarf had draw'd:

In her bright hand she bore a crystal glass,
Mantling with bright Nepenthe; the fierce spher
Fell from her as she moved under the mass

Out of the deep cavern, with palms so tender,
Their tread broke not the mirror of its billow;
She glided along the river, and did bend her

Head under the dark boughs, till like a willow
Her fair hair swept the bosom of the stream
That whisper'd with delight to be its pillow.

As one enamor'd is upborne in dream
O'er lily-paven lakes 'mid silver mist,
To wondrous music, so this shape might seem

Partly to tread the waves with feet which kiss
The dancing foam; partly to glide along
The air which roughen'd the moist amethyst,

Or the faint morning beams that fell among
The trees, or the soft shadows of the trees;
And her feet, ever to the ceaseless song
"Of leaves, and winds, and waves, and birds, and bees,"  
And falling drops, moved to a measure new;  
Yet sweet, as on the summer evening breeze,  

"Up from the lake a shape of golden dew  
Between two rocks, athwart the rising moon,  
Dances 'tis the wind, where never eagle flew;  

"And still her feet, no less than the sweet tune  
To which they moved, seem'd as they moved, to blot  
The thoughts of him who gazed on them; and soon  

"All that was, seem'd as if it had been not;  
And all the gazer's mind was strewn beneath  
Her feet like embers; and she, thought by thought,  

"Trampled its sparks into the dust of death;  
As day upon the threshold of the east  
Treads out the lamps of night, until the breath  

"Of darkness reillumine even the least  
Of heaven's living eyes—like day she came,  
Making the night a dream; and ere she ceased  

"To move, as one between desire and shame  
Suspended, I said—if, as it doth seem,  
Thou comest from the realm without a name,  

"Into this valley of perpetual dream,  
Show whence I came, and where I am, and why—  
Pass not away upon the passing stream.  

"Arise and quench thy thirst, was her reply.  
And as a shut lily, stricken by the wand  
Of dewy morning's vital alchemy,  

"I rose; and, bending at her sweet command,  
Touch'd with faint lips the cup she raised.  
And suddenly my brain became as sand  

"Where the first wave had more than half erased  
The track of deer on desert Labrador;  
Whilst the wolf, from which they fled amazed,  

"Leaves his stamp visibly upon the shore,  
Until the second bursts—so on my sight  
Burst a new vision, never seen before,  

"And the fair shape wan'd in the coming light,  
As veil by veil the silent splendor drops  
From Lucifer, amid the chrysolite  

"Of sun-rise, ere it tinge the mountain-tops;  
And as the presence of that fairest planet  
Although unseen, is felt by one who hopes  

"That his day's path may end as he began it,  
In that star's smile, whose light is like the scent  
Of a jonquil when evening breezes fan it,  

"Or the soft note in which his dear lament  
The Brescian shepherd breathes, or the caress  
That turn'd his weary slumber to content;"  

* The favorite song. "Stanco di pascolar le pecorelle;"  
is a Brescian national air.
The words of hate and care; the wondrous story
How all things are transfigured except Love;
For dear as is a sea, which wrath makes hoary.

The world can hear not the sweet notes that move
The sphere whose light is melody to lovers—
A wonder worthy of his rhyme—the grove.

Grew dense with shadows to its inmost covers,
The earth was gray with phantoms, and the air
Was peopled with dim forms, as when there hover

A flock of vampire-bats before the glare
Of the tropic sun, bringing, ere evening,
Strange night upon some Indian vale;—thus were

Phantoms diffused around; and some did fling
Shadows of shadows, yet unlike themselves;
Behind them; some like eaglets on the wing

Were lost in the white day; others like elves
Danced in a thousand unimaginied shapes
Upon the sunny streams and grassy shelves;

And others sate chattering like restless apes
On vulgar hands,
Some made a cradle of the erined capes.

Of kingly manes; some across the tire
Of pontiffs rode, like demons; others play’d
Under the crown which gilt with empire

A baby’s or an idiot’s brow, and made
Their nests in it. The old anatomies
Sate hatching their bare broods under the shade

Of demon wings, and laugh’d from their dead eyes
To resume the delegated power,
Array’d in which those worms did monochize,

Who make this earth their charnel. Others more
Humble, like falcons, sate upon the sat
Of common men, and round their heads did soar;

Or like small grats and flies, as thick as mist
On evening marches, throng’d about the brow
Of lawyers, statesmen, priest and theorist:—

And others, like discolor’d flakes of snow
On fairest bosoms and the sunniest hair,
Fell, and were melted by the youthful glow

Which they extinguish’d; and, like tears, they were
A veil to those from whose faint lids they rain’d
In drops of sorrow. I became aware

Of whence those forms proceeded which thus stain’d
The track in which we moved. After brief space,
From every form the beauty slowly waned;

From every fainest limb and fairest face
The strength and freshness fell like dust, and left
The action and the shape without the grace

Of life. The marble brow of youth was cleft
With care; and in those eyes where once hope shone,
Desire, like a lioness bereft

Of her last cub, glared ere it died; each one
Of that great crowd sent forth incessantly
These shadows, numerous as the dead leaves blown

In autumn evening from a poplar-tree.
Each like himself and like each other were
At first; but some distorted, seem’d to be

Obscure clouds, moulded by the casual air;
And of this stuff the car’s creative ray
Wrap’d all the busy phantoms that were there,

As the sun shapes the clouds; thus on the way
Mask after mask fell from the countenance
And form of all; and long before the day

Was old, the joy which waked like heaven’s glance
The sleepers in the oblivious valley, died;
And some grew weary of the ghastly dance,

And fell, as I have fallen; by the way-side:—
Those soonest from whose forms most shadows past,
And least of strength and beauty did abide.”

Then, what is life? I cried.”——

LINES WRITTEN AMONG THE EUGANEAN HILLS.
October, 1818.

These lines were written after a day’s excursion among
those lonely mountains which surround what was once
the retreat, and where is now the sepulchre, of Petrarch.
If any one is inclined to condemn the insertion of the in-
troductory lines, which image forth the sudden relief of a
state of deep despondency by the radiant visions disclosed
by the sudden burst of an Italian sunrise in autumns on
the highest peak of those delightful mountains, I can only
offer as my excuse, that they were not erased at the re-
quest of a dear friend, with whom added years of inter-
course only add to my apprehension of its value, and who
would have had more right than any one to complain,
that she has not been able to extinguish in me the very
power of delineating sadness.

Many a green isle needs must be
In the deep wide sea of misery,
Or the mariner, worn and wan,
Never thus could voyage on
Day and night, and night and day,
Drifting on his dreary way,
With the solid darkness black
Closing round his vessel’s track;
Whilst above, the sunless sky,
Big with clouds, hangs heavily,
And behind the tempest fleet
Hurries on with lightning feet,
Riving sail, and cord, and plank,
Till the ship has almost drank
Death from the o’er-brimming deep;
And sinks down, down, like that sleep
When the dreamer seems to be
Weltering through eternity;
And the dim low line before
Of a dark and distant shore
Still recedes, as ever still
Longing with divided will,
But no power to seek or shun,
He is ever drifted on
O'er the unrepose wave,
To the haven of the grave.
What, if there no friends will greet,
What, if there no heart will meet
His with love's impatient beat;
Wander wheresoe'er he may,
Can he dream before that day
To find a refuge from distress
In friendship's smile, in love's care?
Then 'twill wrench him little woe
Whether such there be or no:
Senseless is the breast, and cold,
Which relenting love would fold;
Bloodless are the veins and chill
Which the pulse of pain did fill;
Every little living nerve
That from bitter words did swerve
Round the tortured lips and brow,
Are like sapless leaflets now
Frozen upon December's bough.
On the beach of a northern sea
Which tempests shake eternally,
As once the wretch there lay to sleep,
Lies a solitary heap,
One white skull and seven dry bones,
On the margin of the stones,
Where a few gray rushes stand,
Boundaries of the sea and land:
Nor is heard one voice of wail
But the sea-mews', as they sail
O'er the billows of the gale;
Or the whirlwind up and down
Howling, like a slaughter'd town,
When a king in glory rides
Through the pomp of fratricides:
Those unburied bones around
There is many a mournful sound;
There is no lament for him,
Like a senseless valiant, chief,
Who once clothed with life and thought
What now moves nor murmurs not.

Ay, many flowering islands lie
In the waters of wide Agony:
To such a one this morn was led
My bark, by soft winds piloted.
Mid the mountains Euganean,
I stood listening to the pean
With which the legion rods did hail
The sun's uprise majestic;
Gathering round with wings all hoar,
Through the dewy mist they soar
Like gray shades, till th' eastern heaven
Bursts, and then, as clouds of even,
Fleck'd with fire and azure, lie
In the unfathomable sky,
So the r plumes of purple grain,
Starr'd with drops of golden rain,
Gleam above the sunlight woods,
As in silent multitudes
On the morning's fitful gale
Through the broken mist they sail,
And the vapors cloven and gleaming
Follow down the dark steep streaming,
Till all is bright, and clear, and still,
Round the solitary hill.

Beneath is spread like a green sea
The waveless plain of Lombardy,
Bound by the vaporous air,
Islanded by cities fair;
Underneath day's azure eyes
Ocean's nursling, Venice, lies,—
A peopled labyrinth of walls,
Amphitrite's destined halls,
Which her hoary sire now paves
With his blue and beammg waves.
Lo! the sun upsprings behind,
Broad, red, radiant, half-reclined
On the level quivering line
Of the waters crystalline;
And before that chasm of light,
As within a furnace bright,
Column, tower, and, dome, and spire,
Shine like obelisks of fire,
Pointing with inconstant motion
From the altar of dark ocean
To the sapphire-tinted skies;
As the flames of sacrifice
From the marble shrines did rise
As to pierce the dome of gold
Where Apollo spoke of old.

Sun-girt City! thou hast been
Ocean's child, and then his queer:
Now is come a darker day,
And thou soon must be his prey,
If the power that raised thee here
Hallow so thy watery bier,
A less drear ruin then than now,
With thy conquest-branded brow
Stooping to the slave of slaves
From thy throne, among the waves
Wilt thou be, when the sea-mew
Flies, as once before it flew,
O'er thine isles depopulate,
And all is in its ancient state,
Save where many a palace-gate
With green sea-flowers overgrown
Like a rock of ocean's own,
Topples o'er the abandon'd sea
As the tides change sullenly.
The fisher on his watery way,
Wandering at the close of day,
Will spend his sail and seize his oar
Till he pass the gloomy shore,
Lest thy dead should, from their sleep
Bursting o'er the starlight deep,
Lead a rapid masque of death
O'er the waters of his path.

Those who alone thy towers behold
Quivering through aerial gold,
As I now behold them here,
Would imagine not they were
Sepulchres, where human forms,
Like pollution-nourish'd worms,
To the corpse of greatness cling,
Murder'd, and now mouldering;

447
But if Freedom should awake
In her omnipotence, and shake
From the Celtic Anarch's hold
All the keys of dungeons cold,
Where a hundred cities lie
Chain'd like thee, ingloriously,
Thou and all thy sister band
Might adorn this sunny land,
Twining memories of old time
With new virtues more sublime;
If not, perish thou and they,
Clouds which stain truth's rising day
By her sun consumed away,
Earth can spare ye: while like flowers,
In the waste of years and hours,
From your dust new nations spring
With more kindly blooming.

Perish! let there only be
Floating o'er thy heartless sea,
As the garment of thy sky
Clothes the world immortally,
One remembrance, more sublime
Than the tatter'd pall of Time,
Which scarce hides thy visage wan,
That a tempest-cleaving swan
Of the songs of Albion,
Driven from his ancestral streams
By the might of evil dreams,
Found a nest in thee; and Ocean
Welcomed him with such emotion
That 's joy grew his, and sprung
From his lips like music flung
O'er a mighty thunder-fit,
Chastening terror; what though yet
Poesy's unfailing river,
Which through Albion winds for ever,
Lashing with melodious wave
Many a sacred poet's grave,
Mourn its latest nursing fled!
What though thou with all thy dead
Scarce can for this fame repay
Aught thine own,—oh, rather say,
Though thy sins and slaveries foul
Overcloud a sunlike soul!
As the ghost of Homer clings
Round Scamander's wasting springs;
As divinest Shakespeare's might
Fills Avon and the world with light,
Like omniscient power, which he
Imaged 'mid mortality;
As the love from Petrarch's urn,
Yet amid yon hills doth burn.
A quenchless lamp, by which the heart
Sees things unearthly; so thou art,
Mighty spirit: so shall be
The city that did refuge thee.

Lo, the sun floats up the sky
Like thought-winged Liberty,
Till the universal light
Seems to level plain and height;
From the sea a mist was spread,
And the beams of morn lie dead
On the towers of Venice now,
Like its glory long ago.

By the skirts of that gray cloud,
Many-domed Padua proud
Stands, a peopled solitude,
'Mid the harvest-shining plain,
Where the peasant heaps his grain
In the garner of his foe,
And the milk-white oxen slow
With the purple vintage strain,
Heap'd upon the creaking wain,
That the brutal Celt may swill
Drunken sleep with savage will;
And the sickle to the sword
Lies unchallenged, though many a lord,
Like a weed whose shade is poison,
Overgrows this region's foison,
Sheaves of whom are ripe to come
To destruction's harvest-home:
Men must reap the things they sow,
Force from force must ever flow,
Or worse; but 'tis a bitter woe
That love or reason cannot change
The despot's rage, the slave's revenge.

Padua, thou within whose walls
Those mute guests at festivals,
Son and Mother, Death and Sin,
Play'd at dice for Ezzelin,
Till Death cried, "I win, I win!"
And Sin cursed to lose the wager,
But Death promised, to assure her,
That he would petition for
Her to be made Vice-Emperor,
When the destined years were o'er,
Over all between the Po
And the eastern Alpine snow,
Under the mighty Austrian.
Sin smiled so as Sin only can,
And since that time, ay, long before,
Both have ruled from shore to shore,
That incestuous pair, who follow
Tyrants as the sun the swallow,
As Repentance follows Crime,
And as changes follow Time.

In thine halls the lamp of learning,
Padua, now no more is burning;
Like a meteor, whose wild way
Is lost over the grave of day,
It gleams betw'nd and to betw'ny
Once remotest nations came
To adore that sacred flame,
When it lit not many a hearth
On this cold and gloomy earth:
Now new fires from antique light
Spring beneath the wide world's might
But their spark lies dead in thee,
Trampled out by tyranny.
As the Norway woodman quells,
In the depth of piny dells,
One light flame among the brakes,
While the boundless forest shakes,
And its mighty trunks are torn
By the fire thus lowly born;
The spark beneath his feet is dead,
He starts to see the flames it fed
Howling through the darken'd sky
With a myriad tongues victoriously,
And sinks down in fear: so thou,
O tyranny! beholdest now
Light around thee, and thou hearest
The loud dames ascend, and fearest:
Grovel on the earth; ay, hide
In the dust thy purple pride!

Noon descends around me now:
'Tis the noon of autumn's glow,
When a soft and purple mist
Like a vaporous amethyst,
Or an air-dissolved star
Mingling light and fragrance, far
From the curved horizon's bound
To the point of Heaven's profound,
Fills the overflowing sky;
And the plains that silent lie
Underneath, the leaves unsodden
Where the infant frost has trodden,
With his morning-winged feet,
Whose bright print is gleaming yet;
And the red and golden vines,
Piercing with their trellis'd lines
The rough, dark-skirted wilderness;
The dun and bladed grass no less,
Pointing from this hony tower
In the windless air; the flower
Glimmering at my feet; the line
Of the olive-sandall'd Apennine
In the south dimly islanded;
And the Alps, whose snows are spread
High between the clouds and sun;
And of living things each one;
And my spirit, which so long
Darken'd this swift stream of song,
Interpenetrated lie
By the glory of the sky;
Be it love, light, harmony,
Odor, or the soul of all
Which from Heaven like dew doth fall,
Or the mind which feeds this verse
Peopling the lone universe.

Noon descends, and after noon
Autumn's evening meets me soon,
Leading the infantile moon,
And that one star, which to her
Almost seems to minister
Half the crimson light she brings
From the sunset's radiant springs:
And the soft dreams of the morn
(Which like winged winds had borne
To that silent isle, which lies
'Mid remember'd agonies,
The frail bark of this lone being),
Pass, to other sufferers fleeing,
And its ancient pilot, Pain,
Sits beside the helm again.

Other flowering isles must be
In the sea of life and agony:
Other spirits float and flee
'Over that gulf; even now, perhaps,
On some rock the wild wave wraps,

With folded wings they waiting sit
For my bark, to pilot it
To some calm and blooming cave,
Where for me, and those I love,
May a windless bower be built,
Far from passion, pain, and guilt,
In a dell 'mid lawny hills,
Which the wild sea-murmur fills,
And soft sunshine, and the sound
Of old forests echoing round,
And the light and smell divine
Of all flowers that breathe and shine.
We may live so happy there,
That the spirits of the air,
Envying us, may even entice
To our healing paradise
The painting multitude;
But their rage would be subdu'd
By that clime divine and calm,
And the winds, whose wings in balm
On the uplifted soul, and leaves
Under which the bright sea leaves;
While each breathless interval
In their whisperings musical
The inspired soul supplies
With its own deep melodies,
And the love which heals all strife
Circling, like the breath of life,
All things in that sweet abode
With its own mild brotherhood.
They, not it, would change; and soon
Every sprite beneath the moon
Would repel its envy vain,
And the earth grow young again.

LETTER TO ——

Leghorn, July 1, 1820.

The spider spreads her webs, whether she be
In poet's tower, cellar, or barn, or tree;
The silkworm in the dark-green mulberry-leaves
His winding sheet and cradle ever weaves;
So I, a thing whom moralists call worm,
Sit spinning still round this decaying form,
From the fine threads of rare and subtle thought—
No net of words in garish colors wrought
To catch the idle buzzers of the day—
But a soft cell, where, when that fades away.
Memory may clothe in wings my living name,
And feed it with the asphodels of fame,
Which in those hearts which most remember me
Grow, making love an immortality.

Whoever should behold me now, I wis,
Would think I were a mighty mechanist,
Bent with sublime Archimedean art
To breathe a soul into the iron heart
Of some machine portentous, or strange gin,
Which by the force of figured spells might win
Its way over the sea, and sport therein;
For round the walls are hung dread engines, such
As Vulcan never wrought for Jove to clutch.
Ixion or the Titan:—or the quick
Wit of that man of God, St. Dominic,
To convince Atheist, Turk, or Heretic;
Or those in philosophic councils met,
Who thought to pay some interest for the debt
They owed:

By giving a faint foretaste of damnation
To Shakspeare, Sidney, Spenser and the rest
Who made our land an island of the blest,
When lamp-like Spain, who now relumes her fire
On Freedom's hearth, grew dim with Empire—
With thumbscrews, wheels, with tooth and spike
and jag.

Which fishes found under the utmost crouch
Of Cornwall and the storm-encompass'd isles,
Where to the sky the rude sea seldom smiles
Unless in treacherous wrath, as on the morn
When the exulting elements in storm
Satiated with destroy'd destruction, lay
Sleeping in beauty on their mangled prey,
As panthers sleep: and other strange and dread
Magical forms the brick floor overspread—
Proteus transform'd to metal did not make
More figures, or more strange; nor did he take
Such shapes of unintelligible brass,
Or have himself in such a horrid mass
Of tin and iron not to be understood,
And forms of unimaginable wood,
To puzzle Tubal Cain and all his brood:
Great screws, and cones, and wheels, and grooved blocks,
The elements of what will stand the shocks
Of wave and wind and time.—Upon the table
More knacks and quips there be than I am able
To catalogize in this verse of mine:
A pretty bowl of wood—not full of wine,
But quicksilver; that dew which the gnomes drink
When at their subterranean toil they swink,
Pleading the demons of the earthquake, who
Reply to them in lava-cry, hallow!
And call out to the cities o'er their head.—
Roofs, towns and shrines,—the dying and the dead
Crash through the chinks of earth—and then all quaff
Another rouse, and hold their sides and laugh.
This quicksilver no gnome has drunk—within
The walnut bowl it lies, veined and thin,
In color like the wake of light that stains
The Tusean deep, when from the moist moon rains
The inmost shower of its white fire—the breeze
Is still—blue Heaven smiles over the pale seas.
And in this bowl of quicksilver—for I
Yield to the impulse of an infancy
Outlasting manhood—I have made to float
A rude idealism of a paper boat—
A hollow screw with cogs—Henry will know
The thing I mean and laugh at me,—if so
He fears not I should do more mischief.—Next
Lie bills and calculations much perplex,
With steam-boats, frigates, and machinery quaint
Traced over them in blue and yellow paint.
Then comes a range of mathematical
Instruments, for plans nautical and statistical,
A heap of rosins, a green broken glass
With ink in it—a china cup that was
What it will never be again, I think,
A thing from which sweet lips were wont to drink
The liquor doctors ral at—and which I
Will quaff in spite of them—and when we die
We'll toss up who died first of drinking tea,
And cry out,—heads or tails? where'er we be.

Near that a dusty paint-box, some old hooks,
A haliburton match, an ivory block, three books,
Where conic sections, spheres, logarithms,
To great Laplace, from Sauderson and Sims,
Lie heap'd in their harmonious disarray
Of figures,—disentangle them who may.
Baron de Tott's Memoirs beside them lie,
And some odd volumes of old chemistry.
Near them a most inexplicable thing
With least in the middle—I'm conjecturing
How to make Henry understand;—but—no,
I'll leave, as Spenser says, with many mo,
This secret in the pregnant womb of time,
Too vast a matter for so weak a rhyme.

And here like some weird Archimage sit I,
Plotting dark spells, and devilish enginey,
The self-impelling steam-wheels of the mind
Which pump up oaths from clergyven, and grind
The gentle spirit of our meek reviews
Into a powderly foam of salt abuse,
Ruffling the ocean of their self-content;
I sit—and smile or sigh as is my bent,
But not for them—Libeccio rushes round
With an inconstant and an idle sound;
I heed him more than them—the thunder-smoke
Is gathering on the mountains, like a clack.
Folded athwart their shoulders broad and bare;
The ripe corn under the undulating air
Undulates like an ocean;—and the vines
Are trembling wide in all their trella'd lines—
The murmur of the awakening sea doth fill
The empty pauses of the blast;—the hill
Looks hoary through the white electric rain,
And from the glens beyond, in sullen strain
The interrupted thunder howls; above
One chasm of Heaven smiles, like the age of love
On the unquiet world;—while such things are,
How could one worth your friendship heed the war
Of worms? The shriek of the world's carion jays,
Their censure, or their wonder, or their praise?

You are not here! the quaint witch Memory sees
In vacant chairs, your absent images,
And points where once you sat, and now should be.
But are not.—I demand if ever we
Shall meet as then we met;—and she replies,
Veiling in awe her second-sighted eyes;
"I know the past alone—but summon home
My sister Hope, she speaks of all to come."
But I, an old diviner, who know well
Every false verse of that sweet oracle,
Turn'd to the sad enchantress once again,
And sought a respite from my gentle pain,
In acting every passage o'er and o'er
Of our communion.—How on the sea-shore
We watch'd the ocean and the sky together,
Under the roof of blue Italian weather?
How I ran home through last year's thunder-storm
And felt the transverse lightning linger warm
Upon my cheek;—and how we often made
Treats for each other, where good-will outweigh'd
The frugal luxury of our country cheer,
As it well might, were it less firm and clear.
Than ours must ever be;—and how we spun
A shout of 'talk to hide us from the sun
Of this familiar life, which seems to be
But is not,—or is but quaint mockery.
Of all we would believe; or sadly blame
The jarring and inexplicable frame
Of this wrong world:—and then anatomize
The purposes and thoughts of men whose eyes
Were closed in distant years;—or widely guess
The issue of the earth's great business,
When we shall be as we no longer are;
Like babbling gossips safe, who hear the war
Of winds; and sigh, but tremble not; or how
You listen'd to some interrupted flow
Of visionary rhyme—in joy and pain
Struck from the inmost fountains of my brain,
With little skill perhaps;—or how we sought
These deepest wells of passion or of thought
Wrought by wise poets in the waste of years,
Staining the sacred waters with our tears;
Quenching a thirst ever to be renew'd!
Or how I, wisest lady! then indued
The language of a land which now is free,
And, wing'd with thoughts of truth and majesty,
Flits round the tyrant's sceptre like a cloud,
And bursts the peopled prisons, and cries aloud,
"My name is Legion!"—that majestic tongue
Which Calderon over the desert flung
Of ages and of nations; and which found
An echo in our hearts, and with the sound
Startled oblivion;—thou wert then to me
As is a nurse—when inartificately
A child would talk as its grown parents do.
If living winds the rapid clouds pursue,
If hawks chase doves through the aerial way,
Huntsmen the innocent deer, and beasts their prey,
Why should not we rouse with the spirit's blast
Out of the forest of the pathless past
These recollected pleasures?

You are now
In London, that great sea, whose ebb and flow
At once is deaf and loud, and on the shore
Vonits its wrecks, and still howls on for more.
Yet in its depth what treasures! You will see
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

PART I.

A Sensitive Plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the Spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the Spirit of Love felt everywhere;
And each flower and herb on Earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a dove in the noontide with love's sweet want,
As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snow-drop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mix'd with fresh odor, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

*1μηρος, from which the river Himera was named, is,
with some slight shade of difference, a synonyme of Love.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loneliness;

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green;

And the hyacint, purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odor within the sense;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath adrest,
Which unveil'd the depth of her glowing breast
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare:

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Menad, its moonlight-color'd cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant bosom
Was prankt under boughs of embowering blossom,
With golden and green light, slanting through
Their heaven of many a rangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulous,
And starry river-buds glimmer'd by,
And around them the soft stream did glide and dance
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss,
Which led through the garden along and across,
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
Some lost among bower's of blossoming trees,

Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,
And flowers which drooping as day droop'd too,
Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,
To roof the glow-worm from the evening dew.

And from this undefined Paradise
The flowers (as an infant's awakening eyes
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it),

When Heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,
Shone smiling to Heaven, and every one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun;

For each one was interpenetrated
With the light and the odor its neighbor shed,
Like young lovers whom youth and love make dea
Wrapp'd and fill'd by their mutual atmosphere.
But the Sensitive Plant which could give small fruit
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,
Received more than all, it loved more than ever,
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver—

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright flower;
Radiance and odor are not its dower;
It loves even like Love, its deep heart is full,
It desires what it has not, the beautiful!

The light winds which from unsustaining wings
Shed the music of many murmurings;
The beams which dart from many a star
Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar;

The plumed insects swift and free,
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,
Laden with light and odor, which pass
Over the gleam of the living grass;

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rises high,
Then wander like spirits among the spheres,
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears;

The quivering vapors of dim noontide,
Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide,
In which every sound, and odor, and beam,
Move, as reeds in a single stream;

Each and all like ministering angels were
For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear,
Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from Heaven above,
And the Earth was all rest, and the air was all love,
And delight, though less bright, was far more deep,
And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep,

And the beasts, and the birds, and the insects were
drown'd
In an ocean of dreams without a sound;
Whose waves never mark, though they ever impress
The light sand which paves it, consciousness;

Only overhead the sweet nightingale
Ever sung more sweet as the day might fail,
And snatches of its Elysian chant
Were mix'd with the dreams of the Sensitive Plant.

The Sensitive Plant was the earliest
Wepliher'd into the bosom of rest;
A sweet child weary of its delight,
The feeblest and yet the favorite
Drailed within the embrace of night.

PART II

There was a Power in this sweet place,
An Eve in this Eden; a ruling grace
Which to the flowers, did they awaken or dream,
Was as God is to the starry scheme.

A Lady, the wonder of her kind,
Whose form was upborne by a lovely mind,
Which, dilating, had moulded her mien and motion
Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the ocean,

Tended the garden from morn to even:
And the meteors of that sublunar Heaven,
Like the lamps of the air when night walks forth,
Laugh'd round her footsteps up from the Earth!

She had no companion of mortal race,
But her tremulous breath and her flushing face
Told, whilst the morn kiss'd the sleep from her eyes
That her dreams were less slumber than Paradise.

As if some bright Spirit for her sweet sake
Had deserted Heaven while the stars were awake,
As if yet around her he lingering were,
Though the veil of daylight conceale'd him from her.

Her step seem'd to pity the grass it press;
You might hear by the heaving of her breast,
That the coming and going of the wind
Brought pleasure there and left passion behind.

And wherever her airy footstep trod,
Her trailing hair from the grassy sod
Erased its light vestige, with shadowy sweep,
Like a sunny storm o'er the dark-green deep.

I doubt not the flowers of that garden sweet
Rejoiced in the sound of her gentle feet;
I doubt not they felt the spirit that came
From her glowing fingers through all their frame.

She sprinkled bright water from the stream
On those that were faint with the sunny beam;
And out of the cups of the heavy flowers
She emptied the rain of the thunder-showers.

She lifted their heads with her tender hands,
And sustain'd them with rods and osier bands;
If the flowers had been her own infants, she
Could never have nursed them more tenderly.

And all killing insects and gnawing worms,
And things of obscene and unlovely forms,
She bore in a basket of Indian wool,
Into the rough woods far afoof.

In a basket, of grasses and wild flowers full,
The freshest her gentle hands could pull
For the poor banish'd insects, whose intent,
Although they did ill, was innocent.

But the bee and the beamlike ephemeris,
Whose path is the lightning's, and soft moths that kiss
The sweet lips of the flowers, and harm not, did she
Make her attendant angels be.

And many an antennal tomb,
Where butterflies dream of the life to come,
She left clinging round the smooth and dark
Edge of the odorous cedar bark.

This fairest creature from earliest spring
Thus moved through the garden ministering
All the sweet season of summer-tide,
And ere the first leaf look'd brown—she died!
PART III.

Three days the flowers of the garden fair,
Like stars when the moon is awak'ned, were,
Or the waves of Baiae, ere luminous
She floats up through the smoke of Vesuvius.

And on the fourth, the Sensitive Plant
Felt the sound of the funeral chant,
And the steps of the bearers, heavy and slow,
And the sobs of the mourners deep and low;

The weary sound and the heavy breath,
And the silent motions of passing death,
And the smell, cold, oppressive, and dank,
Sent through the pores of the coffin plank;

The dark grass, and the flowers among the grass,
Were bright with tears as the crowd did pass;
From their sighs the wind caught a mournful tone,
And sate in the pines, and gave groan for groan.

The garden, once fair, became cold and foul,
Like the corpse of her who had been its soul;
Which at first was lovely as if in sleep,
Then slowly changed, till it grew a heap
To make men tremble who never weep.

Swift summer into the autumn flow'd,
And frost in the mist of the morning rode,
Though the noonday sun look'd clear and bright,
Mocking the spoil of the secret night.

The rose-leaves, like flakes of crimson snow,
Paved the turf and the moss below.
The lilies were dropping, and white, and wan,
Like the head and the skin of a dying man.

And Indian plants, of scent and hue
The sweetest that ever were fed on dew,
Leaf after leaf, day after day,
Were mass'd into the common clay.

And the leaves, brown, yellow, and gray, and red,
And white with the whiteness of what is dead,
Like troops of ghosts on the dry wind past;
Their whistling noise made the birds aghast.

And the gusty winds waked the winged seeds,
Out of their birth-place of ugly weeds,
Till they clung round many a sweet flower's stem,
Which rotted into the earth with them.

The water-blooms under the rivulet
Fell from the stalks on which they were set;
And the eddies drove them here and there,
As the winds did those of the upper air.

Then the rain came down, and the broken stalks,
Were bent and tangled across the walks;
The leafless net-work of parasite bowers
Mass'd into ruin, and all sweet flowers.

Between the time of the wind and the snow,
All loathliest weeds began to grow,
Whose course leaves were splash'd with many a speck,
Like the water-snake's belly and the toad's back.

And thistles, and nettles, and darnels rank,
And the dock, and henbane, and hornlock dank
Stretch'd out its long and hollow Shank,
And stiffed the air till the dead wind stank.

And plants, at whose names the verse feels loth,
Fill'd the place with a monstrous undergrowth,
Prickly, and pulps, and blistering, and blue,
Livid, and star'd with a lurid dew.

And agaries and fungi, with mildew and mould,
Started like mist from the wet ground cold;
Pale, fishly, as if the decaying dead
With a spirit of growth had been animated!

Their mass rotted off them, flake by flake,
Till the thick stalk stuck like a murderer's stake;
Where rags of loose flesh yet tremble on hugh,
Infesting the winds that wander by.

Spawn, weeds, and filth, a leprous scum,
Made the running rivulet thick and dumb
And at its outlet, flags huge as stakes
Damm'd it up with roots knotted like water-snakes.

And hour by hour, when the air was still,
The vapors arose which have strength to kill:
At morn they were seen, at noon they were felt,
At night they were darkness no star could melt.

And unctuous meteors from spray to spray
Crept and fitted in broad noonday
Unseen; every branch on which they alit
By a venomous blight was burn'd and bit.

The Sensitive Plant, like one forbid,
Wept, and the tears within each lid
Of its folded leaves, which together grew,
Were changed to a blight of frozen glue.

For the leaves soon fell, and the branches soon
By the heavy ax of the blast were hewn;
The sap shrank to the root through every pore,
As blood to a heart that will beat no more.

For Winter came: the wind was his whip:
One choppy finger was on his lip:
He had torn the cataracts from the hills,
And they clank'd at his girdle like manacles;

His breath was a chain which without a sound
The earth, and the air, and the water bound;
He came, fiercely driven in his chariot-throne
By the tenfold blasts of the arctic zone.

Then the weeds which were forms of living dealt
Fled from the frost to the earth beneath.
Their decay and sudden flight from frost
Was but like the vanishing of a ghost!

And under the roots of the Sensitive Plant
The male and the dormice died for want:
The birds dropp'd still from the frozen air,
And were caught in the branches naked and bare.
first there came down a thawing rain,
and its dull drops froze on the boughs again,
then there steamed up a freezing dew.
Which to the drops of the thaw-rain grew;
and a northern whirlwind, wandering about
like a wolf that had smelt a dead child out,
shook the boughs thus laden, and heavy and stiff,
and snapped them off with his rigid grieve.

When winter had gone and spring came back,
The Sensitive Plant was a leafless wreck;
but the mandrakes, and toadstools, and docks, and
darnels,
lose like the dead from their ruin'd charnels.

CONCLUSION.

Whether the Sensitive Plant, or that
Which within its boughs like a spirit sat
in its outward form had known decay,
how felt this change, I cannot say.
Whether that lady's gentle mind,
no longer with the form combined
Which scatter'd love, as stars do light,
and sound sadness, where it left delight,
dare not guess; but in this life
for error, ignorance, and strife,
where nothing is, but all things seem,
and we the shadows of the dream,
is a modest creed, and yet
pleasing, if one considers it,
't o'er that death itself must be,
sing, all the rest, a mockery.

That garden sweet, that lady fair,
ad all sweet shapes and odors there,
truth have never pass'd away:
'Is we, 'tis ours, are changed; not they,
or love, and beauty, and delight,
here is no death nor change— their might
exceed our organs, which endure
to light, being themselves obscure.

A VISION OF THE SEA.

Is the terror of tempest. The rags of the sail
are flickering in ribbons within the fierce gale:
rom the stark night of vapors the dim rain is driven,
and when lightning is loosed, like a deluge from heaven,
it sees the black trunks of the water-spouts spin,
and blend, as if heaven was mining in,
which they seem'd to sustain with their terrible mass
of ocean had sunk from beneath them: they pass
to their graves in the deep with an earthquake of sound,
as the waves and the thunders, made silent around,
cave the wind to its echo. The vessel, now toss'd
through the low-trailing rack of the tempest, is lost
the skirts of the thunder-cloud: now down the sweep
of the wind-cloven wave to the chasm of the deep
sinks, and the walls of the watery vale
those depths of dread calm are unmoved by the gale,
'sim mirrors of ruin hang gleaning about;
While the surf, like a chaos of stars, like a rout
Of death-flames, like whirlpools of fire-flowing iron,
With splendor and terror the black ship environ;
Or like sulphur-flakes hurl'd from a mine of pale fire
In fountains spout o'er it. In many a spire
The pyramid-billows, with white points of brine,
In the cope of the lightning inconstantly shine,
As piercing the sky from the floor of the sea.
The great ship seems splitting! it cracks as a tree,
While an earth-take is splintering its root, ere the blast
Of the whirlwind that strips it of branches has past.
The intense thunder-balls which are raining from
heaven
Have shatter'd its mast, and it stands black and riven.
The chinks suck destruction. The heavy dead bulk
On the living sea rolls an inanimate bulk,
Like a corpse on the clay which is hugging to fold
Its corruption around it. Meanwhile, from the hold,
One deck is burst up from the waters below,
And it splits like the ice when the thaw-breezes blow
O'er the lakes of the desert! Who sits on the other?
Is that all the crew that lie burying each other,
Like the dead in a breach, round the foremost? Are
those
Twin tigers, who burst, when the waves arose,
In the agony of terror, their chains in the hold
(What now makes them tame, is what then made
them bold!)
Who crouch'd, side by side, and have driven, like a
crank,
The deep grip of their claws through the vibrating
plank?
Are these all? Nine weeks the tall vessel had lain
On the windless expanse of the watery plain,
Where the death-darting sun cast no shadow at noon,
And there seem'd to be fire in the beams of the moon,
Till a lead-color'd fog gather'd up from the deep,
Whose breath was quick pestilence; then, the cold
sleep
Crept, like blight through the ears of a thick field of
corn,
O'er the populous vessel. And even and morn,
With their hammocks for coffins the seamen aghast
Like dead men the dead limbs of their comrades cast
Down the deep, which closed on them above and around,
And the sharks and the dog-fish their grave-clothes
unbound.
And were gratled like Jews with this mamba rain'd down
From God on their wilderness. One after one
The mariners died; on the eve of this day,
When the tempest was gathering in cloudy array,
But seven remain'd. Six the thunder had smitten,
And they lie black as mummies on which Time has
written
His scorn of the embalmer; the seventh, from the deck
An oak splinter pierced through his breast and his back,
And hung out to the tempest, a wreck on the wreck.
No more? At the helm sits a woman more fair
Than heaven, when, unbinding its star-brained hair,
It sinks with the sun on the earth and the sea.
She clasps a bright child on her upgarter'd knee,
She laughs at the lightning, it mocks the mad thunder
Of the air and the sea, with desire and with wonder
It is beckoning the tigers to rise and come near,
It would play with those eyes where the radiance of fear
Is outshining the meteor; its bosom beats high.
The heart-fire of pleasure has kindled its eye;
While its mother's is lustreeless. "Smile not, my child,
But sleep deeply and sweetly, and so be beguiled
455
Of the pang that awaits us, whatever that be,  
So dreadful since thou must divide it with me!  
Dream, sleep! this pale blossom, thy cradle and bed,  
Will it rock thee not, infant? 'Tis beating with dread!  
Alas! what is life, what is death, what are we,  
That when the ship sinks we no longer may be?  
What! to see thee no more, and to feel thee no more!  
To be after life what we have been before?  
Not to touch those sweet hands? Not to look on those eyes,

Those lips, and that hair, all that smiling disguise  
Thou yet weariest, sweet spirit, which I, day by day,  
Have so long called my child, but which now fades away  
Like a rainbow, and I the fallen shower!" Lo! the ship  
Is settling it apples, the leeeward ports dito;  
The tigers leap up when they feel the slow brine  
Crawling inch by inch on them; hair, ears, limbs,  
and yeine,

Stand rigid with horror; a loud, long, hoarse cry  
Bursts at once from their vitals tremendously,  
And 'tis borne down the mountainous vale of the wave,

Rebounding, like thunder, from crag to cave,  
Mix'd with the clash of the lashing rain,  
Hurried on by the might of the hurricane:  
The hurricane came from the west, and past on  
By the path of the gate of the eastern sun,  
Transversely dividing the stream of the storm;  
As an arrowy serpent, pursuing the form  
Of an elephant, bursts through the brakes of the waste.

Black as a cormorant the screaming blast,  
Between ocean and heaven, like an ocean, past,  
Till it came to the clouds on the verge of the world,  
Which, based on the sea and to heaven upward'd,  
Like columns and walls did surround and sustain  
The dome of the tempest; it rent them in twain,  
As a flood rends its barriers of mountainous crag;  
And the dense clouds in many a ruin and rag,  
Like the stones of a temple ere earthquake has past,  
Like the dust of its fall, on the whirlwind are cast;  
They are scatter'd like foam on the torrent; and where  
The wind has burst out through the chasm, from the air  
Of clear morning, the beams of the sunrise flow in,  
Unimpeded, keen, golden, and crystalline,  
Banded armies of light and of air; at one gate  
They encounter, but interpenetrate.

And that breach in the tempest is widening away,  
And the caverns of cloud are torn up by the day,  
And the fierce winds are sinking with weary wings,  
Lo'd by the motion and murmuring,  
And the long glassy heave of the rocking sea,  
And overhead glorious, but dreadful to see.  
The wrecks of the tempest, like vapors of gold,  
Are consuming in sunrise. The heap'd waves behold  
The deep calm of blue heaven dilating above,  
And, like passions made still by the presence of Love,  
Beneath the clear surface reflecting it slide  
Tremulous with soft influence; extending its tide  
From the Andes to Atlas, round mountain and isle,  
Round sea-birds and wrecks, paved with heaven's azure smile,

The wide world of waters is vibrating. Where  
Is the ship? On the verge of the wave where it lay  
One tiger is mangled in ghostly affray  
With a sea-snake. The foam and the smoke of the battle  
Stain the clear air with sun-bows; the jar, and the rattle

Of solid bones crush'd by the infinite stress  
Of the snake's adamantine volup'tuousness;  
And the hum of the hot blood that spoons and rains  
Where the grip of the tiger has wounded the veins  
Swoln with rage, strength, and effort; the whirl at the splash

As of some hideous engine whose brazen teeth smas  
The thin winds and soft waves into thunder! th screams  
And hissing crawl fast o'er the smooth ocean-stream  
Each sound like a centipede. Near this commotion  
A blue shark is hanging within the blue ocean,  
The fin-winged tomb of the victor. The other  
Is winning his way from the fate of his brother,  
To his own with the speed of despair. Lo! a boat  
Advances; twelve rowers with the impulse of thought  
Urging on the keen keel, the braize foams. At the stern  
Three marksmen stand levelling. Hot bullets burn  
In the breast of the tiger, which yet bears him on  
To his refuge and ruin. One fragment alone,  
'Tis dwindling and sinking, 'tis now almost gone  
Of the wreck of the vessel peers out of the sea.  
With her left hand she grasps it impetuously,  
With her right she sustains her fair infant. Death, Fee,  
Love, Beauty, are mix'd in the atmosphere,  
Which trembles and burns with the fervor of dread  
Around her wild eyes, her bright hand, and her head  
Like a meteor of light o'er the waters! her child is  
yet smiling, and playing, and murmuring: so smile  
The false deep sea the storm. Like a sister and broth  
The child and the ocean still smile on each other,  
Whilst——

ODE TO HEAVEN.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

FIRST SPIRIT.

PALACE-ROOF of cloudless nights!  
Paradise of golden lights!  
Deep, immeasurable, vast,  
Which art now, and which wert then?  
Of the present and the past,  
Of the eternal where and when,  
Presence-chamber, temple, home,  
Ever-canopying dome,  
Of acts and ages yet to come!

Glorious shapes have life in thee,  
Earth, and all earth's company;  
Living globes which ever throng  
Thy deep chasms and wildernesses;  
And green worlds that glide along;  
And swift stars with flashing tresses;  
And icy moons most cold and bright,  
And mighty suns beyond the night,  
Atoms of intensest light.

Even thy name is as a god,  
Heaven! for thou art the abode  
Of that power which is the glass  
Wherein man his nature sees.  
Generations as they pass  
Worship thee with bended knees.  
Their unremaining gods and they  
Like a river roll away;  
Thou remainest such alway.

455
SECOND SPIRIT.
Thou art but the mind's first chamber,  
Round which its young fancies clamber,  
Like weak insects in a cave,  
Lighted up by stalactites;  
But the portal of the grave,  
Where a world of new delights  
Will make thy best glories seen  
But a dim and noonday gleam  
From the shadow of a dream!

THIRD SPIRIT.
Peace! the abyss is wrecked with scorn  
At your presumption, atom-born!  
What is heaven? and what are ye  
Who its brief expanse inherit?  
What are suns and spheres which flee  
With the instinct of that spirit  
Of which ye are but a part?  
Drops which Nature's mighty heart  
Drives through thinnest veins. Depart!

What is heaven! a globe of dew,  
Filling in the morning new  
Some eyed flower, whose young leaves waken  
On an unimagined world:  
Constellated suns unshaken,  
Orbits measureless are furl'd  
In that frail and fading sphere,  
With ten millions gather'd there,  
To tremble, gleam, and disappear.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND.*

I.
Wild West Wind! thou breath of Autumn's being!  
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead  
are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,  
eellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,  
estinction-striken multitudes: O, thou,  
Thy chariotest to their dark wintry bed  
he winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,  
aeke as a corpse within its grave, until  
hine azure sister of the spring shall blow  
er clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill  
Kiving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air  
Tith living hues and odors, plain and hill:

* This poem was conceived and chiefly written in a mood that skirts the Arno, near Florence, and on a day hen that tempestuous wind, whose temperature is at  
ece mild and animating, was collecting the vapors which  
round the atmptual rains. They began, as I foresaw,  
sevent with a violent tempest of hail and rain, attend-  
by that magnificent thunder and lightning peculiar to  
cCisalpine regions.  
The phenomenon alluded to at the conclusion of the  
second stanza is well known to naturalists. The vegetation  
the bottom of the sea, of rivers, and of lakes, sympa-  
izes with that of the land in the change of seasons, and is  
sequently influenced by the winds which announce it.

II.
Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,  
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,  
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,  
Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread  
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,  
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head  
Of some fierce Menad, even from the dim verge  
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,  
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge  
Of the dying year, to which this closing night  
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,  
Vaulted with all thy congregated might  
Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere  
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: O, hear!

III.
Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams  
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,  
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams,  
Beside a pumice isle in Baia's bay,  
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers  
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,  
All overgrown with azure moss and flowers  
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them!—Thou  
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers  
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below  
The sea blooms, and the oozy woods which wear  
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,  
And tremble and despoil themselves: O, hear!

IV.
If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;  
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee,  
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share  
The impulse of thy strength, only less free  
Than thou, O, uncontrollable! If even  
I were as in my boyhood, and could be  
The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,  
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed  
Scarce seem'd a vision; I would ne'er have striven  
As thus with thee in prayer in my sure need.  
Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!  
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!  
A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd  
One too like thee: nameless, and swift, and proud.

V.
Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:  
What if my leaves are falling like its own!  
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

3 H
AN ODE,
WRITTEN, OCTOBER, 1819, BEFORE THE SPANIARDS HAD RECOVERED THEIR LIBERTY.

ARISE, ARISE, ARISE!
There is blood on the earth that denies ye bread;
Be your wounds like eyes
To weep for the dead, the dead, the dead.
What other grief were it just to pay?
Your sons, your wives, your brethren, were they;
Who said they were slain on the battle day?

Awaken, awaken, awaken!
The slave and the tyrant are twin-born foes;
Be the cold chains shaken
To the dust where your kindred repose, repose!
Their bones in the grave will start and move,
When they hear the voices of those they love,
Most loud in the holy combat above.

Wave, wave high the banner!
When freedom is riding to conquest by:
Though the slaves that fan her
Be famine and toil, giving sigh for sigh.
And ye who attend her imperial car,
Lift not your hands in the banded war,
But in her defence whose children ye are.

Glory, glory, glory,
To those who have greatly suffer'd and done!
Never name in story
Was greater than that which ye shall have won.
Conquerors have conquer'd their foes alone,
Whose revenge, pride, and power they have overthrown:
Ride ye, more victorious, over your own.

Bind, bind every brow
With coronals of violet, ivy, and pine:
Hide the blood-stains now
With hues which sweet nature has made divine:
Green strength, azure hope, and eternity:
But let not the pain among them be;
Ye were injured, and that means memory.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

Yet, Freedom, yet thy banner torn but flying,
Streams like a thunder-storm against the wind.

I.
A GLORIOUS people vibrated again
The lightning of the nations: Liberty
From heart to heart, from tower to tower, o'er Spain,
Scattering contagious fire into the sky,
Gleam'd. My soul spurn'd the chains of its dismay
And, in the rapid plumes of song,
Clothed itself, sublime and strong;
As a young eagle soars the morning clouds among,
Hovering inverse o'er its accustom'd prey;
Till from its station in the heavens of fame
The Spirit's whirlwind rapt it, and the ray
Of the remotest sphere of living flame
Which paves the void was from behind it flung
As foam from a ship's swiftwiness, when there can
A voice out of the deep: I will record the same

II.
The Sun and the serenest Moon sprang forth:
The burning stars of the abyss were hurled
Into the depths of heaven. Theedral earth,
That island in the ocean of the world,
Hung in its cloud of all-sustaining air;
But this divinest universe
Was yet a chaos and a curse,
For thou wert not: but power from worst progeny
worse:
The spirit of the beasts was kindled there,
And of the birds, and of the watery forms,
And there was war among them, and despair
Within them, raging without truce or terms:
The bosom of their violated nurse
Gloom'd, for beasts warr'd on beasts, and war
on worms,
And men on men; each heart was as a hell
storms.

III.
Man, the imperial shape, then multiplied
His generations under the pavilion
Of the Sun's throne: palace and pyramid,
Temple and prison, to many a swarming million
Were, as to mountain-wolves their ragged caves.
This human living multitude
Was savage, cunning, blind, and rude,
For thou wert not; but o'er the populous solitude,
Like one fierce cloud over a waste of waves,
Hung tyranny; beneath, safe defiled
The sister-pest, congregator of slaves;
Into the shadow of her pinious wide,
Anarchs and priests who feed on gold and blood,
Till with the stain their inmost souls are dyed,
Drove the astonish'd herds of men from every si

IV.
The nodding promontories, and blue isles,
And cloud-like mountains, and divinest wave
Of Greece, bask'd glorious in the open smiles
Of favoring heaven: from their enchanted cav
Prophetic echoes flung dim melody
On the unapproachable wild:
The vine, the corn, the olive mild,
Grew savage yet, to human use unreconciled;
And, like unfolded flowers beneath the sea,
Like the man's thought dark in the infant's brain,
Like the sun-drenched hill, which warps what is to be,
Art's deathless dreams lay veil'd by many a vein
Of Parian stone; and yet a speechless child,
Verse murmur'd, and Philosophy did strain
For lidless eyes for thee; when o'er the Ægean main
V.

When arose: a city such as vision
Builds from the purple crags and silver towers
Of battling cloud, as in derision
Of kingliest masonry: the ocean-floors
Have it; the evening sky pavilions it;
Is its portals inhabited
By thunder-toned winds, each head
Within its cloudy wings with sun-fire garlanded,
A divine work! Athens diviner yet
Gleam'd with its crest of columns, on the will
Of man, as on a mount of diamond, set;
For thou wert, and thine all-creative skill
Coped with forms that mock the eternal dead
In marble immortality, that hill
Which was thine earliest throne and latest oracle.

VI.

Within the surface of Time's fleeting river
Its wrinkled image lies, as then it lay
Unmoving, and quiet, and for ever
It trembles, but it cannot pass away!
The voices of thy bards and sages thunder
With an earth-awakening blast
Through the caverns of the past;
Dagon veils her eyes; Opposition shrinks aghast:
A raging sound of joy, and love, and wonder,
Which soars where Expectation never flew,
Rending the veil of space and time asunder!
One ocean feeds the clouds, and streams, and dew;
As sun illumines heaven; one spirit vast
With life and love makes chaos ever new,
As Athens doth the world with thy delight renew.

VII.

When Rome was, and from thy deep bosom fairest,
Like a wolf-cub from a Cadmean Manœ, a
We drew the milk of greatness, though thy dearest
From that Elysian food was yet unweaned;
And many a deed of terrible uprightness
By thy sweet love was sanctified;
And in thy smile, and by thy side,
Senti Camillus lived, and firm Attilus died.
But when tears stain'd thy robe of vestal whiteness,
And gold profaned thy capitolian throne,
Thou didst desert, with spirit-winged lightness,
The senate of the tyrants: they sunk prone
Eyes of one tyrant: Palatins sigh'd
Taint echoes of Ionian song; that tone
Thou didst delay to hear, lamenting to disown.

VIII.

From what Hyrcanian glen or frozen hill,
Or piny promontory of the Arctic main,
Or utmost islet inaccessible,
Didst thou lament the ruin of thy reign,
Teaching the woods and waves, and desert rocks,
And every Naïad's ice-cold urn,
To talk in echoes sad and stern,
Of that sublime lore which man had dared unlearn?
For neither didst thou watch the wizard flocks
Of the Scald's dreams, nor haunt the Druid's sleep.
What if the tears rain'd through thy shatter'd locks
Were quickly dried? for thou didst groan, not weep,
When from its sea of death to kill and burn,
The Gallican serpent forth did creep.
And made thy world an undistinguishable heap.

IX.

A thousand years the Earth cried, Where art thou?
And then the shadow of thy coming fell
On Saxon Alfred's olive-cinctured brow;
And many a warrior-peopled citadel,
Like rocks which fire lifts out of the flat deep,
Arose in sacred Italy,
Frowning o'er the tempestuous sea
Of kings, and priests, and slaves, in tower-crowned majesty;
That multitudinous anarchy did sweep,
And burst around their walls, like idle foam,
Whilst from the human spirit's deepest deep,
Strange melody with love and awe struck dumb
Dissonant arms; and Art, which cannot die,
With divine wand traced on our earthly home
Fit imagery to pave heaven's everlasting dome.

X.

Thou hastens swifter than the Moon! thou terror
Of the world's wolves! thou bearer of the quiver.
Whose sun-like shafts pierce tempest-winged Error,
As light may pierce the clouds when they dissemble
In the calm regions of the orient day!
Luther caught thy waking glance:
Like lightning, from his leaderance
Reflected, it dissolved the visions of the trance
In which, as in a tomb, the nations lay;
And England's prophet's hail'd thee as their queen,
In songs whose music cannot pass away,
Though it must flow for ever: not unseen
Before the spirit-sighted countenance.
Of Milton didst thou pass, from the sad scene
Beyond whose night he saw, with a dejected mien.

XI.

The eager hours and reluctant years
As on a dawn-illumined mountain stood,
Trampling to silence their loud hopes and fears,
Darkening each other with their multitude,
And cried aloud, Liberty! Indignation
Answer'd Pity from her cave;
Death grew pale within the grave,
And desolation howl'd to the destroyer, Save!
When like heaven's sun, girl by the exhalation
Of its own glorious light, thou didst arise,
Chasing thy foes from nation unto nation

* See the Bacchae of Euripides.
Like shadows: as if day had cloven the skies
At dreaming midnight o’er the western wave,
Men started, staggering with a glad surprise,
Under the lightnings of thine unfamiliar eyes.

XII.
Thou heaven of earth! what spells could pale thee then,
In ominous eclipse? A thousand years,
Bred from the slime of deep oppression’s den,
Dyed all thy liquid light with blood and tears,
Till thy sweet stars could weep the stain away.

How like Bacchanals of blood
Round France, the glantly vintage, stood
Destruction’s sceptred slaves, and folly’s mitred brood?
When one, like them, but mightier far than they,
The Anarch of thine own bewild’rd powers,
Rose: armies mingled in obscure array.
Like clouds with clouds, darkening the sacred bowers
Of serene heaven. He, by the past pursued,
Rests with those dead, but unforgotten hours,
Whose ghosts score victor kings in their ancestral towers.

XIII.
England yet sleeps: was she not call’d of old?
Spain calls her now, as with its thrilling thunder
Vesuvius wakes Ætna, and the cold
Snow-crags by its reply are cloven in sunder:
O’er the lit waves every Æolian isle
From Pithecusa to Pelorus
Howls, and heaps, and glares in chorus:
They cry, Be dim, ye lamps of heaven suspended o’er us.
Her chains are threads of gold, she need but smile
And they dissolve; but Spain’s were links of steel,
Till bit to dust by virtue’s keenest file.
Twins of a single destiny! appeal
To the eternal years enfronished before us,
In the dim West; impress us from a seal,
All ye have thought and done! Time cannot dare conceal.

XIV.
Tomb of Arminius! render up thy dead,
Till, like a standard from a watch-tower’s staff,
His soul may stream over the tyrant’s head!
Thy victory shall be his epitaph,
Wild Bacchanal of truth’s mysterious wine,
King-deluted Germany,
His dead spirit lives in thee.
Why do we fear or hope? thou art already free!
And thou, lost Paradise of this divine
And glorious world! thou flowery wilderness!
Thou island of eternity! thou shrine
Where desolation, clothed with loveliness,
Worships the thing thou wert! O Italy,
Gather thy blood into thy heart; repress
The beasts which make their dens thy sacred palaces.

XV.
O, that the free would stamp the impious name
Of **** into the dust! or write it there,
So that this blot upon the page of fame
Were as a serpent’s path, which the light air
Erases, and the flat sands close behind!
Ye the oracle have heard:
Left the victory-flashing sword,
And cut the snaky knots of this foul gerdian word.
Which weak itself as stubble, yet can bind
Into a mass, irrefragably firm,
The axes and the rods which awe mankind;
The sound has poison in it, ‘tis the sperm
Of what makes life foul, cannorous, and abhor’d;
Disown not thou, at thine appointed term,
To set thine armed heel on this reluctant worm.

XVI.
O, that the wise from their bright minds would kind
Such lamps within the dome of this dim world,
That the pale name of Priest might shrink at dwindle
Into the hell from which it first was hurled,
A scoff of impious pride from fiends impure;
Till human thoughts might kneel alone.
Each before the judgment-throne
Of its own aweless soul, or of the power unknown;
O, that the words which make the thoughts obscene
From which they spring, as clouds of glimmering dew
From a white lake blot heaven’s blue portrait;
Were stript of their thin masks and various bit
And frowns and smiles and splendors not their own.
Till in the nakedness of false and true
They stand before their Lord, each to receive its daw.

XVII.
He who taught man to vanquish whatsoever
Can be between the cradle and the grave,
Crowned him the King of Life. O vain endeavor
If on his own high will, a willing slave,
He has enshrined the oppression and the oppressor
What if earth can clothe and feed
Amplest millions at their need,
And power in thought be as the tree within the see
Or what if Art, an ardent intercessor
Diving on fiery wings to Nature’s throne,
Checks the great mother stooping to caress her,
And eres: Give me, thy child, dominion
Over all height and depth! if Life can breed
New wants, and wealth from those who toil and grue
Rend of thy gifts and hers a thousandfold for o

XVIII.
Come Thou, but lead out of the innmost cave
Of man’s deep spirit, as the morning-star
Beckons the Sun from the Eoan wave,
Wisdom. I hear the pennons of her car
Self-moving, like cloud charioted by flame;
Comes she not, and come ye not,
Rulers of eternal thought,
To judge, with solemn truth, life’s ill-portion’d life
Blind Love, and equal Justice, and the Fame
Of what has been, the Hope of what will be
O, Liberty! if such could be thy name,
Wert thou disjoin’d from these, or they from th
If thine or theirs were treasures to be bought
By blood or tears, have not the wise and free
Wept tears, and blood like tears! The solemn harm

XIX.
Paused, and the spirit of that mighty singing
To its abyss was suddenly withdrawn.
Then, as a wild swan, when sublimely winging
Its path athwart the thunder-smoke of dawn,
Sink headlong through the aerial golden light
On the heavy-sounding plain,
When the bolt has pierced its brain;
As summer clouds dissolve, unbear'd of their rain;
As a taper fades with fading night,
As a brief insect dies with dying day,
My song, its pinions disarray'd of might,
Drop'd; o'er it closed the echoes far away
Of the great voice which did its flight sustain,
As waves which lately paved his watery way
His round a drowned head in their tempestuous play.

ODE TO NAPLES.*

STROPHE A. 1.
Naples! thou Heart of men which ever pantest
Naked beneath the lidless eye of heaven!
Elysian City, which to calm enchantest
The mutinous air and sea! they round thee, even
As sleep round Love, are driven!
Metropolis of a ruin'd Paradise
Long lost, late won, and yet but half regain'd!
Bright Altar of the bloodless sacrifice,
Which armed Victory offers up unstead'n'd!
To Love, the flower-enchain'd!
Thou which wert once, and then did cease to be,
Now art, and henceforth ever shalt be, free,
If Hope, and Truth, and Justice can avail.
Hail, hail, all hail!

STROPHE B. 2.
Thou youngest giant birth
Which from the groaning earth
Leap'st, clothed in armor of impenetrable scale!
Last of the Intercessors!
Who 'gainst the Crown'd Transgressors
Pleadest before God's love! Array'd in Wisdom's mail,
Wave thy lightning lance in mirth;
Nor let thy high heart fail,
Though from their hundred gates the league'd Oppressors
With hurried legions move!
Hail, hail, all hail!

ANTISTROPHE A.

What though Cimmerian Anarchus dare blaspheme
Freedom and thee? thy shield is as a mirror
To make their blind slaves see, and with fierce gleam
To turn his hungry sword upon the wearer,
A new Actaeon's error
Shall their's have been—devour'd by their own hounds!
Be thou like the imperial Basilisk,
Killing thy foe with unparalleled wounds!
Gaze on oppression, till at that dread risk
Aghast she pass from the Earth's disk;
Fear not, but gaze—for freemen mightier grow.
And slaves, more feeble, gazing on their foe.
If Hope and Truth and Justice may avail,
Thou shalt be great.—All hail!

ANTISTROPHE B. 2.

From Freedom's form divine,
From Nature's inmost shrine,

* The Author has connected many recollections of his visit to Pompeii and Baiae with the enthusiasm excited by the intelligence of the proclamation of a Constitutional Government at Naples. This has given a tinge of picturesque and descriptive imagery to the introductory stanzas which depicture these scenes, and some of the majestic feelings permanently connected with the scene of this animating event.—Author's Note.

Pompeii.
Strip every impious gawd, rend Error veil by veil:
O'er Ruin desolate,
O'er Falsehood's fallen state,
Sit thou sublime, unawed; be the Destroyer pale!
And equal laws be thine,
And winged words let sail,
Freighted with truth even from the throne of God!
That wealth, surviving fate,
Be thine.—All hail!

**ANTISTRONHE a. γ.**
Didst thou not start to hear Spain's thrilling pean
From land to land re-echoed solemnly,
Till silence became music! From the Ægean
To the cold Alps, eternal Italy.

Starts to hear thine! The Sea
Which paves the desert streets of Venice laughs
In light and music; widow'd Genoa wan,
By moonlight spells ancestral epitaphs,
Murmuring, where is Doria? fair Milan,
Within whose veins long ran
The viper's palsying venom, lifts her heel
To bruise his head. The signal and the seal
(If Hope and Truth and Justice can avail)
Art Thou of all these hopes—O hail!

**ANTISTRONHE β. γ.**
Florence! beneath the sun,
Of cities fairest one,
Blushes within her bower for Freedom's expectation:
From eyes of quenchless hope
Rome tears the priestly cope,
As ruling once by power, so now by admiration,
An athlete stript to run
From a remoter station
For the high prize lost on Philippi's shore,—
As then Hope, Truth, and Justice did avail,
So now may Fraud and Wrong! O hail!

**EPODE 1. β.**
Hear ye the march as of the Earth-born Forms
Array'd against the ever-living Gods!
The crash and darkness of a thousand storms
Bursting their inaccessible abodes
Of crags and thunder-clouds?
See ye the banners blazon'd to the day,
Inwrought with emblems of barbaric pride?
Dissolate threats kill Silence far away,
The serene Heaven which wraps our Eden wide
With iron light is dyed,
The Anarchs of the North lead forth their legions
Like Chaos o'er creation, unceasing;
A hundred tribes nourish'd on strange religions
And lawless slaughters,—down the aerial regions
Of the white Alps, desolating,
Famish'd wolves that bile no waiting,
Blotting the glowing footsteps of old glory,
Trampling our column'd cities into dust,
Their dull and savage lust
On Beauty's corpse to sickness satiating—
They come! The fields they tread look black and hoary
With fire—from their red feet the streams run gory:

---

* Ægean, the Island of Circe.
† The viper was the armorial device of the Visconti, tyrants of Milan.

**EPODE II. β.**
Great Spirit, deepest Love!
Which rulest and dost move
All things which live and are, within the Italian shore
Who spreadest heaven around it,
Whose woods, rocks, waves, surround it,
Who slumber in thy star, o'er Ocean's western floor,
Spirit of beauty! at whose soft command
The sunbeams and the showers distil its foison
From the Earth's bosom chill;
O bid those beams be each a blending brand
Of lightning! bid those showers be dews of poison
Bid the Earth's plenty kill!
Bid thy bright Heaven above,
Whilst light and darkness bound it,
Be their tomb who plann'd
To make it ours and thine!

Or, with thine harmonizing ardors fill
And raise thy sons, as o'er the prime horizon
Thy lamp fed every twilight wave with fire—
Be man's high hope and unextinct desire
The instrument to work thy will divine!
Then clouds from sunbeams, antelopes from leopards
And frowns and tears from Théé,
Would not more swiftly flee
Than Celtic wolves from the Ausonian shepherds—
Whatever, Spirit, from thy starry shrine
Thou yieldest or withholdest, Oh let be
This city of thy worship ever free!

**September, 1820.**

---

**THE CLOUD.**
I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shades for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dew's that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rock'd to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the lifl of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I lift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bower,
Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fetter'd the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

462
The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing bark,
When the morning-star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit.
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea

That arors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbed maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,

Like a swarm of golden bees.
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,

Are each paved with the moon and these.

bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march

With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chain'd to my chair,
Is the million-color'd bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wave,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky:
pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
Or after the rain, when with never a stain,

The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
ike a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

TO A SKYLARK.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourrest thy full heart

profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbounded joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight

Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,

Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare;
From one lonely cloud

The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over

flow'd.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,

As from thy presence showers a rain of meady

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought

To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not;

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,

Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour

With music sweet as love, which overflows her

bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden,
Its aerial hue

Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd,
Till the scent it gives

Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awaken'd flowers,
All that ever was

Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.
Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine.

That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine
Chorus hymneale,
Or triumphal caunt,
Match'd with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—

A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Langueur cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou corner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

Poets are on this cold earth,
As chameleons might be,
Hidden from their early birth
In a cave beneath the sea.

Where light is, chameleons change;
Where love is not, poets do:
Fame is love disguised—if few
Find either, never think it strange
That poets range.

Yet dare not stain with wealth or power
A poet's free and heavenly mind:
If bright chameleons should devour
Any food but beams and wind,
They would grow as earthly soon
As their brother lizards are.
Children of a summer star,
Spirits from beyond the moon,
O, refuse the boon!

HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY

The awful shadow of some unseen Power
Floats, though unseen, among us; visiting
This various world with as unconing wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower
Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower.

It visits with inconstant glance
Each human heart and countenance;
Like hues and harmonies of evening,
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,
Like memory of music fled,
Like aught that for its grace may be
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

Spirit of Beauty! that dost consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
Of human thought or form, where art thou gone
Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,
This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate?
Ask why the sunlight not for ever
Weaves rainbows o'er your mountain river,
Why light should fail and fade that once is shown
With fear and dream and death and birth
Cast on the daylight of this earth
Such gloom, why man has such a scope
For love and hate, despondency and hope?

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever
To sage or poet these responses given:
Therefore the names of Demon, Ghost, and Heav'n
Remain the records of their vain endeavor:
Frail spells, whose utter'd charm might not avail a sever,
From all we hear and all we see,
Doubt, chance, and mutability.
Thy light alone, like mist o'er mountains driven,
Or music by the night-wind sent
Through strings of some still instrument,
Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

Love, Hope, and Self-esteem, like clouds, depart
And come, for some uncertain moments lent.
Man were immortal, and omnipotent,
Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,
Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart.
Thou messenger of sympathies
That wax and wane in lovers' eyes;
Thou, that to human thought art nourishment,
Like darkness to a dying flame!
Depart not as thy shadow came;
Depart not, lest the grave should be,
Like life and fear, a dark reality.

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped
Through many a listening chamber, cave and ruin,
And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
Hopes of high talk with the departed dead:
I call'd on poisonous names with which our youth is fed:
I was not heard: I saw them not.
When musings deeply on the lot
Of life, at that sweet time when winds are wooing
All vital things that wake to bring
News of birds and blossoming,
Sudden, thy shadow fell on me:
I shriek'd, and claspt my hands in ecstasy!

I vow'd that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine: have I not kept the vow?
With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now
I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
Each from his voiceless grave: they have in vision'd bowers
Of studious zeal or love's delight
Outwatch'd with me the eonious night:
They know that never joy illum'd my brow,
Unlink'd with hope that thou wastt free.
This world from its dark slavery,
That thou, O awful LOVENESS,
Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express.

The day becomes more solemn and serene
When noon is past: there is a harmony
In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
Which through the summer is not heard or seen,
As if it could not be, as if it had not been!
Thou let thy power, which like the truth
Of nature on my passive youth
Descended, to my onward life supply
Its calm, to one who worships thee,
And every form containing thee,
Whom, Spirit fair, thy spells did bind
To fear himself, and love all human-kind.

MARIANNE'S DREAM.

A pale dream came to a Lady fair,
And said, A boon, a boon, I pray!
I know the secrets of the air,
And things lost in the glare of day,
Which I can make the sleeping see,
If they will put their trust in me.

And thou shalt know of things unknown
If thou wilt let me rest between
The veiny lids, whose fringe is thrown
Over thin eyes so dark and sheen:
And half in hope, and half in fright,
The Lady closed her eyes so bright.

At first all deadly shapes were driven
Tumultuously across her sleep,
And o'er the vast cope of bending Heaven
All ghastly visaged clouds did sweep;
And the Lady ever look'd to spy
If the gold sun shone forth on high.

And as towards the east she turn'd,
She saw aloft in the morning air,
Which now with hues of sunrise burn'd,
A great black Anchor rising there;
And wherever the Lady turn'd her eyes,
It hung before her in the skies.

The sky was blue as the summer sea,
The depths were cloudless overhead,
The air was calm as it could be,
There was no sight or sound of dread,
But that black Anchor floating still
Over the piny eastern hill.

The Lady grew sick with a weight of fear,
To see that Anchor ever hanging
And veil'd her eyes; she then did hear
The sound as of a dim low clanging,
And look'd abroad if she might know
Was it aught else, or but the flow
Of the blood in her own veins, to and fro.

There was a mist in the sunless air,
Which shook as it were with an earthquake's shock,
But the very weeds that blossom'd there
Were moveless, and each mighty rock
Stood on its basis steadfastly;
The Anchor was seen no more on high.

But piled around, with summits hid
In lines of cloud at intervals,
Stood many a mountain pyramid,
Among whose everlasting walls
Two mighty cities shone, and ever
Through the red mist their domes did quiver,

On two dread mountains, from whose crest,
Might seem, the eagle, for her brood,
Would ne'er have hung her dizzy nest,
Those tower-encircled cities stood.
A vision strange such towers to see,
Sculptured and wrought so gorgeously,
Where human art could never be.

And columns framed of marble white,
And giant fanes, dome over dome
Piled, and triumphant gates, all bright
With workmanship, which could not come
From touch of mortal instrument,
Shot o'er the vales, or lustre lent
From its own shapes magnificent.

But still the Lady heard that clang
Filling the wide air far away;
And still the mist whose light did hang
Among the mountains shook alway,
So that the Lady's heart beat fast,
As, half in joy and half in haste,
On those high domes her look she cast.

Sudden, from out that city sprung
A light that made the earth grow red;
Two flames that each with quivering tongue
Lick'd its high domes, and overhead:
Among those mighty towers and fames
Dropp'd fire, as a volcano rains
Its sulphurous ruin on the plains.

And hark! a rush as if the deep
Had burst its bounds; she look'd behind,
And saw over the western steep
A raging flood descend, and wind
Through that wide vale; she felt no fear,
But said within herself, 'tis clear
These towers are Nature's own, and she
To save them has sent forth the sea.

And now those raging billows came
Where that fair Lady sate, and she
Was borne towards the showering flame
By the wild waves heap'd tumultuously,
And on a little plank, the flow
Of the whirlpool bore her to and fro.

The waves were fiercely vomited
From every tower and every dome,
And dreary light did widely shed
O'er that vast flood's suspended foam,
Beneath the smoke which hung its night
On the stain'd cope of Heaven's light.

The plank whereon that Lady sate
Was driven through the chasms, about and about,
Between the peaks so desolate
Of the drowning mountain, in and out,
As the thistle-beard on a whirlwind sails—
While the flood was filling those hollow vales.

At last her plank an eddy crest,
And bore her to the city's wall,
Which now the flood had reach'd almost:
It might the stoutest heart appal
To hear the fire roar and hiss
Through the domes of those mighty palaces.

The eddy whirl'd her round and round
Before a gorgeous gate, which stood
Piercing the clouds of smoke which bound
Its airy arch with light like blood:
She look'd on that gate of marble clear,
With wonder that extinguih'd fear.

For it was fill'd with sculptures rarest,
Of forms most beautiful and strange,
Like nothing human, but the fairest
Of winged shapes, whose legions range
Throughout the sleep of those that are,
Like this same Lady, good and fair.

And as she look'd, still lovelier grew
Those marble forms,—the sculptor sure
Was a strong spirit, and the hue
Of his own mind did there endure
After the touch, whose power had braided
Such grace, was in some sad change faded.

She look'd, the flames were dim, the flood
Grew tranquil as a woodland river
Winding through hills in solitude;
Those marble shapes then seem'd to quiver
And their fair limbs to float in motion,
Like weeds unfolding in the ocean.

And their lips moved; one seem'd to speak,
When suddenly the mountain crack'd,
And through the chasm the flood did break
With an earth-uplifting catacst:
The statues gave a joyous scream,
And on its wings the pale thin dream
Lifted the Lady from the stream.

The dizzy flight of that phantom pale
Waked the fair Lady from her sleep,
And she arose, while from the veil
Of her dark eyes the dream did creep,
And she walk'd about as one who knew
That sleep has sights as clear and true
As any waking eyes can view.

Marlow, 1817.

MONT BLANC.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

I.
The everlasting universe of things
Flows through the mind, and rolls its rapid waves.
Now dark—now glittering—now reflecting gloom—
Now lending splendor, where from secret springs
The source of human thought its tribute brings
Of waters,—with a sound but half its own,
Such as a feeble brook will oft assume
In the wild woods, among the mountains lone,
Where waters and winds contend, and a vast river
Over its rocks ceaselessly bursts and raves.

II.

Thus thou, Ravine of Arve—dark, deep Ravine—
Thou many-color'd, many-voiced vale,
Over whose pines and trags and caverns sail
Fast clouds, shadows, and sunbeams; awful scene,
Where Power in likeness of the Arve comes down
From the ice-gulfs that gird his secret throne,
Bursting through these dark mountains, like the flam
Of lightning through the tempest; thou dost lie,
Thy giant brood of pines around thee clinging,
Children of elder time, in whose devotion
The chainless winds still come and ever came
To drink their odors, and their mighty swinging
To hear—an old and solemn harmony:
Thine earthly rainbows stretch'd across the sweep
Of the ethereal waterfall, whose veil
Robes some unsculptured image; the strange sleep
Which, when the voices of the desert fail,
Wraps all in its own deep eternity;—
Thy caverns, echoing to the Arve's commotion
A loud lone sound, no other sound can tame:

466
Thou art pervaded with that ceaseless motion,
Thou art the path of that unresting sound—
Dizzy Ravine! and when I gaze on thee
I seem as in a trance sublime and strange
To muse on my own separate phantasy,
My own, my human mind, which passively
Now renders and receives fast influencings,
Holding an unremitting interchange
With the clear universe of things around;
One legion of wild thoughts, whose wandering wings
Now float above thy darkness, and now rest
Where that or thou art no unbidden guest,
In the still cave of the witch Poesy,
Seeking among the shadows that pass by,
Ghosts of all things that are, some shade of thee,
Some phantom, some faint image; till the breast
From which they fled recalls them, thou art there!

III.
Some say that gleams of a remote world
Visit the soul in sleep,—that death is slumber,
And that its shapes the busy thoughts outnumber
Of those who wake and live.—I look on high;
Has some unknown omnipotence unfur'd
The veil of life and death? or do I lie
In dream, and does the mightier world of sleep
Spread far around and inaccessible
Its circles? For the very spirit fails,
Driven like a homeless cloud from steep to steep
That vanishes among the viewless gales!
Far, far above, piercing the infinite sky,
Mont Blanc appears,—still, snowly, and serene—
Its subject mountains their unearthly forms
Pile around, ice, ice and rock; broad vales between
Of frozen floods, unfathomable deeps,
Blue as the overhanging heaven, that spread
And wind among the accumulated steep;
A desert peopled by the storms alone,
Save when the eagle brings some hunter's bone,
And the wolf tracks her there—how hideously
Its shapes are heap'd around! rude, bare, and high,
Ghastly, and scar'd, and riven.—Is this the scene
Where the old Earthquake-demon taught her young
Rain? Were these their toys? or did a sea
Of fire envelop once this silent snow?
None can reply—all seems eternal now.
The wilderness has a mysterious tongue
Which teaches awful doubt, or faith so mild,
So solemn, so serene, that man may be
But for such faith with nature reconciled:
Thou hast a voice, great Mountain, to repeal
Lurid codes of fraud and woe; not understood
By all, but which the wise, and great, and good
Interpret, or make felt, or deeply feel.

IV.
The fields, the lakes, the forests, and the streams,
Ocean, and all the living things that dwell
Within the deld earth; lightning, and rain,
Earthquake, and fiery flood, and hurricane,
The torpor of the year when feeble dreams
Visit the hidden buds, or dreamless sleep
Holds every future leaf and flower;—the bound
With which from that detested trance they leap;
The works and ways of man, their death and birth,
And that of him and all that his may be;
All things that move and breathe with toil and sound
Are born and die, revolves, subside and swell.
Power dwells apart in its tranquillity,
Remote, serene, and inaccessible:
And this, the naked countenance of earth,
On which I gaze, even these primeval mountains,
Teach the adorning mind. The glaciers creep,
Like snakes that watch their prey, from their far
fountains,
Slow rolling on; there, many a precipice
Frost and the Sun in scorn of mortal power
Have piled—dome, pyramid, and pinnacle,
A city of death, distinct with many a tower
And wall impregnable of beamng ice.
Yet not a city, but a flood of ruin
Is there, that from the boundaries of the sky
Rolls its perpetual stream; vast pines are strewing
Its destined path, or in the mangled soil
Branchless and shatter'd stand; the rocks, drawn down
From yon remotest waste, have overthrown,
The limits of the dead and living world,
Never to be reclaim'd. The dwelling-place
Of insects, beasts, and birds becomes its spoil;
Their food and their retreat for ever gone,
So much of life and joy is lost. The race
Of man flies far in dread; his work and dwelling
Vanish, like smoke before the tempest's stream,
And their place is not known. Below, vast caves
Shine in the rushing torrents' restless gleam,
Which, from those secret chasms in tumult welling,
Meet in the vale, and one majestic River,
The breath and blood of distant lands, for ever
Rolls its loud waters to the ocean waves,
Breathes its swift vapors to the circling air.

V.
Mont Blanc yet gleams on high,—the power is there,
The still and solemn power of many sights
And many sounds, and much of life and death.
In the calm darkness of the moonless nights,
In the lone glare of day, the snows descend
Upon that Mountain; none beholds them there,
Nor when the flakes burn in the sinking sun
Or the star-beams dart through them:—Winds contend
Silently there, and heap the snow with breath
Rapid and strong, but silently! Its home
The voiceless lightning in these solitudes
Keeps innocently, and like vapor broods
Over the snow. The secret strength of things
Which governs thought, and to the infinite dome
Of heaven is as a law, inhabits thee!
And what were thou, and earth, and stars, and sea,
If to the human mind's imaginings
Silence and solitude were vacancy?

SWITZERLAND, June 23, 1816.

ON THE MEDUSA OF LEONARDO DA VINCI

IN THE FLORENTINE GALLERY.

It lieth, gazing on the midnight sky,
Upon the cloudy mountain peak supine;
Below, far lands are seen but tremblingly
Its horror and its beauty are divine.
Upon its lips and eyelids seems to lie
Loveliness like a shadow, from which shrine,
Fiery and lurid, struggling underneath,
The agonies of anguish and of death.

Yet it is less the horror than the grace
Which turns the gazier's spirit into stone;
Whereon the lineaments of that dead face
Are graven, till the characters be grown
Into itself, and thought no more can trace;
"Tis the melodious hue of beauty thrown
Awhart the darkness and the glare of pain,
Which humanize and harmonize the strain.

And from its head as from one body grow,
As [ ] grass out of a watery rock,
Hairs which are vipers, and they curl and flow,
And their long tangles in each other lock,
And with unending involutions show
Their mailed radiance, as it were to mock
The torture and the death within, and saw
The solid air with many a ragged jaw.

"Tis the tempestuous loveliness of terror;
For from the serpents gleams a brazen glare
Kindled by that inextricable error,
Which makes a thrilling vapor of the air
Become a [ ] and ever-shifting mirror
Of all the beauty and the terror there—
A woman's countenance, with serpent locks,
Gazing in death on heaven from those wet rocks.

Florence, 1819.

SONG.

RARELY, rarely, comest thou,
Spirit of Delight!
Wherefore hast thou left me now
Many a day and night?
Many a weary night and day
'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
Win thee back again?
With the joyous and the free
Thou wilt scoff at pain,
Spirit false! thou hast forgot
All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade
Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismay'd;
Even the sighs of grief
Reproach thee, that thou art not near,
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful duty
To a merry measure,
Thou wilt never come for pity,
Thou wilt come for pleasure:

Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,
Spirit of Delight!
The fresh Earth in new leaves drest,
And the starry night,
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms
Of the radiant frost;
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
Every thing almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,
And such society
As is quiet, wise and good.
Between thee and me
What difference? but thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love—though he has wings,
And like light can flee,
But above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee—
Thou art love and life! O come,
Make once more my heart thy home.

TO CONSTANTIA,
SINGING.

Thus to be lost, and thus to sink and die,
Perchance were death indeed!—Constantia, turn
In thy dark eyes a power like light doth lie,
Even though the sounds which were thy voice
which burn
Between thy lips, are laid to sleep;
Within thy breath, and on thy hair, like odor it yet,
And from thy touch like fire doth leap.
Even while I write, my burning cheeks are wet
Alas, that the torn heart can bleed, but not forgive

A breathless awe, like the swift change
Unseen, but felt in youthful slumber,
Wild, sweet, but uncommunicably strange,
Thou breathest now in fast ascending numbers.
The cope of heaven seems rent and cloven
By the enchantment of thy strain,
And on my shoulders wings are woven,
To follow its sublime career,
Beyond the mighty moons that wane
Upon the verge of nature's utmost sphere,
Till the world's shadowy walls are past and d appear.

Her voice is hovering o'er my soul—it lingers,
O'ershadowing it with soft and lulling wings,
The blood and life within those snowy fingers
Teach witchcraft to the instrumental strings
My brain is wild, my breath comes quick—
The blood is listening in my frame,
And throbbing shadows, fast and thick,
Fall on my overflowing eyes;
My heart is quivering like a flame;

468
As morning dew, that in the sunbeam dies,
I am dissolved in these consuming ecstasies.

I have no life, Constantia, now, but thee,
Whilst, like the world-surrounding air, thy song
flows on, and fills all things with melody,—
Now is thy voice a tempest swift and strong,
In which, like one in trance upborne,
Secure o'er rocks and waves I sweep,
Rejoicing like a cloud of morn.
Now 'tis the breath of summer night,
Which, when the starchy waters sleep,
Round, western isles, with incense-blossoms bright,
Ringing, suspends my soul in its voluptuous flight.

THE FUGITIVES.

I.
The waters are flashing,
The white sail is dashing,
The lightning's are glancing,
The hour-spray is dancing—
Away!
The whirlwind is rolling,
The thunder is tolling,
The forest is swinging,
The minster-bells ringing—
Come away!
The Earth is like Ocean,
Wreck-strewn and in motion:
Bird, beast, man and worm
Have crept out of the storm—
Come away!

II.
"Our boat has one sail,
And the helmsman is pale;—
A bold pilot I row,
Who should follow us now,"
Shouted He—
And she cried: "Fly the sea!
Put off gaily from shore!"—
As she spoke, bolts of death
Mix'd with hail speck'd their path
O'er the sea.

And from isle, tower and rock,
The blue beacon cloud broke,
And though dumb in the blast,
The red cannon flash'd fast
From the lee.

III.
"And fear'st thou, and fear'st thou?
And see'st thou, and hear'st thou?
And drive we not free
O'er the terrible sea,
I and thou?"
One boat-cloak did cover
The loved and the lover—
Their blood beats one measure
They murmur proud pleasure
Soft and low;—

While around the lash'd Ocean,
Like mountains in motion,
Is withdrawn and uplifted,
Sunk, shatter'd and shifted,
To and fro.

IV.
In the court of the fortress,
Beside the pale portress,
Like a blood-hound well beaten,
The bridegroom stands, eaten
By shame;
On the topmost watch-turret,
As a death-boding spirit,
Stands the gray tyrant father,
To his voice the mad weather
Seems tame;

And with curses as wild
As ere clung to child,
He devotes to the blast
The best, loveliest, and last
Of his name!

A LAMENT.

Swifter far than summer's flight,
Swifter far than youth's delight,
Swifter far than happy night,
Art thou come and gone:
As the earth when leaves are dead,
As the night when sleep is sped,
As the heart when joy is fled,
I am left lone, alone.

The swallow Summer comes again,
The owlet Night resumes her reign,
But the wild swan Youth is fain
To fly with thee, false as thou.
My heart each day desires the morrow,
Sleep itself is turn'd to sorrow,
Vainly would my winter borrow
Sunny leaves from any bough.

Lilies for a bridal bed,
Roses for a matron's head,
Violets for a maiden dead,
Pansies let my flowers be:
On the living grave I bear,
Scatter them without a tear,
Let no friend, however dear,
Waste one hope, one fear, for me.

THE PINE FOREST OF THE CASCINE
NEAR PISA.

Dearest, best and brightest,
Come away,
To the woods and to the fields!
Dearer than this fairest day,
Which like thee to those in sorrow,
Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow
To the rough year just awake
In its cradle in the brake.
The eldest of the hours of spring,  
Into the winter wandering,  
Looks upon the leafless wood;  
And the banks all bare and rude  
Found it seems this halecyon morn,  
In February’s bosom born,  
Bending from Heaven, in azure mirth,  
Kiss’d the cold forehead of the earth,  
And smiled upon the silent sea,  
And bade the frozen streams be free;  
And waked to music all the fountains,  
And breathed upon the rigid mountains,  
And made the wintry world appear  
Like one on whom thou smilest, dear.

Radiant Sister of the Day,  
Awake! arise! and come away!  
To the wild woods and the plains,  
To the pools where winter rains  
Image all the roof of leaves;  
Where the Pine its garland weaves,  
Sapless, gray, and ivy dun,  
Round stones that never kiss the sun;  
To the sand-tills of the sea,  
Where the earliest violets be.

Now the last day of many days,  
All beautiful and bright as thou,  
The loveliest and the last, is dead,  
Rise Memory, and write its praise,  
And do thy wonted work, and trace  
The epitaph of glory fled;  
For the Earth hath changed its face,  
A frown is on the Heaven's brow.

We wander’d to the Pine Forest  
That skirts the Ocean’s foam,  
The lightest wind was in its nest,  
The tempest in its home.

The whispering waves were half asleep,  
The clouds were gone to play,  
And on the woods, and on the deep,  
The smile of Heaven lay.

It seem’d as if the day were one  
Sent from beyond the skies,  
Which shed to earth above the sun  
A light of Paradise.

We paused amid the Pines that stood  
The giants of the waste,  
Tortured by storms to shapes as rude,  
With stems like serpents interfaced.

How calm it was!—the silence there  
By such a chain was bound,  
That even the busy woodpecker  
Made stiller by her sound

The inviolable quietness;  
The breath of peace we drew,  
With its soft motion made not less  
The calm that round us grew

It seem’d that from the remotest seat  
Of the white mountain’s waste,  
To the bright flower beneath our feet,  
A magic circle traced;—

A spirit interfused around,  
A thinking silent life,  
To momentary peace it bound  
Our mortal Nature’s strife.—

For still it seem’d the centre of  
The magic circle there,  
Was one whose being fill’d with love  
The breathless atmosphere.

Were not the crocuses that grew  
Under that ilex-tree,  
As beautiful in scent and hue  
As ever fed the bee?  

We stood beside the pools that lie  
Under the forest bough,  
And each seem’d like a sky  
Gulf’d in a world below;—

A purple firmament of light,  
Which in the dark earth lay,  
More boundless than the depth of night,  
And clearer than the day—

In which the mossy forests grew,  
As in the upper air,  
More perfect both in shape and hue  
Than any waving there.

Like one beloved, the scene had lent  
To the dark water’s breast  
Its every leaf and lineament,  
With that clear truth express’d.

There lay far glades and neighboring lawns  
And, through the dark-green crowd,  
The white sun twinkling like the dawn  
Under a speckled cloud.

Sweet views, which in our world abov  
Can never well be seen,  
Were imag’d by the water’s love  
Of that fair forest green.

And all was interfused beneath  
Within an Elysium air,  
An atmosphere without a breath,  
A silence sleeping there.

Until a wandering wind crept by,  
Like an unwelcome thought,  
Which from my mind’s too faithful eye  
Blots thy bright image out.

For thou art good and dear and kind,  
The forest ever green,  
But less of peace in S——’s mind,  
Than calm in waters seen.

February 2, 1822.
TO NIGHT.
Swiftly walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
out of the misty eastern cave,
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of day
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
1 sigh'd for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turn'd to his rest,
Lingered like an unloved guest,
I sigh'd for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
Wouldst thou me?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmur'd like a noonside bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me?—And I replied,
No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!

EVENING.
PONTE A MARE, PISA.
The sun is set—The swallows are asleep; The bats are flitting fast in the gray air; The slow soft toads out of damp corners creep, And evening's breath, wandering here and there Over the quivering surface of the stream, Wakes not one ripple from its silent dream.

There is no dew on the dry grass to-night, Nor damp within the shadow of the trees; The wind is intermitting, dry, and light; And in the inconstant motion of the breeze The dust and straws are driven up and down, And whirl'd about the pavement of the town.

Within the surface of the fleeting river The wrinkled image of the city lay, Immovably unquiet, and for ever It trembles, but it never fades away; Go to the [ ]
You, being changed, will find it then as now.

The chasm in which the sun has sunk is shut By darkest barriers of enormous cloud, Like mountain over mountain huddled—but Growing and moving upwards in a crowd, And over it a space of watery blue, Which the keen evening-star is shining through.

ARETHUSA.
ARETHUSA AROSE
From her couch of snows
In the Acroceraunian mountains,—
From cloud and from crag,
With many a jag,
Shepherding her bright fountains,
She leapt down the rocks,
With her rainbow locks
Streaming among the streams;—
Her steps paved with green
The downward ravine
Which slopes to the western gleams:
And gliding and springing,
She went, ever singing,
In murmurs as soft as sleep;
The Earth seem'd to love her,
And Heaven smiled above her,
As she linger'd towards the deep.

Then Alpheus bold,
On his glacier cold,
With his trident the mountains strook;
And open'd a chasm
In the rocks;—with the spasm
All Erymanthus shook.
And the black south wind
It conceal'd behind
The urns of the silent snow,
And earthquake and thunder
Did rend in sunder
The bars of the springs below.
The beard and the hair
Of the river God were
Seen through the torrent's sweep,
As he follow'd the light
Of the fleet nymph's flight
To the brink of the Dorian deep.

"Oh, save me! Oh, guide me!
And bid the deep hide me,
For he grasps me now by the hair!"
The loud Ocean heard,
To its blue depth stirr'd,
And divided at her prayer;
And under the water
The Earth's white daughter
Fled like a sunny beam;
Behind her descended,
Her billows unblended
With the brackish Dorian stream:
Like a gloomy stain
On the emerald main,
Alpheus rush'd behind,—
As an eagle pursuing
A dove to its ruin,
Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

471
Under the bowers
Where the Ocean Powers
Sit on their perced thrones,
Through the coral woods,
Of the wiltering floods,
Over heaps of unvalued stones:
Through the dim beams
Which amid the streams
Weave a net-work of color'd light;
And under the caves,
Where the shadowy waves
Are as green as the forest's night:
Outspeeding the shark,
And the sword-fish dark,
Under the ocean foam,
And up through the rills
Of the mountain cliffs,
They pass'd to their Dorian home,
And now from their fountains
In Enna's mountains,
Down one vale where the morning basks,
Like friends once parted
Grown single-hearted,
They ply their watery tasks.
At sunrise they leap
From their cradles steep
In the cave of the shelving hill;
At noontide they flow
Through the woods below,
And the meadows of Asphodel;
And at night they sleep
In the rocking deep
Beneath the Ortygian shore;
Like spirits that lie
In the azure sky
When they love but live no more.
Pisa, 1820.

THE QUESTION.
I dream'd that, as I wander'd by the way,
Bare winter suddenly was changed to spring,
And gentle odors led my steps astray,
Mix'd with a sound of waters murmuring
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
Under a cope, and hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kiss'd it and then fled, as thou mightest in dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
Daisies, those pearl'd Arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets;
Faint oxlips; tender blue-bells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower that wets
Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears,
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglandine,
Green cow-bind and the moonlight-color'd May,
And cherry blossoms, and white cups, whose wine
Was the bright dew yet drain'd not by the day;
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,
With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray;
And flowers azure, black and streak'd with gold,
Fairer than any waken'd eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple prunt with white,
And stary river buds among the sedge,
And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge.
With moonlight beams of their own watery lig
And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
That the same hues, which in their natural bower
Were mingled or opposed, the like array
Kept these imprison'd children of the Hours
Within my hand,—and then, elate and gay
I hasten'd to the spot whence I had come,
That I might there present it!—Oh! to whom?

LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR.
I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright:
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber window, sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream—
The champak odors fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must on thine,
Beloved as thou art!

Oh lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast,
Oh! press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last.

STANZAS
WRITTEN IN DEJECTION, NEAR NAPLES.

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowey mountains wear
The purple moon's transparent light
Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean-floods,
The city's voice itself is soft, like Solitude's.

I see the deeps untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strown:
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-shower's, thrown.
I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion,
Low sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,
Nor that content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
And walk'd with inward glory crown'd—
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
Others I see whom these surround—
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;
One that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne and yet must bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Reathe o'er my dying brain its last monoton.

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I, when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan;
They might lament—for I am one
Whom men love not,—and yet regret,
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Till linger, though enjoy'd, like joy in memory yet.

December, 1818.

AUTUMN:
A Dirge.

The warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying,
And the year
In the earth her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves dead,
Is lying.

Come, months, come away,
From November to May,
In your saddest array;
Follow the bier
Of the dead cold year,
And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

The chill rain is falling, the nipt worm is crawling,
The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knolling
For the year;
The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each
gone
To his dwelling;
Come, months, come away;
Put on white, black, and gray,
Let your light sisters play—
Ye, follow the bier
Of the dead cold year,
And make her grave green with tear on tear.

HYMN OF APOLLO.
The sleepless Hours who watch me as I lie,
Curtain'd with star-inwoven tapestries,
From the broad moonlight of the sky,
Fanning the busy dreams from my dim eyes,—
Waken me when their Mother, the gray Dawn,
Tells them that dreams and that the moon is gone.

Then I arise, and climbing Heaven's blue dome,
I walk over the mountains and the waves,
Leaving my robe upon the ocean foam;
My footsteps pave the clouds with fire; the caves
Are fill'd with my bright presence, and the air
Leaves the green earth to my embraces bare.

The sunbeams are my shafts, with which I kill
Deceit, that loves the night and fears the day;
All men who do or even imagine ill
Fly me, and from the glory of my ray
Good minds and open actions take new might,
Until diminish'd by the reign of night.

I feed the clouds, the rainbows and the flowers,
With their ethereal colors; the Moon's globe
And the pure stars in their eternal bowers
Are cinctured with my power as with a robe;
Whatever lamps on Earth or Heaven may shine
Are portions of one power, which is mine.

I stand at noon upon the peak of Heaven,
Then with unwilling steps I wander down
Into the clouds of the Atlantic even;
For grief that I depart they weep and frown:
What look is more delightful than the smile
With which I soothe them from the western isle?

I am the eye with which the Universe
Beholds itself and knows itself divine;
All harmony of instrument or verse,
All prophecy, all medicine are mine,
All light of art or nature,—to my song
Victory and praise in their own right belong.

HYMN OF PAN.
From the forests and highlands
We come, we come;
From the river-girt islands,
Where loud waves are dumb
Listening to my sweet pippings.
The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
The bees on the bells of thyme,
The birds on the myrtle bushes,
The cicale above in the time,
And the lizards below in the grass,
Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was.

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
And all dark Tempe lay
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
The light of the dying day.

* This and the former poem were written at the request of a friend, to be inserted in a drama on the subject of Midas. Apollo and Pan contended before Tmolus for the prize in music.
SHELLEY’S POETICAL WORKS.

Speeded by my sweet pipings,
The Sileni, and Sylvans, and Fauns,
And the Nymphs of the woods and waves,
To the edge of the moist river-lawns,
And the brink of the dewy caves,
And all that did then attend and follow,
Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,
With envy of my sweet pipings.

I sang of the dancing stars,
I sang of the dessed Earth,
And of Heaven—and the giant wars,
And Love, and Death, and Birth,—
And then I changed my pipings,—
Singing how down the vale of Mensus
I pursued a maiden and clasp’d a reed:
Gods and men, we are all deluded thus!
It breaks in our bosom, and then we bleed:
All wept, as I think both ye now would,
If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

THE BOAT
ON THE SERCHIO.

Our boat is asleep in Serchio’s stream,
Its sails are folded like thoughts in a dream,
The helm sways idly, hither and thither;
Dominic, the boatman, has brought the mast,
And the oars and the sails; but ’tis sleeping fast,
Like a beast, unconscious of its tether.

The stars burnt out in the pale blue air,
And the thin white moon lay withering there;
To tower, and cavern, and rift and tree,
The owl and the bat fled drowsily.
Day had kindled the dewy woods,
And the rocks above and the stream below,
And the vapors in their multitudes,
And the Apennine shroud of summer snow,
And clothed with light of aery gold
The mists in their eastern caves uproll’d.

Day had awak’n’d all things that be,
The milkmaid and the thrush and the swallow free,
And the milkmaid’s song and the mower’s scythe,
And the matin-bell and the mountain bee:
Fire-flies were quench’d on the dewy corn,
Glow-worms went out on the river’s brim,
Like lamps which a student forgets to trim:
The beetle forgot to wind his horn,
The crickets were still in the meadow and hill:
Like a flock of rooks at a farmer’s gun,
Night’s dreams and terrors, every one,
Fled from the brains which are their prey,
From the lamp’s death to the morning ray.

All rose to do the task He set to each,
Who shaped us to his ends and not our own;
The million rose to learn, and one to teach,
What none yet ever knew or can be known;

And many rose
Whose woe was such that fear became desire;—
Melchior and Lionel were not among those;

They from the throng of men had stepp’d aside,
And made their home under the green hill side
It was that hill, whose intervening brow
Screened Lucca from the Pisani’s envious eye,
Which the circumfluous plain waving below,
Like a wide lake of green fertility,
With streams and fields and marshes bare,
Divides from the far Apennines—which lie
Islanded in the immeasurable air.

“What think you, as she lies in her green cove
Our little sleeping boat is dreaming of?
If morning dreams are true, why I should guess
That she was dreaming of our idleness,
And of the miles of watery way
We should have led her by this time of day?”

“Never mind,” said Lionel,
“Give care to the winds, they can bear it well
About you poplar tops; and see,
The white clouds are driving merrily,
And the stars we miss this morn will light
More willingly our return to-night.—
List, my dear fellow, the breeze blows fair;
How it scatters Dominic’s long black hair,
Singing of us, and our lazy motions,
If I can guess a boat’s emotions.”

The chain is loosed, the sails are spread,
The living breath is fresh behind,
As with dews and sunrise fed,
Comes the laughing morning wind;—
The sails are full, the boat makes head
Against the Serchio’s torrent fierce,
Then flags with intermitting course,
And hangs upon the wave,[*]
Whicherv Sanford from its mountain source
Shallow, smooth and strong doth come,—
Swift as fire, tempestuously
It sweeps into the aflighted sea;
In morning’s smile its eddies coil,
Its billows sparkle, toss and boil,
Torturing all its quiet light
Into columns fierce and bright.

The Serchio, twisting forth
Between the marble barriers which it clove
At Ripafalleta, leads through the dread chasm
The wave that died the death that lovers love
Living in what it sought; as if this spasm
Had not yet past, the toppling mountains cling
But the clear stream in full enthusiasm
Pours itself on the plain, until wandering,
Down one clear path of effluence crystalline
Sends its clear waves, that they may fling
At Arno’s feet tribute of corn and wine,
Then, through the pestidential deserts wild
Of tangled marsh and woods of stunted fit,
It rushes to the Ocean.

July, 1821.

THE ZUCCA.*

I
Summer was dead and Autumn was expiring
And infant Winter laugh’d upon the land

* Pumpkin.

474
II cloudlessly and cold—when I, desiring
More in this world than any understand,
Vept o'er the beauty, which, like sea retiring,
Had left the earth bare as the wave-worn sand
Of my poor heart, and o'er the grass and flowers
Aye for the falsehood of the flattering hours.

II.
Summer was dead, but I yet lived to weep—
The instability of all but weeping;
And on the earth lull'd in her winter sleep
I woke, and envied her as she was sleeping.
'Too happy Earth! over thy face shall creep
The waking vernal airs, until thou, leaping
Rom unremember'd dreams, shalt see
Death divide thy immortality!

III.
Loved—O no, I mean not one of ye,
Or any earthly one, though ye are dear;
A human heart to human heart may be;
I loved, I know not what—but this low sphere,
And all that it contains, contains not thee,
Thou, whom seen nowhere, I feel everywhere,
In object of my soul's idolatry.
Veiled art thou like—

IV.
Heaven and Earth, from all whose shapes thou flowest,
Neither to be contain'd, delay'd, or hidden,
Aking the divine loveliest and the lowest,
When for a moment thou art not forbidden
To live within the life which thou bestowest,
And leaving noblest things vacant and chidden,
Old as a corpse after the spirit's flight,
And as the sun after the birth of night.

V.
Winds, and trees, and streams, and all things common,
In music, and the sweet unconscious tone
Of animals, and voices which are human,
Meant to express some feelings of their own;
The soft motions and rare smile of woman,
In flowers and leaves, and in the fresh grass shown,
Dying in the autumn, I the most
For thee present or lament thee lost.

VI.
And thus I went lamenting, when I saw
A plant upon the river's margin lie,
Like one who loved beyond his Nature's law,
And in despair had cast him down to die;
Leaves which had outlived the frost, the thaw
Had brighted as a heart which hatred's eye
In blast not, but which pity kills; the dew
On its spotted leaves like tears too true.

VII.
The Heavens had wept upon it, but the earth
Had crush'd it on her unmaternal breast.

VIII.
Sore it to my chamber, and I planted
It in a vase full of the lightest mould;
In winter beams which out of Heaven slanted
Fall through the window panes disrob'd of cold,
Upon its leaves and flowers; the star which panted
In evening for the Day, whose car has roll'd,
Over the horizon's wave, with look's of light
Smiled on it from the threshold of the night.

IX.
The mitigated influences of air
And light reviv'd the plant, and from it grew
Strong leaves and tendrils, and its flowers fair,
Full as a cup with the vine's burning dew,
O'erflow'd with golden colors; an atmosphere
Of vital warmth infolded it anew,
And every impulse sent to every part
The unbeheld pulsations of its heart.

X.
Well might the plant grow beautiful and strong,
Even if the sun and air smiled not on it;
For one wept o'er it all the winter long
Tears pure as Heaven's rain, which fell upon it
Hour after hour; for sounds of softest song,
Mix'd with the stringed melodies that won it
To leave the gentle lips on which it slept,
Had loosed the heart of him who sat and wept.

XI.
Had loosed his heart, and shook the leaves and flowers
On which ne wept, the while the savage storm,
Waked by the darkest of December's hours,
Was raving round the chamber hush'd and warm,
The birds were shivering in their leafless bowers,
The fish were frozen in the pools, the form
Of every summer plant was dead [ ]
Whilst this
January, 1822.

THE TWO SPIRITS.
AN ALLEGORY.

FIRST SPIRIT.
On thou, who plumed with strong desire
Would float above the earth, beware!
A Shadow tracks thy flight of fire—
Night is coming!
Bright are the regions of the air,
And among the winds and beams
It were delightful to wander there—
Night is coming!

SECOND SPIRIT.
The deathless stars are bright above;
If I would cross the shade of night
Within my heart the lamp of love,
And that is day!
And the moon will smile with gentle light
On my golden plumes where'er they move;
The meteors will linger round my flight,
And make night day.

FIRST SPIRIT.
But if the whirlwinds of darkness waken
Hail and lightning and stormy rain?
See, the bounds of the air are shaken—
Night is coming!

475
The red swift clouds of the hurricane
Yon declining sun have overtaken,
The clash of the hail sweeps over the plain—
Night is coming!

SECOND SPIRIT.
I see the light, I hear the sound;
I'll sail on the flood of the tempest dark
With the calm within and the light around
Which makes night day:
And thou, when the gloom is deep and stark,
Look from the dull earth, slumber-bound,
My moon-like flight then thou mayest mark
On high, far away.

Some say, there is a precipice
Where one vast pine is frozen to ruin
O'er piles of snow and chasms of ice
"Mid Alpine mountains;"
And that the languid storm, pursuing
That winged shape, for ever flies
Round those hoar branches, eye renewing
Its aery fountains.

Some say, when nights are dry and clear,
And the death-dews sleep on the morass,
Sweet whispers are heard by the traveller
Which makes night day:
And a silver shape like his early love doth pass
Upborne by her wild and glittering hair,
And when he awakes on the fragrant grass,
He finds night day.

A FRAGMENT.
They were two cousins, almost like to twins,
Except that from the catalogue of sins
Nature had razed their love—which could not be
But by discovering their nativity.
And so they grew together, like two flowers
Upon one stem, which the same beams and showers
Laill or awakened in their purple prime,
Which the same hand will gather—the same clime
Shake with decay. This fair day smiles to see
All those who love,—and who e'er loved like thee,
Fiorispina? Scarcely Cosimo,
Within whose bosom and whose brain now glow
The ardors of a vision which obscure
The very idol of its portraiture;
He faints, dissolved into a sense of love;
But thou art as a planet sphere spread above,
But thou art Love itself—ruling the motion
Of his subjected spirit.—Such emotion
Must end in sin or sorrow, if sweet May
Had not brought forth this morn—your wedding-day.

A BRIDAL SONG.
The golden gates of sleep unbar
Where strength and beauty met together,
Kindle their image like a star
In a sea of glassy weather.
Night, with all thy stars look down,—
Darkness, weep thy holiest dew,—
Never smiled the inconstant moon

On a pair so true.
Let eyes not see their own delight—
Haste, swift Hour, and thy flight
Of renew.

Fairies, sprites, and angels, keep her!
Holy stars, permit no wrong!
And return to wake the sleeper,
Dawn,—ere it be long.
Oh joy! oh fear! what will be done
In the absence of the sun!
Come along!

THE SUNSET.
There late was One within whose subtle being,
As light and wind within some delicate cloud
That fades amid the blue noon's burning sky,
Genius and youth contended. None may know
The sweetness of the joy which made his breath
Fail, like the trances of a summer air,
When, with the Lady of his love, who then
First knew the unreserve of mingled being,
He walk'd along the pathway of the field
Which to the east a hoar wood shadow'd o'er,
But to the west was open to the sky.
There now the sun had sunk, but lines of gold
Hung on the ashèd clouds, and on the points
Of the far level grass and nodding flowers,
And the old dandelion's hoary beard,
And, mingled with the shades of twilights lay
On the brown mossy woods—and in the east
The broad and burning moon lingeringly rose
Between the black trunks of the crowded trees,
While the faint stars were gathering overhead—
"Is it not strange, Isabel," said the youth,
"I never saw the sun? We will walk here
To-morrow; thou shalt look on it with me"

That night the youth and lady mingled lay
In love and sleep—but when the morning came,
The lady found her lover dead and cold.
Let none believe that God in mercy gave
That stroke. The lady died not, nor grew wild,
But year by year lived on—in truth I think
Her gentleness and patience and sad smiles,
And that she did not die, but lived to tend
Her aged father, were a kind of madness,
If madness 'tis to be unlike the world.
For but to see her were to read the tale
Woven by some subtlest hand, to make hard heart
Dissolve away in wisdom-working grief;
Her eye-lashes were worn away with tears,
Her lips and cheeks were like things dead—so pale
Her hands were thin, and through their wander
veins
And weak articulations might be seen
Day's ruddy light. The tomb of thy dead self
Which one'vex'd ghost inhabits, night and day,
Is all, lost child, that now remains of thee!

"Inheritor of more than earth can give,
Passionless calm, and silence unreproved,
Whether the dead find, oh, not sleep! but rest,
and are the uncomplaining things they seem,
or live, or drop in the deep sea of Love;
that like thine, mine epitaph were—Peace!"
this was the only mean she ever made.

1816.

---

**SONG.**

**ON A FADED VIOLET.**

The odor from the flower is gone,  
Which like thy kisses breathed on me;  
The color from the flower is flown,  
Which glow’d of thee, and only thee!

A shrivell’d, lifeless, vacant form,  
It lies on my abandon’d breast,  
And mocks the heart which yet is warm  
With cold and silent rest.

I weep—my tears revive it not!  
I sigh—it breathes no more on me;  
Its mute and uncomplaining lot  
Is such as mine should be.

---

**LINES TO A CRITIC.**

**Honey from silk-worms who can gather,**  
Or silk from the yellow bee?  
The grass may grow in winter weather  
As soon as hate in me.

Hate men who cant, and men who pray,  
And men who nil like thee:  
An equal passion to repay,  
They are not coy like me.

Or seek some slave of power and gold,  
To be thy dear heart’s mate;  
Thy love will move that bigot cold,  
Sooner than me thy hate.

A passion like the one I prove  
Cannot divided be;  
I hate thy want of truth and love—  
How should I then hate thee?

December, 1817.

---

**GOOD NIGHT.**

Good night? ah! no; the hour is ill  
Which severs those it should unite;  
Let us remain together still,  
Then it will be good night.

How can I call the lone night good,  
Though thy sweet wishes wing its flight?  
Be it not said, thought, understood,  
Then it will be good night.

To hearts which near each other move  
From evening close to morning light,  
The night is good; because, my love,  
They never say good night.

---

**TO-MORROW.**

Where art thou, beloved To-morrow?  
Whom young and old and strong and weak  
Rich and poor, through joy and sorrow.  
Thy sweet smiles we ever seek—  
In thy place—ah! well-a-day!  
We find the thing we fled—To-day.

---

**DEATH.**

They die—the dead return not—Misery  
Sits near an open grave and calls them over.  
A Youth with hoary hair and haggard eye—  
They are the names of kindred, friend, and lover.  
Which he so feebly call’d—they all are gone!  
Fond wretch, all dead, those vacant names alone.  
This most familiar scene, my pain—  
These tombs alone remain.

Misery, my sweetest friend—oh! weep no more!  
Thou wilt not be consoled—I wonder not!  
For I have seen thee from thy dwelling’s door  
Watch the calm sunset with them, and this spot  
Was even as bright and calm, but transitory,  
And now thy hopes are gone, thy hair is hoary;  
This most familiar scene, my pain—  
These tombs alone remain.

---

**A LAMENT.**

Oh, world! oh, life! oh, time!  
On whose last steps I climb,  
Trembling at that where I had stood before;  
When will return the glory of your prime?  
No more—O, never more!

Out of the day and night  
A joy has taken flight;  
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,  
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight  
No more—O, never more!

---

**LOVE’S PHILOSOPHY.**

The fountains mingle with the river,  
And the rivers with the ocean;  
The winds of heaven mix for ever  
With a sweet emotion;  
Nothing in the world is single;  
All things by a law divine  
In one another’s being mingle—  
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,  
And the waves clasp one another,  
No sister flower would be forgiven  
If it disdain’d its brother;  
And the sunlight clasps the earth,  
And the moonbeams kiss the sea,  
What are all these kissings worth,  
If thou kiss not me?

January, 1820.
TO E*** V***.

Madonna, wherefore hast thou sent to me
Sweet basil and mignonette!
Embleming love and health, which never yet
In the same wreath might be.
Alas, and they are wet!
Is it with thy kisses or thy tears?
For never rain or dew
Such fragrance drew
From plant or flower—the very doubt endears
My sadness ever new,
The sighs I breathe, the tears I shed for thee.
March, 1821.

TO ________.

I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden,
Thou needest not fear mine;
My spirit is too deeply laden
Ever to burnish thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion,
Thou needest not fear mine;
 Innocent is the heart’s devotion
With which I worship thine.

LINES.

When the lamp is shutter’d,
The light in the dust lies dead—
When the cloud is scatter’d,
The rainbow’s glory is shed.

When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remember’d not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendor
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart’s echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute:—
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruin’d cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman’s knell.

When hearts have once mingled,
Love first leaves the well-built nest;
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possesst.
O, Love! who bewaillest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

Its passions will rock thee,
As the storms rock the ravens on high:
Bright reason will mock thee,
Like the sun from a wintry sky
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave the naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

TO WILLIAM SHELLEY.

(With what truth I may say—
Roma! Roma! Roma!
Non e più come era prima!)

My lost William, thou in whom
Some bright spirit lived, and did
That decaying robe consume
Which its lustre faintly hid,
Here its ashes find a tomb;
But beneath this pyramid
Thou art not—if a thing divine
Like thee can die, thy funeral shrine
Is thy mother’s grief and mine.

Where art thou, my gentle child?
Let me think thy spirit feeds,
Within its life intense and mild,
The love of living leaves and weeds,
Among these tombs and ruins wild;
Let me think that through low seeds
Of the sweet flowers and sunny grass,
Into their hues and scents may pass
A portion—

June, 1819.

AN ALLEGORY.

A portal as of shadowy adamant
Stands yawning on the highway of the life
Which we all tread, a cavern huge and gaunt
Around it rages an unceasing strife
Of shadows, like the restless clouds that haunt
The gap of some cleft mountain, lifted high
Into the whirlwinds of the upper sky.

And many pass’d it by with careless tread,
Not knowing that a shadowy [ ]
Tracks every traveller even to where the dead
Wait peacefully for their companion new;
But others, by more curious humor led,
Pause to examine,—these are very few,
And they learn little there, except to know
That shadows follow them where’er they go:

MUTABILITY.

The flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow dies;
All that we wish to stay,
Tempers and then flies:
What is this world’s delight?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright.

Virtue, how frail it is!
Friendship too rare!
Love, how it sells poor bliss
For proud despair!
But we, though soon they fall,
Survive their joy and all
Which ours we call.
WHilst skies are blue and bright,  
WHilst flowers are gay,  
WHilst eyes that change ere night  
Make, glad the day;  
WHilst yet the calm hours creep,  
Dream thou—and from thy sleep  
Then wake to weep.

FROM THE ARABIC.  
AN IMITATION.  
My faint spirit was sitting in the light  
Of thy looks, my love;  
It panted for thee like the hind at noon  
For the brooks, my love.  
Thy barb, whose hoofs outspeed the tempest's flight,  
Bore thee far from me:  
My heart, for my weak feet were weary soon,  
Did companion thee.

Ah! fleeter far than fleestest storm or steed,  
Or the death they bear,  
The heart which tender thoughts clothes like a dove  
With the wings of care;  
In the darkness, in the need,  
Shall mine cling to thee,  
Nor claim one smile for all the comfort, love,  
It may bring to thee.

TO .  
One word is too often profaned  
For me to profane it,  
One feeling too falsely disdain'd  
For thee to disdain it.  
One hope is too like despair  
For prudence to smother,  
And Pity from thee more dear  
Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love;  
But will thou accept not.  
The worship the heart lifts above,  
And the Heavens reject not—  
The desire of the moth for the star,  
Of the night for the morrow,  
The devotion to something afar  
From the sphere of our sorrow!

MUSIC.  
PANT for the music which is divine,  
My heart in its thirst is a dying flower;  
or forth the sound like enchanted wine,  
Loosen the notes in a silver shower;  
ke an herbless plain, for the gentle rain,  
ap, I faint, till they wake again.

But me drink of the spirit of that sweet sound,  
More, O more,—I am thirsting yet;  
loosen the serpent which care has bound  
Upon my heart to stifle it;  
'e dissolving strain, through every vein,  
oses into my heart and brain.

As the scent of a violet wither'd up,  
Which grew by the brink of a silver lake;  
When the hot noon has drain'd its dewy cup.  
And mist there was none its thirst to stave—  
And the violet lay dead while the odor flew  
On the wings of the wind o'er the waters blue—

As one who drinks from a charmed cup  
Of foaming, and sparkling, and murmuring wine,  
Whom, a mighty Enchantress filling up,  
Invites to love with her kiss divine.

NOVEMBER, 1815.  
The cold earth slept below,  
Above the cold sky shone;  
And all around.  
With a chilling sound,  
From caves of ice and fields of snow,  
The breath of night like death did flow  
Beneath the sinking moon.

The wintry hedge was black,  
The green grass was not seen,  
The birds did rest  
On the bare thorn's breast,  
Whose roots, beside the pathway track,  
Had bound their folds o'er many a crack  
Which the frost had made between.

Thine eyes glow'd in the glare  
Of the moon's dying light;  
As a sun-fire's beam,  
On a sluggish stream,  
Gleams dimly—so the moon shone there,  
And it yellow'd the strings of thy tangled hair  
That shook in the wind of night.

The moon made thy lips pale, beloved;  
The wind made thy bosom chill;  
The night did shed  
On thy dear head  
Its frozen dew, and thou didst lie  
Where the bitter breath of the naked sky  
Might visit thee at will.

DEATH.  
Death is here, and death is there,  
Death is busy everywhere,  
All around, within, beneath,  
Above is death—and we are death.

Death has set his mark and seal  
On all we are and all we feel,  
On all we know and all we fear,  

First our pleasures die—and then  
Our hopes, and then our fears—and when  
These are dead, the debt is due,  
Dust claims dust—and we die too.

479
All things that we love and cherish, 
Like ourselves, must fade and perish;
Such is our rude mortal lot—
Love itself would, did they not:

TO

When passion's trance is overpast,
If tenderness and truth could last
Or live, whilst all wild feelings keep
Some mortal slumber, dark and deep,
I should not weep, I should not weep!

It were enough to feel, to see
Thy soft eyes gazing tenderly,
And dream the rest—and burn, and be
The secret food of fires unseen,
Couldst thou but be as thou hast been.

After the slumber of the year
The woodland violets reappear;
All things revive in field or grove,
And sky and sea, but two, which move,
And for all others, life and love.

PASSAGE OF THE APENNINES.

LISTEN, listen, Mary mine,
To the whisper of the Apennine.
It bursts on the roof like the thunder's roar,
Or like the sea on a northern shore,
Heard in its raging ebb and flow
By the captives pent in the cave below.
The Apennine in the light of day
Is a mighty mountain dim and gray,
Which between the earth and sky doth lay;
But when night comes, a chaos dread.
On the dim starlight then is spread,
And the Apennine walks abroad with the storm.
May 4th, 1816.

TO MARY

Oh! Mary dear, that you were here
With your brown eyes bright and clear,
And your sweet voice, like a bird
Singing love to its lone mate
In the ivy bowers disconsoled;
Voice the sweetest ever heard!
And your brow more
Than the [**] sky
Of this azure Italy.
Mary dear, come to me soon,
I am not well whilst thou art far;—
As sunset to the sphere of moon,
As twilight to the western star,
Thou, beloved, art to me.
Oh! Mary dear, that you were here;
The Castle echo whispers "Here!"
Este, September, 1818.

THE PAST.

Wilt thou forget the happy hours
Which we buried in Love's sweet bowers,
Heaping over their corpses cold
Blossoms and leaves, instead of mould!
Blossoms which were the joys that fell,
And leaves, the hopes that yet remain.

Forget the dead, the past? O yet
There are ghosts that may take revenge for it
Memories that make the heart a tomb,
Regrets which glide through the spirit's gloom
And with ghastly whispers tell
That joy, once lost, is pain.

SONG OF A SPIRIT.

Within the silent centre of the earth
My mansion is; where I lived insphered
From the beginning, and around my sleep
Have woven all the wondrous imagery
Of this dim spot, which mortals call the world;
Infinite depths of unknown elements
Mass'd into one impenetrable mask;
Shots of immeasurable fire, and veins
Of gold and stone, and adamantine iron.
And as a veil in which I walk through Heaven
I have wrought mountains, seas, and waves, and clouds,
And lastly light, whose interfusion dawns
In the dark space of interstellar air.

LIBERTY.

The fiery mountains answer each other;
Their thunderings are echoed from zone to zone;
The tempestuous oceans awake another,
And the ice-rocks are shaken round winter's zone,
When the clarion of the Typhoon is blown.

From a single cloud the lightning flashes,
Whilst a thousand isles are illumined around;
Earthquake is trampling one city to ashes,
A hundred are shuddering and tottering; the sun
Is bellowing underground.

But keener thy gaze than the lightning's glare,
And swifter thy step than the earthquake's trump;
Thou deafenest the rage of the ocean; thy stare
Makes blind the volcanoes; the sun's bright lamp
To thine is a fen-fire damp.

From billow and mountain and exhalation
The sunlight is darted through vapor and blast;
From spirit to spirit, from nation to nation,
From city to hamlet, thy dawning is cast,—
And tyrants and slaves are like shadows of night,
In the van of the morning light.

TO

Mine eyes were dim with tears unshe'd;
Yes, I was firm—thus did not thou;
My baffled looks did fear, yet dread,
To meet thy looks—I could not know
How anxiously they sought to shine
With soothing pity upon mine.

480
To sit and curb the soul's mute rage
Which preys upon itself alone;
To curse the life which is the cage
Of fetter'd grief that dares not groan,
Hiding from many a careless eye
The scorned load of agony.

Whilst thou alone, then not regarded,
The [ ] thou alone should be,
To spend years thus, and be rewarded,
As thou, sweet love, requited me
When none were near—Oh! I did wake
From torture for that moment's sake.

Upon my heart thy accents sweet
Of peace and pity, fell like dew
On flowers half dead;—thy lips did meet
Mine tremblingly; thy dark eyes threw
Thy soft persuasion on my brain,
Charming away its dream of pain.

We are not happy, sweet! our state
Is strange and full of doubt and fear;
More need of words that ill abate:—
Reserve or censure come not near
Our sacred friendship, lest there be
No solace left for thou and me.

Gentle and good and mild thou art,
Nor can I live if thou appear
Aught but thyself, or turn thine heart
Away from me, or stoop to wear
The mask of scorn, although it be
To hide the love thou feel'st for me.

---

THE ISLE.

There was a little lawny islet
By anemone and violet,
Like mosaic, paven:
And its roof was flowers and leaves
Which the summer's breath inweaves,
Where nor sun nor showers nor breeze
Pierce the pines and tallest trees,
Each a gem engraven:
Girt by many an azure wave
With which the clouds and mountains pave
A lake's blue chasm.

---

TO

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose-leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

---

TIME.

Claspest the limits of mortality!
And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,
Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore,
Treacherous in calm, and terrible in storm,
Who shall put forth on thee,
Unfathomable Sea?

---

LINES.

That time is dead for ever, child,
Drown'd, frozen, dead for ever!
We look on the past,
And stare aghast
At the spectres walking, pale and ghast,
Of hopes which thou and I beguiled
To death on life's dark river.

The stream we gazed on then, rolled by;
Its waves are unreturning;
But we yet stand
In a lone land,
Like tombs to mark the memory
Of hopes and fears, which fade and flee
In the light of life's dim morning.

November 5th, 1817.

---

A SONG.

A widow bird sate mourning for her love
Upon a wintry bough;
The frozen wind kept on above,
The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare
No flower upon the ground,
And little motion in the air,
Except the mill-wheel's sound.

---

THE WORLD'S WANDERERS.

Tell me, thou star, whose wings of light
Speed thee in thy fiery flight,
In what cavern of the night
Will thy pinions close now?

Tell me, moon, thou pale and gray
Pilgrim of Heaven's homeless way,
In what depth of night or day
Seekest thou repose now?

Weary wind, who wanderest
Like the world's rejected guest,
Hast thou still some secret nest
On the tree or billow?

---

A DIRGE.

Rough wind, that moanest loud
Grief too sad for song;
Wild wind, when sullen cloud
Kneels all the night long;
Sad storm, whose tears are vain,
 Bare woods, whose branches stain,
Deep caves and dreary main,
Wail, for the world's wrong!
SHELLEY'S POETICAL WORKS.

LINES.
Far, far away, O ye
Halecons of memory,
Seek some far calmer nest
Than this abandon'd breast—
No news of your false spring
To my heart's winter bring,
Once having gone, in vain
Ye come again.

Vultures, who build your bowers
High in the Future's towers,
With'er'd hopes on hopes are spread,
Dying joys choked by the dead,
Will serve your beaks for prey
Many a day.

SUPERSTITION.
Thou tastiest all thou look'st upon! The stars,
Which on thy cradle beam'd so brightly sweet,
Were gods to the distemper'd playfulness
Of thy untutor'd infancy; the trees,
The grass, the clouds, the mountains, and the sea,
All living things that walk, swim, creep, or fly,
Were gods: the sun had homage, and the moon
Her worshipper. Then thou becamest, a boy,
More daring in thy frenzies: every shape,
Monstrous or vast, or beautifully wild,
Which, from sensation's relics, fancy culs;
The spirits of the air, the shuddering ghost,
The genii of the elements, the powers
That give a shape to nature's varied works,
Had life and place in the corrupt belief
Of thy blind heart: yet still thy youthful hands
Were pure of human blood. Then manhood gave
Its strength and ardor to thy frenzied brain;
Thine eager gaze scan'd the stupendous scene,
Whose wonders mock'd the knowledge of thy pride:
Their everlasting and unchanging laws
Reproach'd thine ignorance. Awhile thou stoutest
Baffled and gloomy; then thou didst sum up
The elements of all that thou didst know;
The changing seasons, winter's leafless reign,
The budding of the Heaven-breathing trees,
The eternal orbs that beautify the night,
The sunrise, and the setting of the moon,
Earthquakes and wars, and poisons and disease,
And all their causes, to an abstract point
Converging, thou didst give it name, and form,
Intelligence, and unity, and power.

With mountain winds, and babbling springs,
And moonlight seas, that are the voice
Of these inexplicable things,
Thou didst hold commune, and rejoice
When they did answer thee; but they
Cast, like a worthless boon, thy love away.

And thou hast sought in starry eyes
Beams that were never meant for thine,
Another's wealth,—name sacrifice
To a fond faith! still dost thou pine?
Still dost thou hope that greeting hands,
Voice, looks, or lips, may answer thy demands?

Ah! wherefore didst thou build thine hope
On the false earth's inconstancy?
Did thine own mind afford no scope
Of love, or moving thoughts, to thee?
That natural scenes or human smiles
Could steal the power to wind thee in their wiles.

Yes, all the faithless smiles are fled
Whose falsehood left thee broken-hearted;
The glory of the moon is dead;
Night's ghost and dreams have now departed,
Thine own soul still is true to thee,
But changed to a foul fiend through misery.

This fiend, whose ghastly presence ever
Beside thee like th' shadow hangs,
Dream not to chase;—the mad endeavor
Would scourg'e thee to severer pangs.
Be as thou art. Thy settled fate,
Dark as it is, all change would aggravate.

STANZAS.—APRIL, 1814.

Away! the moon is dark beneath the moon,
Rapid clouds have drunk the last pale beam of even.
Away! the gathering winds will call the darkness soon,
And profoundest midnight shroud the serene lights
Of Heaven.

Pause not! The time is past! Every voice cries, Away!
Tempt not with one last glance thy friend's ungentle mood:
Thy lover's eye, so glazed and cold, dares not entertain thy stay:
Duty and dereliction guide thee back to solitude.

Away, away! to thy sad and silent home;
Four bitter tears on its desolated heath;
Watch the dim shades as like ghosts they go and come
And complicate strange webs of melancholy mirth
The leaves of wasted autumn woods shall fly
Around thine head;
The blooms of dewy spring shall gleam beneath thy feet:
But thy soul or this world must fade in the frost the
binds the dead,
Ere midnight's frown and morning's smile, ere thou
And peace may meet.

The cloud shadows of midnight possess their own
repose,
For the weary winds are silent, or the moon is
And the deep;
Some respite to its turbulence unresting ocean knows
Whatever moves, or tails, or grieves, hath its a
pointed sleep.

482
Thou in the grave shalt rest—yet till the phantoms flee
Which that house and heath and garden made dear to thee erewhile,
Thy remembrance, and repentance, and deep musings are not free
From the music of two voices, and the light of one sweet smile.

MUTABILITY.
We are as clouds that veil the midnight moon;
How restlessly they speed, and gleam, and quiver,
Streaking the darkness radiant!—yet soon
Night closes round, and they are lost for ever;
Or like forgotten lyres, whose dissonant strings
Give various response to each varying blast,
To whose frail frame no second motion brings
One mood or modulation like the last.
We rest—A dream has power to poison sleep;
We rise—One wandering thought pollutes the day;
We feel, conceive or reason, laugh or weep;
Embrace fond woe, or cast our cares away:
It is the same!—For, be it joy or sorrow,
The path of its departure still is free:
Man's yesterday may ne'er be like his morrow;
Naught may endure but Mutability.

ON DEATH.
There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom,
In the grave, whither thou goest.—Ecclesiastes.
The pale, the cold, and the moony smile
Which the meteor beam of a starless night
Sheds on a lonely and sea-girt land,
Ere the dawning of morn's undoubted light,
Is the flame of life so sickle and wan
That fits round our steps till their strength is gone.
O man! hold thee on in courage of soul
Through the stormy shades of thy worldly way,
And the billows of cloud that around thee roll
Shall sleep in the light of a wondrous day,
Where hell and heaven shall leave thee free
To the universe of destiny.
This world is the nurse of all we know,
This world is the mother of all we feel,
And the coming of death is a fearful blow
To a brain unencompass'd with nerves of steel;
When all that we know, or feel, or see,
Shall pass like an unreal mystery.
The secret things of the grave are there,
Where all but this frame must surely be,
Though the fine-wrought eye and the wondrous ear
No longer will live, to hear or to see
All that is great and all that is strange
In the boundless realm of unending change.

Who telleth a tale of unspeaking death?
Who lifteth the veil of what is to come?
Who painteth the shadows that are beneath
The wide-winding caves of the peopled tomb?
Or uniteth the hopes of what shall be
With the fears and the love for that which we see?

A SUMMER-EVENING CHURCH-YARD, LECHDALE,
GLOUCESTERSHIRE.
The wind has swept from the wide atmosphere
Each vapor that obscured the sunset's ray,
And pallid evening twines its beamy hair
In dusky braids around the languid eyes of day.
Silence and twilight, unbeknown, of men,
Creep hand in hand from yon obscurest glen.
They breathe their spells towards the departing day
Encompassing the earth, air, stars, and sea;
Light, sound, and motion, own the potent sway,
Responding to the charm with its own mystery.
The winds are still, or the dry church-tower grass
Knows not their gentle motions as they pass.
They too, aerial pile! whose precincts
Point from one shrine like pyramids of fire,
Obeyest in silence their sweet solemn spells,
Clothing in hues of heaven thy dim and distant spire,
Around whose lessening and invisible height
Gather among the stars the clouds of night.
The dead are sleeping in their sepulchres:
And, mouldering as they sleep, a thrilling sound,
Half sense, half thought, among the darkness stirs,
Breathed from their wormy beds all living things
around,
And, mingling with the still night and mute sky,
Its awful hue is felt inaudibly.
Thus solemnized and soft'en'd, death is mild
And terrorless as this serenest night:
Here could I hope, like some inquiring child
Sporting on graves, that death did hide from human sight
Sweet secrets, or beside its breathless sleep
That loveliest dreams perpetual watch did keep.

LINES
WRITTEN ON HEARING THE NEWS OF THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON.
What! alive and so bold, O earth?
Art thou not over-bold?
What! leapest thou forth as of old
In the light of thy morning mirth,
The last of the flock of the starry fold?
Ha! leapest thou forth as of old?
Are not the limbs still when the ghost is fled,
And canst thou move, Napoleon being dead?
How! is not thy quick heart cold?
What spark is alive on thy hearth?
How! is not his death-knell knoll'd?
And livest thou still, mother Earth?
Thou went warming thy fingers old
O'er the embers cover'd and cold
Of that most fiery spirit, when it fled—
What, mother, do you laugh now he is dead?

"Who has known me of old," replied Earth,
"Or who has my story told?
It is thou who'rt over-bold.
And the lightning of scorn laugh'd forth
As she sung, 'To my bosom I fold
All my sons when their knell is knoll'd,
And so with living motion all are fed,
And the quick spring like weeds out of the dead."

"Still alive, and still bold," shouted Earth.
"I grow bolder, and still more bold.
The dead fill me ten thousand fold
Fuller of speed, and splendor, and mirth;
I was cloudy, and sullen, and cold,
Like a frozen chaos uproll'd,
Till by the spirit of the mighty dead
My heart grew warm. I feed on whom I fed."

Ay, alive and bold," muttered Earth,
"Napoleon's fierce spirit roll'd,
In terror, and blood, and gold,
A torrent of ruin to death from his birth.
Leave the millions who follow to mould
The metal before it be cold;
And weave into his shame, which like the dead
Shrouds me, the hopes that from his glory fled."

SUMMER AND WINTER.
It was a bright and cheerful afternoon,
Towards the end of the sunny month of June,
When the north wind congregates in crowds
The floating mountains of the silver clouds
From the horizon—and the stainless sky
Opens beyond them like eternal eyes.
All things rejoiced beneath the sun, the weeds,
The river, and the corn-fields, and the reeds;
The willow leaves that glanced in the light breeze,
And the firm foliage of the larger trees.

It was a winter, such as when birds do die
In the deep forests; and the fishes lie
Stiffen'd in the translucent ice, which makes
Even the mud and slime of the warm lakes
A wrinkled clot, as hard as brick; and when,
Among their children, comfortable men
Gather about great fires, and yet feel cold:
Alas! then for the homeless beggar old!

THE TOWER OF FAMINE.*
Amid the desolation of a city,
Which was the cradle, and is now the grave
Of an extinguish'd people; so that pity
Weeps o'er the shipwrecks of oblivion's wave,

* At Pisa there still exists the prison of Ugolino, which goes by the name of "La Torre della Fame;" in the adjoining building the galley-slaves are confined. It is situated near the Fonte ai Mare on the Arno.

There stands the Tower of Famine. It is built
Upon some prison-homes, whose dwellers rave
For bread, and gold, and blood: pain, link'd to guilt
Agitates the light flame of their hours,
Until its vital oil is spent or split:
There stands the pile, a tower amid the towers
And sacred domes; each marble-ribbed roof,
The brazen-gated temples, and the bowers
Of solitary wealth! The tempest-proof
Pavilions of the dark Italian air,
Are by its presence dimm'd—they stand aloof,
And are withdrawn—so that the world is bare,
As if a spectre, wrapt in shapeless terror,
Amid a company of ladies fair
Should glide and glow, till it became a mirror
Of all their beauty, and their hair and hue,
The life of their sweet eyes, with all its error
Should be absorb'd till they to marble grew.

THE AZIOLA.
"Do you not hear the Aziola cry?
Methinks she must be nigh,"
Said Mary, as we sate
In dusk, ere stars were lit, or candles brought;
And I, who thought
This Aziola was some tedious woman,
Ask'd, "Who is Aziola?" how elate
I felt to know that it was nothing human,
No mockery of myself to fear or hate!
And Mary saw my soul,
And laugh'd and said, "Disquiet yourself not,
'Tis nothing but a little downy owl."

Sad Aziola! many an eventide
Thy music I had hear'd
By wood and stream, meadow and mountain-side
And fields and marshes wide,—
Such as nor voice, nor lute, nor wind, nor bird
The soul ever stirr'd;
Unlike, and far sweeter than them all;
Sad Aziola! from that moment I
Loved thee and thy sad cry.

DIRGE FOR THE YEAR
Orphan hours, the year is dead,
Come and sigh, come and weep!
Merry hours, smile instead,
For the year is but asleep.
See, it smiles as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping.

As an earthquake rocks a cove
In its coffin in the clay,
So white Winter, that rough nurse,
Rocks the death-cold year to-day;
Sollemn hours! wait aloud
For your mother in her shroud.

As the wild air stirs and sways
The tree-swing cradle of a child,
So the breath of these rude days
Rocks the year:—be calm and mild,
Trembling hours, she will arise
With new love within her eyes.
January gray is here,  
Like a sexton by her grave;  
February bears the bier,  
March with grief doth howl and rave,  
And April weeps—but, O ye hours,  
Follow with May's fairest flowers!  

January 1st, 1821.

SONNETS.

OZYMANDIAS.  
MET a traveller from an antique land,  
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,  
slate sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,  
and wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things,  
The hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed:  
And on the pedestal these words appear:  
My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:  
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare  
He lone and level sands stretch far away.

It hasten to the dead! What seek ye there,  
E restless thoughts and busy purposes  
The idle brain, which the world's livery wear?  
Thou quick Heart, which pantest to possess  
All that anticipation feigneth fair!  
How vainly curious mind which wouldst guess  
Hence thou didst come, and whither thou mayst go,  
And that which never yet was known would know—  
Whither hasten ye, that thus ye press  
With such swift feet life's green and pleasant path,  
Seeking alike from happiness and rude  
Refuge in the cavern of gray death?  
Heart, and mind, and thoughts! What thing do ye  
Hope to inherit in the grave below?

POLITICAL GREATNESS.

Or happiness, nor majesty, nor fame,  
Or peace, nor strength, nor skill in arms or arts,  
Shepherd those herds whom tyranny makes tame;  
Ere echoes not one beating of their hearts,  
History is but the shadow of their shame;  
It veils her glass, or from the pageant starts,  
To oblivious their blind millions fleet,  
Alighting that Heaven with obscene imagery  
Of their own likeness. What are numbers knit  
Of force or custom? Man who man would be,  
Must rule the empire of himself; in it  
Just he supreme, establishing his throne  
Vanquish'd will, quelling the anarchy  
Of hopes and fears, being himself alone.

Las! good friend, what profit can you see  
in hating such a hateful thing as me?  
Here is no sport in hate where all the rage  
on one side. In vain would you assuage  
Our frowns upon an unresisting smile,  
Which not even contempt lurks, to beguile

Your heart, by some faint sympathy of hate.  
O conquer what you cannot satiate!  
For to your passion I am far more coy  
Than ever yet was coldest maid or boy  
In winter noon. Of your antipathy  
If I am the Narcissus, you are free  
To pine into a sound with hating me.

Lift not the painted veil which those who live  
Call Life: though unreal shapes be painted there,  
And it but mimic all we would believe:  
With colors idly spread—behind lurk Fear  
And Hope, twin destinies; who ever weave  
The shadows, which the world calls substance, there.

I knew one who lifted it—he sought  
For his lost heart was tender, things to love,  
But found them not, alas! nor was there aught  
The world contains, the which he could approve.  
Through the unheeding many he did move,  
A splendor among shadows, a bright blot  
Upon this gloomy scene, a Spirit that strove  
For truth, and like the Preacher found it not,

TO WORDSWORTH.

Poet of Nature, thou hast wert to know  
That things depart which never may return!  
Childhood and youth, friendship and love's first glow,  
Have fled like sweet dreams, leaving thee to mourn.  
These common woes I feel. One loss is mine  
Which thou too feel'st; yet I alone deplore.  
Thou wert as a lone star, whose light did shine  
On some frail bark in winter's midnight roar:  
Thou hast like to a rock-built refuge stood  
Above the blind and battling multitude.  
In honor'd poverty thy voice did weave  
Songs consecrate to truth and liberty,—  
Deserting these, thou leavest me to grieve  
Thus having been, that thou shouldst cease to be.

FEELINGS OF A REPUBLICAN ON THE FALL OF  
BONAPARTE.

I HATED thee, fallen tyrant! I did groan  
To think that a most ambitious slave,  
Like thou, shouldst dance and revel on the grave  
Of Liberty. Thou mightst have built thy throne  
Where it had stood even now: thou didst prefer  
A frail and bloody pomp, which time has swept  
In fragments towards oblivion. Massacre,  
For this I pray'd, would on thy sleep have crept,  
Treason and Slavery, Rapine, Fear, and Lust,  
And stilled thee, their minister. I know  
Too late, since thou and France are in the dust,  
That Virtue owns a more eternal foe  
Than force or fraud: old Custom, legal Crime,  
And bloody Faith, the foulest birth of time.

DANTE ALIGHIERI TO GUIDO CAVALCANTI.

From the Italian of Dante.

Guido, I would that Lippo, thou, and I,  
Led by some strong enchantment, might ascend
A magic ship, whose charmed sails should fly,
With winds at will, where'er our thoughts might wend,
And that no change, nor any evil chance,
Should mar our joyous voyage; but it might be,
That even safety should still enhance
Between our hearts their strict community,
And that the bounteous wizard then would place
Vanna and Bice and my gentle love,
Companions of our wandering, and would grace
With passionate talk, wherever we might rove,
Our time, and each were as content and free
As I believe that thou and I should be.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF MOSCHUS.

Τον ἕλιον θανάτου ἄνθρωπος απρεπαλληθής,
κ. τ. Α.

When winds that move not its calm surface sweep
The azure sea, I love the land no more,
The smiles of the serene and tranquil deep
Temp my unquiet mind.—But when the roar
Of ocean's gray abyss resounds, and foam
Gathers upon the sea, and vast waves burst,
I turn from the drear aspect to the home
Of earth and its deep woods, where, interspersed,
When winds blow loud, pines make sweet melody.
Whose house is some lone bark, whose toil the sea,
Whose prey the wandering fish, an evil lot
Has chosen.—But I my languid limbs will fling
Beneath the plane, where the brook's murmuring
Moves the calm spirit, but disturbs it not.

TRANSLATIONS.

HYMN TO MERCURY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF HOMER.

I.

Sing, Muse, the son of Maia and of Jove,
The Herald-child, king of Arcadia
And all its pastoral hills, whom in sweet love
Having been interwoven, modest May
Bore Heaven's dread Supreme—an antique grove
Shadow'd the cavern where the lovers lay
In the deep night, unseen by Gods or Men,
And white-arm'd Juno slumber'd sweetly then.

II.

Now, when the joy of Jove had its fulfilling,
And Heaven's tenth moon chronicled her relief,
She gave to light a babe all babes excelling,
A schemer subtle beyond all belief;
A shepherd of thin dreams, a cow-stealing,
A night-watching, and door-waylaying thief,
Who 'mongst the Gods was soon about to thrive,
And other glorious actions to achieve.

III.

The babe was born at the first peep of day;
He began playing on the lyre at noon,
And the same evening did he steal away
Apollo's herds:—the fourth day of the moon
On which him bore the venerable May,
From her immortal limbs he leap'd full soon,
Nur long could in the sacred cradle keep,
But out to seek Apollo's herds would creep.

IV.

Out of the lofty cavern wandering
He found a tortoise, and cried out:—'A treasure.'
(For Mercury first made the tortoise sing.)
The beast before the portal at his leisure
The flowery herbage was depasturing,
Moving his feet in a deliberate measure
Over the turf. Jove's profitable son
Eyeing him laugh'd, and laughing thus began:—

V.

"A useful god-send are you to me now,
King of the dazye, companion of the feast,
Lovely in all your nature! Welcome, you
Excellent plaything! Where, sweet mountain beast
Got you that speckled shell? Thus much I know,
You must come home with me and be my guest;
You will give joy to me, and I will do
All that is in my power to honor you.

VI.

"Better to be at home than out of door:—
So come with me, and though it has been said
That you alone defend from magic power,
I know you will sing sweetly when you're dread
Thus having spoken, the quaint infant bore,
Lifting it from the grass on which it fed
And grasping it in his delighted hold,
His treasured prize into the cavern old.

VII.

Then scooping with a chisel of gray steel
He bored the life and soul out of the beast—
Not swifter a swift thought of woe or weal
Darts through the tumult of a human breast
Which througning cares annoy—not swifter wheel
The flashes of its torture and unrest
Out of the dizzy eyes—than Maia's son
All that he did devise hath fealty done.

VIII.

And through the tortoise's hard strong skin
At proper distances small holes he made,
And fasten'd the cut stems of reeds within,
And with a piece of leather overlaid
The open space, and fixed the cubits in,
Fitting the bridge to both, and stretch'd o'er all
Symphonious cords of sheep-gut rhythmical.

IX.

When he had wrought the lovely instrument,
He tried the chords, and made division meet,
Preluding with the spectrum; and there went
Up from beneath his hand a tumult sweet
Of mighty sounds, and from his lips he sent
A strain of unpremeditated wit,
Joyous and wild and wanton—such you may
Hear among revellers on a holiday.

X.

He sung how Jove and May of the bright sandal
Dallied in love not quite legitimate;
And his own birth, still scoffing at the scandal,
And naming his own name, did celebrate;
His mother's cave and servant-maids he plann'd al
In plastic verse, her household stuff and state,
Perennial pot, tripeet, and brazen pan—
But singing he conceived another plan.
XI.

The lid

The ancient charioteer, his horse

Ever forward, he pressed his way.

The grass beneath the hooves of his steeds was trampled,

And the sweet herbage, every one

Pastured been, the great God made them move towards the stall in a collected drove.

XVIII.

A mighty pile of wood the God then heap'd,

And having soon conceived the mystery

Of fire, from two smooth laurel branches stript

The bark, and rubb'd them in his palms,—on high

Suddenly forth the burning vapor leapt,

And the divine child saw delightedly—

Mercury first found out for human weal

Tinder-box, matches, fire-irons, flint and steel.

XIX.

And fine dry logs and roots innumerable

He gather'd in a delve upon the ground—

And kindled them—and instantaneous

The strength of the fierce flame was breathed around:

And whilst the might of glorious Vulcan thus

Wrapt the great pile with glare and roaring sound,

Hermes dragg'd forth two heifers, lowering loud,

Close to the fire—such might was in the God

XX.

And on the earth upon their backs he threw

The panting beasts, and roll'd them o'er and o'er

And bored their lives out. Without more ado

He cut up fat and flesh, and down before

The fire, on spits of wood he placed the two,

Toasting their flesh and ribs, and all the gore

Pursed in the bowels; and while this was done,

He stretch't their hides over a craggy stone.

XXI.

We mortals let an ox grow old, and then

Cut it up after long consideration,—

But joyous-minded Hermes from the glen

Drew the fat spoils to the more open station

Of a flat smooth space, and portioned them; and when

He had by lot assign'd to each a ration

Of the twelve Gods, his mind became aware

Of all the joys which in religion are.

XXII.

For the sweet savour of the roasted meat

Tempted him, though immortal. Notwithstanding,

He check'd his haughty will and did not eat,

Though what it cost him words can scarce express,

And every wish to put such morsels sweet

Down his most sacred throat, he did repress;

But soon within the lofty-portall'd stall

He placed the fat and flesh and bones and all

XXIII.

And every trace of the fresh butchery

And cooking, the God soon made disappear,

As if it all had vanish'd through the sky;

He burn'd the hoofs and horns and head and hair,

The insatiate fire devour'd them hungrily;

And when he saw that every thing was clear,

He quench'd the coals and trampled the black dust

And in the stream his bloody sandals toss'd.

XXIV.

All night he work'd in the serene moonshine—

But when the light of day was spread abroad,

He sought his natal mountain peaks divine.

On his long wandering, neither man nor god

Had met him, since he kill'd Apollo's kine,

Nor house-dog had bark'd at him on his road;

Now he obliquely through the key-hole past,

Like a thin mist, or an autumnal blast.
XXVII.

"Apollo soon will pass within this gate,  
And bind your tender body in a chain  
Inextricably tight, and fast as fate,  
Unless you can delude the God again,  
Even when within his arms—ah, runagate!  
A pretty torment both of gods and men  
Your father made when he made you!"—"Dear mother,"  
Replied sly Hermes, "Wherefore scold and bother?"

XXVIII.

"As if I were like other babes as old,  
And understood nothing of what is;  
And cared at all to hear my mother scold.  
I in my subtle bruit a scheme have got,  
Which whilst the sacred stars round Heaven are  
roll’d  
Will profit you and me—nor shall our lot  
Be as you counsel, without gifts or food  
To spend our lives in this obscure abode."

XXIX.

"But we will leave this shadow-peopled cave  
And live among the Gods, and pass each day  
In high communion, sharing what they have  
Of profuse wealth and unexhausted prey;  
And from the portion which my father gave  
To Phoebus, I will match my share away,  
Which if my father will not—nateless I,  
Who am the king of robbers, can but try"

XXX.

"And, if Latona's son should find me out,  
I'll counterfeit him by a deeper plan;  
I'll pierce the Pythian temple-walls, though stout,  
And sack the fane of every thing I can—  
Caldrons and tripods of great worth no doubt,  
Each golden cup and polish'd brazen pan,  
All the wrought tapestries and garments gay."—  
So they together talk’d;—meanwhile the Day

XXXI.

Ethereal born arose out of the flood  
Of flowing Ocean, bearing light to men.  
Apollo past toward the sacred wood,  
Which from the inmost depths of its green glen  
Echoes the voice of Neptune,—and there stood  
On the same spot in green Onchestus then  
That same old animal, the vine-dresser,  
Who was employ'd hedging his vineyard there.

XXXII.

Latona's glorious Son began — I pray  
Tell, ancient hedger of Onchestus green  
Whether a drove of kine has past this way,  
All heifers with crooked horns? for they have been  
Stolen from the herd in high Pleria,  
Where a black bull was fed apart, between  
Two woody mountains in a neighboring glen,  
And four fierce dogs watch'd there, unanomous as me.

XXXIII.

"And, what is strange, the author of this theft  
Has stolen the fatt'd heifers every one,  
But the four dogs and the black bull are left:—  
Stolen they were last night at set of sun,  
Of their soft beds and their sweet food bereft—  
Now tell me, man born ere the world begun,  
Have you seen any one pass with the cows?"  
To whom the man of overhanging brows:

XXXIV.

"My friend, it would require no common skill  
Justly to speak of every thing I see:  
On various purposes of good or ill  
Many pass by my vineyard,—and to me  
'Tis difficult to know the invisible  
Thoughts, which in all those many minds may be  
Thus much alone I certainly can say,  
I till'd these vines till the decline of day.

XXXV.

"And then I thought I saw, but dare not speak  
With certainty of such a wondrous thing,  
A child, who could not have been born a week;  
Those fair-born'd cattle closely following,  
And in his hand he held a polish'd stick;  
And, as on purpose, he walk'd wavering  
From one side to the other of the road,  
And with his face opposed the steps he trod.'

XXXVI.

Apollo hearing this, past quickly on—  
No winged omen could have shown more cles  
That the deceiver was his father's son,  
So the God wraps a purple atmosphere  
Around his shoulders, and like fire is gone  
To famous Pylos, seeking his kine there,  
And found their track and his, yet hardly cold,  
And cried—"What wonder do mine eyes behold

XXXVII.

"Here are the footsteps of the horned herd  
Turn'd back towards their fields of asphodel:—  
But these! are not the tracks of beast or bird,  
Gray wolf, or bear, or lion of the dell,  
Or maned Centaur—sand was never stir'd  
By man or woman thus! Inexplicable!  
Who with unwearied feet could e'er impress  
The sand with such enormous vestiges?"

XXXVIII.

"That was most strange—but this is stranger still  
Thus having said, Phoebus impetuously  
Sought high Cyllene's forest-cinctured hill,  
And the deep cavern where dark shadows lie,  
And where the ambrosial nymph with happy will  
Bore the Saturnian's love-child, Mercury—  
And a delightful odor from the dew  
Of the hill pastures, at his coming flew.
XXXIX.
And Phoebus stoo'd under the craggy roof
Arch'd over the dark cavern:—Maia's child
Perceived that he came angry, far aloof,
About the cows of which he had been beguiled,
And over him the fine and fragrant woof
Of his ambrosial swaddling-clothes he piled—
As among fire-brands lies a burning spark,
Cover'd beneath the ashes cold and dark.

XL.
There, like an infant who had suck'd his fill,
And now was newly wash'd and put to bed,
Awake, but courting slumber with weary will,
And gather'd in a lump hands, feet, and head,
He lay, and his beloved tortoise still
He grasp'd and held under his shoulder-blade.
Phoebus the lovely mountain-goddess knew,
Not less her subtle, swindling baby, who

XLI.
Ay swathed in his sly wil'd.
Round every crook
Of the ample cavern, for his kine, Apollo
Took a sharp; and when he saw them not, he took
The glittering key, and open'd three great hollow
Breezes in the rock,—where many a nook
Was fill'd with the sweet food immortals swallow,
And mighty heaps of silver and of gold
Were pile'd within—a wonder to behold!

XLII.
And white and silver robes, all overwrought
With cunning workmanship of tracery sweet—
Except among the Gods, there can be naught
In the wide world to be compared with it.
Amon's offspring, after having sought
His herds in every corner, thus did greet
Great Hermes:—“Little cradle rogue, declare
If my illustrious heifers, where they are!

XLIII.
Speak quickly! or a quarrel between us
Must rise, and the event will be, that I shall
Haul you into dismalt Tartarus,
In fiery gloom to dwell eternally;
Nor shall your father nor your mother loose
The bars of that black dungeon—utterly
You shall be cast out from the light of day,
To rule the ghosts of men, unbliest as they.”

XLIV.
To whom thus Hermes slyly answer'd:—“Son
Of great Latona, what a speech is this!
Why come you here to ask me what is done
With the wild oxen which it seems you miss?
Have not seen them, nor from any one
Have heard a word of the whole business;
Tf you should promise an immense reward,
Could not tell more than you now have heard.

XLV.
An ox-stealer should be h'it tall and strong,
And I am but a little new-born thing,
Who, yet at least, can think of nothing wrong:
My business is to suck, and sleep, and fling
The cradle-clothes about me all day long,—
Or, half asleep, hear my sweet mother sing,
And to be wash'd in water clean and warm,
And kiss'd and kept secure from harm.

XLVI.
“O, let not e'er this quarrel be aver'd!
The astounded Gods would laugh at you, if e'er
You should allege a story so absurd,
As that a new-born infant forth could fare
Out of his home after a savage herd.
I was born yesterday—my small feet are
Too tender for the roads so hard and rough:
And if you think that this is not enough,

XLVII.
“I swear a great oath, by my father's head,
That I stole not your cows, and that I know
Of no one else who might, or could, or did—
Whatever things cows are, I do not know,
For I have only heard the name.”—This said,
He wink'd as fast as could be, and his brow
Was wrinkled, and a whistle loud gave he,
Like one who hears some strange absurdity

XLVIII.
Apollo gently smiled, and said:—“Ay, ay,—
You cunning little rascal, you will bore
Many a rich man's house, and your array
Of thieves will lay their siege before his door
Silent as night, in night; and many a day
In the wild glens rough shepherds will deplore
That you or yours, having an appetite,
Met with their cattle, conrade of the night!

XLIX.
“And this among the Gods shall be your gift,
To be consider'd as the lord of those
Who swindle, house-break, sheep-steal, and shop-lift;
But now if you would not your last sleep lose,
Crawl out!”—Thus saying, Phoebus did uplift
The subtle infant in his swaddling-clothes,
And in his arms, according to his wont,
A scheme devised the illustrious Argiphont.

L.
And sneezed and shudder'd—Phoebus on the grass
Him threw, and whilst all that he had design'd
He did perform—eager although to pass
Apollo darted from his mighty mind
Towards the subtle babe the following scoff:
“Do not imagine this will get you off,

LI.
“You little swaddled child of Jove and May,”
And seized him:—“By this omen I shall trace
My noble herds, and you shall lead the way!”—
Cyllenian Hermes from the grassy place,
Like one in earnest haste to get away,
Rose, and with hands uplifted towards his face
Roused both his ears—up from his shoulders drew
His swaddling-clothes, and—“What mean you to do

LII.
“With me, you unkind God?” said Mercury:
“Is it about these cows you tease me so?
I wish the race of cows were perish'd!—I
Stole not your cows—I do not even know
What things cows are. Alas! I well may sigh,
That since I came into this world of woe,
I should have ever heard the name of one—
But I appeal to the Saturnian’s throne”
LX.

"I found that in the dark he quietly
Had sacrificed some cows, and before light
Had thrown the ashes all dispers'dly
About the road—then, still as gloomy night,
Had crept into his cradle, either eye
Rubbing, and cogitating some new slight.
No eagle could have seen him as he lay
Hid in his cavern from the peering day.

LXI.

"I tax'd him with the fact, when he aver'd
Most solemnly that he did neither see
Or even had in any manner heard
Of my lost cows, whatever things cows be,
Nor could he tell, though offer'd a reward;
Not even who could tell of them to me."
So speaking, Phoebus sate; and Hermes then
Address'd the Supreme Lord of Gods and men.

LXII.

"Great Father, you know clearly beforehand,
That all which I shall say to you is sooth;
I am a most veracious person, and
Totally unacquainted with untruth.
At sunrise, Phoebus came, but with no band
Of Gods to bear him witness, in great wrath,
To my abode, seeking his heifers there,
And saying that I must show him where they are

LXIII.

"Or he would hurl me down the dark abyss
I know, that every Apollonian limb
Is clothed with speed and might and manliness,
As a green bank with flowers—but unlike him
I was born yesterday, and you may guess
He well knew this when he indulged the whim
Of bullying a poor little new-born thing
That slept, and never thought of cow-driving.

LXIV.

"Am I like a strong fellow who steals kine?
Believe me, dearest Father, such you are,
This driving of the herds is none of mine;
Across my threshold did I wander ne'er,
So may I thrive! I reverence the divine
Sun and the Gods, and I love you, and care
Even for this hard accuser—who must know
I am as innocent as they or you.

LXV.

"I swear by these most gloriously-wrought portals
(If it, you will allow, an oath of might)
Through which the multitude of the Immortals
Pass and repass for ever, day and night,
Devising schemes for the affairs of mortals—
That I am guiltless; and I will requite,
Although mine enemy be great and strong,
His cruel threat—do thou defend the young!"

LXVI.

So speaking, the Cyllenean Agriphont
Wink'd, as if now his adversary was fitted—
And Jupiter, according to his wont,
Laugh'd heartily to hear the subtle-witted
Infant give such a plausible account,
And every word a lie. But he remitted
Judgment at present—and his exhortation
Was, to compose the affair by arbitration.
LXVII.
And they by mighty Jupiter were bidden
to go forth with a single purpose both,
Nor the other chiding nor yet chidden:
And Mercury with innocence and truth
To lead the way, and show where he had hidden
The mighty neifers—Hermes, nothing loth,
They'd the Aegis-bearer's will—for he
is able to persuade all easily.

LXVIII.
These lovely children of Heaven's highest Lord
Hasten'd to Pyles, and the pastures wide
And lofty stalls by the Alphean ford,
Where wealth in the mute night is multiplied
With silent growth. Whilst Hermes drove the herd
Out of the stony cavern, Phoebus spied
The hides of those the little babe had slain,
Stretch'd on the precipice above the plain.

LXIX.
How was it possible, then Phoebus said,
"That you, a little child; born yesterday,
A thing on mother's milk and kisses fed,
Could two prodigious heifers ever stay?
Xen I myself may well hereafter dread
Your prowess, offspring of Cyllenic May,
When you grow strong and tall."—He spoke, and bound
With wavy bands the infant's wrists around.

LXX.
I might as well have bound the oxen wild;
The witty bands, though starkly interknit,
All at the feet of the immortal child,
Loosen'd by some device of his quick wit.
Phoebus perceived himself again beguiled,
And stared—while Hermes sought some hole or pit
Looking askance and winking fast as thought,
Witch he might hide himself and not be caught.

LXXI.
Wide he changed his plan; and with strange skill
Subdued the strong Latonian, by the might
Of winning music, to his mightier will;
His left hand held the lyre, and in his right
The plectrum struck the chords—unconquerable
Up from beneath his hand in circling flight
The gathering music rose—and sweet as Love
He penetrates notes did live and move

LXXII.
Within the heart of great Apollo—he
Listen'd with all his soul, and laugh'd for pleasure.
Dose to his side; stood harping fearlessly
The unabashed boy; and to the measure
Of the sweet lyre, there follow'd loud and free
His joyous voice; for he unlock'd the treasure
Of the deep song, illustrating the birth
Of the bright Gods and the dark desert Earth:

LXXIII.
And how to the Immortals every one
A portion was assign'd of all that is
At chief Mnemosyne did Maia's son
Clothe in the light of his loud melodies:
And as each God was born or had begun,
He in their order due and fit degrees
Sing of his birth and being—and did move
Polo to unutterable love.

LXXIV.
These words were winged with his swift delight:
"You heifer-stealing schemer, well do you
Deserve that fifty oxen should require
Such minstrelsy as I have heard even now
Comrade of feasts, little contriving wight,
One of your secrets I would gladly know.
Whether the glorious power you now show forth
Was folded up within you at your birth,

LXXV.
"Or whether mortal taught or God inspired
The power of unpremeditated song
Many divinest sounds have I admired,
The Olympian Gods and mortal men among;
But such a strain of wondrous, strange, untired,
And soul-awakening music, sweet and strong,
Yet did I never hear except from thee,
Offspring of May, impotter Mercury!

LXXVI.
"What Muse, what skill, what unimagined use,
What exercise of subtlest art, has given
Thy songs such power—for those who hear may choose
From thee the choicest of the gifts of Heaven.
Delight, and love, and sleep—sweet sleep, whose dews
Are sweeter than the balmy tears of even:—
And I, who speak this praise, am that Apollo
Whom the Olympian Muses ever follow:

LXXVII.
"And their delight is dance, and the blithe noise
Of song and overflowing poesy;
And sweet, even as desire, the liquid voice
Of pipes, that fills the clear air thrillingly:
But never did my inmost soul rejoice
In this dear work of youthful revelry,
As now I wonder at thee, son of Jove;
Thy harpings and thy songs are soft as love.

LXXVIII.
"Now since thou hast, although so very small,
Science of arts so glorious, thus I swear,
And let this cornel javelin, keen and tall,
Witness between us what I promise here,—
That I will lead thee to the Olympian Hall,
Honour'd and mighty, with thy mother dear,
And many glorious gifts in joy will give thee,
And even at the end will ne'er deceive thee."

LXXIX.
To whom thus Mercury with prudent speech—
"Wisely hast thou inquired of my skill:
I envy thee no thing I know to teach
Even this day.—for both in word and will
I would be gentle with thee; thou canst reach
All things in thy wise spirit, and thy skill
Is highest in Heaven among the sons of Jove,
Who loves thee in the fullness of his love.

LXXX.
"The Counsellor Supreme has given to thee
Divinest gifts, out of the amplitude
Of his profuse exhaustless treasury:
By thee, 'tis said, the depths are understood
Of his far voice; by thee the mystery
Of all oracular fates; and the dread mood
Of the diviner is breathed up, even I—
A child,—perceive thy might and majesty—
491
LXXXI.

"Thou canst seek out and compass all that wit
Can find or teach,—yet since thou wilt, come take
The lyre—be mine the glory giving it—
Strike the sweet chords, and sing aloud, and wake
Thy joyous pleasure out of many a fit
Of tranced sound—and with fleet fingers make
Thy liquid-voiced comrade talk with thee:
It can talk measured music eloquently.

LXXXII.

'Then bear it boldly to the revel loud,
Love-wakening dance, or feast of solemn state,
A joy by night or day—for those endowed
With art and wisdom, who interrogate,
It teaches, babbling in delightful mood
All things which make the spirit most elate,
Soothing the mind with sweet familiar play,
Chasing the heavy shadows of dismay.

LXXXIII.

"To those who are unskill'd in its sweet tongue,
Though they should question most impetuously
Its hidden soul; it gossips something wrong—
Some senseless and impertinent reply.
But thou, who art as wise as thou art strong,
Can compass all that thou desirest. I
Present thee with this music-flowing shell,
Knowing thou canst interrogate it well.

LXXXIV.

'And let us two henceforth together feed
On this green mountain slope and pastoral plain,
The herds in litigation—they will breed
Quickly enough to recompense our pain;
If to the bulls and cows we take good heed—
And thou, though somewhat over-fond of gain,
Grudge me not half the profit."—Having spoke,
The shell he proffer'd, and Apollo look'd;

LXXXV.

And gave him in return the glittering lash,
Installing him as herdsman;—from the look
Of Mercury then laugh'd a joyous flash.
And then Apollo with the plectrum strook
The chords, and from beneath his hands a crash
Of mighty sounds rush'd up, whose music shook
The soul with sweetness; as of an adept
His sweeter voice a just accordance kept.

LXXXVI.

The herd went wandering o'er the divine mead,
Whilst these most beautiful Sons of Jupiter
Won their swift way up to the snowy head
Of white Olympus, with the joyous lyre
Soothing their journey; and their father dread
Gather'd them both into familiar
Affection sweet,—and then, and now, and ever,
Hermes must love him of the Golden Quiver,

LXXXVII.

To whom he gave the lyre that sweetly sounded, Which skilfully he held and play'd thereon.
He piped the while, and far and wide reounded
The echo of his pippings; every one
Of the Olympians sat with joy astounded,
While he conceived another piece of fun,
One of his old tricks—which the God of Day Perceiving, said:—"I fear thee, Son of May;—

LXXXVIII.

"I fear thee and thy sly chameleon spirit,
Lest thou shouldst steal my lyre and crooked bow.
This glory and power thou dost from Jove inherit,
To teach all craft upon the earth below;
Thieves love and worship thee—it is thy merit
To make all mortal business ebb and flow
By roguery:—now, Hermes, if you dare,
By sacred Styx a mighty oath to swear

LXXXIX.

"That you will never rob me, you will do
A thing extremely pleasing to my heart."
Then Mercury sware by the Siggynian dew,
That he would never steal his bow or dart,
Or lay his hands on what to him was due,
Or ever would employ his powerful art
Against his Pythian flame. Then Phoebus swore
There was no God or man whom he loved more.

XC.

"And I will give thee as a good-will token,
The beautiful wand of wealth and happiness;
A perfect three-leaved rod of gold unbroken,
Whose magic will thy footsteps ever bless;
And whatsoever by Jove's voice is spoken
Of earthly or divine from its recess,
It, like a loving soul, to thee will speak,
And more than this do thou forbear to seek

XCI.

"For, dearest child, the divinations high,
Which thou requirest, 'tis unlawful ever
That thou, or any other deity
Should understand—and vain were the endeavor
For they are hidden in Jove's mind, and I
In trust of them, have sworn that I would never
Betray the counsels of Jove's inmost will
To any God—the oath was terrible.

XCII.

"Then, golden-wanded brother, ask me not
To speak the fates by Jupiter design'd;
But he it mine to tell their various lot
To the unnumber'd tribes of human-kind.
Let good to these, and ill to those be wrought
As I dispense—but he who comes consign'd
By voice and wings of perfect augury
To my great shrine, shall find avail in me.

XCIII.

"Him will I not deceive, but will assist;
But he who comes relying on such birds
As chatter vainly, who would strain and twist
The purpose of the Gods with idle words,
And deems their knowledge light, he shall have n
His road—whilst I among my other hoards
His gifts deposit. Yet, O son of May!
I have another wonderful thing to say:

XCIV.

"There are three Fates, three virgin Sisters, who
Joining in their wind-outpacing wings,
Their heads with flour snowed over white and ne
Sit in a vale round which Parnassus flings
Its circular skirts—from these I have learn'd true
Vaticinations of remotest things.
My father cared not. Whilst they search out doe
They sit apart and feed on honeycombs.
XCV.

They, having eaten the fresh honey, grow
Drunk with divine enthusiasm, and utter
With earnest willingness the truth they know;
But if deprived of that sweet food, they mutter
All plausible delusions;—these to you
I give;—if you inquire, they will not stutter;
Delight your own soul with them,—any man
You would instruct, may profit, if he can.

XCVI.

"Take these and the fierce oxen, Maia's child—
O'er many a horse and toil-enduring mule,
O'er jagg'd-jaw'd lions, and the wild
White-tusked boars, o'er all, by field or pool,
Of cattle which the mighty Mother mild
Nourishes in her bosom, thou shalt rule—
Thou dost alone the veil of death uplift—
Thou givest not,—yet this is a great gift."

XCVII.

Thus king Apollo loved the child of May
In truth, and Jove cover'd them with love and joy.
Hermes with Gods and men even from that day
Mingled, and wrought the latter much annoy,
And little profit, going far astray
Through the dun night. Farewell, delightful Boy,
Of Jove and Maia sprung,—never by me,
Nor thou, nor other songs shall unremember'd be.

THE CYCLOPS;
A SATRIFIC DRAMA.
TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF EURIPIDES.

SILENUS.

CHORUS OF SATYRS.
ULYSSES.
THE CYCLOPS.

SILENUS.

1. Bacchus, what a world of toil, both now
And ere these limbs were overworn with age,
Have I endured for thee! First, when thou fleg'dst
The mountain- nymphs who nurst thee, driven afar
By the strange madness Juno sent upon thee;
Then in the battle of the sons of Earth,
When I stood foot by foot close to thy side,
So unpropitious fellow-combatant,
And driving through his shield my winged spear,
Ilew vast Enceladus. Consider now,
It a dream of which I speak to thee?
O my Jove it is not, for you have the trophies!
And now I suffer more than all before,
Or when I heard that Juno had devised
The tedious voyage for me, I put to sea
With all my children quaint in search of you;
And I myself stood on the beaked prow
And fix'd the naked mast, and all my boys
Climbing upon their oars, with splash and strain
Faded white with foam the green and purple sea,—
And so we sought you, king. We were sailing
Near Malea, when an eastern wind arose,
And drove us to this wild Ætnian rock;
The one-eyed children of the Ocean God,
The man-destroying Cyclopes inhabit,
On this wild shore, their solitary caves,
And one of these, named Polyphemus, has caught us
To be his slaves; and so, for all delight
Of Bacchic sports, sweet dance and melody,
We keep this lawless giant's wandering flocks.
My sons indeed, on far declivities,
Young things themselves, tend on the youngling sheep,
But I remain to fill the water-casks,
Or sweeping the hard floor, or ministering
Some impious and abominable meal
To the fell Cyclops. I am wearied of it!
And now I must scrape up the litter'd floor
With this great iron rake, so to receive
My absent master and his evening sheep
In a cave neat and clean. Even now I see
My children tending the flocks hitherward.
Ha! what is this? are your Sicinnian measures
Even now the same, as when with dance and song
You brought young Bacchus to Athena's halls?*

CHORUS OF SATYRS.

STROPHIE.*

Where has he of race divine
Wander'd in the winding rocks?
Here the air is calm and fine
For the father of the flocks,—
Here the grass is soft and sweet,
And the river-caddies meet
In the trough beside the cave,
Bright as in their fountain wave.
Neither here, nor on the dew
Of the lawny uplands feeding?
Oh, you come!—a stone at you
Will I throw to mend your breeding;
Get along, you horned thing,
Wild, seditious, rambling!

EPILOGUE.*

An Iacchic melody
To the golden Aphrodite
Will I lift, as erst did I
Seeking her and her delight
With the Meneds, whose white feet
To the music glance and fleet.
Bacchus, O beloved! where,
Shaking wide thy yellow hair,
Wanderest thou alone, afar?
To the one-eyed Cyclopes, we,
Who by right thy servants are,
Minister in misery,
In these wretched goat-skins clad,
Far from thy delights and thee.

SILENUS.

Be silent, sons; command the slaves to drive
The gather'd flocks into the rock-root'd cave.

CHORUS.

Go!—But what needs this serious haste, O father!

SILENUS.

I see a Greek ship's boat upon the coast,
And thence the rowers with some general
Approaching to this cave. About their necks
Hang empty vessels, as they wanted food,
And water-flasks.—O, miserable strangers!

* The Antistrophe is omitted.

64 493
Whence come they, that they know not what and who
My master is, approaching in ill hour
The inhospitable roof of Polypheme,
And the Cyclopian jaw-bone, man-destroying?
Be silent, Satyrs, while I ask and hear
Whence coming, they arrive at the Ætnean hill.

ULYSSES.

Friends, can you show me some clear water spring,
The remedy of our thirst? Will any one
Furnish with food seamen in want of it?
Ha! what is this?—We seem to be arrived
At the blithe court of Bacchus. I observe
This sportive band of Satyrs near the caves.
First let me greet the elder.—Hail!

SILENUS.

O Stranger! tell thy country and thy race.

ULYSSES.

The Ithacan Ulysses and the king
Of Cephalonia.

SILENUS.

Oh! I know the man,
Wordy and shrewd, the son of Sisyphus.

ULYSSES.

I am the same, but do not rail upon me.—

SILENUS.

Whence sailing do you come to Sicily?

ULYSSES.

From Ilion, and from the Trojan toils.

SILENUS.

How, touch'd you not at your paternal shore?

ULYSSES.

The strength of tempests bore me here by force.

SILENUS.

The self-same accident occurr'd to me.

ULYSSES.

Were you then driven here by stress of weather?

SILENUS.

Following the pirates who had kidnapp'd Bacchus.

ULYSSES.

What land is this, and who inhabit it?—

SILENUS.

Ætna, the loftiest peak in Sicily.

ULYSSES.

And are there walls, and tower-surrounded towns?

SILENUS.

There are not: these lone rocks are bare of men.

ULYSSES.

And who possess the land? the race of beasts?

SILENUS.

Cyclops, who live in caverns, not in houses.

ULYSSES.

Obeying whom? Or is the state popular?

SILENUS.

Shepherds: no one obeys any in aught.

ULYSSES.

How live they? do they sow the corn of Ceres?

SILENUS.

On milk and cheese, and on the flesh of sheep.

ULYSSES.

Have they the Bromian drink from the vine's stream?

SILENUS.

Ah no! they live in an ungracious land.

ULYSSES.

And are they just to strangers?—hospitable?

SILENUS.

They think, the sweetest thing a stranger brings
Is his own flesh.

ULYSSES.

What! do they eat man's flesh?

SILENUS.

No one comes here who is not eaten up.

ULYSSES.

The Cyclops now—Where is he? Not at home?

SILENUS.

Absent on Ætna, hunting with his dogs.

ULYSSES.

Know'st thou what thou must do to aid us hence?

SILENUS.

I know not: we will help you all we can.

ULYSSES.

Provide us food, of which we are in want.

SILENUS.

Here is not any thing, as I said, but meat.

ULYSSES.

But meat is a sweet remedy for hunger.

SILENUS.

Cow's milk there is, and store of curdled cheese.

ULYSSES.

Bring out— I would see all before I bargain.

SILENUS.

But how much gold will you engage to give?

ULYSSES.

I bring no gold, but Bacchic juice.

SILENUS.

O joy!

Tis long since these dry lips were wet with wine.

ULYSSES.

Maron, the son of the God, gave it me.

SILENUS.

Whom I have nursed a baby in my arms.

ULYSSES.

The son of Bacchus, for your clearer knowledge.

SILENUS.

Have you it now?—or is it in the ship?

ULYSSES.

Old man, this skin contains it, which you see.

SILENUS.

Why this would hardly be a mouthful for me.

ULYSSES.

Nay, twice as much as you can draw from thence

SILENUS.

You speak of a fair fountain, sweet to me.

ULYSSES.

Would you first taste of the unmingled wine?

SILENUS.

'Tis just—tasting invites the purchaser.

ULYSSES.

Here is the cup, together with the skin.

SILENUS.

Pour—that the draught may fillip my remembrance.

ULYSSES.

See!

Papaiapex! what a sweet smell it has!

ULYSSES.

You see it then?

SILENUS.

By Jove, no! but I smell it.

ULYSSES.

Taste, that you may not praise it in words only.

ULYSSES.
SILENUS.
Babai! Great Bacchus calls me forth to dance! Joy! joy!

ULYSSES.
Did it flow sweetly down your throat?

SILENUS.
So that it tingled to my very nails.

ULYSSES.
And in addition I will give you gold.

SILENUS.
Let gold alone! only unlock the cask.

ULYSSES.
Bring out some cheeses now, or a young goat.

SILENUS.
That will I do, despising any master.
Yes, let me drink one cup, and I will give
All that the Cyclops feed upon their mountains.

CHORUS.
Ye have taken Troy and laid your hands on Helen?

ULYSSES.
And utterly destroy'd the race of Priam.

SILENUS.
The wanton wretch! she was bewitch'd to see
The many-color'd anklets and the chain
Of waven gold which girt the neck of Paris,
And so she left that good man Menelaus.
There should be no more women in the world
But such as are reserved for me alone.—
See, here are sheep, and here are goats, Ulysses,
Here are unsparing cheeses of press'd milk;
Take them; depart with what good speed ye may;
First leaving my reward, the Bacchic dew
Of joy-inspiring grapes.

ULYSSES.
Ah me! Alas!
What shall we do? the Cyclops is at hand!
Old man, we perish! whither can we fly?

SILENUS.
Hide yourselves quick within that hollow rock.

ULYSSES.
I were perilous to fly into the net.

SILENUS.
The cavern has recesses numberless; hide yourselves quick.

ULYSSES.
That will I never do! he mighty Troy would be indeed disgraced
I should fly one man. How many times have I withstood, with shield immovable,
Ten thousand Phrygians!—if I needs must die,
et will I die with glory:—if I live,
I hope which I have gain'd will yet remain.

SILENUS.
That, ho! assistance, comrades, haste assistance!

The Cyclops, SILENUS, ULYSSES; CHORUS.

Cyclops.

What are my young lambs in the cavern? Milking
Their dams or playing by their sides? And is
The new cheese press'd into the bullrush baskets?
Speak! I'll beat some of you till you rain tears—
Look up, not downwards, when I speak to you.

SILENUS.
See! I now gaze at Jupiter himself,
Tare upon Orion and the stars.

Cyclops.

Well, is the dinner fitly cook'd and laid?

SILENUS.
All ready, if your throat is ready too.

Cyclops.

Are the bowls full of milk besides?

SILENUS.
O'erbrimming,

So you may drink a tunful if you will.

Cyclops.

Is it eve's milk or cow's milk, or both mix'd?

SILENUS.
Beth, either; only pray don't swallow me.

Cyclops.

By no means.

What is this crowd I see beside the stalls?
Outlaws or thieves! for near my cavern-home,
I see my young lambs coupled two by two
With willow bands; mix'd with my cheeses lie
Their implements; and this old fellow hero
Has his bald head broken with stripes.

SILENUS.
Ah me!
I have been beaten till I burn with fever.

Cyclops.

By whom? Who laid his fist upon your head?

SILENUS.
Those men, because I would not suffer them
To steal your goods.

Cyclops.

Did not the rascals know
I am a God, sprung from the race of heaven?

SILENUS.
I told them so, but they bore off your things,
And ate the cheese in spite of all I said,
And carried out the lambs—and said, moreover,
They'd pin you down with a three-cubit collar,
And pull your vitals out through your one eye,
Torture your back with stripes, then binding you,
Throw you as ballast into the ship's hold,
And then deliver you, a slave, to move
Enormous rocks, or found a vestibule.

Cyclops.

In truth? Nay, haste, and place in order quickly
The cooking-knives, and heap upon the hearth,
And kindle it, a great fagot of wood—
As soon as they are slaughter'd, they shall fill
My belly, broiling warm from the live coals.
Or boiled and seethed within the bubbling caldron.
I am quite sick of the wild mountain game;
Of stags and lions I have gorged enough,
And I grow hungry for the flesh of men.

SILENUS.
Nay, master, something new is very pleasant
After one thing for ever, and of late
Very few strangers have approach'd our cave.

ULYSSES.
Hear, Cyclops, a plain tale on the other side.
We, wanting to buy food, came from our ship
Into the neighborhood of your cave, and here
This old Silenus gave us in exchange
These lambs for wine, the which he took and drank.
And all by mutual compact, without force.
There is no word of truth in what he says,
For silly he was selling all your store.

SILENUS.
I? May you perish, wretch—

ULYSSES.
If I speak false!

SILENUS.
Cyclops, I swear by Neptune who begot thee,
By mighty Triton and by Nereus old,
Calypso and the glaucous ocean nymphs,
The sacred waves, and all the race of fishes—
Be these the witnesses, my dear sweet master,
My darling little Cyclops, that I never
Gave any of your stores to these false strangers;—
If I speak false, may those whom most I love,
My children, perish wretchedly!

CHORUS.
There stop!
I saw him graving these things to the strangers.
If I speak false, then may my father perish,
But do not thou wrong hospitality.

CYCLOPS.
You lie! I swear that he is juster far
Than Rhadamantus—I trust more in him.
But let me ask, whence have ye sail'd, O strangers?
Who are you? And what city nourish'd ye?

ULYSSES.
Our race is Ithacan—having destroy'd
The town of Troy, the tempests of the sea
Have driven us on thy land, O Polyphemus.

CYCLOPS.
What! have ye shared in the unenvious spoil
Of the false Helen, near Scamander's stream?

ULYSSES.
The same, having endured a woful toil.

ULYSSES.
O, basest expedition! sail'd ye not
From Greece to Phrygia for one woman's sake?

ULYSSES.
'Twas the Gods' work—no mortal was in fault.
But, O great offspring of the ocean-king,
We pray thee and admonish thee with freedom,
That thou dost spare thy friends who visit thee,
And place no impious food within thy jaws.
For in the depths of Greece we have uprear'd
Temples to thy great father, which are all
His homes. The sacred bay of Tienarus
Remains inviolate, and each dim recess
Scoop'd high on the Malean promontory,
And nere Siumian's silver-veined crag,
Which divine Pallas keeps unprofaned ever,
The Gerastian asylums, and whate'er
Within wide Greece our enterprise has kept
From Phrygian contumely; and in which
You have a common care, for you inhabit
The skirts of Grecian land, under the roots
Of Ætna and its crags, spotted with fire.
Turn then to converse under human laws,
Receive us shipwreck'd suppliants, and provide
Food, clothes, and fire, and hospitable gifts;
Nor fixing upon oxen-piercing spies.
Our limbs, so fill your belly and your jaws.
Priam's wide land has widow'd Greece enough;
And weapon-winged murder heap'd together
Enough of dead, and wives are husbandless

And ancient women and gray fathers wait
Their childless age;—if you should roast the rest,
And 'tis a bitter feast that you prepare,
Where then would any turn? Yet he persuaded,
Forego the lust of your jaw-bone; prefer
Pious humanity to wicked will:
Many have bought too dear their evil joys.

SILENUS.
Let me advise you, do not spare a morsel
Of all his flesh. If you should eat his tongue
You would become most eloquent, O Cyclops!

CYCLOPS.
Wealth, my good fellow, is the wise man's God
All other things are a pretence and boast.
What are my father's ocean promontories,
The sacred rocks whereon he dwells, to me?
Stranger, I laugh to scorn Jove's thunderbolt,
I know not that his strength is more than mine.
As to the rest, I care not:—When he pours
Rain from above, I have a close pavilion
Under this rock, in which I lie supine,
Feasting on a roast calf or some wild beast,
And drinking pans of milk; and gloriously
Emulating the thunder of high heaven.
And when the Thracian wind pours down the snow,
I wrap my body in the skins of beasts,
Kindle a fire, and bid the snow whirl on.
The earth, by force, whether it will or no,
Bringing forth grass, fattens my flocks and herds,
Which, to what other God but to myself
And this great belly, first of deities,
Should I be bound to sacrifice? I well know
The wise man's only Jupiter is this
To eat and drink during his little day,
And give himself no care. And as for those
Who complicate with laws the life of man,
I freely give them tears for their reward.
I will not cheat my soul of its delight,
Or hesitate in dining upon you:—
And that I may be quit of all demands,
These are my hospitable gifts;—fiery fire
And you ancestral caldron, which o'er-ebbulating,
Shall finely cook your miserable flesh.
Creep in!—

ULYSSES.
Ay! ay! I have escaped the Trojan toils,
I have escaped the sea, and now I fall
Under the cruel grasp of one impious man.
O Pallas, mistress, Goddess, sprung from Jove,
Now, now, assist me! mightier toils than Troy
Are these—I totter on the chasms of peril:—
And thou who inhabitest the thrones
Of the bright stars, look, hospitable Jove,
Upon this outrage of thy deity,
Otherwise be consider'd as no God!

CHORUS (alone).
For your gaping gulf, and your gullet wide,
The ravine is ready on every side,
The limbs of the strangers are cook'd and done,
There is boil'd meat, and roast meat, and meat for
The coal,
You may chop it, and tear it, and grasp it for fun,
A hairy goat's-skin contains the whole.
Let me but escape, and ferry me o'er
The stream of your wrath to a safer shore.
The Cyclops Ætnean is cruel and bold,  
He murders the strangers  
That sit on his hearth,  
And dreads no avengers  
To rise from the earth.  
He roasts the men before they are cold,  
He snatches them broiling from the coal,  
And from the caldron pulls them whole,  
And minces their flesh and graws their bone  
With his cursed teeth, till all be gone.

Farewell, soul pavilion  
Farewell, rites of dread!  
The Cyclops vermilion,  
With slaughter uncloying,  
Now feasts on the dead,  
In the flesh of strangers joying!

**ULYSES.**  
O Jupiter! I saw within the cave  
Horrible things; deeds to be feign'd in words,  
But not believed as being done.

**CHORUS.**  
What! savest thou the impious Polyphem  
Feasting upon your loved companions now?

**ULYSES.**  
Selecting two, the plumpest of the crowd,  
He grasp'd them in his hands.

**CHORUS.**  
Unhappy man!

**ULYSES.**  
Soon as we came into this craggy place,  
Kindling a fire, he cast on the broad hearth  
The knotty limbs of an enormous oak,  
Three wadges-loads at least; and then he strew'd  
Upon the ground, beside the red fire-light,  
His couch of pine leaves; and he milk'd the cows,  
And pouring forth the white milk, fill'd a bowl  
Three cubits wide and four in depth, as much  
As would contain four amphorae, and bound it  
With ivy wreaths; then placed upon the fire  
A brazen pot to boil, and made red-hot  
The points of spits, not sharpen'd with the sickle,  
But with a fruit-tree bough, and with the jaws  
Of axes for Ætnean slaughterings.*

And when this God-abandon'd cook of hell  
Had made all ready, he seized two of us  
And kill'd them in a kind of measured manner;  
For he flung one against the brazen rivets  
Of the huge caldron, and seized the other  
By the foot's tendon, and knock'd out his brains  
Upon the sharp edge of the craggy stone:  
Then peel'd his flesh with a great cooking-knife,  
And put him down to roast. The other's limbs  
He chopp'd into the caldron to be boil'd.  
And I with the tears running from my eyes,  
Stood near the Cyclops, ministering to him;  
The rest, in the recesses of the cave,  
Clung to the rock like bats, bloodless with fear.  
When he was fill'd with my companions' flesh,  
He threw himself upon the ground, and sent  
A loathsome exhalation from his maw.  
Then a divine thought came to me. I fill'd  
The cup of Maron, and I offer'd him

To taste, and said:—"Child of the Ocean God,  
Behold what drink the vines of Greece produce,  
The exultation and the joy of Bacchus."  
He, satisfied with his unnatural food,  
Received it, and at one draught drank it off,  
And taking my hand, praised me: "Thou hast given  
A sweet draught after a sweet meal, dear guest."  
And I, perceiving that it pleased him, fill'd  
Another cup, well knowing that the wine  
Would wound him soon, and take a sure revenge  
And the charm fascinated him, and I  
Plied him cup after cup, until the drink  
Had warm'd his entrails, and he sang aloud  
In concert with my wailing fellow-seamen  
A hideous discord—and the cavern rung.  
I have stolen out, so that if you will  
You may achieve my safety and you own.  
But say, do you desire, or not, to fly  
This uncompanionable man, and dwell.  
As was your wont, among the Grecian nymphs  
Within the fanes of your beloved God?  
Your father there within agrees to it;  
But he is weak and overcome with wine;  
And caught as if with bird-lime by the cup,  
He claps his wings and crows in doting joy.  
You who are young, escape with me, and find  
Bacchus your ancient friend; unsuited he  
To this rude Cyclops.

**CHORUS.**  
Oh my dearest friend,  
That I could see that day, and leave for ever  
The impious Cyclops!*

**ULYSES.**  
Listen then what a punishment I have  
For this fell monster, how secure a flight  
From your hard servitude.

**CHORUS.**  
Oh sweeter far  
Than is the music of an Asian lyre  
Would be the news of Polyphemus destroy'd

**ULYSES.**  
Delighted with the Bacchic drink, he goes  
To call his brother Cyclops—who inhabit  
A village upon Ætna not far off.

**CHORUS.**  
I understand, catching him when alone  
You think by some measure to dispatch him,  
Or thrust him from the precipice.

**ULYSES.**  
O no!  
Nothing of that kind; my device is subtle.

**CHORUS.**  
How then? I heard of old that thou wert wise.

**ULYSES.**  
I will dissuade him from this plan, by saying  
It were unwise to give the Cyclopes  
This precious drink, which if 't enjoyed alone  
Would make life sweeter for a longer time.  
When vanquish'd by the Bacchic power, he sleeps  
There is a trunk of olive-wood within,  
Whose point, having made sharp with this good sword  
I will conceal in fire, and when I see  
It is alight, will fix it, burning yet  
Within the socket of the Cyclops' eye,  
And melt it out with fire: as when a man

---

* I confess I do not understand this —Note of the Author.
SHELLEY'S POETICAL WORKS.

'None of your nameless wailing No more of your unmeaning complaint.

"But, hark! what is that within?

I A T I S.
"Hark! what is that within?

"The fresh meadow-grass of spring
Tempts me forth thus wandering
To my brothers on the mountains,
Who shall share the wine's sweet fountains
Bring the cask, O stranger, bring!

CHORUS.
"One with eyes the fairest
Cometh from his dwelling;
Some one loves thee, rarest,
Bright beyond my telling.
In thy grace thou shinest
Like some nymph divinest,
In her caverns dewy:
All delights pursue thee,
Soon pied flowers, sweet-breathfed,
Shall thy head be wreathing.

ULYSSES.
"Listen, O Cyclops, for I am well skill'd
In Bacchus, whom I gave thee of to drink.

"What sort of God is Bacchus then accounted?

ULYSSES.
The greatest among men for joy of life.

ULYSSES.
I gulp'd him down with very great delight.

ULYSSES.
This is a God who never injures men.

ULYSSES.
How does the God like living in a skin?

ULYSSES.
He is content wherever he is put.

ULYSSES.
Gods should not have their body in a skin.

ULYSSES.
If he gives joy, what is his skin to you?

ULYSSES.
I hate the skin, but love the wine within.

ULYSSES.
Stay here; now drink, and make your spirit glad.

ULYSSES.
Should I not share this liquor with my brothers?

ULYSSES.
Keep it yourself, and be more honor'd so.

ULYSSES.
I were more useful, giving to my friends.

ULYSSES.
But village mirth breeds contests, broils, and blows.

ULYSSES.
When I am drunk, none shall lay hands on me.

ULYSSES.
A drunken man is better within doors.

ULYSSES.
He is a fool who, drinking, loves not mirth.

ULYSSES.
But he is wise who, drunk, remains at home.

ULYSSES.
What shall I do, Silenus? Shall I stay?

ULYSSES.
Stay—for what need have you of pot-companions

ULYSSES.
Indeed this place is closely carpeted
With flowers and grass.

ULYSSES.
And in the sun-warm noon
ULYSSES.

If you drink much after a mighty feast,
Moistening your thirsty maw, you will sleep well,
If you leave aught, Bacchus will dry you up.

CYCLOPS.

Ho! ho! I can scarce rise. What pure delight!
The heavens and earth appear to whirl about
Confusedly. I see the throne of Jove
And the clear congregation of the Gods.
Now if the Graces tempted me to kiss,
I would not; for the loveliest of them all
I would not leave this Ganymede.

SILENUS.

I am the Ganymede of Jupiter,

Polyphemus,

By Jove, you are! I bore you off from Dardanus.

ULYSSES and the CHORUS.

ULYSSES.

Come, boys of Bacchus, children of high race,
This man within is folded up in sleep,
And soon will vomit flesh from his full maw;
The brand under the shed thrusts out its smoke,
No preparation needs, but to burn out
The monster's eye—but bear yourselves like men.

CHORUS.

We will have courage like the adamant rock.
All things are ready for you here; go in,
Before our father shall perceive the noise.

ULYSSES.

Vulcan, Ainean king! burn out with fire
The shining eye of this thy neighboring monster!
And thou, O Sleep, nursing of gloomy night,
Descend unmix'd on this God-hated beast,
And suffer not Ulysses and his comrades,
Returning from their famous Trojan toils,
To perish by this man, who cares not either
For God or mortal; or I needs must think
That Chance is a supreme divinity,
And things divine are subject to her power.

CHORUS.

Soon a crab the throat will seize
Of him who feeds upon his guest;
Fire will burn his lamp-like eyes
In revenge of such a feast!
A great oak stump now is lying
In the ashes yet undying.
Come, Maron, come!
Raging let him fix the doom,
Let him tear the eyelid up
Of the Cyclops—that his cup
May be evil!
O, I long to dance and revel
With sweet Bromian, long-desired,
In loved ivy-wreaths attired;
Leaving this abandon'd home—
Will the moment ever come?

ULYSSES.

Be silent, ye wild things! Nay, hold your peace,
And keep your lips quite close; dare not to breathe.
Or spit, or e'en wink, lest ye wake the monster
Until his eye be tortured out with fire.

499
CHORUS.
Nay, we are silent, and we chew the air.

ULYSES.
Come now, and lend a hand to the great stake
Within—it is delightfully red-hot.

CHORUS.
You then command who first should seize the stake
To burn the Cyclops' eye, that all may share
In the great enterprise.

SEMI-CHORUS I.
We are too few,
We cannot at this distance from the door
Thrust fire into his eye.

SEMI-CHORUS II.
And we just now
Have become lame; cannot move hand or foot.

CHORUS.
The same thing has occur'd to us—our ankles
Are sprain'd with standing here, I know not how.

ULYSES.
What, sprain'd with standing still?

CHORUS.
And there is dust
Or ashes in our eyes, I know not whence.

ULYSES.
Cowardly dogs! ye will not aid me then?

CHORUS.
With pitying my own back and my back-bone,
And with not wishing all my teeth knock’d out,
This cowardice comes of itself—but stay,
I know a famous Orphic incantation
To make the brand stick of its own accord
Into the skull of this one-eyed son of Earth.

ULYSES.
Of old I knew ye thus by nature; now
I know ye better—I will use the aid
Of my own comrades—yet, though weak of hand,
Speak cheerfully, that so ye may awaken
The courage of my friends with your blithe words.

CHORUS.
This I will do with peril of my life,
And blind you with my exhortations, Cyclops.
Hasten and thrust,
And parch up to dust.
The eye of the beast
Who feeds on his guest.
Burn and blind
The Æinean hind!
Scoop and draw,
But beware lest he claw
Your limbs near his maw.

CYCLOPS.
Ah me! my eye-sight is parched up to cinders.

CHORUS.
What a sweet pean! sing me that again!

CYCLOPS.
Ah me! indeed, what woe has fallen upon me!
But, wretched nothings! think ye not to flee
Out of this rock; I, standing at the outlet,
Will bar the way, and catch you as you pass.

CHORUS.
What are you roaring out, Cyclops?

CYCLOPS.
I perish!

CHORUS.
For you are wicked.

CYCLOPS.
And besides miserable.

CHORUS.
What! did you fall into the fire when drunk?

CYCLOPS.
'Twas Nobody destroy'd me.

CHORUS.
Why then no one
Can be to blame.

CYCLOPS.
I say 't was Nobody
Who blinded me.

CHORUS.
Why then you are not blind.

CYCLOPS.
I wish you were as blind as I am.

CHORUS.
Nay,
It cannot be that no one made you blind.

CYCLOPS.
You jeer me; where, I ask, is Nobody!

CHORUS.
Nowhere, O Cyclops!

CYCLOPS.
It was that stranger ruin'd me—the wretch
First gave me wine and then burnt out my eyes,
For wine is strong and hard to struggle with.
Have they escaped, or are they yet within?

CHORUS.
They stand under the darkness of the rock,
And cling to it.

CYCLOPS.
At my right hand or left?

CHORUS.
Close on your right.

CYCLOPS.
Where?

CHORUS.
Near the rock itself.

CYCLOPS.
You have them.

CHORUS.
Oh, misfortune on misfortune!

I've crack'd my skull.

CHORUS.
Now they escape you there.

CYCLOPS.
Not there, although you say so.

CHORUS.
Not on that side.

CYCLOPS.
Where then?

CHORUS.
They creep about you on your left.

CYCLOPS.
Ah! I am mock'd! They jeer me in my ills.

CHORUS.
Not there! he is a little there beyond you.

CYCLOPS.
Detested wretch! where are you?

ULYSES.
Far from you
I keep with care this body of Ulysses.

CYCLOPS.
What do you say? You proffer a new name.

ULYSES.
My father named me so; and I have taken

500
You praise not what you feel, but what he does;—
Toad-eater!

\textbf{CLARIN.}

You lie—under a mistake—
For this is the most civil sort of lie
That can be given to a man's face. I now
Say what I think.

\textbf{CYPRIAN.}

Enough! you foolish fellows!
Puff'd up with your own doing ignorance,
You always take the two sides of one question.
Now go, and as I said, return for me
When night falls, veiling in its shadows wide
This glorious fabric of the universe.

\textbf{MOSCON.}

How happens it, although you can maintain
The folly of enjoying festivals,
That yet you go there?

\textbf{CLARIN.}

Nay, the consequence
Is clear—who ever did what he advises
Others to do?—

\textbf{MOSCON.}

Would that my feet were wings,
So would I fly to Livia.

\textbf{CLARIN.}

To speak truth,
Livia is she who has surprised my heart;
But he is more than half-way there.—Soho!
Livia, I come; good sport, Livia, soho! [Exit]

\textbf{CYPRIAN.}

Now, since I am alone, let me examine
The question which has long disturb'd my mind
With doubt; since first I read in Plinius
The words of mystic import and deep sense
In which he defines God. My intellect
Can find no God with whom these marks and signs
Fifty agree. It is a hidden truth
Which I must fathom.

\textbf{Enter the Devil, as a fine Gentleman.}

\textbf{DEMON.}

Search even as thou wilt,
But thou shalt never find what I can hide.

\textbf{CYPRIAN.}

What noise is that among the boughs? Who moves!—

\textbf{DEMON.}

'Tis a foreign gentleman.

Even from this morning I have lost my way
In this wild place, and my poor horse, at last
Quite overcome, has stretch'd himself upon
The enamell'd tapestry of this mossy mountain,
And feeds and rests at the same time. I was
Upon my way to Antioch upon business
Of some importance, but wrap't up in cares
(Who is exempt from this inheritance?)
I parted from my company, and lost
My way, and lost my servants and my comrades.

\textbf{CYPRIAN.}

'Tis singular, that even within the sight
Of the high towers of Antioch, you could lose
Your way. Of all the avenues and green paths
Of this wild wood; there is not one but leads,
As to its centre, to the walls of Antioch;
Take which you will, you cannot miss your road

\textbf{65 501}
SHELLEY'S

D.E.M.O.N.
And such is ignorance! Even in the sight
Of knowledge it can draw no profit from it.
But as it still is early, and as I
Have no acquaintances in Antioch,
Being a stranger there, I will even wait
The few surviving hours of the day,
Until the night shall conquer it. I see,
Both by your dress and by the books in which
You find delight and company, that you
Are a great student;—for my part, I feel
Much sympathy with such pursuits.

C.Y.P.R.I.A.N. Have you
Studied much?—
D.E.M.O.N.
No,—and yet I know enough
Not to be wholly ignorant.

C.Y.P.R.I.A.N.
Pray, Sir,
What science may you know?—
D.E.M.O.N.
Many.
C.Y.P.R.I.A.N.
Alas!
Much pains must we expend on one alone,
And even then attain it not;—but you
Have the presumption to assert that you
Know many without study.

D.E.M.O.N.
And with truth.
For in the country whence I come, sciences
Require no learning,—they are known.

C.Y.P.R.I.A.N.
Oh, would
I were of that bright country! for in this,
The more we study, we the more discover
Our ignorance.

D.E.M.O.N.
It is so true, that I
Had so much arrogance as to oppose
The chair of the most high professorship.
And obtained many votes; and though I lost,
The attempt was still more glorious than the failure
Could be dishonorable: if you believe not,
Let us refer it to dispute respecting
That which you know best, and although I
Know not the opinion you maintain, and though
It be the true one, I will take the contrary.

C.Y.P.R.I.A.N.
The offer gives me pleasure. I am now
Debating with myself upon a passage
Of Plinius, and my mind is rack'd with doubt
To understand and know who is the God
Of whom he speaks.

D.E.M.O.N.
It is a passage, if
I recollect it right, couch'd in these words:
"God is one supreme goodness, one pure essence,
One substance, and one sense, all sight, all hands."

C.Y.P.R.I.A.N.
'Tis true.
D.E.M.O.N.
What difficulty find you here?
C.Y.P.R.I.A.N.
I do not recognize among the Gods

The God defined by Plinius; if he must
Be supreme goodness, even Jupiter
Is not supremely good; because we see
His deeds are evil, and his attributes
Tainted with mortal weakness; in what manner
Can supreme goodness be consistent with
The passions of humanity?

D.E.M.O.N.
The wisdom
Of the old world mask'd with the names of God
The attributes of Nature and of Man;
A sort of popular philosophy.

C.Y.P.R.I.A.N.
This reply will not satisfy me, for
Such awe is due to the high name of God
That ill should never be imputed. Then,
Examining the question with more care,
It follows, that the Gods should always will
That which is best, were they supremely good.
How then does one will one thing—one another?
And you may not say thus, I allege
Poetical or philosophic learning;
Consider the ambiguous responses
Of their oracular statues; from two shrines
Two armies shall obtain the assurance of
One victory. Is it not indisputable
That two contending wills can never lead
To the same end? And being opposite,
If one be good, is not the other evil?
Evil in God is inconceivable;
But supreme goodness fails among the Gods
Without their union.

D.E.M.O.N.
I deny your major.
These responses are means towards some end
Unfathom'd by our intellectual beam.
They are the work of providence, and more
The battle's loss may profit those who lose,
Than victory advantage those who win.

C.Y.P.R.I.A.N.
That I admit, and yet that God should not
(Falsehood is incompatible with deity)
Assure the victory; it would be enough
To have permitted the defeat; if God
Be all sight,—God, who beheld the truth,
Would not have given assurance of an end
Never to be accomplish'd; thus, although
The Deity may, according to his attributes,
Be well distinguish'd into persons, yet,
Even in the minutest circumstance,
His essence must be one.

D.E.M.O.N.
To attain the end,
The affections of the actors in the scene
Must have been thus influenced by his voice.

C.Y.P.R.I.A.N.
But for a purpose thus subordinate
He might have employed genii, good or evil,—
A sort of spirits call'd so by the learn'd,
Who roam about inspiring good or evil,
And from whose influence and existence, we
May well infer our immortality:—
Thus God might easily, without descending
To a gross falsehood in his proper person,
Have moved the affections by this mediation
To the just point.
M SCELLANEOUS POEMS.

D.EMON.
These trifling contradictions
O suffice to impugn the unity
Of the high gods; in things of great importance
They still appear anomalous; consider
That glorious fabric—man,—his workmanship
Stamp'd with one conception.

CYPRIAN.
Who made man
Just have, methinks, the advantage of the others.
If they are equal, might they not have risen
In opposition to the work, and being
Ill hands, according to our author here,
Are still destroyed even as the other made?
Equal in their power; and only unequal
Opportunity, which of the two
Will remain conqueror?

D.EMON.
On impossible
And false hypotheses there can be built
An argument. Say, what do you infer
From this?

CYPRIAN.
That there must be a mighty God
Of supreme goodness and of highest grace,
I'll sight, all hands, all truth, infallible,
Without an equal and without a rival;
The cause of all things and the effect of nothing,
One power, one will, one substance, and one essence;
And in whatever persons, one or two,
Is attributes may be distinguish'd, one
Supreme power, one solitary essence,
The cause of all cause.

D.EMON.
How can I impugn
To clear a consequence?

CYPRIAN.
Do you regret
My victory?

D.EMON.
Who but regrets a check
Of rivalry of wit? I could reply
And urgent new difficulties, but will now
Apart, for I hear steps of men approaching,
And it is time that I should now pursue
My journey to the city.

CYPRIAN.
Go in peace!

D.EMON.
Emain in peace! Since thus it profite him
To study, I will wrap his senses up
In sweet oblivion of all thought, but of
Piece of excellent beauty; and as I
Have power given me to wage enmity
Against Justina's soul, I will extract
From one effect two vengances.

CYPRIAN.
I never
Let a more learned person. Let me now
Evolve this doubt again with careful mind. [He reads.

Enter LELIO and FLORO.

LELIO.
Here stop. These toppling rocks and tangled boughs,
Inpenetrable by the noonday beam,
Will be sole witnesses of what we—

FLORO.
Draw!

If there were words, here is the place for deeds.

LELIO.
Thou needest not instruct me: well I know
That in the field the silent tongue of steel
Speaks thus. [They fight.

CYPRIAN.
Ha! what is this? Lelio, Floro,
Be it enough that Cyprian stands between you,
Although unarmed.

LELIO.
Whence comest thou, to stand
Between me and my vengeance?

FLORO.
From what rocks
And desert cells?

Enter MOSCON and CLARIN.

MOSCON.
Run, run! for where we left my master
We hear the clash of swords.

CLARIN.
I never
Run to approach things of this sort, but only
To avoid them. Sir! Cyprian! sir!

CYPRIAN.
Be silent, fellows! What! two friends who are
In blood and fame the eyes and hope of Antioch;
One of the noble men of the Colatti,
The other son of the Governor, adventure
And cast away, on some slight cause no doubt,
Two lives the honor of their country?

LELIO.
Cyprian!
Although my high respect towards your person
Holds now my sword suspended, thou canst not
Restore it to the slumber of its scabbard.
Thou knowest more of science than the duel;
For when two men of honor take the field,
No [ ] or respect can make them friends,
But one must die in the pursuit.

FLORO.
I pray,
That you depart hence with your people, and
Leave us to finish what we have begun
Without advantage.

CYPRIAN.
Though you may imagine
That I know little of the laws of duel,
Which vanity and valer instituted,
You are in error. By my birth I am
Held no less than yourselves to know the limits
Of honor and of infamy, nor has study
Quench'd the free spirit which first order'd them;
And thus to me, as one well experienced
In the false quicksand of the sea of honor,
You may refer the merits of the case;
And if I should perceive in your relation
That either has the right to satisfaction
From the other, I give you my word of honor
To leave you.

LELIO.
Under this condition then
I will relate the cause, and you will cede
And must confess the impossibility.

503
Of compromise; for the same lady is
Beloved by Floro and myself.

FLORO. It seems
Much to me that the light of day should look
Upon that idol of my heart—but he—
Leave us to fight, according to thy word.

CYPRIAN. Permit one question further: is the lady
Impossible to hope or not?

LELIO. She is
So excellent, that if the light of day
Should excite Floro's jealousy, it were
Without just cause, for even the light of day
Trembles to gaze on her.

CYPRIAN. Would you for your
Part marry her?

FLORO. Such is my confidence.

And you?

LELIO. O would that I could lift my hope
So high! for though she is extremely poor,
Her virtue is her dowry.

CYPRIAN. And if you both
Would marry her, is it not weak and vain,
Culpable and unworthy, thus beforehand
To slur her honor. What would the world say
If one should slay the other, and if she
Should afterwards espouse the murderer?

(The rivals agree to refer their quarrel to Cyprian;
who in consequence visits Justina, and becomes
enamored of her: she disdains him, and he
retires to a solitary sea-shore.

SCENE II.

CYPRIAN. Oh, memory! permit it not
That the tyrant of my thought
Be another soul that still
Holds dominion o'er the will,
That would refuse, but can no more.
To bend, to tremble, and adore.
Vain idolatry!—I saw,
And gazing, became blind with error;
Weak ambition, which the awe
Of her presence bound to terror;
So beautiful she was—and I,
Between my love and jealousy,
Am so convulsed with hope and fear,
Unworthy as it may appear—
So bitter is the life I live,
That, hear me, Hell! I now would give
To thy most detested spirit
My soul, for ever to inherit,
To suffer punishment and pine,
So this woman may be mine.
Hear'st thou, Hell! dost thou reject it?
My soul is offer'd!

D.A.EMON (aside). I accept it.

[Tempest, with thunder and lightning]

CYPRIAN. What is this? ye heavens for ever pure,
At once intensely radiant and obscure!
Athenart the ethereal halls
The lightening's arrow and the thunder-balls
The day affright
As from the horizon round,
Burst with earthquake sound,
In mighty torrents the electric fountains—
Clouds quench the sun, and thunder-smoke
Strangles the air, and fire eclipses heaven.
Philosophy, thou canst not even
Command their causes underneath thy yoke:
From yonder clouds even to the waves below
The fragments of a single ruin choke
Imagination's flight:
For, on flakes of surge, like feathers light,
The ashes of the desolation cast
Upon the gloomy blast,
Tell of the footsteps of the storm.
And nearer see the melancholy form
Of a great ship, the outcast of the sea,
Drives miserably!
And it must fly the pity of the port,
Or perish, and its last and sole resort
Is its own raging enemy.

The terror of the thrilling cry
Was a fatal prophecy
Of coming death, who hovers now
Upon that shatter'd prow,
That they who die not may be dying still
And not alone the insane elements
Are populous with wild portents,
But that sad ship is as a miracle
Of sudden ruin, for it drives so fast
It seems as if it had array'd its form
With the headlong storm.
It strikes—I almost feel the shock,—
It stumbles on a jagged rock,—
Sparkles of blood on the white foam are cast.

A Tempest—All exclaim within,
We are all lost!

D.A.EMON (within).

Now from this plank will I
Pass to the land, and thus fulfill my scheme.

CYPRIAN.

As in contempt of the elemental rage
A man comes forth in safety, while the ship's
Great form is in a watery eclipse
Obliterated from the Ocean's page,
And round its wreck the huge sea-monsters sit,
A horrid conclave, and the whistling wave
Are heaped over its carcasse, like a grave.

The D.A.EMON enters, as escaped from the sea.

D.A.EMON (aside).

It was essential to my purposes
To wake a tumult on the sapphire ocean,
That in this unknown form I might at length
Wipe out the blot of the discomfiture
Sustain'd upon the mountain, and assail
With a new war the soul of Cyprian,
Forging the instruments of his destruction
Even from his love and from his wisdom.—Oh!
Beloved earth, dear mother, in thy bosom
I seek a refuge from the monster who
Precipitates itself upon me.

**CYPRIAN.**

Friend,
Collect thyself; and be the memory
Of thy late suffering, and thy greatest sorrow,
But as a shadow of the past,—for nothing
Beneath the circle of the moon, but flows
And changes and can never know repose.

**DEMON.**

And who art thou, before whose feet my fate
Has prostrated me?

**CYPRIAN.**

One who, moved with pity,
Would soothe its stings.

**DEMON.**

Oh! that can never be!
No solace can my lasting sorrows find.

**CYPRIAN.**

Wherefore?

**DEMON.**

Because my happiness is lost.
Yet I lament what has long ceased to be
The object of desire or memory,
And my life is not life.

**CYPRIAN.**

Now, since the fury
Of this earthquake still is, and
The crystalline heaven has resumed
Its windless calm so quickly, that it seems
As if its heavy wrath had been awaken'd
Only to overwhelm that vessel,—speak,
Who art thou, and whence comest thou?

**DEMON.**

Far more
My coming hither cost, than thou hast seen
Or I can tell. Among my misadventures
This shipwreck is the least. Wilt thou hear?

**CYPRIAN.**

Speak.

**DEMON.**

Since thou desirest, I will then unveil
Myself to thee—for in myself I am
A world of happiness and misery;
This I have lost, and that I must lament
For ever. In my attributes I stood
So high and so heroically great,
In lineage so supreme, and with a genius
Which penetrated with a glance the world
Beneath my feet, that, won by my high merit,
A king—whom I may call the king of kings,
Because all others tremble in their pride
Before the terrors of his countenance,
In his high palace, roof'd with brightest gems
Of living light—call them the stars of Heaven—
Named me his counsellor. But the high praise
Stung me with pride and envy, and I rose
A mighty competition, to ascend
His seat and place my foot triumphantly
Upon his subject thrones. Chastised, I know
The depth to which ambition falls; too mad
Was the attempt, and yet more mad were now
Rupturings of the irrevocable deed:

Therefore I chose this ruin with the glory
Of not to be subdued, before the shame
Of reconciling me with him who reigns
By coward cession.—Nor was I alone,
Nor am I now, nor shall I be alone;
And there was hope, and there may still be hope,
For many suffrages among his vessels
Hail'd me their lord and king, and many still
Are mine, and many more, perchance, shall be.
Thus vanquish'd, though in fact victorious,
I left his seat of empire, from mine eye
Shooting forth poisonous lightning, while my words
With inauspicious thunderings shook Heaven,
Proclaiming vengeance, public as my wrong,
And imprecating on his prostrate slaves
Rapine, and death, and outrage, Then I sail'd
Over the mighty fabric of the world,
A pirate ambush'd in its pathless sands,
A lynx crouch'd watchfully among its caves
And craggy shores; and I have wander'd over
The expanse of these wide wildernesses
In this great ship, whose bulk is now dissolved
In the light breathings of the invisible wind,
And which the sea has made a dustless ruin,
Seeking ever a mountain, through whose forests
I seek a man, whom I must now compel
To keep his word with me. I came array'd
In tempest; and although my power could well
Bridle the forest winds in their career,
For other causes I forbore to soothe
Their fury to Favonian gentleness,
I could and would not (thus I wake in him)
A love of magic art). Let not this tempest,
Nor the succeeding calm, excite thy wonder;
For by my art the sun would turn as pale
As his weak sister with unwonted fear.
And in my wisdom are the orbs of Heaven
Written as in a record; I have pierced
The flaming circles of their wondrous spheres,
And know them as thou knowest every corner
Of this dim spot. Let it not seem to thee
That I boast vainly; wouldst thou that I work
A charm over this waste and savage wood,
This Babylon of crags and aged trees,
Filling its leafy coverts with wind
Thrilling and strange! I am the friendless guest
Of these wild oaks and pines—and as from thee
I have received the hospitality
Of this rude place, I offer thee the fruit
Of years of toil in recompense; whate'er
Thy wildest dream presented to thy thought
As object of desire, that shall be thine.

And thenceforth shall so firm an amity
'Twixt thou and me be, that neither fortune,
The monstrous phantom which pursues success,
That careful miser, that free prodigal,
Who ever alternates with changeful hand,
Evil and good, reproach and fame; nor Time,
That load-star of the ages, to whose beam
The winged years speed o'er the intervals
Of their unequal revolutions; nor
Heaven itself, whose beautiful bright stars
Rule and adorn the world, can ever make
The least division between thee and me.
Since now I find a refuge in thy favor.
SCENE III.

The Demon tempts Justina, who is a Christian.

DEMON.

Abyss of Hell! I call on thee,
Thou wild misrule of thine own anarchy!
From thy prison-house set free
The spirits of voluptuous death,
That with their mighty breath
They may destroy a world of virgin thoughts;
Let her chaste mind with fancies thick as motes
Be peopled from thy shadowy deep,
Till her guiltless phantasy
Full to overflowing be!
And with sweetest harmony,
Let birds, and flowers, and leaves, and all things
move
To love, only to love.
Let nothing meet her eyes
But signs of Love’s soft victories;
Let nothing meet her ear
But sounds of Love’s sweet sorrow,
So that from faith no succor she may borrow,
But, guided by my spirit blind
And in a magic snare entwined,
She may now seek Cyprian.
Begin, while I in silence bind
My voice, when thy sweet song thou hast begun.

A VOICE WITHIN.

What is the glory far above
All else in human life?

ALL.

Love! love!

[While these words are sung, the Demon goes out at one door, and Justina enters at another.

THE FIRST VOICE.

There is no form in which the fire
Of love its traces has impress’d not.
Man lives far more in love’s desire
Than by life’s breath, soon possess’d not.
If all that lives must love or die,
All shapes on earth, or sea, or sky,
With one consent to Heaven cry
That the glory far above
All else in life is—

ALL.

Love! O love!

JUSTINA.

Thou melancholy thought which art
So fluttering and so sweet, to thee
When did I give the liberty
Thus to afflict my heart?
What is the cause of this new power
Which doth my fever’d being move,
Momently raging more and more?
What subtle pain is kindled now
Which from my heart doth overflow
Into my senses—

ALL.

Love, O love!

JUSTINA.

’Tis that enamor’d nightingale
Who gives me the reply;
He ever tells the same soft tale
Of passion and of constancy

To his mate, who rapt and fond
Listening sits, a bough beyond.
Be silent, Nightingale—no more
Make me think, in hearing thee
Thus tenderly thy love deplore,
If a bird can feel his so,
What a man would feel for me.
And, voluptuous vine, O thou
Who seekest most when least pursuing,—
To the trunk thou interlacest
Art the verdure which embracest,
And the weight which is its ruin,—
No more, with green embracess, vine,
Make me think on what thou lovest,—
For whilst thou thus thy boughs entwine,
I fear lest thou shouldst teach me, sophist,
How arms might be entangled too.
Light-enchanted sunflower, thou
Who gazest ever true and tender
On the sun’s revolving splendor!
Follow not his faithless glance
With thy faded countenance,
Nor teach my beating heart to fear,
If leaves can mourn without a tear,
How eyes must weep! O Nightingale,
By thee, O love’s sweetest tale!
Cease from thy enamor’d tale,—
Leafy vine, unwreathe thy bower,
Restless sunflower, cease to move,—
Or tell me all, what poisonous power
Ye use against me—

ALL.

Love! love! love!

JUSTINA.

It cannot be—Whom have I ever loved?
Trophies of my oblivion and disdain,
Floro and Lelio did I not reject?
And Cyprian?—

[She becomes troubled at the name of Cyprian.

Did I not require him
With such severity, that he has fled
Where none has ever heard of him again?—
Alas! I now begin to fear that this
May be the occasion whence desire grows bold,
As if there were no danger. From the moment
That I pronounced to my own listening heart,
Cyprian is absent, O me miserable!
I know not what I feel!!

[More calmly.

It must be pity,
To think that such a man, whom all the world
Admired, should be forgot by all the world,
And I the cause.

[She again becomes troubled.

And yet if it were pity,
Floro and Lelio might have equal share,
For they are both imprison’d for my sake.
Alas! what reasonings are these? it is
Enough I pity him, and that in vain,
Without this ceremonious subtlety,
And woe is me! I know not where to find him now,
Even should I seek him through this wide world.

Enter DEMON.

DEMON.

Follow, and I will lead thee where he is.

JUSTINA.

And who art thou, who hast found entrance hither
Into my chamber through the doors and locks?

506
Art thou a monstrous shadow which my madness
Has form’d in the idle air?

DÉMON.

No. I am one

Call’d by the thought which tyrannizes thee
From his eternal dwelling; who this day
Is pledged to bear thee unto Cyprian.

JUSTINA.

So shall thy promise fail. This agony
Of passion which afflicts my heart and soul
May sweep imagination in its storm;
The will is firm.

DÉMON.

Already half is done
In the imagination of an act.
The sin incur’d, the pleasure then remains;
Let not the will stop half-way on the road.

JUSTINA.

I will not be discouraged, nor despair,
Although I thought it, and although ’tis true,
That thought is but a prelude to the deed;
Thought is not in my power, but action is:
I will not move my foot to follow thee.

DÉMON.

But far a mightier wisdom than thine own
Exerts itself within thee, with such power
Compelling thee to that which it inclines
That it shall force thy step; how wilt thou then
Resist, Justina?

JUSTINA.

By my free-will.

DÉMON.

I must force thy will.

JUSTINA.

It is invincible;
It were not free if thou hadst power upon it.
[He draws, but cannot move her.]

DÉMON.

Come, where a pleasure waits thee.

JUSTINA.

It were bought too dear.

DÉMON.

’Twill soothe thy heart to softest peace.

JUSTINA.

’Tis dread captivity.

DÉMON.

’Tis joy, ’tis glory.

JUSTINA.

’Tis shame, ’tis torment, ’tis despair.

DÉMON.

But how
Canst thou defend thyself from that or me,
If my power drags thee onward?

JUSTINA.

My defence
Consists in God.

[He vainly endeavors to force her, and at last releases her.]

DÉMON.

Woman, thou hast subdued me,
Only by not owning thyself subdued.
But since thou thus findest defence in God,
I will assume a feigned form, and thus
Make thee a victim of my baffled rage.
For I will mask a spirit in thy form,
Who will betray thy name to infamy,
And doubly shall I triumph in thy loss,
First by dishonoring thee, and then by turning
False pleasure to true ignominy. [Exit.]

JUSTINA.

I

Appeal to Heaven against thee; so that Heaven
May scatter thy delusions, and the blot
Upon my name vanish in idle thought,
Even as flame dies in the envious air,
And as the floweret wanes at morning frost,
And thou shouldst never——But, alas! to whom
Do I still speak?—Did not a man but now
Stand here before me?—No, I am alone,
And yet I saw him. Is he gone so quickly?
Or can the heated mind engender shapes
From its own fear? Some terrible and strange
Peril is near. Lisander! father! lord! Li-via!—

Enter LISANDER and LIVIA.

LISANDER.

O, my daughter! What?

LIVIA.

What?

JUSTINA.

Saw you
A man go forth from my apartment now,
I scarce sustain myself!

LISANDER.

A man here

JUSTINA.

Have you not seen him?

LIVIA.

No, lady.

JUSTINA.

I saw him.

LISANDER.

’Tis impossible; the doors
Which led to this apartment were all lock’d.

LIVIA (aside).

I dare say it was Moscon whom she saw,
For he was lock’d up in my room.

LISANDER.

It must
Have been some image of thy phantasy;
Such melancholy as thou feedest, is
Skilful in forming such in the vain air
Out of the notes and atoms of the day.

LIVIA.

My master’s in the right.

JUSTINA.

O, would it were
Delusion! But I fear some greater ill.
I feel as if out of my bleeding bosom
My heart were torn in fragments; ay,
Some mortal spell is wrought against my frame,
So potent was the charm, that had not God
Shielded my humble innocence from wrong,
I should have sought my sorrow and my shame
With willing steps.—Li-via, quick bring my cloak,
For I must seek refuge from these extremes
Even in the temple of the highest God
Which secretly the faithful worship.

LIVIA.

Here.

507
TRANSLATION FROM MOSCHUS.

Pan loved his neighbor Echo—but that child
Of Earth and Air pined for the Satyr leaping;
The Satyr loved with wasting madness wild
The bright nymph Lyda,—and so three went weeping.
As Pan loved Echo, Echo loved the Satyr;
The Satyr, Lyda—and thus love consumed them,—
And thus to each—which was a woful matter—
To bear what they inflicted, justice doomed them;
For inasmuch as each might hate the lover,
Each loving, so was hated.—Ye that love not
Be warn’d—in thought turn this example over,
That when ye love, the like return ye prove not.

SCENES
FROM THE FAUST OF GOETHE.

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

THE LORD AND THE HOST OF HEAVEN.

Enter three Archangels.

RAPHAEL.

The sun makes music as of old
Amid the rival spheres of Heaven,
On its predestined circle roll’d
With thunder speed: the Angels even
Draw strength from gazing on its glance,
Though none its meaning fathom may—
The world’s unwither’d countenance
Is bright as at creation’s day.

GABRIEL.

And swift and swift, with rapid lightness,
The adorned Earth spins silently,
Alternating Elysian brightness
With deep and dreadful night; the sea
Foams in broad billows from the deep
Up to the rocks, and rocks and ocean,
Onward, with spheres which never sleep,
Are hurried in eternal motion.

MICHAEL.

And tempests in contention roar
From land to sea, from sea to land;
And, raging, weave a chain of power,
Which girds the earth, as with a band.

A flashing desolation there;
Flames before the thunder’s way,
But thy servants, Lord! revere
The gentle changes of thy day.

CHORUS OF THE THREE.
The Angels draw strength from thy glance,
Though no one comprehend thee may—
Thy world’s unwither’d countenance
Is bright as on creation’s day.*

Enter Mephistopheles.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

As thou, O Lord! once more art kind enough
To interest thyself in our affairs—
And ask, “How goes it with you there below?”
And as indulgently at other times
Thou tookest not my visits in ill part,
Thou seest me here once more among thy household,
Though I should scandalize this company,
You will excuse me if I do not talk
In the high style which they think fashionable;
My pathos would certainly make you laugh too,
Had you not long since given over laughing.
Nothing know I to say of suns and worlds;
I observe only how men plague themselves;—
The little god o’ the world keeps the same stamp,
As wonderful as on creation’s day:—
A little better would he live, hadst thou
Not given him a glimpse of heaven’s light
Which he calls reason, and employs it only
To live more beastly than any beast.
With reverence to your Lordship be it spoken,
He’s like one of those long-legg’d grasshoppers,
Who flits and jumps about, and sings for ever.

* RAPHAEL.

The sun sounds, according to ancient custom,
In the song of emulation of his brother-spheres.
And its forewritten circle
Fulfils with a step of thunder.
Its countenance gives the Angels strength,
Though no one can fathom it,
The incredible high works
Are excellent as at the first day.

GABRIEL.

And swift, and inconceivably swift
The adornment of earth winds itself round,
And exchanges Paradise-clearness
With deep dreadful night.
The sea foams in broad waves
From its deep bottom, up to the rocks,
And rocks and sea are torn on together
In the eternal swift course of the spheres.

MICHAEL.

And storms roar in emulation
From sea to land, from land to sea,
And make, raging, a chain
Of deepest operation round about.
There flares a flashing destruction
Before the path of the thunderbolt.
But thy servants, Lord, revere
The gentle alternations of thy day.

CHORUS.

Thy countenance gives the Angels strength.
Though none can comprehend thee:
And all thy lofty works
Are excellent as at the first day.

Such is a literal translation of this astonishing Choral
It is impossible to represent in another language, the melody
of the versification; even the voluble strength and delicacy of the ideas escape in the crucible of translation
and the reader is surprised to find a caput mortuum.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

The same old song i'the grass. There let him lie;
Burying his nose in every heap of dung.

THE LORD.

Have you no more to say? Do you come here
Always to scold, and cavil, and complain?
Seems nothing ever right to you on earth?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No, Lord! I find all there, as ever, bad at best.
Even I am sorry for man's days of sorrow;
I could myself almost give up the pleasure
Of plaguing the poor things.

THE LORD.

Knowest thou Faust?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The Doctor?

THE LORD.

Ay; my servant Faust!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In truth
He serves you in a fashion quite his own;
And the fool's meat and drink are not of earth.
His aspirations bear him on so far
That he is half aware of his own folly,
For he demands from Heaven its fairest star,
And from the earth the highest joy it bears:
Yet all things fair, and all things near, are vain
To calm the deep emotions of his breast.

THE LORD.

Though he now serves me in a cloud of error,
I will soon lead him forth to the clear day.
When trees look green, full well the gardener knows
That fruits and blooms will deck the coming year.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What will you bet?—now I am sure of winning:
Only, observe you give me full permission
To lead him softly on my path.

THE LORD.

As long
As he shall live upon the earth, so long
Is nothing unto thee forbidden—Man.
Must err till he has ceased to struggle.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And that is all I ask; for willingly
I never make acquaintance with the dead.
The full fresh cheeks of youth are food for me;
And if a corpse knocks, I am not at home.
For I am like a cat—I like to play
A little with the mouse before I eat it.

THE LORD.

Well, well! it is permitted thee. Draw thou
His spirit from its springs; as thou find'st power,
Seize him and lead him on thy downward path;
And stand ashamed when failure teaches thee
That a good man, even in his darkest longings,
Is well aware of the right way.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well and good.

I am not in much doubt about my bet;
And if I lose, then 'tis your turn to crow:
Enjoy your triumph then with a full breast.
Ay! dust shall he devour, and that with pleasure,
Like my old paramour, the famous Snake.

THE LORD.

Pray come here when it suits you; for I never
Had much dislike for people of your sort.

And, among all the Spirits who rebell'd,
The knave was ever the least tedious to me.
The active spirit of man soon sleeps, and soon
He seeks unbroken quiet; therefore I
Have given him the Devil for a companion,
Who may provoke him to some sort of work,
And must create for ever.—But ye, pure
Children of God, enjoy eternal beauty;—
Not that which ever operates and lives
Clasp you within the limits of its love;
And seize with sweet and melancholy thoughts
The floating phantoms of its loveliness.

[Heaven closes; the Archangels exult.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

From time to time I visit the old fellow,
And I take care to keep on good terms with him.
Civil enough is this same God Almighty.
To talk so freely with the Devil himself.

MAY-DAY NIGHT.

SCENE—The Hartz Mountain, a desolate Country.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Would you not like a broomstick? As for me,
I wish I had a good stout ram to ride;
For we are still far from the appointed place.

FAUST.

This knotted staff is help enough for me,
Whilst I feel fresh upon my legs.
What good
Is there in making short a pleasant way?
To creep along the labyrinth of the vales,
And climb those rocks, where ever-babbling springs
Precipitate themselves in waterfalls,
Is the true sport that seasons such a path.
Already Spring kindles the birchen spray,
And the hoar pines already feel her breath:
Shall she not work also within our limbs?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nothing of such an influence do I feel:
My body is all wintry, and I wish
The flowers upon our path were frost and snow
But see, how melancholy rises now,
Dimly uplifting her belated beam.
The blank unwelcome round of the red moon,
And gives so bad a light, that every step
One stumbles 'gainst some crag. With your permission
I'll call an Ignis-fatuus to our aid;
I see one yonder burning jollily.
Halloo, my friend! may I request that you
Would favor us with your bright company?
Why should you blaze away there to no purpose?
Pray be so good as light us up this way.

IGNIS-FATUUS.

With reverence be it spoken, I will try
To overcome the lightness of my nature:
Our course, you know, is generally zigzag.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ha! ha! your worship thinks you have to deal
With men. Go straight on, in the Devil's name
Or I shall puff your flickering life out.

IGNIS-FATUUS.

Well,

I see you are the master of the house;
I will accommodate myself to you.
Only consider, that to-night this mountain
Is all enchanted, and if Jack-a-Lantern
Shows you his way, though you should miss your own,
You ought not to be too exact with him.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, and IGNIS-FATUUS, in alternate Chorus.

The limits of the sphere of dream,
The bounds of true and false, are past.
Lead us on, thou wandering Gleam,
Lead us onward, far and fast,
To the wide, the desert waste.

But see, how swift advance and shift,
Trees behind trees, row by row,—
How cliff by cliff, rocks bend and lift
Their frowning foreheads as we go.
The giant-snouted crags, ho! ho!
How they snort, and how they blow!

Through the mossy sods and stones
Stream and streamlet hurry down,
A rushing throng! A sound of song
Beneath the vault of Heaven is blown!
Sweet notes of love, the speaking tones
Of this bright day, sent down to say
That Paradise on Earth is known,
Resound around, beneath, above.
All we hope and all we love
Finds a voice, in this blithe strain,
Which wakens hill and wood and rill,
And vibrates far o'er field and vale,
And which Echo, like the tale
Of old times, repeats again.

Tu-whoo! tu-whoo! near, nearer now!
The sound of song, the rushing throng!
Are the screech, the lapwing, and the jay,
All awake as if 'twere day?

See, with long legs and belly wide,
A salamander in the brake!
Every root is like a snake,
And along the loose hill-side,
With strange contortions through the night,
Curls, to seize or to affright;
And, animated, strong, and many,
They dart forth polypus-antennae,
To blister with their poison spume
The wanderer. Through the dazzling gloom
The many-color'd mice, that thread
The dewy turf beneath our tread,
In troope each other's motions cross,
Through the neat and through the moss;
And, in legions intertangled,
The fire-flies flit, and swarm, and throng,
Till all the mountain depths are spangled.

Tell me, shall we go or stay?
Shall we onward? Come along!
Every thing around is swept
Forward, onward, far away!
Trees and masses intercept
The sight, and wisps on every side
Are puff'd up and multiplied.

METHISTOPHELES.
Now vigorously seize my skirt, and gain
This pinnacle of isolated crag.
One may observe with wonder from this point,
How Mammon glows among the mountains.

FAUST.
Ay—
And strangely through the solid depth below
A melancholy light, like the red dawn,
Shoots from the lowest gorge of the abyss
Of mountains, lightening hitherward: there rise
Pillars of smoke, here clouds float gently by;
Here the light burns soft as the enkindled air,
Or the illuminated dust of golden flowers;
And now it glides like tender colors spreading;
And now bursts forth in fountains from the earth;
And now it winds, one torrent of broad light,
Through the far valley with a hundred veins;
And now once more within that narrow corner
Masses itself into intensive splendor.
And near us, see, sparks spring out of the ground,
Like golden sand scatter'd upon the darkness;
The pinnacles of that black wall of mountains
That hems us in, are kindled.

METHISTOPHELES.
Rare, in faith!
Does not Sir Mammon gloriously illuminate
His palace for this festival— it is
A pleasure which you had not known before;
I spy the boisterous guests already.

FAUST.
How
The children of the wind rage in the air!
With what fierce strokes they fall upon my neck!

METHISTOPHELES.
Cling tightly to the old ribs of the crag,
Beware! for if with them thou warrest
In their fierce flight towards the wilderness,
Their breath will sweep thee into dust, and drag
Thy body to a grave in the abyss.
A cloud thickens the night.
Hark! how the tempest crashes through the forest
The owls fly out in strange affright;
The columns of the evergreen palaces
Are split and shatter'd;
The roots creak, and stretch, and groan;
And ruinously overthrown,
The trunks are crush'd and shatter'd
By the fierce blast's unconquerable stress.
Over each other crack and crash they all,
In terrible and intertangled fall;
And through the ruins of the shaken mount
The airs hiss and howl—
It is not the voice of the fountain,
Nor the wolf in his midnight prow.
Dost thou not hear?
Strange accents are ringing
Aloft, afar, anear;
The witches are singing!
The torrent of a raging wizard song
Streams the whole mountain along.

CHORUS OF WITCHES.
The stubble is yellow, the corn is green,
Now to the broken the witches go;
The mighty multitude here may be seen
Gathering, wizard and witch, below.
Sir Urean is sitting aloft in the air;  
Hey over stock! and hey over stone!  
'Twixt witches and incubi, what shall be done?  
Tell it who dare! tell it who dare!  

A VOICE.  
Upon a sow-swine, whose farrows were nine,  
Old Baubo rideth alone.  
CHORUS.  
Honor her, to whom honor is due,  
Old mother Baubo, honor to you!  
An able sow, with old Baubo upon her,  
Is worthy of glory, and worthy of honor!  
The legion of witches is coming behind,  
Darkening the night, and outpacing the wind—  

A VOICE.  
Which way comest thou?  

A VOICE.  
Over Ilsenstein.  
The owl was awake in the white moonshine:  
I saw her at rest in her downy nest,  
And she stared at me with her broad, bright eye.  

Voices.  
And you may now as well take your course on to Hell.  
Since you ride by so fast on the headlong blast.  

A VOICE.  
She dropp’d poison upon me as I past.  
Here are the wounds—  

CHORUS OF WITCHES.  
Come away! come along!  
The way is wide, the way is long,  
But what is that for a Bedlam throne?  
Sick with the prong, and scratch with the broom,  
The child in the cradle lies strangled at home,  
And the mother is clapping her hands.  

SEMI-CHORUS OF WIZARDS 1.  
We glide in  
Like snails when the women are all away;  
And from a house once given over to sin  
Woman has a thousand steps to stray.  

SEMI-CHORUS 2.  
A thousand steps must a woman take,  
Where a man but a single spring will make.  

VOICES ABOVE.  
Come with us, come with us, from Felunsee.  

VOICES BELOW.  
With what joy would we fly through the upper sky!  
We are wash’d, we are ’tainted, stark naked are we;  
But our toil and our pain are for ever in vain.  

BOTH CHORUSES.  
The wind is still, the stars are fled,  
The melancholy moon is dead;  
The magic notes, like spark on spark,  
Drizzle, whistling through the dark.  

COME AWAY!  

VOICES BELOW.  
Stay, oh stay!  

VOICES ABOVE.  
Out of the crannies of the rocks  
Who calls?  

VOICES BELOW.  
Oh, let me join your flocks!  
I three hundred years have striven  
To catch your skirt and mount to Heaven,—  
And still in vain. Oh, might I be  
With company akin to me!  

BOTH CHORUSES.  
Some on a ram and some on a prong,  
On poles and on broomsticks we flutter along;  
Forlorn is the wight who can rise not to-night.  

A HALF-WITCH BELOW.  
I have been tripping this many an hour:  
Are the others already so far before?  
No quiet at home, and no peace abroad!  
And less methinks is found by the road.  

CHORUS OF WITCHES.  
Come onward away! aront thee, aront!  
A witch to be strong must alone—anoint—  
Then every trough will be boat enough;  
With a rag for a sail we can sweep through the sky—  
Who flies not to-night, when means he to fly?  

BOTH CHORUSES.  
We cling to the skirt, and we strike on the ground,  
Witch-legions thicken around and around:  
Wizard-swarms cover the heath all over.  

[They descend  

MEPHISTOPHELES.  
What thronging, dashings, raging, rustling;  
What whisperings, babbling, hissing, bustling;  
What glimmering, spurring, stinking, burning,  
As Heaven and Earth were overturning.  
There is a true witch element about us!  
Take hold on me, Doctor, and with one step  
Let us escape from this unpleasant crowd:  
They are too mad for people of my sort.  
Just there shines a peculiar kind of light—  
Something attracts me in those bushes. Come  
This way: we shall slip down there in a minute  

FAUST (from a distance)  
Here!  

MEPHISTOPHELES.  
What!  
I must exert my authority in the house!  
Place for young Voland—Pray make way, good people.  
Take hold on me, Doctor, and with one step  
Let us escape from this unpleasant crowd:  
They are too mad for people of my sort.  
Just there shines a peculiar kind of light—  
Something attracts me in those bushes. Come  
This way: we shall slip down there in a minute  

FAUST.  
Spirit of Contradiction! Well, lead on—  
’T were a wise feat indeed to wander out  
Into the brocken upon May-day night,  
And then to isolate oneself in scorn,  
Disgusted with the humors of the time.  

MEPHISTOPHELES.  
See yonder, round a many-color’d flame  
A merry club is huddled altogether:  
Even with such little people as sit there,  
One would not be alone.  

FAUST.  
Would that I were  
Up yonder in the glow and whirling smoke,  
Where the blind million rush impetuously  
To meet the evil ones; there might I solve  
Many a riddle that torments me!  

MEPHISTOPHELES.  
Yet  
Many a riddle there is tied anew  
Inextricably. Let the great world rage!  
We will stay here safe in the quiet dwellings.  
’Tis an old custom. Men have ever built  
Their own small world in the great world of all.  
I see young witches naked there, and old oces  
Wisely attired with greater decency.
Be guided now by me, and you shall buy
A pound of pleasure with a dram of trouble.
I hear them tune their instruments—one must
Get used to this damn'd scrapping. Come, I'll lead you
Among them; and what there you do and see,
As a fresh compact 'twixt us two shall be.
How say you now? this space is wide enough—
Look forth, you cannot see the end of it—
A hundred bonfires burn in rows, and they
Who throng around them seem innumerable;
Dancing and drinking, jabbering, making love,
And cooking, are at work. Now tell me, friend,
What is there better in the world than this?

FAUST.
In introducing us, do you assume
The character of 'wizard or of devil?

MEPHISTOPHELES.
In truth, I generally go about
In strict incognito; and yet one likes
To wear one's orders upon gala-days.
I have no ribbon at my knee; but here
At home, the cloven foot is honorable.
See you that snail there?—she comes creeping up,
And with her feeling eyes hath smelt out something.
I could not, if I would, mask myself here.
Come now, we'll go about from fire to fire:
I'll be the pimp, and you shall be the lover.

[To some Old Women, who are sitting round a heap of glimmering coals.
Old gentlewomen, what do you do out here?
You ought to be with the young rioters
Right in the thickest of the revelry—
But every one is best content at home.

GENERAL.
Who dare confide in right or a just claim?
So much as I have done for them! and now—
With women and the people 'tis the same,
Youth will stand foremost ever,—age may go
To the dark grave unhonour'd.

MINISTER.
Now-a-days
People assert their rights: they go too far;
But as for me, the good old times I praise;
Then we were all in all, 'twas something worth
One's while to be in place and wear a star;
That was indeed the golden age on earth.

PARVENU.*
We too are active, and we did and do
What we ought not, perhaps; and yet we now
Will seize, whilst all things are whirled round and round,
A spoke of Fortune's wheel, and keep our ground.

AUTHOR.
Who now can taste a treatise of deep sense
And ponderous volume? 'tis impertinence
To write what none will read, therefore will I
To please the young and thoughtless people try.

MEPHISTOPHELES (who at once appears to have grown
every old).
I find the people ripe for the last day,
Since I last came up to the wizard mountain;
And as my little cask runs turbid now
So is the world drain'd to the dregs.

PEELAR WITCH. Look here,

* A sort of fundholder.

Gentlemen; do not hurry on so fast,
And lose the chance of a good pennyworth
I have a pack full of the choicest wares
Of every sort, and yet in all my bundle
Is nothing like what may be found on earth;
Nothing that in a moment will make rich
Men and the world with fine malicious mischief.
There is no danger drunk with blood; no bawl
From which consuming poison may be drain'd
By innocent and healthy lips; no jewel,
The price of an abandon'd maiden's shame;
No sword which cuts the bond it cannot loose
Or stabs the waver's enemy in the back;

MEPHISTOPHELES.
Gossip, you know little of these times
What has been, has been; that is past
They shape themselves into the innovations
They breed, and innovation drugs us with it.
The torrent of the crowd sweeps over us
You think to impel, and are yourself impell'd.

FAUST.
Who is that wonder?

MEPHISTOPHELES.
Mark her well. It is

Lilith.

FAUST.

MEPHISTOPHELES.
Lilith, the first wife of Adam
Beware of her fair hair, for she excels
All women in the magic of her locks;
And when she winds them round a young man's neck
She will not ever set him free again.

FAUST.
There sits a girl and an old woman—they
Seem to be tired with pleasure and with play.

MEPHISTOPHELES.
There is no rest to-night for any one:
When one dance ends, another is begun;
Come, let us to it; we shall have rare fun.

[FAUST dances and sings with a Girl, and M.

PHISTOPHELES with an Old Woman.

BORCTO-PHANTASMIST.
What is this cursed multitude about?
Have we not long since proved to demonstration
That ghosts move not on ordinary feet?
But these are dancing just like men and women.

THE GIRL.
What does he want then at our ball?

FAUST.

MEPHISTOPHELES.
Oh! he
Is far above us all in his conceit:
Whilst we enjoy, he reasons of enjoyment;
And any step which in our dance we tread,
If it be left out of his reckoning,
Is not to be consider'd as a step.
There are few things that scandalize him not:
And when you whirl round in the circle now,
As he went round the wheel in his old mill,
He says that you go wrong in all respects,
Especially if you congratulate him
Upon the strength of the resemblance.

BORCTO-PHANTASMIST.
Fly!

Vanish! Unheard-of impudence! What, still ther
THE GIRL.
Then leave off teasing us so.
BROCTO-PHANTASMIST.
tell you, spirits, to your faces now,
that I should not regret this despotism
of spirits, but that mine can wield it not.
To-night I shall make poor work of it;
let I will take a round with you, and hope
before my last step in the living dance
to beat the poet and the devil together.

MEPHISTOPHELES.
last he will sit down in some foul puddle
hat is his way of solacing himself;
until some leech, diverted with his gravity,
ures him of spirits and the spirit together.

[To FAUST, who has secceed from the dance.
Why do you let that fair girl pass from you,
who sung so sweetly to you in the dance?

FAUST.
red mouse in the middle of her singing
roan from her mouth.

MEPHISTOPHELES.
That was all right, my friend
so it enough that the mouse was not gray.
and not disturb your hour of happiness
with close consideration of such trifles.

FAUST.
then saw I——

MEPHISTOPHELES.
What?

FAUST.
Seest thou not a pale
girl, standing alone, far, far away?
She drags herself now forward with slow steps,
and seems as if she moved with shackled feet:
cannot overcome the thought that she
like poor Margaret.

MEPHISTOPHELES.
Let it be—pass on—
o good can come of it—it is not well
meet it—it is an enchanted phantom,
lifeless idol; with its numbing look,
freezes up the blood of man; and they
who meet its ghastly glare are torn by stone,
like those who saw Medusa.

FAUST.
Oh, too true!
ye eyes are like the eyes of a fresh corpse
which no beloved hand has closed, alas!
but is the heart which Margaret yielded to me—
these are the lovely limbs which I enjoy'd!

MEPHISTOPHELES.
is all magic, poor deluded fool!
looks to every one like his first love.

FAUST.
what delight! what woe! I cannot turn
it looks from her sweet piteous countenance.
strangely does a single blood-red line,
But they are all dispersed—and, lo! she stands
Looking in idle grief on her white hands,
Alone within the garden now her own;
And through the sunny air, with jangling tone,
The music of the merry marriage-bells,
Killing the azure silence, sinks and swells;
Absorb'd like one within a dream who dreams
That he is dreaming, until slumber seems
A mockery of itself—when suddenly
Antonio stood before her, pale as she.
With agony, with sorrow, and with pride,
He lifted his wan eyes upon the bride,
And said—"Is this thy faith?" and then as one
Whose sleeping face is stricken by the sun
With light like a harsh voice, which bids him rise
And look upon his day of life with eyes
Which weep in vain that they can dream no more,
Ginevra saw her lover, and forbore
To shriek or faint, and check'd the stifling blood
Rushing upon her heart, and unsubdued
Said—"Friend, if earthly violence or ill,
Suspicion, doubt, or the tyrannic will
Of parents, chance, or custom, time or change,
Or circumstance, or terror, or revenge,
Or wilder'd looks, or words, or evil speech,
With all their sting [ ] can impeach
Our love,—we love not—if the grave which hides
The victim from the tyrant, and divides
The cheek that whitens from the eyes that dart
Imperious inquisition to the heart
That is another's, could dissever ours,
We love not.—" What, do not the silent hours
Beckon thee to Gherardi's bridal-bed?
Is not that ring"—a pledge, he would have said,
Of broken vows, but she with patient look
The golden circle from her finger took,
And said—"Accept this token of my faith,
The pledge of vows to be absoluted by death;
And I am dead, or shall be soon—my knell
Will mix its music with that merry bell:
Does it not sound as if they sweetly said,
'We toll a corpse out of the marriage-bed?'
The flowers upon my bridal-chamber strewn
Will serve unfaded for my bier—so soon
That even the dying violet will not die
Before Ginevra." The strong phantasy
Had made her accents weaker and more weak,
And quench'd the crimson life upon her cheek,
And glazed her eyes, and spread an atmosphere
Round her, which chill'd the burning room with fear,
Making her but an image of the thought,
Which, like a prophet or a shadow, brought
News of the terrors of the coming time.
Like an accuser branded with the crime
He would have cast on a beloved friend,
Whose dying eyes reproach not to the end
The pale betrayer—he then with vain repentance
Would share, he cannot now avert, the sentence—
Antonio stood and would have spoken, when
The compound voice of women and of men
Was heard approaching; he retired, while she
Was led amid the admiring company.
Back to the palace,—and her maidens soon
Changed her attire for the afternoon,
And left her at her own request to keep
An hour of quiet and rest—like one asleep
With open eyes and folded hands she lay,
Pale in the light of the declining day.

Meanwhile the day sinks fast, the sun is set,
And in the lighted hall the guests are met;
And the beautiful looked lovelier in the light
Of love, and admiration, and delight
Reflected from a thousand hearts and eyes,
Kining a momentary Paradise.
This crowd is safer than the silent wood,
Where love's own doubts disturb the solitude,
On frozen hearts the fiery rain of wine
Falls, and the dew of music more divine
Tempers the deep emotions of the time
To spirits cradled in a sunny clime:—
How many meet, who never yet have met,
To part too soon, but never to forget.
How many saw the beauty, power and wit
Of looks and words which ne'er enchanced yet;
But life's familiar veil was now withdrawn,
As the world leaps before an earthquake's dawn
And unprophetic of the coming hours.
The malin winds from the expanded flowers
Scatter their hoarded incense, and awaken
The earth, until the dewy sleep is shaken
From every living heart which it possesses,
Through seas and winds, cities and wildernesses.
As if the future and the past were all
Treasured i the instant;—so Gherardi's hall
Laugh'd in the mirth of its lord's festival,
Till some one ask'd—"Where is the Bride?" And th
A bride's maid went,—and ere she came again
A silence fell upon the guests—a pause
Of expectation, as when beauty awes
All hearts with its approach, though unbeheld:
Then wonder, and then fear that wender quell'd;
For whispers pass'd from mouth to ear which drew
The color from the hearer's cheeks, and flew
Louder and swifter round the company;
And then Gherardi enter'd with an eye
Of ostentations trouble, and a crowd
Surrounded him, and some were weeping loud.

They found Ginevra dead! if it be death,
To lie without motion, or pulse, or breath,
With waxen cheeks, and limbs cold, stiff, and white
And open eyes, whose fix'd and glassy light
Mock'd at the speculation they had own'd.
If it be death, when there is felt around
A smell of clay, a pale and icy glare,
And silence, and a sense that lifts the hair
From the scalp to the ankles, as it were
Corruption from the spirit passing forth,
And giving all it shrouded to the earth,
And leaving as swift lightning in its flight
Ashes, and smoke, and darkness: in our night
Of thought we know thus much of death,—no more
Than the unborn dream of our life before
Their barks are wreck'd on its inhospitable shore.
The marriage-feast and its solemnity
Was turn'd to a funeral pomp—the company
With heavy hearts and looks, broke up; nor they
Who loved the dead went weeping on their way
Alone, but sorrow mix'd with sad surprise
Loosen'd the springs of pity in all eyes,
On which that form, whose fate they weep in vain
Will never, thought they, kindle smiles again.
The lamps which, halfextinguish'd in their haste,
Gleam'd few and faint o'er the abandon'd feast,
Show'd as it were within the vaulted room
A cloud of sorrow hanging, as if gloom
Had pass'd out of men's minds into the air.
Some few yet stood around Gherardi there,
Friends and relations of the dead,—and he,
A loveless man, accepted topically
The consolation that he wanted not,—
Awe in the place of grief within him wrought.
Their whispers made the solemn silence seem
More still—some wept [ ]
Some melted into tears without a sob,
And some with hearts that might be heard to throb.
Leant on the table, and at intervals
Shudd'rd to hear through the deserted halls
And corridors the thrilling shrieks which came
Upon the breeze of night, that shook the flame
Of every torch and taper as it swept
From out the chamber where the women kept;
Their tears fell on the dear companion cold
Of pleasures now departed; then was knoll'd
The bell of death, and soon the priests arrived,
And finding death their penitent had shirved,
Return'd like ravens from a corpse whereon
A vulture has just feasted to the bone,
And then the mourning women came—

THE DIRGE.
Old winter was gone
In his weakness back to the mountains hoar,
And the spring came dawn
From the planet that hovers upon the shore
Where the sea of sunlight encroaches
On the limits of wintry night;
If the land, and the air, and the sea
Rejoice not when spring approaches,
We did not rejoice in thee,
Ginevra!
She is still, she is cold
On the bridal couch,
One step to the white death-bed,
And one to the bier,
And one to the charnel—and one, O where?
The dark arrow fled
In the noon.
Ere the sun through Heaven once more has roll'd,
The rats in her heart
Will have made their nest,
And the worms be alive in her golden hair;
While the spirit that guides the sun,
She throned in his flaming chair,
She shall sleep.

Pisa, 1821.

CHARLES THE FIRST.
A FRAGMENT.
ACT I.
SCENE I.
The Pageant to [celebrate] the arrival of the Queen.
A PURSUivant.
*LACE, for the Marshal of the Masque!

FIRST SPEAKER.
What thinkest thou of this quaint masque, which turns
Like morning from the shadow of the night,
The night to day, and London, to a place
Of peace and joy?

SECOND SPEAKER.
And Hell to Heaven.
Eight years are gone,
And they seem hours, since in this populous street
I trod on grass made green by summer's rain,
For the red plague kept state within that palace
Where now reigns vanity—in nine years more
The roots will be refresh'd with civil blood;
And thank the mercy of insulted Heaven
That sin and wrongs wound, as an orphan's cry,
The patience of the great Avenger's ear.

THIRD SPEAKER (a youth).
Yet, father, 'tis a happy sight to see,
Beautiful, innocent, and unforbidden
By God or man;—tis like the bright procession
Of skiey visions in a solemn dream
From which men wake as from a paradise,
And draw new strength to tread the thorns of life.
If God be good, wherefore should this be evil?
And if this be not evil, dost thou not draw
Un reasonable poison from the flowers
Which bloom so rarely in this barren world?
O, kill these bitter thoughts, which make the present
Dark as the future!

* * * * * *
When avarice and tyranny, vigilant fear,
And open-eyed conspiracy lie sleeping,
As on Hell's threshold; and all gentle thoughts
Waken to worship him who giveth joys
With his own gift.

SECOND SPEAKER.
How young art thou in this old age of time!
How green in this gray world! Canst thou not think
Of change in that low scene, in which thou art
Not a spectator but an actor? [ ]
The day that dawned in fire will die in storms,
Even though the noon be calm. My travel's done;
Before the whirlwind wakes, I shall have found
My inn of lasting rest, but thou must still
Be journeying on in this inclement air.

* * * * * *
FIRST SPEAKER.
Is the Archbishop.

SECOND SPEAKER.
Rather say the Pope.
London will be soon his Rome: he walks
As if he trod upon the heads of men.
He looks elate, drunken with blood and gold;—
Beside him moves the Babylonian woman
Invisibly, and with her as with his shadow,
Mitred adulterer! he is join'd in sin,
Which turns Heaven's milk of mercy to revenge

ANOTHER CITIZEN (lifting up his eyes).
Good Lord! rain it down upon him. [ ]
Amid her ladies walks the papist queen,
As if her nice feet scornd our English earth.
There's old Sir Henry Vane, the Earl of Pembroke,
Lord Essex, and Lord-Keeper Coventry.
And others who make base their English breed
By vile participation of their honors

515
With papists, atheists, tyrants, and apostates.
When lawyers mask, 'tis time for honest men
To strip the visor from their purposes.

FOURTH SPEAKER (a pursuivant).
Give place, give place—
You torch-bearers, advance to the great gate,
And then attend the Marshal of the Masque
Into the Royal presence.

FIFTH SPEAKER (a law student).
What think'st thou
Of this quaint show of ours, my aged friend?

FIRST SPEAKER.
I will not think but that our country's wounds
May yet be heal'd—The king is just and gracious,
Though wicked counsels now pervert his will:
These once cast off—

SECOND SPEAKER.
As adders cast their skins
And keep their venom, so kings often change;
Councils and counsellors hang on one another,
Hiding the loathsome [ ]
Like the base patchwork of a leper's rags.

THIRD SPEAKER.
O, still those dissonant thoughts—List! loud music
Grows on the enchanted air! And see, the torches
Restlessly flashing, and the crowd divided
Like waves before an Admiral's prow.

ANOTHER SPEAKER.
Give place—
To the Marshal of the Masque!

THIRD SPEAKER.
How glorious! See those thronging chariots
Rolling like painted clouds before the wind:
Some are
Like curved shells dyed by the azure depths
Of Indian seas; some like the new-born moon;
And some like cars in which the Romans climb'd
(Canopied by Victory's eagle wings outspread)
The Capitolian—See how gloriously
The mettled horses in the torchlight stir
Their gallant riders, while they check their pride,
Like shapes of some diviner element!

SECOND SPEAKER.
Ay, there they are—
Nobles, and sons of nobles, patentees,
Monopolists, and stewards of this poor farm,
On whose lean sheep sit the prophetic crows.
Here is the pomp that strips the houseless orphan,
Here is the pride that breaks the desolate heart.
These are the lifances glorious as Solomon,
Who toil not, neither do they spin—unless
It be the webs they catch poor rackets withal.
Here is the surfeit which to them who earn
The niggard wages of the earth, scarce leaves
The tithe that will support them till they crawl
Back to its cold hard bosom. Here is health
Follow'd by grim disease, glory by shame,
Waste by lame famine, wealth by squalid want,
And England's sin by England's punishment.

And, as the effect pursues the cause foregone,
Lo, giving substance to my words, behold
At once the sign and the thing signified—
A troop of cripples, beggars, and lean outcasts,
Horsed upon stumbling shapes, carted with dung,
Dragg'd for a day from cellars and low cabins
And rotten hiding-holes, to point the moral
Of this presentment, and bring up the rear
Of painted pomp with misery!

SPEAKER.
'Tis but
The anti-masque, and serves as discords do
In sweetest music. Who would love May flowers
If they succeeded not to Winter's flaw;
Or day unchanged by night; or joy itself
Without the touch of sorrow?

SCENE II.

A Chamber in Whitehall.

Enter the King, Queen, Laud, Wentworth, and Archy.

KING.
Thanks, gentlemen, I heartily accept
This token of your service: your gay masque
Was performed gallantly.

QUEEN.
And, gentlemen,
Call your poor Queen your debtor. Your quaint pageant's
Rose on me like the figures of past years,
Treading their still path back to infancy,
More beautiful and mild as they drew nearer
The quiet cradle. I could have almost wept
To think I was in Paris, where these shows
Are well devised—such as I was ere yet
My young heart shared with [ ] the task,
The careful weight of this great monarchy.
There, gentlemen, between the sovereign's pleasure
And that which it regards, no clamor lifts
Its proud interposition.

KING.
My lord of Canterbury.

ARCHY.
The fool is here.

LAUD.
I crave permission of your Majesty
To order that this insolent fellow be
Chastised: he mocks the sacred character,
Scoffs at the stake, and—

KING.
What, my Archy?
He mocks and mimics all he sees and hears.
Yet with a quaint and graceful license—Prithiee
For this once do not as Pynme would, were he
Primate of England.
He lives in his own world; and, like a parrot,
Hung in his gilded prison from the window
Of a queen's bower over the public way,
Blasphemes with a bird's mind—his words, like arrows
Which know no aim beyond the archer's wit,
Strike sometimes what eludes philosophy.

QUEEN.
Go, sirrah, and repent of your offence
Ten minutes in the rain: be it your penance
To bring news how the world goes there. Poor Archy!
He weaves about himself a world of mirth
Out of this wreck of ours.
LAUD.
I take with patience, as my master did,  
All scoffs permitted from above.

KING.
My lord,  
Pray overlook these papers. Archy’s words  
Had wings, but these have talons.

QUEEN.
And the lion  
That wears them must be tamed. My dearest lord,  
I see the new-born courage in your eye  
Arm’d to strike dead the spirit of the time.  
* * *
Do thou persist: for, faint but in resolve,  
And it were better thou had still remain’d  
The slave of thine own slaves, who tear like curs  
The fugitive, and flee from the pursuer!  
And opportunity, that emptywolf;  
Flies at his throat who falls. Subdue thy actions  
Even to the disposition of thy purpose,  
And be that temper’d as the Ebro’s steel:  
And banish weak-eyed Mercy to the weak,  
Whence she will greet thee with a gift of peace,  
And not betray thee with a traitor’s kiss,  
As when she keeps the company of rebels,  
Who think that she is fear. This do, lest we  
Should fall as from a glorious pinnacle  
In a bright dream, andawake as from a dream  
Out of our worshipp’d state.

LAUD.  
* * * And if this suffice not,  
Unleash the sword and fire, that in their thirst  
They may lick up that scum of schismatics.  
I laugh at those weak rebels who, desiring  
What we possess, still prate of Christian peace,  
As if those dreadful messengers of wrath,  
Which play the part of God ’twixt right and wrong,  
Should be let loose against innocent sleep  
Of templed cities and the smiling fields,  
For some poor argument of policy  
Which toucheth our own profit or our pride,  
Where indeed it were Christian charity  
To turn the cheek even to the smiter’s hand:  
And when our great Redeemer, when our God  
Is scorn’d in his immediate ministers,  
They talk of peace:  
Such peace as Canaan found, let Scotland now.

QUEEN.
* * * * *  
My beloved lord,  
Have you not noted that the fool of late  
Has lost his careless mirth, and that his words  
Sound like the echoes of our saddest fears?  
What can it mean? I should be loth to think  
Some factious slave had tutor’d him.

KING.  
It partly is,  
That our minds piece the vacant intervals  
Of his wild words with their own fashioning;  
As in the imagery of summer clouds,  
Or coals in the winter fire, idlers find  
The perfect shadows of their teeming thoughts:  
And partly, that the terrors of the time  
Are sown by wandering Rumor in all spirits;  
And in the lightest and the least, may best  
Be seen the current of the coming wind.

QUEEN.
Your brain is overwrought with these deep thoughts;  
Come, I will sing to you; let us go try  
These airs from Italy—and you shall see  
A cradled miniature of yourself asleep,  
Stamp’d on the heart by never-erring love;  
Liker than any Vandyke ever made,  
A pattern to the unborn age of thee.  
Over whose sweet beauty I have wept for joy  
A thousand times, and now should weep for sorrow,  
Did I not think that after we were dead  
Our fortunes would spring high in him, and that  
The cares we waste upon our heavy crown  
Would make it light and glorious as a wreath  
Of heaven’s beams for his dear innocent brow.

KING.  
Dear Henrietta!

SCENE III.

HAMPDEN, EYF, CROMWELL, AND THE YOUNGER VAN.

HAMPDEN.
England, farewell! thou, who hast been my cradle,  
Shalt never be my dungeon or my grave!  
I held what I inherited in thee.  
As pawn for that inheritance of freedom  
Which thou hast sold for thy despoiler’s smile—  
How can I call thee England, or my country?  
Does the wind hold?

VANE.
The vanes sit steady  
Upon the Abbey towers. The silver lightnings  
Of the evening star, spite of the city’s smoke,  
Tell that the north wind reigns in the upper air.  
Mark too that flock of fleecy-winged clouds  
Sailing athwart St. Margaret’s.

HAMPDEN.
Hail, fleet herald  
Of tempest! that wild pilot who shall guide  
Hearts free as his, to realms of truth as thee,  
Beyond the shot of tyranny! And thou,  
Fair star, whose beam lies on the wide Atlantic,  
Asthwart its zones of tempest and of calm,  
Bright as the path to a beloved home,  
O light us to the isles of th’ evening land!  
Like floating Edens, cradled in the gimmer  
Of sunset, through the distant mist of years  
Tinged by departing Hope, they gleam. Lone regions,  
Where power’s poor dupes and victims, yet have  
never  
Propitiated the savage fear of kings  
With purest blood of noblest hearts; whose dew  
Is yet unstain’d with tears of those who wake  
To weep each day the wrongs on which it dwawns;  
Whose sacred silent air owns yet no echo  
Of formal blasphemies; nor impious rites  
Wrest man’s free worship from the God who loves,  
Towards the worm who envies us his love;  
Receive thou young [ ] of Paradise,  
These exiles from the old and sinful world!  
This glorious climb, this firmament whose lights  
Dart mitigated influence through the veil  
Of pale blue atmosphere; whose tears keep green
The pavement of this moist all-feeding earth!
This vaporous horizon, whose dim round
Is bastion’d by the circumfulminating sea,
Repelling invasion from the sacred towers,
Presses upon me like a dungeon’s grate,
A low dark roof; a damp and narrow vault:
The mighty universe becomes a cell
Too narrow for the soul that owns no master.

While the lotheliest spot
Of this wide prison, England, is a nest
Of cradled peace built on the mountain-tops,
To which the eagle-spirits of the free,
Which range through heaven and earth, and scorn the storm
Of time, and gase upon the light of truth,
Return to brood over the [ ] thoughts
That cannot die, and may not be repelled.

* * * *

FRAGMENTS
FROM AN UNFINISHED DRAMA.
He came like a dream in the dawn of life,
He fled like a shadow before its noon;
He is gone, and my peace is turned to strife,
And I wander and wane like the weary moon
O sweet Echo wake,
And for my sake
Make answer while the whole heart shall break!

But the heart has a music which Echo’s lips,
Though tender and true, yet can answer not;
And the shadow that moves in the soul’s eclipse
Can return not the kiss by his now forgot;
Sweet lips! he who hath
On my desolate path
Cast the darkness of absence worse than death!

INDIAN.
And if my grief should still be dearer to me
Than all the pleasure in the world beside,
Why would you lighten it?

LADY.
I offer only
That which I seek, some human sympathy
In this mysterious island.

THE INDIAN.
Oh! my friend,
My sister, my beloved! What do I say?
My brain is dizzy, and I scarce know whether
I speak to thee or her. Peace, perturbed heart!
I am to thee only as thou to mine,
The passing wind which heals the brow at noon,
And may strike cold into the breast at night,
Yet cannot linger where it soothes the most,
Or long soothed could it linger. But you said
You also loved.

LADY.
Loved! Oh, I love. Methinks
This word of love is fit for all the world,
And that for gentle hearts another name
Would speak of gentler thoughts than the world owns.
I have loved.

THE INDIAN.
And thou lovest not? if so,
Young as thou art, thou canst afford to weep.

LADY.
Oh! would that I could claim exemption
From all the bitterness of that sweet name!
I loved, I love, and when I love no more,
Let joys and grief perish, and leave despair
To ring the knoll of youth. He stood beside me,
The embodied vision of the brightest dream,
Which like a dawn heralds the day of life;
The shadow of his presence made my world
A paradise. All familiar things he touch’d,
All common words he spoke, became to me
Like forms and sounds of a diviner world.
He was as is the sun in his fierce youth,
As terrible and lovely as a tempest;
He came, and went, and left me what I am.
Alas! Why must I think how oft we two
Have sat together near the river springs,
Under the green pavilion which the willow
Spreads on the floor of the unbroken fountain
Strewed by the nurseries that linger there,
Over that inlet paved with flowers and moss,
While the musk-rose leaves, like flakes of crimson
snow,
Shower’d on us, and the dove morn’d in the pine,
Sad prophetess of sorrows not our own.

INDIAN.
Your breath is like soft music, your words are
The echoes of a voice which on my heart
Sleeps like a melody of early days.
But as you said—

LADY.
He was so awful, yet
So beautiful in mystery and terror,
Calming me as the loveliness of heaven
Soothes the unquiet sea—and yet not so,
For he seem’d stormy, and would often seem
A quenchless sun mask’d in portentous clouds;
For such his thoughts, and even his actions were;
But he was not of them, nor they of him.
But as they hid his splendor from the earth,
Some said he was a man of blood and peril,
And steept in bitter infamy to the lips.
More need was there I should be innocent.
More need that I should be most true and kind,
And much more need that there should be found one
To share remorse, and scorn and solitude,
And all the ills that wait on those who do
The tasks of ruin in the world of life.
He fled, and I have follow’d him.

February, 1822.

PRINCE ATHANAS, A FRAGMENT.

PART I.

There was a youth, who, as with toil and travel,
Had grown quite weak and gray before his time;
Nor any could the restless griefs unravel
Which burn’d within him, withering up his pride
And goading him, like fiends, from land to land
Not his the load of any secret crime,

For naught of ill his heart could understand,
But pity and wild sorrow for the same;—
Not his the thirst for glory or command,
Baffled with blast of hope-consuming shame;
Nor evil joys which fire the vulgar breast,
And quench in speedy smoke its feeble flame,

Had left within his soul their dark unrest;
Nor what religion fables of the grave
Fear'd he,—Philosophy's accepted guest.

For none than he a purer heart could have,
Or that loved good more for itself alone;
Of naught in heaven or earth he was the slave.

What sorrow deep, unshadowy, and unknown,
Sent him, a hopeless wanderer, through mankind !—
If with a human sadness he did groan,
He had a gentle yet aspiring mind;
Just, innocent, with varied learning fed;
And such a glorious consolation find

In others' joy, when all their own is dead:
He loved, and labor'd for his kind in grief,
And yet, unlike all others, it is said,

That from such toil he never found relief:
Although a child of fortune and of power,
Of an ancestral name the orphan chief.

His soul had wedded wisdom, and her dower
Is love and justice, clothed in which, he sate
Apart from men, as in a lonely tower,

Pitying the tumult of their dark estate—
Yet even in youth did he not e'er abuse
The strength of wealth or thought, to consecrate

Those false opinions which the harsh rich use
To blind the world they famish for their pride;
Nor did he hold from any man his dues,

But like a steward in honest dealings tried,
With those who toil'd and wept, the poor and wise
His riches and his cares he did divide.

Fearless he was, and scorn'ing all disguise,
What he dared do or think, though men might start,
He spoke with mild yet unaverted eyes;

Liberal he was of soul, and frank of heart,
And to his many friends—all loved him well—
Whate'er he knew or felt, he would impart,

If words he found those inmost thoughts to tell;
If not, he smiled or wept; and his weak foes
He neither spurn'd nor hated, though with fell

And mortal hate their thousand voices rose,
They pass like aimless arrows from his ear—
Nor did his heart or mind its portal close

To those or them, or any whom life's sphere
May comprehend within its wide array.
What sadness made that vernal spirit sore?

He knew not. Though his life, day after day,
Was falling like an unreplenish'd stream,
Though in his eyes a cloud and burthen lay,

Through which his soul, like Vesper's serene beam
Piercing the chasms of ever-rising clouds,
Shone, softly burning; though his lips did seem

Like reeds which quiver in impetuous floods;
And through his sleep, and o'er each waking hour,
Thoughts after thoughts, unresting multitudes,

Were driven within him, by some secret power,
Which bade them blaze, and live, and roll afar,
Like lights and sounds, from haunted tower to tower

O'er castled mountains borne, when tempest's war
Is levied by the night-contriving winds,
And the pale dalesmen watch with eager ear;—

Though such were in his spirit, as the fiends
Which wake and feed on ever-living woe,—
What was this grief, which ne'er in other minds

A mirror found,—he knew not—none could know;
But on whose' might question him, he turn'd
The light of his frank eyes, as if to show

He knew not of the grief within that burn'd,
But ask'd forbearance with a mournful look;
Or spoke in words from which none ever learn'd

The cause of his disquietude; or shock
With spasms of silent passion; or turn'd pale:
So that his friends soon rarely undertook

To stir his secret pain without avail:—
For all who knew and loved him then, perceived
That there was drawn an adamantine veil

Between his heart and mind,—both unrelieved
Wrought in his brain and bosom separate strife.
Some said that he was mud, others believed

That memories of an antenatal life
Made this, where now he dwelt, a penal hell;
And others said that such mysterious grief

From God's displeasure, like a darkness, fell
On souls like his, which own'd no higher law
Than love; love calm, stedfast, invincible

By mortal fear or supernatural awe;
And others,—"Tis the shadow of a dream
Which the veil'd eye of memory never saw,

"But through the soul's abyss, like some dark stream
Through shattered mines and caverns underground
Rolls, shaking its foundations; and no beam

"Of joy may rise, but it is quench'd and drown'd
In the dim whirlpools of this dream obscure.
Soon its exhausted waters will have found

"A lair of rest beneath thy spirit pure,
O Athanase!—in one so good and great,
Evil or tumult cannot long endure."

So spake they; idly of another's state
Babbling vain words and fond philosophy;
This was their consolation; such debate
Men held with one another; nor did he, Like one who labors with a human woe, Decline this task; as if its theme might be

Another, not himself, he to and fro Question'd and canvass'd it with subllest wit, And none but those who loved him best could know That which he knew not, how it gall'd and bit His weary mind, this converse vain and cold; For like an eyeless night-mare, grief did sit Upon his being: a snake which fold by fold Press'd out the life of life, a clinging fiend Which clenchi'd him if he stirr'd with deadlier hold; And so his grief remain'd—let it remain—untold.*

PART II.

FRAGMENT I.

PRINCE Athanase had one beloved friend, An old, old man, with hair of silver white, And lips where heavenly smiles would hang and bend With his wise words; and eyes whose arrowy light Shone like the reflex of a thousand minds. He was the last whom superstition's blight Had spared in Greece—the blight that cramps and blinds,— And in his olive bower at Cnone Had sate from earliest youth. Like one who finds A fertile island in the barren sea, One mariner who has survived his mates Many a drear month in a great ship—so he, With soul-sustaining songs, and sweet debates Of ancient lore, there fed his lonely being:—

"The mind becomes that which it contemplates,"

And thus Zonoras, by ever seeing Their bright creations, grew like wisest men; And when he heard the crash of nations fleeing A bloodier power than ruled thy ruins then, O sacred Hellas! many weary years He wander'd till the path of Laian's glen Was grass-grown—and the unremember'd tears Were dry in Laian for their honor'd chief, Who fell in Byzant, pierced by Moslem spears:— And as the lady look'd with faithful grief From her high lattice o'er the rugged path, Where she once saw that homeman toil, with brief And blighting hope, who with the news of death Struck body and soul as with a mortal blight, She saw beneath the chestnuts, far beneath, An old man toiling up, a weary wight, And soon within her hospitable hall She saw his white hairs glittering in the light Of the wood fire, and round his shoulders fall; And his wan visage and his wither'd mien Yet calm and [ ] and majestic.

And Athanase, her child, who must have been Then three years old, sate opposite and gazed.

FRAGMENT II.

Such was Zonoras; and as daylight finds An amaranth glittering on the path of frost, When autumn nights have nipt all weaker kinds, Thus had his age, dark, cold, and tempest-tost, Shone truth upon Zonoras; and he fill'd From fountains pure, nigh overgrown and lost, The spirit of Prince Athanase, a child, With soul-sustaining songs of ancient lore And philosophic wisdom, clear and mild And sweet and subtle talk they evermore, The pupil and master shared; until, Sharing the undiminishable store,

The youth, as shadows on a grassy hill Outrun the winds that chase them, soon outrun His teacher; and did teach with native skill Strange truths and new to that experienced man; Still they were friends, as few have ever been Who mark the extremes of life's discordant span,

And in the caverns of the forest green, Or by the rocks of echoing ocean roar, Zonoras and Prince Athanase were seen By summer woodmen; and when winter's roar Sounded o'er earth and sea its blast of war, The Balearic fisher, driven from shore, Hanging upon the peaked wave afar, Then saw their lamp from Laian's turret gleam, Piercing the stormy darkness like a star, Which pours beyond the sea one stedfast beam, Whilst all the constellations of the sky Seem'd wrecked. They did but seem—

For, lo! the wintry clouds are all gone by, And bright Arcturus through yon pines is glowing And far o'er southern waves, immovably Belted Orion hangs—warm light is flowing From the young moon into the sunset's chasm.—

* O, summer night! with power divine, bestowing

"On thine own bird the sweet enthusiasm Which overflows in notes of liquid gladness, Filling the sky like light! How many a spasm
"Of fever'd brains, oppress'd with grief and madness,
   Were lull'd by thee, delightful nightingale!
   And those soft waves, murmuring a gentle sadness,
   "And the far sighings of yon piny dale
   Made vocal by some wind, we feel not here,—
   I bear alone what nothing may avail
   "To lighten—a strange load!"—No human ear
   Heard this lament; but o'er the visage wan
Of Athanase, a ruffling atmosphere

Of dark emotion, a swift shadow ran,
   Like wind upon some forest-boom'd lake,
   Glassy and dark.—And that divine old man
Beheld his myste friend's whole being shake,
   Even where its inmost depths were gloomiest—
   And with a calm and measured voice he spake,

And with a soft and equal pressure, prest
That cold lean hand:—" Dost thou remember yet
When the curved moon, then lingering in the west,
   "Paus'd in yon waves her mighty horns to wet,
How in those beams we walk'd, half resting on the sea?
   "Tis just one year—sure thou dost not forget—
   "Then Plato's words of light in thee and me
Linger'd like moonlight in the moonless east,
   For we had just then read—thy memory
   "Is faithful now—the story of the feast;
   And Agathon and Diotima seem'd
From death and [ ] released.

FRAGMENT III.
"T was at this season that Prince Athanase
   Past the white Alps—those eagle-baffling mountains
   Slept in their shrouds of snow;—beside the ways
The waterfalls were voiceless—for their fountains
   Were changed to mines of sunless crystal now,
   Or by the curdling winds,—like brazen wings

Which clang'd alone the mountain's marble brow,
   Warp'd into adamantine fretwork, hung
And fill'd with frozen light the chasm below.

FRAGMENT IV.

Thou art the wine whose drunkeness is all
   We can desire, O Love! and happy souls,
   Ere from thy vine the leaves of autumn fall,

Catch thee, and feed from their o'er-lowing bowls
Thousands who thirst for thy ambrosial dew;—
   Thou art the radiance which where ocean rolls
Invests it;—and when heavens are blue
Thou fillest them; and when the earth is flat
The shadow of thy moving wings imbue

Its deserts and its mountains, till they wear
Beauty like some bright robe;—thou ever sarest
   Among the towers of men, and as soft air

In spring, which moves the unwak'ned forest,
   Clothing with leaves its branches bare and bleak,
Thou floatest among men; and aye implorest

That which from thee they should implore—the weak
   Alone kneel to thee, offering up the hearts
   The strong have broken—yet where shall any seek
A garment whom thou clothest not?
   Marlowe, 1817.

MAZENGH.*

Out! foster-nurse of man's abandon'd glory,
Since Athens, its great mother, sunk in splendor;
Thou shadowest forth that mighty shape in story,
   As ocean its wreck'd fanes, severe yet tender:
   The light-invested angel Poesy
Was drawn from the dim world to welcome thee.

And thou in painting diest transcure all taught
By loftiest meditations; marble knew
   The sculptor's fearless soul—and as he wrought,
   The grace of his own power, and freedom grew.
And more than all, heroic, just, sublime
Thou wert among the false—was this thy crime?

Yes; and on Pisa's marble walls the twine
   Of direst weeds hang garlanded—the snake
Inhabits its wreck'd palaces;—in thine
   A beast of subtler venom now doth make
Its lair, and sits amid their glories overthrown,
   And thus thy victim's fate is as thine own.

* This fragment refers to an event, told in Sismondi’s Histoire des Républiques Italiennes, which occurred during the war when Florence finally subdued Pisa, and reduced it to a province. The opening stanzas are addressed to the conquering city.
The sweetest flowers are ever frail and rare,
And love and freedom blossom but to wither;
And good and ill like vines entangled are,
So that their grapes may oft bepluck'd together;—
Divide the vintage ere thou drink, then make
Thy heart rejoice for dead Mazenghi's sake.

No record of his crime remains in story,
But if the morning bright as evening shone,
It was some high and holy deed, by glory
Pursued into forgetfulness, which won
From the blind crowd he made secure and free
The patriot's meed, toil, death, and infamy.

For when by sound of trumpet was declared
A price upon his life, and there was set
A penalty of blood on all who shared
So much of water with him as might wet
His lips, which speech divided not—he went
Alone as you may guess, to banishment.

Amid the mountains, like a hunted beast,
He hid himself, and hunger, cold, and toil,
Month after month endured; it was a feast
Where'er he found those globes of deep-red gold
Which in the woods the strawberry-tree doth bear,
Suspected in their emerald atmosphere.

And in the roofless huts of vast morasses,
Deserted by the fever-stricken serf,
All overgrown with reeds and long rank grasses,
And hillocks heap'd of moss-inwoven turf,
And where the huge and speckled aloe made
Rooted in stones, a broad and pointed shade,

He housed himself. There is a point of strand
Near Vada's tower and town; and on one side
The treacherous marsh divides it from the land,
Shadow'd by pine and ilex forests wide,
And on the other creeps eternally,
Through muddy weeds, the shallow, sullen sea.

Naples, 1818.

THE WOODMAN AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

A woodman whose rough heart was out of tune
(I think such hearts yet never came to good)
Hated to hear, under the stars or moon,
One nightingale in an interfluous wood
Satiate the hungry dark with melody;—
And as a vale was water'd by a flood,

Or as the moonlight fills the open sky
Struggling with darkness—as a tuberose
Peoples some Indian dell with scents which lie

Like clouds above the flower from which they rose,
The singing of that happy nightingale
In this sweet forest, from the golden close
Of evening, till the star of dawn may fall
Was interfused upon the silences;
The folded roses and the violets pale

Heard her within their slumber, the abyss
Of heaven with all its planets; the dull ear
Of the night-craddled earth; the loneliness

Of the circumfluent waters,—every sphere
And every flower and beam and cloud and wave
And every wind of the mute atmosphere,

And every beast stretch'd in its rugged cave,
And every bird lull'd on its mossy bough,
And every silver moth fresh from the grave,

Which is its cradle—ever from below
Aspiring like one who loves too fair, too far
To be consumed within the purest glow

Of one serene and unapproached star,
As if it were a lamp of earthly light,
Unconscious, as some human lovers are,

Itself how low, how high beyond all height
The heaven where it would perish!—and every form
That worshipp'd in the temple of the night

Was awed into delight, and by the charm
Girt as with an interminable zone,
Whilst that sweet bird, whose music was a storm

Of sound, shook forth the dull oblivion
Out of their dreams; harmony became love
In every soul but one—

And so this man return'd with axe and saw
At evening close from killing the tall treen,
The soul of whom by nature's gentle law

Was each a wood-nymph, and kept ever green
The pavement and the roof of the wild cope,
Chequering the sunlight of the blue serene

With jagged leaves, and from the forest tips
Singing the winds to sleep—or weeping off
Fast showers of aerial water-drops

Into their mother's bosom, sweet and soft,
Nature's pure tears which have no bitterness;—
Around the cradles of the birds aloft

They spread themselves into the loveliness
Of fan-like leaves, and over pallid flowers
Hang like moist clouds;—or, where high branches kiss,

Make a green space among the silent bowers,
Like a vast fanze in a metropolis,
Surrounded by the columns and the towers

All overwrought with branch-like traceries
In which there is religion—and the mute
Persuasion of unkindled melodies,

Odors and gleams and murmurs, which the lute
Of the blind pilot-spirit of the blast
Stirs as it sails, now grave and now acute,

Wakening the leaves and waves ere it has past
To such brief union as on the brain
One tone, which never can recur, has cast,

One accent never to return again.
TO THE MOON.
Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth,—
And ever changing, like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy?

SONG FOR TASSO.
I loved,—alas! our life is love;
But when we cease to breathe and move
I do suppose love ceases too.
I thought, but not as now I do,
Keen thoughts and bright of linked lore,
Of all that men had thought before,
And all that nature shows, and more.
And still I love, and still I think,
But strangely, for my heart can drink
The dregs of such despair, and live,
And love; [ ]
And if I think, my thoughts come fast,
I mix the present with the past,
And each seems uglier than the last.

Sometimes I see before me flee
A silver spirit's form, like thee,
O Leonora, and I sit
[ ] still watching it,
Till by the grated casement's ledge
It fades, with such a sigh, as sedge
Breathes o'er the breezy streamlet's edge.

EPITAPH.
These are two friends whose lives were unidivided
So let their memory be, now they have glided
Under the grave; let not their bones be parted,
For their two hearts in life were single-hearted.

THE WANING MOON.
And like a dying lady, lean and pale,
Who totters forth, wrapt in a gauzy veil,
Out of her chamber, led by the insane
And feeble wanderings of her fading brain.
The moon arose up in the murky earth,
A white and shapeless mass.

THE END OF SHELLEY'S POETICAL WORKS.
THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN KEATS.
## Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>MEMOIR OF JOHN KEATS</td>
<td>v</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ENDYMION; a Poetic Romance</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LAMIA</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ISABELLA, OR THE POT OF BASIL; a Story from Boccaccio</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE EVE OF ST. AGNES</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HYPERION</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MISCELLANEOUS POEMS:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dedication to Leigh Hunt, Esq.</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;I stood tip toe upon a little hill&quot;</td>
<td>ia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Specimen of an Induction to a Poem</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Calidore; a Fragment</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To some Ladies on receiving a curious Shell</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On receiving a Copy of Verses from the same Ladies</td>
<td>ia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Hope</td>
<td>ia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Imitation of Spenser</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Woman! when I behold thee flippant, vain&quot;</td>
<td>ia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ode to a Nightingale</td>
<td>ia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ode on a Grecian Urn</td>
<td>ia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ode to Pyrsche</td>
<td>ia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fancy</td>
<td>ia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ode</td>
<td>ia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lines on the Mermaid Tavern</td>
<td>ia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robin Hood</td>
<td>ia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Autumn</td>
<td>ia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ode on Melancholy</td>
<td>ia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sleep and Poetry</td>
<td>ia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet. To my Brother George</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To</td>
<td>ia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Written on the day that Mr. Leigh</td>
<td>ia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hunt left Prison</td>
<td>ia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;How many bards gild the lapses of time!&quot;</td>
<td>ia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To a Friend who sent me some Roses</td>
<td>ia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To G. A. W.</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;O Solitude! if I must with thee dwell&quot;</td>
<td>ia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To my Brothers</td>
<td>ia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Keen fitful gusts are whispering here and there&quot;</td>
<td>ia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;To one who has been long in city pent&quot;</td>
<td>ia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On first looking into Chapman's Homer</td>
<td>ia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On leaving some Friends at an early hour</td>
<td>ia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Addressed to Haydon</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On the same</td>
<td>ia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On the Grasshopper and Cricket</td>
<td>ia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Kosciusko</td>
<td>ia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Happy is England! I could be content&quot;</td>
<td>ia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Human Seasons</td>
<td>ia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On a Picture of Leander</td>
<td>ia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Ailsa Rock</td>
<td>ia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Epistles. To George Felton Mathew</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To my Brother George</td>
<td>ia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Charles Cowden Clarke</td>
<td>ia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stanzas</td>
<td>527</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Memoir of John Keats.

The short career of John Keats was marked by the development of powers which have been rarely exhibited in one at so immature an age. He had but just completed his twenty-fourth year when he was snatched away from the world, and an end put for ever to a genius of a lofty and novel order. Certain party critics, who made it their object to lacerate the feelings, and endeavor to put down by vituperation and misplaced ridicule every effort which emanated not from their own servile dependants or followers, furiously attacked the writings of Keats on their appearance. Their promise of greater excellence was unquestionable, their beauties were obvious,—but so also were defects, which might easily be made available for an attack upon the author; and which certain writers of the Quarterly Review instantly seized upon to gratify party malice,—not against the author so much as against his friends. The unmerited abuse poured upon Keats by this periodical work is supposed to have hastened his end, which was slowly approaching when the criticism before-mentioned appeared.

This original and singular example of poetical genius was of humble descent, and was born in Moorfields, London, October 29, 1796, at a livery-stables which had belonged to his grandfather. He received a classical education at Enfield, under a Mr. Clarke, and was apprenticed to Mr. Hammond, a surgeon at Edmonton. The son of his schoolmaster Clarke encouraged the first germs of the poetical faculty which he early observed in the young poet, and introduced him to Mr. Leigh Hunt, who is reported to have been the means of his introduction to the public. Keats was an individual of extreme sensitiveness, so that he would betray emotion even to tears on hearing a noble action recited, or at the mention of a glowing thought or one of deep pathos; yet both his moral and personal courage were above all suspicion. His health was always delicate, for he had been a seven months' child; and it appears that the symptoms of premature decay, or rather of fragile vitality, were long indicated by his organization, before consumption decidedly displayed itself.

The juvenile productions of Keats were published in 1817, the author being at that time in his twenty-first year. His favorite sojourn appears to have been Hampstead, the localities of which village were the scenes of his earliest abstractions, and the prompters of many of his best poetical productions: most of his personal friends, too, resided in the neighborhood. His first published volume, though the greater part of it was not above mediocrity, contained passages and lines of rare beauty. His political sentiments differing from those of the Quarterly Review, being manly and independent, were sins never to be forgiven; and as in that party work literary judgment was always dealt out according to political congeniality of feeling, with the known servility of its writers, an author like Keats had no chance of being judged fairly. He was friendless and unknown, and could not even attract notice to a just complaint if he appealed to the public, from his being yet obscure as an author. This Gifford, the editor of the Quarterly, well knew, and poured his malignity upon his unoffending victim in proportion as he was conscious of the want of power in the object of his attack to resist it. A scion of nobility might have scribbled nonsense and been certain of applause; but a singular genius springing up by its own vitality in an obscure corner, was by all means to be crushed.—Gifford had been a cobbler, and the son of the livery-stable-keeper was not worthy of his critical toleration! Thus it always is with those narrow-minded persons who rise by the force of accident from vulgar obscurity: they cannot tolerate a brother, much less superior power or genius in that brother. On the publication of Keats's next work, "Endymion," Gifford attacked it with all the bitterness of which his pen was capable, and did not hesitate, before he saw the work, to announce his intention of doing so to the publisher. Keats had endeavored, as much as was consistent with independent feeling, to conciliate the critics at large, as may be observed in his preface to that poem. He merited to be treated with indulgence, not wounded by the envenomed shafts of political animosity for literary errors. His book abounded in passages of true poetry, which were of course passed over; and it is difficult to decide whether the cowardice or the cruelty of the attack upon it, most deserve execration. Of great sensitiveness, as already observed, and his frame already touched by a mortal dis-temper, he felt his hopes withered, and his attempts to obtain honorable public notice in his
own scantily allotted days frustrated. He was never to see his honorable fame: this preyed upon his spirit and hastened his end, as has been already noticed. The third and last of his works was the little volume (his best work) containing "Lamia," "Isabella," "The Eve of St. Agnes," and "Hyperion."—That he was not a finished writer, must be conceded; that, like Körner in Germany, he gave rich promise rather than matured fruit, may be granted; but they must indeed be ill judges of genius who are not delighted with what he left, and do not see that, had he lived, he might have worn a wreath of renown which time would not easily have withered. His was indeed an "untoward fate," as Byron observes of him in the eleventh canto of "Don Juan.

For several years before his death, Keats had felt that the disease which preyed upon him was mortal,—that the agents of decay were at work upon a body too imperfectly organized, or too feebly constructed to sustain long the fire of existence. He had neglected his own health to attend a brother on his death-bed, when it would have been far more prudent that he had re-collected it was necessary he should take care of himself. Under the bereavement of this brother he was combating his keen feelings, when the Zoilus of the Quarterly so ferociously attacked him. The excitement of spirit was too much for his frame to sustain; and a blow from another quarter, coming about the same time, shook him so much, that he told a friend with tears "his heart was breaking."

He was now persuaded to try the climate of Italy, the refuge of those who have no more to hope for in their own; but which is commonly-delayed until the removal only leads the traveller to the tomb. Thither he went to die. He was accompanied by Mr. Severn, an artist of considerable talent, well known since in Rome. Mr. Severn was a valuable and attached friend of the poet; and they went first to Naples, and thence journeyed to Rome,—where Keats closed his eyes on the world on the 24th of February, 1821. He wished ardently for death before it came. The springs of vitality were left nearly dry long before; his lingering as he did astonished his medical attendants, His sufferings were great, but he was all resignation. He said, not long before he died, that he "felt the flowers growing over him."

On the examination of his body, post mortem, by his physicians, they found that life rarely so long tenanted a body shattered as his was: his lungs were well-nigh annihilated.—His remains were deposited in the cemetery of the Protestants at Rome, at the foot of the pyramid of Calus Cestius, near the Porta San Paolo, where a white marble tombstone, bearing the following inscription, surmounted by a lyre in basso relievo, has been erected to his memory:

This Grave contains all that was mortal of a Young English Poet, who, on his death-bed, in the bitterness of his heart at the malicious power of his enemies, desired these words to be engraved on his tombstone—Here lies one whose name was writ in water. Feb. 24th, 1821.

The physiognomy of the young poet indicated his character. Sensibility was predominant, but there was no deficiency of power. His features were well-defined, and delicately susceptible of every impression. His eyes were large and dark, but his cheeks were sunk, and his face pale when he was tranquil. His hair was of a brown color, and curled naturally. His head was small, and set upon broad high shoulders, and a body disproportionately large to his lower limbs, which, however, were well-made. His stature was low; and his hands,—says a friend (Mr. L. Hunt), were faded, having prominent veins—which he would look upon, and pronounce to belong to one who had seen fifty years. His temper was of the gentlest description, and he felt deeply all favors conferred upon him; in fact, he was one of those marked and rare characters which genius stamps from their birth in her own mould; and whose early consignment to the tomb has, it is most probable, deprived the world of works calculated to delight, if not to astonish mankind,—of productions to which every congenial spirit and kind quality of the human heart would have done homage, and confessed the power. It is to be lamented that such promise should have been so prematurely blighted.

Scattered through the writings of Keats will be found passages, which come home to every bosom alive to each noble and kindlier feeling of the human heart. There is much in them to be corrected, much to be altered for the better; but there are sparkling gems of the first lustre everywhere to be found. It is strange, that in civilized societies writings should be judged of, not by their merits, but by the fiction to which their authors belong, though their productions may be solely confined to subjects the most remote from controversy. In England, a party-man must yield up every thing to the opinions and dogmatism of his caste. He must reject truths, pervert reason, misrepresent all things coming from an opponent of another creed in religion or politics. Such a state of virulent and lamentable narrow-mindedness, is the most certain that can exist for blighting the tender blossoms of genius, and blasting the innocent and virtuous hopes of the young aspirant after honest fame. It is not necessary that a young
ardent mind avow principles hostile to those who set up for its enemies—if he be but the friend of a friend openly opposed to them, it is enough; and the worst is, that the hostility displayed is neither limited by truth and candor, sound principles of criticism, humanity, or honorable feeling: it fights with all weapons, in the dark or in the light, by craft, or in any mode to obtain its bitter objects. The critics who hastened the end of Keats, had his works been set before them as being those of an unknown writer, would have acknowledged their talent, and applauded where it was due, for their attacks upon him were not made from lack of judgment, but from wilful hostility. One knows not how to characterize such demoniacal insincerity. Keats belonged to a school of politics which they from their ambush anathematized:—hence, and hence alone, their malice towards him.

Keats was, as a poet, like a rich fruit-tree which the gardener has not pruned of its luxuriance: time, had it been allotted him by Heaven, would have seen it as trim and rich as any brother of the garden. It is and will ever be regretted by the readers of his works, that he lingered no longer among living men, to bring to perfection what he meditated, to contribute to British literature a greater name, and to delight the lovers of true poetry with the rich melody of his musically embodied thoughts.
THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN KEATS.

Endymion;
A POETIC ROMANCE.
INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS CHATTERTON.

The stretched metre of an Antique Song.

PREFACE.

Knowing within myself the manner in which this Poem has been produced, it is not without a feeling of regret that I make it public.

What manner I mean, will be quite clear to the reader, who must soon perceive great inexperience, immaturity, and every error denoting a feverish attempt, rather than a deed accomplished. The two first books, and indeed the two last, I feel sensible are not of such completion as to warrant their passing the press; nor should they, if I thought a year's castigation would do them any good;—it will not: the foundations are too sandy. It is just that this youngest should die away: a sad thought for me, if I had not some hope that while it is dwindling I may be plotting, and fitting myself for verses fit to live.

This may be speaking too presumptuously, and may deserve a punishment: but no feeling man will be forward to inflict it: he will leave me alone, with the conviction that there is not a fiercer hell than the failure in a great object. This is not written with the least atom of purpose to forestall criticisms of course, but from the desire I have to conciliate men who are competent to look, and who do look with a jealous eye, to the honor of English literature.

The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy; but there is a space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted: thence proceed mawkishness, and all the thousand bitters which those men I speak of, must necessarily taste in going over the following pages.

I hope I have not in too late a day touched the beautiful mythology of Greece, and dulled its brightness: for I wish to try once more, before I bid it farewell.

TEIGNMOUTH, April 10, 1818.

ENDYMION.

BOOK I.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we weaving
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
 spite of dependences, of th' inhuman death
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darken'd ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
Some shade of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:
And such too is the grandeur of the domes
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences
For one short hour; no, even as the trees
That whisper round a temple become soon
Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
The passion poesy, glories infinite,
Haunt us till they become a cheering light
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'ercast,
They always must be with us, or we die.

69 533
Therefore, 'tis with full happiness that I
Will trace the story of Endymion.
The very music of the name has gone
Into my being, and each pleasant scene
Is growing fresh before me as the green
Of our own valleys: so I will begin
Now while I cannot hear the city's din;
Now while the early bidders are, just new,
And run in tuazes of the youngest hue.
About old forests; while the willow trails
Its delicate amber; and the dairy pails
Bring home increase of milk.
And, as the year
Grows lush in juicy stalks, I'll smoothly steer
My little boat, for many quiet hours,
With streams that deepen freshly into bowers.
Many and many a verse I hope to write,
Before the daisies, vermeil rimm'd and white,
Hide in deep herbage; and ere yet the bees
Hum about globes of clover and sweet peas,
I must be near the middle of my story.
O may no wintry season, bare and hoary,
See it half finish'd: but let Autumn bold,
With universal tinge of sober gold.
Be all about me when I make an end.
And now at once, adventuresome, I send
My herald thought into a wilderness:
There let its trumpet blow, and quickly dress
My uncertain path with green, that I may speed
Easily onward, through flowers and weed.

Upon the sides of Latmos was outspread
A mighty forest; for the moist earth fed
So plenteously all weed-hidden roots
Into o'erhanging boughs, and precious fruits.
And it had gloomy shades, sequencer'd deep,
Where no man went; and if from shepherd's keep
A lamb stray'd far adown those immost glens,
Never again saw he the happy pens
Whither his brethren, bleating with content,
Over the hills at every nightfall went.
Among the shepherds 't was believed ever,
That not one fleecy lamb which thus did sever
From the white flock, but pass'd unworried
By any wolf, or pard with prying head,
Until it came to some unfooted plains
Where fed the herds of Pan: ay, great his gains
Who thus one lamb did lose. Paths were there many,
Winding through palmy fern, and rushes fenny,
And ivy banks; all leading pleasantly
To a wide lawn, whence one could only see
Stems throughing all around between the swell
Of turf and slanting branches: who could tell
The freshness of the space of heaven above,
Edged round with dark tree-tops? through which a
dove
Would often beat its wings, and often too
A little cloud would move across the blue.

Full in the middle of this pleasantness
There stood a marble altar, with a tress
Of flowers budding newly; and the dew
Had taken fairy fantasies to strew
Daisies upon the sacred sward last eve,
And so the dawning light in pomp receive.
For 'twas the morn: Apollo's upward fire
Made every eastern cloud a silvery pyre
Of brightness so unsullied, that therein
'A melancholy spirit well might win
Oblivion, and melt out his essence fine
Into the winds: rain-scented egret
Gave temperate sweets to that well-wooing sun;
The dark was lost in him; cold springs had run
To warm their chilliest bubbles in the grass;
Man's voice was on the mountains; and the mass
Of nature's lives and wonders pulsed tenfold,
To feel this sunrise and its glories old.

Now while the silent workings of the dawn
Were busiest, into that selfsame lawn
All suddenly, with joyful cries, there sped
A troop of little children garlanded;
Who, gathering round the altar, seem'd to pray
Earnestly round as wishing to espy
Some folk of holiday: nor had they waited
For many moments, ere their ears were sated
With a faint breath of music, which ev'n then
Fill'd out its voice, and died away again.
Within a little space again it gave
Its airy swellings, with a gentle wave,
To light-hung leaves, in smoothest echoes breaking
Through cope-clad valleys,—ere their death, o'er
taking
The surgy murmurs of the lonely sea.

And now, as deep into the wood as we
Might mark a lynx's eye, there glimmer'd light
Fair faces and a rush of garments white
Plainer and plainer showing, till at last
Into the widest alley they all past,
Making directly for the woodland altar.
O kindly muse! let not my weak tongue falter
In telling of this goodly company,
Of their old piety, and of their glee:
But let a portion of ethereal dew
Fall on my head, and presently unmew
My soul; that I may dare, in wayfaring
To stammer where old Chaucer used to sing
Leading the way, young damsels danced along,
Bearing the burden of a shepherd's song;
Each having a white wicker over-brimm'd
With April's tender younglings: next, well trimm'd
A crowd of shepherd's with as sunburnt looks
As may be read of in Arcadian books;
Such as sat listening round Apollo's pipe,
When the great deity, for earth too ripe,
Let his divinity o'erflowing die
In music, through the vales of Thessaly:
Some idly trail'd their sheep-hocks on the ground
And some kept up a shrilly mellow sound
With ebon-tipped flutes: close after these,
Now coming from beneath the forest trees,
A venerable priest full soberly,
Began with ministering looks: alway his eye
Stedfast upon the matted turf he kept,
And after him his sacred vestments swept.
From his right hand there swung a vase, milk-white
Of mingled wine, out-sparkling generous light;
And in his left he held a basket full
Of sweet herbs that searching eye could cull:
Wild thyme, and valley-lilies white still
Than Leda's love, and crosses from the rill.

334
His aged head, crown'd with beechen wreath,
Seem'd like a poll of ivy in the teeth
Of winter hoar. Then came another crowd
Of shepherds; lifting in due time aloud
Their share of the ditty. After them appear'd,
Up-fellow'd by a multitude that rear'd
Their voices to the clouds, a fair wrought car
Easily rolling so as scarce to mar
The freedom of three steeds of dapple brown:
Who stood therein did seem of great renown
Among the throng. His youth was fully blown,
Showing like Ganymede to manhood grown;
And, for those simple times, his garments were
A chiefestain king's: beneath his breast, half bare,
Was hung a silver bugle, and between
His nery knees there lay a bow-spear keen.
A smile was on his countenance; he seem'd,
To common lookers-on, like one who dream'd
Of idleness in groves Elysian:
But there were some who feelingly could scan
A lurking trouble in his neither lip,
And see that oftentimes the reins would slip
Through his forgotten hands: then would they sigh,
And think of yellow leaves, of owlets' cry,
Of logs piled solemnly.—Ah, well-a-day,
Why should our young Endymion pine away!

Soon the assembly, in a circle ranged,
Stood silent round the shrine: each look was changed
To sudden veneration: women meek
Beckon'd their sons to silence; while each cheek
Of virgin bloom pale'd gently for slight fear.
Endymion too, without a forest near,
Stood, wan, and pale, and with an awed face,
Among his brothers of the mountain chase.
In midst of all, the venerable priest
Eyed them with joy from greatest to the least,
And, after lifting up his aged hands,
Thus spake he: *Men of Latmos! shepherd bands!*
Whose care it is to guard a thousand flocks:
Whether descended from beneath the rocks
That overtop your mountains; whether come
From valleys where the pipe is never dumb;  
Or from your swelling downs, where sweet air stirs
Blue harebells lightly, and where prickly furze
3ads lavish gold; or ye, whose precious charge
Noble their fill at ocean's very marge,
Whose mellow reeds are touch'd with sounds forlorn
By the dim echoes of old Triton's horn:
Mothers and wives! who day by day prepare
The scrip, with needments, for the mountain air;
And all ye gentle girls who foster up
Jadeless lambs, and in a little cup
Will put choice honey for a favor'd youth:
Tear, every one attend! for in good truth
Our vows are wanting to our great god Pan.

Are not our lowing heifers sleeker than
Night-woollen mushrooms? Are not our wide plains
Speckled with countless fleece's? Have not rains
Green'd over April's lap? No howling sad
Tickens our fearful eyes; and we have had
Great bounty from Endymion our lord.

*The earth is glad: the merry lamb has pour'd
Its early song against your breezy sky,
That spreads so clear o'er our solemnity."

Thus ending, on the shrine he heap'd a spire
Of teeming sweets, enkindling sacred fire;

Anon he stain'd the thick and spongy sod
With wine, in honor of the shepherd-god.
Now while the earth was drinking it, and while
Bay leaves were crackling in the fragrant pile,
And gummy frankincense was sparkling bright
'Neath smothering parsley, and a hazel light
Spread grayly eastward, thus a chorus sang:

"O thou, whose mighty palace roof doth hang
From jagged trunks, and overshadow's
Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death
Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness;
Who loveth to see the hamadryads dress
Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels darken;
And through whole solemn hours dost sit, and hearken
The dreary melody of bedded reeds—
In desolate places, where dank moisture breeds
The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth,
Bethinking thee, how melancholy thot
Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx—do thou now,
By thy love's milky brow!
By all the trembling mazes that she ran,
Hear us, great Pan!

"O thou, for whose soul-soothing quiet, turtles
Passion their voices cooingly 'mong myrtles,
What time thou wanderest at eventide
Through sunny meadows, that outskirt the side
Of thine enmassed realms: O thou, to whom
Broad-leaved fig-trees even now foredoom
Their ripen'd fruitage; yellow-girted bees
Their golden honeymotes; our village leas
Their fairest blossom'd beans and poppied corn;
The chuckling linnet its five young unbom,
To sing for thee; low creeping strawberries
Their summer coolness; pent up butterflies
Their freckled wings; yea, the fresh budding year
All its completions—be quickly near,
By every wind that nods the mountain pine,
O forester divine!

"Thou, to whom every faun and satyr flies
For willing service; whether to surprise
The squatted hare while in half-sleeping fit;
Or upward ragged precipices fit
To save poor lambskins from the eagle's maw;
Or by mysterious enticement draw
Bewilder'd shepherds to their path again;
Or to tread breathless round the frothy main,
And gather up all fancifullest shells
For thee to tumble into Naiads' cells,
And, being hidden, laugh at their out-peeping,
Or to delight thee with fantastic leaping,
The while they pelt each other on the crown
With silvery oak-apples, and fir-cones brow—
By all the echoes that about thee ring,
Hear us, O satyr king!

"O Hearkener to the laud-clapping shears,
While ever and anon to his horn peers
A ram goes bleating: Winder of the horn,
When snouted wild-boars routing tender corn
Anger our huntsman: Breather round our fires
To keep off mildews, and all weather harms:
Strange ministrant of undescribed sounds,
That come a-swooning over hollow grounds,
And wither dreamily on barren moors:
Dread open 'e of the mysterious doors
Leading to universal knowledge—see,
Great son of Dryope,
The many that are come to pay their vows
With leaves about their brows!

"Be still the unimaginable lodge
For solitary thinkings; such as doge
Conception to the very bourn of Heaven,
Then leave the naked brain: be still the heaven,
That spreading in this dull and clogged earth,
Gives it a touch ethereal—a new birth:
Be still a symbol of immensity;
A firmament reflected in a sea;
An element filling the space between;
An unknown—but no more: we humbly screen
With uplift hands our foreheads, lowly bending,
And giving out a shout most heaven-rending,
Conjure thee to receive our humble Pecan,
Upon thy Mount Lycean!"

Even while they brought the burden to a close,
A shout from the whole multitude arose,
That linger'd in the air like dying rolls
Of abrupt thunder, when Ionian shoals
Of dolphins bob their noses through the brine.
Meantime, on shady levels, mossy fine,
Young companies nimbly began dancing
To the swift treble pipe, and humming string.
Aye, those fair living forms swam heavenly
To tunes forgotten—out of memory:
Fair creatures! whose young children's children bred
Thermopylae its heroes—not yet dead,
But in old marbles ever beautiful.
High genitors, unconscious did they call
Time's sweet first-fruits—they danced to weariness,
And then in quiet circles did they press
The hillock turf, and caught the latter end
Of some strange history, potent to send
A young mind from its bodily tenement.
Or they might watch the quot-pitchers, intent
On either side; pitying the sad death
Of Hyacinthus, when the cruel breath
Of Zephyr slew him,—Zephyr penitent,
Who now, ere Phæbus mounts the firmament,
Fondles the flower amid the sobbing rain.
The archers too, upon a wider plain,
Beside the feathery whistling of the shaft,
And the dull twanging bowstring, and the raft
Branch down sweeping from a tall ash top,
Call'd up a thousand thoughts to envelop
Those who would watch. Perhaps, the trembling knee
And frantic gape of lonely Niobe,
Poor, lonely Niobe! when her lovely young
Were dead and gone, and her caressing tongue
Lay a lost thing upon her paly lip,
And very, very deadliness did nip
Her motherly cheeks. Aroused from this sad mood
By one, who at a distance loud hallo'd,
Uplifting his strong bow into the air,
Many might after brighter visions stare:
After the Argonauts, in blind amaze
Tossing about on Neptune's restless ways,

Until, from the horizon's vaulted side,
There shot a golden splendor far and wide,
Spangling those million poutings of the brine
With quivering ore: 'twas even an awful shine
From the exaltation of Apollo's bow;
A heavenly beacon in their dreary woe.
Who thus were ripe for high contemplating,
Might turn their steps towards the sober ring
Where sat Endymion and the aged priest
'Mong shepherds gone in old, whose looks increased
The slivery setting of their mortal star.
There they discoursed upon the fragile bar
That keeps us from our homes ethereal;
And what our duties there: to nightly call
Vesper, the beauty-crest of summer weather;
To summon all the downiest clouds together
For the sun's purple cloak; to emulate
In ministering the potent rule of fate
With speed of fire-tail'd exhalations:
To tint her pallid cheek with bloom, who cons
Sweet poesy by moonlight: besides these,
A world of other unguess'd offices.
Anon they wander'd, by divine converse,
Into Elysium: trying to rehearse
Each one his own anticipated bliss.
One felt heart-certain that he could not miss
His quick-gone love, among fair blossom'd boughs
Where every zephyr-sigh pouts, and endows
Her lips with music for the welcoming
Another wish'd, 'mid that eternal spring,
To meet his rosy child, with feathery sails
Sweeping, eye-earnestly, through almonde vales:
Who, suddenly, should stoop through the smooth win
And with the balmiest leaves his temples bind;
And, ever after, through those regions be
His messenger, his little Mercury.
Some were athirst in soul to see again
Their fellow-huntmen o'er the wide campaign
In times long past; to sit with them, and talk
Of all the chances in their earthly walk;
Comparing, joyfully, their plenteous stores
Of happiness, to when upon the moors,
Benighted, close they huddled from the cold,
And scattered their fair finish'd牺牲. Thus all out-told
Their fond imaginations,—saving him
Whose eyelids curtain'd up their jewels dim,
Endymion: yet hourly had he striven
To hide the cankering venom, that had riven
His fainting recollections. Now indeed
His senses had swoon'd off: he did not heed
The sudden silence, or the whispers low,
Or the old eyes dissolving at his woe,
Or anxious calls, or close of trembling palms,
Or maiden's sigh, that grief itself embalms:
But in the self-same fixed trance he kept,
Like one who on the earth had never stept
Aye, even as dead-still as a marble man,
Frozen in that old tale Arabian.

Who whispers him so pantingly and close?
Peona, his sweet sister; of all those,
His friends, the dearest. Imitating signs she made
And breathed a sister's sorrow to persuade
A yielding up, a cradling on her care.
Her eloquence did breathe away the curse:
She led him, like some midnight spirit mild.
Of happy changes in emphatic dreams,
Along a path between two little streams,—
Guarding his forehead, with her round elbow,
From low-grown branches, and his footsteps slow
From stumbling over stumps and hillocks small;
Until they came to where these streamlets fall,
With mingled bubblings and a gentle rush,
Into a river, clear, brimming, and flush
With crystal mocking of the trees and sky.
A little shallow floating there hard by,
Pointed its beak over the fringed bank;
And soon it lightly dipt, and rose, and sank,
And dipt again, with the young couple's weight,—
Peeoa guiding, through the water straight,
Towards a bowery island opposite;
Which gaining presently, she steered light
Into a shady, fresh, and ripply cove,
Where nested was an arbor, overwove
By many a summer's silent fingering;
To whose cool bosom she was used to bring
Her playmates, with their needle broderies,
And minutrel memories of times gone by.

So she was gently glad to see him laid
Under her favorite bower's quiet shade,
On her own couch, new made of flower leaves,
Dried carefully on the cooler side of sheaves
When last the sun his autumn tresses shook,
And the tann'd harvesters' armfuls took.
Soon was he quiet to stumbrous rest:
But, ere it crept upon him, he had prest
Peeoa's busy hand against his lips,
And still, a-sleeping, held her finger-tips
In tender pressure. And as a willow keeps
A patient watch over the stream that creeps
Windingly by it, so the quiet maid
Held her in peace: so that a whispering blade
Of grass, a waifful gnat, a bee bustling
Down in the blue-bells, or a wren light rustling
Among sere leaves and twigs, might all be heard.

O magic sleep! O comfortable bird,
That broodest o'er the troubled seas of the mind
Till it is hush'd and smooth! O unconfin'd
Restrainment! imprisonment! great key
To golden palaces, strange minstrelies,
Fountains grotesque, new trees, bespangled caves,
Echoing grotosse, full of tumbling waves
And moonlight; aye, to all the many world
Of silvery enchantment—who, upfurl'd
Beneath thy drowsy wing a triple hour,
But renovates and lives?—Thus, in the bower,
Endymion was calm'd to life again.
Opening his eyelids with a healthier brain,
He said: "I feel this thiné endearing love
All through my bosom: thou art as a dove
Trembling its closed eyes and sleeked wings
About me; and the pearliest dew not brings
Such morning incense from the fields of May,
As do those brighter drops that twinkling stray
From those kind eyes,—the very home and haunt
Of sisterly affection. Can I want
Aught else, aught nearer heaven, than such tears?
Yet dry them up, in bidding hence all fears
That, any longer, I will pass my days
Alone and sad. No, I will once more raise
My voice upon the mountain-heights; once more
Make my horn parley from their foreheads hoar:
Again my trooping hounds their tongues shall loll
Around the breathed boar: again I'll poll
The fair-grown yew-tree, for a chosen bow:
And, when the pleasant sun is getting low,
Again I'll linger in a sloping mead
To hear the speckled thrushes, and see feed
Our idle sheep. So be thou cheered, sweet!
And, if thy lute is here, softly entreat
My soul to keep in its resolved course."

Hereat Peona, in their silver source,
Shut her pure sorrow-drops with glad exclaim,
And took a lute, from which there pulsing came
A lively prelude, fashioning the way
In which her voice should wander. There was a lay
More subtle cadenced, more forest wild
Than Dryope's lone lulling of her child;
And nothing since has floated in the air
So mournful strange. Surely some influence rare
Went, spiritual, through the damsel's hand;
For still, with Delphic emphasis, she spum'd
The quick invisible strings, even though she saw
Endymion's spirit melt away and thaw
Before the deep intoxication.
But soon she came, with sudden burst, upon
Her self-possession—swung the lute aside,
And earnestly said: "Brother, 'tis vain to hide
That thou dost know of things mysterious,
Immortal, starry; such alone could thus
Weigh down thy nature. Hast thou sin'd in aught
Offensive to the heavenly powers? Caught
A Paphian dove upon a messenger sent?
Thy deathful bow against some deer-herd bent,
Sacred to Dian? Haply, thou hast seen
Her naked limbs among the alders green;
And that, alas! is death. No, I can trace
Something more high perplexing in thy face!"

Endymion look'd at her, and press'd her hand,
And said, "Art thou so pale, who wast so bland
And merry in our meadows? How is this?
Tell me thine aliment: tell me all amiss!—
Ah! thou hast been unhappy at the change
Wrought suddenly in me. What indeed more strange?
Or more complete to overwhelm surprize?
Ambition is no sluggard: 'tis no prize,
That toiling years would put within my grasp,
That I have sigh'd for: with so deadly gasp
No man e'er panted for a mortal love.
So all have set my heavier grief above
These things which happen. Rightly have they done
I, who still saw the horizontal sun
Heave his broad shoulder o'er the edge of the world,
Out-facing Lucifer, and then had hurl'd
My spear aloft, as signal for the chase—
I, who, for very sport of heart, would race
With my own steed from Arabia; pluck down
A vulture from his towery perching; frown
A lion into growling, loth retire—
To lose, at once, all my toil-breeding fire,
And sink thus low! but I will ease ray breast
Of secret grief, here in this bowery nest.

"This river does not see the naked sky,
Till it begins to progress silverly

537
Around the western border of the wood,
Whence, from a certain spot, its winding flood
Seems at the distance like a crescent moon:
And in that nook, the very pride of June,
Had I been used to pass my weary eyes;
The rather for the sun unwilling leaves
So dear a picture of his sovereign power,
And I could witness his most kingly hour,
When he doth lighten up the golden reins,
And paces leisurely down amber plains
His snorting four. Now when his chariot last
Its beams against the zodiac-lion cast,
There blossoms suddenly a magic bed
Of sacred ditamy, and poppies red:
At which I wonder'd greatly, knowing well
That but one night had wrought this flowery spell;
And, sitting down close by, began to muse
What it might mean. Perhaps, thought I, Morpheus,
In passing here, his owlet pinions shook;
Or, it may be, ere matron Night uptook
Her ebon urn, young Mercury, by stealth,
Had dip't his rod in it: such garland wealth
Came not by common growth. Thus on I thought,
Until my head was dizzy and distraught.
Moreover, through the dancing poppies stole
A breeze, most softly hulling to my soul;
And shaping visions all about my sight
Of colors, wings, and bursts of spangle light;
The which became more strange, and strange, and dim.
And then were gulf'd in a tumultuous swim:
And then I fell asleep. Ah, can I tell
The enchantment that afterwards befell!
Yet it was but a dream: yet such a dream
That never tongue, although it overteem
With mellow utterance, like a cavern spring,
Could figure out and to conception bring
All I beheld and felt. Methought I lay
Watching the zenith, where the milky way
Among the stars in virgin splendor pours;
And travelling my eye, until the doors
Of heaven appear'd to open for my flight,
I became lost and fearful to aught.
From such high soaring by a downward glance:
So kept me stedfast in that airy trance,
Spreading imaginary pinions wide.
When, presently, the stars began to glide,
And faint away, before my eager view:
At which I sigh'd that I could not pursue,
And drop't my vision to the horizon's verge;
And lo! from opening clouds, I saw emerge
The loveliest moon, that ever silver'd o'er
A shell for Neptune's goblet; she did soar
So passionately bright, my dazzled soul
Commingling with her argent spheres did roll
Through clear and cloudy, even when she went
At last into a dark and vapor Antony—
Whereat, methought, the lidless-eyed train
Of planets all were in the blue again.
To commune with those orbs, once more I raised
My sight right upward: but it was quite dazed
By a bright something, sailing down apace,
Making me quickly veer my eyes and face:
Again I look'd, and, O ye deities,
Who from Olympus watch our destinies!
Whence that completed form of all completeness?
Whence came that high perfection of all sweetness?

Speak, stubborn earth, and tell me where, O where
Hast thou a symbol of her golden hair?
Nor oat-sheaves drooping in the western sun,
Not—thy soft hand, fair sister! let me shun
Such follying before thee—yet she had,
Indeed, locks bright enough to make me mad;
And they were simply gordian'd up and braided,
Leaving, in naked comeliness, unshad'd,
Her pearl round ears, white neck, and arched brow;
The which were blended in, I know not how,
With such a paradise of lips and eyes,
Blush-tinted cheeks, half smiles, and faintest sighs,
That, when I think thereon, my spirit clings
And plays about its fancy, till the stings
Of human neighborhood envenom all.
Unto what awful power shall I call?
To what high fate?—Ah! see her hovering feet.
More bluely veind, more soft, more whitely sweet
Than those of sea-born Venus, when she rose
From out her cradle shell. The wind out-blows
Her scarf into a fluttering pavilion;
'T is blue, and over-spangled with a million
Of little eyes, as though thou wert to shed,
Over the darkest, lustiest bluebell bed,
Handfuls of daisies;— Endymion, how strange!
Dream within dream?— She took an airy range,
And then, towards me, like a very maid,
Came blushing, waning, willing, and afraid,
And press'd me by the hand! Ah! 'twas too much
Methought I fainted at the charmed touch,
Yet held my recollection, even as one
Who dives three fathoms where the waters run
Gurgling in beds of coral: for anon,
I felt upmounted in that region
Where falling stars dart their artillery forth,
And eagles struggle with the buffeting north
That balances the heavy meteor stone;—
Felt too, I was not fearful, nor alone,
But lapp'd and lull'd along the dangerous sky.
Soon, as it seem'd, we left our journeying high,
And straightway into frightful eddies swoop'd;
Such as eye mutter where gray time has scoop'd
Huge dens and caverns in a mountain's side:
There hollow sounds aroused him, and I sigh'd
To faint once more by looking on my bliss—
I was distracted; madly did I kiss
Whence the wooling arms which held me, and did give
My eyes at once to death: but 'twas too live,
'To take in draughts of life from the gold fount
Of kind and passionate looks; to count, and count
The moments, by some greedy help that seem'd
A second self, that each might be redeem'd
And plunder'd of its load of blessedness.
Ah, desperate mortals! I ev'n dared to press
Her very cheek against my crown'd lip,
And, at that moment, felt my body dip
Into a warmer air: a moment more,
Our feet were soft in flowers. There was store
Of newest joys upon that alp. Sometimes
A scent of violets, and blossoming limes,
Loiter'd around us; then of honey cells,
Made delicate from all white-flower bells;
And once, above the edges of our nest,
An arch face peep'd,—an Oread as I guess'd.

"Why did I dream that sleep o'erpower'd me
In midst of all this heaven? Why not see,
Far off, the shadows of his pinions dark,
And stare them from me? But no, like a spark
That needs must die, although its little beam
Reflects upon a diamond, my sweet dream.
Fell into nothing—into stupid sleep,
And so it was, until a gentler creep,
A careful moving caught my waking ears,
And up I started: Ah! my sighs, my tears,
My clenched hands—for lo! the poppies hung
Dew-dabbled on their stalks, the ouzel sung.
A heavy ditty, and the sullen day
Had child'den herald Hesperus away,
With leader looks: the solitary breeze
Bluster'd, and slept, and its wild self did ease
With wayward melancholy; and I thought,
Mark me, Peona! that sometimes it brought
False fare-thee-wells, and sigh'd-shriph'd aiuies—
Away I wander'd—all the pleasant hues
Of heaven and earth had faded; deepest shades
Were deepest dangers; heaths and sunny glades
Were full of pestilent light; our taintless rills
Seem'd sooty, and o'er-spread with upturn'd gills
Of dying fish; the vermillion rose had blown
In frightful scarlet, and its thorns out-grown
Like spiked aloe. If an innocent bird
Before my heedless footsteps stirr'd, and stirr'd
In little journeys, I beheld in it
A disguised demon, missioned to knit
My soul with under darkness; to entice
My stumblings down some monstrous precipice:
Therefore I eager follow'd, and did curse
The disappointment. Time, that aged nurse,
Rock'd me to patience. Now, thank gentle heaven!
These things, with all their comfortings, are given
To my down-sunken hours, and with thee,
Sweet sister, help to stem the ebbing sea
Of weary life."

Thus ended he, and both
Sat silent: for the maid was very loth
To answer; feeling well that breathed words.
Would all be lost, unheard, and vain as swords
Against the enchased crocodile, or leaps
Of grasshoppers against the sun. She weeps,
And wonders; struggles to devise some blame;
To put on such a look as would say, Shame
On this poor weakness! but, for all her strife,
She could as soon have crush'd away the life
From a sick dove At length, to break the pause,
She said with trembling chance: "Is this the cause?
This all? Yet it is strange, and sad, alas!
That one who through this middle earth should pass
Most like a sojourning demi-god, and leave
His name upon the harp-string, should achieve
No higher bond than simple maidenhood,
Singing alone, and fearfully—how the blood
Left his young cheek; and how he used to stray
He knew not where; and how he would say, nay,
If any said 'twas love: and yet 'twas love;
What could it be but love? How a ring-dove
Let fall a sprig of yew-tree in his path;
And how he died: and then, that love doth scathe,
The gentle heart, as northern blasts do rose;
And then the ballad of his sad life closes
With sighs, and an alme.—Endymion!
Be rather in the trumpet's mouth. —anon

Among the winds at large—that all may hearken!
Although, before the crystal heavens darken,
I watch and dote upon the silver lakes
Pictured in western cloudiness, that takes
The semblance of gold rocks and bright gold sands,
Islands, and creeks, and amber-fretted strands
With horses prancing o'er them, palaces
And towers of amethyst,—would I so tease
My pleasant days, because I could not mount
Into those regions? The Morphean fount
Of that fine element that visions, dreams,
And fitful whimes of sleep are made of, streams
Into its airy channels with so subtle,
So thin a breathing, that the spider's shuttle,
Circled a million times within the space
Of a swallow's nest-door, could delay a trace,
A tinting of its quality: how light
Must dreams themselves be; seeing they're more slight
Than the mere nothing that engenders them?
Then wherefore sully the intrusted gem
Of high and noble life with thoughts so sick?
Why pierce the high-crown'd flowers, and speak
For nothing but a dream?" Hereat the youth
Look'd up: a conflicting of shame and ruth
Was in his plaited brow: yet, his eyelids
Widen'd a little, as when Zephyr bids
A little breeze to creep between the fans
Of careless butterflies: amid his pains
He seem'd to taste a drop of mamma-dew,
Full palatable; and a color grew
Upon his cheek, while thus he lifeful spake.

"Poema! ever have I long'd to sake
My thirst for the world's praises: nothing base,
No merely stumbrous phantasm, could unlace
The stubborn canvas for my voyage prepared—
Though now 'tis tatter'd; leaving my bark bared
And sullenly drifting: yet my higher hope
Is of too wide, too rainbow-large a scope,
To fret at myriads of earthly wrecks,
Wherein lies happiness? In that which becks
Our ready minds to fellowship divine,
A fellowship with essence; till we shine,
Full alchemized, and free of space. Behold
The clear religion of heaven! Fold
A rose-leaf round thy finger's taperness,
And soothe thy lips: bist! when the airy stress
Of music's kiss impregnates the free winds,
And with a sympathetic touch unbinds
Eolian magic from their lucid wombs;
Then old songs waken from enclouded tombs;
Old ditties sigh above their father's grave;
Ghosts of melodious prophecyings rave
Round every spot where trod Apollo's foot;
Bronze clarions awake, and faintly bruit;
Where long ago a giant battle was;
And, from the turf, a lullaby doth pass
In every place where infant Orpheus slept.
Feel we these things—thet moment have we step'd
Into a sort of oneness, and our state
Is like a floating spirit's. But there are
Richer entanglements, enthrallments far
More self-destructing, leading, by degrees.
To the chief intensity: the crown of these
Is made of love and friendship, and sits high
Upon the forehead of humanity.
All its more ponderous and bulky worth
Is friendship, whence there ever issues forth
A steady splendor; but at the tip-top,
There hangs by unseen film, an orb'd drop
Of light, and that is love: its influence
Thrown in our eyes, genders a novel sense,
At which we start and fret; till in the end,
Melting into its radiance, we blend.

Mingle, and so become a part of it,—
Nor with aught else can our souls interknot
So wingedly: when we combine therewith,
Life's self is nourish'd by its proper pith,
And we are nurtured like a pelican brood.

Aye, so delicious is the unsating food,
That men, who might have tower'd in the van
Of all the congregated world, to fan
And winnow from the coming step of time
All chaff of custom, wipe away all slime
Left by men-slugs and human serpency,
Have been content to let occasion die,
Whilst they did sleep in love's elysium.

And, truly, I would rather be struck dumb,
Than speak against this ardent lustlessness:
For I have ever thought that it might bless
The world with benefits unknowingly;
As does the nightingale, up-perched high,
And cloister'd among cool and bunched leaves—
She sings but to her love, nor e'er conceives
How tiptoe Night holds back her dark-gray hood.

Just so may love, although 'tis understood
The mere commingling of passionate breath,
Produce more than our searching witnnesseth:
What I know not: but who, of men, can tell
That flowers would bloom, or that green fruits would
swell
To melting pulp, that fish would have bright mail,
The earth its dower of river, wood, and vale,
The meadows runnels, runnels pebble-stones,
The seed its harvest, or the lute its tones,
Tones ravishment, or ravishment its sweet,
If human souls did never kiss and greet!—

"Now, if this earthly love has power to make
Men's being mortal, immortal; to shake
Ambition from their memories, and brim
Their measure of content; what merest whim,
Seems all this poor endeavor after fame,
To one, who keeps within his stedfast aim
A love immortal, an immortal too.

Look not so wilder'd; for these things are true,
And never can be born of atoms
That buzz about our slumbers, like brain-flies,
Leaving us fancy-sick. No, no, I'm sure,
My restless spirit never could endure
To brood so long upon one luxury,
Unless it did, though fearfully, oay
A hope beyond the shadow of a dream.

My sayings will the less obscured seem
When I have told thee how my waking sight
Has made me scruple whether that same night
Was pass'd in dreaming. Hearken, sweet Peona!
Beyond the matron-temple of Latona,
Which we should see but for these darkening boughs,
Lies a deep hollow, from whose rugged brows
Bushes and trees do lean all round athwart,
And meet so nearly, that with wings outspread,
And spreaded tail, a vulture could not glide
Past them, but he must brush on every side
Some moulder'd steps lead into this cool cell,
Far as the slabb'd margin of a well,
Whose patient level peeps its crystal eye
Right upward, through the bushes, to the sky.

Oh have I brought thee flowers, on their stalks set
Like velv't primroses, but dark velvet
Edges them round, and they have golden pits;
'T was there I got them, from the gaps and slits
In a mossy stone, that sometimes was my seat,
When all above was faint with midday heat.
And there in strife no burning thoughts to heed,
I'd bubble up the water through a reed;
So reaching back to boyhood: make me ships
Of moulded feathers, touchwood; alder chips,
With leaves stuck in them; and the Neptune be
Of their petty ocean. Oftener, heavily,
When lovelorn hours had left me less a child,
I sat contemplating the figures wild
Of o'er-head clouds melting the mirror through.

Upon a day, while thus I watch'd, by flight
A cloudy Cupid, with his bow and quiver;
So truly character'd, no breeze would shive
The happy chance: so happy, I was fain
To follow it upon the open plain,
And, therefore, was just going; when, behold!
A wonder, fair as any I have told—
The same bright face I tasted in my sleep,
Smiling in the clear well. My heart did leap
Through the cool depth.—It moved as 'tis to flee—
I started up, when lo! refreshfuly,
There came upon my face, in plenteous showers,
Dew-drops, and dewy buds, and leaves, and flowers
Wrapping all objects from my smother'd sight,
Bathing my spirit in a new delight.

Aye, such a breathless honey-feel of bliss
Alone preserved me from the drear abyss
Of death, for the fair form had gone again.
Pleasure is oft a visitant; but pain
Clings cruelly to us, like the gnawing sloth,
On the deer's tender haunches: late, and loth
'Tis scared away by slow-returning pleasure.
How sickening, how dark the dreadful leisure
Of weary days, made deeper exquisite
By a foreknowledge of unslumberous night!

Like sorrow came upon me, heavier still,
Than when I wander'd from the poppy-hill:
And a whole age of lingering moments crept
Sluggishly by, ere more contentment swept
Away at once the deadly yellow spleen.
Yes, thrice have I this fair enchantment seen
Once more been tortured with renewed life.
When last the wintry gusts gave over strife
With the conquering sun of spring, and left the skies
Warm and serene, but yet with moist'd eyes
In pity of the shatter'd infant buds—
That time thou didst adorn, with amber studs,
My hunting-cap, because I laugh'd and smiled,
Chatted with thee, and many days exiled
All torment from my breast;—'twas even then,
Straying about, yet, coo'd up in the den
Of helpless discontent,—hurling my lance
From place to place, and following at chance,
At last, by hap, through some young trees it struck.

And, plashing among bedded pebbles, stuck
In the middle of a brook,—whose silver ramble
Down twenty little falls, through reeds and bramble,
Tracing along, it brought me to a cave,
Whence it ran brightly forth, and white did lave
The nether sides of mossy stones and rock,—
'Mong which it gurgled blithe adieu, to mock
Its own sweet grief at parting. Overhead,
Hung a lush screen of drooping weeds, and spread
Thick, as to curtain up some wood-nymph's home.
Ah! impious mortal, whither do I roam?
Said I, low-voiced: 'Ah, whither! 'Tis the grot
Of Proserpine, when Hell, obscure and hot,
Doth her resign: and where her tender hands
She dabbles, on the cool and sluicy sands:
Or 'tis the cell of Echo, where she sits,
And babbles through silence, till her wits
Are gone in tender madness, and anon,
Faints into sleep, with many a dying tone
Of sadness. O that she would take my vows,
And breathe them sighingly among the boughs,
To sue her gentle ears for whose fair head,
Daily, I pluck sweet flow'rets from their bed,
And weave them sighingly—send honey-whispers
Round every leaf; that all those gentle lispers
May sigh my love unto her pitying:
Or charitable echo! hear, and sing
This ditty to her—tell her—so I stay'd
My foolish tongue, and listening, half afraid,
Stood stupefied with my own empty folly,
And blushing for the freaks of melancholy.
Salt tears were coming, when I heard my name
Most fondly lipp'd, and then these accents came:
'Endymion! the cave is secreter
Than the isle of Delos. Echo hence shall stir
No sighs but sigh-warm kisses, or light noise.
Of thy coming hand, while it travelling clays
And trembles through my labyrinthine hair.'
At that oppress'd, I hurried in.—Ah! where
Are those swift moments! Whither are they fled!
I'll smile no more, Peona; nor will wed
Now, the way to death; but patiently
Bear up against it: so farewell, and sigh;
And come instead demurest meditation,
To occupy me wholly, and to fashion
My pilgrimage for the world's dusky brink.
No more will I count over, link by link,
My chain of grief: no longer strive to find
A half-forgetfulness in mountain wind
Blustering about my ears: ay, thou shalt see,
Dearest of sisters, what my life shall be;
What a calm round of hours shall make my days.
There is a paly flame of hope that plays
Where'er I look: but yet, I'll say 'tis naught—
And here I bid it die. Have not I caught,
Already, a more healthy countenance?
By this the sun is setting: we may chance
Meet some of our near-dwellers with my car.'

This said, he rose, faint-smiling like a star
Through autumn mists, and took Peona's hand:
They step into the boat, and launch'd from land.

BOOK II.

O SOVEREIGN power of love! O grief! O balm!
All records, saving thine, come cool, and calm,
And shadowy, through the mist of passed years:
For others, good or bad, hatred and tears
Have become indolent; but touching thine,
One sigh doth echo, one poor sob doth pine.
One kiss brings honey-dew from buried days.
The woes of Troy, towers smothering o'er their blaze
Stiff-broidered shields, far-piercing spears, keen blades,
Struggling, and blood, and shrieks—all dimly fades
Into some backward corner of the brain;
Yet, in our very souls, we feel amain
The close of Troilus and Cressid sweet.
Hence, pageant history! hence, gilded cheat!
Swart planet in the universe of deeds!
Wide sea, that one continuous murmur breeds
Along the pebbled shore of memory!
Many old rotten-timber'd botes there be
Upon thy vaporous bosom, magnified.
To goodly vessels; many a sail of pride,
And golden-keel'd, is left unlaunc'd and dry.
But whereto is this? What care, though owl div -fly
About the great Athenian admiral's mast?
What care, though striding Alexander past
The Indus with his Macedonian numbers?
Though old Ulysses tortured from his slumber.
The glutted Cyclops, what care?—Juliet leaning
Amid her window-flowers,—sighing,—weaving
Tenderly her fancy from its maiden snow,
Doth more avail than these: the silver flow
Of Hero's tears, the swoon of Imogen,
Fair Pastorella in the bandit's den,
Are things to brood on with more aridency
Than the death-day of empires. Fearfully
Must such conviction come upon his head,
Who, thus far, discontent, has dared to tread,
Without one muse's smile, or kind behalt,
The path of love and poesy. But rest,
In chafing restlessness, is yet more drear
Than to be crush'd, in striving to uprear
Love's standard on the buttlements of song,
So once more days and nights aid me along,
Like legion'd soldiers.

Brain-sick shepherd-prince
What promise hast thou faithful guarded since
The day of sacrifice? Or, have new sorrows
Come with the constant dawn upon thy morrows?
Alas! 'tis his old grief. For many days,
Has he been wandering in uncertain ways:
Through wilderness, and woods of mossed oaks,
Counting his wo'born minutes, by the strokes
Of the lone wood-cutter; and listening still,
Hour after hour, to each lash-leaved rill.
Now he is sitting by a shady spring,
And elbow-deep with feverous fingerest
Stems the upbursting cold: a wild rose-tree
Pavilions him in bloom, and he doth see
A bud which snares his fancy: lo! but now
He plucks it, dips its stalk in the water: now
It swells, it buds, it flowers beneath his sight
And, in the middle, there is softly pght

70 541
A golden butterfly; upon whose wings
There must be surely character'd strange things,
For with wide eye he wonders, and smiles oft.

Lightly this little herald flew aloft,
Follow'd by glad Endymion's clasped hands;
Onward it flies. From languor's sullen bands
His limbs are loosed, and cager, on he hies
Dazzled to trace it in the sunny skies.
It seem'd he flew, the way so easy was;
And like a new-born spirit did he pass
Through the green evening quiet in the sun.
O'er many a heath, through many a woodland dun,
Through buried paths, where sleepy twilight dreams
The summer-time away. One track unscares
A wooded cliff, and, far away, the blue
Of ocean fades upon him; then, anew,
He sinks adown a solitary glen,
Where there was never sound of mortal men,
Soothing, perhaps, some snow-like cadences
Melting to silence, when upon the breeze
Some holy bark let forth an anthem sweet,
To cheer itself to Delphi. Still his feet
Went swift beneath the merry-winged guide,
Until it reach'd a splashing fountain's side
That, near a cavern's mouth, for ever pour'd
Unto the temperate air: then high it soar'd,
And, downward, suddenly began to dip,
As if, athirst with so much toil, 'twould sip
The crystal spout-head: so it did, with touch
Most delicate, as though afraid to smutch
Even with mealy gold the waters clear.
But, at that very touch, to disappear
So fairy-quick, was strange! Bewildered,
Endymion sought around, and shook each bed
Of covert flowers in vain; and then he flung
Himself along the grass. What gentle tongue,
What whisperer disturb'd his gloomy rest?
It was a nymph uprisen to the breast
In the fountain's pebbly margin, and she stood
'Mong lilies, like the youngest of the brood.
To him her dripping hand she softly kist,
And anxiously began to plait and twist
Her ringlets round her fingers, saying: "Youth!
Too long, alas, hast thou starv'd on the ruth,
The bitterness of love: too long indeed,"
Seeing thou art so gentle. Could I weed
Thy soul of care, by Heavens, I would offer
All the bright riches of my crystal coffar
To Amphitrite; all my clear-eyed fish,
Golden, or rainbow-sided, or purplish,
Vermilion-tail'd, or firm'd with silvery gauze;
Yea, or my weaved pebble-door, that draws
A virgin light to the deep; my grotto-sands
Tawny and gold, oozed slowly from far lands
By my diligent springs; my level lilies, shells,
My charming rod, my potent river spella;
Yes, every thing, even to the pearly cup
Meander gave me.—for I bubbled up
Toainting cedars in a desert wild.
But woe is me, I am but as a child
To gladden thee; and all I dare to say,
Is, that I pity thee; that on this day
I've been thy guide; that thou must wander far
In other regions, past the scanty bar

To mortal steps, before thou canst be ta'en
From every wasting sigh, from every pain,
Into the gentle bosom of thy love.
Why it is thus, one knows in Heaven above.
But, a poor Naiad, I guess not. Farewell!
I have a ditty for my hollow cell.

Hereat, she vanish'd from Endymion's gaze,
Who brooded o'er the water in amaze:
The dashing fount pour'd on, and where its pool
Lay, half asleep, in grass and rushes cool;
Quick waterflies and gnats were sporting still,
And fish were dimpling, as if good nor ill
Had fallen out that hour. The wanderer,
Holding his forehead, to keep off the burr
Of smothering fancies, patiently sat down;
And, while beneath the evening's sleepy frown
Glow-worms began to twinkle their starry lamps,
Thus breathed he to himself: "Whoso encamps
To take a fancied city of delight,
O what a wretch is he! and when 'tis his,
After long toil and travelling, to miss
The kernel of his hopes, how more than vile!
Yet, for him there's refreshment even in toil:
Another city doth he set about,
Free from the smallest pebble-head of doubt
That he will seize on trickling honeycombs:
Alas, he finds them dry; and then he foams,
And onward to another city speeds.
But this is human life: the war, the deeds,
The disappointment, the anxiety,
Imagination's struggles, far and nigh,
All human; bearing in themselves this good,
That they are still the air, the subtle food,
To make us feel existence, and to show
How quiet death is. Where soil is men grown,
Whether to weeds or flowers, but for me,
There is no depth to strike in: I can see
Naught earthy worth my compassing; so stand
Upon a misty, jutting head of land—
Alone? No, no; and by the Orphean lute,
When mad Eurydice is listening to',
I'd rather stand upon this misty peak,
With not a thing to sigh for, or to seek,
But the soft shadow of my thrice-seen love,
Than be—care not what. O meekest dove
Of Heaven! O Cynthia, ten-times bright and fair
From thy blue throne, now filling all the air,
Glance but one little beam of temper'd light
Into my bosom, that the dreadful might
And tyranny of love be somewhat scared!
Yet do not so, sweet queen; one torment spared,
Would give a pang to jealous misery,
Worse than the torment's self: but rather tie
Large wings upon my shoulders, and point out
My love's far dwelling. Though the playful rout
Of Cupids shun thee, too divine art thou,
Too keen in beauty, for thy silver prow
Not to have dipp'd in love's most gentle stream
O be propitious, nor severely deem
My madness impious; for, by all the stars
That tend thy bidding, I do think the bars
That kept my spirit in are burst—that I
Am sailing with thee through the dizzy sky!
How beautiful thou art! The world how deep!
How tremulous-dazzlingly the wheels sweep
'Around their axle! Then these gleaming reins,
How li'the! When this thy chariot attains
Its airy goal, haply some bower voils
Those twilight eyes? Those eyes—my spirit fails—
Dear goddess, help! or the wide-gaping air
Will gulf me—help!—At this, with madd'en'd stare,
And lifted hands, and trembling lips, he stood;
Like old Deucalion mountain'd o'er the flood,
Or blind Orion hungry for the morn.
And, but from the deep cavern there was borne
A voice, he had been froze to senseless stone;
Nor sigh of his, nor plaint, nor passion'd mown
Had more been heard. Thus swell'd it forth: "De-
scend,
Young mountainie; descend where alleys bend
Into the sparry hollows of the world!
Of ancient seats, of madding herds hurl'd
As from thy threshold; day by day hast been
A little lower than the chilly sheen
Of icy pinnacles, and dipp'dst thine arms
Into the deadening ether that still charms
Their marble being: now, as deep profound
As those are high, descend! He ne'er is crown'd
With immortality, who fears to follow
Where airy voices lead: so through the hollow,
The silent mysteries of earth, descend!"

He heard but the last words, nor could contend
One moment in reflection: for he fled
Into the fearful deep, to hide his head
From the clear moon, the trees, and coming madness.

'Twas far too strange, and wonderful for sadness:
Sharpening, by degrees, his appetite
To dive into the deepest. Dark, nor light,
The region; nor bright, nor sombre wholly,
But mingled up; a gleaming melancholy;
A dusky empire and its diadems;
One faint eternal ev'ntide of gems.
Ay, millions sparkled on a vein of gold,
Along whose track the prince-quick footsteps told.
With all its lines abrupt and angular:
Out-shooting sometimes, like a meteor-star.
Through a vast ant; then the metal wood,
Like Vulcan's rainbow, with some monstrous roof
Curves hugely: now, far in the deep abyss,
It seems an angry lightning, and doth kiss
Fancy into belief: anon it leads
Through winding passages, where sannness breeds
Vexing conceptions of some sudden change;
Whether to silver grots, or giant range
Of sphire columns, or fantastic bridge
Athwart a flood of crystal. On a ridge
Nowareth he, that o'er the vast beneath
Towers like an ocean-cliff, and whence he seeth
A hundred waterfalls, whose voices come
But as the murmuring surge. Chilly and numb
His bosom grew; when first he, far away,
Described an orb'd diamond, set to fray.
Old Darkness from his throne: 'twas like the sun
Uprisen o'er chaos: and with such a stun
Came the amazement, that, absorb'd in it,
He saw not fiercer wonders—past the wit
Of any spirit to tell, but one of those
Who, when this planet's spherical time doth close,
Will be its high remembrances: who they?
The mighty ones who have made eternal day
For Greece and England. While astonishment
With deep-drawn sighs was quieting, he went
Into a marble gallery, passing through
A mimic temple, so complete and
In sacred, custom, that, he well-nigh fear'd
To search it inwards; whence far off appear'd,
Through a long pillar'd vista, a fair shrine,
And, just beyond, on light tip toe divine,
A quiver'd Dian. Stepping awfully,
The youth approach'd; oft turning his veil'd eye
Down sidelong aisles, and into niches old:
And, when more near against the marble cold
He had touch'd his forehead, he began to thread
All courts and passages, where silence dead
Roused by his whispering footsteps, murrur'd faint:
And long he traversed to and fro, to acquaint
Himself with every mystery, and awe;
Till, weary, he sat down before the raw
Of a wide outlet, fathomless and dim,
To wild uncertainty and shadows grim.
There, when new wonders ceased to float before,
And thoughts of self came on, how crude and soro
The journey homeward to habitual self?
A mad-pursuing of the fog-born elf,
Whose flitting lantern, through rude nettles-bower,
Cheat us into a swamp, into a fire,
Into the bosom of a hated thing.

What misery most drowningly doth sing
In lone Endymion's ear, now he has caught
The goal of consciousness? Ah, 'tis the thought
The deadly feel of solitude: for, lo!
He cannot see the heavens, nor the show
Of rivers, nor hill-flowers running wild
In pink and purple chequers, nor up-piled,
The cloudy rack slow journeying in the west,
Like herded elephants; nor felt, nor prest,
Cool grass, nor tasted the fresh lumberous air;
But far from such companionship to wear
An unknown time, surcharged with grief, away.
Was now his lot. And must he patient stay,
Tracing fantastic figures with his spear?
"Ne?" exclaimed he, "Why should I tarry here?
No! loudly echoed times innumerable.
At which he straightway started, and gan tell
His paces back into the temple's chief;
Warming and glowing strong in the belief
Of help from Dian: so that when again
He caught her airy form, thus did he plain,
Moving more near the while. "O Haunter chaos
Of river sides, and woods, and heedless waste,
Where with thy silver bow and arrows keen
Art thou now forested? O woodland Queen,
What smoothest air th' smoother forehead woes?
Where dost thou listen to the wide halloos
Of thy dispersed nymphs? Through what dark tree
Glimmers thy crescent? Where shatter it be,
'Tis in the breath of heaven: thou dost taste
Freedom as none can taste it, nor dost waste
Thy loveliness in dismal elements;
But, finding in our green earth sweet contents,
There livest blissfully. Ah, if to thee
It feels Elysian, how rich to me,
An exiled mortal, sounds its pleasant name!
Within my breast there lives a chocking flame—
O let me cool it among the zephyr-boughs;
A homeward fever parches up my tongue—
O let me shake it at the running springs!
Upon my ear a noisy nothing rings—
O let me once more hear the linnet's note!
Before mine eyes thick films and shadows float—
O let me 'oint them with the heaven's light!
Dost thou now love thy feet and ankles white?
O think how sweet to me the refreshing ducle!
Dost thou now please thy thirst with berry-juice?
O think how this dry palate would rejoice!
If in soft slumber thou dost hear my voice,
O think how I should love a bed of flowers—
Young goddess! let me see my native bowers!
Deliver me from this rapacious deep!

Thus ending loudly, as he would o'erleap
His destiny, alert he stood: but when
Obstinate silence came heavily again,
Feeling about for its old couch of space
And airy cradle, lowly bow'd his face,
Desponding, o'er the marble floor's cold thrill.
But 't was not long; for, sweeter than the rill
To its old channel, or a swollen tide
To margin sailors, were the leaves he spied,
And flowers, and wreaths, and ready myrtle crowns
Up peeping through the slab: refreshment drows
Itself, and strives its own delights to hide—
Nor in one spot alone; the floral pride
In a long whispering birth enchanted grew
Before his footsteps; as when hevened anew
Old ocean rolls a lengthen'd wave to the shore,
Down whose green back the shortlived flam, all hour,
Bursts gradual, with a wayward indolence.

Increasing still in heart, and pleasant sense,
Upon his fairy journey on he hastes;
So anxious for the end, he scarcely wastes
One moment with his hands among the sweets:
Onward he goes—he stops—his bosom beats
As plainly in his ear, as the faint charm
Of which the throbs were born. This still alarm,
This sleepy music, forced him walk tip-toe:
For it breathes more softly than the east could blow
Arius' magic to the Atlantic isles;
Or than the west, made jealous by the smiles
Of throned Apollo, could breathe back the lyre
To sees Ionian and Tyrian.

O did he ever live, that lonely man,
Who loved—and music slew not? 'Tis the pest
Of love, that fairest joys give most unrest;
That things of delicate and tenderest worth
Are swallow'd all, and made a seared earth,
By one consuming flame: it doth immerse
And suffocate true blessings in a curse.
Half-happy, by comparison of bliss,
Is miserable. 'Twas even so with this
Dew-dropping melody, in the Cari'an ear;
First heaven, then hell; and then forgotten clear,
Vanish'd in elemental passion.

And down some swart abyss he had gone,
Had not a heavenly guide benignant led
To where thick myrtle branches, 'gainst his head
Brushing, awakend: then the sounds again
Went noiseless as a passing noontide rain
Over a bower, where little space he stood;
For as the sunset peeps into a wood,
So saw he panting light, and towards it went
Through winding alleys; and lo, wonderment
Upon soft verdure saw, one here, one there
Cupids a slumbering on their pinions fair.

After a thousand mazes overgone,
At last, with sudden step, he came upon
A chamber, myrtle-wall'd, embower'd high,
Full of light, incense, tender musically,
And more of beautiful and strange beside:
For on a silken couch of rosy pride,
In midst of all, there lay a sleeping youth
Of fondest beauty; fonder, in fair sooth,
Than sighs could fathom, or contentment reach.
And coverlids gold-tinted like the peach,
Or ripe October's faded marigolds,
Fell sleek about him in a thousand folds—
Not hiding up an Apollo's curve
Of neck and shoulder, nor the tenting sware
Of knee from knee, nor ankles pointing light;
But rather, giving them to the fill'd sight
Officiously. Sideway his face repos'd
On one white arm, and tenderly unclosed,
By tenderest pressure, a faint damask mouth
To slumberly pout; just as the morning south
Disparts a dew-lipp'd rose. Above his head,
Four lily stalks did their white honors vev
To make a coronal; and round him grew
All tendrils green, of every bloom and hue,
Together intertwined and tramell'd fresh:
The vine of glossy sprout; the ivy mesh,
Shading its Ethiop berries; and woodbine,
Of velvet leaves and bugle-blooms divine;
Convolvulus in streaked vases flush;
The creeper, mellowing for an autumn blush;
And virgin's bower, trailing airily;
With others of the sisterhood. Hard by,
Stood serene Cupids watching silently.
One, kneeling to a lyre, touched the strings,
Muffling to death the pathos with his wings;
And, ever anon, uprose to look
At the youth's slumber; while another took
A willow bough, distilling odorous dew,
And shook it on his hair; another flew
In through the woven roof, and fluttering-wise
Rain'd violets upon his sleeping eyes.

At these enchantments, and yet many more
The breathless Latmian wonder'd o'er and o'er;
Until impatient in embarrassment,
He forthright pass'd, and lightly treaded on
To that same feather'd lyrist, who straightway,
Smiling, thus whisper'd: "Though from upper day
Thou art a wanderer, and thy presence here
Might seem unlky, be of happy cheer!"
For 'tis the nicest touch of human honor,
When some ethereal and high-favoring donor
Presents immortal bowers to mortal sense;
As now 'tis done to thee, Endymion. Hence
Was I in nowise startled. So recline
Upon these living flowers. Here is wine,
Rubbing their sleepy eyes with lazy wrists,  
And doubling overhead their little fists.  
In backward yawns — but all were soon alive: 
For as delicious wine doth, sparkling, dive  
In nectar'd clouds and curls through water fair,  
So from the arbor roof down swell'd an air  
Odorous and enlivening; making all  
To laugh, and play, and sing, and loudly call  
For their sweet queen: when lo! the wretched green  
Disparted, and far upward could be seen  
Blue Heaven, and a silver car, air-borne.  
Whose silent wheels, fresh wet from clouds of morn,  
Spun off a drizzling dew — which falling chill  
On soft Adonis' shoulders, made him still  
Nestle and turn uneasily about.  
Soon were the white doves plain, with necks stretch'd out,  
And silken traces lighten'd in descent;  
And soon, returning from love's banishment,  
Queen Venus leaning downward open-arm'd:  
Her shadow fell upon his breast, and charm'd  
A tumult to his heart, and a new life  
Into his eyes. Ah, miserable strife,  
But for her comfort! unhappy sight,  
But meeting her blue orbs! Who, who can write  
Of these first minutes? The unchariest muse  
To embracisms warm as theirs makes coy excuse.

O it has ruffled every spirit there,  
Saving Love's self, who stands superb to share  
The general gladness — awfully he stands;  
A sovereign quell is in his waving hands,  
No sight can bear the lightning of his bow;  
His quiver is mysterious, none can know  
What themselves think of it; from forth his eyes  
There darts strange light of varied hues and dyes:  
A scowl is sometimes on his brow, but who  
Look full upon it feel anon the blue  
Of his fair eyes run liquid through their souls.  
Endymion feels it, and no more controls  
The burning prayer within him; so, bent low,  
He had begun a plaining of his woe.  
But Venus, bending forward, said: — My child,  
Favor this gentle youth; his days are wild  
With love—he—but alas! too well I see  
Thou know'st the deepness of his misery.  
Ah, smile not so, my son: I tell thee true,  
That when through heavy hours I used to rue  
The endless sleep of this new-born Adon',  
This stranger eye I pitied. For upon  
A dreary morning once I fled away  
Into the breezy clouds, to weep and pray  
For this my love: for vexing Mars had teased  
Me even to tears; thence, when a little eased.  
Down-looking, vacant, through a hazy wood.  
I saw this youth as he despairing stood:  
Those same dark curls blown vagrant in the wind,  
Those same full fringed lids a constant blind  
Over his sullen eyes: I saw him throw  
Himself on wither'd leaves, even as though  
Death had come sudden; for no jot he moved,  
Yet mutter'd wildly. I could hear he loved  
Some fair immortal, and that his embrace  
Had zoned her through the night. There is no trace  
Of this in heaven: I have mark'd each cheek,  
And find it is the vainest thing to seek;

545
And that of all things 'tis kept secretest.
Endymion! one day thou wilt be blest:
So still obey the guiding hand that tendst
Thee safely through these wonders for sweet ends.
'Tis a concealment needful in extreme;
And if I guess'd not so, the sunny beam
Thou shouldst mount up to with me. Now adieu!
Here must we leave thee. — At these words up flew
The impudent doves, up rose the floating ear,
Up went the hum celestial. High afar
The Latman saw them minish into naught;
And, when all were clear vanish'd, still he caught
A vivid lightning from that dreadful bow.
When all was dark'en, with Zeanne throe
The earth closed — gave a solitary moan—
And left him once again in twilight lone.

He did not rave, he did not stare aghast,
For all those visions were o'ergone, and past,
And he in loneliness; he felt assured
Of happy times, when all he had endured
Would seem a feather to the mighty prize.
So, with unusual gladness, on he hies
Through caves, and palaces of mollied ore,
Gold dome, and crystal wall, and turquoise floor,
Black polish'd porticoes of awful shade,
And, at the last, a diamond balustrade,
Leading afar past wild magnificence,
Spiral, through ruggedest loop-holes, and thence
Stretching across a void, then guiding o'er
Enormous chasms, where, all foam and roar,
Streams subterranein tease their granite beds;
Then heighten'd just above the silvery heads
Of a thousand fountains, so that he could dash
The waters with his spear; but at the splash,
Done heedlessly, those spouting columns rose
Sudden a poplar's height, and 'gan to inclose
His diamond path with fretwork streaming round
Alive, and dazzling cool, and with a sound,
Haply, like dolphin tumults, when sweet shells
Welcome the float of Thetis. Long he dwells
On this delight; for, every minute's space,
The streams with changed magic interlace:
Sometimes like delicate latticery
Cover'd with crystal vines; then weeping trees,
Moving about as in a gentle wind,
Which, in a wink, to watery ganze refined;
Pour'd into shapes of curtain'd canopies,
Spangled, and rich with liquid broderies
Of flowers, peacocks, swans, and minds fair.
Swifter than lightning went these wonders rare;
And then the water, into stubborn streams
Collecting, mimick'd the wrought oaken beams,
Pillars, and frieze, and high fantastic roof,
Of those dusky places in times far afoof
Cathedrals call'd. He bade a loft farewell
To these font's Protean, passing gulf, and dell,
And torrent, and ten thousand juiting shapes,
Half-seen through deepest gloom, and grisly gaps,
Blackening on every side, and overhead
A vaulted dome like Heaven's, far bespread
With starlight gems: aye, all so huge and strange,
The solitary felt a hurried change —
Working within him into something dreary,—
Vex'd like a morning eagle, lost, and weary,

And purblind amid foggy midnight voids.
But he revives at once: for who beholds
New sudden things, or casts his mental slough?
Forth from a rugged arch, in the dusk below,
Came mother Cybele! alone — alone—
In sambre chariot; dark foldings thrown
About her majesty, and front death-pale;
With turrets crown'd, Four maned lions hail
The sluggish wheels; solemn their toothed maws
Their surly eyes brow-hidden, heavy paws
Uplifted drowsily, and nervy tails
Covering their tawny brushes. Silent sails
This shadowy queen athwart, and faints away
In another gloomy arch.

Wherefore delay,
Young traveller, in such a mournful place?
Art thou wayworn, or canst not further trace
The diamond path? And does it indeed end
Abased in middle air? Yet earthward bend
Thy forehead, and to Jupiter cloud-borne
Call ardently! He was indeed wayworn:
A abrupt, in middle air, his way was lost;
To cloud-borne Jove he bowed, and there crost
Towards him a large eagle, 't wixt whose wings
Without one impious word, himself he flings,
Committed to the darkness and the gloom:
Down, down, uncertain to what pleasant doom,
Swift as a fathoming plummet down he fell
Through unknown things; till exhaled asphodel,
And rose, with spicy fanning interbreathed,
Came swelling forth where little caves were wreathed
So thick with leaves and mosses, that they seem'd
Large honeycombs of green, and freshly teem'd
With airs delicious.' In the greenest nook
The eagle landed him, and farewell took.

It was a jasmine bower, all bestrown
With golden moss. His every sense had grown
Ethereal for pleasure; 'bove his head
Flew a delight half-graspable; his tread
Was Hesperean; to his capable ears
Silence was magic from the holy spheres;
A dewy luxury was in his eyes;
The little flowers felt his pleasant sighs
And stirr'd them faintly. Verdant cave and cell
He wander'd through, oft wondering at such swell
Of sudden exaltation: but, "Alas!"
Said he, "will all this gush of feeling pass
Away in solitude? And must they wane,
Like melodies upon a sandy plain,
Without an echo? Then shall I be left
So sad, so melancholy, so bereft?
Yet still I feel immortal! O my love,
My breath of life, where art thou? High above,
Dancing before the morning gates of heaven?
Or keeping watch among those starry seven,
Old Atlas' children? Art a maid of the waters,
One of shell-winding Triton's bright-haired daughters
Or art, impossible! a nymph of Dinn's;
Weaving a coronal of tender scions
For very idleness? Where'er thou art,
Methinks it now is at my will to start
Into thine arms; to scare Aurora's train,
And snatch thee from the morning; o'er the main

POETICAL WORKS.
14
To scud like a wild bird, and take thee off
From thy sea-faun's cradle; or to doff
Thy shepherd vest, and woo thee 'mid fresh leaves.
No, no, too eagerly my soul deceiveth
Its powerless self: I know this cannot be.
O let me then by some sweet dreaming flee
To her enthrancements: hither sleep awhile!
Hither most gentle sleep! and soothing foil
For some few hours the coming solitude."

Thus spake he, and that moment felt ended
With power to dream deliciously; so wound
Through a dim passage, searching till he found
The smoothest mossy bed and deepest, where
He threw himself, and just into the air
Stretching his indolent arms, he took, O bliss!
A naked waist: "Fair Cupid, whence is this?"
A well-known voice sight'd, "Sweetest, here am I!"
At which soft ravishment, with doing cry
They trembled to each other,—Helicon!
O fountain'd hill! Old Homer's Helicon!
That thou wouldst spout a little streamlet o'er
These sorry pages; then the verse would soar
And sing above this gentle pair, like lark
Over his nested young; but all is dark
Around thine aged top, and thy clear fount
Exhales in miss to Heaven. Ay, the count
Of mighty Poets is made up; the scroll
Is folded by the Muses; the bright roll
Is in Apollo's hand: our dazed eyes
Have seen a new tinge in the western skies:
The world has done its duty. Ye, oh ye,
Although the sun of poesy is set,
These lovers did embrace, and we must weep
That there is no old power left to sleep
A quill immortal in their joyous tears.
Long time in silence did their anxious fears
Question that thus it was; long time they lay
Feeling and kissing every doubt away;
Long time ere soft caressing sobs began
To mellow into words, and then there ran
Two bubbling springs of talk from their sweet lips:
"O known! Unknown! from whom my being sips
Such darling essence, wherefore may I not
Be ever in these arms? in this sweet spot
Pillow my chin for ever? ever press
These toying hands and kiss their smooth excess!
Why not for ever and for ever feel
That breath about my eyes? Ah, thou wilt steal
Away from me again, indeed, indeed—
Thou wilt be gone away, and wilt not heed
My lonely madness. Speak, my kindest fair!
Is—is it to be so? No! Who will dare
To pluck thee from me? And, of thine own will,
Full well I feel thou wouldst not leave me. Still
Let me entwine thee surer, surer—now
How can we part? Elysium! who art thou?
Who, that thou canst not be for ever here,
or lift me with thee to some starry sphere?
Enchantress! tell me by this soft embrace,
By the most soft complexion of thy face,
Those lips, O slippery blisses! twinkling eyes,
And by these tenderest, milky sovereignties—
These tenderest, and by the nectar-wine,
The passion"—"O loved Ida the divine!

ENDYMION. 15.
Endymion! dearest! Ah, unhappy me!
His soul will 'scape us—O felicity!
How he does love me! His poor temples beat
To the very tune of love—how sweet, sweet, sweet!
Revive, dear youth; or I shall die;
Revive, or these soft hours will hurry by
In tranced dullness; speak, and let that spell
Affright this lethargy! I cannot quell
Its heavy pressure, and will press at least
My lips to thine, that they may richly feast
Until we taste the life of love again.
I love thee, youth, more than I can conceive;
And so long- absence from thee doth bereave
My soul of any rest; yet must I hence:
Yet, can I not to starry eminence
Uplift thee; nor for very shame can own
Myself to thee. Ah, dearest! do not groan,
Or thou wilt force me from this secrecy,
And I must blush in heaven. O that I
Had done it already! that the dreadful smiles
At my lost brightness, my impassion'd wiles,
Had waned from Olympus' solemn height,
And from all serious Gods; that our delight
Was quite forgotten, save of us alone!
And wherefore so ashamed? 'Tis but to atone
For endless pleasure, by some coward blushes:
Yet must I be a coward! Horror rushes
Too palpable before me—the sad look
Of Jove—Minerva's start—no bosom shokk
With awe of purity—no Cupid pinion
In reverence veild—my crystalline dominion
Half lost, and all old hymns made nullity!
But what is this to love? Oh! I could fly
With thee into the ken of heavenly powers,
So thou wouldst thus, for many sequent hours,
Press me so sweetly. Now I swear at once
That I am wise, that Pallas is a dunce—
Perhaps her love like mine is but unknown—
Oh! I do think that I have been alone
In chastity! yes, Pallas has been sighing,
While every eye saw me hair upuing
With fingers cool as aspen leaves. Sweet love?
I was as vague as solitary, dove,
Nor knew that nests were built. Now a soft kiss—
Ay, by that kiss, I vow an endless bliss,
An immortality of passion's thine:
Ere long I will, exalt thee to the shine
Of heaven amphibol! and we will shield
Ourselves whole summers by a river glade;
And I will tell thee stories of the sky,
And breathe thee whispers of its minstrelsy,
My happy love will overring all bounds!
O let me melt into thee! let the sounds
Of our close voices marry at their birth;
Let us entwine hoveringly!—O dearth
Of human words! roughness of mortal speech!
Lispings empyrean will I sometimes teach
Thine honey'd tongue—lute-breathings, which I gasp
To have thee understand, now while I clasp
Thee thus, and weep for fondness—I am pain'd,
Endymion: woe! woe! is grief contain'd
In the very deeps of pleasure, my sole life?"—
Hereat, with many sobs, her gentle strife
Melted, into a languour. He return'd
Entranced vows and tears.

547
Ye, who have yearn'd
With too much passion, will here stay and pity,
For the mere sake of truth; as 'tis a ditty
Not of these days, but long ago 't was told
By a cavern wind unto a forest old;
And then the forest told it in a dream
To a sleeping lake, whose cool and level gleam
A poet caught as he was journeying
To Phoebus' shrine; and in it he did sing
His weary limbs, bathing an hour's space,
And after, straight in that inspired place
He sang the story up into the air,
Giving it universal freedom. There
Has it been ever sounding for those ears
Whose tips are glowing hot. The legend cheers
You, sentinel stars; and he who listens to it
Must surely be self-doom'd or he will rue it:
For quenchless burnings come upon the heart,
Made fiercer by a fear lest any part
Should be ingulfed in the eddying wind.
As much as here is penn'd doth always find
A resting-place, thus much comes clear and plain;
Anon the strange voice is upon the wane
And 'tis but echoed from departing sound,
That the fair visitant at last unwound
Her gentle limbs, and left the youth asleep—
Thus the tradition of the gusty deep.

Now turn we to our former chroniclers—
Endymion awoke, that grief of hers
Sweet plaining on his ear: he sickly guessed
How lone he was once more, and sadly press'd
His empty arms together, hung his head,
And most forlorn upon that widow'd bed
Sat silently. Love's madness he had known:
Often with more than tortured lion's groan
Moanings had burst from him; but now that rage
Had pass'd away: no longer did he wage
A rough-voiced war against the dooming stars.
No, he had felt too much for such harsh jars:
The lyre of his soul Eolian-tuned
Forgot all violence, and but communed
With melancholy thought: O he had swoon'd
Drunk from pleasure's nipple! and his love
Henceforth was dove-like. — Loth was he to move
From the imprinted couch, and when he did,
'Twas with slow, languid paces, and face hid
In muffling hands. So temper'd, out he stray'd
Half seeing visions that might have dismay'd
Alcinoos' serpents; ravishments more keen
Than Hermes' pipe, when anxious he did lean
Over eclipsing eyes: and at the last
It was a sounding grotto, vaulted, vast,
O'er-studded with a thousand, thousand pearls,
And crimson-mouthed shells with stubborn curls,
Of every shape and size, even to the bulk
In which whales arbor close, to brood and suck
Against an endless storm. Moreover too,
Fish-semblances, of green and azure hue,
Ready to sport their streams. In this cool wonder
Endymion sat down, and 'gan to ponder
On all his life: his youth, up to the day
When 'mid acclaim, and feasts, and garlands gay,
He step't upon his shepherd throne: the look
Of his white palace in wild forest nook,
And all the revels he had lorded there:
Each tender maiden whom he once thought fair,
With every friend and fellow-woodlandeer—
Pass'd like a dream before him. Then the spar
Of the old bards to mighty deeds: his plane
To nurse the golden ago 'mong shepherd clans.
That wondrous night— the great Pan-festival:
His sister's sorrow; and his wanderings all,
Until into the earth's deep maw he rush'd there:
Then all its buried magic, till it flusht'd
High with excessive love. — And now, thou
"How long must I remain in jeopardy
Of blank amazements that amaze no more?
Now I have tasted her sweet soul to the core,
All other depths are shallow: essences,
Once spiritual, are like muddy lees,
Meant but to fertilize my earthly root,
And make my branches lift a golden fruit
Into the bloom of heaven: other light,
Though it be quick and sharp enough to blight.
The Olympian eagle's vision, is dark,
Though it hath the weightage of the moon's:
Yet one of our, the eyes of Jupiter!
My silent thoughts are echoing from these shell
Or are they but the ghosts, the dying swells
Of noises far away? — list!— Hereupon
He kept an anxious ear. The humming tone
Came louder, and beheld, there as he lay,
On either side out-gush'd, with misty spray,
A copious spring; and both together dash'd
Swift, mad, fantastic round the rocks, and dash'd
Among the conchs and shells of the lofty grot,
Leaving a trickling dew. At last they shot
Down from the ceiling's height, — pining a noise
As of some breathless racers who espoes poise
Upon the last few steps, and with scarce force
Along the ground they took a winding course.
Endymion follow'd,— for it seem'd that one
Ever pursued, the other strove to shun—
Follow'd their languid mazes, till well-nigh
He had left thinking of the mystery,—
And was now rapt in tender hovering
Over the vanish'd bliss. Ah! what is it sings
His dream away? What melodies are these?
They sound as through the whispering of trees,
Not native in such barren vaults. Give ear!

"O Arethusa, peerless nymph! why fear
Such tenderness as mine? Great Dion, why,
Why didst thou hear her prayer? O that I
Were rippling round her dainty fairness now,
Circling about her waist, and striving how
To entice her to a dive! then stealing in
Between her luscious lips and eyelids thin,
O that her shining hair was in the sun,
And I distilling from it thence to run
In amorous rillets down her shrinking form!
To linger on her lily shoulders, warm
Between her kissing breasts, and every charm
Touch raptured! — See how painfully I flow:
Fair maid, be pitiful to my great woes.
Stay, stay, thy weeny course! let me lead,
A happy wo'er, to the flowery mead
Where all that beauty snared me." — Cruel God
Desist! or my offended mistress' nod
Will stagnate all thy fountains:— teaze me not

548
With syron words—Ah, have I really got
Such power to madden thee? And is it true—
Away away, or I shall dearly rue
My very thoughts: in mercy then away,
Kindst Alpheus, for should I obey
My own dear will, 'twould be a deadly bane.—"—
"O, Oread-Queen! would that thou hadst a pain
Like this of mine, then would I fearless turn
And be a criminal."— Alas, I burn,
I shudder—gentle river, get thee hence.
Alpheus! thou enchantor! every sense
Of mine was once made perfect in these woods.
Fresh breezes, bowery lawns, and innocent floods,
Ripe fruits, and lonely couch, contentment gave;
But ever since I needlessly did love
In thy deceitful stream, a panting glow
Grew strong within me: wherefore serve me so,
And call it love? Alas! 'twas cruelty.
Not once more did I close my happy eyes
Amid the thrush's song. Away! Away!
O 'twas a cruel thing."— Now thou dost taunt
So softly, Arethusa, that I think
If thou wast playing on my shady brink,
Thou wouldst bathe once again. —Innocent maid!
Stufe thine heart no more;—nor be afraid
Of angry powers: there are deities
Will shade us with their wings. Those fitful sighs
'Tis almost death to hear: O let me pour
A dewy balm upon them—fear no more,
Sweet Arethusa! Diana's self must feel,
Sometimes, these very pangs. Dear maiden, steal
Bushing into my soul, and let us fly
These dreary caverns for the open sky.
I will delight thee all my winding course,
From the green sea up to my hidden source
About Arcadian forests; and will show
The channels where my coolest waters flow
Through mossy rocks; where, 'mid exuberant green,
I toam in pleasant darkness, more unseen
Than Saturn in his exile; where I brim
Round flowery islands, and take thence a skim
Of mealy sweets, which myriad sc bees
Buzz from their honey'd wings: and thou shouldst
please
Thyself to choose the richest, where we might
Be incease-pillow'd every summer night.
Doff all sad fears, thou white deliciousness,
And let us be thus comforted; unless
Thou couldst rejoice to see my hopeless stream
Hurry distracted from Sol's temperate beam,
And pour to death along some hungry sands."—
"What can I do, Alpheus? Diana stands
Severe before me— persecuting fate!
Unhappy Arethusa! thou wast late
A huntress free in."—At this, suddenly fell
Those two sad streams adown a fearful dell.
The Latmian listen'd, but he heard no more,
Save echo, faint repeating o'er and o'er
The name of Arethusa. On the verge
Of that dark gulf he wept, and said. "I urge
These gentle Goddess of my pilgrimage.
My eternal hopes, to soothe, to assuage
Thou art powerful, these lovers' pangs;
And make them happy in some happy plains."

Towards it by a sandy path, and lo!
More suddenly than doth a moment go,
The visions of the earth were gone and fled—
He saw the giant sea above his head.

BOOK III.

There are who lord it o'er their fellow-men
With most prevailing tinsel: who unpen
Their baring vanities, to browse away
The comfortable green and juicy bay
From human pastures; or, O torturing fact!
Who, through an idiot-blink, will see unpack'd
Fire-branded foxes to rear up and singe
Our gold and ripe-ear'd hopes. With not one tinge
Of sanctuary splendor, nor a sight
Able to face an owl's, they still are dight
By the bleary-eyed nations in empurpled vests,
And crowns, and turbans. With unladen breasts,
Save of blown self-applause, they proudly mount
To their spirit's perch, their being's high account,
Their tip-top notings, their dull skies, their thrones—
Amid the fierce intoxicating tones
Of trumpets, shoutings, and belabor'd drums,
And sudden cannon. Ah! how all these hums,
In wakeful ears, like uproar past and gone—
Like thunder-clouds that spake to Babylon,
And set those old Chaldeans to their tasks—
Are then regulars all gilded masks?
No, there are throne seats unsscalable
But by a patient wing, a constant spell,
Or by ethereal things that, unconfin'd,
Can make a ladder of the eternal wind,
And poise about in cloudy thunder-tents
To watch the abyss-birth of elements
Aye, 'bove the withering of old-lipp'd Fate
A thousand powers keep religious state,
In water, fiery realm, and airy bound;
And, silent as a consecrated urn,
Hold sphery sessions for a season due.
Yet few of these far majesties, ah, few!
Have bared their operations to this globe—
Few, who with gorgeous pageantry enrobe
Our piece of heaven—whose benevolence
Shakes hand with our own Cereus; every sense
Filling with spiritual sweets to plenteitude,
As bees gorge full their cells. And by the feud.
"Twixt Nothing and Creation, I here swear,
Eterne Apollo! that thy Sister fair
Is of all these the gentler-mightiest.
When thy gold breath is misting in the west,
She unobserved steals unto her throne,
And there she sits most meek and most alone;
As if she had not pomp subservient;
As if thine eye, high Poet! was not bent
Towards her with the Muses in thine heart;
As if the ministering stars kept not apart,
Waiting for silver-footed messages.
O Moon! the oldest shades 'mong oldest trees
Feel palpitations when thou lookest in:
O Moon! old boughs lisp forth a holier din
The while they feel thine airy fellowship.
Thou dost bless everywhere, with silver lip

71
Kissing dead things to life. The sleeping kine, 
Couch'd in thy brightness, dream of fields divine; 
Innumerable mountains rise, and rise, 
Ambitious for the hallowing of thine eyes; 
And yet thy benediction passeth not
One obscure hiding-place, one little spot
Where pleasure may be sent: the nested wren 
Has thy fair face within its tranquil ken, 
And from beneath a sheltering ivy leaf
Takes glimpses of thee; thou art a relief
To the poor patient oyster, where it sleeps
Within its pearly house—The mighty deeps, 
The monstrous sea is thine—the myriad sea!
O Moon! far-sounding Ocean bows to thee, 
And Tellus feels her forehead's cumbrous load.

Cynthia! where art thou now? What far abode
Of green or silvery bower dost enthuse
Such utmost beauty? Alas, thou dost pine
For one as sorrowful: thy check is pale
For one whose check is pale: thou dost bewail
His tears, who weeps for thee. Where dost thou sigh?
Ah! surely that light peas from Vesper's eye
Or what a thing is love! "Tis She, but 'o!
How changed, how full of ache, how gone in woe!
She dies at the thinnest cloud; her loveliness
Is wan on Neptune's blue: yet there's a stress
Of love-splangles, just off yon cape of trees,
Dancing upon the waves, as if to please
The curly foam with amorous influence.
O, not so idle! for down-glancing thence,
She fathoms eddies, and runs wild about
O'erwhelming water-courses; scaring out
The thorny sharks from hiding-holes, and fright'ning
Their savage eyes with unaccustom'd lightning.
Where will the splendor be content to reach?
O love! how potent hast thou been to teach
Strange journeys! Wherever beauty dwells,
In gulf or aerie, mountains or deep dells,
In light, in gloom, in star or blazing sun,
Thou pointest out the way, and straight 'tis won.
Amid his toil thou gavest Leander breath;
Thou ledest Orpheus through the gleams of death;
Thou madest Pluto bear thin element;
And now, O winged Chieftain! thou hast sent
A moonbeam to the deep, deep water-world,
To find Endymion.

On gold sand imppearl'd
With lily shells, and pebbles milky white,
Poor Cynthia greeted him, and soothed her light
Against his pallid face: he felt the charm
To breathlessness, and suddenly a warm
Of his heart's blood: 'twas very sweet; he stay'd
His wandering steps, and half-encircled braid
His head upon a tuft of straggling weeds,
To taste the gentle moon, and freshening beams,
Lash'd from the crystal roof by fishes' tails.
And so he kept, until the rosy veils
Mantled the east, by Aurora's peering hand
Were lifted from the water's breast, and from'd
Into sweet air; and sober'd morning came
Meekly through billows—when like taper-flame
Left taken by a dallying breath of air,
He rose in silence, and once more 'gan fare
Along his fated way.

Far had he roam'd,
With nothing save the hollow vast, that foam'd
Above, around, and at his feet; save things
More dead than Morpheus' imaginings:
Old rusted anchors, helmets, breastplates large
Of gone sea-warriors; brazen beaks and targe;
Rudders that for a hundred years had lost
The sway of human hand: gold vase emboss'd
With long-forgotten story, and wherein
No reveller had ever dipp'd a chin
But those of Saturn's vintage; mouldering scrolls,
Writ in the tongue of heaven, by those souls
Who first were on the earth; and sculptures rude
In ponderous stone, developing the mood
Of ancient Nox:—then skeletons of man;
Of beast, behemoth, and leviathan,
And elephant, and eagle, and huge jaw
Of nameless monster. A cold leaden awe
These secrets struck into him; and unless
Dian had chased away that heaviness,
He might have died: but now, with cheery feel,
He onward kept; wooing these thoughts to steal
About the labyrinth in his soul of love.

"What is there in thee, Moon! that thou should'st
move
My heart so potently? When yet a child,
I oft have dried my tears when thou hast smiled.
Thou seem'st my sister: hand in hand we went
From eve to morn across the firmament.
No apples would I gather from the tree,
Till thou hadst cool'd their cheeks deliciously:
No tumbling water ever spake romance,
But when my eyes with thine thereon could dance:
No woods were green enough, no bower divine,
Until thou laid'st up thine eyelids fine:
In sowing-time ne'er would I dibble take,
Or drop a seed, till thou wast wide awake;
And, in the summer-tide of blossoming,
No one but thee hath heard me blithely sing
And mesh my dewy flowers all the night
No melody was like a passing sprite
If it went not to solemnize thy reign.
Yes, in my boyhood, every joy and pain
By thee were fashion'd to the self-same end;
And as I grew in years, still didst thou blend
With all my arders: thou wast the deep gion;
Thou wast the mountain-top—the sage's pen—
The poet's harp—the voice of friends—the sun;
Thou wast the river—thou wast glory won;
Thou wast my clarion's blast—thou wast my steed—
My goblet full of wine—my topmost deed:—
Thou wast the charm of women, lovely Moon!
O what a wild and harmonized tune
My spirit struck from all the beautiful!
On some bright essence could I lean, and full
Myself to immortality: I prest
Nature's soft pillow in a wakeful rest.
But, gentle Orb! there came a nearer bliss—
My strange love came—Felicit's abyss!
She came, and thou didst fade, and fade away—
Yet not entirely: no, thy starry sway
Has been an under-passion to this hour.
Now I begin to feel thine orb power

550
To northern seas I'll in a twinkling sail,
And mount upon the snortings of a whale
To some black cloud; thence down I'll madly sweep
On forked lightning, to the deepest deep,
Where through some sucking pool I will be hurl'd
With rapture to the other side of the world!
O, I am full of gladness! Sisters three,
I bow full-hearted to your old decrees;
Yes, every God be thank'd, and power benign,
For I no more shall wither, droop, and pine.
Thou art the man!" Endymion started back
Dismayed; and, like a wretch from whom the rack
Tortures hot breath, and speech of agony,
Mutter'd: "What lonely death am I to die
In this cold region? Will he let me freeze,
And float my brittle limbs o'er polar seas?
Or will he touch me with his searing hand,
And leave a black memorial on the sand?
Or tear me piecemeal with a bony saw,
And keep me as a chosen food to draw
His magian fish through hated fire and flame?
O misery of hell! resistless, tame;
Am I to be burnt up? No! I will shout,
Until the Gods through heaven's blue look out!—
O Tartarus! but some few days agone
Her soft arms were entwining me, and on
Her voice I hung like fruit among green leaves:
Her lips were all my own, and—ah, ripe sheaves
Of happiness! ye on the stubble droop,
But never may be garnered. I must stoop
My head, and kiss death's foot. Love! love, farewell!
Is there no hope from thee? This horrid spell
Would melt at thy sweet breath.—By Dian's hind
Feeding from her white fingers, on the wind
I see thy streaming hair! and now, by Pan,
I care not for this old mysterious man!"

He spake, and walking to that aged form,
Look'd high defiance. Lo! his heart 'gan warm
With pity, for the gray-hair'd creature wept.
Had he then wrong'd a heart where sorrow kept?
Had he, though blindly contumelious, brought,
Rheum to kind eyes, a sting to human thought,
Convulsion to a mouth of many years?
He had in truth; and he was ripe for tears.
The penitent shower fell, as down he knelt
Before that care-worn sage, who trembling felt
About his large dark locks, and faltering spake:

"Arise, good youth, for sacred Phoebus' sake!
I know thine inmost bosom, and I feel
A very brother's yearning for thee steal
Into mine own: for why thou openest
The prison-gates that have so long oppress
My weary watching. Though thou knowest it not,
Thou art commission'd to this fated spot
For great enfranchisement. O weep no more;
I am a friend to love, to loves of yore;
Ay, hadst thou never loved an unknown power,
I had been grieving at this joyous hour.
But even now most miserable old,
I saw thee, and my blood no longer cold
Gave mighty pulses: in this tottering case
Grew a new heart, which at this moment plays
As dancingly as thine. Be not afraid,
For thou shalt hear this secret all display'd,

Is coming fresh upon me: O be kind!
Keep back thine influence, and do not blind
My sovereign vision.—Dearest love, forgive
That I can think away from thee and live!—
Pardon me, airy planet, that I prize
One thought beyond thine argut xenitures! How far beyond!" At this a surprised start
Frosted the springing verdure of his heart;
For as he lifted up his eyes to sweep
How his own goddess was past all things fair,
He saw far in the concave green of the sea
An old man sitting calm and peacefully.
Upon a weeded rock this old man sat,
And his white hair was awful, and a mat
Of weeds was cold beneath his cold thin feet;
And, ample as the largest winding-sheet,
A cloak of blue wrap'd up his aged bones,
O'erwrought with symbols by the deepest groans
Of ambitious magio: every ocean-form
Was woven in with black distinctness: storm,
And calm, and whispering, and hideous roar
Were emblem'd in the woof; with every shape
That skims, or dives, or sleeps, 'twixt cape and cape,
The gulling whale was like a dot in the spell,
Yet look upon it, and 'twill, would size and swell
To its huge self; and the minutest fish
Would pass the very hardest gazer's wish,
And show his little eye's anatomy.
Then there was pictured the regality
Of Neptune; and the sea-nymphs round his state,
In beauteous vassalage, look up and wait.
Beside this old man lay a pearly wand,
And in his lap a book, the which he donn'd
So sedately, that the new denizen
Had time to keep him in amazed ken,
To mark these shadowings, and stand in awe.

The old man raised his hony head and saw
The wilder stranger—seeming not to see,
His features were so lifeless. Suddenly
He woke as from a trance; his snow-white brows
Vent arching up, and like two magic plows
Furrow'd deep wrinkles in his forehead large,
Which kept as fixedly as rocky marge,
Till round his wither'd lips had gone a smile.
Thence up he rose, like one whose tedious toil
Lad watch'd for years in forlorn hermitage,
Who had not from mid-life to utmost age
Us'd in one accent his o'er-burden'd soul,
Even to the trees. He rose: he grasp'd his stole,
With convoluted clenches waving it abroad,
And in a voice of solemn joy, that awed
Cho into oblivion, he said:

"Thou art the man! Now shall I lay my head
Peace upon my watery pillow: now
Keep will come smoothly to my weary brow
Love! I shall be young again, be young!
Shell-brown Neptune, I am pierc'd and stung
Th' new-born life! What shall I do? Where go,
Then have I cast this serpent-skin of woe!—
I swim to the syrens, and one moment listen
Their melodies, and see their long hair glisten;
Son upon that giant's arm I'll be,
Sat writhe's about the roots of Sicily:

40* 3 K
Now as we speed towards our joyous task."

So saying, this young soul in age’s mask
Went forward with the Carian side by side:
Resuming quickly thus; while ocean’s tide
Hung swollen at their backs, and jewell’d sands
Took silently their footprints.

"My soul stands
Now past the midway from mortality,
And so I can prepare without a sigh
To tell thee briefly all my joy and pain.
I was a fisher once, upon this main,
And my boat danced in every creek and bay;
Rough billows were my home by night and day—
The sea-gulls not more constant; for I had
No housing from the storm and tempests mad,
But hollow rocks,—and they were palaces
Of silent happiness, of slumberous ease:
Long years of misery have told me so.
Ay, thus it was one thousand years ago.
One thousand years!—Is it then possible
To look so plainly through them? to dispel
A thousand years with backward glance sublime?
To breathe away as ‘twere all scummy slime
From off a crystal pool, to see its deep,
And one’s own image from the bottom peep?
Yes: now I am no longer wretched thrall,
My long captivity and moanings all
Are but a slime, a thin-pervading scum,
The which I breathe away, and thronging come
Like things of yesterday my youthful pleasures.

"I touch’d no lute, I sang not, trod no measures:
I was a lonely youth on desert shores.
My sports were lonely, ‘mid continuous roars,
And craggy isles, and sea-mews’ plaintive cry
Plaining discrepant between sea and sky.
Dolphins were still my playmates; shapes unseen
Would let me feel their scales of gold and green,
Nor be my desolation; and, full oft
When a dread water-spout had rear’d aloft
Its hungry hugeness, seeming ready ripe
To burst with hoarser thunderings, and wipe
My life away like a vast sponge of fate,
Some friendly monster, pitying my sad state,
Has dived to its foundations, gulp’d it down,
And left me tossing safely. But the crown
Of all my life was utmost quietude:
More did I love to lie in caveyn rude,
Keeping in wait whole days for Neptune’s voice,
And if it came at last, hark, and rejoice!
There blush’d no summer eye but I would steer
My skiff along green shelving coasts, to hear
The shepherd’s pipe come clear from aery steep,
Mixt with ceaseless bleatings of his sheep:
And never was a day of summer shine,
But I beheld its birth upon the brine;
For I would watch all night to see unfold
Heaven’s gates, and Æthen snort his morning gold
Wide o’er the swelling streams: and constantly
At brim of day-tide, on some grassy lea,
My nets would be spread out, and I at rest.
The poor folk of the sea-country I blest
With daily boon of fish most delicate:
They knew not whence this bounty, and elate
Would strew sweet flowers on a sterile beach.

"Why was I not contented? Wherefore reach
At things which, but for thee, O Latman!
Had been my dreary death! Fool! I began
To feel distress’d longings: to desire
The utmost privilege that ocean’s sire.
Could grant in benediction: to be free
Of all his kingdom. Long in misery
I wasted, ere in one extremest fit
I plunged for life or death. To interkink
One’s senses with so dense a breathing stuff
Might seem a work of pain; so not enough
Can I admire how crystal-smooth it felt,
And buoyant round my limbs. At first I dwelt
Whole days and days in sheer astonishment;
Forgetful utterly of self-intent;
Moving but with the mighty, ebb and flow.
Then, like a new-fledged bird that first doth show
His spreaded feathers to the mower chill,
I tried in fear the pinions of my will.
’T was freedom! and at once I visited
The ceaseless wonders of this ocean-bed.
No need to tell thee of them, for I see
That thou hast been a witness—it must be
For these I know thou canst not feel a drouth,
By the melancholy corners of that mouth.
So I will in my story straightforward pass
To more immediate matter. Woe, alas!
That love should be my bane! Ah, Scylla fair!
Why did poor Glauceus ever—ever dare
To sue thee to his heart? Kind stranger-youth!
I loved her to the very white of truth,
And she would not conceive it. Timid thing!
She fled me swift as sea-bird on the wing,
Round every isle, and point, and promontory,
From where large Hercules wound up his story
Far as Egyptian Nile. My passion grew
The more, the more I saw her dainty hue
Gleam delicately through the azure clear:
Until ‘twas too fierce agony to bear:
And in that agony, across my grief
It flash’d, that Circe might find some relief—
Cruel enchantress! So above the water
I rendr’d my head, and look’d for Phoebus’ daughter.
Æneas’s isle was wondering at the moon—
It seem’d to whirl around me, and a swoon
Left me dead-drifting to that fatal power.

"When I awoke, ’twas in a twilight bower;
Just when the light of morn, with hum of bees,
Stole through its verdurous matting of fresh trees.
How sweet, and sweeter! for I heard a lyre,
And over it a sighing voice expire.
It ceased— I caught light footsteps: and anon
The fairest face that morn e’er look’d upon
Push’d through a screen of roses. Starry Jove!
With tears, and smiles, and honey-words she wove
A net whose thraldom was more bliss than all
The range of flower’d Elysium. Thus did fall
The dew of her rich speech:—"Ah! art awake?
O let me hear thee speak, for Cupid’s sake!
I am so oppress’d with joy! Why, I have shed
An urn of tears, as thou wert cold dead;
And now I find thee living, I will pour
From these devoted eyes their silver store,
Until exhausted of the latest drop,
So it will pleasure thee, and force thee stop
Here, that I too may live: but if beyond
What art fond
Of soothing warmth, of dalliance supreme;
If thou art ripe to taste a long love-dream;
If smiles, if dimples, tongues for arder mute,
Hang in thy vision like a tempting fruit,
O let me pluck it for thee." Thus she link'd
Her charming syllables, till indiscernible:
Their music came to my o'er-sweeter'd soul;
And then she hover'd over me, and stole
So near, that if no nearer it had been
This arrow'd, visage thou hadst never seen.

"Young man of Latmos! thus particular
Am I, that thou mayst plainly see how far
This fierce temptation went: and thou mayst not
Exclaim, How then, was Scylla quite forgot?

"Who could resist? Who in this universe?
She did so breathe ambrosia; so immense
My fine existence in a golden clime.
She took me like a child of sucking time,
And cradled me in roses. 'Thus condemn'd,
The current of my former life was stemm'd,
And to this arbitrary queen of sense
I bow'd a tranced vassal: nor would hence
Have moved, even though Amphion's heart had woo'd
Me back to Scylla o'er the billows rude.
As Apollo each eve, doth devise
A new apperall for western skies;
So every eve, nay, every spendthrift hour
Shed balmy consciousness within that bower.
And I was free of haunts unmanageable;
Could waft in the mazy forest-house
Of squirrels, foxes sly, and antler'd deer,
And birds from covert innermost and drear
Warbling for very joy mellifluous sorrow—
To me new-born delights!

"Now let me borrow,
For moments few, a temperament as stern
As Pluto's sceptre, that my words not burn
These uttering lips, while I in calm speech tell
How specious heaven was changed to real hell.

"One morn she left me sleeping: half awake
I sought for her smooth arms and lips, to slake
My greedy thirst with nectarous camel-dranghia;
But she was gone. Whereat the barbed shafts
Of disappointment stuck in me so sore
That out I ran and search'd the forest o'er.
Wandering about in pine and cedar gloom,
Damp awe assai'd me; for there 'gan to boom
A sound of moan, an agony of sound,
Sepulchral from the distance all around.
Then came a conquering earth-thunder, and rumbled
That fierce complaint to silence: while I stumble,
Down a precipitous path, as if impell'd,
I came to a dark valley.—Groanings swell'd
Poisonous about my ears, and louder grew,
The nearer I approach'd a flame's gaunt blue,
That glaring before me through a thorny brake.
This fire, like the eye of gordian snake,
Bewitch'd me towards; and I soon was near
A sight too fearful for the feel of fear;
In thicket hid I cursed the haggard scene—
The banquet of my arms, my teetern king,
Seated upon a upert forest root;
And all around her shapes, wizard and brute,
Laughing, and wailing, grovelling, serpenting,
Showing tooth, tusk, and venom-bag, and sting!
O such deformities! Old Charon's self,
Should he give up awhile his penny pelf,
And take a dream 'mong rushes Stygian,
It could not be so fantasied. Fierce, wan,
And tyrannizing was the lady's look,
As over them a gnarled staff she shook.
Oft-times upon the sudden she laugh'd out,
And from a basket emptied to the root
Clusters of grapes, the which they raven'd quick
And roar'd for more; with many a hungry lick
About their shaggy jaws. Avenging, slow,
Anon she took a branch of mistletoe,
And emptied on't a black dull-gurgling phial—
Groan'd one and all, as if some piercing trial
Was sharpening for their pitable bones.
She lifted up the charm: appealing groans
From their poor breasts went suiting to her ear
In vain; remorseless as an infant's bier,
She whisk'd against their eyes the sooty oil.
Whereat was heard a noise of painful toil,
Increasing gradual to a tempest rage,
Shrieks, yells, and groans of torture-pilgrimage,
Until their grieved bodies 'gan to blow
And puff from the tail's end to stifled throat.
Then was appalling silence: then a sight
More wildering than all that heart's affright:
For the whole herd, as by a whirlwind writers,
Went through the dismal air like one huge Python
Antagonizing Boreas,—and so vanish'd
Yet there was not a breath of wind: she banish'd
These phantoms with a nod. Lo! from the dark
Came waggish fauns, and nymphs, and satyrs stark,
With dancing and loud revelry, and went
Swifter than centaurs after rapine bent.—
Sighing an elephant appear'd and bow'd
Before the fierce witch, speaking thus aloud
In human accent: 'Potent goddess! chief!
Of pains resistless! make my being brief,
Or let me from this heavy prison fly
Or give me to the air, or let me die!
I sue not for my happy crown again;
I sue not for my phalanx on the plain;
I sue not for my bone, my widow'd wife:
I sue not for my ruddy drops of life,
My children fair, my lovely girls and boys!
I will forget them; I will pass these joys;
Ask naught so heavenward, so too—too high:
Only I pray, as fairest boon, to die,
Or be deliver'd from this cumbrous flesh,
From this gross, detestable, filthy mesh,
And merely given to the cold bleak air.
Have mercy, Goddess! Circe, feel my prayer!

"That cursed magician's name fell icy numb
Upon my wild conjecturing: truth had come
Naked and sabre-like against my heart.
I saw a fury whetting a death-dart,
And my slain spirit, overwrought with fright,
Fainted away in that dark lair of night.
Think, my deliverer, how desolate
My waking must have been! disgust, and hate,
And terrors manifold divided me
A spell amongst them. I prepared to flee
Into the dungeon core of that wild wood:
I fled three days—when lo! before me stood
Glaring the angry witch, O Dis, even now,
A clammy dew is beading on my brow,
At mere remembering her pale laugh, and curse.
'Ha! ha! Sir Dainty! there must be a nurse
Made of rose-leaves and thistle-down, express,
To crush thee, my sweet, and lull thee: yes,
I am too flinty-hard for thy nice touch;
My tenderest squeeze is but a giant's clutch.
So, fairy-thing, it shall have lullabies
Unheard of yet; and it shall still its cries
Upon some breast more lily-feminine.
Oh, no,—it shall not pine, and pine, and pine
More than one pretty, trilling thousand years;
And then 'twere pity, but fate's gentle shears
Cut short its immortality. Sea-flirt!
Young dove of the waters! truly I'll not hurt
One hair of thine: see how I weep and sigh.
That our heart-broken parting is so nigh.
And must we part? Ah, yes, it must be so.
Yet ere thou leavest me in utter wo,
Let me sob over thee my last adieu,
And speak a blessing: Mark me, Thou hast thwes
Immortal, for that art of heavenly race;
But such a love is mine, that here I chase
Eternally away from thee all bloom
Of youth, and destine thee towards a tomb.
Hence shalt thou quickly to the watery vast;
And there, ere many days be overpast,
Disabled age shall seize thee; and even then
Thou shalt not go the way of aged men;
But live and wither, cripple and still breathe
Ten hundred years: which gone, I then bequeath
Thy fragile bones to unknown burial.
Adieu, sweet love, adieu!—As shot stern fall,
She fled ere I could groan for mercy. Stung
And poison'd was my spirit: despair sung
A war-song of defiance 'gainst all hell.
A hand was at my shoulder to compel
My sudden steps; another 'fore my eyes
Moved on with pointed finger. In this guise
Enforced, at the last by ocean's foam
I found me; by my fresh, my native home,
Its tempering coolness, to my life skin,
Came salutary as I waded in;
And, with a blind voluptuous rage, I gave
Battle to the swollen billow-ridge, and drave
Large froth before me, while there yet remain'd
Hale strength, nor from my bones all narrow drain'd.
Each Atlas-line bore off—a shine of hope
Came gold around me, cheering me to cope
Strenuous with hellish tyranny. Attend!
For thou hast brought their promise to an end.

"In the wide sea there lies a forlorn wretch,
Doom'd with entangled carcass to outstretch
His loathed existence through ten centuries,
And then to die alone. who can devise
A total opposition? No one. So
One million times ocean must ebb and flow,
And he oppress'd. Yet he shall not die,
These things accomplish'd:—If he utterly
Scans all the depths of magic, and expounds
The meanings of all motions, shapes, and sounds;
If he explores all forms and substances
Straight homeward to their symbol-essences;
He shall not die. Moreover, and in chief,
He must pursue this task of joy and grief,
Most piously;—all lovers tempest-tost,
And in the savage overwhelming lost,
He shall deposit side by side, until
Time's creeping shall the dreary space fulfill:
Which done, and all these labors ripened,
A youth, by heavenly power beloved and led,
Still stand before him; whom he shall direct
How to consummate all. The youth elect
Must do the thing; or both will be destroy'd."—

"Then," cried the young Endymion, overjoy'd,
"We are twin brothers in this destiny!
Say, I entreat thee, what achievement high
Is, in this restless world, for me reserved.
What! if from thee my wandering feet had swerved,
Had we both perish'd?"—"Look!" the sage replied,
"Dost thou not mark a gleaming through the side
Of divers brilliancies? 'tis the edifice
I told thee of, where lovely Scylla lies;
And where I have enshrined piously
All lovers, whom fell storms have doom'd to die
Throughout my bondage." Thus discoursing, on
They went till unobserved the porches shone;
Which hurriedly they gain'd, and enter'd straight.
Sure never since king Neptune held his state,
Was seen such wonder underneath the stars.
Turn to some level plain where haughty Mars
Has legion'd all his battle; and beheld
How every soldier, with firm foot, doth hold
His even breast; see, many steeled squares,
And rigid ranks of iron—whence who dares
One step? Imagine further, line by line,
These warrior thousands on the field supine:—
So in that crystal place, in silent rows,
Poor lovers lay at rest from joys and woes.—
The stranger from the mountains, breathless, traced
Such thousands of shut eyes in order placed;
Such ranges of white feet, and patient lips
All ruddy,—for here death no blossom nips.
He mark'd their brows and foreheads; saw their hair
Put sleekly on one side with nicest care;
And each one's gentle wrists, with reverence,
Put crosswise to its heart.

"Let us commence
Whisper'd the guide, stuttering with joy) even now."
He spake, and, trembling like an aspen-bough,
Began to tear his scroll in pieces small,
Uttering the while some mumblings funeral.
He tore it into pieces small as snow
That drifts unfeather'd when bleak northern storms blow;
And having done it, took his dark-blue cloak
And bound it round Endymion; then struck
His wand against the empty air times nine.—
"What more there is to do, young man, is thine:
But first a little patience; first undo
This tangled thread, and wind it to a clue.
Ah, gentle! 'tis as weak as spider's skin;
And shouldst thou break it—What, is it done so clean!
A power overshadows thee! Oh, brave!
The spirit of hell is tumbling to its grave.
Here is a shell; 'tis pearly blank to me,
Nor mark'd with any sign or character—
Canst thou read aught? O read for pity's sake!
Olympus! we are safe! Now, Carian, break
This wand against you lyre on the pedestal."

'Twas done; and straight with sudden swell and fall
Sweet music breathed her soul away, and sigh'd
A lullaby to silence.—Youth! now strew
These minced leaves on me, and passing through
Those files of dead, scatter the same around,
And thou wilt see the issue."—Mid the sound,
Of flutes and viols, ravishing his heart,
Endymion from Glaucus stood apart,
And scatter'd in his face some fragments light.
How lightning-swift the change! a youthful wight
Smiling beneath a coral diadem,
Out-sparking sudden like an upturn'd gem,
Appear'd, and, stepping to a beautious corse,
Kneel'd down beside it, and with tenderest force
Press'd its cold hand, and wept,—and Scylla sigh'd
Endymion, with quick hand, the charn applied—
The nymph arose: he left them to their joy,
And onward went upon his high employ,
Showering those powerful fragments on the dead.
And, as he pass'd, each lifted up its head;
As doth a flower at Apollo's touch.
Death felt it to his inwards; 'twas too much:
Death fell a-weeping in his charnel-house.
The Latman persevered along, and thus
All were reanimated. There arose
A noise of harmony, pulses and throes.
Of gladness in the air—while many, who
Had died in mutual arms devout and true
Sprang to each other madly; and the rest
Felt a high certainty of being blest.
They gazed upon Endymion. Enchantment
Grew drunken, and would have its head and bess.
Delicious symphonies, like airy flowers,
Budded, and swell'd, and, full-blown, shed full flowers.
Of light, soft, unseen leaves of sounds divine
The two deliverers tasted a pure wine
Of happiness, from fairy-press oozed out.
Speechless they eyed each other, and about
The fair assembly wander'd to and fro,
Distracted with the richest overflow
Of joy that ever pour'd from heaven.

—"Away"
Shouted the new-born god; "Follow, and pay
Our piety to Neptunus supreme!"—
Then Scylla, blushing sweetly from her dream.
Disclosed the thunder-gloomings in Jove's air,
But soothed as now, flash'd sudden everywhere
Noiseless, submarine cloudelets, glittering
Death to a human eye: for there did spring
From natural west, and east, and south, and north,
A light as of four sunsets, blazing forth
A gold-green zenith 'bove the Sea-God's head.
Of lucid depth the floor, and far outspread
As breezeless lake, on which the slim canoe
Of feather'd Indian darts about, as through
The delicatest air: air verily,
But for the portraiture of clouds and sky:
This palace floor breath-air—but for the amaze
Of deep-seen wonders motionless,—and blaze
Of the dome pomp, reflected in extremes,
Globing a golden sphere.

They stood in dreams
Till Triton blew his horn. The palace rang;
The Nereids danced; the Syrens faintly sang;
And the great Sea-King bow'd his dripping head.
Then Love took wing, and from his pinions shed
On all the multitude a nectarous dew.
The ozee-born Goddess beckoned and drew
Fair Scylla and her guides to conference;
And when they reach'd the throned eminence
She kist the sea-nymph's cheek,—who sat her down
A toying with the doves. Then,—"Mighty crown!
And sceptre of this kingdom!" Venus said,
"Thy vows were on a time to Nai's paid:
Behold!"—"Two copious tear-drops instant fell
From the God's large eyes; he smiled delectable,
And over Glancus held his blessing hands.—
"Endymion! Ah! still wandering in the bands
Of love? Now this is cruel. Since the hour
I met thee in earth's bosom, all my power
Have I put forth to serve thee. What, not yet
Escaped from dull mortality's harsh net?
A little patience, youth! 'twill not be long,
Or I am skillless quite: an idle tongue,
A humid eye, and steps luxurious,
Where these are new and strange, are ominous.
Ay, I have seen these signs in one or heaven,
When others were all blind; and were I given
To utter secrets, haply I might say
Some pleasant words; but Love will have his day
So wait awhile expectant. Pr'ythee soon,
Even in the passing of thine honey-moon,
Visit my Cytherea: thou wilt find
Cupid well-natured, my Adonis kind;
And pray persuade with thee—Ah, I have done,
All blisses be upon thee, my sweet son!"—
Thus the fair goddess: while Endymion
Knew to receive those accents haloyn.

Meantime a glorious revelry began
Before the Water-Monarch. Nectar ran
In courteous fountains to all cups out-reach'd,
And plunder'd vices, teeming exhaustless, bleach'd
New growth about each shell and pendent lyre;
The which, in entangling for their fire,
Pulled down fresh foliage and coverture
For dainty joy. Cupid, empire-sure,
Flutter'd and laugh'd, and oft-times through the thor.
Made a delighted way. Then dance, and song,
And garlanding grew wild; and pleasure reign'd.
In harmless tendril they each other chain'd,
And strove who should be smoother’d deepest in
Fresh crush of leaves.

Open’d again, and from without, in shone
A new magnificence. On-hazy throne
Smooth-moving came Oceanus the old,
To take a latest glimpse at his sheep-fold,
Before he went into his quiet car of men.

To muse for ever—Then a lucid wave,
Scoop’d from its trembling sisters of mid-sea,
Afloat, and pillowing up the majesty
Of Doris, and the Egean seer, her spouse—
Next, on a dolphin, clad in laurel boughs.
Theban Amphion leaning on his lute :
His fingers went across it—All were mute
To gaze on Amphirite, queen of pearls,
And Thetis pearly too.

The palace whirls
Around giddy Endymion; seeing he
Was there far strayed from mortality.
He could not hear it—shut his eyes in vain;
Imagination gave a dizzier pain.

"O! I shall die! sweet Venus, be my stay!
Where is my lovely mistress? Well-away!
I die—I hear her voice—I feel my wing—"
At Neptun’s feet he sank. A sudden ring
Of Nereids were about him, in kind strife
To usher back his spirit into life:
But still he slept. At last they interwove
Their cradling arms, and purpos’d to convey
Towards a crystal bower far away...

Lo! while slow carried, through the pietying crowd
To his inward senses these words spake aloud;
Written in starlight on the dark above:
"Dearest Endymion! my entire love!
How have I dwelt in fear of fate: ’tis done—
Immortal bliss for me too hast thou won.
Arise then! for the hen-dove shall not hatch
Her ready, eggs, before I’ll kissing snatch
Thee into endless heaven. Awake! awake!
”
"The youth at once arose: a placid lake
Came quiet to his eyes; and forest green,
Cooler than all the wonder he had seen,
Lull’d with its simple song his fluttering breast.
How happy once again in grassy nest!"

BOOK IV.

Muse of my native land! Jolliest Muse!
O first-born on the mountains! by the hues
Of heaven on the spiritual air begot;
Long didst thou sit alone in northern grot,
While yet our England was a wolfish den;
Before our forests heard the tallk of men;
Before the first of Druids was a child—
Long didst thou sit amid our regions wild,
Rapt in a deep prophetic solitude.
There came an eastern voice of solemn mood—
Yet vast thou patient. Then sang forth the Nine
Apollo’s garland:—yet didst thou divine
Such home-bred glory, that they cried in vain,
"Come hither, Sister of the Island!” Plain
Spake fair Ausonia; and once more she spake
A higher summons—still didst thou betake

Was heard no more
For clamor, when the golden palace-door
Thee to thy native hopes. O thou hast won
A full accomplishment! The thing is done,
Which unloved, these our latter days had risen
On barren souls. Great Muse, thou know'st what prison,
Of flesh and bone, curls, and confines, and frets
Our spirit's wings: despondency besets
Our pillows; and the fresh to-morrow morne
Seems to give forth its light in very scorn
Of our dull, uninspired, snail-paced lives.
Long have I said, How happy he who shrives
To thee! But then I thought on poets gone,
And could not pray—nor can I now—so on
I move to the end in lowliness of heart.

"Ah, woe is me! that I should fondly part
From my dear native land! Ah, foolish maid!
Glad was the hour, when, with thee, myriads bade
Adieu to Ganges and their pleasant fields!
To one so friendless the clear freshet yields
A bitter coolness; the ripe grape is sour:
Yet I would have, great gods! but one short hour
Of native air—let me but die at home."

Endymion to heaven's airy dome
Was offering up a hecatomb of vows,
When these words reach'd him. Whereupon he bows
His head through thorny-green entanglement
Of underwood, and to the sound is bent,
Anxious as hind towards her hidden fawn.

"Is no one near to help me? No fair dawn
Of life from charitable voice! No sweet saying
To set my dull and sadder'd spirit playing?
No hand to toy with mine? No lips so sweet
That I may worship them? No eyelids meet
To twinkle on my bosom? No one dies
Before me, till from these enlaving eyes
Redemption sparkles!—I am sad and lost."

Thou, Carian lord, hast better have been test
Into a whirlpool. Vanish into air,
Warm mountaineer! for canst thou only bear
A woman's sigh alone and in distress?
See not her charms? Is Phoebe passionless?
Phoebe is fairer, nay—O gaze no more—
Yet if thou wilt behold all beauty's store,
Behold her panting in the forest grass!
Do not those curls of glossy jet surpass
For tenderness the arms so idly lain
Amongst them? Feelest not a kindred pain,
To see such lovely eyes in swimming search
After some warm delight, that seems to perch
Dove-like in the din cell lying beyond
Their upper lids!—Hist!

"O for Hermes' wand,
To touch this flower into human shape!
That woodland Hyacinth could escape
From his green prison, and here kneeling down
Call me his queen, his second life's fair crown!
Ah me, how I could love!—My soul doth melt
For the unhappiest youth!—Love! I have felt
So faint a kindness, such a meek surrender
To what my own full thoughts had made too tender,
That but for tears my life had fled away!—
Ye deaf and senseless minutes of the day,
And thou, old forest, hold ye this for true,
There is no lightning, no authentic dew
But in the eye of love: there's not a sound,
Melodious however, can confound.
The heavens and earth in one to such a death
As doth the voice of love: there's not a breath
Will mingle kindly with the meadow air,
Till it has panted round, and stolen a share
Of passion from the heart!"

Upon a bough
He leant, wretched. He surely cannot now
Thirst for another love: O impious,
That he can even dream upon it thus!—
Thought he, "Why am I not as are the dead,
Since to a woe like this I have been led
Through the dark earth, and through the wondrous sea
Godess! I love thee not the less: from thee
By Juno's smile I turn not—no, no, no—
While the great waters are at ebb and flow.
I have a triple soul! O fond pretence
For both, for both my love is so immense,
I feel my heart is cut in twain for them."

And so he groan'd, as one by beauty slain.
The lady's heart beat quick, and he could see
Her gentle bosom heave tumultuously.
He sprang from his great covert: there she lay,
Sweet as a musk-rose upon new-made hay;
With all her limbs on tremble, and her eyes
Shut softly up alive. To speak he tries:
"Fair damsel, pity me! forgive me that I
Thus violate thy bower's sanctity!
O pardon me, for I am full of grief—
Grief born of thee, young angel! fairest chief!
Who stolen bust away the wings wherewith
I was to top the heavens. Dear maid, sith
Thou art my executioner, and I feel
Loving and hatred, misery and weal,
Will in a few short hours be nothing to me,
And all my story that much passion slew me:
Do smile upon the evening of my days:
And, for my tortured brain begins to craze,
Be thou my nurse; and let me understand
How dying I shall kiss thy lily hand—
But kiss for me? Then shall I be content.
Scowl on, ye fates! until the firmament
Out-blackens Erebus, and the full-cavern'd earth
Crumbles into itself. By the cloud girth
Of Jove, these tears have given me a thirst
To meet oblivion."—As her heart would burst
The maiden sobb'd awhile, and then replied:
"Why must such desolation befall
As that thou speakest of? Are not these green nook
Empty of all misfortune? Do the brooks
Utter a gorgeous voice? Does yonder thrush,
Schooling its half-fledged little ones to brush
About the dewy forest, whisper tales?—
Speak not of grief, young stranger, or cold snails
Will slime the rose to-night. Though if thou wilt,
Me thinks 't would be a guilt—a very guilt—
Not to companion thee, and sing away
The light—the dusk—the dark—till break of day."
"Dear lady," said Endymion, "tis past
I love thee! and my days can never last.
That I may pass in patience, still speak:
Let me have music dying, and I seek
No more delight—I bid adieu to all,
Didst thou not after other climates call,
And murmur about Indian streams?"—Then she,
Sitting beneath the midst of forest tree,
For pity sang this roundelay—

"O Sorrow!
Why dost thou rove?
The natural hue of health from vermeil lips?
To give maiden blushes?
To the white rose bushes?
Or is it thy dewy hand the daisy tips?

"O Sorrow!
Why dost thou rove?
The lustrous passion from a falcon-eye?
To give the glow-worm light?
Or, on a moonless night,
To tinge, on syren shores, the salt sea-spray?

"O Sorrow!
Why dost thou rove?
Heart's lightness from the merriment of May?
A lover would not tread
A cowslip on the head,
Though he should dance from eve till peep of day—
Nor any drooping flower
Held sacred for thy bower,
Wherever he may sport himself and play.

"To Sorrow
I bade good morrow,
And thought to leave her far away behind;
But cheerily, cheerily,
She loves me dearly;
She is so constant to me, and so kind:
I would deceive her;
And so leave her,
But ah! she is so constant and so kind.

"Beneath my palm-trees, by the river-side,
I sat a-weeping: in the whole world wide
There was no one to ask me why I wept,—
And so I kept
Brimming the water-lily cups with tears
Cold as my tears.

"Beneath my palm-trees, by the river-side,
I sat a-weeping: what enamored bride
Cheated by shadowy woeer from the clouds,
But hides and shrouds
Beneath dark palm-trees by a river-side?

"And as I sat, over the light-blue hills
There came a noise of revellers: the rills
Into the wide stream came of purple hue—
"T was Bacchus and his crew!
The earnest trumpet spoke, and silver thrills

From kissing cymbals made a merry din—
"T was Bacchus and his kin!
Like to a moving vintage down they came,
Crown'd with green leaves, and faces all on flame;
All madly dancing through the pleasant valley,
To scarce thee, Melancholy!
O then, O then, thou wast a simple name!
And I forgot thee, as the berried holy
By shepherds is forgotten, when in June,
Tall chestnuts keep away the sun and moon:—
I rush'd into the folly!

Within his car, aloft, young Bacchus stood,
Trifling his ivy-dart, in dancing mood,
With sidelong laughing;
And little rills of crimson wine imbrued
His plump white arms, and shoulders, enough white
For Venus' pearly bite;
And near him rode Silenus on his ass,
Pelted with flowers as he on did pass
TIPSY QUAFFING:

"Whence came ye, merry Damoels! whence came ye,
So many, and so many, and such glee?
Why have ye left your bowers desolate,
Your lutes, and gender fate?

"We follow Bacchus! Bacchus on the wing,
A conquering!
Bacchus; young Bacchus! good or ill beside,
We dance before him through kingdoms wide:—
Come hither, lady fair, and joined be.
To our wild minstrelsy!"

"Whence came ye, jolly Satyrs! whence came ye,
So many, and so many, and such glee?
Why have ye left your forest haunts, why left
Your nuts in oak-tree cleft?

"For wine, for wine we left our kernel tree:
For wine we left our heath, and yellow brooms,
And cold mushrooms;
For wine we follow Bacchus through the earth;
Great god of breathless cups and chirping mirth!—
Come hither, lady fair, and joined be.
To our mad minstrelsy!"

"Over wide streams and mountains great we went,
And, save when Bacchus kept his ivy tent,
Onward the tiger and the leopard pants,
With Asian elephants:
Onward these myriads—with song and dance,
With zebras striped, and sleek Arabians' prance,
Web-footed alligators, crocodiles.
Bearing upon their scaly backs, in files,
Plump infant laughter mimicking the coil
Of seamen, and stout galley-rowers' toil:
With toying oars and silken sails they glide
Nor care for wind and tide.

"Mounted on panthers' furs and lions' manes.
From rear to van they scour about the plains;
A three days' journey in a moment done;
And always, at the rising of the sun,
About the wilds they hunt, with spear and horn
On spleenful unicorn.

"I saw Osirian Egypt kneel adown
Before the vine-wreath crown.
I saw perch'd Abyssinia rouse and sing
To the silver cymbals' ring!
I saw the whelming vintage holy pierce
Old Tartary the fierce!
The kings of Ind their jewel-pectreys vail;
And from their treasures scatter pearl'd hail;
Great Brahma from his mystic heaven groans,
And all his priesthood moans,
Before young Bacchus' eye-wink turning pale.
Into these regions came I, following him,
Sick-hearted, weary—so I took a whim
To stray away into these forests drear,
Alone, without a peer:
And I have told thee all thou mayest hear.

"Young stranger!
I've been a ranger
In search of pleasure throughout every clime;
Alas! 'tis not for me:
Bewitch'd I sure must be,
To lose in grieving all my maiden prime.

"Come then, Sorrow,
Sweetest Sorrow!
Like an own babe I nurse thee on my breast:
I thought to leave thee,
And deceive thee,
But now of all the world I love thee best.

"There is not one,
No, no, not one
But thee to comfort a poor lonely maid;
Thou art her mother,
And her brother,
Her playmate, and her woer in the shade."

O what a sight she gave in finishing,
And look, quite dead to every worldly thing! Endymion could not speak, but gazed on her:
And listen'd to the wind that now did stir
About the crisped oaks full drearily,
Yet with as sweet a softness as might be
Remember'd from its velvet summer song.
At last he said, "Poet lady, with how this long
Have I been able to endure that voice?"
Fair Melody! kind Syren! I've no choice;
I must be thy sad servant evermore:
I cannot choose but kneel here and adore;
Alas, I must not think—by Phoebe, no!
Let me not think, soft Angel! shall it be so?
Say, beautifullest, shall I never think?
O thou couldst foster me beyond the brink
Of recollection! make my watchful care
Close up its bloodshot eyes, nor see despair!
Do gently murder half my soul, and I
Shall feel the other half so utterly!—
I'm giddy at that cheek so fair and smooth;
O let it blush so ever: let it soothe
My madness! let it mantle rose-warm
With the tinge of love, pouting in safe alarm.
This cannot be thy hand, and yet it is;
And this is sure thine other softling—this
Thine own fair bosom, and I am so near!
Wilt fall asleep? O let me sip that tear!
And whisper one sweet word that I may know
This is the world—sweet dewy blossom!'"—WOE!

WOE! WOE TO THAT ENDYMION! WHERE IS HE?
Even these words went echoing dismal
Through the wide forest—a most fearful tone,
Like one repenting in his latest moon;
And while it died away a shade pass'd by,
As of a thunder-cloud. When arrows fly
Through the thick branches, poor ring-doves seek
forth
Their timid necks and tremble; so these both
Leant to each other trembling, and sat so
Waiting for some destruction—when lo!
Foot-feather'd Mercury appear'd sublime
Beyond the tall tree-tops; and in less time
Than shoots the slanted hail-storm, down he dropt
Towards the ground; but rested not, nor stopt
One moment from his home: only the sward
He with his wand light touch'd, and heavenward
Swifter than sight was gone—even before
The teeming earth a sudden witness bore
Of his swift magic. Diving swans appear
Above the crystal circlings white and clear;
And catch the cheated eye in wild surprise,
How they can dive in sight and unseen rise—
So from the turf outspring two steeds jet-black,
Each with large dark-blue wings upon his back.
The youth of Caria placed the lovely dame
On one, and felt himself in spleen to tame
The other's fierceness. Through the air they flew,
High as the eagles. Like two drops of dew
Exhale to Phœbus' lips, away they are gone,
Far from the earth away—unseen, alone,
Among cool clouds and winds, but that the free,
The buoyant life of song can floating be
Above their heads, and follow them untir'd.
Muse of my native land! am I inspired?
This is the giddy air, and I must spread
Wide pinions to keep here; nor do I dread
Or height, or depth, or width, or any chance
Precipitous: I have beneath my glance
Those towering horses and their mournful height.
Could I thus sail, and see, and thus await
Fearless for power of thought, without thine aid—
There is a sleepy duck, an odious shindle
From some approaching wonder—whom to hold
Those wing'd steeds—"鹌!—"writes nostrils bold
Snuff at its faint extreme, and seem to tire,
Dying to embers from their native fire!

There cur'd it a purple mist around them; soon,
It seemed as when around the pale new moon
Sad Zephyr drops the clouds like weeping willow
"T was Sleep slow journeying with head on pillow
For the first time, since he came nigh dead-born
From the old womb of night, his cave forlorn
Had he left more forlorn; for the first time, he
He felt aloof the day and morning's prime—
Because into his depth Cimmerian
There came a dream, showing how a young man
Ere a lean bat could plump its wintery skin,
Would at last Jove's empyreal footstool win.
An immorality, and how espouse
Jove's daughter, and be reckoned of his house.
Now was he slumbering towards heaven's gate,
That he might at the threshold one hour wait
To hear the marriage melodies, and then
Sink downward to his dusky cave again.

560
His litter of smooth semilucent mist,
Diversely tinged with rose and amethyst,
Puzzled those eyes that for the centre sought;
And scarcely for one moment could be caught
His sluggish form reposing motionless.
Those two on winged steeds, with all the stress
Of vision search’d for him, as one would look
Athwart the shallows of a river nook
To catch a glance at silver-throated eels,—
Or from old Skiddaw’s top, when fog conceals
His rugged forehead in a mantle pale,
With an eye-guess towards some pleasant vale,
Descry a favorite hamlet faint and far.

These raven horses, though they foster’d are
Of earth’s splenetic fire, dully drop
Their full-vein’d ears, nostrils blood wide, and stop:
Upon the spiritless mist have they outspread
Their ample feathers; are in slumber dead,—
And on those pinions, level in mid-air,
Endymion sleepeath and the lady fair.
Slowly they sail, slowly as icy isle
Upon a calm sea drifting: and meanwhile
The mournful wanderer dreams. Behold! he works
On heaven’s pavement; brotherly he talks
To divine powers: from his hand full fain
Juno’s proud birds are pecking partly grain:
He tries the nerve of Phæbus’ golden bow,
And asketh where the golden apples grow:
Upon his arm he braces Pallas’ shield,
And strives in vain to unseal and wield
A Jovian thunderbolt: arch Hebe brings
A full-brim’d goblet, dances lightly, sings
And tantalizes long; at last he drinks,
And lost in pleasure at her feet he sinks,
Touching with dazzled lips her starlight hand,
He blows a bugle,—an ethereal band
Are visible above: the Seasons four,—
Green-kirtled Spring, flush Summer, golden store
In Autumn’s sickle, Winter frosty hoar,
Join dance with shadowy Hours; while still the blast,
In swells unmitigated, still doth last
To sway their floating morris. "Whose is this? Whose bugle?" he inquires: they smile.—"O Dis! Why is this mortal here? Dost thou not know Its mistress’ lips? Not thou!—"Tis Dian’s: lo! She rises crescented!" He looks, ‘tis she,
His very goddess: good-bye earth, and sea,
And air, and pains, and care, and suffering;
Good-bye to all but love! Then doth he spring
Towards her, and awakes—and, strange, o’erhead,
Of those same fragrant exhalations bred,
Beheld awake his very dream: the gods
Stood smiling; merry Hebe laughs and nods;
And Phæbe bends towards him crescented.
O state perplexing! Oh the pinion bed,
Too well awake, he feels the panting side
Of his delicious lady. He who died
For soaring too audacious in the sun,
Where that same treacherous wax began to run,
Felt not more tongue-tied than Endymion.
His heart leapt up as to its rightful throne,
To that fair-shadow’d passion pulsed its way—
Ah, what perplexity! Ah, what dismay!
So fond, so butchious was his bed-fellow,
He could not help but kiss her: then he grew
Awhile forgetful of all beauty save
Young Phæbe’s, golden-hair’d; and so ‘gan crave
Forgiveness: yet he turn’d once more to look
At the sweet sleeper,—all his soul was shook,—
She press’d his hand in slumber; so once more
He could not help but kiss her and adore.
At this the shadow wept, melting away.
The Latmian started up: “Bright goddess, stay!
Search my most hidden breast! By truth’s own tongue,
I have no desider: why is it wrong
To desperation? Is there naught for me,
Upon the bourn of bliss, but misery?"—

These words awoke the stranger or dark tresses:
Her dawning love-look rapt Endymion blesses
With ‘havior soft. Sleep yawn’d from underneath.
'Thou swan of Ganges, let us no more breathe
This murky phantasm! thou contented seem’st
Pillow’d in lovely tideness, nor dream’st
What horrors may discomfort thee and me.
Ah, shouldst thou die from my heart-treachery—
Yet did she merely weep—her gentle soul
Hath no revenge in it; as it is whole
In tenderness, would I were whole in love!
Can I prize thee, fair maid, all price above,
Even when I feel as true as innocence?
I do, I do.—What is this soul then? Whence
Came it? It does not seem my own, and I
Have no self-passion or identity.
Some fearful end must be; where, where is it?
By Nemesis! I see my spirit flit
Alone about the dark—Forgive me, sweet!
Shall we away?" He roused the steeds; they beat
Their wings chivalrous into the clear air,
Leaving old Sleep within his vapory lair.

The good-night blush of eye was waning slow,
And Vesper, risen star, began to throe
In the dusk heavens silvery, when they
Thus sprang direct towards the Galaxy.
Nor did speed hinder converse soft and strange—
Eternal oaths and vows they interchange,
In such wise, in such temper, so aloof
Up in the winds, beneath a starry roof,
So witless of their doom, that verily
'Tis well-nigh past man’s search their hearts to see,
Whether they wept, or laugh’d, or grieved, or toy’d—
Most like with joy gone mad, with sorrow cloy’d.

Full facing their swift flight, from ebon streak
The moon put forth a little diamond peak,
No bigger than an unobserved star,
Or tiny point of fairy scimitar;
Bright signal that she only stook’d to tie
Her silver sandals, ere deliciously
She bow’d into the heavens her timid head.
Slowly she rose, as though she would have fled
While to his lady meek the Carian turn’d,
To mark if her dark eyes had yet discern’d
This beauty in its birth—Despair! despair!
He saw her body fading gauze and spare
In the cold moonshine. Straight he seized her wrist;
It melted from his grasp; her hand he kiss’d, And, horror! kiss’d his own—he was alone.
KEATS'S POETICAL WORKS.

Her steed a little higher soar'd, and then
Dropt hawkwise to the earth.

There lies a den,
Beyond the seeming confines of the space
Made for the soul to wander in and trace
Its own existence, of remotest glooms.
Dark regions are around it, where the tombs
Of buried griefs the spirit sees, but scarce
One hour doth linger weeping, for the pierce
Of new-born woe it feels more insensibly:
And in these regions many a ven'mous dart
At random flies; they are the proper home
Of every ill: the man is yet to come
Who hath not journey'd in this native hell.
But few have ever felt how calm and well.
Sleep may be had in that deep den of all,
There anguish does not sting, nor pleasure pall;
Woe-hurricanes beat ever at the gate.
Yet all is still within and desolate.
Beset with painful gusts, within ye hear
No sound so loud as when on curtain'd bier
The death-watch tick is still'd. Enter none
Who strive therefor: on the sudden it is won.
Just when the sufferer begins to burn,
Then it is free to him; and from an urn,
Still fed by melting ice, he takes a draught—
Young Semele such richness never quaff'd
In her maternal longing. Happy gloom!
Dark Paradise! where pale becomes the bloom
Of health by due; where silence dreariest
Is most articulate; where hopes infest;
Where those eyes are the brightest far that keep
Their lids shut longest in a dreamless sleep.
O happy spirit-home! O wondrous soul!
Pregnant with such a den to save the whole
In tuine own depth. Hail, gentle Carian!
For, never since thy griefs and woes began,
Hast thou felt so content: a grievous feud
Hath led thee to this Cave of Quietude.
Aye, his lull'd soul was there; although upborne
With dangerous speed: and so he did not mourn
Because he knew not whither he was going.
So happy was he, not the aerial bowing
Of trumpets at clear parsley from the east
Could rouse from that fine relish, that high feast.
They sung the feather'd horse; with fierce alarm
He flipp'd towards the sound. Alas! no charm
Could lift Endymion's head, or he had view'd
A skyeey mask, a pinion'd multitude,—
And silvery was its passing: voices sweet
Warbling the while as if to lull and greet
The wanderer in his path. Thus warbled they,
While past the vision went in bright array.

"Who, who from Dian's feast would be away?
For all the golden bowers of the day
Are empty left? Who, who away would be
From Cynthia's wedding and festivity?
Not Hesperus: lo! upon his silver wings
He leans away for highest heaven and sings,
Snapping his lucid fingers merrily:—
Ah, Zephyrus! art here, and Flora too!
Ye tender babbles of the rain and dew,
Young playmates of the rose and daffodil,
Be careful, ere ye enter in, to fill

Your baskets high
With sensual green, and balm, and golden pines,
Savory, latter-mint, and columbines
Cool parsley, basil sweet, and sunny thyme;
Yea, every flower and leaf of every clime,
All gathered in the dewy morning: hire
Away! fly, fly!—
Crystalline brother of the belt of heaven,
Aquarius! to whom king Jove has given
Two liquid pulse streams 'stead of feather'd wings,
Two fan-like fountains,—thine illuminings
For Dion play:
Dissolve the frozen purity of air;
Let thy white shoulders silvery and bare
Show cold through watery pinions; make more brigh
The Star-Queen's crescent on her marriage night:
Haste, haste away!
Castor has tamed the planet Lion, see!
And of the Bear has Polux mastery:
A third is in the race! who is the third,
Speeding away swift as the eagle bird?
The ramping Centaur!
The Lion's mane's on end: the Bear how fierce!
The Centaur's arrow ready seems to pierce
Some enemy: far forth his bow is bent
Into the blue of heaven. He'll be shent,
Pale unrelentor,
When he shall hear the wedding lutes a-playing.
Andromeda! sweet woman! why delaying
So timidly among the stars? come hither!
Join this bright throng, and nimbly follow whither
They all are going.
Danae's Son, before Jove newly bow'd,
Has wept for thee, calling to Jove aloud.
Thee, gentle lady, did he disenthral:
Ye shall for ever live and love, for all
Thy tears are flowing.—
By Daphne's fright, behold Apollo!—"

Endymion heard not: down his steed him bore,
Prone to the green head of a misty hill.

"His first touch of the earth went nigh to kill.
"Alas!" said he, "were I but always borne
Through dangerous winds, had but my footstools worn
A path in hell, for ever would I bless
Horrors which nourish an uneasiness
For my own solden conquering; to him
Who lives beyond earth's boundary: grief is dim,
Sorrow is but a shadow: now I see
The grass; I feel the solid ground.—Ah, me!
It is thy voice—divine! Wherefore? who? who
Left thee so quiet on this bed of dew?
Behold upon this happy earth we are;
Let us aye love each other; let us fare
On forest-fruits, and never, never go
Among the abodes of mortals here below,
Or be by phantoms duped. O destiny!
Into a labyrinth now my soul would fly,
But with thy beauty will I deaden it.
Where didst thou melt too? By thee will I sit
For ever: let our fate stop here—a kid
I on this spot will offer. Pan will bid
Us live in peace, in love and peace among
His forest wildernesses. I have clung

Moro
To nothing, loved a nothing, nothing seen.
Or felt but a great dream! Oh, I have been
Presumptuous against love, against the sky.
Against all elements, against the tide
Of mortals each to each, against the blooms
Of flowers, rush of rivers, and the tombs
Of heroes gone! Against his proper glory
His own soul conspired: so my story
Will I to children utter, and repent.
These never lived a mortal man, who bent
His appetite beyond his natural sphere,
But starved and died. My sweetest Indian, here,
Here will I kneel, for thou redeemed hast
My life from too thin breathing: gone and pest
Are cloudy phantasmas. Caverns lone, farewell!
And air of visions, and the monstrous swell
Of visionary seas! No, never more
Shall airy voices cheat me to the shore
Of tangled wonder, breathless and aghast.
Adieu, my daintiest Dream! although so vast
My love is still for thee. The hour may come
When we shall meet in pure Elusian.
On earth I may not love thee; and therefore
Doves will I offer up, and sweetest store
All through the teaming year: so thou wilt shine,
On me, and on this damsel fair reclaimed:
And bless our simple lives. My Indian bliss!
My river-lily bud! one human kiss!
One sigh of real breath—one gentle squeeze,
Warm as a dove's nest among summer trees,
And warm with dews that ooze from living blood!
What didst melt? Ah, what of that!—all good
We'll talk about—no more of dreaming.—Now,
Where shall our dwelling be? Under the brow
Of some steep mossy hill, where ivy dun
Would hide us up, although spring leaves were none;
And where dark yew-trees, as we rustle through,
Will drop their scarlet-berry cups of dew!
Oh thou wouldst joy to live in such a place!
Dusk for our loves, yet light enough to grace
Those gentle limbs on mossy bed reclined:
For by one step the blue sky shouldst thou find,
And by another, in deep dell below,
Sea, through the trees, a little river go
All in its mid-day gold and glittering.
Honey from out the gnarled hive I'll bring,
And apples, wan with sweetness, gather thee.
Cressas that grow where no man may them see,
And sorrel uniform by the dew-claw'd stag;
Pipes will I fashion of the syrinx flag,
That thou mayst always know whither I roam,
When it shall please thee in our quiet home
To listen and think of love. Still let me speak;
Still let me dye into the joy I seek,—
For yet the past doth prison me. The rill,
Thou haply mayst delight in, will I fill
With fairy fishes from the mountain tarn,
And thou shalt feed them from the squirrel's barn.
Itsbottom will I strew with amber shells,
And pebbles blue from deep enchanted wells.
Its sides I'll plant with dew-sweet eglantine,
And honeysuckles full of clear bee-wine.
I will entice this crystal rill to trace
Love's silver name upon the meadow's face.
I'll kneel to Vesta, for a flame of fire;
And to god Phoebus, for a golden lyre,
To Empress Diana, for a hunting-spear;
To Vesper, for a taper silver-clear,
That I may see thy beauty through the night;
To Flora, and a nightingale shall light
Tame on thy finger; to the River-gods,
And they shall bring thee taper fishing-rods
Of gold, and lines of Naiad's long bright trees.
Heaven shield thee for thine utter loveliness!
Thy mossy footstool shall the alar be
Fare which I'll bend, bending, dear love, to thee.
Those lips shall be my Delphos, and shall speak
Laws to my footsteps, color to my cheek,
Trembling or steadfastness to the same voice,
And of three sweetest pleasures the choice:
And that affectionate light, those diamond things,
Those eyes, those passions, those supreme pearl springs,
Shall be my grief, or twinkle me to pleasure.
Say, is not bliss within our perfect seizure?
O that I could not doubt!"

The mountaineer
Thus strove by fancies vain and crude to clear
His brier'd path to some tranquillity.
It gave bright gladness to his lady's eye,
And yet the tears she wept were tears of sorrow;
Answering thus, just as the golden morrow
Beam'd upward from the valleys of the east:
"Oh that the flutter of this heart had ceased,
Or the sweet name of love had pass'd away!
Young feather'd tyrant! by a swift decay,
Will thou devote this body to the earth:
And I do think that at my very birth
I ISP'd thy blooming titles inwardly;
For at the first, first dawn and thought of thee,
With uplift hands I blest the stars of heaven.
Art thou not cruel? Ever have I striven
To think thee kind, but ah, it will not do!
When yet a child, I heard that kisses drew
Favor from thee, and so I kisses gave
To the void air, bidding them find out love:
But when I came to feel how far above
All fancy, pride, and fickle maidenhood.
All earthly pleasure, all imagined good,
Was the warm tremble of a devout kiss,
Even then, that moment, at the thought of this,
Fainting I fell into a bed of flowers,
And languish'd there three days. Ye milder powers
Am I not cruelly wrong'd! Believe, believe
Me, dear Endymion, were I to weave
With my own fancies garlands of sweet life,
Thou shouldst be one of all. Ah, bitter strife!
I may not be thy love: I am forbidden—
Indeed I am—thwarted, afflicted, chidden
By things I trembled at, and gorgon wrath.
Twice hast thou ask'd whither I went: henceforth
Ask me no more! I may not utter it,
Nor may I be thy love. We might commit
Ourselves at once to vengeance; we might die,
We might embrace and die: voluptuous thought
Enlarge not to my hunger, or I'm caught
In trammels of perverse deliciousness.
No no, that shall not be: thee will I bless,
And bid a long adieu."

The Carian
No word return'd. both lovelorn, silent, wan.
KEATS'S POETICAL WORKS.

Into the valleys green together went.
Far wandering they were perforse content
To sit beneath a fair, lone beechen tree;
Nor at each other gazed, but heavily
Pored on its hazel cirque of shedded leaves.

Endymion! unhappy! it nigh grieves
Me to behold thee thus in last extreme:
Enskied ere this; but truly that I deem
Truth the best music in a first-born song.
Thy lute-voiced brother will I sing ere long,
And thou shalt sit—last thou not aid me?
Yes, moonlight Emperor! felicity
Has been thy need for many thousand years;
Yet often have I, on the brink of tears,
Mourn'd as if yet thou wert a forester;—
Forgetting the old tale.

He did not stir
His eyes from the dead leaves, or one small pulse
Of joy he might have felt. The spirit culls
Unfaded amaranth, when wild it strays
Through the old garden-ground of boyish days.
A little onward ran the very stream
By which he took his first soft poppy dream;
And on the very bark 'gainst which he leant
A crescent he had carved, and round it spent
His skill in little stars. The teeming tree
Had swollen and green'd the pious character,
But not ta'en out. Why, there was not a slope
Up which he had not fear'd the anTELope;
And not a tree, beneath whose rooty shade
He had not with his tamed leopards play'd,
Nor could an arrow light, or javelin,
Fly in the air where his had never been—
And yet he knew it not.

O treachery!
Why does his lady smile, pleasing her eye
With all his sorrowing? He sees her not.
But who so stares on him? His sister, sure!
Poenas of the woods! Can she endure—
Impossible—how dearly they embrace!
His lady smiles; delight is in her face;
It is no treachery.

"Dear brother mine!
Endymion, weep not so! Why shouldst thou pine
When all great Latmos so exalt will be!
Thank the great gods, and look not bitterly;
And speak not one pale word, and sigh no more
Sure I will not believe thou hast such store
Of grief, to last thee to my kiss again.
Thou surely cannot bear a mind in pain,
Come hand in hand with one so beautiful.
Be happy both of you! for I will pull
The flowers of autumn for your coronals.
Pan's holy priest for young Endymion calls;
And when he is restored, thou, fairest dame,
Shalt be our queen. Now, is it not a shame
To see ye thus,—not very, very sad?
Perhaps ye are too happy to be glad:
O feel as if it were a common day;
Free-voiced as one who never was away.

No tongue shall ask, whence come ye? but ye shall
Be gods of your own rest imperal.
Not even I, for one whole month, will pry
Into the hours that have pass'd us by,
Since in my arbor I did sing to thee.
O Hermes! on this very night will be
A hymning up to Cynthia, queen of light;
For the soothsayers old saw yesternight
Good visions in the air,—whence will befall,
As say these sages, health perpetual
To shepherds and their flock; and furthermore,
In Dion's face they read the gentle lore:
Therefore for her these vesper-carols are.
Our friends will all be there from nigh and far.
Many upon thy death have ditties made
And many, even now, their foreheads shade
With cypress, on a day of sacrifice.
New singing for our maids shalt thou devise,
And pluck the sorrow from our huntsmen's brows.
Tell me, my lady-queen, how to espouse
This wayward youth, rather to his rightful joys!
His eyes are on thee bent, as thou didst poise
His fate most goddess-like. Help me, I pray,
To lure—Endymion, dear brother, say
What ails thee?" He could bear no more, and so
Bent his soul fiercely like a spiritual bow,
And swang'd it inwardly, and calmly said:
"I would have thee my only friend, sweet maid!
My only visitor! not ignorant though,
That those deceptions which for pleasure go
'Mong men, are pleasures real as real may be:
But there are higher ones I may not see,
If impiously an earthly realm I take.
Since I saw thee, I have been wide awake
Night after night, and day by day, until
Of the empyr'ane I have drunk my fill.
Let it content thee, Sister, seeing me
More happy than betides mortality.
A hermit young, I'll live in mossy cave,
Where thou alone shalt come to me, and lave
Thy spirit in the wonders I shall tell.
Through me the shepherd realm shall prosper well
For to thy tongue will I all health confide.
And, for my sake, let this young maid abide
With thee as a dear sister. Thou alone,
Poenas, mayst return to me. I own
This may sound strangely; but when, dearest girl
Thou seest it for my happiness, no pearl
Will trespass down those cheeks. Companion fair
Wilt be content to dwell with her, to share
This sister's love with me?" Like one resign'd
And bent by circumstances, and thereby blind
In self-commitment, thus that mock unknown:
"Ay, but a buzzing by my ears has flown,
Of jubilee to Dion—truth I heard!
Well then, I see there is no little bird,
Tender soever, but is Jove's own care.
Long have I sought for rest, and, unaware,
Behold I find it! so exalted too!
So after my own heart! I knew, I knew
There was a place untenanted in it;
In that same void white Chastity shall sit,
And monitor me nightly to lone slumber.
With sanest lips I vow me to the number
Of Dion's sisterhood; and, kind lady,
With thy good help, this very night shall see
564
My future days to her fame consecrate."

As feels a dreamer what doth most create
His own particular fright, so these three felt:
Or like one, who, in after ages, knelt
To Lucifer or Baal, when he'd pine
After a little sleep: or when in mine
Far under-ground, a sleeper meets his friends
Who know him not. Each diligently bends
Tow'rds common thoughts and things for very fear;
Striving their ghastly malady to cheer,
By thinking it a thing of yes and no,
That housewives talk of. But the spirit-blow
Was struck, and all were dreamers. At the last
Endymion said: "Are not our fates all cast?
Why stand we here! Adieu, ye tender pair!
Adieu!" Whereat those maidens, with wild stare,
Walk'd dizzily away. Pained and hot
His eyes went after them, until they got
Near to a cypress grove, whose deadly maw,
In one swift moment, would what then he saw
Inguled for ever. "Stay!" he cried, "ah, stay!"
Turn, damsels! his! one word I have to say:
Sweet Indian, I would see thee once again.
It is a thing I dote on: so I'd fain,
Peona, ye should hand in hand repair,
Into those holy groves that silent are
Befind great Dion's temple. I'll be yon,
At vesper's earliest twinkle—they are gone—
But once, once, once again—" At this he press'd
His hands against his face, and then did rest
His head upon a moosy hillock green,
And so remain'd as he a corpse had been
All the long day; save when he scantily lifted
His eyes abroad, to see how shadows shifted
With the slow move of time,—sluggish and weary
Until the popular tops, in journey dreary,
Had reach'd the river's brim. Then up he rose,
And, slowly as that very river flows,
Walk'd tow'rds the temple-grove with this lament:
"Why such a golden eye! The breeze is sent
Careful and soft, that not a leaf may fall
Before the serene father of them all
Bows down his summer head below the west.
Now am I of breath, speech, and speed possesst,
But at the setting I must bid adieu
To her for the last time. Night will strew
On the damp grass myriads of lingering leaves,
And with them shall I die; nor much it grieves
To die, when summer dies on the cold sword.
Why, I have been a butterfly, a lord
Of flowers, garlands, love-knots, silly posies,
Groves, meadows, melodies, and arbor-roses;
My kingdom's at its death, and just it is
That I should die with it: so in all this
We miscall grief, bale, sorrow, heart-break, woe,
What is there to plain of? By T'ian's fire
I am but rightly served." So saying, he
Tripp'd lightly on, in sort of deathful glee;
Laughing at the clear stream and setting sun,
As though they jests had been: nor had he done
His laugh at Nature's holy countenance,
Until that grove appear'd, as if perchance,
And then his tongue with sober semblibled
Gave utterance as he enter'd: "Ha!" I said,
"King of the butterflies; but by this gloom,
And by old Rhadamantus' tongue of doom,
This dusk religion, pomp of solitude,
And the Prometheus clay by thief ended,
By old Saturnus' forelock, by his head
Shook with eternal palsy, I did wed
Myself' to things of light from infancy;
And thus to be cast out, thus lorn to die,
Is sure enough to make a mortal man
Grow impious." So he inwardly began
On things for which no wording can be found;
Deeper and deeper sinking, until drown'd
Beyond the reach of music: for the choir
Of Cynthia be heard not, though rough brier
Nor muffling thicket interposed to dull
The vesper hymn, far swollen, soft and full,
Through the dark pillars of those sylvan aisles.
He saw not the two maidens, nor their smiles,
Wan as primroses gather'd at midnight
By chilly-finger'd spring. "Unhappy wight!
Endymion!" said Peona, "we are here!
What wouldst thou ere we all are laid on bier?"
Then he embraced her, and his lady's hand
Press'd, saying: "Sister, I would have command,
If it were heaven's will, on our sad fate."
At which that dark-eyed stranger stood elate,
And said, in a new voice, but sweet as love,
To Endymion's amaze: "By Cupid's dove,
And so thou shalt! and by the lily truth
Of my own breast thou shalt, beloved youth!"
And as she spoke, into her face there cam
Light, as reflected from a silver flame:
Her long black hair swell'd ampler, in display
Full golden; in her eyes a brighter day
Dawn'd blue and full of love. Ay, he beheld
Phoebe, his passion! joyous she uplifted
Her lucid bow, continuing thus: "Drear, drear
Has our delaying been; but foolish fear
Withheld me first; and then decrees of fate;
And then twas fit that from this mortal state
Thou shouldst, my love, by some unlook'd-for change
Be spiritualized." Peona, we shall range
These forests, and to thee they safe shall be
As was thy cradle; hither shalt thou flee
To meet us many a time." Next Cynthia bright
Peona kiss'd, and bless'd with fair good-night:
Her brother kiss'd her too, and kneel adown
Before his goddess, in a blissful swoon.
She gave her fair hands to him, and behold,
Before three swiftlest kisses he had told,
They vanish'd far away.—Peona went
Home through the gloomy wood in wonderment.
Lamia.

PART I.

Upon a time, before the fiery broods
Drove Nymph and Satyr from the prosperous woods,
Before King Oberon's bright diadem,
Sceptre, and mantle, clasp'd with dewy gem,
Frighted away the Dryads and the Fauns
From rushes green, and brakes, and cowalip'd lawns,
The ever-smitten Hermes empty left
His golden throne, bent warm on amorous theft:
From high Olympus had he stolen light,
On this side of Jove's clouds, to escape the sight
Of his great summoner, and made retreat
Into a forest on the shores of Crete,
For somewhere in that sacred island dwelt
A nymph, to whom all hoofed Satyrs knelt;
At whose white feet the languid Tritons pour'd
Pearls, while on land they wither'd and adored.
Fast by the springs where she to bath was wont,
And in those mends where sometimes she might haunt,
Were strewn rich gifts, unknown to any Muse,
Though Fancy's casket were unlock'd to choose.
Ah, what a world of love was at her feet!
So Hermes thought, and a celestial heat
Burnt from his winged heels to either ear,
That from a whiteness, as the lily clear,
Blush'd into roses 'mid his golden hair,
Fallen in jealous curls about his shoulders bare.
From vale to vale, from wood to wood, he flew,
Breathing upon the flowers his passion new,
And wound with many a river to its head,
To find where this sweet nymph prepared her secret bed:
In vain; the sweet nymph might nowhere be found,
And so he rested, on the lonely ground,
Pensive, and full of painful jealousies
Of the Wood-Gods, and even the very trees.
There as he stood, 'he heard a mournful voice,
Such as once heard, in gentle heart, destroys
All pain but pity: thus the lone voice spake:
"When from this wreathed tomb shall I awake?
When move in a sweet body fit for life,
And love, and pleasure, and the ruddy strife
Of hearts and lips? Ah, miserable me!"
The God, dove-footed, glided silently
Round bush and tree, soft-brushing, in his speed,
The taller grasses and full-flowering weed,
Until he found a palpitating snake,
Bright, and cirque-couchant in a daisy brake.

She was a gordan shape of dazzling hue,
Vermilion-spotted, golden, green, and blue;
Striped like a zebra, freckled like a pard,
Eyed like a peacock, and all crimson-barr'd;
And full of silver moons, that, as she breathed,
Dissolved, or brighter shone, or interwreathed
Their lustres with the gloomier tapestries—
So rainbow-sided, touch'd with miseries,
She seem'd, at once, some penanced lady elf,
Some demon's mistress, or the demon's self.

Upon her crest she wore a wannish fire
Sprinkled with stars, like Ariadne's tier:
Her head was serpent, but ah, bitter-sweet!
She had a woman's mouth with all its pearls complete
And for her eyes—what could such eyes do there
But weep, and weep, that they were born so fair?
As Proserpine still weeps for her Sicilian air.
Her throat was serpent, but the words she spoke
Came, as through bubbling honey, for Love's sake,
And thus; while Hermes on his pinions lay,
Like a stoop'd falcon ere he takes his prey:

"Fair Hermes, crown'd with feathers, fluttering light,
I had a splendid dream of thee last night,
I saw thee sitting, on a throne of gold,
Among the Gods, upon Olympus old,
The only sad one; for thou didst not hear
The soft, lute-finger'd Muses chanting clear,
Nor even Apollo when he sang alone,
Deaf to his throbbing throat's long, long melodious
Moon.
I dreamt I saw thee, robed in purple flakes,
Break amorous through the clouds, as morning breaks,
And, swiftly as a bright Pheobe dart,
Strike for the Cretan isle; and here thou art!
Too gentle Hermes, hast thou found the maid?"
Whereat the star of Lethe not delay'd
His rosy eloquence, and thus inquired:
"Thou smooth-lipp'd serpent, surely high inspir'd!
Thou beauteous wreath with melancholy eyes,
Possess whatever bliss thou canst devise
Telling me only where my nymph is fled,—
Where she doth breathe!" "Bright planet, thou hast said!
Return'd the snake, "but seal with oaths, fair God!"
"I swear," said Hermes, "by my serpent rod,
And by thine eyes, and by thy Sirius crown!"
Light flew his earnest words, among the blossom blown.
Then thus again the brilliance feminine:
"Too frail of heart! for this lost nymph of thine,
Free as the air, invisibly, she strays
About these thornless wilds; her pleasant days
She tastes unseen; unseen her nimble feet
Leave traces in the grass and flowers sweet:
From weary tendrils, and bow'd branches green,
She plucks the fruit unseen, she bathes unseen.
And by my power is her beauty veil'd
To keep it unaffronted, unassail'd
By the love-glances of unlovely eyes,
Of Satyrs, Fauns, and blear'd Silenus' sighs.
Pale grew her immortality, for woe
Of all these lovers, and she grieved so
I took compassion on her, bade her steep
Her hair in weird syrops, that would keep
Her loveliness invisible, yet free
To wander as she loves, in liberty.
Thou shalt behold her, Hermes, thou alone,
If thou wilt, as thou swearest, grant my boon!"
Then, once again, the charmed God began
An oath, and through the serpent's ears it ran
Warm, tremulous, devout, psalterian.

566
Ravish'd she lifted her Circean head,  
Blush'd a live damask, and swift-laping said,  
"I was a woman, let me have once more  
A woman's shape, and charming as before.  
I love a youth of Corinth—O the bliss!  
Give me my woman's form, and place me where he is.  
Sooth, Hermes, let me breathe upon thy brow,  
And thou shalt see thy sweet nymph even now."  
The God on half-shut feathers sank serene,  
She breathed upon his eyes, and swift was seen  
Of both the guarded nymph near-emiling on the green.  
It was no dream; or say a dream it was;  
Real are the dreams of Gods, and smoothly pass  
Their pleasures in a long immortal dream.

One warm, flush'd moment, hovering, it might seem  
Dash'd by the wood-nymph's beauty, so he burn'd;  
Then, lighting on the printless verdure, turn'd  
To the swoon'd serpent, and with languid Delicate, put to proof the lithe Caducean charm.  
So done, upon the nymph his eyes he bent  
Full of adoring tears and blandishment,  
And towards her steep: she, like a moon in wane,  
Faded before him, cover'd, nor could restrain  
Her fearful sob's, self-folding like a flower  
That faints into itself at evening hour:  
But the God fostering her chilled hand,  
She felt the warmth, her eyelids open'd bland  
And, like new flowers at morning song of bees,  
Bloom'd, and gave up her honey to the bees.  
Into the green-recessed woods they flew;  
Nor grew they pale, as mortal lovers do.

Left to herself, the serpent now began  
To change; her elfin blood in madness ran,  
Her mouth foam'd, and the grass, therewith besprent,  
With'er at dew so sweet and virulent;  
Her eyes in torture fix'd, and anguish drear,  
Hot, glazed, and wide, with lid-lashes all rear,  
Flash'd phosphor and sharp sparks, without one cooling tear.  
The colors all inflamed throughout her train,  
She writhed about, convulsed with scarlet pain.  
A deep volcanic yellow took the place  
Of all her milder-monied body's grace;  
And, as the lava ravishes the mead,  
Spoil all her silver mail, and golden brede:  
Made gloom of all her frecklings, streaks and bars,  
Eclipsed her crescents, and lick'd up her stars:  
So that, in moments few, she was unend  
Of all her sapphires, greens, and amethyst.  
And rubious-argent; of all these bëref  
Nothing but pain and ugliness were left.  
Still shone her crown; that vanish'd, also she  
Melted and disappear'd as suddenly;  
And in the air, her new voice luting soft,  
Cried, "Lycius! gentle Lycius!"—Borne aloft.  
With the bright mists about the mountains hoar,  
These words dissolv'd: Crete's forests heard no more.

Whither fled Lamia, now a lady bright,  
A full-born beauty new and exquisite?  
She fled into that valley they pass o'er  
Who go to Corinth from Chenchreas' shore;  
And rested at the foot of those wild hills,  
The rugged founts of the Peraean rills,  
And of that other ridge whose barren back  
Stretches, with all its mist and cloudy rack,  
South-westward to Cleone. There she stood  
About a young bird's flutter from a wood,  
Fair, on a sloping green of mossy tread,  
By a clear pool, wherein she passion'd  
To see herself escaped from so sore ills;  
While her robes flaunted with the daffodils.

Ah, happy Lycius!—for she was a maid  
More beautiful than ever twisted braids,  
Or sigh'd, or blush'd, or on spring-flower'd len  
Spread a green kirtle to the minstrelsy:  
A virgin purest lip't, yet in the lore  
Of love deep learn'd to the red heart's core:  
Not one hour old, yet of sciential brain  
To unperplex bliss from its neighbor pain;  
Define their pettish limits, and estrange  
Their points of contact, and swift counterchange  
Intrigue with the specious chaos, and dispar  
Its most ambigulous atoms with sure art;  
As though in Cupid's college she had spent  
Sweet days a lovely graduate, still unshent,  
And kept its rosy terms in idle languishment

Why this fair creature chose so fairly  
By the wayside to linger, we shall see;  
But first 'tis fit to tell how she could muse  
And dream, when in the serpent prison-house,  
Of all she list, strange or magnificent.  
How, ever, where she will'd, her spirit went;  
Whether to haunt Elysium, or where  
Down through trees-lifting waves the Nereids fair  
Wind into Thetis' bower by many a pearly stair,  
Or where God Bacchus drains his cups divine,  
Stretch'd out, at ease, beneath a glutinous pine;  
Or where in Pluto's gardens palatine  
Mulciber's columns gleam in far pizzazian line.  
And sometimes into cities she would send  
Her dream, with feast and rioting to blend;  
And once, while among mortals dreaming thus,  
She saw the young Corinthian Lycius  
Charioning foremost in the envious race,  
Like a young Jove with calm uneager face,  
And fell into a swooning love of him.  
Now on the morn-time of that evening dim  
He would return that way, as well she knew,  
To Corinth from the shore; for freshly blew  
The eastern soft wind, and his galley now  
Grated the quay-stones with her brazen prow  
In port Cenchreas, from Eginas isle  
Fresh anchor'd; whither he had been awhile  
To sacrifice to Jove, whose temple there  
Waits with high marble doors for blood and incense rare.  
Jove heard his vows, and better'd his desire;  
For by some freakish chance he made retire  
From his companions, and set forth to walk.  
Perhaps grown wearied of their Corinth talk.  
Over the solitary hills he fared,  
Thoughtless at first, but ere one's star appear'd  
His phantasy was lost, where reason fades.  
In the calm'd twilight of Platonic shades.  
Lamia beheld him coming, near, more near—  
Close to her passing, in indifference drear,  
His silent sandals swept the mossy green;  
So neighbor'd to him, and yet so unseen.
She stood: he pass’d, shut up in mysteries,  
His mind wrapp’d like his mantle, while her eyes  
Follow’d his steps, and her neck regal white.  
Turn’d—syllabling thus, “Ah, Lycius bright!  
And will you leave me on the hills alone?  
Lycius, look back! and be some pity shown.”  
He did; not with cold wonder fearlessly,  
But Orpheus-like at an Eurydice;  
For so delicious were the words she sung  
It seem’d he had loved them a whole summer long:  
And soon his eyes had drunk her beauty up,  
Leaving no drop in the bewildering cup,  
And still the cup was full,—while he, afraid  
Lest she should vanish ere his lip had paid  
Due adoration, thus began to adore;  
Her soit look growing coy, she saw his chain so sure:  
“Leave thee alone! Look back! Ah, Goddess, see—  
Whether my eyes can ever turn from thee!  
For pity do not this sad heart belie—  
Even as thou vanishest so I shall die.  
Stay! though a Naiad of the rivers, stay!  
To thy far wishes will thy streams obey:  
Stay! though the greenest woods be thy domain,  
Alone they can drink up the morning rain:  
Though a descended Pleiad, will not one  
Of thine harmonious sisters keep not one  
Thy spheres, and as thy silver proxy shine?  
So sweetly to these ravish’d ears of mine  
Came thy sweet greeting, that if thou shouldst fade  
Thy memory will waste me to a shade:—  
For pity do not melt!”—“If I should stay,”  
Said Lamia, “here, upon this floor of clay,  
And pain my steps upon these flowers too rough;  
What canst thou say or do of charm enough  
To dull the nice remembrance of my home?  
Thou canst not ask me with thee here to roam  
Over these hills and vales, where no joy is,—  
Empty of immortality and bliss!  
Thou art a scholar, Lycius, and must know  
That finer spirits cannot breathe below  
In human climes, and live: Alas! poor youth,  
What taste of purer air hast thou to soothe  
My essence? What serener palaces,  
Where I may all my many senses please,  
And by mysterious sleights a hundred thighs appease?  
It cannot be—Adieu!” So said, she rose  
Tiptoe with white arms spread. He, sick to lose  
The amorous promise of her lone complain,  
Swoon’d murmuring of love, and pale with pain.  
The cruel lady, without any show  
Of sorrow for her tender favorite’s woe,  
But rather, if her eyes could brighter be,  
With brighter eyes and slow and apt  
Put her new lips to his, and gave afresh  
The life she had so tangled in her mesh:  
And as he from one trance was wakening  
Into another, she began to sing,  
Happy in beauty, life, and love, and every thing,  
A song of love, too sweet for earthly lyres,  
While, like held breath, the stars drew in their panting fires.  
And then she whisper’d in such trembling tone,  
As those who, safe together met alone  
For the first time through many anguish’d days,  
Use other speech than looks; bidding him raise  
His drooping head, and clear his soul of doubt,  
For that she was a woman, and without

Any more subtle fluid in her veins  
Than throbbing blood, and that the selfsame pains  
Inherited her frail-string heart as his.  
And next she wonder’d how his eyes could miss  
Her face so long in Corinth, where, she said,  
She dwelt but half retired, and there had led  
Days happy as the gold coin could invent  
Without the aid of love; yet in content  
Till she saw him, as once she pass’d him by,  
Where ’gainst a column he lean’d thoughtfully  
At Venus’ temple porch, ’mid baskets heap’d  
Of amorous herbs and flowers, newly reap’d  
Late on that eve, as ’twas the night before  
The Adonian feast; whereof she saw no more,  
But wept alone those days, for why should she adore?  
Lycius from death awoke into amaze,  
To see her still, and singing so sweet lays;  
Then from amaze into delight he fell  
To hear her whisper woman’s lore so well;  
And every word she spake enticed him on  
To superplex’d delight and pleasure known.  
Let the mad poets say whate’er they please  
Of the sweets of Fairies, Peris, Goddesses,  
There is not such a treat among them all,  
Haunters of cavern, lake, and waterfall,  
As a real woman, lineal indeed  
From Pyrrha’s pebbles or old Adam’s seed.  
Thus gentle Lamia judged, and judged aright,  
That Lycius could not love in half a fright,  
So threw the goddess off, and won his heart  
More pleasantly by playing woman’s part,  
With no more awe than what her beauty gave  
That, while it smote, still guaranteed to save.  
Lycius to all made eloquent reply,  
Marrying to every word a twin-born sigh:  
And last, pointing to Corinth, ask’d her sweet,  
If ’twas too far that night for her soft feet.  
The way was short, for Lamia’s eagerness  
Made, by a spell, the triple league decrease  
To a few paces; not at all surprised  
By blinded Lycius, so in her comprised  
They pass’d the city gates, he knew not how,  
So noiseless, and he never thought to know.

As men talk in a dream, so Corinth all,  
Throughout her palaces imperial,  
And all her populous streets and temples lew’d,  
Mutter’d, like tempest in the distance brew’d,  
To the wide-spreaded night above her towers.  
Men, women, rich and poor, in the cool hours,  
Shuffled their sandals o’er the pavement white,  
Companion’d or alone; while many a light  
Flared, here and there, from wealthy festivals,  
And threw their moving shadows on the walls,  
Or found them cluster’d in the cornice shade  
Of some arch’d temple door, or dusky colonnade

Muffling his face, of greeting friends in fear,  
Her fingers he press’d hard, as one came near  
With curl’d gray beard, sharp eyes, and smooth bald crown,  
Slow-stepp’d, and robed in philosophic gown:  
Lycius shrank closer, as they met and past,  
Into his mantle, adding wings to haste,
While hurried Lamia trembled: "Ah," said he, "Why do you shudder, love, so rudely! Why does your tender palm dissolve in dew?"—"I am wearied," said fair Lamia: "tell me who Is that old man? I cannot bring to mind His features: Lycius! wherefore did you blind Yourself from his quick eyes?" Lycius replied, "Is Apollonius sage, my trusty guide And good instructor; but to-night he seems The ghost of folly haunting my sweet dreams."  

While yet he spake, they had arrived before A pillar'd porch, with lofty portal door, Where hung a silver lamp, whose phosphor glow Reflected in the slabb'd steps below, Mild as a star in water; for so new, And so unsullied was the marble hue, So through the crystal polish, liquid fine, Ran the dark veins, that none but feet divine Could e'er have touch'd there. Sounds Eolian Breathed from the hinges, as the ample span Of the wide doors disclosed a place unknown Some time to any, but those two alone. And a few Persian mutes, who that same year Were seen about the markets: none knew where They could inhabit; the most curious Were fail'd, who watch'd to trace them to their house: And but the flitter-winged verse must tell, 'T would humor many a heart to leave them thus, Shut from the busy world of more incredulous.

PART II.

LOVE in a hut, with water and a crust, Is—Love, forgive us!—cinders, ashes, dust; Love in a palace is perhaps at last More grievous torment than a hermit's fast:— That is a doubtful tale from fairy-land, Hard for the non-select to understand. Had Lycius lived to hand his story down, He might have given the moral a fresh frown, Or elench'd it quite: but too short was their bliss To breed distrust and hate, that make the soft voice his. Besides, there, nightly, with terrific glare, Love, jealous grown of so complete a pair, Hover'd and buzz'd his wings, with fearful roar. Above the lintel of their chamber-door, And down the passage cast a glow upon the floor. For all this came a ruin: side by side They were enthroned, in the eventide, Upon a couch, near to a curtaining Whose airy texture, from a golden string, Floats into the room, and let appear Unveil'd the summer heaven, blue and clear, Betwixt two marble shafts:—there they repos'd, Where use had made it sweet, with eyelids closed, Saving a tythe which love still open kept, That they might see each other while they almost slept; When from the slope side of a suburb hill, Deafen'd the swallow's twitter, came a thrill Of trumpets—Lycius started—the sounds fled, But left a thought, a buzzing in his head. For the first time, since first he harbor'd in That purple-lined palace of sweet sin, His spirit pass'd beyond its golden bourn Into the noisy world almost forewarned. The lady, ever watchful, penetrant, Saw this with pain, so arguing a want Of something more, more than her empery Of joys; and she began to moan and sigh. Because he muse'd beyond her, knowing well That but a moment's thought is passion's passing-bell "Why do you sigh, fair creature?" whisper'd he: "Why do you think?" return'd she tenderly. "You have deserted me; where am I now? Not in your heart while care weighs on your brow: No, no, you have dismiss'd me; and I go From your breast houseless: ay, it must be so." He answer'd, bending to her open eyes, Where he was mirror'd small in paradise, "My silver planet, both of eve and morn! Why will you plead yourself so sad and forlorn, While I am striving how to fill my heart With deeper crimson, and a double smart? How to entangle, tramol up and snare Your soul in mine, and labyrinth you there, Like the hid scent in an unbudd'd rose? Ay, a sweet kiss—you see your mighty woes. My thoughts! shall I unvail them? Listen then! What mortal hath a prize, that other men May be confounded and abash'd withal, But lets it sometimes pace abroad majestic, And triumph, as in thee I should rejoice Amid the hoarse alarm of Corinth's voice. Let my foes choke, and my friends shout afar, While through the thronged streets your bridal car Wheels round its dazzling spokes."—The lady's cheer Trembled; she nothing said, but, pale and meek, Arose and knelt before him, wept a rain Of sorrows at his words; at last with pain Beseeching him, the while his hand she wrung, To change his purpose. He thereat was stung, Perverse, with stronger fancy to reclaim Her wild and timid nature to his aim; Besides, for all his love, in self-depite, Against his better self, he took delight Luxurious in her sorrows, soft and new His passion, cruel grown, took on a hue Fierce and sanguineous as 'twas possible In one whose brow had no dark veins to swell Fine was the mitigated fury, like Apollo's presence when in act to strike The serpent—Ha, the serpent! certes, she Was none. She burnt, she loved the tyrann, And, all-abhorr'd, consented to the hour When to the bridal he should lead his paramour. Whispering in midnight silence he said, the youth, "Sure some sweet name thou hast, though, by my truth, I have not ask'd it, ever thinking thee Not mortal, but of heavenly progeny, As still I do. Hast any mortal name, Fit appellation for this dazzling frame? Or friends or kinsfolk on the cified earth. To share our marriage-feast and nuptial mirth?" "I have no friends," said Lamia, "no, not one; My presence in wide Corinth hardly known: My parents' bones are in their dusty urns Sepulchred, where no kindled incense burns,
Seeing all their luckless race are dead, save me,
And I neglect the holy rite for thee.
Even as you list invite your many guests:
But if, as now it seems, your vision rests
With any pleasure on me, do not bid
Old Apollonius—from him keep me hid."
Lycius, perplex’d at words so blind and blank,
Made close inquiry; from whose touch she shrank,
Feigning a sleep; and he to the dull shade
Of deep sleep in a moment was betray’d.

It was the custom then to bring away
The bride from home at blushing shut of day,
Veil’d; in a chariot, heralded along,
By strown flowers, torches, and a marriage song,
With other pageants; but this fair unknown
Had not a friend. So being left alone
(Lycius was gone to summon all his kin),
And knowing surely she could never win
His foolish heart from its mad pompsousness,
She set herself, high-thoughted, how to dress
The misery in fit magnificence.
She did so, but ‘tis doubtful how and whence
Came, and who were her subtle servitors.
About the halls, and to and from the doors,
There was a noise of wings, till in short space
The glowing banquet-room shone with wide-arched grace.
A haunting music, sole perhaps and lone
Supportress of the fairy-roof, made moon
Throughout, as fearful the whole charm might fade.
Fresh carved cedar, mimicking a glade
Of palm and plantain, met from either side,
High in the midst, in honor of the bride:
Two palms and then two plantains, and so on,
From either side their stems branch’d one to one
All down the aisled palace; and beneath all
There ran a stream of lamps straight on from wall to wall.
So canopied, lay an untasted feast
Teeming with odors. Lamps, regal drest,
Silently paced about, and as she went,
In pale contented sort of discontent,
Mission’d her viewless servants to enrich
The fretted splendor of each nook and niche.
Between the tree-stems, marbled plain at first,
Came jasper panels; then, among these burst
Forth creeping imagery of slender trees,
And with the larger wove in small intricacies.
Approving all, she faded at will,
And shut the chamber up, close, hush’d and still,
Complete and ready for the revels rude,
When dreaded guests would come to spoil her solitude.

The day appear’d, and all the gossip rout.
O senseless Lycius! Madman! whereto flout
The saint-blessing fate, warm cloister’d hours,
And show to common eyes these secret-bowers!
The herd approach’d; each guest, with busy brain,
Arriving at the portal, gazed amain,
And enter’d marvelling: for they knew the street,
Remember’d it from childhood all complete
Without a gap, yet ne’er before had seen
That royal porch, that high-built fair demense;
So in they hurried all, mazed, curious and keen:
Save one, who look’d thereon with eye severe,
And with calm-plant’d steps walk’d in austere;

'Twas Apollonius: something too he laugh’d,
As though some knotty problem, that had daft
His patient thought, had now begun to thaw,
And solve and melt: 'twas just as he foresaw.

He met within the murmurous vestibule
His young disciple. "'Tis no common rule,
Lycius," said he, "for uninvited guest
To force himself upon you, and infest
With an unbidden presence the bright throng
Of younger friends; yet must I do this wrong,
And you forgive me." Lycius blush’d, and led
The old man through the inner doors broad spread,
With reconciling words and courteous mien
Turning into sweet milk the sophist’s spleen.

Of wealthy lustre was the banquet-room,
Fill’d with pervading brilliance and perfume:
Before each lucid panel fuming stood
A censer fed with myrrh and spiced wood,
Each by a sacred tripod held aloft.
Whose slender feet wide-swerved upon the soft
Wool-woofed carpets: fifty wreaths of smoke
From fifty censers their light voyage took
To the high roof, still mimick’d as they rose
Along the mirror’d walls by twin-clouds odorous.
Twelve spherical tables, by silk seats inspèred,
High as the level of a man’s breast rear’d
On libbard’s paws, upheld the heavy gold
Of cups and goblets, and the store thrice told
Of Ceres’ horn, and, in huge vessels, wine
Came from the gloomy tun with merry shine.
Thus loaded with a feast, the tables stood,
Each shirring in the midst the image of a God.

When in an antechamber every guest
Had felt the cold full sponge to pleasure press’d,
By ministering slaves, upon his hands and feet,
And fragrant oils with ceremony meet
Pour’d on his hair, they all moved to the feast
In white robes, and themselves in order placed
Around the silken couches, wondering
Whence all this mighty cost and blaze of wealth could spring.

Soft went the music that soft air along,
While fluent Greek a vowel’d under-song
Kept up among the guests discoursing low
At first, for scarcely was the wine at flow;
But when the happy vintage touch’d their brains,
Loudier they talk, and louder come the strains
Of powerful instruments—the gorgeous dyes,
The space, the splendor of the draperies,
The roof of awful richness, nectarous cheer,
Beautiful slaves, and Lamia’s self, appear,
Now, when the wine has done its rosy deed,
And every soul from human trammels freed,
No more so strange: for merry wine, sweet wine
Will make Elysian shades not too fair, too divine.
Soon was God Bacchus at meridian height;
Flush’d were their cheeks, and bright eyes double bright:
Garlands of every green, and every scent
From vales desflower’d, or forest trees, branch-rent,
In baskets of bright osier’d gold were brought
High as the handles heap’d, to suit the thought.
Of every guest; that each, as he did please,  
Might fancy-fit his brows, silk-pillow’d at his ease.

What wreath for Lamia? What for Lycius?  
What for the sage, old Apollonius?  
Upon her aching forehead be there hung  
The leaves of willow and of adder’s tongue;  
And for the youth, quick, let us strip for him  
The thyrus; that his watching eyes may swim  
Into forgetfulness; and, for the sage,  
Let spear-grass and the spitful thistle wage  
War on his temples. Do not all charms fly  
At the mere touch of cold philosophy?  
There was an awful rainbow once in heaven:  
We know her wof, her texture; she is given  
In the dull catalogue of common things.  
Philosophy will clip an Angel’s wings,  
Conquer all mysteries by rule and line,  
Empty the haunted air, and gnomed mine—  
Unweave a rainbow, as it erewhile made  
The tender-person’d Lamia melt into a shade.

By her glad Lycius sitting, in chief place,  
Scarse saw in all the room another face,  
Till checking his love trance, a cup he took  
Full-brimm’d, and opposite sent forth a look  
‘Cross the broad table, to beseech a glance  
From his old teacher’s wrinkled countenance,  
And pledge him. The bald-head philosopher  
Had fix’d his eye, without a twinkle or stir  
Full on the alarmed beauty of the bride,  
Browbeating her fair form, and troubling her sweet  
pride.

Lycius then press’d her hand, with devout touch,  
As pale it lay upon the rosy couch:  
‘Twas icy, and the cold ran through his veins;  
Then sudden it grew hot, and all the pains  
Of an unnatural heat shot to his heart.  
“Lamia, what means this? Wherefore dost thou start?  
Knowest thou that man?” Poor Lamia answer’d not.  
He gazed into her eyes, and not a jot  
Owed’d they the lovelorn piteous appeal:  
More, more he gazed: his human senses reel:  
Some angry spell that loveliness absorbs;  
There was no recognition in those orbs.  
“Lamia!” he cried—and no soft-toned reply.  
The many heard, and the loud revelev  
Grew husk; the stately music no more breathes;  
The myrtle sicken’d in a thousand wreaths.  
By faint degrees, voice, note, and pleasure ceased;  
A deadly silence step by step increased,  
Until it seem’d a horrid presence there,  
And not a man but felt the terror in his hair.  
Lamia!” he shriek’d: and nothing but the shriek  
With its sad echo did the silence break.  
“Begone, foul dream!” he cried, gazing again.  
In the bride’s face, where now no azure vein  
Wander’d on fair-spaced temples; no soft bloom  
Misted the cheek; no passion to illumine  
The deep-recessed vision—all was blight;  
Lamia, no longer fair, there sat a deadly white.  
“Shut, shut those juggling eyes, thou ruthless man!  
Turn them aside, wretch! or the righteous ban  
Of all the Gods, whose dreadful images  
Here represent their shadowy presences,  
May pierce them on the sudden with the thorn  
Of painful blindness; leaving thee forlorn,  
In trembling doaj’ge to the feeblest fright  
Of conscience, for their long-offended might,  
For all thine insipid proud-heart sophistries,  
Unlawful magic, and enticing lies.  
Corinthians! look upon that gray-beard wretch!  
Mark how, possess’d, his lashless eyelids stretch  
Around his demon eyes! Corinthians, see!  
My sweet bride withers at their potency.”  
“Fool!” said the sophist, in an under-tone  
Gruff with contempt; which a death-nighing moan  
From Lycius answer’d, as heart-struck and lost,  
He sank supine beside the aching ghost,  
“Fool! Fool!” repeated he, while his eyes still  
Relented not: “from every ill  
Of life, have I preserved thee this day:  
And shall I see thee made a serpent’s prey?”  
Then Lamia breathed death-breath; the sophist’s eye  
Like a sharp spear, went through her utterly,  
Keen, cruel, peacat, stinging: she, as well  
As her weak hand could any meaning tell,  
Motion’d him to be silent; vainly so,  
He look’d and look’d again a level—No!  
“A Serpent!” echoed he; no sooner said,  
Than with a frightful scream she vanished:  
And Lycius’ arms were empty of delight,  
As were his limbs of life, from that same night.  
On the high couch he lay!—his friends came round—  
Supported him—no pulse, or breath they found,  
And, in its marriage robe, the heavy-body wound."

**Philostратus, in his fourth book de Vita Apollonii, hath a memorable instance in this kind, which I may not omit, of one Menippus Lycius, a young man twenty-five years of age, that going betwixt Cenchreas and Corinth, met such a plantain in the habit of a fair gentlewoman, which taking him by the hand, carried him home to her house, in the suburbs of Corinth, and told him she was a Phoebian by birth, and if he would tarry with her, he should hear her sing and play, and drink; such wine as never any drank, and no man should molest him; but she, being fair and lovely, would die with him, that was fair and lovely to behold. The young man, a philosopher, otherwise staid and discreet, able to moderate his passions, though not of this love, tarried with her a while to his great content, and at last married her, to whose wedding, amongst other guests, came Apollonius; who, by some probable conjectures, found her out to be a serpent, a lamia; and that all her furniture was, like Fantalus’ gold, described by Homer, so substance but mere illusions. When she saw herself described, she wept, and desired Apollonius to be silent, but he would not be moved, and thereupon she, plate, house, and all that was in it, vanished in an instant; many thousands took notice of this fact, for it was done in the midst of Greece.”—Bunton’s Anatomy of Melancholy, Part 3, Sect. 2, Mem. 1, Subs. 1.
Isabella, or the Pot of Basil;
A STORY FROM BOCCACCIO.

I.
Fair Isabel, poor simple Isabel!
Lorenzo, a young palmer in Love's eye!
They could not in the self-same mansion dwell
Without some stir of heart, some malady;
They could not sit at meals but feel how well
It soothed each to be the other by;
They could not, sure, beneath the same roof sleep
But to each other dream, and nightly weep.

II.
With every morn their love grew tenderer,
With every eye deeper and tenderer still;
He might not in house, field, or garden stir,
But her full shape would all his seeing fill;
And his continual voice was pleasantest
To her, than noise of trees or hidden rill;
Her lute-string gave an echo of his name,
She spoilt her half-done broderie with the same.

III.
He knew whose gentle hand was at the latch,
Before the door had given her to his eyes;
And from her chamber-window he would catch
Her beauty farther than the falcon spies;
And constant as her vespers would be watch,
Because her face was turn'd to the same skies;
And with sick longing all the night outwear
To hear her morning-step upon the stair.

IV.
A whole long month of May in this sad plight
Made their cheeks paler by the break of June:
'To-morrow will I bow to my delight,
To-morrow will I ask my lady's boon." —
"O may I never see another night,
Lorenzo, if th' lips breathe not love's tune." —
So spake they to their pillows; but, alas,
Honeyless days and days did he let pass;

V.
Until sweet Isabella's untouch'd cheek
Fell sick within the rose's just domain,
Fell thin as a young mother's, who doth seek
By every lull to cool her infant's pain:
"How ill she is," said he, "I may not speak,
And yet I will, and tell my love all plain:
If looks speak love-laws, I will drink her tears,
And at the least will startle off her cares."

VI.
So said he one fair morning, and all day
His heart beat awfully against his side;
And to his heart he inwardly did pray
For power to speak; but still the ruddy tide
Stilled his voice, and pulse resolved away—
Fever'd his high conceit of such a bride,
Yet brought him to the meekness of a child:
Alas! when passion is both meek and wild!

VII.
So once more he had waked and anguish'd
A dreamy night of love and misery,
If Isabel's quick eye had not been wed
To every symbol on his forehead high;
She saw it waxing very pale and dead,
And straight all flussh'd; so, lisp'd tenderly,
"Lorenzo!"—here she ceased her timid quest,
But in her tone and look he read the rest.

VIII.
"O Isabella! I can half perceive
That I may speak my grief into thine ear;
If thou didst ever any thing believe,
Believe how I love thee, believe how near
My soul is to its doom: I would not grieve
Thy hand by unwelcome pressing, would not fear
Thine eyes by gazing; but I cannot live
Another night, and not my passion strive.

IX.
"Love! thou art leading me from wintry cold,
Lady! thou leadest me to summer clime,
And I must taste the blossoms that unfold
In its ripe warmth this gracious morning time."
So said, his erewhile timid lips grew bold,
And poesied with hers in dewy rhyme:
Great bliss was with them, and great happiness
Grew, like a lusty flower in June's caress.

X.
Parting they seem'd to tread upon the air,
Twin roses by the zephyr blown apart
Only to meet again more close, and share
The inward fragrance of each other's heart
She, to her chamber gone, a ditty fair
Sang, of delicious love and honey'd dart;
He with light steps went up a western hill,
And bade the sun farewell, and joy'd his fill.

XI.
All close they met again, before the dusk
Had taken from the stars its pleasant veil,
All close they met, all eyes, before the dusk
Had taken from the stars its pleasant veil,
Close in a bower of hyacinth and musk,
Unknown of any, free from whispering tale
Ah! better had it been for ever so,
Than idle ears should pleasure in their woe.

XII.
Were they unhappy then?—It cannot be—
Too many tears for lovers have been shed,
Too many sighs give we to them in fee,
Too much of pity after they are dead,
Too many doleful stories do we see,
Whose matter in bright gold were best be read
Except in such a page where Theseus' spouse
Over the pathless waves towards him bows.
XIII.

But, for the general award of love,
The little sweet doth kill much bitterness;
Though Dido silent is in under-grove,
And Isabella's was a great distress.
Though young Lorenzo in warm Indian clove
Was embalm'd, this truth is not the less—
Even bees, the little almsmen of spring-bowers,
Know there is richest juice in poison-flowers.

XIV.

With her two brothers this fair lady dwelt,
Enriched from ancestral merchandise.
And for them many a weary hand did swell
In toched mines and noisy factories,
And many once proud-quiver'd loins did melt
In blood from stinging whip—with hollow eyes
Many all day in dazzling river stood,
To take the rich-ored driftings of the flood.

XV.

For them the Ceylon diver held his breath,
And went all naked to the hungry shark;
For them his ears gush'd blood; for them in death
The seal on the cold ice with piteous bark
Lay full of darts; for them alone did see the
A thousand men in troubles wide and dark—
Half-ignorant, they turn'd an easy wheel,
That set sharp racks at work, to pinch and peel.

XVI.

Why were they proud? Because their marble founts
Gush'd with more pride than do a wrretch's tears!—
Why were they proud? Because fair orange-mounts
Were of more soft ascents than Lazar-stairs?
Why were they proud? Because red-lined accounts
Were richer than the songs of Grecian years?
Why were they proud? again we ask aloud,
Why in the name of Glory were they proud?

XVII.

Yet were these Florentines as self-retired
In hungry pride and gainful cowardice,
As two close Hebrews in that land inspired,
Paled in and vineyarded from beggars'ries;
The hawks of ship-mast forest—the untired
And pannier'd mules for ducents and old lies—
Quick cat's-paws on the generous stray-way,—
Great wits in Spanish, Tuscan, and Malay.

XVIII.

How was it these same leger-men could spy
Fair Isabella in her downy nest?
How could they find out in Lorenzo's eye
A straying from his toil? Hot Egypt's pest
Into their vision covetous and sly!
How could these money-bags see east and west?—
Yet so they did—and every dealer fair
Must see behind, as doth the hunted hare.

XIX.

O eloquent and famed Boccaccio!
Of thee we now should ask forgiving boon,
And of thy spicy myrtes as they blow,
And of thy roses amorous of the moon,
And of thy lilies, that do paler grow
Now they can no more hear thy gittern's tune,
For venturing syllables that ill be seen
The quiet glooms of such a piteous theme.

XX.

Grant thou a pardon here, and then the tale
Shall move on soberly, as it is meet;
There is no other crime, no mad assail
To make old prose in modern rhyme more sweet;
But it is done—succeed the verse or fail—
To honor thee, and thy gone spirit greet;
To steal thee as a verse in English tongue,
An echo of thee in the north-wind sung.

XXI.

These brethren having found by many signs
What love Lorenzo for their sister had,
And how she loved him too, each unconfines
His bitter thoughts to other, well-nigh mad
That he, the servant of their trade designs,
Should in their sister's love be blithe and glad,
When 't was their plan to coax her by degrees
To some high noble and his olive-trees.

XXII.

And many a jealous conference had they,
And many times they bit their lips alone,
Before they fix'd upon a surest way
To make the youngest for his crime atone;
And at the last, these men of cruel clay
Cut Mercy with a sharp knife to the bone;
For they resolved in some forest dim
To kill Lorenzo, and there bury him.

XXIII.

So on a pleasant morning, as he leant
Into the sunrise o'er the balustrade
Of the garden-terrace, towards him they bent
Their footing through the dews; and to him said
"You seem there in the quiet of content,
Lorenzo, and we are most loth to invade
Calm speculation; but if you are wise,
Bestride your steed while cold is in the skies.

XXIV.

"To-day we purpose, ay, this hour we mount
To spur three leagues towards the Apennine;
Come down, we pray thee, ere the hot sun count
His dewy rosary on the eglantine."
Lorenzo, courteously as he was wont,
"Bow'd a fair greeting to these serpents' whine;
And went in haste, to get in readiness,
With belt, and spur, and bracing huntsman's dress.

XXV.

And as he to the court-yard pass'd along,
Each third step did he pause, and listen'd oft
If he could hear his lady's matin-song,
Or the light whisper of her footstep soft;
And as he thus over his passion hung:
He heard a laugh full musical aloft;
When, looking up, he saw her features bright
Smile through an in-door lattice, all delight.

XXVI.

"Love, Isabel!" said he, "I was in pain
Lest I should miss to bid thee a good-morrow.
Ah! what if I should lose thee, when so vain
I am to stifle all the heavy sorrow
Of a poor three hours' absence! but we'll gain
Out of the amorous dark what day doth borrow
Good-bye! I'll soon be back."—"Good-bye!" said she,
And as he went she chanted merrily.
XXVII.

So the two brothers and their murder'd man
Rode past fair Florence, to where Arno's stream
Gurgles through straiten'd banks, and still doth fan
Itself, with dancing bulrush, and the breem.
Keeps head against the freshets. Sick and wan
The brothers' faces in the ford did seem,
Lorenzo's blush with love.—They pass'd the water
Into a forest quiet for the slaughter.

XXVIII.

There was Lorenzo slain and buried in,
There in that forest did his great love cease;
Ah! when a soul doth thus its freedom win,
It aches in loneliness—is ill at peace
As the break-covert blood-bounds of such sin:
They dipp'd their swords in the water, and did tense
Their horses homeward, with convulsed spur,
Each richer by his being a murderer.

XXIX.

They told their sister how, with sudden speed,
Lorenzo had ta'en ship for foreign lands,
Because of some great urgency and need
In their affairs, requiring trusty hands.
Poor girl! put on thy stilling widow's weed,
And 'scape at once from Hope's accursed bands;
To-day thou wilt not see him, nor to-morrow,
And the next day will be a day of sorrow.

XXX.

She weeps alone for pleasures not to be;
Sorely she wept until the night came on,
And then, instead of love, O misery!
She brooded o'er the luxury alone:
His image in the dusk she seem'd to see,
And to the silence made a gentle moan,
Spreading her perfect arms upon the air,
And on her couch low murmuring, "Where? O where?"

XXXI.

But Selfishness, Love's cousin, held not long
Its fiery vigil in her single breast;
She fretted for the golden hour, and hung
Upon the time with feverish unrest—
Not long—for soon into her heart a throng
Of higher occupants, a richer zest,
Came tragic; passion not to be subdued,
And sorrow for her love in travels rude.

XXXII.

In the mid-days of autumn, on their eyes
The breath of Winter comes from far away,
And the sick west continually bereaves
Of some gold tinge, and plays a roundelay
Of death among the bushes and the leaves,
To make all bare before he dares to stray
From his north cavern. So sweet Isabel,
By gradual decay from beauty fell,

XXXIII.

Because Lorenzo came not. Oftentimes
She ask'd her brothers, with an eye all pale,
Striving to be itself, what dungeon climes
Could keep him off so long? They spake a tale
Time after time, to quiet her. Their crimes
Came on them, like a smoke from Hinnon's vale;
And every night in dreams they groan'd aloud,
To see their sister in her snowy shroud.

XXXIV.

And she had died in drowsy ignorance,
But for a thing more deadly dark than all;
It came like a fierce potion, drunk by chance,
Which saves a sick man from the fever's pall
For some few gasping moments; like a lance;
Waking an Indian from his cloudy hall
With cruel pierce, and bringing him again
Sense of the gnawing fire at heart and brain.

XXXV.

It was a vision.—In the drowsy gloom,
The dull of midnight, at her couch's foot
Lorenzo stood, and wept: the forest tomb
Hadh Marr'd his glossy hair which once could shoot
Lustre into the sun, and put cold doom
Upon his lips, and taken the soft lute
From his lorn voice, and past his loamed ears
Hadh made a miry channel for his tears.

XXXVI.

Strange sound it was, when the pale shadow spake
For there was striving, in its piteous tongue,
To speak as when on earth it was awake,
And Isabella on its music hung:
Languor there was in it, and tremulous shake,
As in a palsied Druid's harp unstrung;
And through it moan'd a ghostly under-song,
Like hoarse night-gusia sepulchral briers among.

XXXVII.

Its eyes, though wild, were still all dewy bright
With love, and kept all phantom fear aloof
From the poor girl by magic of their light.
The while it did unthread the horrid whoof
Of the late darken'd time,—the murderous spite
Of pride and avarice,—the dark pine roof
In the forest,—and the sodden turfed dell,
Where, without any word, from stabs he fell.

XXXVIII.

Saying moreover, "Isabel, my sweet!
Red whortle-berries droop above my head,
And a large flint-stone weighs upon my feet;
Around me, bees and high chestnuts shed
Their leaves and prickly nuts; a sheep-fold bleat
Comes from beyond the river to my bed:
Go, shed one tear upon my heather-bloom,
And it shall comfort me within the tomb.

XXXIX.

"I am a shadow now, alas! alas!
Upon the skirts of human-nature dwelling
Alone: I chant alone the holy Mass,
While little sounds of life are round me knelling
And glosy bees at noon do fieldward pass,
And many a chapel-bell the hour is telling,
Paining me through: those sounds grow strange to me
And thou art distant in Humanity.

XL.

"I know what was, I feel full well what is,
And I should rage, if spirits could go mad;
Though I forget the taste of earthly bliss,
That paleness warms my grave, as though I had
A Seraph chosen from the bright abyss
To be my spouse: thy paleness makes me glad.
Thy beauty grows upon me, and I feel
A greater love through all my essence steel."
XLII.
The Spirit mourn'd "Adieu!"—dissolved, and left
The atom darkness in a slow turmoil;
As when of healthful midnight sleep bereft,
Thinking on rugged hours and fruitless toil,
We put our eyes into a pillowy cleft,
And see the spangled gloom froth up and boil:
't made sad Isabella's eyelids ache,
And in the dawn she started up awake;

XLIII.
Ha! ha!" said she, "I knew not this hard life,
I thought the worst was simple misery;
I thought some Fate with pleasure or with strife
Portion'd us—happy days, or else to die;
But there is crime—a brother's bloody knife!
Sweet Spirit, thou hast school'd my infancy:
I'll visit thee for this, and kiss thine eyes,
And greet thee morn and even in the skies."

XLIV.
When the full morning came, she had devised
How she might secret to the forest hire;
How she might find the clay, so dearly prized,
And sing to it one latest lullaby;
How her short absence might be unsuspected,
While she the inmost of the dream would try.
Resolved, she took with her an aged nurse,
And went into that dismal forest-earse.

XLV.
See, as they creep along the river-side
How she doth whisper to that aged Dame,
And, after looking round the campaign wide,
Shows her a knife.— "What feverous hectic flame
Bath in these child?—What good can thee beside,
That thou shouldst smile again?"—The evening came,
And they had found Lorenzo's earthy bed;
The flint was there, the berries at his head.

XLVI.
Who hath not loiter'd in a green church-yard,
And let his spirit, like a demon-mole,
Work through the clayey soil and grave hard,
To see skull, coffin'd bones, and funeral steal;
Plying each form that hungry Death hath marr'd,
And filling it once more with human soul?
Ah! this is holiday to what was felt
When Isabella by Lorenzo knelt.

XLVII.
She gazed into the fresh-thrown mould, as though
One glance did fully all its secrets tell;
Clearly she saw, as other eyes would know
Pale limbs at bottom of a crystal well;
Upon the murderous spot she seem'd to grow,
Like to a native lily of the dell:
Then with her knife, all sudden, she began
To dig more fervently than misers can.

XLVIII.
That old nurse stood beside her wondering,
Until her heart felt pity to the core
At sight of such a dismal laboring,
And so she kneeled, with her locks all hoar,
And put her lean hands to the horrid thing:
Three hours they lab'd at this travail sore;
At last they felt the kernel of the grave,
And Isabella did not stamp and rave.

XLIX.
Ah! wherefore all this wormy circumstance?
Why linger at the yawning tomb so long?
O for the gentleness of old Romance,
The simple plainsong of a minstrel's song!
Fair reader, at the old tale take a glance,
For here, in truth, it doth not well belong
To speak.—O turn thee to the very tale,
And taste the music of that vision pale.

LI.
With duller steel than the Persian sword
They cut away no formless monster's head,
But one, whose gentleness did well accord
With death, as life. The ancient harps have said
Love never dies, but lives, immortal Lord:
If Love impersonate was ever dead,
Pale Isabella kiss'd it, and low moan'd.
'Twas love; cold,—dead indeed, but not dethroned.

LII.
In anxious secrecy they took it home,
And then the prize was all for Isabel:
She calm'd its wild hair with a golden comb,
And all around each eye's sepulchral cell
Pointed each fringed lash; the smeared loam
With tears, as chilly as a dripping well;
She drench'd it away— and still she comb'd, and keep'd
Sighing all day— and still she kiss'd, and wept.

LIII.
Then in a silken scarf,—sweet with the dews
Of precious flowers pluck'd in Araby,
And divine liquids come with odorous ooze
Through the cold serpent-pipe refreshfully,—
She wrap'd it up; and for its tomb did choose
A garden-spot, wherein she laid it by,
And cover'd it with mould, and o'er it set
Sweet Basil, which her tears kept ever wet.

LIV.
And she forgot the stars, the moon, and sun,
And she forgot the blue above the trees,
And she forgot the dells where waters run,
And she forgot the chilly autumn breeze;
She had no knowledge when the day was done,
And the new morn she saw not: but in peace
Hung over her sweet Basil evermore,
And moist'ned it with tears unto the core.

LV.
And so she ever fed it with thin tears,
Whence thick, and green, and beautiful it grew
So that it smelt more balmy than its peers
Of Basil-tufts in Florence; for it drew
Nature besides, and life, from human fears,
From the fast-moulderling head there shut from view:
So that the jewel, safely casked,
Came forth, and in perfumed leaves spread
LV.
O Melancholy, linger here awhile!
O Music, Music, breathe despondingly!
O Echo, Echo, from some sombre isle,
Unknown, Lethean, sigh to us—O sigh!
Spirits in grief, lift up your heads, and smile;
Lift up your heads, sweet Spirits, heavily,
And make a pale light in your cypress glooms,
Tinting with silver wan your marble tombs.

LVI.
Mourn luther, all ye syllables of woe,
From the deep throat of sad Melpomene!
Through bronzed lyre in tragic order go,
And touch the strings into a mystery;
Sound mournfully upon the winds and low;
For simple Isabel is soon to be
Among the dead: she withers, like a palm
Cut by an Indian for its juicy balm.

LVII.
O leave the palm to wither by itself;
Let not quick Winter chill its dying hour!—
It may not be—those Basilites of pelf,
Her brethren, noted the continual shower
From her dead eyes; and many a curious elf,
Among her kindred, wonder'd that such dower
Of youth and beauty should be thrown aside
By one mark'd out to be a Noble's bride.

LVIII.
And, furthermore, her brethren wonder'd much
Why she sat drooping by the Basil green,
And why it flourish'd, as by magic touch;
Greatly they wonder'd what the thing might mean;
They could not surely give belief, that such
A very nothing would have power to wean
Her from her own fair youth, and pleasures gay,
And even remembrance of her love's delay.

LIX.
Therefore they watch'd a time when they might sift
This hidden whim; and long they watch'd in vain;
For seldom did she go to chapel-shrift,
And seldom felt she any hunger-pain;
And when she left, she hurried back, as swift
As bird on wing to breast its eggs again;
And, patient as a hen-bird, sat her there
Beside her Basil, weeping through her hair.

LX.
Yet they contrived to steal the Basil-pot,
And to examine it in secret place:
The thing was vile with green and livid spot,
And yet they knew it was Lorenzo's face
The guerdon of their murder they had got,
And so left Florence in a moment's space,
Never to turn again.—Away they went,
With blood upon their heads, to banishment.

LXI.
O Melancholy, turn thine eyes away!
O Music, Music, breathe despondingly!
O Echo, Echo, on some other day,
From isles Lethean, sigh to us—O sigh!
Spirits of grief, sing not your "Well-a-way!"
For Isabel, sweet Isabel, will die;
Will die a death too lone and incomplete,
Now they have ta'en away her Basil sweet.

LXII.
Piteous she look'd on dead and senseless things,
Asking for her lost Basil amorous;
And with melodious chuckle in the strings
Of her lorn voice, she oftentimes would cry
After the Pilgrim in his wanderings,
To ask him where her Basil was; and why
"Twas hid from her: "For cruel 'tis," said she,
"To steal my Basil-pot away from me."

LXIII.
And so she pined, and so she died forlorn,
Imploring for her Basil to the last.
No heart was there in Florence but did mourn
In pity of her love, so overcast.
And a sad ditty of this story born
From mouth to mouth through all the country pass'd:
Still is the barthen sung—"O cruelty,
To steal my Basil-pot away from me!"

---

The Eve of St. Agnes.

I.
St. Agnes' Eve—Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censor old,
Seem'd taking flight for heaven, without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

II.
His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;
Then takes his lamp, and rises from his knees,
And back returneth, meager, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees:

The sculptured dead, on each side, seem to freeze
Imprison'd in black, purgatorial rails:
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

III.
Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps ere Music's golden tongue
Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor;
But no—already had his death-bell rung;
The joys of all his life were said and sung;
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve;
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.
THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.

IV.
That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude soft;
And so it chanced, for many a door was wide,
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,
The silver, startling trumpets 'gan to chide:
The level chambers, ready with their pride,
Were glowering to receive a thousand guests:
The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,
Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put crosswise on
their breasts.

V.
At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting fairly
The brain, new stuff'd, in youth, with triumphs gay
Of old romance. These let us wish away,
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
On love, and wing'd St. Agnes' saintly care,
As she had heard old dames full many times declare.

VI.
They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young Virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honey'd middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did arise;
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

VII.
Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline:
The music, yearning like a God in pain,
She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes divine,
Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
Pass by—she heeded not at all: in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retired; not cool'd by high disdain.
But she saw not: her heart was otherwhere:
She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the tear.

VIII.
She danced along with vague, regardless eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short:
The hallow'd hour was near at hand: she sigh'd
Amid the timbrels, and the throng'd resort
Of whisperser in anger, or in sport;
'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
Hoodwink'd with fairy fancy; all amoret,
Save to St. Agnes, and her lamba unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

IX.
So, purposing each moment to retire,
She linger'd still. Meantime, across the moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttress'd from moonlight, stands he, and implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all unseen;
Penchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth such
things have been.

X.
He ventures in: let no buzz'd whisper tell:
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, Love's fey'rous citadel.
For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would executions howl
Against his lineage: not one breast affords
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

XI.
Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
The sound of merriment and chorus bland:
He startled her: but soon she knew his face,
And grasp'd his fingers in her palsied hand,
Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! his thee from this place;
They are all here to-night, the whole bloodthirsty
race!"

XII.
"Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand;
He had a fever late, and in the fit
He cursed thee and thine, both house and land:
Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
More tame for his gray hairs—Alas me! fit!
Fit like a ghost away."—"Ah, gossip dear,
We're safe enough; here in this arm-chair sit,
And tell me how"—"Good Saints! not here, not here;
Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier."

XIII.
He follow'd through a lowly arched way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume,
And as she mutter'd "Well-a—well-a-day!"
He found him in a little moonlit room,
Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.
"Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,
"O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

XIV.
"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve—
Yet men will murder upon holy days:
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
And be liege-lord of all the Elves and Fays,
To venture so: it fills me with amaze
To see thee, Porphyro—St. Agnes' Eve!
God's help! my lady fair the conjuror plays
This very night: good angels her deceiv'e!
But let me laugh awhile, I've nickle time to grieve."

XV.
Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crane
Who keepeth closed a wondrous riddle-book,
As spectacled she sits in chimney-nook.
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
His lady's purpose; and she scarce could brook
Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.
Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart.
Made purple riot: then doth he propose
A strangam, that makes the beldame start:
"A cruel man and impious thou art:
Sweet lady, let her play, and sleep, and dream
Alone with her good angels, far apart
From wicked men like thee. Go, go!—I deem
Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem."

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,"
Quoth Porphyro: "O may I ne'er find grace
When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,
If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
Or look with Russian passion in her face;
Good Angela, believe me by these tears;
Or I will, even in a moment's space,
Awake, with horror shew to my demon's ears,
And beard them, though they be more fang'd than wolves and bears."

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?"
A poor, weak, pale-stricken, church-yard thing,
Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;
Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
Were never miss'd.—Thus plaining, doth she bring
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;
So woful, and of such deep sorrowing.
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, betide her heal or woe.

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy
That he might see her beauty unespied,
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
While legions' fairies paced the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.
Never on such a night have lovers met,
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

'It shall be as thou wishest," said the Dame:
"All cates and dainties shall be stored there
Quickly on this feast-sight: by the tambour frame
Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to spare,
For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
Wait here, my child, with patience; kneel in prayer
The while: Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,
Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."
Stol'n to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gaz'd upon her empty dress,
And listen'd to her breathing, if it chance'd
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
And breathed himself: then from the closet crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
And over the hush'd carpet, silent, slept,
And 'tween the curtains peep'd, where, lo!—how fast she slept.

Then by the bed-side, where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft she set
A table, and, half anguish'd, threw thereon
A cloth of: woven crimson, gold, and jet—
O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone:—
The half-door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanched linen, smooth, and lavender'd,
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
With jellies softer than the creamy curd,
And lucid syrops, tint with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
From Fez: and spiced dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon.

These delicates he heap'd with glowing hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathed silver: sumptuous they stand
In the retired quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume light—
"And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!
Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite:
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache."

Thus whispering, his warm, unsunned arm
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
By the dusky curtains—'twas a midnight charm
Impossible to melt as iced stream:
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies:
It seem'd he never, never could redeem
From such a stedfast spell his lady's eyes;
So muse'd awhile, entoil'd in woof'd phantasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—
Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderest be,
He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mutefully,
In Provence call'd, "La belle dame sans mercy;"
Close to her ear touching the melody:—
Wherewith disturb'd, she utter'd a soft moan:
He ceased—she panted quick—and suddenly
Her blue affrighted eyes wide open shine:—
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep:
There was a painful change, that night expell'd
The blisses of her dreams so pure and deep.
At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And moan forth witless words with many a sigh;
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep;
Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous eye,
Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so dreamingly.

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
Made tunable with every sweetest vow;
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear:
How changed thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear!
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
Those looks immortal, those complaining dear!
O leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go."

Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far
At these voluptuous sports, he arose,
Etherial, flush'd, and like a throbbing star
Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;
Into her dream he melt'd, as the rose
Blendeth its odor with the violet,—
Solution sweet: meantime the frost-wind blows
Like Love's alarm patting the sharp sleet
Against the window-panes: St. Agnes' moon bath set.

"Tis dark: quick pattereth the flaw-blow'd sleet;
"This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!"
"Tis dark: the iced gusts still rave and beat.
"No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!
Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine.—
Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?
I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
Though thou forsake a deceived thing:—
A dove forlorn and lost with sick unpruned wing."

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?
Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and vermeil dyed
Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest
After so many hours of toil and quest,
A famish'd pilgrim,—saved by miracle.
Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest
Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well
To trust, fair Madeline, to rude infidel?"

"Hark! 'tis an elfin-storm from fairy-land
Of haggard seeming; but a boon indeed:—
Arise—arise! the morning is at hand:—
The blunted wassailers will never heed:
Let us away, my love, with happy speed,
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,—
Drown'd all in Rhinest and the sleepy mead
Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,
For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee.'
I.
She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around,
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears—
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found—
In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain-dropp'd lamp was flickering by each door;
The arms, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

XII.
They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall;
Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide,
Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flagon by his side:

The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns—
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide—
The chains lie silent on the foot-worn stones,
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

Or with a finger staly'd Ixon's wheel,
Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx,
Pedestall'd haply in a palace-court,
When sages look'd to Egypt for their lore.

But oh! how unlike marble was that face:
How beautiful, if Sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self.
There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but began;
As if the vanward clouds of evil-days
Had spent their malice, and the swollen rear
Was with its stored thunder laboring up.

One hand she press'd upon that aching spot
Where beats the human heart, as if just there,
Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain:
The other upon Saturn's bended neck
She laid, and to the level of his ear
Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake
In solemn tenor and deep organ-tone;

Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
Would come in these like accents: O how frail
To that large utterance of the early Gods!

* Saturn, look up!—though wherefore, poor old King
I have no comfort for thee, no not one:
I cannot say, 'O wherefore sleepest thou?
For heaven is parted from thee, and the earth
Knows thee not, thus afflicted, for a God;
And ocean too, with all its solemn noise,
Has from thy sceptre pass'd; and all the air
Is emptied of thine hoary majesty.

Thy thunder, conscious of the new command,
Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house;
And thy sharp lightning in unpractised hands
Scorch's and burns our once serene domain.

O aching time! O moments big as years!
All as ye pass swell out the monstrous truth,
And press it so upon our weary griefs
That unbelief has not a space to breathe.

Saturn, sleep on:—O thoughtless, why did I
Thus violate thy slumberous solitude?
Why should I ope thy melancholy eyes?
Saturn, sleep on! while at thy feet I weep.
As when, upon a tranced summer-night, 
Those green-robed senators of mighty woods, 
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars, 
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir, 
Save from one gradual solitary gust 
Which comes upon the silence, and dies off: 
As if the ebbing air had but one wave: 
So came these words and went; the while in tears 
She touch’d her fair large forehead to the ground, 
Just where her falling hair might be outspread 
A soft and silken mat for Saturn’s feet. 
One moon, with alternation slow, had shed 
Her silver seasons four upon the night, 
And still these two were posted motionless, 
Like natural sculpture in cathedral cavern; 
The frozen God still couchant on the earth, 
And the sad Goddess weeping at his feet: 
Until at length old Saturn lifted up 
His faded eyes, and saw his kingdom gone, 
And all the gloom and sorrow of the place, 
And that fair kneeling Goddess; and then spake 
As with a palsied tongue, and while his beard 
Shook horrid with such aspen-malady: 
“O tender spouse of gold Hyperion, 
Thea, I feel thee ere I see thy face; 
Look up, and let me see our dooms in it; 
Look up, and tell me this feather’s shape 
Is Saturn’s; tell me, if thou hearest the voice 
Of Saturn; tell me, if this trembling brow, 
Naked and bare of its great diadem, 
Peers like the front of Saturn. Who had power 
To make me desolate? whence came the strength 
How was it nurtured to such bursting forth, 
While Fate seemed strangled in my nervous grasp? 
But it is so; and I am smother’d up, 
And buried from all godlike exercise 
Of influence benign on planets pale, 
Of admonitions to the winds and seas, 
Of peaceful sway above man’s harvesting, 
And all those acts which Deity supreme 
Doth ease its heart of love in—to be gone 
Away from my own bosom: I have left 
My strong identity, my real self. 
Somewhere between the throne, and where I sit 
Here on this spot of earth. Search, Thea, search! 
Open thine eyes etern, and sphere them round 
Upon all space: space star’d, and lorn of light: 
Space region’d with life-airy: and barren void; 
Spaces of fire, and all the yawn of hell— 
Search, Thea, search! and tell me, if thou seest 
A certain shape or shadow, making way 
With wings or chariot fierce to repossess 
A heaven he lost erewhile: it must—it must 
Be of ripe progress—Saturn must be King. 
Yes, there must be a golden victory; 
There must be Gods thrown down, and trumpets blown 
Of triumph calm, and hymns of festival 
Upon the gold clouds metropolitan, 
Voices of soft proclain, and silver stir 
Of strings in hollow shells; and there shall be 
Beautiful things made new, for the surprise 
Of the sky-children; I will give command: 
Thea! Thea! where is Saturn?”

This passion lifted him upon his feet, 
And made his hands to struggle in the air, 
His Druid locks to shake and ooze with sweat, 
His eyes to fever out, his voice to cease. 
He stood, and heard not Thea’s sobbing deep; 
A little time, and then again he snatch’d 
Utterance thus:—“But cannot I create? 
Cannot I form? Cannot I fashion forth 
Another world, another universe, 
To overbear and crumble this to naught? 
Where is another chaos? Where?”—That word 
Found way unto Olympus, and made quake 
The rebel three. Thea was startled up, 
And in her bearing was a sort of hope, 
As thus she quick-voiced spake, yet full of awe.

“This cheers our fallen house: come to our friends. 
O Saturn! come away, and give them heart; 
I know the covert, for thence came I hither.” 
Thus brief; then with beseeching eyes she went 
With backward footing through the shade a space. 
He follow’d, and she turn’d to lead the way 
Through aged boughs, that yielded like the mist 
Which eagles cleave, upmounting from their nest.

Meanwhile in other realms big tears were shed, 
More sorrow like to this, and such like woe, 
Too huge for mortal tongue or pen of scribe: 
The Titans fierce, self-hid, or prison-bound, 
Groan’d for the old allegiance once more, 
And listen’d in sharp pain for Saturn’s voice. 
But one of the whole mammoth-breed still kept 
His sov’reignty, and rule, and majesty:— 
Blazing Hyperion on his orb’d fire 
Still sat, still smiff’d the incense, teeming up 
From man to the sun’s God; yet unsure: 
For as among us mortals omens drear 
Fright and perplex, so also shudder’d he— 
Not at dog’s bow, or gloom-bird’s hated screech, 
Or the familiar visiting of one 
Upon the first toll of his passing-bell; 
Or prophesyings of the midnight lamp; 
But horrors, portion’d to a giant nerve, 
Off made Hyperion ache. His palace bright, 
Bask’d with pyramids of glowing gold, 
And touch’d with shade of bronzed obelisks, 
Glared a blood-red through all its thousand courts, 
Arches, and domes, and fiery galleries; 
And all its curtains of Aurorian clouds 
Flush’d angrily: while sometimes eagles’ wings, 
Unseen before by Gods or wondering men, 
Darken’d the place; and neighing steeds were heard, 
Not heard before by Gods or wondering men. 
Also, when he would taste the spicy wreaths 
Of incense, breathed aloft from sacred hills, 
Instead of sweets, his ample palate took 
Savor of poisonous brass and metal sick: 
And so, when harbord in the sleepy west, 
After the full completion of fair day,— 
For rest divine upon exalted couch, 
And slumber in the arms of melody, 
He paced away, the pleasant hours of ease 
With stride colossal, on from hall to hall; 
While far within each aisle and deep recess, 
His winged minions in close clusters stood, 
Amazed and full of fear; like anxious men 
Who on wide plains gather in panting troops, 
When earthquakes jar their battlements and towers. 
Even now, while Saturn, roused from icy trance,
Went step for step with Thea through the woods,
Hyperion, leaving twilight in the rear,
Came slope upon the threshold of the west;
Then, as was wont, his palace-door flew ope
In smoothed silence, save what solemm tubes,
Blown by the serious Zephyrs, gave of sweet
And wandering sounds, slow-breathed melodies;
And like a rose in vermeill tint and shape,
In fragrance soft, and coolness to the eye,
That inlet to severe magnificence
Stood full-blown, for the God to enter in.

He enter'd, but he enter'd full of wrath;
His flaming robes stream'd out beyond his heels,
And gave a roar, as if of earthly fire,
That scared away the meek ethereal Hours
And made their dove-wings tremble. On he flared,
From suavely move to move, from vault to vault,
Through bowers of fragrant and unwreathed light,
And diamond-paved lustrous long arcades,
Until he reach'd the great main cupola
There standing fierce beneath, he stamp'd his foot,
And from the basements deep to the high towers
Jarr'd his own golden region; and before
The quaverung thunder thereupon had ceased,
His voice leapt out, despite of godlike curb,
To this result: "O dreams of day and night!
O monstrous forms! O effigies of pain!
O spectres busy in a cold, cold gloom!
O lank-ear'd Phantoms of black-weeded pools!
Why do I know ye? why have I seen ye? why
Is my eternal essence thus distraught
To see and to behold these horrors new?
Saturn is fallen, am I too to fall?
Am I to leave this haven of my rest,
This cradle of my glory, this soft clime,
This calm luxuriance of blissful light,
These crystalline pavilions, and pure fanes,
Of all my lucenti empire? It is left
Deserted, void, nor any haunt of mine.
The blaze, the splendor, and the symmetry,
I cannot see—but darkness, death and darkness.
Even here, into my centre of repose,
The shady visions come to dominion,
Insult, and blind, and stifle up my pomp—
Fall!—No, by Tellus and her briny robes!
Over the fiery frontier of my realms
I will advance a terrible right arm
Shall scare that infant thunderer, rebel Jove,
And bid old Saturn take his throne again."—
He spake, and ceased, the while a heavier threat
Held struggle with his wrath, but came not forth;
For as in theatres of crowded men
Hubbub increases more they call out "Hush!"
So at Hyperion's words the Phantoms pale
Bestir'd themselves, thrice horrible and cold;
And from the mirror's level where he stood
A mist arose, as from a scummy marsh.
At this, through all his bulk an agony
Crept gradual, from the feet unto the crown,
Like a lithe serpent vast and muscular
Making slow way, with head and neck convulsed
From overstrained might. Released, he fled
To the eastern gates, and full six dewy hours
Before the dawn in season due should blush,
He breathed fierce breath against the sleepy portals.

Clear'd them of heavy vapors, burst them wide
Suddenly on the ocean's chilly streams.
The planet orb of fire, whereon he rode
Each day from east to west the heavens through,
Spun round in sable curling of clouds:
Not therefore veiled quite, blinding, and hid,
But ever and anon the glancing spheres,
Circles, and arcs, and broad-belltng coloure,
Glow'd through, and wrought upon the muffling dark
Sweet-shaped lightnings from the nadir deep
Up to the zenith,—hieroglyphics old,
Which sages and keen-eyed astrologers
Then living on the earth, with laboring thought
Wor from the gaze of many centuries:
Now lost, save what we find on remnants huge
Of stone, or marble swart; their import gone,
Their wisdom long since fled. Two wings this orb
Possess'd for glory, two fair argent wings,
Ever exulted at the God's approach.
And now, from forth the gloom their plumes immense
Risen, they veiled till all outspread were!
While still the dazzling globe maintaing eclipse,
Awaiting for Hyperion's command.
Fain would he have commanded, pain took throne
And bid the day begin, if but for change.
He might not:—No, though a primeval God:
The sacred seasons might not be disturb'd.
Therefore the operations of the dawn
Stay'd in their birth, even as here 'tis told.
Those silver wings expanded sisterly,
Eager to sail their orb; the porches wide
Open'd upon the dusk desmesnes of night
And the bright Titan, frenzied with new woes,
Unused to bend, by hard compulsion bent
His spirit to the sorrow of the time;
And all along a dismal rack of clouds,
Upon the boundaries of day and night;
He stretch'd himself in grief and radiance faint.
There as he lay, the Heaven with its stars
Look'd down on him with pity, and the voice
Of Calus, from the universal space,
Thus whisper'd low and solemn in his ear.
"O brightest of my children dear, earth-born
And sky-engineer'd, Son of Mysteries
All unrevealed even to the powers
Which met at thy creating! at whose joys
And palpitations sweet, and pleasures soft,
I, Calus, wonder, how they came and whence;
And at the fruits thereof what shapes they be.
Distinct, and visible; symbols divine,
Manifestations of that beauteous life
Diffused unseen throughout eternal space;
Of these new-form'd art thou, oh brightest child!
Of these, thy brethren and the Goddesses!
There is sad feud among ye, and rebellion
Of son against his sire. I saw him fall,
I saw my first-born tumbled from his throne!
To me his arms were spread, to me his voice
Found way from forth the thunders round his head
Pale wox I, and in vapors hid my face.
Art thou, too, near such doom? vague fear there is
For I have seen my sons most unlike Gods.
Divine ye were created, and divine
In sad demeanor, solemn, undisturb'd,
Unruffled, like high Gods, ye lived and ruled:
Now I behold in you, fear, hope, and wrath;
Actions of rage and passion; even as
I see them, on the mortal world beneath,
In men who die.—This is the grief. O Son!
Sad sign of ruin, sudden dismay, and fall!
Yet do thou strive; as thou art capable,
As thou canst move about, an evident God;
And canst oppose to each malignant hour
Ethereal presence — I am but a voice;
My life is but the life of winds and tides,
No more than winds and tides can I avail —
But thou canst.—Be thou therefore in the van
Of circumstance; yea, seize the arrow's barb
Before the tense string murmurs.—To the earth!
For there thou wilt find Saturn, and his woes.
Meantime I will keep watch on thy bright sun,
And of thy seasons be a careful nurse."—
Ere half this region-whisper had come down,
Hyperion arose, and on the stars
Lifted his curved lids, and kept them wide
Until it ceased; and still he kept them wide;
And still they were the same bright, patient stars.
Then with a slow incline of his broad breast,
Like to a diver in the pearly seas,
Forward he stoop'd over the airy shore,
And plunged all noiseless into the deep night.

BOOK II.

Just at the selfsame beat of Time's wide wings
Hyperion slid into the rustled air,
And Saturn gain'd with Thea that sad place
Where Cybele and the bruised Titans mourn'd.
It was a den where no insulting light
Could glimmer on their tears; where their own groans
They felt, but heard not, for the solid roar
Of thunderous waterfalls and torrents hoarse,
Pouring a constant bulk, uncertain where.
Crag jutting forth to crag, and rocks that seem'd
Ever as if just rising from a sleep,
Forehead to forehead held their monstrous horns;
And thus in thousand hugest phantasm's
Made a fit roofing to this nest of woe.
Instead of thrones, hard flint they sat upon,
Couches of rugged stone, and slaty ridge
Sto'nborn with iron. All were not assembled;
Some chain'd in torture, and some wandering.
Ceus, and Gyeses, and Briareus,
Typhon, and Dolor, and Porphyron,
With many more, the bravest in assault,
Were pent in regions of laborious breath;
Dungeon'd in opaque element, to keep
Their clenched teeth still clenched, and all their limbs
Lock'd up like veins of metal, cramp't and screw'd;
Without a motion, save of their big hearts
Heaving in pain, and horribly convuls'd
With sanguine, feverous, boiling gurge of pulse.
Mnenoneus was straying in the world;
Far from his moon had Phaethon wander'd;
And many else were free to roam abroad,
But for the main, here found they covert drear.
Scarc'e images of life, one here, one there,

Lay vast and edgeways; like a dismal cirque
Of Druid stones, upon a forlorn moor,
When the chill rain begins at shut of eve,
In dull November, and their chancel vault,
The Heaven itself, is blinded through out night.
Each one kept shroud, nor to his neighbor gave
Or word, or look, or action of despair.
Crepus was one; his ponderous iron mace
Lay by him, and a shatter'd rib of rock
Told of his rage, ere he thus sunk and pined.
Iapetus another; in his grasp,
A serpent's flashy neck; its barbed tongue
Squeezed from the gorge, and all its uncurl'd length
Dead; and because the creature could not spit
Its poison in the eyes of conquering Jove.
Next Cottus: prone he lay, chin uppermost,
As though in pain; for still upon the flint
He ground severe his skull, with open mouth
And eyes at horrid working. Nearest him
Asia, born of most enormous Caf,
Who cost her mother Tellus keener pangs,
Though feminine, than any of her sons;
More thought than woe was in her dusky face,
For she was prophesying of her glory;
And in her wide imagination stood
Palm-shaded temples, and high rival fanes,
By Oxus or in Ganges' sacred isles.
Even as Hope upon her anchor leans,
So leant she, not so fair, upon a tusk
Shed from the broadest of her elephants
Above her, on a crag's uneasy shelf,
Upon his elbow raised, all prostrate else,
Shadow'd Ecelelades; once tame and mild
As grazing ox unworried in the meads;
Now tiger-passion'd, lion-thoughted, wroth,
He meditated, plotted, and even now
Was hurling mountains in that second war,
Not long delay'd, that scared the younger Gods
To hide themselves in forms of beast and bird.
Not far hence Atlas, and beside him prone
Phorcus, the sire of Gorgons. Neighbor'd close
Oceanus, and Tethys, in whose lap
Sobb'd Clymene among her tangled hair.
In midst of all lay Themis, at the feet
Of Ops the queen all clouded round from sight;
No shape distinguishable, more than when
Thick night confounds the pine-tops with the clouds;
And many else whose names may not be told,
For when the Muse's wings are airward spread,
Who shall delay her flight? And she must chant
Of Saturn, and his guide, who now had climb'd
With damp and slippery footing from a depth
More horrid still. Above a sombre cliff
Their heads appear'd, and up their stature grew
Till on the level height their steps found ease:
Then Thea spread abroad her trembling arms
Upon the precincts of this nest of pain.
And sidelong fix't her eye on Saturn's face:
There saw she direst strife; the supreme God
At war with all the frailty of grief,
Of rage, of fear, anxiety, revenge,
Remorse, spleen, hope, but most of all despair.
Against these plagues he strove in vain; for Fate
Had pour'd a mortal oil upon his head,
A disannointing that frightful Than.
Affrighted, kept her still, and let him pass
First onwards in, among the fallen tribe.

43 30

583
As with us mortal men, the laden heart
Is persecuted more, and Fever'd more,
When it is nighing to the mournful house
Where other hearts are sick of the same bruite;
So Saturn, as he walk'd into the midst,
Felt faint, and would have sunk among the rest,
But that he met Enceidas's eye,
Whose mightiness, and awe of him, at once
Came like an inspiration; and he shouted,
"Titans, behold your God!" at which some groan'd;
Some started on their feet; some also shouted;
Some wept, some wail'd—all bow'd with reverence;
And Ops, uplifting her black-veiled veil,
Show'd her pale cheeks, and all her forehead wan,
Her eye-brows thin and jet, and hollow eyes.
There is a roaring in the bleak-grown pines
When Winter lifts his voice; there is a noise
Among immortals when a God gives sign,
With hushing finger, how he means to load
His tongue with the full weight of utterless thought,
With thunder, and with music, and with pomp:
Such noise is like the roar of bleak-grown pines;
Which, when it ceases in this mountain world,
No other sound succeeds; but ceasing here,
Among these fallen, Saturn's voice therefrom
Grew up like organ, that begins anew
Its strain, when other harmonies, stopt short,
Leave the dim'd air vibrating silverly.
Thus grew it up—"Not in my own sad breast,
Which is its own great judge and searcher out,
Can I find reason why ye should be thus:
Not in the legends of the first days,
Studied from that old spirit-leaved book
Which starr'd Uranus with finger bright
Saved from the shores of darkness, when the waves
Low-abb'd still hid it up in shallow gloom:—
And the which book ye know I ever kept
For my firm-based footool—Ah, in firm!
Not there, nor in sign, symbol, or portent
Of element, earth, water, air, and fire,—
At war, at peace, or inter-quarrelling
One against one, or two, or three, or all
Each several one against the other three,
As fire with air loud warring when rain-floods
Drawn both, and press them both against earth's face,
Where, finding such a barrier, quartered wrath
Unhinges the poor world;—not in that strife,
Wherefrom I take strange lore, and read it deep,
Can I find reason why ye should be thus:
No, nowhere can unriddle, though I search,
And pore on Nature's universal scroll
Even to swooning, why ye, Divinities,
The first-born of all shaped and palpable Gods,
Should cower beneath what, in comparison,
Is untremendous might. Yet ye are here,
O'erwhelm'd, and surpriz'd, and batter'd, ye are here!
O Titans, shall I say 'Arise!'—Ye groan :
Shall I say 'Crouch!'—Ye groan.
What can I then?
O Heaven wide! O unseen parent dear!
What can I? Tell me, all ye brethren Gods,
How we can war; how to engage our great wrath!
O speak your counsel now, for Saturn's ear
Is all a-hunger'd. Thou, Oceanus,
Ponderest high and deep; and in thy face
I see, astonied, that severe content
Which comes of thought and musing: give us help!"
My dispossessor? Have ye seen his face?
Have ye beheld his chariot, foam'd along
By noble-winged creatures he hath made?
I saw him on the calmed waters scud,
With such a glow of beauty in his eyes,
That it enforced me to bid sad farewell
To all my empire: farewell! sad I took,
And hither came, from a boundless fate
Had wrought upon ye; and how I might best
Give consolation in this woe extreme.
Give the receive, the truth, and let it be your balm:

Whether through posed conviction, or disdain,
They guarded silence, when Oceanus
Left murmuring, what deepest thought can tell?
But so it was, none answer'd for a space,
Save one whom none regarded, Clymene:
And yet she answer'd not, only complain'd,
With hectic lips, and eyes up-looking mild,
Thus wording timidly among the fierce:
"O Father! I am here the simplest voice,
And all my knowledge is that joy is gone,
And this thing woe crept in among our hearts,
There to remain for ever, as I fear:
I would not bode of evil, if I thought
So weak a creature could turn off all the help
Which by just right should come of mighty Gods;
Yet let me tell my sorrow, let me tell
Of what I heard, and how it made me weep,
And know that we had parted from all hope.
I stood upon a shore, a pleasant shore,
Where a sweet cline was breathed from a land
Of fragrance, quietness, and trees, and flowers
Full of calm joy it was, as I of grief;
Too full of joy and soft delicious warmth;
So that I felt a movement in my heart
To chide, and to reproach that solitude
With songs of misery, music of our woes;
And sat me down, and took a mouthed shell
And murmurr'd into it, and made melody—
O melody no more! for while I sang,
And with power still let pass into the breeze
The dull shell's echo, from a browny strand
Just opposite, an island of the sea,
There came enchantment with the shifting wind,
That did both drown and keep alive my ears.
I threw my shell away upon the sand,
And a wave fill'd it, as my sense was fill'd
With that new blissful golden melody.
A living death was in each gush of sounds,
Each family of rapturous hurried notes,
That fell, one after one, yet all at once,
Like pearl beads dropping sudden from their string:
And then another, then another strain,
Each like a dove leaving its olive perch,
With music wing'd instead of silent plumes,
To hover round my head, and make me sick
Of joy and grief at once. Grief came, and I
And I was stopping up my frantic ears,
When, past all hindrance of my trembling hands,
A voice came sweeter, sweeter than all tune,
And still it cried, 'Apollo! young Apollo!
The morning-bright Apollo! young Apollo!'
I fled, it follow'd me, and cried, 'Apollo!'
O Father, and O Brethren! had ye felt
Those pains of mine! O Saturn, hadst thou felt,
Ye would not call this too indulged tongue
Presumptuous, in thus venturing to be heard!"

So far her voice flow'd on, like titerous brook
That, lingering along a pebbled coast,
Both fear to meet the sea: but sea it met,
And shoulder'd; for the overwhelming voice
Of huge Enceladus swallow'd it in wrath:
The ponderous syllables, like sullen waves
In the half-glutted hollows of reef-rocks,
Came booming thus, while still upon his arm
He leant'd; not rising, from supreme contempt.
"Or shall we listen to the over-wise,
Or to the over-foolish giant, Gods?
Not thunderbolt on thunderbolt, till all
That rebel Jove's whole array were spent,
Not world on world upon these shoulders piled,
Could agonize me more than baby-words
In midst of this dethronement horrible.
Speak! roar! shout! yell! ye sleepy Titans all.
Do ye forget the blows, the buffets vile?
Are ye not smitten by youngling arm?
Dost thou forget, sham Monarch of the Waves,
Thy scalding in the seas? What! have I roused
Your spleens with so few simple words as these?
O joy! for now I see ye are not lost:
O joy! for now I see a thousand eyes
Wide glaring for revenge!"—As this he said,
He lifted up his stature vast, and stood,
Still without intermission speaking thus:
"Now ye are flames, I'll tell you how to burn
And purge the ether of our enemies;
How to feed fierce the crooked stings of fire,
And singe away the swollen clouds of Jove,
Stifling that puny essence in its tent.
O let him feel the evil he hath done;
For though I scorn Oceanus's lore,
Much pain have I for more than loss of realms
The days of peace and slumberous calm are fled;
Those days, all innocent of scathing war.
When all the fair Existences of heaven
Came open-eyed to guess what we would speak—
That was before our brows were taught to frown.
Before our lips knew else but solemn sounds;
That was before we knew the winged thing,
Victory, might be lost, or might be won.
And be ye mindful that Hyperion,
Our brightest brother, still is undisgraced—
Hyperion, lo! his radiance is here!"

All eyes were on Enceladus's face,
And they beheld, while still Hyperion's name
Flew from his lips up to the vaulted rocks,
A pallid gleam across his features stern:
Not savage, for he saw full many a God
Wroth as himself. He look'd upon them all,
And in each face he saw a gleam of light.
But splendidier in Saturn's, whose hoar locks
Shone like the bubbling foam about a keel
When the wind sweeps into a midnight cove.
In pale and silver silence they remain'd,
Till suddenly a splendor, like the morn,
Pervaded all the beetle-gloomy steeps,
All the sad spaces of oblivion,
And every gulf, and every chasm old,
And every height, and every sullen depth,  
Voiceless, or house with loud tormented streams:  
And all the everlasting cataracts,  
And all the headlong torrents far and near,  
Mantled before in darkness and huge shade,  
Now saw the light and made it terrible.  
It was Hyperion — a granite peak  
His bright feet touch'd, and there he stay'd to view  
The misery his brilliance had betray'd  
To the most hateful seeing of itself.  
Golden his hair of short Numidian curl,  
Regal his shape majestic, a vast shade  
In midst of his own brightness, like the bulk  
Of Mornon's image at the set of sun  
To one who travels from the dashing East:  
Sighs, too, as mournful as that Mornon's harp,  
He utter'd, while his hands, contemplative,  
He press'd together, and in silence stood.  
Despondence seiz'd again the fallen Gods  
At sight of the dejected King of Day,  
And many hid their faces from the light:  
But fierce Enceladus sent forth his eyes  
Among the brotherhood; and, at their glare,  
Uprose Lepetus, and Creus too,  
And Phorcus, sea-born, and together strode  
To where he towered on his eminence.  
There those four shouted forth old Saturn's name;  
Hyperion from the peak loud answered, "Saturn!"  
Saturn sat near the Mother of the Gods,  
In whose face was no joy, though all the Gods  
Gave from their hollow throats the name of "Saturn!"

BOOK III.

Thus in alternate uproar and sad peace,  
Amazed were those Titans utterly.  
O leave them, Muse! O leave them to their woes!  
For thou art weak to sing such tumults dire:  
A solitary sorrow best befits  
Thy lips, and antheming a lonely grief.  
Leave them, O Muse! for thou anon will find  
Many a fallen old Divinity  
Wandering in vain about bewild'red shores.  
Meantime touch piously the Delphic harp,  
And not a wind of heaven but will breathe  
In aid soft warble from the Dorian flute;  
For lo! 'tis for the Father of all verse.  
Flush every thing that hath a vermeil hue,  
Let the rose glow intense and warm the air,  
And let the clouds of even and of morn  
Float in voluptuous fleeces o'er the hills;  
Let the red wine within the goblet boil,  
Cold as a bubbling well; let faint-lipp'd shells,  
On sands, or in great deeps, vermillion turn  
Through all their labyrinths; and let the maid  
Blush keenly, as with some warm kiss surprised.  
Chief isle of the embower'd Cyclades.  
Rejoice, O Delos, with thine olives green,  
And poplars, and lawn-shading palms, and beech,  
In which the Zephyr breathes the loudest song,  
And hazels thick, dark-stemm'd beneath the shade:  
Apollo is once more the golden theme!  
Where was he, when the Giant of the Sun  
Stood bright, amid the sorrow of his peers?  
Together had he left his mother fair.  
And his twin-sister sleeping in their bower,  
And in the morning twilight wander'd forth  
Beside the osiers of a rivulet,  
Full ankle-deep in lilies of the vale.  
The nightingale had ceased, and a few stars  
Were lingering in the heavens, while the thrush  
Began calm-throated. Throughout all the isle  
There was no covert, no retired cave  
Unhaunted by the murmurous noise of waves;  
Though scarcely heard in many a green recess.  
He listen'd, and he wept, and his bright tears  
Went trickling down the golden bow he held.  
Thus with half-shut suffused eyes he stood,  
While from beneath some cumbrous boughs hard by  
With solemn step an awful Goddess came,  
And there was purport in her looks for him,  
Which he with eager guess began to read  
Plerpex'd, while the melancholy he said:  
"How camest thou over the unfooted sea?  
Or hath that antique mien and robed form  
Moved in these vales invisible till now?  
Sure I have heard those vestments sweeping o'er  
The fallen leaves, when I have sat alone  
In cool mid forest. Surely I have traced  
The rustle of those ample skirts about  
These grasy solitudes, and seen the flowers  
Lift up their heads, as still the whisper pass'd.  
Goddess! I have beheld those eyes before,  
And their eternal calm, and all that face,  
Or I have dream'd." — "Yes," said the supreme shape  
"Thou hast dream'd of me; and awakening up  
Didst find a lyre all golden by thy side,  
Whose strings touch'd by thy fingers, all the vast  
Unwearied ear of the whole universe  
Listen'd in pain and pleasure at the birth  
Of such new tuneful wonder. Is't not strange  
That thou shouldst weep, so gifted? 'Tell me, youth  
What sorrow thou canst feel; for I am sad  
When thou dost shed a tear: explain thy griefs  
To one who in this lonely isle hath been  
The watcher of thy sleep and hours of life,  
From the young day when first thy infant hand  
Pluck'd wiltless the weak flowers, till thine arm  
Could bend that bow heroic to all times.  
Show thy heart's secret to an ancient Power  
Who hath forsaken old and sacred thrones  
For prophecies of thee, and for the sake  
Of loveliness new-born." — Apollo then.  
With sudden scrutiny and gloomless eyes,  
Thus answer'd, while his white melodious throat  
Throb'd with the syllables. — " Mnemosyne!  
Thy name is on my tongue, I know not how;  
Why should I tell thee what thou so well seest?  
Why should I strive to show what from thy lips  
Would come no mystery? For me, dark, dark,  
And painful vile oblivion seals my eyes:  
I strive to search wherefore I am so sad,  
Until a melancholy numbs my limbs;  
And then upon the grass I sit, and moan,  
Like one who once had wings, and why should I  
Feel cursed and thwarted, when the tireless air  
Yields to my step aspirant? why should I  
Spurn the green turf as hateful to my feet?  
Goddess benign! point forth some unknown thing  
Are there not other regions than this isle?"
What are the stars? There is the sun, the sun!
And the most patient brilliance of the moon!
And stars by thousands! Point me out the way
To any one particular beauteous star,
And I will fill it with my lyre,
And make its silvery splendor pant, with bliss.
I have heard the cloudy thunder,—Where is power?
Whose hand, whose essence, what divinity
Makes this alarm in the elements,
While I here idle listen on the shores
In fearless yet in aching ignorance?
O tell me, lovely Goddess! by thy harp,
That waileth every morn and eventide,
Tell me why thus I rave, about these groves!
Mute thou remainest—Mute! yet I can read
A wondrous lesson in thy silent face:
Knowledge enormous makes a God of me,
Names, deeds, gray legends, dire events, rebellions,
Majesties, sovran voices, agonies,
Creations, and destroyings, all at once
Pour into the wide hollows of my brain,
And deify me, as if some blithe wine,
Or bright elixir peerless I had drunk,
And so become immortal."—Thus the God,
While his enkindled-eyes, with level glance
Beneath his white soft temples, stedfast kept
Trembling with light upon Mnemosyne.
Soon wild commotions shook him, and made flush
All the immortal fairness of his limbs:
Most like the struggle at the gate of death;
Or liker still to one who should take leave
Of pale immortal death, and with a pang
As hot as death's is chill, with fierce convulse
Die into life; so young Apollo anguish'd;
His very hair, his golden tresses famed
Kept undulation round his eager neck,
During the pain, Mnemosyne upheld
Her arms as one who prophesied.—At length
Apollo shriek'd; and lo! from all his limbs
Celestial

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

What more felicity can fall to creature
Than to enjoy delight with liberty?
—Fate of the Butterfly.—Spenser.

DEDIATION.

TO LEIGH HUNT, ESQ.

GLORY and loneliness have pass'd away;
For if we wander out in early morn,
No wreathed incense do we see upborne
Into the east to meet the smiling day;
No crowd of nymphs soft-voiced and young and gay,
In woven baskets bringing ears of corn,
Roses, and pinks, and violets, to adorn
The shrine of Flora in her early May.
But there are left delights as high as these;
And I shall ever bless my destiny,
That in a time when under pleasant trees
Pam is no longer sought, I feel a free,
A leafy luxury, seeing I could please,
With these poor offerings, a man like thee

Places of nestling green for poets made.
—Story of Rimini.

I stood tisposed upon a little hill,
The air was cooling, and so very still,
That the sweet buds which with a modest pride
Purl dropingly, in slanting curve aside,
Their scanty-leaved, and finely-tapering stems,
Had not yet lost their starry diadems
Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.
The clouds were pure and white as flecks new-born,
And fresh from the clear brook; sweetly they slept
On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept

A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves:
For not the faintest motion could be seen
Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.
There was wide wandering for the greediest eye,
To peer about upon variety:
Far round the horizon's crystal air to skim,
And trace the dwindled edgings of its brim;
To picture out the quaint and curious bending
Of a fresh woodland alley never-ending:
Or by the bowery clefts, and leafy shelves,
Guess where the jaunty streams refresh themselves.
I gazed awhile, and felt as light, and free
As though the flashing wings of Mercury
Had play'd upon my heels: I was light-hearted.
And many pleasures to my vision started;
So I straightforward began to pluck a posy
Of luxuries bright, milky, soft and rosy.

A bush of May-flowers with the bees about them;
Ah, sure no tasteful nook could be without them;
And let a lush laburnum oversweep them,
And let long grass grow round the roots, to keep them
Moist, cool and green; and shade the violets,
That they may bind the moss in leafy nets

A filbert-bedge with wild-brier overtwined,
And clumps of woodbine taking the soft wind
Upon their summer thrones; there too should be
The frequent chequer of a younging tree,
That with a score of light green brethren shoots
From the quaint mossiness of aged roots:
Round which is heard a spring-head of clear waters
Babbling so wildily of its lovely daughters,

587
The spreading bluebells; it may hapy mourn
That such fair clusters should be rudely torn
From their fresh beds, and scatter'd thoughtlessly
By infant hands, left on the path to die.

Open afresh your round of starry folds,
Ye'ardent marigolds!
Dry up the moisture from your golden lids,
For great Apollo bids:
That in these days your praises should be sung
On many harps which he has lately strung;
And when again your dewiness he kisses,
Tell him, I have you in my world of blisses:
So hapy when I rove in some far vale,
His mighty voice may come upon the gale.

Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight,
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.
Linger awhile upon some bending planks
That lean against a streamlet's rushy banks,
And watch intently Nature's gentle doings:
They will be found softer than ring-dove's cooings.
How silent comes the water round that bend;
Not the minutest whisper does it send
To the o'erhanging slallows; blades of grass
Slowly across the chequerd shadows pass.
Why you might read two sonnets, ere they reach
To where the hurrying freshness oye preach
A natural sermon o'er their pebbly beds;
Where swarms of minnows show their little heads,
Staying their wavy bodies 'gainst the streams,
To taste the luxury of sunny beams
Temper'd with coolness. How they ever wrestle
With their own sweet delight, and ever nestle
Their silver bellies on the pebbly sand!
If you but scantily hold out the hand,
That very instant not one will remain;
But turn your eye, and they are there again.
The ripples seem right glad to reach those cresses,
And cool themselves among the emerald tresses;
The while they cool themselves; they freshness give,
And moisture, that the bowery green may live:
So keeping up an interchange of favors,
Like good men in the truth of their behaviors.
Sometimes goldfinches one by one will drop
From low-hung branches: little space they stop;
But sip, and twitter, and their feathers sleek;
Then off at once, as in a wanton freak;
Or perhaps, to show their black and golden wings,
Passing upon their yellow flutterings.
Were I in such a place, I sure should pray
That naught less sweet might call my thoughts away,
Than the soft rustle of a maidens gown
Fanning away the dandelion's down.
Than the light music of her nimble toes
Puttng against the sorrel as she goes.
How she would start, and blush, thus to be caught!
Playing in all her innocence of thought!
O let me lead her gently o'er the brook,
Watch her half-smiling lips and downward look;
O let me for one moment touch her wrist;
Let me one moment to her breathing list;
And as she leaves me may she often turn
Her fair eyes looking through her locks auburn.

What next? A tuft of evening primroses,
O'er which the mind may hover till it dozes;
O'er which it well might take a pleasant sleep,
But that 'tis ever startled by the leap
Of buds into ripe flowers; or by the fitting
Of diverse moths, that aye their rest are quitting;
Or by the moon lifting her silver rim
Above a cloud, and with a gradual swim
Coming into the blue with all her light.
O Maker of sweet poets! dear delight
Of this fair world and all its gentle lives;
Spangler of clouds, halo of crystal rivers,
Mingler with leaves, and dew and tumbling streams
Closer of lovely eyes to lovely dreams,
Lover of loneliness, and wandering.
Of upcast eye, and tender pondering!
Thee must I praise above all other glories
That smile us on to tell delightful stories.
For what has made the sage or poet write
But the fair paradise of Nature's light?
In the calm grandeur of a sober line,
We see the waving of the mountain pine;
And when a tale is beautifully staid,
We feel the safety of a hawthorn glade:
When it is moving on luxurious wings,
The soul is lost in pleasant smootherings:
Fair dewy roses brush against our faces,
And flowing laurels spring from diamond vases;
O'er-head we see the jasmine and sweet-brier,
And bloomy grapes laughing from green attire;
While at our feet, the voice of crystal bubbles
Charms us at once away from all our troubles:
So that we feel uplifted from the world.
Walking upon the white clouds wreathed and curl'd
So felt he, who first told how Psyche went
On the smooth wind to realms of wonderment;
What Psyche felt, and Love, when their full lips
First touch'd; what amorous and fondling nips
They gave each other's cheeks; with all their sighs
And how they kist each other's tremulous eyes:
The silver lamp,—the ravishment,—the wonder,—
The darkness,—loneliness,—the fearful thunder:
Their woes gone by, and both to heaven up-flown.
To bow for gratitude before Jove's throne.
So did he feel, who pull'd the boughs aside,
That we might look into a forest wide;
To catch a glimpse of Fauns, and Dryads
Coming with softest rustle through the trees;
And garlands woven, of flowers wild and sweet,
Upheld on ivory wrists, or sporting feet;
Telling us how fair trembling Syrinx fled
Arcadian Pan, with such a fearful dread.
Poor nymph,—poor Pan,—how he did weep, to find
Naught but a lovely sighing of the wind.
Along the reedy stream; a half-heard strain,
Full of sweet desolation—balmy pain.

What first inspired a bard of old to sing
Narcissus pining o'er the untainted spring?
In some delicious ramble, he had found
A little space, with boughs all woven round:
And in the midst of all, a clearer pool
Than o'er reflected in its pleasant cool
The blue sky, here and there serenely peeping
Through tendril wreaths fantastically creeping.
And on the bank a lovely flower he spied,
A meek and forlorn flower, with naught of pride,
Drooping its beauty o'er the watery clearness,
To woe its own sad image into nearness:
Deaf to light Zephyrus, it would not move;
But still would seem to droop, to pine, to love.
So while the poet stood in this sweet spot,
Some fainter gleamings o'er his fancy shot;
Nor was it long ere he had told the tale
Of young Narcissus, and sadEcho's bale.

Where had he been, from whose warm head out-flew
That sweetest of all songs, that ever new,
That eye refreshing, pure deliciousness,
Coming ever to bless
The wanderer by moonlight? to him bringing
Shapes from the invisible world, unearthly singing
From out the middle air, from flowery nests,
And from the pillowy silkiness that rests
Full in the speculation of the stars.
Ah! surely he had burst our mortal bars;
Into some wondrous region he had gone,
To search for thee, divine Endymion!

He was a Poet, sure a lover too,
Who stood on Latmus' top, what time there blew
Soft breezes from the myrtle vale below;
And brought, in fineness solemn, sweet, and slow,
A hymn from Diana's temple; while upsweeping
The incense went to her own starry dwelling.
But though her face was clear as infant's eyes,
Though she stood smiling o'er the sacrifice,
The poet wept at her so piteous fate,
Wept that such beauty should be desolate:
So in fine wrath some golden sounds he won,
And gave meek Cynthia her Endymion.

Queen of the wide air; thou most lovely Queen
Of all the brightness that mine eyes have seen!
As thou exceedest all things in thy shine,
So every tale, does this sweet tale of thine.
O for three words of honey, that I might
Tell but one wonder of thy bridal night!

Where distant ships do seem to show their keels,
Phoebus awhile delay'd his mighty wheels,
And turn'd to smile upon thy bushy eyelids,
Ere he his unseen pomp would solemnize.
The evening weather was so bright, and clear,
That men of health were of unusual cheer;
Stepping like Homer at the trumpet's call,
Or young Apollo on the pedestal
And lovely women were as fair and warm.

As Venus looking sideways in alarm.
The breezes were ethereal, and pure,
And crept through half-closed lattices to cure
The languid sick; it cool'd their fever's sleep,
And soothed them into slumbers full and deep.
Soon they awoke clear-eyed; nor burnt with thirsting,
Nor with hot fingers, nor with temples bursting;
And springing up, they met the sun's ring sight
Of their dear friends, nigh foolish with delight;
Who feel their arms, and breasts, and kiss, and stare,
And on their placid foreheads part the hair.
Young men and maidens at each other gazed,
With hands held back, and motionless, amazed

To see the brightness in each other's eyes;
And so they stood, fill'd with a sweet surprise,
Until their tongues were loos'd in poesy.
Therefore no lover did of anguish die:
But the soft numbers, in that moment spoken,
Made silken ties, that never may be broken.
Cynthia! I cannot tell the greater blisses
That follow'd thine, and thy dear shepherd's kisses
Was there a poet born?—But now no more—
My wandering spirit must no further soar.

SPECIMEN OF AN INDUCTION TO A POEM.

Lo! I must tell a tale of chivalry;
For large white plumes are dancing in mine eye.
Not like the formal crest of latter days,
But bending in a thousand graceful ways;
So graceful, that it seems no mortal hand,
Or e'en the touch of Archimago's wand,
Could charm them into such an attitude.
We must think rather, that in playful mood,
Some mountain breeze had turn'd its chief delight
To show this wonder of its gentle might.
Lo! I must tell a tale of chivalry;
For while I muse, the lance points wantingly
Aethwart the morning air: some lady sweet,
Who cannot feel for cold her tender feet,
From the warm top of some old battlement
Hails it with tears, her stout defender sent;
And from her own pure self no joy dissembling
Wraps round her ample robe with happy trembling.
Sometimes when the good knight his rest could take
It is reflected, clearly, in a lake.
With the young ashen boughs, 'gainst which it rests,
And th' half-seen mossiness of linnets' nests.
Ah! shall I ever tell its cruelty,
When the fire flashes from a warrior's eye,
And his tremendous hand is grasping it,
And his dark brow for very wrath is knit?
Or when his spirit, with more calm intent,
Leaps to the honors of a tournament,
And makes the gazers round about the ring
Stare at the grandeur of the balancing?
No, no! this is far off—then how shall I
Revive the dying tones of minstrelsy,
Which linger yet about long Gothic arches,
In dark-green ivy, and among wild larches?
How sing the splendor of the revelries,
When butts of wine are drank off to the lees?
And that bright lance, against the fretted wall,
Beneath the shade of stately banneral,
Is sling'd with shining cuirass, sword, and shield?
Where ye may see a spur in bloody field,
Light-footed damsels move with gentle paces
Round the wide hall, and show their happy faces;
Or stand in courtly talk by fires and sevens,
Like those fair stars that twinkle in the heavens.
Yet must I tell a tale of chivalry:
Or wherefore comes that knight so proudly by?
Wherefore more proudly does the gentle knight
Rein in the swelling of his ample might?
Spenser! thy brows are arched, open, kind,
And come like a clear sunrise to my mind;
And always does my heart with pleasure dance
When I think on thy noble countenance.
Where never yet was aught more earthly seen
Than the pure freshness of thy laurels green.
Therefore, great bard, I not so fearfully
Call on thy gentle spirit to hover nigh
My daring steps: or if thy tender care,
Thus startled unaware,
Be jealous that the foot of other wight
Should madly follow that bright path of light
Traced by thy loved Libertas; he will speak,
And tell thee that my prayer is very meek;
That I will follow with due reverence,
And start with awe at mine own strange pretence.

The morn, the eve, the light, the shade, the flowers;
Clear streams, smooth lakes, and overlooking towers.

**CALIDORE.**

**A FRAGMENT.**

Young Calidore is paddling o’er the lake;
His healthful spirit eager and awake
To feel the balsam of a silent eye,
Which seed’d full loth this happy world to leave,
The light, it seems o’er the scene so lingeringly.
He bares his forehead to the cool blue sky,
And smiles at the far clearness all around,
Until his heart is well-nigh overthrown,
And turns for calmness to the pleasant green
Of easy slopes, and shadowy trees that lean
So elegantly o’er the waters’ brim
And show their blossoms trim.

Scarce can his clear and nimble eye-sight follow
The freaks, and dartings of the black-wing’d swallow,
Delighting much, to see it half at rest,
Dip so refreshingly its wings and breast
Gainst the smooth surface, and to mark anon,
The widening circles into nothing gone.

And now the sharp keel of his little boat
Comes up with ripple and with easy float,
And glides into a bed of water-lilies:
Broad-leaved are they, and their white canopies
Are upward turn’d to catch the heaven’s dew.
Near to a little island’s point they grew;
Whence Calidore might have the goodliest view
Of this sweet spot of earth. The bowery shore
Went off in gentle windings to the hoar
And light-blue mountains: but no breathing man
With a warm heart, and eye prepared to scan
Nature’s clear beauty, could pass lightly by
Objects that look’d out so invitingly
On either side. These, gentle Calidore
Greeted, as he had known them long before.

The sidelong view of swelling leafiness,
Which the glad setting sun in gold doth dress,
Whence, ever and anon, the joy outsprings,
And scales upon the beauty of its wings.

The lonely turret, shatter’d, and outworn,
Stands venerably proud; too proud to mourn
Its long-lost grandeur: fir-trees grow around,
Aye dropping their hard fruit upon the ground.

The little chapel, with the cross above
Upholding wreaths of ivy; the white dove,
That on the windows spreads his feathers light,
And seems from purple clouds to wing its flight:

Green-tufted islands casting their soft shades
Across the lake; sequester’d leafy glades,
That through the dimness of their twilight show
Large dock-leaves, spiral foxgloves, or the glow
Of the wild cat’s-eyes, or the silvery stems
Of delicate birch-trees, or long grass which hems
A little brook. The youth had long been viewing
These pleasant things, and heaven was bedewing
The mountain flowers, when his glad senses caught
A trumpet’s silver voice. Ah! it was fraught
With many joys for him: the warden’s ken
Had found white courser prancing in the glen:
Friends very dear to him he soon will see;
So pushes off his boat most eagerly,
And soon upon the lake he swims along.
Deaf to the nightingale’s first under-song;
Nor minds he the white swans that dream so sweetly.
His spirit flies before him so completely.
And now he turns a jutting point of land,
Whence may be seen the castle gloomy and grand.
Nor will a bee buzz round two swelling peaches,
Before the point of his light-shallop reaches
Those marble steps that through the water-dip:
Now over them he goes with hasty trip,
And scarcely stays to ope the folding-doors:
Anon he leaps along the oaken floors
Of halls and corridors.

Delicious sounds! those little bright-eyed things
That float about the air on azure wings,
Had been less heartfelt by him than the clang
Of clattering hoofs; into the court he sprang,
Just as two noble steeds, and palfreys twain,
Were slanting out their necks with loosen’d rein;
While from beneath the threatening portcullis
They brought their happy burthen. What a kiss,
What gentle squeeze he gave each lady’s hand!
How tremulously their delicate ankles spann’d!
Into how sweet a trance his soul was gone,
While whisperings of affection
Made him delay to let their tender feet
Come to the earth; with an incline so sweet
From their low palfreys o’er his neck they bent;
And whether there were tears of languishment,
Or that the evening dew had pearl’d their tresses,
He feels a moisture on his cheek, and blesses
With lips that tremble, and with glistening eye,
All the soft luxury
That nestled in his arms. A dimpled hand,
Fair as some wonder out of fairy land,
Hung from his shoulder like the drooping flowers
Of whitest Cassin, fresh from summer showers:
And this he fondled with his happy cheek,
As if for joy he would no further seek:
When the kind voice of good Sir Clerimond
Came to his ear, like something from beyond
His present being: so he gently drew
His warm arms, thrilling now with pulses new,
From their sweet thrall, and forward gently bending
Thank’d heaven that his joy was never-ending:
While 'gainst his forehead he devoutly press'd
A hand Heaven made to succor the distress'd;
A hand that from the world's bleak promontory
Had lifted Calidore for deeds of Glory.

Amid the pages, and the torches' glare,
There stood a knight, patting the flowing hair
Of his proud horse's mane: he was vital
A man of elegance, and stature tall:
So that the waving of his plumes would be
High as the berries of a wild-ash tree,
Or as the winged cap of Mercury.
His armor was so dexterously wrought
In shape, that sure no living man had thought
It hard, and heavy steel: but that indeed
It was some glorious form, some splendid weed,
In which a spirit new come from the skies
Might live, and show itself to human eyes.
"Tis the fair-famed, the brave Sir Gondibert,
Said the good man to Calidore alert;
While the young warrior—with a step of grace
Came up,—a courtly smile upon his face,
And mailed hand held out, ready to greet
The large-eyed wonder, and ambitious heat
Of the aspiring boy; who, as he led
Those smiling ladies, often turn'd his head
To admire the visor arch'd so gracefully
Over a knightly brow; while they went by
The lamps that from the high-roof'd walls were pendent.
And gave the steel a shining quite transcendent.
Soon in a pleasant chamber they are seated,
The sweet-lipp'd ladies have already greeted
All the green leaves that round the window clamber,
To show their purple stars, and bells of amber.
Sir Gondibert has doss'd his shining steel,
Gladdening in the free and airy feel
Of a light mantle; and while Clerimond
Is looking round about him with a fond
And placid eye, young Calidore is burning
To hear of knightly deeds, and gallant spurring
Of all unworthiness; and how the strong of arm
Kept off dismay, and terror, and alarm
From lovely woman: while blentful of this,
He gave each damsel's hand so warm a kiss,
And had such manly ardor in his eye,
That each at other look'd half-fearfully:
And then their features started into smiles,
Sweet as blue heavens o'er enchanted isles.
Softly the breezes from the forest came,
Softly they blew aside the taper's flame;
Clear was the song from Philomel's far bower;
Grateful the incense from the lime-tree flower;
Mysterious, wild, the far-heard trumpet's tone;
Lovely the moon in ether, all alone:
Sweet too the converse of these happy mortals,
As that of busy spirits when the mortals
Are closing in the West; or that soft humming
We hear around when Hesperus is coming.
Sweet be their sleep. * * * * * * *

Nor listen to accents, that almost adoring,
Bless Cynthia's face, the enthusiast's friend:
Yet over the steep, whence the mountain-stream rushes,
With you, kindest friends, in idea I rove;
Mark the clear tumbling crystal, its passionate gushes,
Its spray that the wild-flower kindly bedews.
Why linger ye so, the wild labyrinth strolling?
Why breathless, unable your bliss to declare?
Ah! you list to the nightingale's tender condoling,
Responsive to sylphs, in the moonbeamy air.
"Tis morn, and the flowers with dew are yet drooping,
I see you are treading the verge of the sea;
And now! ah, I see it—you just now are stooping
To pick up the keepsake intended for me.

If a cherub, on pinions of silver descending,
Had brought me a gem from the firework of Heaven;
And smiles with his star-cheering voice sweetly blending,
The blessings of Tighe had melodiously given;
It had not created a warmer emotion
Than the present, fair nymphs, I was blest with from you;
Than the shell, from the bright golden sands of the ocean,
Which the emerald waves at your feet gladly threw.
For, indeed, "tis a sweet and peculiar pleasure
(And blissful is he who such happiness finds),
To possess but a span of the hour of leisure
In elegant, pure, and aerial minds.

ON RECEIVING A COPY OF VERSES FROM THE SAME LADIES.
Hast thou from the caves of Golconda, a gem
Pure as the ice-drop that froze on the mountains?
Bright as the humming-bird's green diadem,
When it flutters in sunbeams that shine through a fountain?

Hast thou a goblet for dark sparkling wine?
That goblet right heavy, and massy, and gold?
And splendidly mark'd with the story divine
Of Armida the fair, and Rinaldo the bold?

Hast thou a steed with a mane richly flowing?
Hast thou a sword that thine enemy's smart is?
Hast thou a trumpet rich melodies blowing?
And wear'st thou the shield of the famed Britomartia?

What is it that hangs from thy shoulder so brave,
Embroider'd with many a spring-peering flower?
Is it a scarf that thy fair lady gave?
And hastest thou now to that fair lady's bower?

Ah! courteous Sir Knight, with large joy thou art crown'd;
Full many the glories that brighten thy youth!
I will tell thee my blisses, which richly abound
In magical powers to bless and to soothe.

TO SOME LADIES
ON RECEIVING A CURIOUS SHELL.
What though, while the wonders of nature exploring,
I cannot your light mazy footsteps attend;

39
ON this scroll thou seest written in characters fair
A sunbeaming tale of a wreath, and a chain:
And, warrior, it nurtures the property rare
Of charming my mind from the trammels of pain.

This canopy mark: 'tis the work of a fay;
Beneath its rich shade did King Oberon languish,
When lovely Titania was far, far away,
And cruelty left him to sorrow and anguish.

There, oft would he bring from his soft-sighing lute
Wild strains, to which, spell-bound, the nightingales listen'd:
The wondering spirits of Heaven were mute,
And tears 'mong the dew-drops of morning oft glisten'd.

In this little dome, all those melodies strange,
Soft, plaintive, and melting, for ever will sigh;
Nor e'er will the notes from their tenderness change,
Nor e'er will the music of Oberon die.

So when I am in a voluptuous vein,
I pillow my head on the sweets of the rose,
And list to the tale of the wreath, and the chain,
Till its echoes depart; then I sink to repose.

Adieu! valiant Eric! with joy thou art crown'd,
Full many the glories that brighten thy youth,
I too have my blisses, which richly abound
In magical powers to bless and to soothe.

TO

HADST thou lived in days of old,
O what wonders had been told
Of thy lively countenance,
And thy humid eyes that dance,
In the midst of their own brightness,
In the very face of lightness;
Over which thine eyebrows, leaning,
Picture out each lovely meaning!
In a dainty bend they lie,
Like to streaks across the sky,
Or the feathers from a crow,
Fullen on a bed of snow.
Of thy dark hair, that extends
Into many graceful bends:
As the leaves of heliotrope
Turn to whence they sprung before.
And behind each ample curl
Peeps the richness of a pearl.
Downward too flows many a tress
With a glossy waviness,
Full, and round like globes that rise
From the censer to the skies
Through sunny air. Add too, the sweetness
Of thy honey'd voice; the neatness
Of thine ankle lightly turn'd:
With those beauties scarce discern'd,
Kept with such sweet privacy,
That they seldom meet the eye
Of the little Loves that fly,
Round about with eager pry.
Saving when with freshening lave,
'Thou dipp'st them in the tainless wave;

Like twin water-lilies, born
In the coolness of the morn.
O, if thou hadst breathed then,
Now the Muses had been ten.
Couldst thou wish for lineage higher
Than twin-sister of Thalia?
At least for ever, evermore
Will I call the Graces.
Hadst thou lived when chivalry
Lifted up her lance on high,
Tell me what thou wouldst have been?
Ah! I see the silver sheen
Of thy broider'd flowing vest
Cover'ing half thine ivory breast:
Which, O Heavens! I should see,
But that cruel Destiny
Has placed a golden cuirass there,
Keeping secret what is fair.
Like sunbeams in a cloudlet nested,
Thy locks in knightly casque are rested:
O'er which bend four milky plumes,
Like the gentle lily's blooms
Springing from a costly vase.
See with what a stately pace
Comes thine alabaster steed;
Servant of heroic deed!
O'er his loins, his trappings glow
Like the northern lights on snow.
Mount his back! thy sword unsheathed
Sign of the enchanter's death;
Bane of every wicked spell;
Silencer of dragon's yell.
Alas! thou this wilt never do:
Thou art an enchantress too,
And wilt surely never spill
Blood of those whose eyes can kill.

TO HOPE.

WHEN by my solitary hearth I sit,
And hateful thoughts entwine my soul in gloom
When no fair dreams before my "mind's eye" float,
And the bare heath of life presents no bloom;
Sweet Hope! ethereal balm upon me shed,
And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head.

Where'er I wander, at the fall of night,
Where woven boughs shut out the moon's bright ray,
Should sad Despondency my musings fright,
And frown, to drive fair Cheerfulness away,
Peep with the moonbeams through the leafy roof,
And keep that fiend Despondence far aloof.

Should Disappointment, parent of Despair,
Strive for her son to seize my careless heart
When, like a cloud, he sits upon the air,
Preparing on his spell-bound prey to dart:
Chase him away, sweet Hope, with visage bright,
And fright him, as the morning frightens night.

Where'er the fate of those I hold most dear
Tells to my painful breast a tale of sorrow,
O bright-eyed Hope, my morbid fancy cheer;
Let me awhile thy sweetest comforts borrow:
Thy heaven-born radiance around me shed,
And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head!

592
Should e'er unhappy love my bosom pain,  
From cruel parents, or relentless fair,  
O let me think it is not quite in vain  
To sigh out sonnets to the midnight air!  
Sweet Hope! ethereal balm upon me shed,  
And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head.  

In the long vista of the years to roll,  
Let me not see our country's honor fade!  
C let me see our land retain her soul!  
Her pride, her freedom; and not freedom's shade.  
From thy bright eyes unusual brightness shed—  
Beneath thy pinions canopied my head.  

Let me not see the patriot's high bequest,  
Great Liberty! how great in plain attire!  
With the base purple of a court oppress'd,  
Bowing her head, and ready to expire:  
But let me see thee stoop from Heaven on wings  
That fill the skies with silver glitterings!  

And as, in sparkling majesty, a star  
Gilds the bright summit of some gloomy cloud;  
Brightening the half-veil'd face of heaven afar;  
So, when dark thoughts my bodily spirit shroud,  
Sweet Hope! celestial influence round me shed,  
Waving thy silver pinions o'er my head.  

February, 1815.

IMITATION OF SPENSER.

Now Morning from her orient chamber came,  
And her first footsteps touch'd a verdant hill:  
Crowning its lawny crest with amber flame,  
Silvering the untainted gushes of its rill;  
Which, pure from mossy beds, did down distil,  
And, after parting beds of simple flowers,  
By many streams a little lake did fill,  
Which round its marge reflected woven bowers,  
And, in its middle space, a sky that never lowers.

There the kingfisher saw his plumage bright,  
Vying with fish of brilliant dye below;  
Whose silken fins' and golden scales' light  
Cast upward, through the waves, a ruby glow:  
There saw the swan his neck of arched snow,  
And e'er himself along with majesty;  
Sparkled his jetty eyes; his feet did show  
Beneath the waves like Afric's ebony,  
And on his back a ray reclined voluptuously.

Ah! could I tell the wonders of an isle  
That in that fairest lake had place been,  
I could e'en Dido of her grief beguile;  
Or rob from aged Lear his bitter teen:  
For sure so fair a place was never seen  
Of all that ever charm'd romantic eye:  
It seem'd an emerald in the silver sheen  
Of the bright waters; or as when on high,  
Through clouds of fleecy white, laughs the cerulean sky.

And all around it dipp'd luxuriously  
Slopings of verdure through the glossy tide,  
Which, as it were, in gentle amity,  
Rippled delighted up the flowery side;

As if to glean the ruddy tears it tried,  
Which fell profusely from the rose-tree stem!  
Haply it was the workings of its pride,  
In strife to throw upon the shore a gem  
Outvying all the buds in Flora's diadem.

WOMAN! when I behold thee flippant, vain,  
Inconstant, childish, proud, and full of fancies;  
Without that modest softening that enhances  
The downcast eye, repentant of the pain  
That its mild light creates to heal again:  
E'en then, elate, my spirit leaps and prances,  
E'en then my soul with exultation dances  
For that to love, so long, I've dormant lain:  
But when I see thee meek, and kind, and tender  
Heavens! how desperately do I adore  
Thy winning graces;—to be thy defender  
I hotly burn—to be a Calidore—  
A very Red-Cross Knight—a stout Leander—  
Might I be loved by thee like these of yore.

Light feet, dark violet eyes, and parted hair;  
Soft dimpl'd hands, white neck, and creamy breast  
Are things on which the dazzled senses rest  
Till the fond, fixed eyes, forget they stare.  
From such fine pictures, Heavens! I cannot dare  
To turn my admiration, though unpossess'd  
They be of what is worthy,—though not drest  
In lovely modesty, and virtues rare.  
Yet these I leave as thoughtless as a lark;  
These lures I straight forget,—e'en ere I dine,  
Or thrice my palate moisten: but when I mark  
Such charms with mild intelligences shine,  
My ear is open like a greedy shark  
To catch the tunings of a voice divine.

Ah! who can e'er forget so fair a being?  
Who can forget her half-retiring sweetness?  
God! she is like a milk-white lamb that bleats  
For man's protection. Surely the All-seeing,  
Who joys to see us with his gifts agreeing,  
Will never give him pinions, who entreats  
Such innocence to ruin,—who vilely cheats  
A dove-like bosom. In truth, there is no freeing  
One's thoughts from such a beauty; when I hear  
A lay that once I saw her hand awake,  
Her form seems floating palpitant, and near:  
Had I e'er seen her from an arbor take  
A dewy flower, oft would that hand appear,  
And o'er my eyes the trembling moisture shake.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

1.
My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains  
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,  
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains  
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk  
"Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,  
But being too happy in thy happiness,—  
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees  
In some melodious plot  
Of beechen green, and shadowed numberless  
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.
2.
O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

3.
Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy-shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs,
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

4.
Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his cars,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous groves and winding mossy ways.

5.
I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglandine;
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

6.
Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

7.
Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy-lands forlorn.

8.
Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-grades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music—Do I wake or sleep?

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

1.
Trot still unravish'd bride of quietness!
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme;
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

2.
Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

3.
Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

4.
Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
ODE TO PSYCHE.

O GODDESS! hear these tuneless numbers, wrung
By sweet enforcement and remembrance dear,
And pardon that thy secrets should be sung,
Even into thine own soft-couched ear:
Surely I dreamt to-day, or did I see
The winged Psyche with awaken'd eyes?
I wander'd in a forest thoughtlessly,
And, on the sudden, fainting with surprise,
Saw two fair creatures, couched side by side
In deepest grass, beneath the whispering roof
Of leaves and trembled blossoms, where there ran
A brooklet, scarce espied;
Mid hush'd, cool-rooted flowers, fragrant-eyed,
Blue, silver-white, and budded Tyrian,
They lay calm-breathing on the bedded grass;
Their arms embraced, and their pinions too;
Their lips touch'd but, had not bude adieu,
As if disjointed by soft-handed slumber,
And ready still past kisses to outnumber
At tender eye-dawn of Aureolan love:
The winged boy I knew;
But who wast thou, O happy, happy dove?
His Psyche true!

O latest-born and loveliest vision far
Of all Olympus' faded hierarchy!
Fairer than Phoebe's sapphire-region'd star,
Or Vesper, amorous glow-worm of the sky;
Fairer than these, though temple thou hast none,
Nor altar heap'd with flowers;
Nor virgin-choir to make delicious morn
Upon the midnight hours;
No voice, no lute, no pipe, no incense sweet
From chain-swung censer teeming;
No shrine, no grove, no oracle, no heat
Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming.

O brightest! though too late for antique vows,
Too, too late for the fond believing lyre,
When holy were the haunted forest boughs,
Holy the air, the water, and the fire;
Yet even in these days so far retired
From happy pieties, thylucent fans,
Fluttering among the faint Olympians,
I see, and sing, by my own eyes inspired
So let me be thy choir, and make a morn
Upon the midnight hours;

Thy voice, thy lute, thy pipe, thy incense sweet
From swivelled censer teeming;
Thy shrine, thy grove, thy oracle, thy heat
Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming.

Yes, I will be thy priest, and build a lane
In some untrodden region of my mind,
Where branched thoughts; new-grown with pleasant pain
Instead of pines shall murmur in the wind
Far, far around shall those dark-cluster'd trees
Fledge the wild-ridged mountains steep by steep;
And there by zephyrs, streams, and birds, and bees,
The moss-lain Dryads shall be lul'd to sleep;
And in the midst of this wide quietness
A rosy sanctuary will I dress
With the wreathed trellis of a working brain,
With buds, and bells, and stars without a name,
With all the gardener Fancy e'er could feign,
Who breeding flowers, will never breed the same
And there shall be for thee all soft delight
That shadowy thought can win,
A bright torch, and a casement ope at night,
To let the warm Love in!

FANCY.

E'er let the Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home:
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;
Then let winged Fancy wander
Through the thoughts still spread beyond her
Open wide the mind's cage-door,
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
O sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
And the enjoying of the Spring
Fades as does its blossoming:
Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too,
Blushing through the mist and dew,
Cloys with tasting: What do then?
Sit thee by the ingle, when
The hearth fire blazes bright,
Spirit of a winter's night;
When the soundless earth is muffled,
And the caked snow is shuffled
From the plowboy's heavy shoon;
When the Night doth meet the Noon
In a dark conspiracy
To banish Even from her sky.
Sit thee there, and send abroad,
With a mind self-overweld,
Fancy, high commission'd: send her!
She has vassals to attend her:
She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauty that the earth hath lost;
She will bring thee, all together,
All delights of summer weather;
All the buds and bolls of May,
From dewy sword or thorny spray
All the heaped Autumn's wealth,
With a still, mysterious stealt:
She will mix these pleasures up,
Like three fit wines in a cup,
With the noise of fountains wondrous,
And the parle of voices thund'rous;
With the whisper of heaven's trees
And one another, in soft ease
Seated on Elysian lawns
Browsed by none but Dian's fawns;
Underneath large blue-bells tented,
Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not;
Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless, trance'd thing,
But divine melodious truth;
Philosophic numbers smooth;
Tales and golden histories
Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then
On the earth ye live again;
And the souls ye left behind you
Teach us, here, the way to find you,
Where your other souls are joying,
Never slumber'd, never cloying.
Here, your earth-born souls still speak
To mortals, of their little week;
Of their sorrows and delights;
Of their passions and their spites,
Of their glory and their shame;
What doth strengthen and what maim.
Thus ye teach us, every day,
Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Ye have souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new!

---

LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN

Souls of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
Have ye tippedpled drink more fine
Than mine host's Canary wine?
Or are fruits of Paradise
Sweeter than those dainty pies
Of venison? O generous food!
Drest as though bold Robin Hood
Would, with his maid Marian,
Sup and bowse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day
Mine host's sign-board flew away,
Nobody knew whither, till
An astrologer's old quill
To a sheepskin gave the story,—
Said he saw you in your glory,
Underneath a new-old sign
Sipping beverage divine,
And pledging with contented smack
The Mermaid in the Zodiac.

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern!

---

ODE.

BARDS of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Have ye souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new?
Yes, and those of heaven commune
With the spheres of sun and moon;

And thou shalt quaff it:—thou shalt hear
Distant harvest-carols clear;
Rustle of the reaped corn;
Sweet birds antheming the morn:
And, in the same moment—hark!
'Tis the early April lark,
Or the rooks, with busy caw,
Foraging for sticks and straw.
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
The dying and the marigold;
White-plumed lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst;
Shaded hyacinth, alway
Sapphire queen of the mid-May;
And every leaf, and every flower
Pearled with the selfsame shower.
Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
Meager from its celled sleep;
And the snake all winter-thin
Cast on sunny bank its skin;
Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
Hutching in the hawthorn-tree,
When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
Quiet on her mossy nest;
Then the hurry and alarm
When the bee-kive casts its swarm;
Acorns ripe down-pattering,
While the autumn breezes sing.

O, sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Every thing is spoilt by use;
Where's the cheek that doth not fade,
Too much gazed at? Where's the maid
Whose lip-mature is ever new?
Where's the eye, however blue,
Doth not wear? Where's the face
One would meet in every place?
Where's the voice, however soft,
One would hear so very oft?
At a touch sweet Pleasure meloth
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.
Let, then, winged Fancy find
Thee a mistress to thy mind:
Dulcet-eyed, as Ceres' daughter,
Ere the God of Torment taught her
How to frown and how to chide;
With a waist and with a side
White as Hebe's when her zone
Slip its golden clasp, and down
Fell her kirtle to her feet,
While she held the goblet sweet,
And Jove grew languid.—Break the mesh
Of the Fancy's silken leash;
Quickly break her prison-string,
And such joys as these she'll bring.—
Let the winged Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home.

---
ROBIN HOOD

TO A FRIEND.

No! those days are gone away,
And their hours are old and gray,
And their minutes buried all
Under the down-trodden pall
Of the leaves of many years:
Many times have Winter’s shears,
Frozen North, and chilling East,
Sounded tempests to the feast
Of the forest’s whispering fleeces,
Since men knew nor rent nor leases.

No, the bugle sounds no more,
And the twanging bow no more;
Silent is the ivory shill
Past the heath and up the hill;
There is no mid-forest laugh,
Where lone Echo gives the half
To some wight, amazed to hear
Jesting, deep in forest drear

On the fairest time of June
You may go, with sun or moon,
Or the seven stars to light you,
Or the polar ray to right you;
But you never may behold
Little John, or Robin bold;
Never one, of all the clan.
Thrumming on an empty can
Some old hunting ditty, while
He doth his green way bequell
To fair hostess Merriment,
Down beside the pasture Trent;
For he left the merry tale
Messenger for spacy ale.

Gone, the merry morris din;
Gone, the song of Gamelyn;
Gone, the tough-belted outlaw
Idling in the “grene shawe;”
All are gone away and past!
And if Robin should be cast
Sudden from his tufted grave,
And if Marian should have
Once again her forest days,
She would weep, and he would craze:
He would swear, for all his oaks,
Fall’n beneath the dock-yard strokes.
Have rotted on the briny seas;
She would weep that her wild bees
Sang not to her—strange! that honey
Can’t be got without hard money!

So it is; yet let us sing
Honor to the old bow-string!
Honor to the bugle-horn!
Honor to the woods unshorn,
Honor to the Lincoln green!
Honor to the archer keen!
Honor to light little John,
And the horse he rode upon!
Honor to bold Robin Hood,
Sleeping in the underwood!

Honor to maid Marian,
And to all the Sherwood clan!
Though their days have hurried by,
Let us twa a burden try.

TO AUTUMN.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eyes run,
To bend with apples the moss’d cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel-shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o’er-brimm’d their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store!
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-creep’d furrow sound asleep.
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day;
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-cricket’s song; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

ODE ON MELANCHOLY.

No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist
Wolf’s-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;
Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kiss’d
By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;
Make not your rosary of yew-berries,
Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl
A partner in your sorrow’s mysteries;
For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,
That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,
And hides the green hill in an April shroud;
Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,
Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
Or, on the wealth of globed peonies;
Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
Imprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

77 597
She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die;
And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu; and asking Pleasure nigh,
Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:
Ay, in the very temple of Delight
Veil’d Melancholy has her sovan shrine,
Though seen of none save him whose stremous tongue
Can burst Joy’s grape against his palate fine;
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

SLEEP AND POETRY.

As I lay in my bed slope full unmeet
Was unto me, but why that I ne might
Rest I ne wist, for there n’ as eththy wight
(As I suppose) had more of hertis ese
Than I, for I n’ ad sickness nor disease.

CHACERER.

What is more gentle than a wind in summer?
What is more soothing, than the pretty hummer
That stays one moment in an open flower,
And buzzes cheerfully from bower to bower?
What is more tranquil than a musk-rose blowing
In a green island, far from all men’s knowing?
More healthful than the leaffiness of dales?
More secret than a nest of nightingales?
More serene than Cordelia’s countenance?
More full of visions than a high romance?
What, but thee, Sleep? Soft closer of our eyes!
Low murmurer of tender lullabies!
Light hoverer around our happy pillows!
Wreath of poppy buds, and weeping willows!
Silent entangler of a beauty’s tresses!
Most happy listener! when the morning blesses
Thee for enlivering all the cheerful eyes
That glance so brightly at the new sunrise.

But what is higher beyond thought than thee?
Fresher than berries of a mountain-tree!
More strange, more beautiful, more smooth, more regal,
Than wings of swans, than doves, than doves.
What is it? And to what shall I compare it?
It has a glory, and naught else can share it;
The thought thereof is awful, sweet, and holy,
Chasing away all worldliness and folly:
Coming sometimes like fearful claps of thunder;
Or the low rumblings earth’s regions under;
And sometimes like a gentle whispering
Of all the secrets of some wondrous thing
That breathes about us in the vacant air;
So that we look around with prying stare,
Perhaps to see shapes of light, aerial looming,
And catch soft floating from a faint-heard humming;
To see the laurel-wreath, on high suspended.
That is to crown our name when life is ended.
Sometimes it gives a glory to the voice,
And from the heart up-springs. Rejoice! rejoice!
Sounds which will reach the Framer of all things,
And die away in ardent mutterings.

No one who once the glorious sun has seen,
And all the clouds, and felt his bosom clean

For his great Maker’s presence, but must know
What ‘tis I mean, and feel his being glow;
Therefore no insult will I give his spirit,
By telling what he sees from native merit.

O Poesy! for thee I hold my pen.
That am not yet a glorious denizen
Of thy wide heaven—should I rather kneel
Upon some mountain-top until I feel
A glowing splendor round about me hung,
And echo back the voice of thine own tongue?
O Poesy! for thee I grasp my pen
That am not yet a glorious denizen
Of thy wide heaven; yet, to my ardent prayer,
Yield from thy sanctuary some clear air,
Smoothed for intoxication by the breath
Of flowerings bays, that I may die a death
Of luxury, and my young spirit follow
The morning sunbeams to the great Apollo,
Like a fresh sacrifice; or, if I can bear
The o’erwhelming sweets, ‘twill bring to me the fair
Visions of all places: a bowery nook
Will be elysian—an eternal book
Whence I may copy many a lovely saying
About the leaves, and flowers—about the playing
Of nymphs in woods, and fountains; and the shade
Keeping a silence round a sleeping maid;
And many a verse from so strange influence
That we must ever wonder how, and whence
It came. Also imaginings will hover
Round my fire-side, and hapy there discover
Vistas of solemn beauty, where I’d wander
In happy silence, like the clear Meander
Through its lone vales; and where I found a spot
Of awfuller shade, or an enchanted grove
Or a green hill o’erspread with chequer’d dress
Of flowers, and fearful from its loveliness,
Write on my tablets all that was permitted,
All that was for our human senses fitted.
Then the events of this wide world I’d seize
Like a strong giant, and my spirit tease
Till all its shoulders it should proudly see
Wings to find out an immortality.

Stop and consider! life is but a day;
A fragile dew-drop on its perilous way
From a tree’s summit; a poor Indian’s sleep
While his boat hastens to the monstrous steep
Of Montmorenci. Why so sad a moan?
Life is the rose’s home, while yet unblew’n.
The reading of an ever-changing tale;
The light uplifting of a maiden’s veil;
A pigeon tumbling in clear summer air;
A laughing school-boy, without grief or care,
Riding the springy branches of an elm.

O for ten years, that I may overwhelm
Myself in poesy! so I may do the deed
That my own soul has to itself decreed.
Then I will pass the countries that I see
In long perspective, and continually
Taste their pure fountains. First the realm I’ll pass
Of Flora, and old Pan: sleep in the grass,
Feed upon apples red, and strawberries,
And choose each pleasure that my fancy sees;
Catch the white-handed nymphs in shady places,
To woo sweet kisses from averted faces,—
Play with their fingers, touch their shoulders white
Into a pretty shrinking with a bite
As hard as lips can make it: till agreed,
A lovely tale of human life we'll read.
And one will teach a tame dove how it best
May fan the cool air gently o'er my rest:
Another, bending o'er her nimble tread,
Will set a green robe floating round her head,
And still will dance with ever-varied ease,
Sailing upon the flowers and the trees:
Another will entice me on, and on
Through almond blossoms and rich cinnamon;
Till in the bosom of a leafy world
We rest in silence, like two gems upcurl'd
In the recesses of a pearly shell.

And can I ever bid those joys farewell?
Yes, I must pass them for a nobler life;
Where I may find the agonies, the strife
Of human hearts: for lo! I see afar,
O'er-sailing the blue cragginess, a car
And steeds with streamy manes—the charioteer
Looks out upon the winds with glorious fear:
And now the numerous trampling quiver lightly
Along a huge cloud's ridge; and now with sprightly
Wheel downward come they into fresher skies,
These round with silver from the sun's bright eyes.
Still downward with capacious whirl they glide;
And now I see them on a green hill-side
In breezy rest among the nodding stalks.
The charioteer with wondrous gesture talks
To the trees and mountains; and there soon appear
Shapes of delight, of mystery, and fear,
Passing along before a dusky space
Made by some mighty oaks: as they would chase
Some ever-decaying music, on they sweep.
Lo! how they murmur, laugh, and smile, and weep:
Some with upbended hand and mouth severe;
Some with their faces muffled to the ear.
Between their arms; some clear in youthful bloom,
Go glad and smilingly awhoit the gloom;
Some looking back, and some with upward gaze;
Yes, thousands in a thousand different ways
Fling onward—now a lovely wreath of girls
Dancing their sleek hair into tangled curls;
And now broad wings. Most awfully intent
The driver of those steeds is forward bent,
And seems to listen: O that I might know
All that he writes with such a hurrying glow!

The visions all are fled—the car is fled
Into the light of heaven, and in their stead
A sense of real things comes doubly strong.
And, like a muddy stream, would bear along
My soul to nothingness: but I will strive
Against all doublings, and will keep alive
The thought of that same chariot, and the strange
Journey it went.

Is there so small a range
In the present strength of manhood, that the high
Imagination cannot freely fly
As she was wont of old? prepare her steeds,
Paw up against the light, and do strange deeds
Upon the clouds? Has she not shown us all?
From the clear space of ether, to the small
Breath of new buds unfolding? From the meaning
Of Jove's large eye-brow, to the tender greening
Of April meadows? Here her altar shone,
E'en in this isle; and who could paragon
The fervid choir that lifted up a noise
Of harmony, to where it aye will poised
Its mighty self of convoluting sound,
Huge as a planet, and like that roll round,
Eternally around a dizzy void?
Ay, in those days the Muses were high cloy'd
With honors; nor had any other care
Than to sing out and soothe their wavy hair

Could all this be forgotten? Yes, a schism
Nurtured by foppery and barbarism,
Made great Apollo blush for this his land.
Men were thought wise who could not understand
His glories: with a puling infant's force
They sway'd about upon a rocking-horse,
And thought it Pegasus. Ah, dismal-soul'd!
The winds of Heaven blew, the ocean roll'd
Its gathering waves—ye felt it not. The blue
Bared its eternal bosom, and the dew
Of summer night collected still to make
The morning precious: Beauty was awake!
Why were ye not awake? But ye were dead
To things ye knew not of,—were closely wed
To musty laws lined out with wretched rule
And compass vile: so that ye taught a school
Of dots to smooth, inlay, and clip, and fit,
Till, like the certain wands of Jacob's wit,
Their verses tallied. Easy was the task:
A thousand handicraftsmen wore the mask
Of Poesy. Ill-fated, impious race!
That blasphemed the bright Lyrist to his face,
And did not know it,—no, they went about,
Holding a poor, decrepit standard out,
Mark'd with most flimsy mottoes, and in large
The name of one Boileau.

O ye whose charge
It is to hover round our pleasant hills!
Whose congregated majesty so fills
My boundless reverence, that I cannot trace
Your hallow'd names, in this unfifty place
So near those common folk; did not their shame
Affright you? Did our old lamenting Thames
Delight you! did ye never cluster round
Delicious Avon, with a mournful sound,
And weep? Or did ye wholly bid adieu
To regions where no more the laurel grew?
Or did ye stay to give a welcoming
To some lone spirits who could brightly sing
Their youth away, and die? 'T was even so:
But let me think away those times of woe;
Now 'tis a fairer season; ye have breathed
Rich benedictions o'er us; ye have wreathed
Fresh garlands: for sweet music has been heard
In many places; some has been upstir'd
From out its crystal dwelling in a lake,
By a swan's ebon bill; from a thick brake,
Nestled and quiet in a valley mild,
Bubbles a pipe: fine sounds are floating wild
About the earth: happy are ye and glad.
These things are, doubtless: yet in truth we've had
Strange thunders from the potency of song;
Mingled indeed with what is sweet and strong,
From majesty: but in clear truth the themes
Are ugly cubs, the Poets' Polyphemes
Disturbing the grand sea. A drainless shower
Of light is poetry; 'tis the supreme of power;
'Tis might half-bumbling on its own right arm.
The very archings of her eyelids charm
A thousand willing agents to obey,
And still she governs with the mildest sway:
But strength alone though of the Muses born
Is like a fallen angel: trees uprooted,
Darkness, and worms, and shrouds, and sepulchres
Delight it; for it feeds upon the burs
And thorns of life; forgetting the great end
Of poesy, that it should be a friend
To soothe the thoughts, and lift the thoughts of man.

Yet I rejoice: a myrle fairer than
E'er grew in Paphos, from the bitter weeds
Lifts its sweet head into the air, and feeds
A silent space with ever-sprouting green.
All tenderest birds there find a pleasant screen,
Creep through the shade with jauntily fluttering,
Nibble the little cupped flowers, and sing.
Then let us clear away the choking thorns
From round its gentle stem; let the young fawns,
Yearned in after-times, when we are flown,
Find a fresh awash beneath it, overgrown
With simple flowers: let there nothing be
More boisterous than a lover's bended knee;
Naught more ungentle than the placid look
Of one who leans upon a closed book;
Naught more untranquil than the grassy slopes
Between two hills. All hail, delightful hopes!
As she was wont, th' imagination
Into most lovely labyrinths will be gone,
And they shall be accounted poet kings
Who simply tell the most heart-easing things.
O may these joys be ripe before I die!

Will not some say that I presumptuously
Have spoken? that from hastening disgrace
'Twere better far to hide my foolish face?
That whining boyhood should with reverence bow
Ere the dread thunderbolt could reach! How!
If I do hide myself, it sure shall be
In the very face, the light of Poesy:
If I do fall, at least I will be laid
Beneath the silence of a poplar-shade;
And over me the grass shall be smooth shaven;
And there shall be a kind memorial graven.
But off! Despondence! miserable bane!
They should not know thee, who art thirst to gain
A noble end, are thirsty ever hour.
What though I am not wealthy in the dower
Of spanning wisdom; though I do not know
The shifting of the mighty winds that blow
Hither and thither all the changing thoughts
Of man; though no great mimin'ring reason sorts
Out the dark mysteries of human souls
To clear conceiving: yet there ever rolls
A vast idea before me, and I glean
Therefrom my liberty; thence too I've seen

The end and aim of Poesy. 'Tis clear
As any thing most true; as that the year
Is made of the four seasons—manifest
As a large cross, some old cathedral's crest,
Lifted to the white clouds. Therefore should I
Be but the essence of deformity,
A coward, did my very eyelids wink
At speaking out what I have dared to think
Ah! rather let me like a madman run
Over some precipice; let the hot sun
Melt my Dedalian wings, and drive me down
Convulsed and headlong! Stay! an inward frown
Of conscience bids me be more calm awhile.
An ocean dim, sprinkled with many an isle,
Spreads awfully before me. How much toil!
How many days! what desperate turmoil!
Ere I can have explored its widenesses.
Ah, what a task! upon my bended knees,
I could unsay those—no, impossible
Impossible!

For sweet relief I'll dwell
On humberl thoughts, and let this strange essay
Begun in gentleness die so away.
E'en now all tumult from my bosom fades:
I turn full-hearted to the friendly aids
That smooth the path of honor; brotherhood,
And friendship, the nurse of mutual good.
The hearty grasp that sends a pleasant sonnet
Into the brain ere one can think upon it;
The silence when some rhymes are coming out
And when they're come, the very pleasant rout
The message certain to be done-tomorrow.
'Tis perhaps as well that it should be to borrow
Some precious book from out its snug retreat,
To cluster round it when we next shall meet.
Scarce can I scribble on; for lovely airs
Are fluttering round the room like doves in pairs
Many delights of that glad day recalling,
When first my senses caught their tender falling.
And with these airs come forms of elegance
Stooping their shoulders o'er a horse's prance,
Careless, and grand—fingers soft and round
Parting luxuriant curls;—and the swift bound
Of Bacchus from his chariot, when his eye
Made Ariadne's cheek look blushingly.
Thus I remember all the pleasant flow
Of words at opening a portfolio.

Things such as these are ever harbinger
To trains of peaceful images: the stirs
Of a swan's neck unseen among the rushes,
A linnet starting all about the bushes:
A butterfly, with golden wings broad-parted,
Nestling a rose, convulsed as though it smarted
With over-pleasure—many, many more,
Might I indulge at large in all my store
Of luxuries: yet I must not forget
Sleep, quiet, with his poppy coronet:
For what there may be worthy in these rhymes
I partly owe to him; and thus, the chimes
Of friendly voices had just given place.
To as sweet a silence, when I gan retrace
The pleasant day, upon a couch at ease.
It was a poet's house who keeps the keys

600
Of pleasure's temple.—Round about were hung
The glorious features of the bards who sung
In other ages—cold and sacred busts
Smiled at each other. Happy he who trusts
To clear Futurity. his darling fame!
Then were fauns and satyrs taking aim
At swelling apples with a frisky leap,
And reaching fingers mid a luscious heap
Of vine-leaves. Then there rose to view a face
Of liny marble, and thereto a train
Of nymphs approaching fairly o'er the sword:
One, loveliest, holding her white hand toward
The dazzling sunrise: two sisters sweet
Bending their graceful figures till they meet
Over the tripings of a little child:
And some are hearing, eagerly, the wild
Thrilling liquidity of dewy piping.
See, in another picture, nymphs are wipping
Cherishingly Diana's timorous limbs:—
A fold of lawny mantle dabbling swims
At the bath's edge, and keeps a gentle motion
With the subsiding crystal: as when ocean
Heaves calmly its broad swelling smoothness o'er
Its rocky marge, and balances once more
The patient weeds: that now unshent by foam,
Feel all about their undulating home.
Sappho's meek head was there half smiling down
At nothing: just as though the earnest frown
Of over-thinking had that moment gone
From off her brow, and left her all alone.

Great Alfred's too, with anxious, pitying eyes,
As if he always listen'd to the sighs
Of the goaded world: and Kosciusko's, worn
By horrid sufferance—mightily forlorn.

Petrarch, out-stepping from the shady green,
Starts at the sight of Laura: nor can wean
His eyes from her sweet face. Most happy they!
For over them was seen a free display
Of outspread wings, and from between them shone
The face of Poesy: from off her throne
She overlook'd things that I scarce could tell,
The very sense of where I was might well
Keep Sleep aloof: but more than that there came
Thought after thought to nourish up the flame
Within my breast; so that the morning light
Surprised me even from a sleepless night;
And up I rose refresh'd, and glad, and gay,
Resolving to begin that very day
These lines; and howsoever they be done,
I leave them as a father does his son.

SONNETS.

TO MY BROTHER GEORGE.

Many the wonders I this day have seen:
The sun, when first he kist away the tears
That fill'd the eyes of Morn;—the laurel'd peers
Who from the feathery gold of evening lean:—
The Ocean with its vastness, its blue green,
Its ships, its rocks, its caves, its hopes, its fears,—
Its voice mysterious, which whose bears
Must think on what will be, and what has been.

E'en now, dear George, while this for you I write
Cynthia is from her silken curtains peeping
So scantily, that it seems her bridal night,
And she her half-discover'd revels keeping.
But what, without the social thought of thee,
Would be the wonders of the sky and sea?

TO

HAD I a man's fair form, then might my sighs
Be echoed swiftly through that ivory shell
Thine ear, and find thy gentle heart; so well
Would passion arm me for the enterprise:
But ah! I am no knight whose foeman dies;
No cuisses glistens on my bosom's swell;
I am no happy shepherd of the dell
Whose lips have trembled with a maiden's eyes.
Yet must I dote upon thee,—call thee sweet,
Sweeter by far than Hybla's honey'd roses,
When steep'd in dew rich to intoxication.
Ah! I will taste that dew, for me 'tis meet,
And when the moon her pallid face discloses,
I'll gather some by spells, and incantation.

WRITTEN ON THE DAY THAT MR. LEIGH HUNT LEFT PRISON.

What though, for showing truth to flatt'rd state,
Kind Hunt was shut in prison, yet has he
In his immortal spirit, been as free
As the sky-searching lark, and as elate.
Minion of grandeur! think you he did wait?
Think you he naught but prison-walls did see,
Till, so unwilling, thou unrav'd the key?
Ah! no! far happier, nobler was his fate!
In Spenser's halls he stray'd, and bowers fair,
Culling enchanted flowers; and he flew
With daring Milton through the fields of air:
To regions of his own, his genius true
Took happy flights. Who shall his fame impair
When thou art dead, and all thy wretched crew

How many bards gild the lapses of time!
A few of them have never been the food
Of my delighted fancy.—I could brood
Over their beauties, earthly, or sublime:
And often, when I sit me down to rhyme,
These will in throngs before my mind intrude:
But no confusion, no disturbance rude
Do they occasion; 'tis a pleasing chime.
So the unnumber'd sounds that evening store;
The songs of birds—the whispering of the leaves—
The voice of waters—the great bell that heaves
With solemn sound, and thousand others more,
That distance of recognition bereaves,
Make pleasing music, and not wild uproar.

TO A FRIEND WHO SENT ME SOME ROSES.

As late I rambled in the happy fields,
What time the skylark shakes the tremulous dew
From his lush; clover covert:—where anew
Adventurous knights take up their dented shields:

601
I saw the sweetest flower wild nature yields,  
A fresh-blown musk-rose; 'twas the first that threw  
Its sweets upon the summer: graceful it grew  
As is the wand that queen Titania wields.  
And, as I feasted on its fragrance,  
I thought the garden-rose it far excelled;  
But when, O Wells! thy roses came to me,  
My sense with their deliciousness was spell'd:  
Soft voices had they, that with tender plea  
Whisper'd of peace, and truth, and friendliness unequal'd.

—I TO G. A. W.

nymph of the downward smile, and sidelong glance!  
In what dimmer moments of the day  
Art thou most lovely? when gone far astray  
Into the labyrinths of sweet utterance?  
Or when serenely wand'rings in a trance  
Of sober thought? Or when starting away,  
With careless robe to meet the morning ray,  
Thou sparest the flowers in thy madly dance?  
Haply 'tis when thy ruby lips part sweetly,  
And so remain, because thou listest:

But thou to pleasewert nurtur'd so completely  
That I can never tell what mood is best.  
I shall as soon pronounce which grace more nearly  
Trips it before Apollo than the rest.

O SOLITUDE! if I must with thee dwell,  
Let it not be among the jumbled heap  
Of murky buildings: climb with me the steep,—  
Nature's observatory—whence the dell,  
Its flowery slopes, its river's crystal swell,  
May seem a span; let me thy vigils keep  
'Mongst bow'rus pavilion'd, where the deer's swift leap,  
Startles the wild bee from the fox-glove bell.

But though I'll gladsly trace these scenes with thee,  
Yet the sweet converse of an innocent mind,  
Whose words are images of thoughts refined,  
Is my soul's pleasure; and it sure must be  
Almost the highest bliss of human-kind,  
When to thy haunts two kindred spirits flee.

—TO MY BROTHERS.

small, busy flames play through the fresh-laid coals,  
And their faint cracklings o'er our silence creep  
Like whispers of the household gods that keep  
A gentle empire o'er fraternal souls.  
And while, for rhymes, I search around the poles,  
Your eyes are fix'd, as in poetic sleep,  
Upon the fire so vulnerable and deep,  
That aye at fall of night our care consoles  
This is your birth-day, Tom, and I rejoice  
That thus it passeth smoothly, quietly,  
Many such eyes of gently whispering noise  
May we together pass, and calmly try  
What are this world's true joys,—ere the great Voice,  
From its fair face shall bid our spirits fly.

November 18, 1816

keen fitful gusts are whispering here and there  
Among the bushes, half leafless and dry;  
The stars look very cold about the sky,  
And I have many miles on foot to fare.  
Yet feel I little of the cool bleak air,  
Or of the dead leaves rustling drearily,  
Or of those silver lamps that burn on high,  
Or of the distance from home's pleasant air:  
For I am brimming of the friendliness  
That in a little cottage I have found;  
Of fair-haired Milton's eloquent distress,  
And all his love for gentle Lucid'd crown'd:  
Of lovely Laura in her light-green dress,  
And faithful Petrarch gloriously crown'd.

To one who has been long in city pent,  
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair  
And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer  
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.  
Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,  
Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair  
Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair  
And gentle tale of love and languishment?  
Returning home at set evening, with an eye  
Capturing the notes of Phillomel,—an eye,  
Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,  
He mourns that day so soon has glided by:  
E'en like the passage of an angel's tear  
That falls through the clear ether silently.

—ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,  
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;  
Round many western islands have I been  
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold,  
Of one wide expanse had I been told  
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne:  
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:  
Then felt I like some watchter of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken,  
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eye  
He started at the Pacific—and all his men  
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

—ON LEAVING SOME FRIENDS AT AN EARLY HOUR

Give me a golden pen, and let me lean  
On heap'd-up flowers, in regions clear, and far,  
Bring me a tablet whiter than a star,  
Or hand of hymning angel, when 'tis seen  
The silver strings of heavenly harp atween:  
And let there glide by many a pearly car,  
Pink robes, and wavy hair, and diamond jar,  
And half-discover'd wings, and glances keen.  
The while let music wander round my ears,  
And as it reaches each delicious ending,  
Let me write down a line of glorious tone,  
And full of many wonders of the spheres:  
For what a height my spirit is contending!  
'Tis not content so soon to be alone.
ADDRESS TO HAYDON.

HIGH-MINDEDNESS, a jealousy for food,
A loving-kindness for the great man's fame,
Dwells here, and there with people of no name,
In noiseless alley, and in pathless wood:
And where we think the truth least understood,
Oft may be found a "singleness of aim,"
That 'ought to frighten into booted shame
A money-mong'ring, pitiful brood.
How glorious this affection for the cause
Of steadfast genius, toiling gallantly!
What when a stout unbending champion awes
Envy, and malice to their native sty?
Unnumber'd souls breathe out a still applause,
Proud to behold him in his country's eye.

ADDRESS TO THE SAME.

GREAT spirits now on earth are sojourning:
He of the cloud, the cataract, the lake;
Who on Helvellyn's summit, wide awake,
Catches his freshness from Archangel's wing:
He of the rose, the violet, the spring.
The social smile, the chain for Freedom's sake:
And lo! whose steadfastness would never take
A meaner sound than Raphael's whispering.
And other spirits there are standing apart
Upon the forehead of the age to come;—
These, these will give the world another heart,
And other pulses. Hear ye not the hum
Of mighty workings?
Listen awhile, ye nations, and be dumb.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

The poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead:
That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury,—he has never done
With his delights, for when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drawyness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.
December 30, 1816.

TO KOSCIUSKO.

Good Kosciusko! thy great name alone
Is a full harvest whence to reap high feeling;
It comes upon us like the glorious pealing
Of the wide spheres—an everlasting tone.
And now it tells me, that in worlds unknown,
The sun's fair flowers burn, from clouds concealing
And changed to harmonies, for ever stealing
Through cloudless blue, and round each silver throne.

It tells me too, that on a happy day,
When some good spirit walks upon the earth,
Thy name with Alfred's, and the great of yore
Gently commingling, gives tremendous birth
To a loud hymn, that sounds far, far away.
To where the great God lives for evermore.

HAPPY is England! I could be content
To see no other verdure than its own;
To feel no other breezes than are blown
Through its tall woods with high romances blent:
Yet do I sometimes feel a languishment
For skies Italian, and an inward gnaw
To sit upon an Alp as on a throne,
And half forget what world or worldling meant.
Happy is England, sweet her artless daughters;
Enough their simple loveliness for me,
Enough their whitest arms in silence clining:
Yet do I often warmly burn to see
 Beauties of deeper glance, and hear their singing,
And float with them about the summer waters.

THE HUMAN SEASONS.

Four Seasons fill the measure of the year:
There are four seasons in the mind of man:
He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear
Takes in all beauty with an easy span:
He has his Summer, when luxuriously
Spring's honey'd cud of youthful thought he loves
To ruminate, and by such dreaming nigh
Is nearest unto heaven: quiet coves
His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
He furleth close; contented so to look
On mists in idleness—to let fair things
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.
He has his winter too of pale misfortune,
Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

ON A PICTURE OF LEANDER.

Come hither, all sweet maidens soberly,
Down-looking eye, and with a chasen't light
Hid in the fringes of your eyelids white,
And meekly let your fair hands joined be,
As if so gentle that ye could not see,
Untouch'd, a victim of your beauty bright,
Sinking away to his young spirit's night,
Sinking bewildier'd 'mid the dreary sea:
"Tis young Leander toiling to his death;
Nigh swooning, he doth purse his weary lips
For Hero's cheek, and smiles against her smile.
O horrid dream! see how his body dips
Dead-heavy; arms and shoulders gleam awhile:
He's gone; up bubbles all his amorous breath!

TO ALSA ROCK.

Hearken, thou craggy ocean pyramid!
Give answer from thy voice, the sea-fowl's screams!
When were thy shoulders mantled in huge streams?
When, from the sun, was thy broad forehead hid?

603
How long is’t since the mighty power bid
Thy heav’n to airy sleep from fathom dreams! 
Sleep in the lap of thunder or sunbeams,
Or when gray clouds are thy cold cover-lid?
Thou answer’st not, for thou art dead asleep!

Thy life is but two dead eternities—
The last in air, the former in the deep;
First with the whales, last with the-eagle-skies—
Drown’d wast thou till an earthquake made thee steep,
Another cannot wake thy giant size.

---

**TO GEORGE FELTON MATHEW.**

**Sweet are the pleasures that to verse belong,**
And doubly sweet a brotherhood in song; 
Nor can remembrance, Mathew! bring to view
A fate more pleasing, a delight more true
Than that in which the brother poets joy’d,
Who, with combined powers, their wit employ’d
To raise a trophy to the drama’s muses.

The thought of this great partnership diffuses
Over the genius-loving heart, a feeling
Of all that’s high, and great, and good, and healing,
Too partial friend! fain would I follow thee
Past each horizon of fine poetry;
Fain would I echo back each pleasant note
As o’er Sicilian seas, clear anthems float
’Tmong the light-skimming gondolas far parted,
Just when the sun his farewell beam has darted:
But ‘tis impossible; far different cares
Beckon me sternly from soft “Lydian airs,”
And hold my faculties so long in thrall,
That I am oft in doubt whether at all
I shall again see Phoebe in the morning;
Or flush’d Aurora in the roseate dawning;
Or a white Naiad in a riv’ling stream;
Or a rapt seraph in a moonlight beam;
Or again witness what with thee I’ve seen,
The dew by fairy feet swept from the green,
After a night of some quaint jubilee
Which every elf and fay had come to see;
When bright processions took their airy march
Beneath the curved moon’s triumphal arch.

But might I now each passing moment give
To the coy muse, with me she would not live
In this dark city, nor would condense
Mid contradictions her delights to lend.
Should o’er the fine-eyed maid to me be kind,
Ah! surely it must be when’er I find
Some flowery spot, sequester’d, wild, romantic,
That often must have seen a poet frantic;
Where oaks, that erst the Druid knew, are growing,
And flowers, the glory of one day, are blowing;
Where the dark-leaved laburnum’s drooping clusters
Reflect athwart the stream their yellow lustres,
The purple west, and, two bright streaks between,
The golden lyre itself were dimly seen:
That the still murmur of the honey-bee
Would never teach a rural song to me:
That the bright glance from beauty's eyelids slanting
Would never make a lay of mine enchanting,
Or warm my breast with ardent love to unfold
Some tale of love and arms in time of old.

But there are times, when those that love the bay,
Fly from all sorrowing far, far away;
A sudden glow comes on them, naught they see
In water, earth, or air, but Poesy.
It has been said, dear George, and true I hold it,
(For knightly Spenser to Libertas told it),
That when a Poet is in such a trance,
In air he sees white courser paw and prance,
Bestridden of gay knights, in gay apparel,
Who at each other in playfull quarral;
And what we, ignorantly, sheet-lightning call,
Is the swift opening of their wide portal,
When the bright warder blows his trumpet clear,
Whose tones reach naught on earth but poet's ear.
When these enchanted portals open wide,
And through the light the herosmen swiftly glide
The Poet's eye can reach those golden halls,
And view the glory of their festivals:
Their ladies fair, that in the distance seem
Fit for the sil'ring of a seraph's dream;
Their rich brim'd goblets, that incessant run,
Like the bright spots that move about the sun:
And when upheld, the wine from each bright jar
Pours with the lustre of a falling star.
Yet further off, are dimly seen their bowers,
Of which no mortal eye can reach the flowers:
And 'tis right just, for well Apollo knows
'Twould make the Poet quarral with the rose.
All that's reveal'd from that far seat of blisses,
Is, the clear fountains' interchanging kisses,
As gracefully descending, light and thin,
Like silver streaks across a dolphin's fin,
When he up-swimmeth from the coral caves,
And sports with half his tail above the waves.

These wonders strange he sees, and many more,
Whose head is pregnant with poetic lore:
Should he upon an evening ramble fire
With forehead to the soothing breezes bare,
Would he naught see but the dark, silent blue,
With all its diamonds trembling through and through?
Or the coy moon, when in the waviness
Of whitest clouds she doth her beauty dress,
And staidly paces higher up, and higher,
Like a sweet nun in holiday attire?
Ah, yes! much more would start into his sight—
The revelries, and mysteries of night:
And should I ever see them, I will tell you
Such tales as needs must amaze and amaze spell you.

These eye the living pleasures of the bard:
But richer far posterity's award.
What does he murmur with his latest breath,
While his proud eye looks through the film of death?
* What though I leave this dull, and earthly moul'd
Yet shall my spirit lofty converse hold

With after-times.—The patriot shall feel
My stern alarum, and unheath his steel;
Or in the senate thunder out my numbers,
To disturb princes from their easy slumbers.
The sage will mingle with each moral theme
My happy thoughts sententious: he will teem
With lofty periods when my verse shall fire him,
And then I'll sleep from heaven to inspire him.
Lays have I left of such a dear delight
That maid's will sing them on their bridal-night.
Gay villagers, upon a morn of May,
When they have tired their gentle limbs with play
And form'd a snowy circle on the grass,
And placed in midst of all that lovely lass
Who chosen is their queen,—with her fine head,
Crown'd with flowers purple, white, and red:
For there the lily, and the musk-rose, sighing,
Are emblems true of hapless lovers dying:
Between her breasts, that never yet felt trouble,
A bunch of violets full-blown, and double,
Serenely sleep: she from a casket takes
A little book,—and then a joy awakes
About each youthful heart,—with stifled cries,
And rubbing of white hands, and sparkling eyes:
For she's to read a tale of hopes, and fears;
One that I foster'd in my youthful years:
The peals, that on each glistening circket sleep,
Gush ever and anon with silent creep,
Lured by the innocent dipsies. To sweet rest
Shall the dear babe, upon its mother's breast,
Be lull'd with songs of mine. Fair world, adieu!
Thy dales and hills are fading from my view:
Swiftly I mount, upon wide-sprauding pinions,
Far from the narrow bounds of thy dominions.
Full joy I feel, while thus I cleave the air,
That my soft verse will charm thy daughters fair,
And warm thy sons!" Ah, my dear friend and brother
Could I, at once, my mad ambition smother,
For tasting joys like these, sure I should be
Happier, and dearer to society.
At times, 'tis true, I've felt relief from pain
When some bright thought has darted through my brain:
Through all that day I've felt a greater pleasure
Than if I had brought to light a hidden treasure.
As to my sonnets, though none else should heed them
I feel delighted, still, that you should read them.
Of late, too, I have had much calm enjoyment,
Stretch'd on the grass at my best-loved employment
Of scribbling lines for you. These things I thought
While, in my face, the freshest breeze I caught.
Even now, I am pillow'd on a bed of flowers,
That crowns a lofty cliff, which proudly towers
Above the ocean waves. The stubbs, and blades,
Chequer my tablet with their quivering shades.
On one side is a field of drooping oats,
Through which the poppies show their scarlet coats,
So pert and useless, that they bring to mind
The scarlet coats that pester human-kind.
And on the other side, outspread, is seen
Ocean's blue mantle, streak'd with purple and green,
Now 'tis I see a canvass'd ship, and now
Mark the bright silver curling round her prow;
I see the lark down-dropping to his nest,
And the broad-wing'd sea-gull never at rest;
For when no more he spreads his feathers free,
His breast is dancing on the restless sea.
TO CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

Oft have you seen a swan superbly frowning,
And with proud breast his own white-shadow crowning;
He slants his neck beneath the waters bright
So silently, it seems a beam of light
From come the galaxy: anon he sports,—
With outspread wings the Naiad Zephyr courts,
Or ruffles all the surface of the lake
In striving from its crystal face to take
Some diamond water-drops, and them to treasure
In milky nest, and sip them off at leisure.
But not a moment can he there insure them,
Nor to such downy rest can he allure them:
For down they rush as though they were free,
And drop like hours into eternity.
Just like that bird am I in loss of time,
Whene'er I venture on the stream of rhyme;
With shutter'd boat, our snapt, and canvas rent,
I slowly sail, scarce knowing my intent;
Still scooping up the water with my fingers,
In which a trembling diamond never lingers.

By this, friend Charles, you may full plainly see
Why I have never peard a line to thee:
Because my thoughts were never free, and clear,
And little fit to please a classic ear;
Because my wine was of too poor a savor
For one whose palate gladdens in the flavor
Of sparkling Helicon—small good it were
To take him to a desert rude and bare,
Who had on Bain's shore reclined at ease,
While Tasso's page was floating in a breeze
That gave soft music from Armida's bowers,
Mingled with fragrance from her rarest flowers:
Small good to one who had by Mullan's stream
Fondled the maidens with the breasts of cream;
Who had beheld Belphoebe in a brook,
And lovely Una in a leafy nook,
And Archimago leaning o'er his book:
Who had of all that's sweet, tasted, and seen,
From sil'ry ripple, up to beauty's queen;
From the sequester'd haunts of gay Titania,
To the blue dwelling of divine Urania:
On it, who, of late had ta'en sweet forest walks
With him who elegantly chats and talks—
The wrong'd Liberry—who has told you stories
Of laurel chaplets, and Apollo's graces;
Of trope chivalrous prancing through a city,
And tearful ladies, made for love and pity:
With many else which I have never known.
Thus have I thought: and days on days have flown
Slowly, or rapidly—unwilling still
For you to try my dull, unlearned quill.
Nor should I now, but that I've known you long;
That you first taught me all the sweets of song:
The grand, the sweet, the terse, the free, the fine:
What swell'd with pathos, and what right divine:

Spenserian vowels that elope with ease,
And float along like birds o'er summer seas:
Miltonian storms, and more, Miltonian tenderness:
Michael in voice, and more, meek Eve's fair slender ness.

Who read for me the sonnet swelling lovely
Up to its climax, and then dying proudly!
Who found for me the grandeur of the ode,
Growing, like Atlas, stronger from its load?
Who let me taste that more than cordial dram,
The sharp, the rapier-pointed epigram?
Show'd me that epic was of all the king,
Round, vast, and spanning all, like Saturn's ring?
You too upheld the veil from Clio's beauty,
And pointed out the patriot's stern duty;
The might of Alfred, and the shunt of Tell;
The hand of Brutus, that so grandly fell
Upon a tyrant's head. Ah! had I never seen,
Or known your kindness, what might I have been?
What my enjoyments in my youthful years,
Bereft of all that now my life endures?
And can I e'er these benefits forget?
And can I e'er repay the friendly debt?
No, doubly no—yet should these rhymings please,
I shall roll on the grass with twofold ease;
For I have long time been my fancy feeding
With hopes that you would one day think the reading
Of my rough verses not an hour misspent;
Should it e'er be so, what a rich content!
Some weeks have pass'd since last I saw the spires
In lucent 'Thames reflected—warm desires
To see the sun o'er-pee the eastern dinness,
And morning-shadows streaking into slimmness
Across the lawny fields, and pebbly water;
To mark the time as they grow broad and shorter;
To feel the air that plays about the hills,
And sip its freshness from the little rills;
To see high, golden corn wave in the light
When Cynthia smiles up on a summer's night,
And peers among the cloudlets, jet and white,
As though she were reclining in a bed
Of bean-blossoms, in heaven freshly shed.
No sooner had I stept into these pleasures,
Than I began to think of rhymes and measures
The air that floated by me seem'd to say
"Write! thou wilt never have a better day."
And so I did. When many lines I'd written,
Though with their grace I was not over-smitten,
Yet, as my hand was warm, I thought I'd better
Trust to my feelings, and write you a letter.
Such an attempt required an inspiration
Of a peculiar sort,—a consummation:
Which, had I felt, these scribblings might have been
Verses from which the soul would never wean;
But many days have past since last my heart
Was warm'd luxuriously by divine Mozart;
By Arne delighted, or by Handel madden'd;
Or by the song of Erin pierced and sadden'd:
What time you were before the music sitting,
And the rich notes to each sensation fitting.
Since I have walk'd with you through shady lanes
That freshly terminate in open plains,
And revel'd in a chat that ceased not.
When, at night-fall, among your books we got
No, nor when supper came, nor after that,—
Nor when reluctantly I took my hat;
No, nor till cordially you shook my hand
Midway between our homes,—your accents bland
Still sounded in my ears, when I no more
Could hear your footsteps touch the gravelly floor.
Sometimes I lost them, and then found again;
You changed the foot-path for the grassy plain.
In those still moments I have wish'd you joys
That well you know to honor:—"Life's very toys
With him," said I. "will take a pleasant charm;
It cannot be that aught will work him harm."
These thoughts now come o'er me with all their might:
Again I shake your hand,—friend! Charles, good-night.
September, 1816.

STANZAS.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree.
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity:

45 3R

The north cannot undo them,
With a sleety whistle through them;
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy brook,
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look;
But with a sweet forgetting,
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never, never petting
About the frozen time.

Ah! would 't were so with many
A gentle girl and boy!
But were there ever any
Writhe not at passed joy?
To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it,
Nor numbed sense to steal it,
Was never said in rhyme.

THE END.
MARSHALL'S LIFE OF WASHINGTON, 3 vols., 8vo., compiled under the inspection of the Honorable Bushrod Washington, from original papers bequeathed to him by his deceased relative, with steel portrait and ten maps.

GOLDSMITH'S WORKS, with an account of his Life and Writings; edited by Washington Irving, 1 vol., 8vo., with steel portrait.

SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS, 1 vol., 8vo., with a sketch of his Life, by J. W. Lake, with steel portrait.

MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS, 1 vol., 8vo., including his Melodies, Ballads, etc., with steel portrait.

BURNS'S WORKS, 1 vol., 8vo., with an account of his Life, and Criticism on his Writings: by James Currie, M. D. Including additional Poems, extracted from the late edition edited by Allan Cunningham, with steel portrait, and vignette.

COLO RIDGE, SHELLEY & KEATS'S POETICAL WORKS, 1 vol., 8vo., with portrait.

COLO RIDGE'S POETICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS WORKS, 1 vol., 8vo., with portrait.

HOWITT, MILLMAN & KEATS'S POETICAL WORKS, 1 vol., 8vo., with portrait.

SHELLEY'S COMPLETE WORKS, 1 vol., 8vo. The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley, edited by Mrs. Shelley, from the last London edition; containing many Pieces not before published: with a portrait of Shelley, and vignette, on steel.

MISS MITFORD'S COMPLETE WORKS, in Prose and Verse, viz: Our Village, Belvoir Regis, Country Stories, Finden's Tableaux, Foscari, Julian, Rienzi, Charles the First, 1 vol., 8vo.

MRS. OPIE'S COMPLETE WORKS, 3 vols., super royal, containing many pieces never published in any former edition.

RUSH ON THE VOICE.—The Philosophy of the Human Voice: embracing its Physiological History; together with a System of Principles by which Criticism in the Art of Elocution may be rendered intelligible, and instruction definite and comprehensive. To which is added a brief Analysis of Song and Recitative. By James Rush, M. D. Third edition, enlarged. 1 vol., 8vo.

HISTORY OF WYOMING, in a Series of Letters from Charles Miner, to his son, William Penn Miner, Esq., 1 vol., 8vo.

CANNING'S SELECT SPEECHES, with an Appendix. Edited by Robert Walsh, 1 vol., 8vo.

SPECTATOR, complete in 6 and 12 vols., 18mo., with Sketches of the Lives of the Authors.
DON QUIXOTE, in 2 and 4 vols., translated from the original Spanish of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, by Charles Jarvis, Esq.
CAMPBELL’S POEMS, including Theodoric, and many other pieces not contained in any former edition, 12mo.
FARMER’S LAND MEASURER, or Pocket Companion; showing, at one view, the content of any piece of land, from dimensions taken in yards; with a set of useful Agricultural Tables. By James Pedder, editor of the Farmer’s Cabinet, 1 vol., 18mo.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

LIFE OF WASHINGTON, written for the use of Schools, by John Marshall, late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, 12mo.

 PENNSYLVANIA BIOGRAPHY, for Schools: containing the Lives of Celebrated Pennsylvanians, 12mo.

HUGHES’S EXPOSITOR; containing Tables of Words, from one to seven Syllables inclusive;—accented, explained, and divided according to the most approved method of Pronunciation. To which are added many other Tables: the whole corrected and enlarged.

FROST’S FRENCH READER, consisting of Selections from Classical French Writers.

LADREYT’S NEW SYSTEM OF FRENCH PRONUNCIATION.—A New Practical System for Teaching and Learning the French Pronunciation, in Seven Lessons; illustrated and supported by numerous examples from the best French Poets; by C. Ladreyt.

PRIMARY BOOK, No. 1, or Gradations in Spelling and Reading, from the Alphabet to three Syllables.

PENNSYLVANIA SPELLING BOOK, No. 2.

PHILADELPHIA PRIMER.

ARITHMETICAL TABLE CARDS, used in the Public Schools.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

BERQUIN’S FIRE SIDE BOOK, translated from the French; with numerous cuts.

BERQUIN’S CHILDREN’S COMPANION, translated from the French; with numerous cuts.

BERQUIN’S STUDY OF NATURE, translated from the French; with numerous cuts.

BERQUIN’S VILLAGE STORIES, translated from the French; with numerous cuts.

The above 4 vols. in 1.

THE DIAMOND, a Present for Young People.

RAMBLE’S VISIT TO THE GRAND MENAGERIE.

——— BIRDS OF THE AIR.

——— BOOK OF FISHES.

SERGEANT BELL AND HIS RAREE SHOW.