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THE POETICAL WORKS OF
S. T. COLERIDGE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.
THE POETICAL WORKS OF
S. T. COLERIDGE.

VOL. II.

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## CONTENTS.

### VOLUME II.

**The Ancient Mariner.**

- Part I. ........................................ 1
- II. .......................................... 5
- III. .......................................... 7
- IV. .......................................... 10
- V. ........................................... 13
- VI. .......................................... 18
- VII. .......................................... 23

**Christabel, Part I.** ........................................... 28

- Conclusion to Part I. ................................ 39

**Part II.** ........................................... 41

- Conclusion to Part II. ................................ 53

**Miscellaneous Poems.**

- Alice du Clos; or the Forked Tongue.  A Ballad 56
- The Knight’s Tomb .............................. 64
- Hymn to the Earth .............................. 65
- Written during a temporary blindness, 1799 67
- Mahomet ......................................... 68
- Catullian Hendecasyllables .................. 69
- Duty surviving Self-Love ...................... 69
- Phantom or Fact?  A Dialogue in Verse ...... 70
- Phantom ......................................... 71
- Work without Hope ............................. 71
- Youth and Age .................................. 72
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A Day Dream</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love and Friendship opposite</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Names</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Desire</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First Advent of Love</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Not at Home</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To a Lady offended by a sportive observation</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Why Love is Blind</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lines suggested by the last Words of Berengarius</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sancti Dominici Pallium</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Devil’s Thoughts</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The two round Spaces on the Tombstone</td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lines to a Comic Author</td>
<td>89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Constancy to an Ideal Object</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Suicide’s Argument</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Blossoming of the solitary Date-Tree</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From the German</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fancy in Nubibus</td>
<td>96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Two Founts</td>
<td>96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Wanderings of Cain</td>
<td>99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Allegoric Vision</td>
<td>109</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Thoughts on Old Subjects</td>
<td>117</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Garden of Boccaccio</td>
<td>127</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On a Cataract</td>
<td>131</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love’s Apparition and Evanishment</td>
<td>132</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morning Invitation to a Child</td>
<td>133</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Consolation of a Maniac</td>
<td>137</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Character</td>
<td>137</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Reproof and Reply</td>
<td>137</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cholera cured beforehand</td>
<td>147</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cologne</td>
<td>147</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On my joyful departure from the same City</td>
<td>147</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
**CONTENTS.**

**CELLANEous POEMS.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Written in an Album</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'o the Author of the Ancient Mariner</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ietrical Feet. Lesson for a Boy</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'he Homeric Hexameter described and exemplified</td>
<td>146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'he Ovidian Elegiac Metre described and exemplified</td>
<td>146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'o the Young Artist, Kayser of Kayserworth</td>
<td>147</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ob's Luck</td>
<td>147</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>n a Volunteer Singer</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>n an Insignificant</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>refuse Kindness</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>harity in Thought</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>humility the Mother of Charity</td>
<td>149</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>n an Infant, which died before Baptism</td>
<td>149</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>n Berkeley and Florence Coleridge</td>
<td>149</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trōθo. sēautóv, &amp;c.</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gently I took, &amp;c.</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[y Baptismal Birthday</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pitaph</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>orse, a TRAGEdy</td>
<td>153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Appendix</td>
<td>237</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**CDYa, a Christmas Tale.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Part</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Part I. The Prelude, entitled “The Usurper’s Fortune”</td>
<td>241</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Part II. The Sequel, entitled “The Usurper’s Fate”</td>
<td>267</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fall of Robespierre</td>
<td>343</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

IN SEVEN PARTS.


T. BURNET. ARCHÆOL. PHIL. p. 68.

PART I.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

"The bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

vol. II. 1
He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The wedding-guest is spell-bound by the eye of the old sea-faring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the line.

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 bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is he;
their heads before her goes y minstrelsy.

ling-guest he beat his breast, not choose but hear; spake on that ancient man, st-eyed Mariner.

the storm-blast came, and he ominous and strong: with his o'ertaking wings, ed us south along,

ing masts and dipping prow, pursued with yell and blow is the shadow of his foe, ard bends his head, drove fast, loud roared the blast, hward aye we fled.

there came both mist and snow, ew wondrous cold: mast-high, came floating by, as emerald.

ugh the drifts the snowy cliffs a dismal sheen: as of men nor beasts we ken— was all between.

was here, the ice was there, was all around:

the mariner continueth his tale.

The ship drawn by a storm toward the south pole.

The land of ice, and of fearful sounds where no living thing was to be seen.
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled
Like noises in a swound!

Till a great sea-bird
called the albatross,
came through the snow-fog,
and was received with great joy and hospitality.

At length did cross an albatross,
Through the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

And lo! the albatross
proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward through fog and floating ice.

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

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered 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.

w rose upon the right:
ea came he,
nist, and on the left
into the sea.

d south wind still blew behind,
t bird did follow,
for food or play
mariner's hollo!

one a hellish thing,
I work 'em woe:
red, I had killed the bird
he breeze to blow.
said they, the bird to slay,
he breeze to blow!

red, like God's own head,
uprist:
t red, I had killed the bird
at the fog and mist.
said they, such birds to slay,
t he fog and mist.

breeze blew, the white foam flew,
followed free;
first that ever burst
nt sea.

His shipmates cry out
against the
ancient Mariner, for
killing the
bird of good luck.

But when the
fog cleared
off, they jus-
tify the same,
and thus
make them-
selves ac-
complices in
the crime.

The fair
breeze con-
tinues; the
ship enters
the Pacific
Ocean, and
sails north-
ward, even
till it reaches
the Line.
Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
’Twas 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 stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where,
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 followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

inhabitants
of this plane
neither de-
parted souls
nor angels;

concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolita
Michael Pselius, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no cl
mate or element without one or more.

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

Ah! well 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 passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, 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 seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.
A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

At its nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship;
And at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

A flash of joy;

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

And horror follows. For can it be a ship that comes onward without wind or tide?

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a-flame.
The day was well nigh done!

Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.

• And straight the sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
a dungeon-grate he peered d and burning face.

ought I, and my heart beat loud) she nears and nears!
her sails that glance in the sun, 

her ribs through which the sun as through a grate?
that woman all her crew?
death? and are there two?
that woman's mate?

were red, her looks were free,
were yellow as gold:
was as white as leprosy,
-mare Life-in-Death was she,
as man's blood with cold.

'hulk alongside came,
 vain were casting dice;
de is done! I've, I've won!"
, and whistles thrice.

rim dips; the stars rush out;
de comes the dark;
eard whisper, o'er the sea,
e spectre-bark.

d and looked sideways up!
heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman’s face by his lamp gleamed
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

One after another,

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

His shippers drop down dead.

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

But Life-in-Death begins her work on the ancient Mariner.

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

PART IV.

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

For the last two lines of this stanza, I am ind
THE ANCIENT MARINER.

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, all alone,
Alone on a wide 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 looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gust,
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;

Mr. Wordsworth. It was on a delightful walk from Nether Stowey to Dulverton, with him and his sister, in the autumn of 1797, that this poem was planned, and in part composed.
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.

But the curse liveth for him in the eye of the dead men.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

In his loneliness and fixedness he yearned towards the journeying moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and every where the blue sky belt them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country and their own homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expect yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

The moving moon went up the sky,
And no where did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemocked 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.

By the light of the moon he beholdeth
Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
l in tracks of shining white,
hey reared, the elfish light
noary flakes.

shadow of the ship
ærir rich attire:
green, and velvet black,
and swam; and every track
of golden fire.

ing things! no tongue
y might declare:
love gushed from my heart,
nd them unaware:
nd saint took pity on me,
nd them unaware.

e moment I could pray;
ny neck so free
s fell off, and sank
to the sea.

PART V.

t is a gentle thing,
m pole to pole!
ueen the praise be given!
: gentle sleep from heaven,
to my soul.
The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

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 died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
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 about!
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 poured down from one black cloud.
The moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side:
THE ANCIENT MARINER.


er shot from some high crag,
hting fell with never a jag,
EEP and wide.

nd wind never reached the ship,
aw the ship moved on!

n the lightning and the moon
ad men gave a groan.

roaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
ake, nor moved their eyes;
been strange, even in a dream,
een those dead men rise.

lmsman steered, the ship moved on;
ver a breeze up blew;
iriners all 'gan work the ropes,
ey they were wont to do;
aised their limbs like lifeless tools—
e a ghastly crew.

dy of my brother's son
y me, knee to knee:
dy and I pulled at one rope,
said nought to me.

: thee, ancient Mariner!"
n, thou wedding-guest!
not those souls that fled in pain,
et their corpses came again,
roop of spirits blest:

But not by
the souls of
the men, nor
by demons of
earth or
middle air,
but by a
blessed troop
of angelic
spirits, sent
down by the
invocation of
the guardian
saint.
For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas 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:
And smoothly went the ship,
From under the surf.

The keel nine fathom deep,
In mist and snow, the land,
Spirit slid: and it was he
Made the ship to go.

Sails at noon left off their tune,
The ship stood still also.

Un, right up above the mast,
Fixed her to the ocean:
A minute she 'gan stir,
A short uneasy motion—
Towards and forwards half her length—
A short uneasy motion.

Like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound;
All the blood into my head,
I fell down in a swoon.

Long in that same fit I lay,
And not to declare;
Re my living life returned,
Third, and in my soul discerned
Voices in the air.

The lonesome spirit from
The south pole carries on the ship, as far
As the line, in obedience to the angelic troop, but still requireth vengeance.

The Polar spirit's fellow demons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for
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 graciously
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:
’Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:
THE ANCIENT MARINER.

I could not draw my eyes from them,
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

Like one, th... on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned 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 fanned 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 sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.
Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

Ve drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
Let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly 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 steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
All many shapes, that shadows were,
A crimson colours came.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
Turned my eyes upon the deck—
H, 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 there 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 turned perforce 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 shrieve 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 mariners
That come from a far countree.

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 skiff-boat neared: 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 answered not our cheer!
The planks looked warped! 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 owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young."
"Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
(The pilot made reply)
I am a-feared"—"Push on, push on!"
Said the hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
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 reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
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 shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit,
oars: the pilot's boy,
doth crazy go,
oud and long, and all the while
vent to and fro.
"quoth he, "full plain I see,
knows how to row."

all in my own countree,
the firm land!
it stepped forth from the boat,
ely he could stand.

me, shrieve me, holy man!"
it crossed his brow.
k," quoth he, "I bid thee say—
ner of man art thou?"

this frame of mine was wrenched
ful agony,
ced me to begin my tale;
it left me free.

, at an uncertain hour,
y returns:
y ghastly tale is told,
within me burns.

ight, from land to land;
ange power of speech;
ent that his face I see,
man that must hear me:
y tale I teach.
What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth 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
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.
CHRISTABEL.

PREFACE.*

The first part of the following poem was written in the year 1797, at Stowey, in the county of Somerset. The second part, after my return from Germany, in the year 1800, at Keswick, Cumberland. It is probable, that if the poem had been finished at either of the former periods, or if even the first and second part had been published in the year 1800, the impression of its originality would have been much greater than I dare at present expect. But for this, I have only my own indolence to blame. The dates are mentioned for the exclusive purpose of precluding charges of plagiarism or servile imitation from myself. For there is amongst us a set of critics, who seem to hold, that every possible thought and image is traditional; who have no notion that these are such things as fountains in the world, small as well as great; and who would therefore charitably derive every rill they behold flowing, from a perforation made in some other man's tank. I am confident, however, that as far as the present poem is concerned, the celebrated poets whose writings I might be suspected of having imitated, either in particular passages, or in the tone and spirit of the whole, would be among the first to vindicate me from the charge, and who, on any strik-

* To the edition of 1816,
ing coincidence, would permit me to address them in this doggerel version of two monkish Latin hexameters.

'Tis mine and it is likewise yours;
But an if this will not do;
Let it be mine, good friend! for I
Am the poorer of the two.

I have only to add, that the metre of the Christabel is not, properly speaking, irregular, though it may seem so from its being founded on a new principle: namely, that of counting in each line the accents, not the syllables. Though the latter may vary from seven to twelve, yet in each line the accents will be found to be only four. Nevertheless this occasional variation in number of syllables is not introduced wantonly, or for the mere ends of convenience, but in correspondence with some transition, in the nature of the imagery or passion.

PART I.

'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock;
Tu—whit! —Tu—whoo!
And hark, again! the crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew.

Sir Leoline, the baron rich,
Hath a toothless mastiff bitch;
From her kennel beneath the rock
She maketh answer to the clock,
Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour;
Ever and aye, by shine and shower,
Sixteen short howls, not over loud;
Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark.
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
It covers but not hides the sky.
The moon is behind, and at the full;
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill, the cloud is gray:
'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the spring comes slowly up this way.

The lovely lady, Christabel,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the wood so late,
A furlong from the castle gate?
She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothed knight;
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,
And naught was green upon the oak,
But moss and rarest mistletoe:
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,
CHRISTABEL.

The lovely lady, Christabel!
It moaned 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 moaneth 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,
Dressed in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone:
The neck that made that white robe wan,
Her stately neck, and arms were bare;
Her blue-veined feet unsandal'd were,
And wildly glittered 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 camest thou here?
And the lady, whose voice was faint and sweet,
Did thus pursue her answer meet:—

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 spurred amain, their steeds were white:
And once we crossed 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 muttered 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 stretched forth 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 passed
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 awakened be,
But we will move as if in stealth,  
And I beseech your courtesy,  
This night, to share your couch with me.

They crossed the moat, and Christabel  
Took the key that fitted well;  
A little door she opened straight,  
All in the middle of the gate;  
The gate that was ironed within and without,  
Where an army in battle array had marched 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 crossed 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 crossed the court: right glad they were.

Outside her kennel the mastiff old  
Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.
CHRISTABEL.

The mastiff old did not awake,
Yet she an angry moan did make!
And what can ail the mastiff bitch?
Never till now she uttered yell
Beneath the eye of Christabel,
Perhaps it is the owlet's scritch:
'Or what can ail the mastiff bitch?

They passed the hall that echoes still,
Pass as lightly as you will!
The brands were flat, the brands were dying,
Amid their own white ashes lying;
But when the lady passed, 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.
'9 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 glimmer, and now in gloom,
And now they pass the baron's room,
As still as death with stifled breath!
And now have reached 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 brain,  
For a lady’s chamber meet:  
The lamp with twofold silver chain  
Is fastened to an angel’s feet.  
The silver lamp burns dead and dim;  
But Christabel the lamp will trim.  
She trimmed 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 answered—Woe is me!  
She died the hour that I was born.  
I have heard the gray-haired 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 altered voice, said she—
“Off, wandering mother! Peak and pine!
I have power to bid thee flee.”
Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?
Why stares 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 wildered 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 whereon 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 unrobe 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 bowed,
And slowly rolled her eyes around;
Then drawing in her breath aloud
Like one that shuddered, she unbound
The cincture from beneath her breast:
Her silken robe, and inner vest,
Dropt 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 hers!
Deep from within she seems half-way
CHRISTABEL.

To lift some weight with sick essay,
And eyes the maid and seeks delay;
Then suddenly as one defied
Collects herself in scorn and pride,
And lay down by the maiden's 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!
Thou knowest to-night, and wilt 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 heard'st a low moaning,
And found'st 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
CHRISTABEL.

Of mossy leafless boughs,
Kneeling in the moonlight,
To make her gentle vows;
Her slender palms together prest,
Heaving sometimes on her breast;
Her face resigned to bliss or bale—
Her face, oh 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 knelt 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 tain and rill,
The night-birds all that hour were still.
But now they are jubilant anew,
From cliff and tower, tu—whoo! tu—whoo!
Tu—whoo! tu—whoo! 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 oft 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 tinges in her feet.
No doubt, she hath a vision sweet.
What if her guardian spirit 'twere?
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 Bratha 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 doleful tale
With a merry peal from Borodale.

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 bed;
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
Raised 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 seemed) her girded vests
Grew tight beneath her heaving breasts.
"Sure I have sinned!" 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 arrayed
Her maiden limbs, and having prayed
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 groom,
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 be seem so bright a dame!

But when he heard the lady's tale,
And when she told her father's name,
Why waxed 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—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars 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 swelled high with rage;
He swore by the wounds in Jesu's side,
He would proclaim it far and wide
With trump and solemn heraldry,
That they who thus had wronged the dame,
Were base as spotted infamy!
"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 dislodge 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 kissed
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.
Which when she viewed, a vision fell.
Upon the soul of Christabel,
The vision of fear, the touch and pain!
She shrinked and shuddered, and saw again—
(Ah, woe is me! Was it for thee,
Thou gentle maid! such sights to see?)
Again she saw that bosom old,
Again she felt that bosom cold,
And drew in her breath with a hissing sound:
Whereat the knight turned wildly round,
And nothing saw, but his own sweet maid
With eyes upraised, as one that prayed.

The touch, the sight, had passed away,
And in its stead that vision blest,
Which comforted her after-rest,
While in the lady's arms she lay,
Had put a rapture in her breast,
And on her lips and o'er her eyes
Spread smiles like light!

With new surprise,

"What ails then my beloved child?"
The baron said—His daughter mild
Christabel.

Made answer, "All will yet be well!"
I ween, she had no power to tell
Aught else: so mighty was the spell.

Yet he, who saw this Geraldine,
Had deemed her sure a thing divine.
Such sorrow with such grace she blended,
As if she feared, she had offended
Sweet Christabel, that gentle maid!
And with such lowly tones she prayed,
She might be sent without delay
Home to her father's mansion.

"Nay!

Nay, by my soul!" said Leoline.
"Ho! Bracy, the bard, the charge be thine!
Go thou; with music sweet and loud,
And take two steeds with trappings proud,
And take the youth whom thou lov'est best
To bear thy harp, and learn thy song,
And clothe you both in solemn vest,
And over the mountains haste along
Lest wandering folk, that are abroad,
Detain you on the valley road.
And when he has crossed the Irthing flood,
My merry bard! he hastes, he hastes
Up Knorren Moor, through Halegarth Wood,
And reaches soon that castle good
Which stands and threatens Scotland's wastes.

"Bard Bracy! bard Bracy! your horses are fleet,
Ye must ride up the hall, your music so sweet,
More loud than your horses' echoing feet!
And loud and loud to Lord Rolaud call,
Thy daughter is safe in Langdale hall!
Thy beautiful daughter is safe and free—
Sir Leoline greets thee thus through me.
He bids thee come without delay
With all thy numerous array;
And take thy lovely daughter home:
And he will meet thee on the way
With all his numerous array
White with their panting palfreys' foam:
And by mine honour! I will say,
That I repent me of the day
When I spake words of fierce disdain
To Roland de Vaux of 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 of Tryermaine."

The lady fell, and clasped his knees,
Her face upraised, her eyes o'erflowing;
And Bracy replied, with faltering voice,
His gracious hail 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;
CHRISTABEL.

That I had vowed with music loud
To clear yon wood from thing unblest,
Warned by a vision in my rest!
For in my sleep I saw that dove,
That gentle bird, whom thou dost love,
And call’st 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 ail the bird;
For nothing near it could I see,
Save the grass and green herbs underneath the old

“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 peered, and could descry
No cause for her distressful cry;
But yet for her dear lady’s sake
I stooped, methought, the dove to take,
When lo! I saw a bright green snake
Coiled around its wings and neck,
Green as the herbs on which it couched,
Close by the dove’s head it crouched;
And with the dove it heaves and stirs,
Swelling its neck as she swelled hers!
I woke; 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 seems to live upon my eye!
And thence I vowed 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 turned 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 kissed her forehead as he spake,
And Geraldine, in maiden wise,
Casting down her large bright eyes,
With blushing cheek and courtesy fine
She turned 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 couched her head upon her breast,
And looked askance at Christabel——
Jesu Maria, shield her well!

A snake’s small eye blinks dull and shy,
And the lady’s eyes they shrunk in her head,
Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye,
And with somewhat of malice, and more of dread,
At Christabel she looked askance!—
One moment—and the sight was fled!
But Christabel in dizzy trance
Stumbling on the unsteady ground
Shuddered aloud, with a hissing sound;
And Geraldine again turned round,
And like a thing, that sought relief,
Full of wonder and full of grief,
She rolled 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 shrunken serpent eyes,
That all her features were resigned
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 prayed:
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’er-mastered 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 prayed the moment ere she died:
Prayed 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 swelled his rage and pain,
And did but work confusion there.
His heart was cleft with pain and rage,
His cheeks they quivered, his eyes were wild.
honoured thus in his old age;
honoured by his only child,

call his hospitality
the wrong'd daughter of his friend
more than woman's jealousy
ought thus to a disgraceful end—
rrol'd his eye with stern regard
in the gentle minstrel bard,
said in tones abrupt, austere—
hy, Bracy! dost thou loiter here?
de thee hence!" The bard obeyed;—

The conclusion to Part II.

ittle child, a limber elf,
ging, dancing to itself,
viry thing with red round cheeks,
always finds, and never seeks,
es such a vision to the sight
ills a father's eyes with light;
pleasures flow in so thick and fast
n his heart, that he at last
needs express his love's excess
ords of unmeant bitterness.
aps 'tis pretty to force together
oughts so all unlike each other;
Christabel.

To mutter and mock a broken charm,
To dally with wrong that does no harm.
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.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Ερως ἂν λάλησης ἵταιρος.

In many ways doth the full heart reveal
The presence of the love it would conceal;
But in far more th' estranged heart lets know
The absence of the love, which yet it fain would show.
ALICE DU CLOS:

OR THE FORKED TONGUE. A BALLAD.

"One word with two meanings is the traitor's shield and shaft: and a slit tongue be his blazon!"

_Caucasian Proverb._

"The sun is not yet risen,
But the dawn lies red on the dew;
Lord Julian has stolen from the hunters away,
Is seeking, lady, for you.
Put on your dress of green,
Your buskins and your quiver;
Lord Julian is a hasty man,
Long waiting brook'd he never.
I dare not doubt him, that he means
To wed you on a day,
Your lord and master for to be,
And you his lady gay.
O lady! throw your book aside!
I would not that my lord should chide."

Thus spake Sir Hugh the vassal knight
To Alice, child of old Du Clos,
As spotless fair, as airy light
As that moon-shiny doe,
The gold star on its brow, her sire's ancestral c
For ere the lark had left his nest,
 She in the garden bower below
Sate loosely wrapt in maiden white,
Her face half drooping from the sight,
A snow-drop on a tuft of snow!
O close your eyes, and strive to see
The studious maid, with book on knee,—
Ah! earliest-open'd flower;
While yet with keen unblunted light
The morning star shone opposite
The lattice of her bower—
Alone of all the starry host,
As if in prideful scorn
Of flight and fear he stay'd behind,
To brave th' advancing morn.

O! Alice could read passing well,
And she was conning then
Dan Ovid's mazy tale of loves,
And gods, and beasts, and men.

The vassal's speech, his taunting vein,
It thrill'd like venom thro' her brain;
Yet never from the book
She rais'd her head, nor did she deign
The knight a single look.

"Off, traitor friend! how dar'st thou fix
Thy wanton gaze on me?"
And why, against my earnest suit,
Does Julian send by thee?

"Go, tell thy lord, that slow is sure:
Fair speed his shafts to-day!
I follow here a stronger lure,
And chase a gentler prey."

She said: and with a baleful smile
The vassal knight reel'd off—
Like a huge billow from a bark
Toil'd in the deep sea-trough,
That shouldering sideways in mid plunge,
Is travers'd by a flash.
And staggering onward, leaves the ear
With dull and distant crash.

And Alice sate with troubled mien
A moment; for the scoff was keen,
And thro' her veins did shiver!
Then rose and donn'd her dress of green,
Her buskins and her quiver.

There stands the flowering may-thorn tree!
From thro' the veiling mist you see
The black and shadowy stem;—
Smit by the sun the mist in glee
Dissolves to lightsome jewelry—
Each blossom hath its gem!
With tear-drop glittering to a smile,
The gay maid on the garden-stile
Mimics the hunter's shout.
"Hip! Florian, hip! To horse, to horse!
Go, bring the palfrey out.

"My Julian's out with all his clan,
And, bonny boy, you wis,
Lord Julian is a hasty man,
Who comes late, comes amiss."

Now Florian was a stripling squire,
A gallant boy of Spain,
That toss'd his head in joy and pride,
Behind his lady fair to ride,
But blush'd to hold her train.

The huntress is in her dress of green,—
And forth they go; she with her bow,
Her buskins and her quiver!—
The squire—no younger e'er was seen—
With restless arm and laughing een,
He makes his javelin quiver.

And had not Ellen stay'd the race,
And stopp'd to see, a moment's space,
The whole great globe of light
Give the last parting kiss-like touch
To the eastern ridge, it lack'd not much,
They had o'erta'en the knight.
It chanced that up the covert lane,
Where Julian waiting stood,
A neighbour knight prick’d on to join
The huntsmen in the wood.

And with him must Lord Julian go,
Tho' with an anger’d mind:
Betroth’d not wedded to his bride,
In vain he sought, twixt shame and pride,
Excuse to stay behind.

He bit his lip, he wrung his glove,
He look’d around, he look’d above,
But pretext none could find or frame!
Alas! alas! and well-a-day!
It grieves me sore to think, to say,
That names so seldom meet with Love,
Yet Love wants courage without a name!

Straight from the forest’s skirt the trees
O’er-branching, made an aisle,
Where hermit old might pace and chant
As in a minster’s pile.

From underneath its leafy screen,
And from the twilight shade,
You pass at once into a green,
A green and lightsome glade.

And there Lord Julian sate on steed;
Behind him, in a round,
Stood knight and squire, and menial train;
Against the leash the greyhounds strain;
The horses paw'd the ground.

When up the alley green, Sir Hugh
Spurr'd in upon the sward,
And mute, without a word, did he
Fall in behind his lord.

Lord Julian turn'd his steed half round.—
"What! doth not Alice deign
To accept your loving convoy, knight?
Or doth she fear our woodland sleight,
And joins us on the plain?"

With stifled tones the knight replied,
And look'd askance on either side,—
"Nay, let the hunt proceed!—"
The lady's message that I bear,
I guess would scantily please your ear,
And less deserves your heed.

"You sent betimes. Not yet unbarr'd
I found the middle door;—
Two stirrers only met my eyes,
Fair Alice, and one more.

"I came unlock'd for: and, it seem'd,
In an unwelcome hour;
And found the daughter of Du Clos
Within the lattic'd bower."
“But hush! the rest may wait. If lost,
No great loss, I divine;
And idle words will better suit
A fair maid’s lips than mine.”

“God’s wrath! speak out, man,” Julian cried,
O’ermaster’d by the sudden smart;—
And feigning wrath, sharp, blunt, and rude,
The knight his subtle shift pursued.—
“Scowl not at me; command my skill,
To lure your hawk back, if you will,
But not a woman’s heart.

“‘Go! (said she) tell him,—slow is sure;
Fair speed his shafts to-day!
I follow here a stronger lure,
And chase a gentler prey.’

“The game, pardie, was full in sight,
That then did, if I saw aright,
The fair dame’s eyes engage;
For turning, as I took my ways,
I saw them fix’d with steadfast gaze
Full on her wanton page.”

The last word of the traitor knight
It had but entered Julian’s ear,—
From two o’erarching oaks between,
With glist’ning helm-like cap is seen,
Borne on in giddy cheer,
A youth, that ill his steed can guide;
Yet with reverted face doth ride,
As answering to a voice,
That seems at once to laugh and chide—
"Not mine, dear mistress," still he cried,
"'Tis this mad filly's choice."

With sudden bound, beyond the boy,
See! see! that face of hope and joy,
That regal front! those cheeks aglow!
Thou needed'st but the crescent sheen,
A quiver'd Dian to have been,
Thou lovely child of old Du Clos!

Dark as a dream Lord Julian stood,
Swift as a dream, from forth the wood,
Sprang on the plighted maid!
With fatal aim, and frantic force,
The shaft was hurl'd!—a lifeless corse,
Fair Alice from her vaulting horse,
Lies bleeding on the glade.

THE KNIGHT'S TOMB.

Where is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?
Where may the grave of that good man be?
By the side of a spring, on the breast of Hel
Under the twigs of a young birch tree!
The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,
And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,
And whistled and roared in the winter alone,
Is gone,—and the birch in its stead is grown.—
The knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust;—
His soul is with the saints, I trust.

HYMN TO THE EARTH.

HEXAMETERS.

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 his head on
thy bosom! [thy tresses,
Playful the spirits of noon, that rushing soft through
Green-haired goddess! refresh me; and bark! as
they hurry or linger, [sicam murmur]
Fill the pause of my harp, or sustain it with mu-
Into my being thou murmurest joy, and tenderest
sadness
Shedd'st thou, like dew, on my heart, till the joy
and the heavenly sadness
Pour themselves forth from my heart in tears, and
the hymn of thanksgiving.
Earth! thou mother of numberless children, the
nurse and the mother, [the rejoicer]
Sister thou of the stars, and beloved by the sun,
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! [of creation?]
Fadeless and young (and what if the latest birth
Bride and consort of Heaven, that looks down upon
thee enamoured! [goddess,
Say, mysterious Earth! O say, great mother and
Was it not well with thee then, when first thy lap
was ungirdled,
Thy lap to the genial Heaven, the day that he wood
thee and won thee!
Fair was thy blush, the fairest and first of the
blushes of morning! [self-retention:
Deep was the shudder, O Earth! the throe of thy
Inly thou strovest to flee, and didst seek thyself at
thy centre! [and forthwith
Mightier far was the joy of thy sudden resilience;
riads myriads of lives teemed forth from the mighty embracement.

Thousand-fold tribes of dwellers, impelled by thousand-fold instincts,

led, as a dream, the wide waters; the rivers sang on their channels;

ighed on their shores the hoarse seas; the yearning ocean swelled upward;

ung life lowed through the meadows, the woods, and the echoing mountains,

ndered bleating in valleys, and warbled on blossoming branches.

WROTTEN DURING A TEMPORARY BLINDNESS,
IN THE YEAR 1799.

what a life is the eye! what a strange and inscrutable essence! [warms him; m that is utterly blind, nor glimpses the fire that m that never beheld the swelling breast of his mother; [in its slumber; m that smiled in his gladness as a babe that smiles even for him it exists! It moves and stirs in its prison! [murmurs: yes with a separate life: and—“Is it a spirit?” he sure, it has thoughts of its own, and to see is only a language!”
MAHOMET.

Utter the song, O my soul! the flight and return of Mohammed,
Prophet and priest, who scatter'd abroad both evil and blessing;
Huge wasteful empires founded and hallow'd slow persecution,
Soul-withering, but crush'd the blasphemous rites of the pagan
And idolatrous christians.—For veiling the gospel of Jesus,
They, the best corrupting, had made it worse than the vilest.
Wherefore heaven decreed th' enthusiast warrior of Mecca,
Choosing good from iniquity rather than evil from goodness.
Loud the tumult in Mecca surrounding the fane of the idol;—
Naked and prostrate the priesthood were laid—the people with mad shouts
Thundering now, and now with saddest ululation
Flew, as over the channel of rock-stone the ruino river
Shatters its waters abreast, and in mazy uproar ﬂ
wilder’d,
Rushes dividual as—all rushing impetuous on.
CATULLIAN HENDECASYLLABLES.

Hear, my beloved, an old Milesian story!—
High, and embosom’d in congregated laurels,
Glimmer’d a temple upon a breezy headland;
In the dim distance amid the skiey billows
Rose a fair island; the god of flocks had plac’d it.
From the far shores of the bleak resounding island
Oft by the moonlight a little boat came floating;
Came to the sea-cave beneath the breezy headland,
Where amid myrtles a pathway stole in mazes
Up to the groves of the high embosom’d temple.
There in a thicket of dedicated roses,
Oft did a priestess, as lovely as a vision,
Pouring her soul to the son of Cytherea,
Pray him to hover around the slight canoe-boat,
And with invisible pilotage to guide it
Over the dusk wave, until the mighty sailor
Shivering with ecstasy sank upon her bosom.

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’ wanings should’st 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 than, from feeble yearnings freed,
While, and on whom, thou may'st—shine on! nor
Whether the object by reflected light [heed
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 unnethe the fancy might control,
Twas 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!
’Twas 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 matur'd the silent strife,
And 'tis a record from the dream of life.

PHANTOM.

All look and likeness caught from earth,
All accident of kin and birth,
Had pass'd away. There was no trace
Of aught on that illumined face,
Upraiz'd beneath the rifted stone
But of one spirit all her own;—
She, she herself, and only she,
Shone thro' her body visibly.

WORK WITHOUT HOPE.

LINES COMPOSED 21ST FEBRUARY, 1837.

All Nature seems at work. Slugs 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 unbusy 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 unbrightened, wreathless 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 mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
Both were mine! Life went a maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
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 aery cliffs and glittering sands,
How lightly then it flashed along:—
Like those 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 liv'd in't 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 woful 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 altered size:
But springtide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is but thought: so think I will
That Youth and I are house-mates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve!
Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve,

When we are old:
That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking-leave,
Like some poor nigh-related guest,
That may not rudely be dismiss,
Yet hath outstay'd his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.

A DAY DREAM.

My eyes make pictures, when they are shut:
  I see a fountain, large and fair,
A willow and a ruined 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 ruined 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
  The stars are round the crescent moon!
And now it is a dark warm night,
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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!
LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP OPPOSITE.

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 refin'd.

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.

NAMES.

I asked my fair, one happy day,
What I should call her in my lay;
By what sweet name from Rome or Greece;
Lalage, Neæra, Chloris,
Sappho, Lesbia, or Doris,
Arethusa or Lucrece.

"Ah!" replied my gentle fair,
"Beloved, what are names but air?
Choose thou whatever suits the line;
Call me Sappho, call me Chloris,
Call me Lalage or Doris,
Only, only call me thine."
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

DESIRE.

Here true Love burns, Desire is Love's pure
is the reflex of our earthly frame, [flame;
at takes its meaning from the nobler part,
d but translates the language of the heart.

FIRST ADVENT OF LOVE.

Fair is Love's first hope to gentle mind!
Eve's first star thro' fleecy cloudlet peeping;
sweeter than the gentle south-west wind,
willowy meads and shadow'd waters creeping,
Ceres' golden fields;—the sultry hind
ets it with brow uplift, and stays his reaping.

NOT AT HOME.

That Jealousy may rule a mind
Where Love could never be
I know; but ne'er expect to find
Love without Jealousy.

She has a strange cast in her e'e,
A swart sour-visaged maid—
But yet Love's own twin-sister she
His house-mate and his shade.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Ask for her and she'll be denied:—
What then? they only mean
Their mistress has lain down to sleep,
And can't just then be seen.

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!

WHY LOVE IS BLIND.

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.

OB. ANNO DOM. 1088.

more 'twixt conscience staggering and the Pope
on shall I now before my God appear,
' him to be acquitted, as I hope;
' him to be condemned, as I fear.—

REFLECTION ON THE ABOVE.

'mx amid moles! had I stood by thy bed,
of good cheer, meek soul! I would have said:
see a hope spring from that humble fear.
I 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
constant to the truth within thy heart?
that truth, from which, through fear, thou twice
didst start,
ser haply told thee, was a learned strife,
not so vital as to claim thy life:
and myriads had reached heaven, who never knew
there lay the difference 'twixt the false and true!

a, who secure 'mid trophies not your own,
judge him who won them when he stood alone,
And proudly talk of recreant 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 gems the starless night,
Moved in the scanty circlet 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, shall we decry
The spots and struggles of the timid dawn;
Lest so we tempt th’ approaching noon to scorn
The mists and painted vapours of our morn.

SANCTI DOMINICI PALLIUM;
A DIALOGUE BETWEEN POET AND FRIEND,
FOUND WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF AT THE BEGINNING OF
BUTLER’S BOOK OF THE CHURCH.

POET.

I note the moods and feelings men betray,
And heed them more than aught they do or say;
The lingering ghosts of many a secret deed
Still-born or haply strangled in its birth;
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Our best reveal the smooth man's inward creed!
O mark the spot where lies the treasure Worth!

— made up of impudence and trick,
The cloven tongue prepared to hiss and lick,
Me's brazen serpent—boldly dares discuss
The roasting of thy heart, O brave John Huss!
And with grim triumph and a truculent glee
Resolves anew the Pope-wrought perfidy,
That made an empire's plighted faith a lie,
And fix'd a broad stare on the devil's eye—
Leas'd with the guilt, yet envy-stung at heart
To stand out-master'd in his own black art!)

FRIEND.

Enough of ——! we're agreed,
Who now defends, would then have done the deed.
Who not feels persuasion's gentle sway,
Who but must meet the proffered hand half-way
When courteous ——

POET. (aside)

(Rome's smooth go-between!)

FRIEND.

ments the advice that soured a milky queen—
Or "bloody" all enlighten'd men confess
Antiquated error of the press:)
Who rapt by zeal beyond her sex's bounds,
With actual cautery staunched the church’s wound.
And though he deems, that with too broad a blur
We damn the French and Irish massacre,
Yet blames them both—and thinks the Pope mighter.
What think you now? Boots it with spear and shield
Against such gentle foes to take the field—
Whose beckoning hands the mild Caduceus wield!

POET.

What think I now? Even what I thought before;
What—boasts though—may deplore,
Still I repeat, words lead me not astray
When the shown feeling points a different way.
Smooth—can say grace at slander’s feast,
And bless each haut-gout cook’d by monk or priest
Leaves the full lie on—’s gong to swell,
Content with half-truths that do just as well;
But duly decks his mitred comrade’s flanks,
And with him shares the Irish nation’s thanks!

So much for you, my friend! who own a Church,
And would not leave your mother in the lurch!
But when a Liberal asks me what I think—
Scar’d by the blood and soot of Cobbett’s ink,
And Jeffrey’s glairy phlegm and Connor’s foam,
In search of some safe parable I roam—
An emblem sometimes may comprise a tome!

Disclaimant of his uncaught grandsire’s mood,
I see a tiger lapping kitten’s food:
and who shall blame him that he purs applause,
then brother Brindle pleads the good old cause;
and frisks his pretty tail, and half unsheathes his
claws!
not the less, for modern lights unapt,
trust the bolts and cross-bars of the laws
more than the Protestant milk all newly lapt,
ppearling a tame wild-cat's whisker'd jaws!

THE DEVIL'S THOUGHTS.

I.
rom his brimstone bed at break of day
A walking the devil is gone,
o visit his snug little farm the earth,
And see how his stock goes on.

II.
ver the hill and over the dale,
And he went over the plain,
and backward and forward he switched his long tail
As a gentleman switches his cane.

III.
and how then was the devil drest?
Oh! he was in his Sunday's best:
is jacket was red and his breeches were blue,
and there was a hole where the tail came through.

IV.
he saw a lawyer killing a viper
On a dung hill hard by his own stable;
And the devil smiled, for it put him in mind
Of Cain and his brother Abel.

v.
He saw an apothecary on a white horse
Ride by on his vocations;
And the devil thought of his old friend
Death in the Revelations.

vi.
He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility;
And the devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility.

vii.
He peep'd into a rich bookseller's shop,
Quoth he! "We are both of one college!
For I sate myself, like a cormorant, once
Hard by the tree of knowledge." 1

And all amid them stood the tree of life
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold (query paper money :) and next to
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.  

The allegory here is so apt, that in a catalogue
ous readings obtained from collating the MSS. c
expect to find it noted, that for "life" Cod. quit
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

VIII.

Down the river did glide, with wind and with tide,
A pig with vast celerity;
And the devil looked wise as he saw how the while,
It cut its own throat. "There!" quoth he with a smile,
"Goes England's commercial prosperity."

IX.

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.

"<trade."

Though indeed the trade, i.e. the bibliopolic,
so called κατ' ἥδονα, may be regarded as Life sensu
eminentiorem; a suggestion, which I owe to a young re-
tailer in the hosiery line, who on hearing a description
of the net profits, dinner parties, country houses, &c. 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.—Sic nos non nobis mellifica-
mus apes.

Of this poem, which with the Fire, Famine, and
Slaughter, first appeared in the Morning Post, the 1st, 2d,
3d, 9th, and 16th stanzas were dictated by Mr. Southey.
See Apologetic Preface, vol. i.

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 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.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

X.
He saw a turnkey in a trice
Unfetter a troublesome blade;
"Nimbly" quoth he, "do the fingers move
If a man be but used to his trade."

XI.
He saw the same turnkey unfetter a man
With but little expedition,
Which put him in mind of the long debate
On the slave-trade abolition.

XII.
He saw an old acquaintance
As he pass'd by a Methodist meeting;—
She holds a consecrated key,
And the devil nods her a greeting.

XIII.
She turned up her nose, and said,
"Avaunt! my name's Religion,"
And she looked to Mr. ———
And leered like a love-sick pigeon.

XIV.
He saw a certain minister
(A minister to his mind)
Go up into a certain house,
With a majority behind.

XV.
The devil quoted Genesis,
Like a very learned clerk,
How "Noah and his creeping things
Went up into the ark."
XVI.

He took from the poor,
And he gave to the rich,
And he shook hands with a Scotchman,
For he was not afraid of the ——
* * * * * *

XVII.

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.

THE TWO ROUND SPACES ON THE TOMB-STONE.

See the apology for the "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter," in first volume. This is the first time the author ever published these lines. He would have been glad, had they perished; but they have now been printed repeatedly in magazines, and he is told that the verses will not perish. Here, therefore, they are owned, with a hope that they will be taken—as assuredly they were composed—in mere sport.

The devil believes that the Lord will come,
Stealing a march without beat of drum,
About the same time that he came last,
On an old Christmas-day in a snowy blast:
Till he bids the trump sound, neither body nor soul stirs,
For the dead men's heads have slipt under their [bolsters.}
Oh! ho! brother bard, in our church-yard,
Both beds and bolsters are soft and green;
Save one alone, and that's of stone,
And under it lies a counsellor keen.
'Twould be a square tomb, if it were not too long,
And 'tis fenced round with irons sharp, spearlike, and strong.

This fellow from Aberdeen hither did skip,
With a waxy face, and a blubber lip,
And a black tooth in front, to show in part
What was the colour of his whole heart.

This counsellor sweet,
This Scotchman complete,
(The devil scotch him for a snake)
I trust he lies in his grave awake.

On the sixth of January,
When all around is white with snow,
As a Cheshire yeoman's dairy,
Brother bard, ho! ho!
Believe it, or no,

On that stone tomb to you I'll show
Two round spaces void of snow.
I swear by our knight, and his forefathers' souls,
That in size and shape they are just like the holes
In the house of privity
Of that ancient family.

On those two places void of snow,
There have sate in the night for an hour or so,
Before sunrise, and after cock-crow,
The kicking his heels, she cursing her corns,
All to the tune of the wind in their horns,
The devil, and his grannam,
With a snow-blast to fan 'em;
Expecting and hoping the trumpet to blow,
For they are cock-sure of the fellow below.

LINES

TO A COMIC AUTHOR, ON AN ABUSIVE REVIEW.

That though the chilly wide-mouth'd quacking chorus
rom the rank swamps of murk Review-land croak:
was it, neighbour, in the times before us,
Then Momus, throwing on his Attic cloak,
umped with the Graces; and each tickled Muse
hat Turk, Dan Phoebus, whom bards call divine,
was married to—at least, he kept—all nine)
ed, but still with reverted faces ran;
et, somewhat the broad freedoms to excuse,
hey had allur'd the audacious Greek to use,
ere they mistook him for their own good man.
his Momus—Aristophanes on earth	en called him—maugre all his wit and worth
was croaked and gabbled at. How then, should you,
I friend, hope to 'scape the skulking crew?
o! laugh, and say aloud, in tones of glee,
I hate the quacking tribe, and they hate me!"
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 yearning thought! that livest but in the brain?
Call to the hours, that in the distance play,
The faery 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 thou haunt'st me; 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 are one.
The peaceful'st cot, the moon shall shine upon,
Lulled by the thrush and wakened by the lark,
Without thee were but a becalmed bark,
Whose helmsman on an ocean waste and wide
Sits mute and pale his mouldering helm beside.
And art thou nothing? Such thou art, as when
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

The woodman winding westward up the glen
At wintry dawn, where o'er the sheep-track's maze
The viewless snow-mist weaves a glistening haze,
Sees full before him, gliding without tread,
In image ¹ with a glory round its head;
The enamoured rustic worships its fair hues,
Nor knows he makes the shadow he pursues!

THE SUICIDE'S ARGUMENT.

Are the birth of my life, if I wished it or no,
No question was asked me—it could not be so!
'F 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.

'St returned, as 'twas sent? Is't no worse for the wear?

¹ This phenomenon, which the author has himself experienced, and of which the reader may find a description in one of the earlier volumes of the Manchester Philosophical Transactions, is applied figuratively in the following passage of the Aids to Reflection.

"Pindar'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 recognises it as a projected form of his own being, that moves before him with a glory round its head, or recoils from it as a spectre."—Aids to Reflection, p. 220.
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!

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 fiend! if with guilt like thine, 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 mentioned 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 another date-tree had been conveyed from a distance of some hundred leagues. The first leaf of the MS. from which the poem has been transcribed, and which contained the two or three introductory stanzas, is wanting; and the author has in vain taxed his memory to repair the loss. But a rude draught of the poem contains the substance of the stanzas, and the reader is requested to receive it as the substitute. It is not impossible, 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 integrity by a reduction of the thoughts to the requisite metre.

I.

Beneath the blaze of a tropical sun the mountain 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 belov'd who loveth me the best,

is for the heart, what the supporting air from within is for the hollow globe with its suspended car. Deprive it of this, and all without, that would have buoyed it aloft even to the seat of the gods, becomes a burthen and crushes it into flatness.

II.

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 opportunities of enjoyment, the more heavily will he feel the ache of solitariness, the more unsubstantial becomes 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 had to grasp nor arms to embrace them?

III.

Imagination; honourable 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!

IV.

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 restlessl despair.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

V.

The mother with anticipated glee
Miles o'er the child, that, standing by her chair
And flattering 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 aright,

VI.

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?

FROM THE GERMAN.

Know'st thou the land where the pale citrons grow,
The golden fruits in darker foliage glow?
Soft blows the wind that breathes from that blue sky;
Still stands the myrtle and the laurel high!
Know'st thou it well that land, beloved friend?
Thither with thee, O, thither would I wend!
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 let the easily persuaded eyes
Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould
   Of a friend’s fancy; or with head bent low
And check 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 possessed 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 ATTACK 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 sage
The loves and griefs therein, as from a book;
And uttered praise like one who wished to blame.

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, by no distress
Choked or turned inward, but still issue thence
Unconquered 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 sank 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 thro' her crystal shrine!)
Has power to soothe all anguish but thine own,

VOL. II.
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 passed: yet I, my sad thoughts to beguile,
Lay weaving on the tissue of my dream;

Till audibly at length I cried, as though
Thou had’st 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 those soft lips let scorn and anger live!
Do any thing, rather than thus, sweet friend,
Hoard for thyself the pain, thou wilt not give!
THE WANDERINGS OF CAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.

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 Stowey, in Somersetshire, at which place (sanctum et amabile nomen! which by so many associations and recollections) the author had taken up his residence in order to enjoy the society and close neighbourhood of a dear and honoured 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 Stowey. 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: I 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, moot 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 sternly pure and simple to imitate the Death of Abel? Methinks I see his grand and noble countenance as at the moment when having despatched my own portion
of the task at full finger-speed, I hastened to him with my manuscript—that look of humorous despondency fixed on his almost blank sheet of paper, and then its silent mock-piteous 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 favour 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 of the "Fortunate Isles" of the Muses: and then other and more momentous interests prompted a different voyage, to firmer anchorage and a secure port. I have in vain tried to recover the lines from the palimpsest tablet 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.

Encinctured with a twine of leaves,
That leafy 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,
THE WANDERINGS OF CAIN.

Hanging in the shadowy air
Like a picture rich and rare.
It was a climate where, they say,
The night is more belov'd than day.
But who that beauteous boy beguil'd,
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?

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 moon-light 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 Enos, "but the path under our feet is smooth and soft, and we shall soon come out into the open moonlight."

"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." "Yea, pleas-
antly, 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 leaped 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 Enos 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—yea, 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! Yea, 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
ent that roareth far off hath a voice: and the
ids in heaven look terribly on me; the Mighty
a who is against me speaketh in the wind of the
ar grove; and in silence am I dried up.” Then
os spake to his father, “Arise, my father, arise, we
but a little way from the place where I found the
re and the pitcher.” And Cain said, “How knowest
ou?” and the child answered—“Behold the bare
cks are a few of thy strides distant from the forest;
d while even now thou wert lifting up thy voice, I
ard the echo.” Then the child took hold of his
her, as if he would raise him: and Cain being
nt and feeble rose slowly on his knees and pressed
mself against the trunk of a fir, and stood upright
d followed the child.

The path was dark till within three strides’ length
its termination, when it turned suddenly; the
ick black trees formed a low arch, and the moon-
ght appeared for a moment like a dazzling portal.
os ran before and stood in the open air; and when
in, his father, emerged from the darkness, the child
as affrighted. For the mighty limbs of Cain were
sted as by fire; his hair was as the matted curls
the bison’s forehead, and so glared his fierce and
llen eye beneath: and the black abundant locks on
her side, a rank and tangled mass, were stained
d scorched, as though the grasp of a burning iron
nd had striven to rend them; and his countenance
id in a strange and terrible language, of agonies that
d 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 peep 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 serpent often hissed 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 mimicry of human concerns, and seemed to prophesy mutely of things that then 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 groan which the Earth uttered when our first father fell. Before you approached, it appeared to lie flat on the ground, but its base slanted 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 smite his breast
and cry aloud, "Woe is me! woe is me! I must never die again, and yet I am perishing with thirst and hunger."

Pallid, 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 can not 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 killedst me; and now I am in misery." Then Cain
closed his eyes, and hid them with his hand again; he opened his eyes, and looked around and said to Enos, "What beholdest thou? Didst thou hear a voice, my son?" "Yes, my father, a man in unclean garments, and he uttered a voice, full of lamentation." Then Cain ran to the Shape that was like Abel, and said: Creator of our father, who had respect unto thy offering, wherefore hath he dealt thus with thee?" Then the Shape shrieked a second time; he rent his garment, and his naked skin was white sands beneath their feet; and he shrieked a third time, and threw himself on his face in the sand that was black with the shadow of the rock. And Cain and Enos sat beside him; the Shape was on his right hand, and Cain by his left. They all three sat under the rock, and within the Shape that was like Abel raised himself up and spake to the child: "I know where the cool springs are, but I may not drink, wherefore didst thou take away my pitcher?" But Cain said, "Didst not find favour in the sight of the Lord thy God?" The Shape answered, "The Lord is God, living only, the dead have another God." The child Enos lifted up his eyes and prayed; he rejoiced secretly in his heart. "Wretched shall 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 toil ceaseth. Woe is me, for I was well bet
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 garment 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 rock; 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 lovedst, 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.
ALLEGORIC VISION.

... of sadness, a peculiar melancholy, isake possession of me alike in spring and in
But in spring it is the melancholy of hope:an it is the melancholy of resignation. As I
neeing on foot through the Appennine, I
with a pilgrim in whom the spring and the
and the melancholy of both seemed to have
d. In his discourse there were the fresh-
the colors of April:

    Qual ramicel a ramo,
    Tal da pensier pensiero
    In lui germogliava.

I gazed on his whole form and figure, I
ght me of the not unlovely decays, both of
of the late season, in the stately elm, after
ters have been plucked from its entwining
and the vines are as bands of dried withies
its trunk and branches. Even so there was
ry on his smooth and ample forehead, which
with the dedication of his steady eyes, that
ked—I know not, whether upward, or far
, 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 flitting 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 fellow-travellers, ere a sudden tempest of wind and rain forced us to seek protection in the vaulted door-way of a lone chapel; 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! All extremes meet, I answered; but yours was a strange and visionary thought. The better then doth it becom both the place and me, he replied. From a Visionary wilt thou hear a Vision? Mark that vivid flash through this torrent of rain! Fire and water. Even here thy adage holds true, and its truth is the moral of my Vision. I entreated him to proceed. Sloping his face toward the arch and yet averting his eye from it, he seemed to seek and prepare his words: i
listening to the wind that echoed within the
ow edifice, and to the rain without,

which stole on his thoughts with its twofold sound,
he clash hard by and the murmur all round,

gradually sank away, alike from me and from his
purpose, and amid the gloom of the storm and
he duskiness of that place, he sate like an emblem
a rich man’s sepulchre, or like a mourner on the
ded grave of an only one—an aged mourner,
o is watching the waned moon and sorroweth not.ting at length from his brief trance of abstract,
with courtesy and an atoning smile he renewed
discourse, and commenced his parable.

During one of those short furloughs from the ser-
e of the body, which the soul may sometimes ob-
even in this its militant state, I found myself in
ast plain, which I immediately knew to be the
ley of Life. It possessed an astonishing diversity
oils: here was a sunny spot, and there a dark one,
ing just such a mixture of sunshine and shade,
we may have observed on the mountains’ side in
April day, when the thin broken clouds are
ered over heaven. Almost in the very entrance
he valley stood a large and gloomy pile, into
ch I seemed constrained to enter. Every part of
building was crowded with tawdry ornaments
fantastic deformity. On every window was
rayed, in glaring and inelegant colors, some hor-
e tale, or preternatural incident, so that not a ray
of light could enter, untinged by the medium through which it passed. The body of the building was full of people, some of them dancing, in and out, in unintelligible figures, with strange ceremonies and antic merriment, while others seemed convulsed with horror, or pining in mad melancholy. Intermingled with these, I observed a number of men, clothed in ceremonial robes, who appeared now to marshal the various groups, and to direct their movements; and now with menacing countenances, to 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 things might mean; when lo! one of the directors came up to me, and with a stern and reproachful look bade me uncover my head, for that the place into which I had entered was the temple of the only true Religion, in the holier recesses of which the great goddess personally resided. Himself too he bade me reverence, as the consecrated minister of her rites. Awestruck by the name of Religion, I bowed before the priest, and humbly and earnestly intreated him to conduct me into her presence. He assented. Offerings he took from me, with mystic sprinklings of water and with salt he purified, and with strange sufflations he exorcised 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
AEGORIC VISION.

ge, affrighted me. At length we entered hall, without window, or spiracle, or lamp. plum and dormitory it seemed of perennial only that the walls were brought to the eye mber of self-luminous inscriptions in letters e sepulchral light, which held strange neu- vith the darkness, on the verge of which it rayless vigil. I could read them, methought; ugh each of the words taken separately I to understand, yet when I took them in æs, they were riddles and incomprehensible. ood meditating on these hard sayings, my us addressed me—"Read and believe: these steries!"—At the extremity of the vast hall lidess was placed. Her features, blended darkness, rose out to my view, terrible, yet

I prostrated myself before her, and then
with my guide, soul-withered, and wonder-
dissatisfied.

re-entered the body of the temple, I heard a uzz as of discontent. A few whose eyes were and either piercing or steady, and whose foreheads, with the weighty bar, ridge-like, the eyebrows, bespoke observation followed itative thought; and a much larger number, ere enraged by the severity and insolence of re in exacting their offerings, had collected tumultuous group, and with a confused out-
"This is the Temple of Superstition!" after contumely, and turmoil, and cruel mal-treat-
ment on all sides, rushed out of the pile: and methought, joined them.

We speeded from the temple with hasty strides and had now nearly gone round half the vale when we were addressed by a woman, tall beyond the stature of mortals, and with something more than human in her countenance and mien, which yet could by mortals be only felt, not conveyed by words or intelligibly distinguished. Deeply reflect upon the ardent feelings, was displayed in her countenance and hope without its uncertainty, and a something more than all these, which I understood not, which yet seemed to blend all these into a divine unity of expression. Her garments were white matronly, and of the simplest texture. We inquired her name. "My name," she replied, "is Religia."

The more numerous part of our company, frightened by the very sound, and sore from repeated impostures or sorceries, hurried onwards and averted no farther. A few of us, struck by manifest opposition of her form and manner to those of the living Idol, whom we had so recently abjured, agreed to follow her, though with caution. 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 relations of the different parts to each other, and of each to the whole, and of all to each. She then gave us an optic glass which assisted without contradicting natural vision, and enabled us to see far beyond
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, goading each other with remembrances of past oppressions, and never looking back, till in the eagerness 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 demeanour, 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
dim-eyed man, poring with a microscope over
a torso of a statue which had neither basis, nor
nor head; but on its breast was carved Nature!
this he continually applied his glass, and was
enraptured with the various inequalities which
rendered visible on the seemingly polished surf
of the marble.—Yet evermore was this delight
triumph followed by expressions of hatred,
vehement railing against a Being, who yet, he as
sed us, had no existence. This mystery sudden
called to me what I had read in the holiest re
of the Temple of Superstition. The old man spe
in divers tongues, and continued to utter other
most strange mysteries. Among the rest he tal
much and vehemently concerning an infinite as
of causes and effects, which he explained to be
string of blind men, the last of whom caught
of the skirt of the one before him, he of the i
and so on till they were all out of sight; and so
they all walked infallibly straight, without mak
one false step, though all were alike blind.
ought I borrowed courage from surprise, and at
him—Who then is at the head to guide them?
looked at me with ineffable contempt, not un
with an angry suspicion, and then replied, "No.
The string of blind men went on for ever with
any beginning; for although one blind man co
not move without stumbling, yet infinite blind
supplied the want of sight." I burst into laug
which instantly turned to terror—for as he started forward in rage, I caught a glimpse of him from behind; and lo! I beheld a monster bi-form and Janus-headed, in the hinder face and shape of which I instantly recognised the dread countenance of Superstition—and in the terror I awoke.

THE IMPROVISATORE;
OR "JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO, JOHN."

Scene—A spacious drawing-room, with music-room adjoining.

Katharine. What are the words?

Eliza. Ask your 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. —— sang 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 new;
Yea, 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 mother admired
so much? It begins with something about two vines,
so close that their tendrils intermingle.

Fri. You mean Charles' speech to Angelina, in
"The Elder Brother."

We'll live together, like two neighbour 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.

Kath. A precious boon, that would go far to
reconcile one to old age—this love—if true! But is
there any such true love?

Fri. I hope so.

Kath. But do you believe it?

Eliz. (eagerly.) I am sure he does.

Fri. From a man turned of fifty, Katharine, I
imagine, expects a less confident answer.

Kath. A more sincere one, perhaps.

Fri. Even though he should have obtained the
nick-name of Improvisatore, by perpetrating char-
rades and extempore verses at Christmas times?

Eliz. Nay, but be serious.

Fri. 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
sate "despairing beside a clear stream," with a
willow for his wig-block.
Eliz. Say another word, and we will call it down-right affectation.

Kath. 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.

Fri. 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?

Fri. (aside to Lucius.) He never loved who thinks so.

Eliz. Brother, we don't want you. There! Mrs. H. cannot arrange the flower-vase without you. Thank you, Mrs. Hartman.

Luc. I'll have my revenge! I know what I will say!

Eliz. Off! off! Now, dear sir,—Love, you were saying——

Fri. Hush! Preaching, you mean, Eliza.

Eliz. (impatiently.) Pshaw!

Fri. Well then, I was saying that love, truly such, is itself not the most common thing in the world: and mutual love still less so. But that enduring personal attachment, so beautifully delineated by Erin's sweet 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 utterancy of heart and soul; a delight in the detail of sympathy, in the outward and visible signs of the sacrament within—to count, as it were, the pulses of the life of love. But above all, it supposes a soul which, even in the pride and summer-tide of life—even in the lustiness of health and strength, had felt oftener and prized highest that which age cannot take away, and which, in all our lovings, is the Love;——

Eliz. There is something here (pointing to her heart) that seems to understand you, but wants the word that would make it understand itself.

Kath. I, too, seem to feel what you mean. Interpret the feeling for us.

Fri. ——I mean that willing sense of the unsufficingness 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 momently finds, and, finding, again seeks on; lastly, when "life's changeful orb has pass'd the full," a confirmed faith in the nobleness of humanity, thus brought home and pressed, as it were, to the very bosom of hourly experience; it supposes, I say, a heartfelt reverence for worth, not the less deep be-
cause divested of its solemnity by habit, by familiarity, by mutual infirmities, and even by a feeling of modesty which will arise in delicate minds, 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 which had been dictated by the same affection to the same object when attired in feminine loveliness or in manly beauty.

Eliz. What a soothing—what an elevating thought!

Kath. If it be not only a mere fancy.

Fri. 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 this 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 a neighbour, 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 temper,—one or the other—too often proves
"the dead fly in the compost of spices," and anyone is enough to unfit it for the precious balm of
unction. For some mighty good sort of people, too,
there is not seldom a sort of solemn saturnine, or, if
you will, ursine 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 negatives—that is, by not doing
or saying anything, that might be put down for
fond, 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 em-
ployed in remembering.

Eliz. (in answer to a whisper from Katharine.) To
a hair! He must have sate for it himself. Save me
from such folks! But they are out of the question.

Fvi. 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 sepa-
rated 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 singu-
ON OLD SUBJECTS.

larity unfortunate, the integral parts that
the sum total of the unhappiness of a
the much counted, and distinctly remember
happiness of life, on the contrary, is a
minute fractions—the little, soon-forgotten
of a kiss, a smile, a kind look, a heart
ement in the disguise of playful rail
countless other infinitesimals of pleasure
and genial feeling.

Kath. Well, sir; you have said quite
make me despair of finding a "John An
Jo, John," with whom to totter down the

Fri. Not so! Good men are not, I trust,
scarcer than good women, but that we
would find in you, you may hope to find.
But well, however, may that boon be re
session of which would be more than a
reward for the rarest virtue.

Eliz. Surely, he, who has described
must have possessed it?

Fri. If he were worthy to have posse
had believingly anticipated and not fou
bitter the disappointment! (Then, after
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, prefigured in his earliest wish,
The fair fulfilment of his poesy,
When his young heart first yearn'd for symp

But e'en the meteor offspring of the brain
Unnourished wane;
Faith 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 missed her wonted food; and quickly
Poor Fancy stagger'd and grew sickly.
Then came a restless state, 'twixt yea and na;
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 possesst
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, past its blow,
No vernal 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 bewildered in the snow,
at cling and huddle from the cold
hollow tree or ruin'd fold.
see sparkling colours, once his boast,
Fading, one by one away,
in and hueless as a ghost,
Poor Fancy on her sick bed lay;
at distance, worse when near,
ling her dreams to jealous Fear!
here was it then, the sociable sprite
at crown'd the poet's cup and deck'd his dish!
Or shadow cast from an unsteady wish,
If a substance by no other right
that it intercepted Reason's light;
immed his eye, it darken'd on his brow,
seevish mood, a tedious time, I trow!
Thank heaven! 'tis not so now.

Bliss of blissful hours!
a boon of heaven's decreeing,
while yet in Eden's bower
felt the first husband and his sinless mate!
e one sweet plant, which, piteous heaven agreeing,
ey bore with them through Eden's closing gate!
life's gay summer tide the sovran rose!
In autumn's amaranth, that more fragrant blows
ten passion's flowers all fall or fade;
this were ever his, in outward being,
but his own true love's projected shade,
now that at length by certain proof he knows,
at whether real or a magic show,
Whate'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.

one of those most weary hours,
seems emptied of all genial powers,
nood, which he who ne'er has known
his happy lot, I sate alone;
the numbing spell to win relief,
he past for thought of glee or grief.
ereft alike of grief and glee,
cowered o'er my own vacancy!
watch'd the dull continuous ache,
else slumbering, seemed alone to wake;
long wont to notice yet conceal,
e by silence what words cannot heal,
saw that quiet hand of thine
my desk this exquisite design,
's Garden and its faery,
the joyance, and the gallantry!
with Boccaccio's spirit warm,
the silent poesy of form;
adown a newly-bathed steep
from a mist; or like a stream
soft that not dispels the sleep,
as in happier moulds the slumberer's dream,
an idle eye with silent might
stole upon my inward sight.
us warmth crept gradual o'er my chest,
an infant's finger touch'd my breast;
And one by one (I knew not whence) were brought
All spirits of power that most had stirr'd my thought
In selfless boyhood, on a new world tost
Of wonder, and in its own fancies lost;
Or charmed 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, musing 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 maids,
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 faery child my childhood woo'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,
Prattled and play'd with bird and flower, and stone,
As if with elfin playfellows well known,
And life revealed to innocence alone.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

iks, gentle artist! now I can descry
fair creation with a mastering eye,
all awake! And now in fix'd gaze stand,
wander through the Eden of thy hand;
the green arches, on the fountain clear
fragment shadows of the crossing deer;
with that serviceable nymph I stoop
crystal from its restless pool to scoop.
no longer! I myself am there,
the ground-sward, and the banquet share.
that sweep that lute's love-echoing strings,
upon the maid who gazing sings:
se and listen to the tinkling bells
the high tower, and think that there she dwells.
old Boccaccio's soul I stand possesst,
breathe an air like life that swells my chest.

brightness of the world, O thou once free,
always fair, rare land of courtesy!
zure! with the Tuscan fields and hills,
famous Arno, fed with all their rills;
ighest star of star-bright Italy!
ornate, populous, all treasures thine,
golden corn, the olive, and the vine.
cities, gallant mansions, castles old,
rests, where, beside his leafy hold
ullen boar hath heard the distant horn,
ths his tusks against the gnarled thorn;
ian palace with its storied halls;
tains, where Love lies listening to their falls;
.

. 11.
Gardens, where flings the bridge its airy span,
And Nature makes her happy home with ease;
Where many a gorgeous flower is duly fed
With its own rill, on its own spangled bed,
And wreathes 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! Boccace sits, unfolding on his knees
The new-found roll of old Meonides;
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 mazy page,

1 Boccaccio claimed for himself the glory of first introduced the works of Homer to his coun
2 I know few more striking or more interesting of the overwhelming influence which the study
Greek and Roman classics exercised on the j feelings, and imaginations of the literati of
the commencement of the restoration of literate, sets them to study the Holy Book,

and the beautiful girl Biancofiore had learters, sets them to study the Holy Book,

Love. "Incominciò Racheo a mettere
esecuzione con intera sollecitudine. I
tempo, insegnato a conoscere le lettere
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

here, half conceal’d, the eye of fancy views
ans, nymphs, and winged saints, all gracious to thy
muse!

I in thy garden let me watch their pranks,
d see in Dian’s vest between the ranks
the trim vines, some maid that half believes
o vestal fires, of which her lover grieves,
th that sly satyr peeping through the leaves!

ON A CATARACT
FROM A CAVERN NEAR THE SUMMIT OF A
MOUNTAIN PRECIPICE.

STROPHE.

PERISHING youth!
ou leapest from forth
the cell of thy hidden nativity;
ver mortal saw
the cradle of the strong one;
ver mortal heard
the gathering of his voices;
the deep-murmured charm of the son of the rock,
at is lispt evermore at his slumberless fountain.
ere’s a cloud at the portal, a spray-woven veil
the shrine of his ceaseless renewing;
ombosoms the roses of dawn,
entangles the shafts of the noon,

to libro d’Ovvidio, nel quale il sommo poeta mostra,
se i santi fuochi di Venere si debbano ne’ freddi cu-
accendere.”
And into the bed of its stillness
The moonshine sinks down as in slumber,
That the son of the rock, that the nursling of heaven,
May be born in a holy twilight!

ANTISTROPHE.

The wild goat in awe
Looks up and beholds
Above thee the cliff inaccessible;—
Thou at once full-born
Madd'nest in thy joyance,
Whirlest, shatterest, splittest,
Life invulnerable.

LOVE'S APPARITION AND EVANISHMENT.

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 sand-asps bask and swell;
And now he hangs his aged head aslant,
And listens for a human sound—in vain!
And now the aid, which heaven alone can grant,
Upturns his eyeless face from heaven to gain;—
Even thus, in vacant mood, one sultry hour,
Resting my eye upon a drooping plant,
With brow low bent, within my garden bower,
I sate upon the couch of camomile;
And—whether 'twas a transient sleep, perchance,
Flitted across the idle brain, the while
atch'd the sickly calm with aimless scope,
my own heart; or that, indeed a trance,
'nd my eye inward—thée, O genial Hope,
ve's elder sister! thee did I behold,
est as a bridesmaid, but all pale and cold,
th roseless cheek, all pale and cold and dim
Lie lifeless at my feet!

Then came Love, a sylph in bridal trim,
And stood beside my seat;
A bent, and kissed her sister's lips,
As she was wont to do;—

As! 'twas but a chilling breath
Bke just' enough of life in death
To make Hope die anew.

Xious to associate the name of a most dear and honored
friend with my own, I solicited and obtained the per-
nission of Professor J. H. Green to permit the in-
ertion of the two following poems, by him composed.

S. T. Coleridge.

MORNING INVITATION TO A CHILD.

The house is a prison, the school-room's a cell;
Save study and books for the upland and dell;
Y aside the dull poring, quit home and quit care;
Liby forth! sally forth! let us breathe the fresh air!
The sky dons its holiday mantle of blue;
The sun sips his morning refreshment of dew;
Takes joyously laughing his tresses of light,
And here and there turns his eye piercing and bright;
Then jocund mounts up on his glorious car,
With smiles to the morn,—for he means to go far;
While the clouds, that had newly paid court at his levee,
Spread sail to the breeze, and glide off in a bevy.
Tree, and tree-tufted hedge-row, and, sparkling between
Dewy meadows enamelled in gold and in green,
With king-cups and daisies, that all the year please,
Sprays, petals and leaflets, that nod in the breeze,
With carpets, and garlands, and wreaths, deck the way
And tempt the blithe spirit still onward to stray,
Itself its own home;—far away! far away!

The butterflies flutter in pairs round the bower;
The humble-bee sings in each bell of each flower;
The bee hums of heather and breeze-wooing hill,
And forgets in the sunshine his toil and his skill;
The birds carol gladly!—the lark mounts on high;
The swallows on wing make their tune to the eye,
And as birds of good omen, that summer loves well,
Ever wheeling, weave ever some magical spell.
The hunt is abroad:—hark! the horn sounds its note,
And seems to invite us to regions remote.
The horse in the meadow is stirred by the sound,
And neighing impatient o'erleaps the low mound;
Then proud in his speed o'er the champaign he bounds,
To the whoop of the huntsmen and tongue of the hounds.

Then stay not within, for on such a blest day
We can never quit home, while with Nature we stray; far away, far away!
CONSO LATION OF A MANIAC.

The feverous dream is past! and I awake,
One and joyless in my prison-cell,
Aim to ply the never ending toil,
And bid the task-worn memory weave again
The tangled threads, and ravell'd skein of thought;
Jointed fragments of my care-worn life!
The mirror of my soul,—ah! when again
To welcome and reflect calm joy and hope!—
Gain subsides, and smooths its turbid swell,
The surging in the sweep of frenzy's blast,—
And the sad forms of scenes and deeds long past
End into spectral shapes and deathlike life,
And pass in silent, stern procession!—
The storm is past;—but in the pause and hush,
Nor calm nor tranquil joy, nor peace are mine;
Y spirit is rebuk'd!—and like a mist,
Respondency, in gray cold mantle clad,
Phantom form gigantic floats!—

That dream,
That dream, that dreadful dream, the potent spell,
That calls to life the phantoms of the past,—
Akes e'en oblivion memory's register,—
Ill swells and vibrates in my throbbing brain!
Gain I wildly quaff'd the maddening bowl,
Gain I stak'd my all,—again the die
Rov'd traitor to my hopes;—and 'twas for her,
Whose love more madden'd than the bowl, whose love,
More dear than all, was treacherous as the die:
Again I saw her with her paramour,
Again I aim'd the deadly blow, again
I senseless fell, and knew not whom I struck,
Myself, or her, or him:—I heard the shriek,
And mingled laugh, and cry of agony:
I felt the whirl of rapid motion,—
And hosts of fiendish shapes, uncertain seen
In murky air, glared fiercely as I pass'd;—
They welcom'd me with bitter laughs of scorn,
They pledged me in the brimming cup of hate.—

But stay your wild career, unbridled thoughts,
Or frenzy must unseat my reason's sway,—
Again give license to my lawless will!—
And yet I know not, if that demon rout
Be fancy stirred by passion's power, or true;—
Or life itself be but a shadowy dream,
The act and working of an evil will!—
Dread scope of fantasy and passion's power!
Oh God! take back the boon, the precious gift
Of will mysterious.—Give me, give again,
The infliction dire, fell opiate of my griefs;
Sharp wound, but in the smart the panoply
And shield against temptations, that assail
My weak and yielding spirit!—Madness come!
The balm to guilt, the safeguard from remorse,
Make me forget, and save me from myself!
A CHARACTER.

A bird, who for his other sins
Had liv'd amongst the Jacobins;
Tho' like a kitten amid rats,
Or callow tit in nest of bats,
He much abhorr'd all democrats;
Yet nathless stood in ill report
Of wishing ill to church and court,
Tho' he'd nor claw, nor tooth, nor sting,
And learnt to pipe "God save the king;"
Tho' each day did new feathers bring,
All swore he had a leathern wing;
Nor polish'd wing, nor feather'd tail,
Nor down-clad thigh would aught avail;
And tho'—his tongue devoid of gall—
He civilly assur'd them all:—
'A bird am I of Phæbus' breed,
And on the sunflower cling and feed;
My name, good sirs, is Thomas Tit!"
The bats would hail him brother cit,
Or, at the furthest, cousin-german.
At length the matter to determine,
He publicly denounced the vermin;
He spared the mouse, he prais'd the owl;
But bats were neither flesh nor fowl.
Bloodsucker, vampire, harpy, goul,
Came in full clatter from his throat,
Till his old nest-mates chang'd their note
To hireling, traitor, and turncoat,—
A base apostate who had sold
His very teeth and claws for gold;—
And then his feathers!—sharp the jest—
No doubt he feather'd well his nest!
A Tit indeed! aye, tit for tat—
With place and title, brother Bat,
We soon shall see how well he'll play
Count Goldfinch, or Sir Joseph Jay?'
Alas, poor bird! and ill-bastard—
Or rather let us say, poor bard!
And henceforth quit the allegoric
With metaphor and simile,
For simple facts and style historic:—
Alas, poor bard! no gold had he.
Behind another's team he stept,
And plough'd and sowed, while others reap't;
The work was his, but theirs the glory,
*Sic vos non vobis*, his whole story.
Besides, whate'er he wrote or said
Came from his heart as well as head;
And tho' he never left in lurch
His king, his country, or his church,
'Twas but to humour his own cynical
Contempt of doctrines Jacobinical;
To his own conscience only hearty,
'Twas but by chance he serv'd the party;—
The self-same things had said and writ,
Had Pitt been Fox, and Fox been Pitt;
Content his own applause to win,
Would never dash thro' thick and thin,
and he can make, so say the wise, 
who claim who makes no sacrifice;—
and bard still less:—what claim had he, 
who swore it vex'd his soul to see
grand a cause, so proud a realm
with Goose and Goody at the helm;
who long ago had fall'n asunder
for their rivals' baser blunder,
he coward whine and Frenchified
aver and slang of the other side?—
Thus, his own whim his only bribe,
our bard pursued his old A. B. C.
contented if he could subscribe
in fullest sense his name "Ευτυχε;
'tis Punic Greek, "for he hath stood!"
'hat'er the men, the cause was good;
and therefore with a right good will,
or fool, he fights their battles still.
ush! squeak'd the bats;—a mere bravado
o whitewash that base renegado;
'tis plain unless you're blind or mad,
is conscience for the bays he barters;—
and true it is—as true as sad—
hese circlets of green baize he had—
ut then, alas! they were his garters!
Ah! silly bard, unsed, untended,
is lamp but glimmer'd in its socket;
e liv'd unhonor'd and unfriended
7ith scarce a penny in his pocket;—
ay—tho' he hid it from the many—
7ith scarce a pocket for his penny!
THE REPROOF AND REPLY.

"Fix, 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 shrill, that out-shrill'd mack'rel drown—
Fresh from the drop, the youth not yet cut down.
Letter to sweet-heart—the last dying speech—
And didn't 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 — 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 thoughts all hovering round the Muses' home,
Long hath it been your poet's wont to roam,
And many a morn, on his becharmed sense
So rich a stream of music issued thence,
He deem'd himself, as it flowed warbling on,
Beside the vocal fount of Helicon!
But when, as if to settle the concern,
Nymph too he beheld, in many a turn,
Guiding the sweet rill from its fountal urn,—
Ty, can you blame?—No! none that saw and heard
Could blame a bard, that he thus inly stirr'd;
muse beholding in each fervent trait,
ook Mary —— for Polly Hymnia!
r haply as there stood beside the maid
the loftier form in sable stole array'd,
with regretful thought he hail'd in thee
—, his long-lost friend, Mol Pomene!
out most of you, soft warblings, I complain!
was ye that from the bee-hive of my brain
ured the wild fancies forth, a freakish rout,
and witch'd the air with dreams turn'd inside out.

'hus all conspir'd—each power of eye and ear,
and this gay month, th' enchantress of the year,
'to cheat poor me (no conjurer, God wot!)
and ——'s self accomplice in the plot.
Can 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 accustom'd 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!
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

But yet from —— who despairs of grace?
There's no spring-gun or man-trap in that face!
Let Moses then look black, and Aaron blue,
That look as if they had little else to do:
For —— 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!"

CHOLERA CURED BEFORE HAND.

Or a premonition promulgated gratis for the use of the
Useful Classes, specially those resident in St. Giles',
Saffron Hill, Bethnal Green, &c.; and likewise, inasmuch as the good man is merciful even to the beasts,
for the benefit of the Bulls and Bears of the Stock Exchange.

Pains ventral, subventral,
In stomach or entrail,
Think no longer mere prefaces
For grins, groans, and wry faces;
But off to the doctor, fast as ye can crawl! —
Yet far better 'twould be not to have them at all.

Now to 'scape inward aches,
Eat no plums nor plum-cakes;
Cry avaunt! new potatoe—
And don't drink, like old Cato.
Ah! beware of Dispsipsy,
And don't ye get tipsy!
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

For tho' gin and whiskey
May make you feel frisky,
They're but crimps to Dispsipsy;
And nose to tail, with this gipsy
Comes, black as a porpus,
The diabolus ipse,
Call'd Cholery Morpus; [to feed him,
o with horns, hoofs, and tail, croaks for carrion
' being a devil, no one never has seed' him!

Ah! then my dear honies,
There's no cure for you
For loves nor for monies:—
You'll find it too true.
Och! the hallabaloo!
Och! och! how you'll wail,
When the offal-fed vagrant
Shall turn you as blue
As the gas-light unfragrant,
at gushes in jets from beneath his own tail;—
'Till swift as the mail,
He at last brings the cramps on,
That will twist you like Samson.

So without further blethering,
Dear mudlarks! my brethren!
Of all scents and degrees,
(Yourselves and your shes)
Forswear all cabal, lads,
Wakes, unions, and rows,
Hot dreams, and cold salads
And don't pig in sties that would suffocate sows!
Quit Cobbett's, O'Connel's, and Beelzebub's banners,
And whitewash at once bowels, rooms, hands, and manners!

COLOGNE.

In Köhln, a town of monks and bones,
And pavements fang'd with murderous stones,
And rags, and bags, and hideous wenches;
I counted two and seventy stenches,
All well defined, and several stinks!
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?

ON MY JOYFUL DEPARTURE FROM
THE SAME CITY.

As I am rhymer,
And now at least a merry one,
Mr. Munn's Rudesheimer
And the church of St. Geryon
Are the two things alone
That deserve to be known
In the body and soul-stinking town of Cologn
WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

Thay seeks the polar ridge;
Tymes seeks S. T. Coleridge,
Hor of works, whereof—tho' not in Dutch—
Ho public little knows—the publisher too much.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

Your poem must eternal be,
Dear sir! it cannot fail!
For 'tis incomprehensible,
And without head or tail.

METRICAL FEET. LESSON FOR A BOY.

chēe trips fröm long tō short;
m long to long in solemn sort
w Spōndēe stalks; strōng foot! yet ill able
r tō come up with Dāctyl trisyllablē.
ūcs mārch fröm short tō long;—
h ā leap ānd ā bound thē swift Ānāpēests thrōng;
ysyllable long, with one short at each side,
phibrächys hästes with thē stātelý stride;—
ānd last bēing long, middlē short, Āmphpīmācer[rācer.

See his thundēring hoofs like thē proud high-bréed
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

If Derwent be innocent, steady, and wise,
And delight in the things of earth, water, and skies;
Tender warmth at his heart, with these metres to show it,
With sound sense in his brains, may make Derwent a poet,—
May crown him with fame, and must win him the love
Of his father on earth and his Father above.
    My dear, dear child!
Could you stand upon Skiddaw, you would not from its whole ridge
See a man who so loves you as your fond S. T. Coleridge.

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.

THE OVIDIAN ELEGIAIC METRE DESCRIBED AND EXEMPLIFIED.

In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column;
In the pentameter aye falling in melody back.
TO THE YOUNG ARTIST, KAYSER OF KASERWERTH.

KAYSER! to whom, as to a second self,
Nature, or Nature's next-of-kin, the elf,
Right Genius, hath dispens'd the happy skill
To cheer or soothe the parting friends, alas!
Turning the blank scroll to a magic glass,
That makes the absent present at our will;
And to the shadowing of thy pencil gives
Such seeming substance, that it almost lives;

Well hast thou given the thoughtful poet's face!
Yet hast thou on the tablet of his mind
A more delightful portrait left behind—
In thy own youthful beauty, and artless grace,
Thy natural gladness and eyes bright with glee!

KAYSER! farewell!
Be wise! be happy! and forget not me.
1833.

JOB'S LUCK.

Sly Beelzebub took all occasions
To try Job's constancy and patience;
He took his honours, took his health,
He took his children, took his wealth,
His camels, horses, asses, cows—
And the sly devil 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 Job had before,
His children, camels, horses, cows—
Short-sighted devil, not to take his spouse!

ON A VOLUNTEER SINGER.

Swans sing before they die: 'twere no bad thing,
Should certain persons die before they sing.

ON AN INSIGNIFICANT.

'Tis Cypher lies beneath this crust—
Whom Death created into dust.

PROFUSE KINDNESS.

Νίπτων οὔτε ἵππων ὄψιν ιμίσοι πάντος.—Hesiod.

What a spring-tide of love to dear friends in a shoal!
Half of it to one were worth double the whole!

CHARITY IN THOUGHT.

To praise men as good, and to take them for such,
Is a grace, which no soul can mete out to a title;—
Of which he who has not a little too much,
Will by charity's gage surely have much too little.
MILITY THE MOTHER OF CHARITY.

creatures are we all! To be the best,
not the fewest faults to have:—
you then to thyself, and leave the rest
God, thy conscience, and the grave.

ON AN INFANT
WHICH DIED BEFORE BAPTISM.

rather than be called, a child of God,"
whispered!—with assenting nod,
head upon its mother's breast,
the baby bowed, without demur—
the kingdom of the blest
essor, not inheritor.

RKELEY AND FLORENCE COLERIDGE,
SO DIED ON THE 16TH OF JANUARY, 1834."

as sweet! twin buds, too rathe to bear
winter's unkind air;
beyond all price, no sooner given
straight required by heaven;
jewels, vainly for a moment lent
ack my brow, or sent

1 By a friend.
Untainted from the earth, as Christ's, to soar,
And add two spirits more
To that dread band seraphic, that doth lie
Beneath the Almighty's eye;—
Glorious the thought—yet ah! my babes, ah! still
A father's heart ye fill;
Though cold ye lie in earth—though gentle death
Hath suck'd your balmy breath,
And the last kiss which your fair cheeks I gave
Is buried in yon grave.
No tears—no tears—I wish them not again;
To die, for them was gain,
Ere doubt, or fear, or woe, or act of sin
Had marr'd God's light within.

—Ecceo descendit γενὸς σακύριων.—Juvenal.

Γενὸς σακύριων!—and is this the prime
And heaven-sprung adage of the olden time!—
Say, canst thou make thyself?—Learn first that trade;—
Haply thou mayst know what thyself had made.
What hast thou, Man, that thou dar'st call thine own?—
What is there in thee, Man, that can be known?—
Dark fluxion, all unfixable by thought,
A phantom dim of past and future wrought,
Vain sister of the worm,—life, death, soul, clod—
Ignore thyself, and strive to know thy God!
Beareth all things.—2 Cor. xiii, 7.

I took that which ungently came,
without scorn forgave:—Do thou the same.
I long done to thee think a cat's eye spark
wouldst not see, were not thine own heart dark.
I own keen sense of wrong that thirsts for sin,
that—the spark self-kindled from within,
ich blown upon, will blind thee with its glare,
nother'd, stifle thee with noisome air.
on the extinguisher, pull up the blinds,
soon the ventilated spirit finds
atural daylight. If a foe have kenn'd,
orse than foe, an alienated friend,
of dry rot in thy ship's stout side,
k it God's message, and in humble pride
heart of oak replace it;—thine the gains—
him the rotten timber for his pains!

MY BAPTISMAL BIRTH-DAY.

s child in Christ adopted,—Christ my all,—
at that earth boasts were not lost cheaply, rather
a forfeit that blest name, by which I call
The Holy One, the Almighty God, my Father?—
Father! in Christ we live, and Christ in Thee—
Eternal Thou, and everlasting We.
The heir of heaven, henceforth I fear not death:
In Christ I live! in Christ I draw the breath
Of the true life!—Let then earth, sea, and sky
Make war against me! On my heart I show
Their mighty master's seal. In vain they try
To end my life, that can but end its woe.—
Is that a death-bed where a Christian lies?—
Yes! but not his—'tis Death itself there dies.

EPITAPH.

Stop, Christian passer-by!—Stop, child of God,
And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seem'd he.—
O, lift one thought in prayer for S. T. C.,
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!

9th November, 1838.
REMORE.

A TRAGEDY. IN FIVE ACTS.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Marquis Valdez, father to the two brothers, and Doña Teresa's guardian.

Don Álvar, the eldest son.

Don Ordonio, the youngest son.

Monviedro, a Dominican and inquisitor.

Zulimez, the faithful attendant on Alvar.

Isidore, a Moresco chieftain, ostensibly a Christian.

Familiars of the Inquisition.

Naomi.

Moors, Servants, &c.

Doña Teresa, an orphan heiress.

Alhadra, wife of 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 seashore on the coast of Granada.

Don Alvar, wrapt in a boat-cloak, and Zulimez
(a Moresco), both as just landed.

Zul. No sound, no face of joy to welcome us!

Alv. 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!

Zul. 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!

Alv. Remember, Zulimez! I am his brother,

Injured indeed! deeply injured! yet

Ordonio’s brother.

Zul. Nobly minded Alvar!

This sure but gives his guilt a blacker dye.
Alv. The more behoves it, I should rouse within him.
Remorse! that I should save him from himself.
Zul. 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.
Alv. 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—
Zul. You have thrice told already
The years of absence and of secrecy,
To which a forced oath bound you: if in truth
A suborned murderer have the power to dictate
A binding oath—
Alv. My long captivity
Left me no choice: the very wish too languished
With the fond hope that nursed it; the sick babe
Drooped at the bosom of its famished mother.
But (more than all) Teresa’s perfidy;
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,
II FROM HIS PALSYED HAND—

Zul.     HEAVY PRESUMPTION!

 Alv. IT WEIGHED NOT WITH ME—HARK! I WILL TELL
       THEE ALL;

WE PASSED BY, I BADE THEE MARK THE BASE

Zul.     THAT ROCKY SEAT YOU MEAN,

YONDY CLIFF—

Alv.     T’HE 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,

INFUSED THE TEAR-DROPS THERE WITH ROSY LIGHT.

HERE SEEMED A GLORY ROUND US, AND TERESA

THE ANGEL OF THE VISION!

HAIRSTHOU SEEN

NOW IN EACH MOTION HER MOST INNOCENT SOUL

EAMMED FORTH AND BRIGHTENED, THOU THYSELF WOULD’ST

TOLD IT IS A THING IMPOSSIBLE IN HER! [TELL ME,

HE MUST BE INNOCENT!

Zul.     [WITH A SIGH.] PROCEED, MY LORD!

Alv.     A PORTRAIT WHICH SHE HAD PROCURED BY STEALTH

FOR EVEN THEN IT SEEMS HER HEART FOREBODED

HER KNEW ORDONIO’S MOODY RIVALRY)

A PORTRAIT OF HERSELF WITH THRILLING HAND

HE TIED AROUND MY NECK, CONJURING 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 the assassin knew,
Knew that which none but she could have disclosed.

Zul. A damning proof!

 Alv. My own life wearied me!
And but for the imperative voice within,
With mine own hand I had thrown off the burden.
That voice, which quelled me, calmed 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 followed.
The fulness of my anguish by degrees
Waned to a meditative melancholy;
And still the more I mused, my soul became
More doubtful, more perplexed; 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 fond faith that she is guiltless!
Hear then my fix'd resolve: I'll linger here
In the disguise of a Moresco chieftain.—
The Moorish robes?—

Zul. All, all are in the sea-cave,
Some furlong hence. I bade our mariners
Secrete the boat there.
Above all, the picture
assassination—
Be assured
remains uninjured.
   Thus disguised
rest seek to meet Ordonio's—wife!
ble, alone too. This was her wonted walk,
as the hour; her words, her very looks
quit her or convict.
Will they not know you?
With your aid, friend, I shall unfearingly
be disguise; and as to my complexion,
g imprisonment, the scanty food,
ar,—and toil beneath a burning sun,
one already half the business for us.
so my youth;—since last we saw each other,
rd has swoln my chest, and taught my voice
ser note—Besides, they think me dead;
that the mind believes impossible,
edily sense is slow to recognise.
'Tis yours, sir to command, mine to obey.
the cave beneath the vaulted rock,
having shaped you to a Moorish chieftain,
k our mariners; and in the dusk
port whate'er we need to the small dell
Alpujarras—there where Zagri lived.
I know it well: it is the obscurest haunt
the mountains—[both stand listening
Voices at a distance!
away! [Exeunt.
SCENE II.—Enter Teresa and Valdez.

Ter. I hold Ordonio dear; he is your son
And Alvar's brother.

Val. Love him for himself,
Nor make the living wretched for the dead.

Ter. 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.

Val. 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,
Fixed 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.

Ter. There are woes
Ill bartered 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 dishevelled by the pleasant sea breeze,
To shape sweet visions, and live o'er again
past hours of delight! If it be wretched
watch some bark, and fancy Alvar there,
go through each minutest circumstance
the blest meeting, and to frame adventures
ost terrible and strange, and hear him tell them;
as once I knew a crazy Moorish maid
ho dress'd her in her buried lover's clothes,
od o'er the smooth spring in the mountain cleft
ung with her lute, and played the selfsame tune
use to play, and listened to the shadow
erself had made)—if this be wretchedness,
ad if indeed it be a wretched thing
ick out mine own death-bed, and imagine
at I had died, died just ere his return!
hen see him listening to my constancy,
hover round, as he at midnight oft
its on my grave, and gazes at the moon;
haps in some more fantastic mood,
ob be in Paradise, and with choice flowers
ild up a bower where he and I might dwell,
nd there to wait his coming! O my sire!
ly Alvar's sire! if this be wretchedness
hat eats away the life, what were it, think you,
 in a most assured reality
 should return, and see a brother's infant
mile at him from my arms?
what a thought!
al. A thought? even so! mere thought! an empty
thought.
he very week he promised his return——
Ter. Was it not then a busy joy? to see him,
After those three years' travels! we had no fear—
The frequent tidings, the ne'er failing letter,
Almost endeared his absence! Yet the gladness,
The tumult of our joy! What then if now—

Val. 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—
Hectic and unrefreshed with rest—

Ter. My father!

Val. 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!

Ter. Oh no! he did not!

Val. Captured in sight of land!
From yon hill point, nay, from our castle watch-tower
We might have seen——

Ter. His capture, not his death.

Val. Alas! how aptly thou forget'st 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 valour
And thus twice snatched a brother from his hopes;
Gallant Ordonio! O beloved Teresa,
Wouldst thou best prove thy faith to generous Alvar,
And most delight his spirit, go, make thou
His brother happy, make his aged father
Sink to the grave in joy.
For mercy's sake
me no more! I have no power to love him.
roud forbidding eye and his dark brow,
me like dew damps of the unwholesome night:
ve, a timorous and tender flower,
se beneath his touch.

You wrong him, maiden!
wrong him, by my soul! Nor was it well
haracter by such unkindly phrases
stir and workings of that love for you
ch he has toiled to smother. 'Twas not well,
is it grateful in you to forget
ounds and perilous voyages, and how
m heroic fearlessness of danger
am'd the coast of Afric for your Alvar.
not well—You have moved me even to tears.
O pardon me, Lord Valdez! pardon me!
 foolish and ungrateful speech,
est ungrateful speech! But I am hurried
nd myself; if I but hear of one
aims to rival Alvar. Were we not
in one day, like twins of the same parent?
ed in one cradle? Pardon me, my father!
years' absence is a heavy thing,
still the hope survives——

Looking forward.) Hush! 'tis Monviedro.
The Inquisitor! on what new scent of blood?

Enter Monviedro with Alhadra.

Peace and the truth be with you! Good my
lord,
My present need is with your son.  
We have hit the time.  Here comes he!  Yes, 'tis he.  

Enter from the opposite side Don Ordonio.  
My Lord Ordonio, this Moresco woman  
(Alhadra is her name) asks audience of you.  

Ord.  Hail, reverend father!  what may be the business?  

Mon.  My lord, on strong suspicion of relapse  
To his false creed, so recently abjured,  
The secret servants of the Inquisition  
Have seized her 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 lessened 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 honour  
The Holy Church regards her faithful soldiers,  
Thus far prevailed with me that——  

Ord.  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.  

Mon.  My mind foretold me,  
That such would be the event.  In truth, Lord Yalda,  
'Twas little probable that Don Ordonio,  
That your illustrious son, who fought so bravely
Remorse.

The four years since to quell these rebel Moors,
Could prove the patron of this infidel!

Be warranter of a Moresco's faith!

Awh. My lord, my husband's name

Maelost. (Ordonio starts.)—You may remember it;

Three years ago, three years this very week,
You left him at Almeria.

Mon. Palpably false!

His 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!—
What is he ill, my lord? how strange he looks!

Val. You pressed upon him too abruptly, father,
The fate of one, on whom, you know, he doted.

Ord. O heavens! I?—I doted?—

Yes! I doted on him.

[Ordonio walks to the end of the stage, Valdez follows.

Ter. 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!

Mon. The drops did start and stand upon his forehead!

will return. In very truth, I grieve.
To have been the occasion. Ho! attend me, woman!

Awh. (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.

Ter. Stay, father! stay! my lord will soon cover.

Ord. (as they return to Valdez.) Strange, that Monviedro

Should have the power so to distemper me!

Val. Nay, 'twas an amiable weakness, son!

Mon. My lord, I truly grieve—

Ord. 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.

Mon. I hope, my lord, your merely human p

Doth not prevail—

Ord. 'Tis certain that he was a catholic;

What changes may have happened in three year

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.

Mon. Your zeal, my lord,

And your late merits in this holy warfare

Would authorize an ampler trust—you have it.

Ord. I will attend you home within an hour.

Val. Meantime return with us, and take ref

Alh. Not till my husband's free! I may not

I will stay here.

Ter. (aside.) Who is this Isidore?

Val. Daughter!
REMORE.

With your permission, my dear lord, iter yet awhile 't' enjoy the sea breeze.

[Exeunt Valdez, Monviedro, and Ordonio.

Hah! there he goes! a bitter curse go with thing curse!

[him, hate him, don't you, lady?]

Oh fear not me! my heart is sad for you.

These fell inquisitors! these sons of blood!
came on, his face so maddened me,
ever and anon I clutched my dagger half unsheathed it——

r. Be more calm, I pray you.

And as he walked along the narrow path by the mountain's edge, my soul grew eager; as with hard toil I made myself remember his Familiars held my babes and husband. we leapt upon him with a tiger's plunge, hurl'd him down the rugged precipice, had been most sweet!

r. Hush! hush, for shame!

xe is your woman's heart?

O gentle lady! have no skill to guess my many wrongs, [tian, 'and strange! Besides, [ironically] I am a Chris-Christsians never pardon—'tis their faith!

r. Shame fall on those who so have shown it to thee!

I know that man; 'tis well he knows not me. years ago (and he was the prime agent,) years ago the holy brethren seized me.
Ter. What might your crime be?

Alth. I was a Moresco!

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
Cowered as it entered, and at once sank 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 remained—the dull bell counting,
Which haply told me, that 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.

Ter. O heaven! it is too horrible to hear.

Alth. What was it then to suffer? 'Tis most rig
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 fitliest scatter pestilence.

Ter. You were at length released?

Alth. 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!

Ter. But your husband—
Alh. A month's imprisonment would kill him,
Ter. Alas, poor man! [lady.
Alh. 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.

Ter. Know you that stately Moor?
Alh. I know him not:
But doubt not he is some Moresco chieftain,
Who hides himself among the Alpuxarras.
Ter. The Alpuxarras? Does he know his danger,
So near this seat?

Alh. 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.

Alh. Gallant Moresco! An inquisitor,
Monviedro, of known hatred to our race——
Alv. You have mistaken me. I am a Christian.

Alh. 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.

Ter. If aught enforce you to concealment, sir—

Alh. He trembles strangely.

[Alvar sinks down, and hides his face in his robe.

Ter. See, we have disturbed him.

[Approaches nearer to him.

I pray you think us friends—uncowl your face,
For you seem faint, and the night breeze blows heal.
I pray you think us friends! [ing.

Alv. (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!

Ter. Let us retire. (haughtily to Alhadra.)

Alh. He is indeed a Christian.

Alv. (aside.) She deems me dead, yet wears no mourning garment!

Why should my brother's—wife—wear mourning

(To Teresa.) [garments?

Your pardon, noble dame! that I disturbed you:
I had just started from a frightful dream.

Ter. Dreams tell but of the past, and yet 'tis said,

They prophesy—

Alv. The Past lives o'er again
In its effects, and to the guilty spirit
The ever-frowning Present is its image.
cr. Traitress! \(\text{then aside.}\)

What sudden spell o'ermasters me?

y seeks he me, shunning the Moorish woman?

iv. I dream'd I had a friend, on whom I lean'd

oh blindest trust, and a betrothed maid,

om I was wont to call not mine, but me:

mine own self seem'd nothing, lacking her.

s maid so idolized, that trusted friend

honoured in my absence, soul and body!

r, following guilt, tempted to blacker guilt,

l murderers were suborned against my life.

by my looks, and most impassioned words,

used the virtues that are dead in no man,

n in the assassins' hearts! they made their terms,

l thanked me for redeeming them from murder.

lh. You are lost in thought: hear him no more,

sweet lady!

cr. From morn to night I am myself a dreamer,

l slight things bring on me the idle mood!

ll, sir, what happened then?

iv. On a rude rock,

cck, methought, fast by a grove of firs,

ose thready leaves to the low-breathing gale
de a soft sound most like the distant ocean,

aid, as though the hour of death were passed,

d I were sitting in the world of spirits—

all things seemed unreal! there I sate—
e dews fell clammy, and the night descended,

ch, sultry, close! and ere the midnight hour
storm came on, mingling all sounds of fear,
That woods, and sky, and mountains, seemed one havoc.
The second flash of lightning showed a tree
Hard by me, newly scathed. I rose tumultuous:
My soul worked high, I bared my head to the storm,
And with loud voice and clamorous agony,
Kneeling I prayed to the great Spirit that made me,
Prayed, that remorse might fasten on their hearts,
And cling with poisonous tooth, inextricable
As the gored lion's bite!

Ter. A fearful curse!

Alh. But dream’d you not that you returned and killed them?

Dream’d you of no revenge?

Alv. 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 prayed for the punishment that cleanses hearts:
For still I loved her!

Alh. And you dream’d all this?

Ter. My soul is full of visions all as wild!

Alh. There is no room in this heart for puling love tales.

Ter. (lifts up her veil, and advances to Alvæ.) Stranger, farewell! I guess not who you are,
Nor why you so addressed your tale to me.
Your mien is noble, and, I own, perplexed me
With obscure memory of something past,
Which still escaped my efforts, or presented
Tricks of a fancy pampered with long wishing.
If, as it sometimes happens, our rude startling,
Whilst your full heart was shaping out its dream,
Drove you to this, your not ungentle wildness—
You have my sympathy, and so farewell!
But if some undiscovered 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 favourable pleading.

[Execunt Teresa and Alhadra.

Alv. (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 sad she looked, 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 stained her honour;
Ah! there I am hampered. What if this were a lie
Framed 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 referred to me—fondly, methought!
Could she walk here if she had been a traitress?
Here, where we played together in our childhood?
Here, where we plighted vows? where her cold cheek
Received my last kiss, when with suppressed feeling
She had fainted 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 dashed from the lips.
I'll haunt this scene no more! live she in peace!
Her husband—aye her husband! May this angel
New mould his canker'd heart! Assist me, heaven,
That I may pray for my poor guilty brother! [Exe.

ACT II.

Scene I.—A wild and mountainous Country. Ordino and Isidore are discovered, supposed at a little distance from Isidore's house.

Ord. Here we may stop: your house distinct in view,
Yet we secured from listeners.

Isid. Now indeed
My house! and it looks cheerful as the clusters
Basking in sunshine on yon 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:
REMORE.

on for my follies I was made to wander,
not a morsel for them:
but for you, a dungeon’s slimy stones
been my bed and pillow.

rd. Good Isidore!
y this to me! It is enough, you know it.
id. A common trick of gratitude, my lord,
ting to ease her own full heart——

debt repaid ceases to be a debt.
I have it in your power to serve me greatly.
id. And how, my lord? I pray you to name
the thing.
could climb up an ice-glazed precipice
pluck a weed you fancied!

rd. Why—that—lady—
id. ’Tis now three years, my lord, since last I
aw you:
ere you a son, my lord?

rd. O miserable—[aside.
ore! you are a man, and know mankind.
ld you what I wished—now for the truth—
 loved the man you kill’d.

id. You jest, my lord?

rd. And till his death is proved she will not
ed me.

id. You sport with me, my lord?

rd. Come, come! this foolery
es only in thy looks, thy heart disowns it!

id. I can bear this, and any thing more grievous
From you, my lord—but how can I serve you here?

Ord. Why, you can utter with a solemn gesture
Oracular sentences of deep no-meaning,
Wear a quaint garment, make mysterious antics—

Isid. I am dull, my lord! I do not comprehend you.

Ord. In blunt terms, you can play the sorcerer.
She hath no faith in Holy Church, 'tis true;
Her lover schooled her in some newer nonsense;
Yet still a tale of spirits works upon her.
She is a lone enthusiast, sensitive,
Shivers, and can not keep the tears in her eye:
And such do love the marvellous too well
Not to believe it. We will wind up her fancy
With a strange music, that she knows not of—
With fumes of frankincense, and mummery,
Then leave, as one sure token of his death,
That portrait, which from off the dead man's neck
I bade thee take, the trophy of thy conquest.

Isid. Will that be a sure sign?

Ord. Beyond suspicion.

Fondly caressing him, her favour'd lover,
(By some base spell he had bewitched her senses)
She whispered such dark fears of me forsooth,
As made this heart pour gall into my veins.
And as she coyly 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, stelen unnotic'd on them,
And unsuspected saw and heard the whole.

*Isid.* 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.

*Ord.* Where lies your scruple?

*Isid.* Why—why, my lord!
You know you told me that the lady loved you,
Had loved you with incautious tenderness;
That if the young man, her betrothed husband,
Returned, yourself, and she, and the honour 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—

*Ord.* This fellow is a man—he killed 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 blund’rest through the book of guilt,
Spelling thy villany.

*Isid.* My lord—my lord,
Can bear much—yes, very much from you!
But there’s a point where sufferance is meanness:
Am no villain—never kill’d for hire—
My gratitude—

*Ord.* O aye—your gratitude!
I was a well sounding word—what have you done
with it?

*Isid.* Who proffers his past favors for my virtue—
Ord.

Isid. Tries to o'erreach me—is a va
And should not speak of gratitude, my
I knew not 'twas your brother!

Ord. And who

Isid. He himself told me.

Ord. Ha! you talk'd
And those, the two Morescoes who wa

Isid. Both fell in a night-brawl at M

Ord. (in a low voice.)

Isid. Yes, my lord, I could not tell
I thrust away the thought—it drove me
But listen to me now—I pray you liste

Ord. Villain! no more. I'll hear:

Isid. My lord, it much imports you
That you should hear it.

Ord. (turning off from Isidore.) An
'Tis as it should be! tut—the deed itse
Was idle, and these after-pangs still idl

Isid. We met him in the very place y
Hard by a grove of firs—

Ord. Enough—

Isid. He fought us valiantly, and w
In fine, compelled a parley.

Ord. Alvar! brother!

Isid. He offered me his purse—

Ord. Yes?

Isid. Yes—I s
He promised us I know not what—in
Then with a look and voice that overa
He said, What mean you, friends? My life is dear: I have a brother and a promised wife, who make my 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 asked his brother's name: he said—Ordonio, 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 disdained by that brother, and he 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—aye, 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.

Ord. And you kill'd him?

Oh, bloodhounds! may eternal wrath flame round you!

He was his Maker's image undefac'd? it seizes me—by hell I will go on! What—would'st thou stop, man? thy pale looks won't save thee!

Oh cold—cold—cold! shot through with icy cold!

Isid. (aside.) Were he alive he had returned ere now.

The consequence the same—dead thro' his plotting!

Ord. 'O this unutterable dying away—here—
This sickness of the heart!

What if I went
And liv'd in a hollow tomb, and fed on weeds?
Aye! that's the road to heaven! O fool! fool! fool!
What have I done but that which nature destined,
Or the blind elements stirred up within me?
If good were meant, why were we made these beings?
And if not meant—

Isid. You are disturb'd, my lord!

Ord. (starts) A gust of the soul! 'tis faith it overset me.
O 'twas all folly—all! idle as laughter!
Now, Isidore! I swear that thou shalt aid me.

Isid. (in a low voice.) I'll perish first!

Ord. What dost thou mutter of?

Isid. Some of your servants know me, I am certain.

[we'll mask you.

Ord. There's some sense in that scruple; but

Isid. They'll know my gait: but stay! last night

I watched

A stranger near the ruin in the wood,

Who as it seemed was gathering herbs and wild
I had followed him at distance, seen him scale
Its western wall, and by an easier entrance
Stole after him unnoticed. There I marked,
That mid the chequer-work of light and shade
With curious choice he plucked 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.

Ord. Doubtless you question'd him?
"Twas my intention,
Having first traced him homeward to his haunt.
But lo! the stern Dominican, whose spies
Lurk everywhere, already (as it seemed)
Had given commission to his apt familiar
To seek and sound the Moor; who now returning,
Was by this trusty agent stopped midway.
I, dreading fresh suspicion if found near him
In that lone place, again concealed myself;
Yet within hearing. So the Moor was question'd,
And in your name, as lord of this domain;
Proudly he answered, "Say to the Lord Ordonio,
He that can bring the dead to life again!"

Ord. A strange reply!

Isid. Aye, all of him is strange.
He called himself a Christian, yet he wears
The Moorish robes, as if he courted death.

Ord. Where does this wizard live?

Isid. (pointing to the distance.) You see that brooklet?
Trace its course backward: thro' a narrow opening
It leads you to the place.

Ord. How shall I know it?

Isid. 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 faery forest grow
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 faery trees.
His cot stands opposite. You cannot miss it.

**Ord.** (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 glitters——

**Isid.** '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 seeth'd in most unmeaning tears.
And so he sits, swaying his cone-like head,
And, staring at his bough from morn to sun-set,
See-saws his voice in inarticulate noises.

**Ord.** 'Tis well! and now for this same wizard's lair.

**Isid.** Some three strides up the hill, a mountain ash
Stretches its lower boughs and scarlet clusters
O'er the old thatch.

**Ord.** I shall not fail to find it.

[Execunt 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.

Alh. (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 brethren of thy blood have need of such a leader.

Alv. Nobly-minded woman! Long time against oppression have I fought, and for the native liberty of faith have bled and suffered bonds. Of this be certain: time, as he courses onward, still unrolls the volume of concealment. In the future, as in the optician's glassy cylinder, the indistinguishable blots and colours 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 baffled 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 Belgic states
We will return. These robes, this stained complexion,
Akin to falsehood, weigh upon my spirit.
Whate'er befell us, the heroic Maurice
Will grant us an asylum, in remembrance
Of our past services.

[is yours,

Zul. And all the wealth, power, influence which
You let a murderer hold?

Alv. O faithful Zulimez!

That my return involved Ordonio's death,
I trust would give me an unmingled 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,
All perish—all; and I (nay bear with me)
Could not survive the complicated ruin!

Zul. Nay now! I have distress'd you—you well
know,
I 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
On the blank canvass! and each little herb,
That grows on mountain bleak, or tangled forest,
You have learnt to name—

Hark! heard you not some footsteps?
REMORSE.

lv. What if it were my brother coming onwards? Not a most mysterious message to him.

Enter Ordonio.

lv. It is he!

3rd. (to himself as he enters.) If I distinguished right her gait and stature, was the Moorish woman, Isidore's wife, it passed me as I entered. A lit taper, the night air, doth not more naturally act the night flies round it, than a conjurer's round him the whole female neighbourhood.

[Addressing Alvar.

I know my name, I guess, if not my person. n Ordonio, son of the Lord Valdez.

lv. The Son of Valdez!

[Ordonio walks leisurely round the room, and looks attentively at the plants.

3ul. (to Alvar.) Why, what ails you now? your hand trembles! Alvar, speak! what wish you?

lv. To fall upon his neck and weep forgiveness!

3rd. (returning and aloud.) Plucked in the moonlight from a ruin'd abbey— see only, which the pale rays visited! the unintelligible power of weeds, [them, then a few odd prayers have been muttered o'er th on they work miracles! I warrant you, ere's not a leaf, but underneath it lurks ne serviceable imp.
There's one of you
Hath sent me a strange message.

 Alv. I am he.

 Ord. With you, then, I am to speak:
(Haughtily waving his hand to Zhulma.)

And mark you, alone. [Exit Zhulma.

"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!

 Alv. 'Tis fabled there are fruits with tempting
That are all dust and rottenness within. [rind, rind
Would'st thou I should strip such?

 Ord. Thou quibbling fool,
What dost thou mean? Think'st thou I journeyed
To sport with thee?

 Alv. O no, my lord! to sport
Best suits the gaiety of innocence.

 Ord. (aside.) O what a thing is man! the wisest
A fool! a fool that laughs at his own folly,
Yet still a fool! [Looks round the cottage.

 You are poor!

 Alv. What follows thence?

 Ord. 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—one for a few hours.

 Alv. Thou art the son of Valdez! would to heaven
That I could truly and for ever serve thee.
ORD.

The slave begins to soften.

You are my friend,

He that can bring the dead to life again;”

say, no defence to me! The holy brethren

Believe these calumnies—I know thee better.

Thou art a man, and as a man I’ll trust thee!

Alv. (aside.) Alas! this hollow mirth—declare

your business.

ORD. 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.

Alv. What, faithless too? False to his angel wife?

To such a wife? Well might’st thou look so wan,

Ill Starr’d Teresa!—Wretch! my softer soul

Is pass’d away, and I will probe his conscience!

ORD. In truth this lady lov’d another man,

But he has perish’d.

Alv. What you kill’d him? hey?

ORD. I’ll dash thee to the earth, if thou but think’dst

Insolent slave! how dar’dst thou—

[turns abruptly from Alvvar, and then to himself.

Why! what’s this?

’Twas idiocy! I’ll tie myself to an aspen,

And wear a fool’s-cap—

Alv. Fare thee well—

[ pitty thee, Ordonio, even to anguish.

[Alvar is retiring.

ORD. Ho! [calling to Alvvar.

Alv. Be brief, what wish ye?
Ord. You are deep at bartering—you chasten yourself
At a round sum. Come, come, I spake unwise.
Alv. I listen to you.
Ord. In a sudden tempest,
Did Alvar perish—he, I mean—the lover—
The fellow—
Alv. Nay, speak out! 'twill ease your heart
To call him villain!—Why stand'st thou aghast?
Men think it natural to hate their rivals.
Ord. Now till she knows him dead, she wed me.
Alv. Are you not wedded, then? Merciful heaven!
Not wedded to Teresa?
Ord. Why, what ails thee
What, art thou mad? why look'st thou upwar
Dost pray to Lucifer, Prince of the air?
Alv. Proceed, I shall be silent.
Ord. To Teresa?
Politc wizard! ere you sent that message,
You had conned your lesson, made yourself pray
In all my fortunes. Hah! you prophesied
A golden crop! Well, you have not mistaken
Be faithful to me, and I'll pay thee nobly.
Alv. Well! and this lady?
Ord. If we could make her certain of his
She needs must wed me. Ere her lover left her
She tied a little portrait round his neck,
Entreating him to wear it.
't.' Yes! he did so!

rd. Why no: he was afraid of accidents, robberies, and shipwrecks, and the like. Sercy he gave it me to keep, his return.

't.' What! he was your friend then!

rd. I was his friend.—

Now that he gave it me, a lady knows not. You are a mighty wizard—call the dead man up—he will not come—s in heaven then—there you have no influence; there are tokens—and your imps may bring you something he wore about him when he died.

when the smoke of the incense on the altar ass'd, your spirits will have left this picture. at say you now?

't.' Ordonio, I will do it.

rd. We'll hazard no delay. Be it to-night, the early evening. Ask for the Lord Valdez. I'll prepare him. Music too, and incense, I have arranged it—music, altar, incense) shall be ready. Here is this same picture, here, what you will value more, a purse. be early for your magic ceremonies.

't.' I will not fail to meet you.

rd. Till next we meet, farewell!

[Exit Ordonio.

't.' (alone, indignantly flings the purse away, and gazes passionately at the portrait.)

And I did curse thee!
At midnight! on my knees! and I believed
Thee perjur'd, thee a traitress! Thee 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 impassioned vow
I had sworn that I would grasp—even in my death-pang!

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 lisp'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.

: I.—A hall of armory, with an altar at the back of the stage. Soft music from an instrument of 
ness or steel.

2, Ordanio, and Alvar in a sorcerer's robe are 
discovered.

1. This was too melancholy, father.

Nay, Alvar lov'd sad music from a child.
he was lost; and after weary search 
round him in an open place in the wood, 
which spot he had followed a blind boy,
breath'd into a pipe of sycamore 
strangely moving notes: and these, he said, 
taught him in a dream. Him we first saw 
h'd on the broad top of a sunny heath-bank; 
ower down poor Alvar, fast asleep, 
ead upon the blind boy's dog. It pleas'd me 
erk how he had fasten'd round the pipe 
ver toy his grandam had late given him. 
ks I see him now as he then look'd—
so!—He had outgrown his infant dress, 
till he wore it.

(aside.) My tears must not flow! 
st not clasp his knees, and cry, my father!

Enter Teresa, and attendants.
Lord Valdez, you have asked my presence here,
And I submit; but (heaven bear witness for me)
My heart approves it not! 'tis mockery.

Ord. Believe you then no preternatural influence?
Believe you not that spirits throng around us?

Ter. Say rather that I have imagined it
A possible thing; and it has sooth'd 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 Alv.) Stranger, I mourn and blush to see you here,
On such employment! With far other thoughts
I left you.

Ord. (aside.) Ha! he has been tampering with
her?

Alv. O high-soul'd maiden! and more dear to
Than suits the stranger's name!—

I swear to that
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.

Alv. With no irreverent voice or uncouth
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,
Cease thy swift toils! Since haply thou art
Of that innumerable company
Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainb
Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,
With noise too vast and constant to be heard;—
Faintest unheard! For oh, ye numberless,
And rapid travellers! what ear unstunn'd,
What sense unmadden'd, might bear up against
The rushing of your congregated wings? [Music.

Even now your living wheel turns o'er my head!

Ye, as 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 upbuild on 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 gulfs
Suck in, perchance, some Lapland wizard's 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!

vol. ii. 13
REMORSE.

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 chantor, sad and saintly,
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful masses chaunt for thee,
Miserere Domine!

Hark! the cadence dies away
On the quiet moonlight sea:
The boatmen rest their oars and say,
Miserere Domine! [A long pause.

Ord. The innocent obey nor charm nor spell!
My brother is in heaven. Thou sainted 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!

 Alv. A joy to thee!
What if thou heard'st him now? What if his spirit
Re-enter'd its cold corse, and came upon thee
With many a stab from many a murderer's poniard?
What if (his steadfast eye still beaming pity
And brother's love) he turn'd his head aside,
REMBRACE.

But he should look at thee, and with one look
Dr thee beyond all power of penitence?

Val. These are unholy fancies!

Ord. Yes, my father,
is in heaven!

Alv. (still to Ordoñio.) 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!

Val. Idly prating man!
You hast guess'd ill: Don Alvar's only brother
stands here before thee—a father's blessing on him!

He is most virtuous.

Alv. (still to Ordoñio.) What, if his very virtues
had pampered his swoln heart and made him proud?
And what if pride had duped him into guilt?
Yet still he stalked a self-created god,
ot 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—
sea, and it gives fierce merriment to the damn'd
to see these most proud men, that loath mankind,
every stir and buzz of coward conscience,
tick, cant, and lie, most whining hypocrites!
Away, away! Now let me hear more music.

[Music again.

Ter. 'Tis strange, I tremble at my own conjectures!
But whatsoever it mean, I dare no longer
Be present at these lawless mysteries,
This dark provoking of the hidden Powers!
Already I affront—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.

Alv. (to Teresa.) 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.

rd. (starting.) Duped! duped! duped! — the
traitor Isidore!

[At this instant the doors are forced open, Monvie-
dro and the familiars of the Inquisition, servants,
&c., enter and fill the stage.

fon. First seize the sorcerer! suffer him not to
speak!

holy judges of the Inquisition

ll hear his first words.—Look you pale, Lord Val-
dez?

n evidence have we here of most foul sorcery.
ere is a dungeon underneath this castle,

as you hope for mild interpretation,
render instantly the keys and charge of it.

rd. (recovering himself as from stupor, to servants.)

Why haste you not? Off with him to the dun-
geon!

[all rush out in tumult.

:NE II.—Interior of a chapel, with painted windows.

Enter Teresa.

ien first I entered this pure spot, forebodings
as’d heavy on my heart: but as I knelt,
ch calm unwonted bliss possess’d my spirit,
rance so cloudless, that those sounds, hard by,
rambling uproar fell upon mine ear
alien and unnoticed as the rain-storm
Beats on the roof of some fair banquet room,
While sweetest melodies are warbling——

_Enter Valdez._

_Val._ Ye pitying saints, forgive a father’s blindness,
And extricate us from this net of peril!

_Ter._ Who wakes anew my fears, and speaks of peril?

_Val._ O best Teresa, wisely wert thou prompted!
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 vanished,
Self-kindled, self-consum’d: bright as thy life,
Sudden and unexpected as thy fate,
Alvar! My son! my son!—The Inquisitor——

_Ter._ Torture me not! But Alvar—Oh of Alvar?

_Val._ How often would he plead for these More—coes!
The brood accurst! remorseless, coward murderers!

_Ter._ So? so?—I comprehend you—he is——

_Val._ He is no more!

_Ter._ O sorrow! that a father’s voice should say,
A father’s heart believe it!

_Val._ A worse sorrow
Are fancy’s wild hopes to a heart despairing!

_Ter._ These rays that slant in through those gorgeous windows,
From yon bright orb—though coloured as they pass
Are they not light?—Even so that voice, Lord Val—
dez!
Which whispers to my soul, though haply varied
many a fancy, many a wishful hope,
seeks yet the truth: and Alvar lives for me!
Val. Yes, for three wasting years, thus and no
other,
has lived for thee—a spirit for thy spirit!
child, we must not give religious faith
every voice which makes the heart a listener
its own wish.
Ter. I breath’d to the Unerring,
mitted prayers. Must those remain unanswer’d,
impious sorcery, that holds no commune
ve with the lying spirit, claim belief?
Val. O not to-day, not now for the first time
as Alvar lost to thee—

Accursed assassins!
sarm’d, o’erpowered, despairing of defence,
his bared breast he seem’d to grasp some relique
ore dear than was his life—
Ter. O heavens! my portrait!
nd he did grasp it in his death-pang!

Off, false demon,
hat beat’st thy black wings close above my head!

[Ordonio enters with the keys of the dungeon in
his hand.
ush! who comes here? The wizard Moor’s em-
ployer!
oors were his murderers, you say? Saints shield us
rom wicked thoughts—

[Valdez moves towards the back of the stage to meet
Ordonio, and during the concluding lines of Te-
resa'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.

Ord. (as he advances with Valdez.) These are the dungeon keys. Monviedro knew not,
That I too had received the wizard's 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 entrusts him wholly to my keeping.

Val. 'Tis well, my son! But have you yet discovered—
(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?—

Ord. Me? what ails me?
A pricking of the blood—It might have happen'd
At any other time.—Why scan you me?

Val. His speech about the corse, and stabs and
Bore reference to the assassins—[murderers,

Ord. Dup'd! dup'd! dup'd!
The traitor Isidore! [a pause, then wildly.
I tell thee, my dear father!

I am most glad of this.

Val. 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 recognise:

Ord. Yes! yes! we recognise them.

I was benumb'd, and staggered 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 'tis sun-
shine,

And the blood dances freely through its channels!

This is my virtuous, grateful Isidore!

[then mimicking Isidore's manner and voice.

"A common trick of gratitude, my lord!"

Old Gratitude! a dagger would dissect

His "own full heart"—'twere good to see its colour.

Val. 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 prompted, to remove the doubts
Of wild Teresa—by fancies quelling fancies!
Ord. 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 goodly face of nature
Hath one disfiguring stain the less upon it.
Are we not all predestined transiency,
And cold dishonour! 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!

Val. Wild talk, my son! But thy excess of feel-
Almost I fear it hath unhinged his brain. [ing—

Ord. (Teresa re-appears 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 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 unnumbered——

Val. O mere madness!

[Teresa moves hastily forwards, and places herself directly before Ordonio.

Ord. Teresa? or the phantom of Teresa?

Ter. 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?
Ord. There, where Ordonio likewise would fain lie!
In the sleep-compelling earth, in unpierc’d darkness!
For while we live—
An inward day that never, never sets,
Glares round the soul, and mocks the closing eye-lids!
Over his rocky grave the fir-grove sighs
A lulling ceaseless dirge! ’Tis well with him.
[Strides off towards the altar, but returns as Valdez is speaking.

Ter. The rock! the fir-grove! [To Valdez.
Did’st thou hear him say it?

Hush! I will ask him!
Val. Urge him not—not now!
This we beheld. Nor he nor I know more,
Than what the magic imagery revealed.
The assassin, who pressed foremost of the three—
Ord. A tender-hearted, scrupulous, grateful vil-
Whom I will strangle! [lain,
Val. While his two companions—
Ord. Dead! dead already! what care we for the dead?
[chant his spirit!

Val. (To Teresa.) Pity him! soothe him! disen-
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.

Ord. Is it so?
Yes! yes! even like a child, that too abruptly
Roused by a glare of light from deepest sleep,
Starts up bewildered and talks idly.

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?

Val. Alvar ne'er fought against the Moors,—
rather,
He was their advocate; but you had march'd
With fire and desolation through their villages.—
Yet he by chance was captured.

Ord. Unknown, perhaps,
Captured, yet as the son of Valdez, murdered.
Leave all to me. Nay, whither, gentle lady?

Val. What seek you now?

Ter. A better, surer light
To guide me——

Both Val. and Ord. Whither?

Ter. 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.

Val. To find a lover!
that a high born maiden's modesty?
y and shame! Tempt not my rage, Teresa!
Hopeless, I fear no human being's rage.
Am I hastening to the arms— O heaven!
O but to the grave of my beloved!

[Exit Valdez, following after her.

This, then, is my reward! and I must love her?
'd I shudder'd at! yet love her still? yes! yes!
'd deep feelings of revenge and hate
still love her— woo her—win her too!

Isidore safe and silent, and the portrait
on the wizard—he, belike, self-poison'd
cape the crueler flames—My soul shouts tri-
umph!
nine is undermined! blood! blood! blood!
thirst for thy blood! thy blood, Ordonio!

[a pause.

Hunt is up! and in the midnight wood
lights to dazzle, and with nets they seek
id prey: and lo! the tiger's eye
's in the red flame of his hunter's torch!

Isidore I will despatch a message,
Sure him to the cavern! aye, that cavern!
cannot fail to find it. Thither I'll lure him,
ace he shall never, never more return!

[Looks through the side window.

Of the sun lies yet upon the sea,
ow 'tis gone! All shall be done to-night.

[Exit.
ACT IV.

Scene I.—A cavern, dark, except where a gleam of moonlight is seen on one side at the further end of the cavern out of sight.

Isidore alone, an extinguished torch in his hand.

Isid. Faith 'twas a moving letter—very movin' "His life in danger, no place safe but this! 'Twas 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 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 thwartings and mock opposition! So beats the death-watch to a sick man's ear.

[He goes out of sight, opposite to the part moonlight, and returns.

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 mov'd.
[Isidore stands staring at another recess in the cavern. In the mean time Ordonio enters with a torch, and halloes to Isidore.]

rbd. I swear that I saw something moving there! Moonshine came and went like a flash of light—wear I saw it move.

[ning—]

rbd. (goes into the recess, then returns.) A jutting clay stone

ps on the long lank weed, that grows beneath;
the weed nods and drips.

rbd. A jest to laugh at!
was not that which scar’d me, good my lord.

rbd. What scar’d you, then?

rbd. You see that little rift?

[Lights his torch at Ordonio’s, and while lighting it.]

(A lighted torch in the hand

no unpleasant object here—one’s breath

ats round the flame, and makes as many colours

the thin clouds that travel near the moon.)

I see that crevice there?
torch extinguished by these water drops,

marking that the moonlight came from thence

cept in to it, meaning to sit there;

scarcely had I measured twenty paces—

to body bending forward, yea o’erbalanced

post beyond recoil, on the dim brink

a huge chasm I stept. The shadowy moonshine

ing the void so counterfeited substance,
That my foot hung aslant adown the edge.
Was it my own fear?

Fear too hath its instincts!
(And yet such dens as these are wildly told of,
And there are beings that live, yet not for the eye)
And arm of frost above and from behind me
Pluck'd up and snatched me backward. Merciful heaven!

You smile! alas, even smiles look ghastly here!
My lord, I pray you, go yourself and view it.

Ord. It must have shot some pleasant feelings through you.

Isid. 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—

Ord. 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—

Isid. 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 listened 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,
me blind-worm battens on the ropy mould
see at its edge.

Ord. Art thou more coward now?

Lsid. Call him that fears his fellow man a coward!

ear not man—but this inhuman cavern,
were too bad a prison-house for goblins.
side, (you'll smile, my lord, but true it is,)
last night's sleep was very sorely haunted
what had passed between us in the morning.
sleep of horrors! Now run down and stared at
forms so hideous that they mock remembrance—
seeing nothing and imagining nothing,
t only being afraid—stifled with fear!
hile every goodly or familiar form
\[\text{d} \quad \text{a} \quad \text{strange power of breathing terror round me!} \]
aw you in a thousand fearful shapes;
\[\text{I} \quad \text{entreat your lordship to believe me,} \]
my last dream——

Ord. Well?

Lsid. I was in the act
falling down that chasm, when Alhadra
ak'd me: she heard my heart beat.

Ord. Strange enough!

id you been here before?

Lsid. Never, my lord!

it mine eyes do not see it now more clearly,
an in my dream I saw—that very chasm.

Ord. (after a pause.) I know not why it should
be! yet it is——

Lsid. What is, my lord?
Ord. Abhorrent from our nature,

To kill a man.—

Isid. Except in self defence.

Ord. Why that's my case; and yet the soul recoils

from it—

'Tis so with me at least. But you, perhaps,
Have sterner feelings?

Isid. 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 honour, 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 moon-

light,

Collects the guilt, and crowds it round the heart.

It must be innocent.

Ord. Thyself be judge.

One of our family knew this place well.

Isid. Who? when? my lord?

Ord. 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.

Isid. (aside.) He! He despised! Thou'rt speak-

ing of thyself!
I am on my guard, however: no surprise.

[Then to Ordonio.]

What, he was mad?

Ord. All men seemed mad to him!

Nature had made him for some other planet,
And pressed his soul into a human shape
By accident or malice. In this world
He found no fit companion.

Isid. Of himself he speaks. [aside. Alas! poor wretch!

Mad men are mostly proud.

Ord. He walked 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 happened,
A fancy crossed 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 did'st thou look round?

Isid. 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?

Ord. With this human hand
He gave a substance and reality
To that wild fancy of a possible thing.—
Well it was done!
Why babblest thou of guilt?
The deed was done, and it passed fairly off.
And he whose tale I tell thee—dost thou listen?

*Isid.* 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.

*Ord.* Where was I?

*Isid.* He of whom you tell the tale—

*Ord.* Surveying all things with a quiet scorn,
Tamed himself down to living purposes,
The occupations and the semblances
Of ordinary men—and such he seemed!
But that same over ready agent—he—

*Isid.* Ah! what of him, my lord?

*Ord.* He proved a traitor,
Betrayed 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.

*Isid.* A dark tale darkly finished! Nay, my lord!
Tell what he did.

*Ord.* That which his wisdom prompted—
He made the traitor meet him in this cavern,
And here he kill'd the traitor.

*Isid.* No! the fool!
had not wit enough to be a traitor.
for thick-eyed beetle! not to have foreseen
He who gulled thee with a whimpered lie
murder his own brother, would not scruple
murder thee, if e'er his guilt grew jealous,
He could steal upon thee in the dark!

3rd. Thou wouldst not then have come, if—
2id. Oh yes, my lord!

Could have met him arm'd, and scar'd the coward.

[Isidore throws off his robe; shows himself
armed, and draws his sword.

3rd. Now this is excellent and warms the blood!
Heart was drawing back, drawing me back
He weak and womanish scruples. Now my ven-
geance

Kons me onwards with a warrior's mien,
I claims that life, my pity robb'd her of—
W will I kill thee, thankless slave, and count it
Ong my comfortable thoughts hereafter.

2id. And all my little ones fatherless—

Die thou first.

[They fight, Ordonio disarms Isidore, and in dis-
arming him throws his sword up that recess
opposite to which they were standing. Isidore
hurries into the recess with his torch, Ordonio
follows him; a loud cry of "Traitor! Mon-
ster!" is heard from the cavern, and in a
moment Ordonio returns alone.

3rd. I have hurled him down the chasm! treason
for treason,
He dreamt of it: henceforward let him sleep,
A dreamless sleep, from which no wise can wake him.
His dream too is made out—now for his friend.

[Exit Ordonio.

SCENE II. — The interior Court of a Saracenic a
Gothic Castle, with the iron gate of a dungeon
visible.

Ter. Heart-chilling superstition! thou canst gaze
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 suborned him
To act some part in some unholy fraud;
As little doubt, that for some unknown purpose
He hath baffled his suborner, terror-struck him,
And that Ordonio meditates revenge!
But my resolve is fixed! myself will rescue him,
And learn if haply he knew aught of Alvar.

Enter Valdez.

Val. Still sad? — and gazing at the massive door
Of that fell dungeon which thou ne'er had'st sight of,

1 See Appendix.
have what, perchance, thy infant fancy shap'd it
Then the nurse still'd thy cries with unmant threats.
How by my faith, girl! this same wizard haunts thee!
A stately man, and eloquent and tender—
Who then need wonder if a lady sighs
Even at the thought of what these stern Dominicans—

Ter. The horror of their ghastly punishments
Both so o'erstep 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—

Val. Hush, thoughtless woman!

Ter. Nay, it wakes within me
More than a woman's spirit.

Val. No more of this—

What if Monviedro or his creatures hear us!
I dare not listen to you.

Ter. My honoured 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.

Val. ——We have mourn'd for Alvar.
Of his sad fate there now remains no doubt.
Have I no other son?

Ter. 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.
Remorse.

Val. Is this well?

Ter. 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 tear
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 his
As at that moment he rose up before thee,
Stately, with beaming look! Place, place beside his
Ordonio’s dark perturbed countenance!

Then bid me (oh thou could’st not) bid me turn
From him, the joy, the triumph of our kind!
To take in exchange that brooding man, who now
Lifts up his eye from the earth unless to scowl.
REMORSE.

al. Ungrateful woman! I have tried to stifle
old man's passion! was it not enough,
that thou hast made my son a restless man,
that he cost his health, and half unhinged his reason;
that thou wilt insult him with suspicion!
Yet to blast his honour? I am old, 
comfortless old man!

er. O grief! to hear
ful entreaties from a voice we love!

Enter a peasant and presents a letter to Valdez.

al. (reading it.) "He dares not venture hither!"

Why what can this mean?
Familars of the Inquisition,
that watch around my gates, should intercept him;
that conjures me, that without delay
sten to him—for my own sake entreats me
guard from danger him I hold imprison'd—
will reveal a secret, the joy of which
I even outweigh the sorrow."—Why what can this
chance it is some Moorish stratagem,
have in me a hostage for his safety.
; that they dare not! Ho! collect my servants!
ill go thither—let them arm themselves.

[Exit Valdez.

er. (alone.) The moon is high in heaven, and all
is hush'd.
anxious listener! I have seem'd to hear
ow dead thunder mutter through the night,
twere a giant angry in his sleep.
O Alvar! Alvar! that they could
Those blessed days that imitated
When we two wont to walk at e
When we saw naught but beauty
The voice of that Almighty One.
In every gale that breathed, and
O we have listen'd, even till 'higl
Hath half assumed the counten
And the deep sigh seemed to he.
Of bliss, that pressed too heavy.

And this majestic Moor, seems [1]
Who oft and long communing
Hath drunk in kindred lustre fre
And guides me to him with refl
What if in yon dark dungeon or
Be groping for him with envoe
Hence womanish fears, traitors:
I'll free him.
Scene III. The mountains by moonlight.

Alhadra alone in a Moorish dress.

Alh. Yon hanging woods, that touch’d by autumn seem
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,
in the silent moon-shine: and the owl,
range! very strange!) the scritch-owl only wakes!
the voice, sole eye of all this world of beauty!
O, bless, perhaps, she sing her screeching song
a herd of wolves, that skulk athirst for blood.
why such a thing am I?—Where are these men?
need the sympathy of human faces,
beat away this deep contempt for all things,
which quenches my revenge. Oh! would to Alla,
the raven, or the sea-mew, were appointed
bring me food! or rather that my soul
would drink in life from the universal air!
were a lot divine in some small skiff
long some ocean’s boundless solitude,
float for ever with a careless course,
and think myself the only being alive!

y children!—Isidore’s children!—son of Valdez,
is hath new strung mine arm. Thou coward
tyrant!
To stupify a woman’s heart with anguish,
Till she forgot—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 Morescoes, all in
Moorish garments and Moorish armour. They
form a circle at a distance round Alhadra, and
remain silent till Naomi enters.

Nao. Woman! May Alla and the prophet bless thee!
We have obeyed thy call. Where is our chief?
And why didst thou enjoin these Moorish garments?

Allh. (raising her eyes and looking round on the
circle.) Warriors of Mahomet! faithful in the battle!

My countrymen! Come ye prepared to work
An honourable deed? And would ye work it
In the slave’s garb? Curse on those Christian robes
They are spell-blasted: and whoever wears them,
His arm shrinks wither’d, his heart melts away,
And his bones soften.

Nao. Where is Isidore?

Allh. 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 perished—

All Morescoes. Perished?

Allh. He had perished
Sleep on, poor babes! not one of you doth know
REMORSE.

He is fatherless—a desolate orphan; should we wake them? Can an infant's arm age his murder?

Moresco. (to another.) Did she say his murder? o. Murder? Not murdered?

- Murdered by a christian!

[They all at once draw their sabres.

l. (to Nuomi, who advances from the circle.)

Brother of Zagri! fling away thy sword; is thy chieftain's!

[He steps forward to take it.

Dost thou dare receive it? I have sworn by Alla and the prophet, ear shall dim these eyes, this woman's heart heave no groan, till I have seen that sword with the life-blood of the son of Valdez!

[a pause.

uno was your chieftain's murderer!

x0. He dies by Alla!

l. (kneeling.) By Alla!

k. This night your chieftain armed himself, hurried from me. But I followed him instance, till I saw him enter—there.

x0. The cavern?

k. Yes, the mouth of yonder cavern. r a while I saw the son of Valdez by with flaring torch; he likewise entered.

re was another and a longer pause; once, methought I heard the clash of swords! soon the son of Valdez re-appeared:
He flung his torch towards the moon in sport,
And seemed as he were mirthful! I stood listening,
Impatient for the footsteps of my husband!

Nao. Thou called'st him?

All. I crept into the cavern—
'Twas dark and very silent.

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,
O heaven! I heard a groan, and followed 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:
I spake; and whilst I spake, a feeble groan
Came from that chasm! it was his last! his death-groan!

Nao. Comfort her, Alla.

All. I stood in unimaginable trance
And agony that cannot be remembered,
Listening with horrid hope to hear a groan!
But I had heard his last: my husband's death-groan!

Nao. Haste! let us onward.

All. 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
REMORESE.

Armed into blood—I saw them turn to blood! And I was leaping wildly down the chasm, then on the farther brink I saw his sword, and it said, vengeance!—curses on my tongue! He moon hath moved in heaven, and I am here, and he hath not had vengeance! Isidore! spirit of Isidore! thy murderer lives! Away! away!

All. Away! away!

[She rushes off; all following her.

ACT V.

SCENE I. A Dungeon.

Alvar (alone) rises slowly from a bed of reeds.

Alv. And this place my forefathers made for man! This is the process of our love and wisdom to each poor brother who offends against us—Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty? Is this the only cure! Merciful God! Each pore and natural outlet shrivelled 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 pampered 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 vapours of his dungeon
By the lamp's dismal twilight! So he lies
Circled with evil, till his very soul
Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deformed
By sights of evermore deformity!—
With other ministrations thou, O nature!
Healest thy wandering and distempered child:—
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets;
Thy melodies of woods, 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 healed and harmonized
By the benignant touch of love and beauty.

I am chill and weary! Yon rude bench of;
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 it
Where love sits brooding, and an honest
[retires on
Enter Teresa with a taper.

Her. It has chilled my very life—my own voice
scares me;
when I hear it not I seem to lose
the substance of my being—my strongest grasp
wind inwards but weak witness that I am.
Seek to cheat the echo.—How the half-sounds
and with this strangled light! Is he not here—

[looking round.

For one human face here—but to see
a human face here to sustain me.—Courage!
but my own fear! The life within me,
inks and wavers like this cone of flame,
ond which I scarce dare look onward! Oh!
faint? If this inhuman den should be
once my death-bed and my burial vault?

[Faintly screams as Alvar emerges from the
recess.

Iv. (rushes towards her, and catches her as she is
falling.) O gracious heaven! it is, it is
Teresa!

I I reveal myself? The sudden shock
apture will blow out this spark of life,
joy complete what terror has begun.
impetuous beatings here, be still!
sea, best beloved! pale, pale, and cold!
pulse doth flutter! Teresa! my Teresa!

Er. (recovering.) I heard a voice; but often in my
dreams
er that voice! and wake and try—and try—

L. II. 15
To hear it waking! but I never could—
And 'tis so now—even so! Well! he is dead—
Murdered perhaps! And I am faint, and feel
As if it were no painful thing to die!

_Alv._ Believe it not, sweet maid! Believe it not,
Beloved woman! 'Twas a low imposture
Framed by a guilty wretch.

_Ter._ Ha! Who art thou?

_Alv._ Suborned by his brother—

_Ter._ Didst thou murder him?

And dost thou now repent? Poor troubled man,
I do forgive thee, and may heaven forgive thee!

_Alv._ Ordonio—he—

_Ter._ 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!

_Alv._ Alvar was not murdered.

Be calm! be calm, sweet maid!

_Ter._ Nay, nay, but tell me! [a pause.

O 'tis lost again!

This dull confused pain— [a pause.

Mysterious man!

Methinks I cannot fear thee: for thine eye
Doth swim with love and pity—Well! Ordonio—
Oh my foreboding heart! And he suborned 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!
Remorse.

Alv. I can endure no more. The Moorish sorcerer
 Exists but in the stain upon his face.
 That picture—
  Ter. Ha! speak on!
  Alv. 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.
  Ter. (receiving the portrait.) The same—it is the
  same. Ah! Who art thou?
 Nay, I will call thee, Alvar! [she falls on his neck.
  Alv. 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 honour 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 his own beloved Alvar.
  Ter. O my all virtuous love! I fear to leave thee
 With that obdurate man.
  Alv. Thou dost not leave me!
 But a brief while retire into the darkness:
 O that my joy could spread its sunshine round thee!
Tir. The sound of thy voice shall be my music!
Alvar! my Alvar! am I sure I hold thee?
Is it no dream? thee in my arms, my Alvar!

[Exit.

[A noise at the dungeon door. It opens, and
Ordonio enters, with a goblet in his hand.

Ord. Hail, potent wizard! in my gayer mood
I poured forth a libation to old Pluto,
And as I brimmed the bowl, I thought on thee.
Thou hast conspired against my life and honour,
Hast tricked 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,
The weaker needs must break.

Alv. 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.

Ord. 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.]
Remorse.

Lv. Yon insect on the wall,
    Which moves this way and that, its hundred limbs,
    Were it a toy of mere mechanic craft,
    Were an infinitely curious thing!
    It has life, Ordone! life, enjoyment!
    I by the power of its miraculous will
    Holds all the complex movements of its frame
    Serringly to pleasurable ends!
    I that insect on this goblet's brim
    Could remove it with an anxious pity!

3rd. What meanest thou?

Lv. There's poison in the wine.

3rd. Thou hast guessed right; there's poison in
    the wine.
    There's poison in't—which of us two shall drink it?
    One of us must die!

Lv. Whom dost thou think me?

3rd. The accomplice and sworn friend of Isidore.

Lv. I know him not.

I yet methinks, I have heard the name but lately.
Ans he the husband of the Moorish woman?
Is he? Isidore?

[restored me.

3rd. Good! good! that lie! by heaven it has
    I am thy master! Villain! thou shalt drink it,
    Lie a bitterer death.

Lv. What strange solution
    Thou found out to satisfy thy fears,
    Drug them to unnatural sleep?

[Alvar takes the goblet, and throws it to the
    ground.
My master!

Ord. Thou mountebank!

Alv. Mountebank and villain!

What then art thou? For shame, put up thy sword!
What boots a weapon in a wither'd arm?
I fix mine eye upon thee, and thou tremblest!
I speak, and fear and wonder crush thy rage,
And turn it to a motionless distraction!
Thou blind self-worshipper! thy pride, thy cunning,
Thy faith in universal villany,
Thy shallow sophisms, thy pretended scorn
For all thy human brethren—out upon them!
What have they done for thee? have they given thee peace?
Cured thee of starting in thy sleep? or made
The darkness pleasant when thou wak'st at midnight?
Art happy when alone? Can'st walk by thyself
With even step and quiet cheerfulness?
Yet, yet thou may'st be saved—

Ord.

Saved? saved?

Alv. One pang?

Could I call up one pang of true remorse!

Ord. He told me of the babes that prattled to him,
His fatherless little ones! remorse! remorse!
Where got'st thou that fool's word? Curse on re-
Can it give up the dead, or recompact [morse!
A mangled body? mangled—dashed to atoms!
Not all the blessings of a host of angels
Can blow away a desolate widow's curse!
And tho' thou spill thy heart's blood for atonement,
It will not weigh against an orphan's tear!

Alv. But Alvar——

Ord. Ha! it chokes thee in the throat,
Even thee; and yet I pray thee speak it out.
Still Alvar!—Alvar—howl it in mine ear!
Heap it like coals of fire upon my heart,
And shoot it hissing through my brain!

Alv. Alas!

That day when thou didst leap from off the rock
Into the waves, and grasped thy sinking brother,
And bore him to the strand; then, son of Valdez,
How sweet and musical the name of Alvar!
Then, then, Ordonio, he was dear to thee,
And thou wert dear to him: heaven only knows
How very dear thou wert! Why did'st thou hate him?

O heaven! how he would fall upon thy neck,
And weep forgiveness!

Ord. Spirit of the dead!
Methinks I know thee! ha! my brain turns wild
At its own dreams!—off—off, fantastic shadow!

Alv. I fain would tell thee what I am, but dare not!

Ord. Cheat! villain! traitor! whatsoever thou be—
I fear thee, man!

Ter. (rushing out and falling on Alvar's neck.)
Ordonio! 'tis thy brother.

[Ordonio runs upon Alvar with his sword.

Teresa flings herself on Ordonio and
arrests his arm.
Stop, madman, stop!

Alv. Does then this thin disguise impenetrably
Hide Alvar from thee? Toil and painful wounds
And long imprisonment in unwholesome dungeons,
Have marred perhaps all trait and lineament
Of what I was! But chiefly, chiefly, brother,
My anguish for thy guilt!

Ordonio—brother!

Nay, nay, thou shalt embrace me.

Ord. (drawing back and gazing at Alvar.)

Touch me not!

Touch not pollution, Alvar! I will die.

[He attempts to fall on his sword, Alvar
and Teresa prevent him. [Live,

Alv. We will find means to save your honour.

Oh live, Ordonio! for our father's sake!

Spare his gray hairs!

Ter. And you may yet be happy.

Ord. O horror! not a thousand years in heaven
Could recompose this miserable heart,
Or make it capable of one brief joy!

Live! live! Why yes! 'twere well to live with you:
For is it fit a villain should be proud?
My brother! I will kneel to you, my brother!

[kneeling.

Forgive me, Alvar!—Curse me with forgiveness!

[thee!

Alv. Call back thy soul, Ordonio, and look round
Now is the time for greatness! Think that heaven—

Ter. O mark his eye! he hears not what you say.
Ord. Yes, mark his eye! there’s fascination in it! 
You saidst thou didst not know him—That is he! 
e comes upon me!

Alv. Heal, O heal him, heaven!

Ord. Nearer and nearer! and I cannot stir!
Will no one hear these stifled groans, and wake me?
e would have died to save me, and I killed him— 
husband and a father!—

Ter. Some secret poison 
tranks up his spirits!

Ord. Let the eternal justice 
repair my punishment in the obscure world— 
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 Morescoes.

Alh. Seize first that man!

[Alvar presses onward to defend Ordonio.

Ord. 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,
’ll rend his limbs asunder! I have strength 
With this bare arm to scatter you like ashes.

Alh. My husband—

Ord. Yes, I murdered him most foully.

Alv. and Ter. O horrible!

Alh. Why didst thou leave his children? 
pron, thou should’st have sent thy dogs of hell 
o lap their blood. Then, then I might have 
hardened
My soul in misery, and have had comfort.  
I would have stood far off, quiet though I  
And bade the race of men raise up a mound  
For a deep horror of desolation,  
Too great to be one soul's particular lot!  
Brother of Zagri! let me lean upon thee.  
The time is not yet come for woman's arm.  
I have not seen his blood—Within an hour  
Those little ones will crowd around and say  
Where is our father? I shall curse thee then!  
Wert thou in heaven, my curse would plume  
thence!

_Ter._ He doth repent! See, see, I know  
O let him live! That aged man, his father!  

_Alh._ Why had he such a son?  

[Shouts from the distance of, Rescue!  
_Alvar._ Alvar! Alvar! and the voice of Verc  
Rescue?—and Isidore's spirit unavenged!  
The deed be mine! [suddenly stabs  
Now take my life!

_Ord._ (staggering from the wound.) At thee!  

_Alv._ (while with _Teresa_ supporting)  
Arm of avenging heaven,  
Thou hast snatched from me my most hope—  
But go! my word was pledged to thee.

_Ord._  
Brave not my father's rage! I thank thee  
[then turning his eyes languid  
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.

Alh. (to the Moors,) I thank thee, heaven! thou hast ordained it wisely,
That still extremes bring their own cure. That point
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 palsied by despair,
This arm should shake the kingdoms of the world;
The deep foundations of iniquity [them;
Should sink away, earth groaning from beneath
The strong-holds of the cruel men should fall,
Their temples and their mountainous towers should fall,
Till desolation seemed 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 fills with armed peasants, and servants, Zulimex and Valdez at their head. Valdez rushes into Alvar's arms.

Alv. Turn not thy face that way, my father! hide,
Oh hide it from his eye! O let thy joy
Flow in unmingled stream through thy first blessing.

[both kneel to Valer.]  

Val. My son! my Alvar! bless, O bless him,
heaven!

Ter. Me too, my father?

Val. Bless, O, bless my children!

[both rise.]  

Alv. Delights so full, if unalloyed with grief,
Were ominous. In these strange dread events
Just heaven instructs us with an awful voice,
That Conscience rules us e'en against our choice.
Our inward monitress to guide or warn,
If listened to; but if repelled 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.

The following Scene, as unfit for the stage, was taken from the tragedy, in the year 1797, and published in the Lyrical Ballads.

Enter Teresa and Selma.

Ter. 'Tis said he spake of you familiarly, as mine and Alvar's common foster-mother.

Sel. Now blessings on the man, whoe'er he be that joined your names with mine! O my sweet lady, 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 gentle phrase; then bid me sing to you—

'Tis more like heaven to come, than what has been!

Ter. But that entrance, Selma?

Sel. Can no one hear? It is a perilous tale!

Ter. No one.

Sel. My husband's father told it me, poor old Sesina—angels rest his soul; he was a woodman, and could fell and saw with lusty arm. You know that huge round beam which props the hanging wall of the old chapel?

He found a baby wrapt in mosses, lined with thistle-beards, and such small locks of wool as hang on brambles. Well, he brought him home, and reared him at the then Lord Valdez' cost, and so the babe grew up a pretty boy,
A pretty boy, but most unteachable—
And never learn'd a prayer, nor told a bead,
But knew the names of birds, and mocked their notes,
And whistled, as he were a bird himself.
And all the autumn 'twas his only play
To gather seeds of wild flowers, and to plant them
With earth and water on the stumps of trees.
A friar, who gathered simples in the wood,
A gray-haired man, he loved this little boy:
The boy loved him, and, when the friar taught him,
He soon could write with the pen; and from that
Lived chiefly at the convent or the castle.
So he became a rare and learned youth:
But O! poor wretch! he read, and read, and read,
Till his brain turned; and ere his twentieth year
He had unlawful thoughts of many things:
And though he prayed, he never loved to pray
With holy men, nor in a holy place.
But yet his speech, it was so soft and sweet,
The late Lord Valdez ne'er was wearied with him.
And once, as by the north side of the chapel
They stood together chained in deep discourse,
The earth heaved under them with such a groan,
That the wall tottered, and had well nigh fallen
Right on their heads. My lord was sorely frighted
A fever seized him, and he made confession
Of all the heretical and lawless talk
Which brought this judgment: so the youth was seized
And cast into that hole. My husband's father
Sobbed like a child—it almost broke his heart:
And once as he was working near this dungeon,
He heard a voice distinctly; 'twas the youth's,
Who sung a doleful song about green fields,
APPENDIX.

sweet it were on lake or wide savanna
unt for food, and be a naked man,
wander up and down at liberty.
ways doted on the youth, and now
we grew desperate; and defying death,
ade that cunning entrance I described,
he young man escaped.

'Tis a sweet tale;
as would lull a listening child to sleep,
wy face besoiled with unwiped tears.
what became of him?

He went on shipboard
those bold voyagers who made discovery
lden lands. Sesina's younger brother
liwise, and when he returned to Spain,
l Sesina, that the poor mad youth,
after they arrived in that new world,
te of his dissuasion, seized a boat,
ll alone set sail by silent moonlight
great river, great as any sea,
er was heard of more: but 'tis supposed,
ed and died among the savage men.

ote to the words "You are a painter," p. 184, Scene
ct II.
he following lines I have preserved in this place,
much as explanatory of the picture of the assassi-
on, as to gratify my own feelings, the passage
no mere fancy portrait; but a slight, yet not
thful, profile of the late Sir George Beaumont.
Zul. (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, Courted by mightiest kings, the famous Titian! Who, like a second and more lovely Nature, By the sweet mystery of lines and colours Changed the blank canvass 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 an 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 honoured thus, required him: And in the following and calamitous years Beguiled the hours of his captivity.

Alv. And then he framed this picture? and unaided By arts unlawful, spell, or talisman!

Alv. 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!
ZAPOLYA:
A CHRISTMAS TALE. IN TWO PARTS.

Πῶς πυμή χρῆ τοιαύτα λέγειν χρεμάτος ἐν ώρα.
APUD ATHENÆUM.

PART I.

IE PRELUDE, ENTITLED THE "USURPER'S FORTUNE."

VOL. II. 16
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 first Act, as a somewhat nearer resemblance to the Tragedies of the ancients, of which one specimen is left us in Aeschylean Triology of the Agamemnon, the Orestes and the Eumenides. Though a matter of form may yet two plays, on different periods of the same might seem less bold, than an interval of twenty years between a first and second act. This is, however, mere obedience to custom. The effect does not, in all cases, depend on the time of the interval; but a very different principle. There are cases in which interval of twenty hours between the acts would be 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 readers will take it up, read and judge it as a Christmas tale.

CHARACTERS.

Emerick, Usurping King of Illyria.
Raab Kiuprili, an Illyrian Chieftain.
Casimir; Son of Kiuprili.
Chef Ragozzi, a Military Commander.
Zapolys, Queen of Illyria.
ZAPOLYA.

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.

C. Rag. 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! e’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, &c. the guard turns out. Enter Raab Kiuprili.

R. Kiu. (making a signal to stop the drums, &c.) Silence! enough! This is no time, young friend!

For ceremonious daes. The summoning drum, The 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.
C. Rag. Pardon my surprise. Thus sudden from the camp, and unattended! What may these wonders prophecy?
R. Kiu. Tell me first, How fares the king? His majesty still lives?
C. Rag. We know no otherwise; but Emerick's friends
(And none but they approach him) scoff at hope.
R. Kiu. Ragozzi! I have reared thee from a child, And as a child I have reared 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.
C. Rag. O most loved, most honoured, The mystery, that struggles in my looks, Betrayed 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.
R. Kiu. I have trembling proof within, how true thou speakest.
C. Rag. That the prince Emerick feasts the soldier, Gives splendid arms, pays the commanders' debts, And (it is whispered) by sworn promises Makes himself debtor—bearing this, thou hast heard All—— But what my lord will learn too soon himself.
R. Kiu. 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,
Robbed of Zapolya's soothing cares, the king
Yearns only to behold one precious boon,
And with his life breathe forth a father's blessing.

C. Rag. Remember you, my lord! that Hebrew
Whose face so much distemper'd you? [leech,
R. Kiu. Barzoni?
I held him for a spy; but the proof failing
(More courteously, I own, than pleased myself)
I sent him from the camp.

C. Rag. To him, in chief,
Prince Emerick trusts his royal brother's health.

R. Kiu. Hide nothing, I conjure you! What of
him? [cunning,

C. Rag. With pomp of words beyond a soldier's
And shrugs and wrinkled brow, he smiles and
whispers!
Talks in dark words of women's fancies; hints
That 'twere a useless and a cruel zeal
To rob a dying man of any hope,
However vain, that soothes him: and, in fine,
Denies all chance of offspring from the queen.

R. Kiu. The venomous snake! My heel was on
And (fool!) I did not crush it! [its head,

C. Rag. Nay, he fears,
Zapolya will not long survive her husband.
R. Kiu. Manifest treason! Even this brief delay
Half makes me an accomplice—-(If he live,)  
             [Is moving toward the palace.
If he but live and know me, all may——
C. Rag.                                           Halt!     [Stops him.
On pain of death, my lord! am I commanded
To stop all ingress to the palace.
R. Kiu.                                           Thou!
C. Rag. No place, no name, no rank excepted—
R. Kiu.                                           Thou!
C. Rag. This life of mine, O take it, Lord Kiu! I give it as a weapon to thy hands,
Mine own no longer. Guardian of Illyria,
Useless to thee, 'tis worthless to myself.
Thou art the framer of my nobler being;
Nor does there live one virtue in my soul,
One honourable hope, but calls thee father.
Yet ere thou dost resolve, know that yon palace
Is guarded from within, that each access
Is thronged by armed conspirators, watched by
ruffians
Pampered with gifts, and hot upon the spoil
Which that false promiser still trails before them.
I ask but this one boon—reserve my life
Till I can lose it for the realm and thee!

R. Kiu. My heart is rent asunder. O my country,
O 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 thunderbolt? And now
Must I, hag-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?

_C. Rag._ Here before heaven I dedicate my faith
To the royal line of Andreas.

_R. Kiu._

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 feared no longer
The whistling javelins of their fell pursuers.
Ha! what is this?

[Black flag displayed from the tower of the palace: a death bell tolls, &c.

Vengeance of heaven! he is dead.

_C. Rag._ At length then 'tis announced. Alas!
I fear,

That these black death-flags are but treason's signals.

_R. Kiu._ A prophecy too soon fulfilled! See yonder!

O rank and ravenous wolves! the death-bell echoes
Still in the doleful air—and see! they come.

_C. Rag._ Precise and faithful in their villany
Even to the moment, that the master traitor
Had pre-ordained them.

_R. Kiu._

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.

*C. Rag.* Doubtless they deem heaven too usurp'd!

[B. heaven's justice
Bought like themselves!

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?

*R. Kiu.* The bad man's cunning still prepares
the way
For its own outwitting. I applaud, Ragozzi!

Ragozzi I applaud,
In thee, the virtuous hope that dares 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, noble,
chieftains, and soldiers, with music. They ad-
vance toward the front of the stage. Kiuprili
makes the signal for them to stop.—The music
ceases.

*Leader of the Procession.* The Lord Kiuprili!—
Welcome from the camp.

*R. Kiu.* Grave magistrates and chieftains of Illyria,
In good time come ye hither, if ye come
As loyal men with honourable purpose
To mourn what can alone be mourned; 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.

R. Kiu. 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!
[voices?

What means this clamour? Are these madmen’s
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?

What mean these murmurs? Dare then any here
Rcall prince Emerick a spotted traitor?
One that has taken from you your sworn faith,
And given you in return a Judas’ bribe,
Inamy now, oppression in reversion,
And heaven’s inevitable curse hereafter?

[Loud murmurs, followed by cries—Emerick! No
baby Prince! No changelings!
Let bear with me awhile! Have I for this
Sold for your safety, conquered for your honour!
Was it for this, Illyrians? that I forded
Your thaw-swohn torrents, when the shouldering ice
Fought with the foe, and stained its jagged points
With gore from wounds, I felt not? Did the blast
Beat on this body, frost-and-famine-numbed,
Till my hard flesh distinguished 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 charmed 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 plucked from the images of gods
Upon a sacrilegious robber’s back.

Enter Lord Casimir.

Cas. Who is this factious insolent, that dares bristle
The elected king, our chosen Emerick?
My father!

R. Kiu. Casimir! He, he a traitor!
Too soon, indeed, Ragozzi! have I learnt it.

Cas. My father and my lord!

R. Kiu. I know thee not!
Leader. Yet the remembrancing did sound right filial.

R. Kiu. A holy name and words of natural duty were blasted by a thankless traitor's utterance.

Cas. 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-expected offspring least is doubtful: and of all our nobles, the king inheriting his brother's heart, th honoured us the most. Your rank, my lord! ready eminent, is—all it can be—affirmed; and me the king's grace hath appointed chief of his council and the lord high steward.

R. Kiu. (Bought by a bribe!) I know thee now still less.

Xae. So much of Raab Kiuprili's blood flows here, at no power, save that holy name of father, wuld shield the man who so dishonoured me.

R. Kiu. The son of Raab Kiuprili a bought bondslave,

it's pander, treason's mouth-piece, a gay parrot, hool'd to shrill forth his feeder's usurped titles, d scream, long live king Emerick!

Leaders. Aye, king Emerick! and back, my lord! Lead us, or let us pass.

Soldiers. Nay, let the general speak!

Soldiers. Hear him! hear him!

R. Kiu. Hear me, assembled lords and warriors of Illyria,
Hear, and avenge me! Twice ten years have I
Stood in your presence, honoured 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 dares charge me with an orphan's right
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
Henbane andaconite 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 ingrati!

Cas. 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
It best may be protected—come what will
Of these monk's morals!

R. Kiu. (aside.) Ha! the elder Brutus
Made his soul iron, though his sons repented;
They boasted not their baseness. [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, &c. rush to interpose; during the tumult, enter Emerick, alarmed.

Emer. Call out the guard! Ragozzi! seize the assassin.—

Prili? Ha!—

[Making signs to the guard to retire.

Pass on, friends! to the palace.

[Music recommences. — The procession passes into the palace.

in his own son's breast?

i. Ki. 'Twould best excuse him he thy son, prince Emerick. I abjure him.

Emer. This is my thanks, then, that I have commenced
sign to which the free voice of the nobles
called me, and the people, by regards love and grace to Raab Kiuprili's house?

i. Ki. What right hadst thou, prince Emerick, to bestow them?

Emer. By what right dares Kiuprili question me?

i. Ki. By a right common to all loyal subjects—me a duty! As the realm's co-regent pointed by our sovereign's last free act, it by himself. — (Grasping the Patent.)

Emer. Aye!—writ in a delirium!

i. Ki. I likewise ask, by whose authority access to the sovereign was refused me?

Emer. By whose authority dared the general leave
His camp and army, like a fugitive?

R. Kiu. A fugitive, who, with victory for his comrade,
Ran, open-eyed, upon the face of death!
A fugitive, with no other fear, than bodeaments
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—hast dared
Ascend the throne, of which the law had named,
And conscience should have made thee a protector.

Eme. 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 cherished, 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 deserving,
I still had placed thee foremost.


Eme. Unwillingly I tell thee, that Zapolya,
Maddenèd with grief, her erring hopes proved idle—

Cas. Sire! speak the whole truth! Say her fraud detected!
According to the sworn attests in council her physician—

*Kiu.* (aside.) Yes! the Jew, Barzoni!

me. Under the imminent risk of death she lies, irrecoverable loss of reason, 

own friend's face or voice renew the frenzy.

zs. (to *Kiuprili.*) Trust me, my lord! a woman's trick has duped you—

co—but most of all, the sainted Andreas. 

for his own fair fame, his grace prays hourly her recovery, that (the States convened) may take counsel of her friends.

me. Right, Casimir! give my pledge, lord general. It shall stand er own will to appear and voice her claims; which in truth I hold the wiser course)

all the past passed by, as family quarrels, the queen dowager, with unblenched honours, 

me her state, our first Illyrian matron.

*Kiu.* Prince Emerick! you speak fairly, and your pledge too

ich, as well would suit an honest meaning.

zs. My lord! you scarce know half his grace's goodness.

wealthy heiress, high-born fair Sarolta, in the convent of our noble ladies, relative, the venerable abbess,

at his grace's urgence, wooed and won for me.

ze. Long may the race, and long may that name flourish,
Which your heroic deeds, brave chief, have rendered
Dear and illustrious to all true Illyrians.

R. Kin. The longest line, that ever tracing herald
Or found or feigned, 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.

Eme. Conscience, good my lord,
Is but the pulse of reason. Is it conscience,
That a free nation should be handed 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 unclosed sutures of an infant's skull?

Cas. 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 obeyed,
So hath best learnt to govern; who having suffered,
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
asses the station of command!

R. Kiu. Prince Emerick,
our cause will prosper best in your own pleading.
Eme. (aside to Casimir.) Ragozzi was thy school-
mate—a bold spirit!
ud him to us!—Thy father thaws apace!

[then aloud.
ave us awhile, my lord!—Your friend, Ragozzi,
hom you have not yet seen since his return,
mands the guard to-day.

[Casimir retires to the guard-house; and after a time appears before it with Chef Ragozzi.

We are alone.
hat further pledge or proof desires Kiuprilli?
en, with your assent—
R. Kiu. Mistake not for assent the unquiet silence of a stern resolve, [prince! throttling the impatient voice. I have heard thee, and I have watched thee, too; but have small faith in plausible tale told with a flitting eye.

[Emerick turns as about to call for the guard. the next moment I am in thy power,
this, thou art in mine. Stir but a step,
make one sign—I swear by this good sword, thou diest that instant. [homily.
Eme. Ha, ha!—Well, sir!—Conclude your
R. Kiu. A tale which, whether true or false, comes guarded
gainst all means of proof; detects itself.

vol. ii. 17
The queen mew'd up—this too from anxious care
And love brought forth of a sudden, a twin birth
With thy discovery of her plot to rob thee
Of a rightful throne!—Mark how the scorpion,

falsehood,

Coils round in its own perplexity, and fixes
Its sting in its own head!

Eme.    Ay! to the mark!

R. Kiu. Hadst thou believed thine own tale,

hadst thou fancied

Thyself the rightful successor of Andreas,
Wouldst thou have pilfered from our schoolboys’
themes

These shallow sophisms of a popular choice?
What people? How convened? or, if convened,
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 thousandfold 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 safer trust to heaven, than to themselves
When least themselves in the mad whirl of crowds
Where folly is contagious, and too oft
...wise men leave their better sense at home
shide and wonder at them when returned.

"Is't thus, thou scoff'st the people? most of
soldiers, the defenders of the people?

"Kiu. O most of all, most miserable nation,
whom the imperial power, enormous bubble!
lown and kept aloft, or burst and shattered
the bribed breath of a lewd soldiery!

"May of such, as from the frontiers far,

which is the noblest station of true warriors)

amk licentious idleness beleaguer

and court, a venomed thorn 'tis the side

virtuous kings, the tyrant's slave and tyrant,

ravening for fresh largess! But with such
at title claim'st thou, save thy birth? What

merits

ich many a liegeman may not plead as well,

ve though I grant thee? If a life outlaboured

...d, heart, and fortunate arm, in watch and war,

the land's fame and weal; if large acquests,

t honest by the aggression of the foe,

whose best praise is, that they bring us safety;

ictory, doubly-wreathed, whose under-garland

aurel-leaves looks greener and more sparkling
o' the gray olive-branch; if these, prince Eme-

rick!

he true title to the throne, not thou—

(leave Illyria, let the infidel enemy
udge and arbiter between us!) I,
ere the rightful sovereign!
Eme. I have faith
That thou both think'st and hopest it. Fair Zapolya,
A provident lady—
R. Kiu. Wretch beneath all answer!
Eme. Offers at once the royal bed and throne!
R. Kiu. To be a kingdom's bulwark, a king's glory,
Yet loved by both, and trusted, and trustworthy,
Is more than to be king; but see! thy rage
Fights with thy fear. I will relieve thee! Ho!
[to the guard.
Eme. Not for thy sword, but to entrap thee,
ruffian! [palace.
Thus long I have listened—guard—ho! from the
[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.
Cas. O agony! (to Emerick.) sire, hear me!
[to Kiuprili, who turns from him.
Hear me, father!
Eme. Take in arrest that traitor and assassin!
Who pleads for his life, strikes at mine, his sove-
reign's.
R. Kiu. 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—
Eme. Hence with the madman!
R. Kiu. Your queen's murder, the royal orphan's murder: and to the death by him, as a tyrant and usurper.
[ hurried off by Ragozzi and the guard.]
Eme. Ere twice the sun hath risen, by my sceptre his insolence shall be avenged.
Cas. O banish him. His infamy will crush me. O for my sake, nish him, my liege lord!
Eme. What, to the army? calm, young friend! nought shall be done in anger.
He child o'erpowers the man. In this emergence must take counsel for us both. Retire.
[Exit Casimir.]
Eme. (alone, looks at a Calendar.) The changeful planet, now in her decay,
p down at midnight, to be seen no more. ith her shall sink the enemies of Emerick, cursed by the last look of the waning moon: d my bright destiny, with sharpened horns, all greet me fearless in the new-born crescent.
[Exit.]

Scene changes to the back of the Palace—a wooded park and mountains.

Enter Zapolya, with an infant in arms.
Zap. 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
Thy angel to a houseless babe and mother,
Driven forth into the cruel wilderness!
Hush, sweet one! thou art no Hagar's offspring:

The rightful heir of an anointed king!
What sounds are those? It is the vesper-chant
Of labouring men returning to their home!
Their queen has no home! Hear me, heavenly
And let this darkness—— [Father!
Be as the shadow of thy outspread wings
To hide and shield us! Start'st thou in thy slumbers?
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?

Enter Chef Ragozzi.

C. Rag. Sure heaven befriends 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
I repay thee, for that thou thought'st me too
aviceable villain. Could I now
again some sure intelligence of the queen:
ven bless and guard her!

*ap. (coming forward.)* Art thou not Ragozzi?

**Rag.** The queen! Now then the miracle is
heaven's wisdom is an over-match [full!
the devil's cunning. This way, madam, haste!

*ap. Stay! Oh, no! forgive me if I wrong thee!
is thy sovereign's child: Oh, pity us,
be not treacherous! [kneeling.

**Rag. (raising her.)** Madam! For mercy's
sake!

*ap. But tyrants have a hundred eyes and arms!

**Rag.** Take courage, madam! 'Twere too
horrible,
cannot do't to swear I'm not a monster!—
ce had I barr'd the door on Raab Kiuprili—

*ap. Kiuprili! How?*

**Rag.** There is not time to tell it,—
I tyrant called me to him, praised my zeal,
d be assured I overtop his cunning [fine,
I seemed right zealous,) But time wastes: In
s me despatch my trustiest friends, as couriers
h letters to the army. The thought at once
shed on me. I disguised my prisoner—

*ap. What Raab Kiuprili?*

**Rag.** Yes! my noble general!
t him off, with Emerick's own pacquet,
te, and post haste—Prepared to follow him—
Zap. Ah, how? Is it joy or fear? My limbs seem sinking!—

C. Rug. (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 convoy!

Zap. 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 possessed 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
Smmed pointing at my feet. Provident heaven!
I was standing on the secret door,
which, through a long descent where all sound
perishes,
blew out beyond the palace. Well I knew it——
but Andreas framed it not! He was no tyrant!
C. Rag. Haste, madam! Let me take this pre-
cious burden!

[he kneels as he takes the child.
Zap. Take him! And if we be pursued, I
charge thee,
see thou and leave me! Flee and save thy king!
[then as going off, she looks back on the palace.
hou tyrant's den, be called no more a palace!
he orphan's angel at the throne of heaven
stands up against thee, and there hover o'er thee
queen's, a mother's, and a widow's curse.
enceforth a dragon's haunt, Fear and Suspicion
and sentry at thy portals! Faith and honour,
iven from the throne, shall leave the attainted
nation:
and, for the iniquity that houses in thee,
also glory, thirst of blood, and lust of rapine,
ateful conjunction of malignant planets)
shall shoot their blastments on the land. The fathers
enceforth shall have no joy in their young men,
and when they cry: Lo! a male child is born!
he mother shall make answer with a groan.
or bloody usurpation, like a vulture,
shall clog its beak within Illyria's heart.
Remorseless slaves of a remorseless tyrant,
They shall be mocked with sounds of liberty,
And liberty shall be proclaimed alone
To thee, O Fire! O Pestilence! O Sword!
Till Vengeance hath her fill.—And thou, snatched hence,
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!

[Exit.]
ZAPOLYA.

PART II.

SEQUEL ENTITLED THE "USURPER'S FATE."
ADDITIONAL CHARACTERS.

OLD BATHORY, a Mountaineer.

Bethlen Bathory, The young Prince Andreas, supposed son of Old Bathory.

Lord Rudolph, a Courtier, but friend to the Queen's party.

Lasza, Steward to Casimir, betrothed to Glycine.

Pestalutz, an Assassin in Emerick's employ.

Lady Sarolta Wife of Lord Casimir.

Glycine, Orphan Daughter of Chef Ragozzi.

*Between the flight of the Queen, and the civil war which immediately followed, and in which Emerick remained the victor, a space of twenty years is supposed to have elapsed.*
USURPATION ENDED; OR, SHE COMES AGAIN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Mountainous country. Bathory's dwelling at the end of the stage.

Enter Lady Sarolta and Glycine.

Gly. Well then! our round of charity is finished.

Test, madam! You breathe quick.

Sar. What, tired, Glycine?

No delicate court-dame, but a mountaineer

By choice no less than birth, I gladly use

The good strength nature gave me.

Gly. That last cottage

Is built as if an eagle or a raven

Had chosen it for her nest.

Sar. So many are

The sufferings which no human aid can reach,

It needs must be a duty doubly sweet

To heal the few we can. Well! let us rest.

Gly. There? [Pointing to Bathory's dwelling.

Sar. Here! For on this spot Lord Casimir

Took his last leave. On yonder mountain-ridge

I lost the misty image which so long
Lingered, or seemed at least to linger on it.

Gly. And what if even now, on that same ridge,
A speck should rise, and still enlarging, lengthening,
As it clomb downwards, shape itself at last
To a numerous cavalcade, and spurring foremost,
Who but Sarolta's own dear lord returned
From his high embassy?

Sar. Thou hast hit my thought!
All the long day, from yester-morn to evening,
The restless hope fluttered 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.

Gly. But our best sports belike, and gay processions
Would to my lord have seemed but work-day sights
Compared with those the royal court affords.

Sar. 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 orbed drop an orb of glory in it) [ment
Would put them all in eclipse. This sweet retire-
Lord Casimir's wish alone would have made sacred:
But in good truth, his loving jealousy
Did but command, what I had else entreated.

Gly. And yet had I been born Lady Sarolta,
een wedded to the noblest of the realm,
lo, beautiful besides, and yet so stately——

**Gly.** Nay! to my poor fancy

**Sar.** The royal court would seem an earthly heaven,

**Gly.** For such stars to shine in, and be gracious.

**Sar.** So doth the ignorant distance still delude us!

**Gly.** Thy fancied heaven, dear girl, like that above thee,

**Sar.** In its mere self a cold, drear, colourless void,

**Gly.** Seen from below and in the large, becomes

**Sar.** The bright blue ether, and the seat of gods!

**Gly.** Well! but this broil that scared you from the dance?

**Sar.** And was not Laska there: he, your betrothed?

**Gly.** Yes, madam! he was there. So was the

**Sar.** Maypole,

For we danced round it.

**Gly.** Ah, Glycine! why,

**Sar.** Why did you then betroth yourself?

**Gly.** Because

**My.** My own dear lady wished it! 'twas you asked me!

**Sar.** Yes, at my lord's request, but never wished,

**Gly.** My poor affectionate girl, to see thee wretched.

**Sar.** Thou knowest not yet the duties of a wife.

**Gly.** Oh, yes! It is a wife's chief duty, madam,

**Sar.** To stand in awe of her husband, and obey him,

**Gly.** And, I am sure, I never shall see Laska

**Sar.** But I shall tremble.

**Gly.** Not with fear, I think,

**Sar.** For you still mock him. Bring a seat from the

cottage.

[Exit Glycine into the cot-
ZAPOLYA.

tage, 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 clamour within.
Re-enter Glycine.

Gly. Oh, madam! there's a party of your serv-
And my lord's steward, Laska, at their head, [vants,
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—

Sar. Be calm, Glycine.

Enter Laska and Servants with Old Bathory.

Las. (to Bathory.) We have no concern with you! What needs your presence?

O. Bat. What! Do you think I'll suffer my brave boy
to be slandered by a set of coward-ruffians,
and leave it to their malice,—yes, mere malice!
so tell its own tale?

[Laska and servants bow to Lady Sarolta.

Sar. Laska! What may this mean?

Las. Madam! and may it please your ladyship!
his old man’s son, by name Bethlen Bathory,
and charged, on weighty evidence, that he,
in yester-eve, being his lordship’s birth-day,
and traitorously defame Lord Casimir:
the lord high steward of the realm, moreover——

Sar. Be brief! We know his titles!

Las. And moreover
saw like a traitor at our liege king Emerick.
and furthermore, said witnesses make oath,
and on the assault upon his lordship’s servants;
and, insolently tore, from this, your huntsman,
is badge of livery of your noble house,
nd trampled it in scorn.

Sar. (to the servants who offer to speak.) You have
had your spokesman!

There is the young man thus accused?

O. Bat. I know not:
but if no ill betide him on the mountains,
he will not long be absent!

Sar. Thou art his father?

O. Bat. None ever with more reason prized a son;
let I hate falsehood more than I love him.
but more than one, now in my lady’s presence,
witnessed the affray, besides these men of malice;
And if I swerve from truth——

Gly.       Yes! good old man!
My lady! pray believe him!

Sar.       Hush, Glycine!
Be silent I command you.       [Then to Bathory.
Speak! we hear you!

O. Bat. My tale is brief: During our festive dance,
Your servants, the accusers of my son,
Offered 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.

Sar.       Old man! you talk
Too bluntly! Did your son owe no respect
To the livery of our house?

O. Bat.    Even such respect
As the sheep's skin should gain for the hot wolf
That hath begun to worry the poor lambs!

Las.       Old insolent ruffian!

Gly.       Pardon! pardon, madam!
I saw the whole affray. The good old man
Means no offence, sweet lady!—You, yourself,
Laska! know well, that these men were the ruffians!
Shame on you!

Sar.       What! Glycine? go, retire!
[Exit Glycine.]
Be it then that these men faulted. Yet yourself,
Or better still belike the maidens' parents,
Might have complained to us. Was ever access
Denied you? or free audience? or are we
Weak and unfit to punish our own servants?

_O. Bat._ 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?

_Las._ Ho! Take the rude clown from your lady's
presence!
I will report her further will!

_Sar._ 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—

_Las. (aside.)_ Yes, now 'tis coming.

_Sar._ 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 anger
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!

O. Bat. Ha! what strangers here!

1 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!

Sar. I oft have passed your cottage, and still praised
Its beauty, and that trim orchard-plot, whose blossoms
The gusts of April showered 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 shows her into his cottage.

Las. (alone.) Vexation! baffled! school’d!
Ho! Laska! wake! why? what can all this mean?
She sent away that cockatrice in anger!
Oh the false witch! It is too plain, she loves him.
And now, the old man near my lady’s person,

1 This line was borrowed unconsciously from the
Excursion.
She'll see this Bethlen hourly!

[Gaska stings himself into the seat. Glycine peeps in.

Gly. Laska! Laska!

Las. Is my lady gone?

Gly. Gone.

Las. Have you yet seen him?

Gly. Is he returned? [Laska starts up.

Has the seat stung you, Laska?

Las. No, serpent! no; 'tis you that sting me; you!

What? you would cling to him again!

Gly. Whom!

Las. 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!

Gly. Your fears, at least,

Were real, Laska! or your trembling limbs

And white cheeks played the hypocrites most vilely!

Las. I fear! whom? What?

Gly. I know, what I should fear,

Were I in Laska's place.

Las. What?

Gly. 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!

Las. You will know too soon.
ZAPOLYA.

Gly. Would I could find my lady! though she chid me—
Yet this suspense— [going.
Las. Stop! stop! one question only—
I am quite calm—
Gly. Aye, as the old song says,
Calm as a tiger, valiant as a dove.
Nay now, I have marred the verse: well! this one question—
Las. Are you not bound to me by your own promise?
And is it not as plain—
Gly. Halt! that's two questions.
Las. Pshaw! Is it not as plain as impudence,
That you're in love with this young swaggering beggar,
Bethlen Bathory? When he was accused,
Gly. Question meet question: that's a woman's
Why, Laska, did you urge Lord Casimir
To make my lady force that promise from me?
Las. So then, you say, Lady Sarolta forced you?
Gly. 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.
Las. Not one for Bethlen?
Gly.

Oh! that's a different thing.
'co be sure he's brave, and handsome, and so pious
'co his good old father. But for loving him—
Jay, there, indeed you are mistaken, Laska!
Poor youth! I rather think I grieve for him;
'or I sigh so deep when I think of him!
And if I see him, the tears come in my eyes,
And my heart beats; and all because I dream'd
That the war-wolf ¹ had gored him as he hunted
In the haunted forest!

Las. You dare own all this?

'Our lady will not warrant promise-breach.
'Mine, pampered miss! you shall be; and I'll make
You
Grieve for him with a vengeance. Odd's, my fingers
Fingle already! [makes threatening signs.

Gly. (aside.) Ha! Bethlen coming this way!

[Glycine then cries out.

Oh, save me! save me! Pray don't kill me, Laska!

Enter Bethlen in a hunting dress.

Bet. What, beat a woman!

Las. (to Glycine.) O you cockatrice!

Bet. Unmanly dastard, hold!

Las. Do you chance to know
Who—I—am, sir?—(S'death! how black he looks!)

Bet. I have started many strange beasts in my

time,

¹ For the best account of the War-wolf or Lycanthropus, see Drayton's Moon-calf, Chalmers' English Poets, Vol. IV. p. 13 e.
But none less like a man, than this before me,
That lifts his hand against a timid female,
   Las. Bold youth! she's mine.
   Gly. No, not my master yet,
But only is to be; and all, because
Two years ago my lady asked me, and
I promised her, not him; and if she'll let me,
I'll hate you, my lord's steward.
   Bet. Hush, Glycine!
   Gly. Yes, I do, Bethlen; for he just now brought
False witnesses to swear away your life:
Your life, and old Bathory's too.
   Bet. Bathory's!
Where is my father? answer, or—ha! gone!
   [Lasca during this time retires from the stage.
   Gly. Oh, heed not him! I saw you pressing
onward,
And did but fain alarm. Dear gallant youth,
It is your life they seek!
   Bet. My life?
   Gly. Alas,
Lady Sarolta even—
   Bet. She does not know me!
   Gly. Oh that she did! she could not then have
spoken
With such stern countenance. But though she
spurn me,
I will kneel, Bethlen—
   Bet. Not for me, Glycine!
What have I done? or whom have I offended?
Gly. Rash words, ’tis said, and treasonous of the king.  
[Bethlen mutters to himself.

Gly. (aside.) So looks the statue, in our hall, o’ the god;
The shaft just flown that killed the serpent!

Bet. King!

Gly. Ah, often have I wished you were a king.
You would protect the helpless every where,
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 killed 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.

Bet. 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, starting up like omens,
That I feel like one, who waking from a dream
Both asks and answers wildly.—But Bathory?

Gly. Hist! ’tis my lady’s step! She must not see you!  
[Bethlen retires.

Enter from the Cottage, Sarolta and Bathory.

Sar. Go, seek your son! I need not add; be speedy—
You here, Glycine?  
[Exit Bathory.

Gly. Pardon, pardon, madam!
If you but saw the old man’s son, you would not,
You could not have him harmed.

Sar. Be calm, Glycine!
Gly. No, I shall break my heart.

Sar. Ha! is it so?

O strange and hidden power of sympathy,
That of like fates, though all unknown to each,
Dost make blind instincts, orphan's heart to orphan's
Drawing by dim disquiet!

Gly. Old Bathory—

Sar. Seeks his brave son. Come, wipe away thy tears.

Yes, in good truth, Glycine, this same Bethlen
Seems a most noble and deserving youth.

Gly. My lady does not mock me?

Sar. Where is Lasza?

Has he not told thee?

Gly. Nothing. In his fear—

Anger, I mean—stole off—I am so fluttered—

Left me abruptly—

Sar. His shame excuses him!

He is somewhat hardly tasked; and in discharging
His own tools, cons a lesson for himself.

Bathory and the youth henceforward live
Safe in my lord's protection.

Gly. The saints bless you!

Shame on my graceless heart! How dared I fear,

Lady Sarolta could be cruel?

Sar. Come,

Be yourself, girl!

Gly. O, 'tis so full here!

And now it cannot harm him if I tell you,

That the old man's son—
Sar. Is not that old man's son! O destiny, not unlike thine own, is his. Or all I know of thee is, that thou art soldier's orphan: left when rage intestineook and engulfed the pillars of Illyria. is other fragment, thrown back by that same earthquake, is, so mysteriously inscribed by nature, chance may piece out and interpret thine. namand thyself! Be secret! His true father—ar'st thou?

Gly. O tell—

Bet. (rushing out.) Yes, tell me, shape from heaven! ho is my father?

Sar. (gazing with surprise.) Thine? thy father? rise!

Gly. Alas! He hath alarmed you, my dear lady!

Sar. His countenance, not his act!

Gly. Rise, Bethlen! rise!

Bet. No; kneel thou too! and with thy orphan's tongue

sad for me! I am rooted to the earth, id have no power to rise! give me a father! ere is a prayer in those uplifted eyes ut seeks high heaven! But I will overtake it, id bring it back, and make it plead for me thine own heart! speak! speak! restore to me name in the world!

Sar. By that blest heaven I gazed at, now not who thou art. And if I knew,
Dared I—But rise!

Bet.  
Blest spirits of my parents,
Ye hover o'er me now! ye shine upon me!
And like a flower that coils forth from a ruin,
I feel and seek the light I cannot see!  [ridge,

Sar.  Thou see'st yon dim spot on the mountain's
But what it is thou know'st not. Even such
Is all I know of thee—haply, brave youth,
Is all fate makes it safe for thee to know!

Bet.  Safe? Safe? O let me then inherit danger,
And it shall be my birthright!

Sar. (aside.)  That look again!—
The wood which first incloses, and then skirts
The highest track that leads across the mountains—
Thou know'st it, Bethlen?

Bet.  Lady, 'twas my wont
To roam there in my childhood oft alone
And mutter to myself the name of father.
For still Bathory (why, till now I guessed not)
Would never hear it from my lips, but sighing
Gazed upward. Yet of late an idle terror—

Gly.  Madam, that wood is haunted by the war-
Vampires, and monstrous—  [wolves,

Sar.  Moon-calves, credulous girl!

Haply some o'ergrown savage of the forest
Hath his lair there, and fear hath framed the rest.
After that last great battle, (O young man!
Thou wak'st anew my life's sole anguish) that
Which fixed Lord Emerick on his throne, Bathory
Led by a cry, far inward from the track,
the hollow of an oak, as in a nest,
'ld find thee, Bethlen, then a helpless babe.
'he robe that wrapp'd thee, was a widow's mantle.
	Bet. An infant's weakness doth relax my frame.
	say—I fear to ask———
	Sar. And I to tell thee.
	Bet. Strike! O strike quickly! see, I do not shrink.
	am stone, cold stone.
	Sar. Hid in a brake hard by,

carse by both palms supported from the earth,
A wounded lady lay, whose life fast waning
seemed to survive itself in her fixt eyes,
That strained towards the babe. At length one arm
painfully from her own weight disengaging,
he pointed first to heaven, then from her bosom
Drew forth a golden casket. Thus entreated
Thy foster-father took thee in his arms,
And kneeling spake: If aught of this world's comfort
Can reach thy heart, receive a poor man's troth,
That at my life's risk I will save thy child! [ing
Her countenance worked, as one that seemed prepar-
A loud voice, but it died upon her lips
In a faint whisper, "Fly! save him! hide—hide all!"
	Bet. And did he leave her? What, had I a mother?
And left her bleeding, dying? Bought I vile life
With the desertion of a dying mother?
Oh agony!
	Gly. Alas! thou art bewildered,
And dost forget thou wert a helpless infant!
Bet. What else can I remember, but a mother
Mangled and left to perish?

Sar. Hush, Glycine!
It is the ground-swell of a teeming instinct:
Let it but lift itself to air and sunshine,
And it will find a mirror in the waters
It now makes boil above it. Check him not!

Bet. O that I were diffused among the waves
That 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 cannot die! O pardon, gracious lady!
You were about to say, that he returned—

Sar. Deep love, the godlike in us, still believes
Its object as immortal as itself!

Bet. And found her still—

Sar. Alas! he did return,
He left no spot unsearched in all the forest,
But she (I trust me by some friendly hand)
Had been borne off:

Bet. O whither?

Gly. Dearest Bethlen!
I would that you could weep like me! O do not
Gaze so upon the air!

Sar. While he was absent,
A friendly troop, 'tis certain, scoured the wood,
Hotly pursued indeed by Emerick.

Bet. Emerick.
Oh hell!
Bethlen!

Hist! I'll curse him in a whisper!

gracious lady must hear blessings only.

Thou hast not yet the glory round her head,
hose strong eagle wings, which make swift way
at appointed place, which I must seek;
se she were my mother!

Noble youth!

Come, fear nothing! long time have I owed
ings of expiation for misdeeds
past that weigh me down, though innocent!
foster-father hid the secret from thee,
he perceived thy thoughts as they expanded,
d, restless, and ill-sorting with thy state!
was his care! thou'st made thyself suspected
where suspicion reigns, and asks no proof
st own fears! great Nature hath endowed thee
her best gifts! from me thou shalt receive
onourable aidance! but haste hence!
el will ripen thee, and enterprise
ems thy years! be thou henceforth my soldier!
whatsoe'er betide thee, still believe
in each noble deed, achieved or suffered,
olvest best the riddle of thy birth!
ay the light that streams from thine own
honour
le thee to that thou seekest!

Must he leave us?

And for such goodness can I return nothing
some hot tears that sting mine eyes? Some sighs
That if not breathed would swell my heart to stirring?
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 spirit invoked, I should be with thee!
And then, perchance, I might have power to unbosom
These thanks that struggle here. Eyes fair as thine
Have 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 talked 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!

[Exit Bethlen]

Sar. Ah! it was this I feared. 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.

Gly. Oh, let me fly
And stop him! Mangled limbs do there lie scattered
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 hyæna’s shape.

Sar. What idle tongue hath bewitched thee,
Glycine?
I hoped that thou had’st learnt a nobler faith.

Gly. O chide me not, dear lady; question Laska,
Or the old man.

Sar. Forgive me, I spake harshly.
It is indeed a mighty sorcery
That doth enthrall thy young heart, my poor girl;
And what hath Laska told thee?

Gly. Three days past
A courier from the king did cross that wood;
A wilful man, that armed himself on purpose:
And never hath been heard of from that time!

[Sound of horns without.

Sar. Hark! dost thou hear it!

Gly. ’Tis the sound of horns!

Our huntsmen are not out!

Sar. Lord Casimir
Would not come thus! [Horns again.

Vol. II. 19
Gly. Still louder!
Sar. Haste we hence!

For I believe in part thy tale of terror;
But, trust me, 'tis the inner man transformed:
Beasts in the shape of men are worse than war-wolves.

[Sarolta and Glycine exeunt. Trumpets, &c. louder.
Enter Emerick, Lord Rudolph, Laska, Huntsmen and Attendants.

Rud. A gallant chase, sire.

Eme. 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?

Las. Whatever

Your majesty may please.

Eme. Nay, that's too late, my lord.

Say, what thy mother and thy godfather
Were pleased to call thee.

Las. Laska, my liege sovereign.

Eme. Well, my liege subject, Laska! And you are
Lord Casimir's steward?

Las. And your majesty's creature.

Eme. Two gentle dames made off at our approach.
Which was your lady?

Las. My liege lord, the taller.
The other, please your grace, is her poor handmaid.

Long since betrothed to me. But the maid's for-ward—

Yet would your grace but speak—
Eme. Hum, master steward! I am honoured with this sudden confidence.

Lead on. [to Laska, then to Rudolph. Lord Rudolph, you’ll announce our coming.

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.

L. Rud. (aside.) Lewd, ingrate tyrant! Yes, I will announce thee.

Eme. Now onward all. [Exeunt attendants. 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 mixed up with dolt.
Through the transparence of the fool, methought,
I saw (as I could lay my finger on it)
The crocodile’s eye, that peered up from the bottom.
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 deemed the aggressor
Whose cunning and distrust began the game!

[Exit.
ACT II.

Scene I.—A savage wood. At one side a cave
overhung with ivy. Zapolya and Raab Kiu
discovered: both, but especially the latter, in rude
cavage garments.

R. Kiu. Heard you then aught while I was
slumbering?

Zap. Nothing.

Only your face became convulsed. We miserable
Is heaven’s last mercy fled? Is sleep grown tre
cherous?

R. Kiu. O for a sleep, for sleep itself to rest in
I dream’d I had met with food beneath a tree,
And I was seeking you, when all at once
My feet became entangled in a net,
Still more entangled as in rage I tore it.
At length I freed myself, had sight of you,
But as I hastened eagerly, again
I found my frame encumbered: a huge serpent
Twined round my chest, but tightest round my thro.

Zap. Alas! ’twas lack of food: for hunger choke

R. Kiu. And now I saw you by a shrivelled chil
Strangely pursued. You did not fly, yet neither
Touched you the ground, methought, but close
above it
Did seem to shoot yourself along the air,
And as you passed me, turned your face and shrieked.

Zap. I did in truth send forth a feeble shriek,
Scarce knowing why. Perhaps the mock'd sense craved
To hear the scream, which you but seemed to utter.
For your whole face looked like a mask of torture!
Yet a child's image doth indeed pursue me
Shrivelled with toil and penury!

R. Kiu. Nay! what ails you?

Zap. A wondrous faintness there comes stealing o'er me.

Is it Death's lengthening shadow, who comes onward,
Life's setting sun behind him?

R. Kiu. Cheerly! The dusk Will quickly shroud us. Ere the moon be up,
Trust me I'll bring thee food!

Zap. Hunger's tooth has Gnawn itself blunt. O, I could queen it well
O'er my own sorrows as my rightful subjects.
But wherefore, O revered Kiuprili! wherefore Did my importunate prayers, my hopes and fancies,
Force thee from thy secure though sad retreat?
Would that my tongue had then cloven to my mouth!
But heaven is just! With tears I conquered thee,
And not a tear is left me to repent with!
Hadst thou not done already—hadst thou not
Suffered—oh, more than e'er man feigned of friendship?

R. Kiu. Yet be thou comforted! What! hadst thou faith
When I turned back incredulous? ’Twas thy light
That kindled mine. And shall it now go out,
And leave thy soul in darkness? Yet look up,
And think thou seest thy sainted lord commissioned
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
Worked 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!

Zap. Cannot! O, what if thou wert taken from
me?

Nay, thou said’st well: for that and death were one.
Life’s grief is at its height indeed; the hard
Necessity of this inhuman state
Hath made our deeds inhuman as our vestments.
Housed in this wild wood, with wild usages,
Danger our guest, and famine at our portal—
Wolf-like to prowl in the shepherd’s fold by night!
At once for food and safety to affrighten
The traveller from his road—

[Glucine is heard singing without.

R. Kiu. Hark! heard you not

A distant chaunt?
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 sank, he rose, he twinkled, he trolled
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!"

Zap. Sure 'tis some blest spirit!

For since thou slew'st the usurper's emissary
That plunged upon us, a more than mortal fear
Is as a wall, that wards off the beleaguerer,
And starves the poor besieged. [song again.

R. Kiu. It is a maiden's voice! quick to the cave!
R. Kiu. She must not enter

The cavern, else I will remain unseen!

[Kiuprili retires to one side of the stage. Glycine enters singing.
Gly. A savage place! saints shield me! Bethlen! Bethlen!

Not here?—There's no one here! I'll sing again.

[Not heard for a moment.

If I do not hear my own voice, I shall fancy
Voices in all chance sounds!

'Twas some dry branch

Dropt of itself! Oh, he went forth so rashly,
Took no food with him—only his arms and boar-spear!

What if I leave these cakes, this cruse of wine,
Here by this cave, and seek him with the rest?

R. Kiu. (unseen.) Leave them and flee!

Gly. (shrieks, then recovering.) Where are you?

R. Kiu. (still unseen.) Leave them!

Gly. 'Tis Glycine!

Speak to me, Bethlen! speak in your own voice!
All silent!—If this were the war-wolf's den!

'Twas not his voice!—

[Glycine leaves the provisions and exit. Kuspril comes forward, seizes them and carries them into the cavern. Glycine returns.

Gly. Shame! Nothing hurt me!

If some fierce beast have gored him, he must needs
Speak with a strange voice. Wounds cause thirst and hoarseness!

Speak, Bethlen! or but moan. St—St—No—Bethlen!

If I turn back and he should be found dead here,

[she creeps nearer and nearer to the cavern.]
I should go mad!—Again!—"Twas my own heart!  
Hush, coward heart! better beat loud with fear,  
Than break with shame and anguish!

[As she approaches to enter the cavern, Kiuprili stops her. Glycine shrieks.  
Saints protect me!

R. Kiu. Swear then by all thy hopes, by all thy fears—  
Gly. Save me!

R. Kiu. Swear secrecy and silence!  
Gly. I swear!

R. Kiu. Tell what thou art, and what thou seekest?  
Gly. Only

A harmless orphan youth, to bring him food—  
R. Kiu. Wherefore in this wood?  
Gly. Alas! it was his purpose—  
R. Kiu. With what intention came he? Would'st Hide nothing!  
[thou save him,  
Gly. Save him! O forgive his rashness!  
He is good, and did not know that thou wert human!  
R. Kiu. Human?

With what design?

Gly. To kill thee, or  
If 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—  
Zap. (rushing out from the cavern.) Heaven's blessing on thee! speak!

Gly. Whether his mother live, or perished here!
Zap. Angel of mercy, I was perishing,
And thou did'st bring me food: and now thou
bring'st
The sweet, sweet food of hope and consolation
To a mother's famished heart! His name, sweet
maiden!

Gly. E'en till this morning we were wont to name
Bethlen Bathory!

Zap. Even till this morning?
This morning? when my weak faith failed me wholly!
Pardon, O thou that portion'st out our sufferance,
And fill'st again the widow's empty cruse!
Say on!

Gly. The false ones charged the valiant youth
With treasonous words of Emerick—

Zap. Ha! my son!

Gly. And of Lord Casimir—

R. Kiu. (aside.) O agony! my son!

Gly. But my dear lady—

Zap. and R. Kiu. Who?

Lady Sarolta

Frowned and discharged these bad men.

R. Kiu. (to himself.) Righteous heaven
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.

Zap. (embraces Glycine.) Sweet innocent! and you
came here to seek him,
And bring him food. Alas! thou fear'st?
Gly. 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!

R. Kiu. (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 clogged our flight
With many a babe and many a childing mother.
This maid herself is one of numberless
Planks from the same vast wreck.

[then to Glycine again.

Gly. She is always gracious, and so praised the old man
That his heart o'erflowed, and made discovery
That in this wood—

Zap. O speak!

Gly. A wounded lady—

[Zapolya faints—they both support her.

Gly. Is this his mother?

R. Kiu. She would fain believe it,

Neak though the proofs be. Hope draws towards itself

The flame with which it kindles.

[horn heard without.

To the cavern!

Quick! quick!

Gly. Perchance some huntsmen of the king's.

R. Kiu. Emerick?
Gly. He came this morning—
[They retire to the cavern, bearing Zapolya. The enter Bethlen, armed with a boar-spear.
Bet. I had a glimpse Of some fierce shape; and but that Fancy often Is Nature’s intermeddler, and cries halves With the outward sight, I should believe I saw it Bear off some human prey. O my preserver! Bathory! Father! Yes, thou deserv’st that name! Thou did’st not mock me! These are blessed finding The secret cypher of my destiny

[Looking at his sign Stands here inscribed: it is the seal of fate! Ha!—Had ever monster fitting lair, ’tis yonder! Thou yawning den, I well remember thee! Mine eyes deceived me not. Heaven leads me on Now for a blast, loud as a king’s defiance, To rouse the monster couchant o’er his ravine!
[Blows the horn—then a pause Another blast! and with another swell To you, ye charmed watchers of this wood! If haply I have come, the rightful heir Of vengeance: if in me survive the spirits Of those, whose guiltless blood flowed streaming here! [Blows again low Still silent? Is the monster gorged? heaven shie me!
Thou, faithful spear! be both my torch and guide (As Bethlen is about to enter, Knaprili sp From the cavern unseen.)
R. Kiu. Withdraw thy foot! Retract thine idle
And wait obedient! [spear, spear
Bet. Ha! What art thou? speak!
R. Kiu. (still unseen.) Avengers!
Bet. By a dying mother’s pangs
E’en such am I. Receive me!
R. Kiu. (still unseen.) Wait! Beware!
At thy first step, thou treadest upon the light,
Thenceforth must darkling flow, and sink in dark-
ness!
Bet. Ha! see my boar-spear trembles like a reed!—
Oh, fool! mine eyes are duped by my own shud-
dering.—
Those piled thoughts, built up in solitude,
Year following year that pressed 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 obeyed! Declare ye by what name
I dare invoke you! Tell what sacrifice
Will make you gracious. [dience!
R. Kiu. (still unseen.) Patience! Truth! Obe-
Be thy whole soul transparent! so the Light,
Thou seekest, may enshrine itself within thee!
Thy name?
Bet. 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 answered
To the chance sound which he that fed me, called me.

*R. Kiu. (still unseen.)* Thy birth-place?

*Bet.* Deluding spirits! Do ye mock me?

Question the Night! Bid Darkness tell its birth-place?

Yet hear! Within yon old oak's hollow trunk,
Where the bats cling, have I surveyed 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 beheld me
As I stood there, like one who having delved.
For hidden gold hath found a talisman,
O tell! what rights, what offices of duty
This signet doth command? What rebel spirits
Owe homage to its lord?

*R. Kiu. (still unseen.)* More, guiltier, mightier,
Than thou may'st summon! Wait the destined he

*Bet.* O yet again, and with more clamorous pra
I importune ye! Mock me no more with shadow
This sable mantle—tell, dread voice! did this
Enwrap one fatherless!

*Zap. (unseen)* One fatherless!

*Bet.* A sweeter voice!—A voice of love an
Was it the softened echo of mine own?
Sad echo! but the hope, it kill'd, was sickly,
And ere it died it had been mourned as dead
One other hope yet lives within my soul:
Quick let me ask!—while yet this stifling fe
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.

Ha!

Zap.

My son! my son!

A wretched—Oh no, no! a blest—a happy mother!

[They embrace. Kiuprili and Glycine come forward, and the curtain drops.

ACT. III.

SCENE I.—A stately room in Lord Casimir's castle.

Enter Emerick and Laska.

Eme. I do perceive thou hast a tender conscience,

Laska, in all things that concern thine own
Interest or safety.

Las. In this sovereign presence
I can fear nothing, but your dread displeasure.

Eme. Perchance, thou think'st it strange, that I

of all men
Should covet thus the love of fair Sarolta,

Dishonouring Casimir?

Las. Far be it from me!
Your majesty's love and choice bring honour with them.

[my friend,]

_Eme._ Perchance, thou hast heard, that Casimir's Fought for me, yea, for my sake, set at nought A parent's blessing; braved a father's curse?

_Las._ (aside.) Would I but knew now, what his majesty meant!

Oh yes, sire! 'tis our common talk, how lord Kiuprili, my lord's father—

_Eme._ 'Tis your talk,

Is it, good statesman Laska?

_Las._ No, not mine, Not mine, an please your majesty! There are Some insolent malecontents indeed that talk thus— Nay worse, mere treason. As Bathory's son, The fool that ran into the monster's jaws.

_Eme._ Well, 'tis a loyal monster if he rids us Of traitors! But art sure the youth's devoured?

_Las._ Not a limb left, an please your majesty! And that unhappy girl—

_Eme._ Thou followed'st her Into the wood? [ _Laska bows assent._ ] Henceforth then I'll believe That jealousy can make a hare a lion.

_Las._ Scarce had I got the first glimpse of her veil, When, with a horrid roar that made the leaves Of the wood shake—

_Eme._ Made thee shake like a leaf!

_Las._ The war-wolf leap'd; at the first plunge he Forward I rush'd!
Eme. Most marvellous!
Las. Hurl'd my javelin;
Which from his dragon-scales recoiling—
Eme. Enough!
And take, friend, this advice. When next thou
tonguest it,
Hold constant to thy exploit with this monster,
And leave untouch'd your common talk aforesaid,
What your lord did, or should have done.
Las. My talk?
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."
Eme. 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 honours, wealth, dominion,
All these were set upon a father's head:
Good truth! a most unlucky accident!
For he but wished 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 dishonour.
He winked 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.

Las. Your majesty’s reasoning has convinced me.

Eme. Thee!

‘Tis well! and more than meant. For by my faith
I had half forgotten thee.—Thou hast the key?

[Laske bear.

And in your lady’s chamber there’s full space?

Las. Between the wall and arras to conceal you.

Eme. Here! This purse is but an earnest of thy
fortune,
If thou prov’st faithful. But if thou betrayest me,
Hark you!—the wolf, that shall drag thee to his den
Shall be no fiction.

[Exit Emerick. Laske manet with a key in one
hand, and a purse in the other.

Las. 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
household
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 mere earnest of your future for-
tunes.”
it what says the other?—Whisper on! I hear you!

[putting the key to his ear.

I very true!—but, good Fidelity!
I refuse king Emerick, will you promise,
and swear now, to unlock the dungeon door,
and save me from the hangman? Aye! you're silent!
That, not a word in answer? A clear nonsuit!
ow for one look to see that all are lodged
at the due distance—then—yonder lies the road
or Laska and his royal friend, king Emerick!

[Exit Laska. Then enter Bathory and Bethlen.

Bet. He looked as if he were some god disguised
in an old warrior's venerable shape
so guard and guide my mother. Is there not
a chapel or oratory in this mansion?

O. Bat. Even so.

Bet. From that place then am I to take
helm and breastplate, both inlaid with gold,
the good sword that once was Raab Kiuprili's.

Bat. Those very arms this day Sarolta show'd
me—

a wistful look. I'm lost in wild conjectures!

O tempt me not, e'en with a wandering guess,
break the first command a mother's will
wed, a mother's voice made known to me!
not, my son," said she, "our names or thine.
shadow of the eclipse is passing off
ill orb of thy destiny! Already
hor Crescent glitters forth and sheds
yet lingering haze a phantom light.
Thou canst not hasten it! Leave then to heaven
The work of heaven: and with a silent spirit
Sympathize with the powers that work in silence!"
Thus spake she, and she looked, as she were then
Fresh from some heavenly vision!

[Re-enter Laska, not perceiving them.]

Las. All asleep!

[Then observing Bethlen, stands in idiot-affright.
I must speak to it first—Put—put the question!
I'll confess all!

[Stammering with few.

O. Bat. Laska! what ails thee, man?
Las. (pointing to Bethlen.) There!
O. Bat. I see nothing! where!
Las. He does not see it!

Bethlen, torment me not!

Bet. Soft! Rouse him gently!
He hath outwatched his hour, and half asleep,
With eyes half open, mingles sight with dreams.

O. Bat. Ho! Laska! don't you know us! 'tis
And Bethlen!

Las. Good now! ha! ha! an excellent trick.
Afraid? nay, no offence? but I must laugh.
But are you sure now, that 'tis you, yourself.

Bet. Would'st be convinced?

Las. No nearer, pray! consider!
If it should prove his ghost, the touch would freeze
To a tombstone. No nearer!

Bet. The fool is drunk!

Las. 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 fate she tempted.

O. B. a. You, Laska?

Bet. (to Bathory.) Mark! heaven grant it may
be so!

Glycine?

Las. 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 wished to compliment the war-wolf
At once with music and a meal!

Bet. (to Bathory.) Mark that!

Las. At the next moment I beheld her running,
Wringing her hands with, "Bethlen! O poor Beth-
len!"

I almost fear, the sudden noise I made,
Rushing impetuous through the brake, alarmed her.
She stopp'd, then mad with fear, turn'd round and ran
Into the monster's gripe. One piteous scream
I heard. There was no second—I—

Bet. Stop there!

We'll spare your modesty! Who dares not honour
Laska's brave tongue, and high heroic fancy?

Las. You too, sir knight, have come back safe
and sound!

You played the hero at 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 cloy the appetite!
O. Bat. Laska, beware! Forget not what thou [self! art!
Should'st thou but dream thou'rt valiant, cross thy-
And ache all over at the dangerous fancy.

Las. What then! you swell upon my lady's favour,
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 treason 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—

Bet. Soft! my good Laska! might it not suffice,
If to yourself, being lord Casimir's steward,
I should make record of Glycine's fate?

Las. 'Tis well! it shall content me! though your fear
Has all the credit of these lowered tones.
First we demand the manner of her death?

Bet. Nay! that's superfluous! Have you not just
told us,
That you yourself, led by impetuous valour,
Witnessed the whole? My tale's of later date.
After the fate, from which your valour strove
In vain to rescue the rash maid, I saw her!

Las. Glycine?
Bet. Nay! dare I accuse wise Laska,
Whose words find access to a monarch’s ear,
Of a base, braggart lie? It must have been
Her spirit that appeared to me. But haply
I come too late? It has itself delivered
Its own commission to you?

O. Bat. ’Tis most likely!
And the ghost doubtless vanished when we entered
And found brave Laska staring wide—at nothing!

Las. ’Tis well! you’ve ready wits! I shall report
With all due honour to his majesty; them,
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?

Bet. Listen! for thus it spake: “Say thou to
Laska,
Glycine, knowing all thy thoughts engrossed
In thy new office of king’s fool and knave,
Foreseeing thou’lt forget with thine own hand
To make due penance for the wrongs thou’st caused her,
For thy soul’s safety, doth consent to take it
From Bethlen’s cudgel”—thus. [beats him off.

Off! scoundrel! off!

[Laska runs away.

O. Bat. 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.
Bet. E'en this reproves my loitering. Say where
The oratory?

O. Bat. 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 arched oratory!
Me thou'l'lt find watching at the outward gate:
For a petard might burst the bars unheard
By the drenched porter, and Sarolta hourly
Expects Lord Casimir, spite of Emerick's message!

Bet. There I will meet you! and till then good
Dear good old man, good night!

O. Bat. O yet one moment!

What I repelled, when it did seem my own,
I cling to, now 'tis parting—call me father!
It cannot now mislead thee. O my son,
Ere yet our tongues have learnt another name,
Bethlen!—say—father to me!

Bet. Now, and forever
My father! other sire than thou, on earth
I never had, a dearer could not have!
From the base earth you raised me to you arms,
And I would leap from off a throne, and kneeling,
Ask heaven's blessing from thy lips. My father!

O. Bat. Go! go!

[Exit Bethlen.

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 and an attendant.
ZAPOLYA.

Att. We all did love her, madam!
Sar. She deserved it!

Luckless Glycine! rash, unhappy girl!
’Twas the first time she e’er deceived me.

Att. 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.

Sar. Has the youth’s father come back from his search?

Att. 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!”

Sar. Inhuman wretch!

Att. And old Bathory answered
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!

Sar. Nay! ’twas 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 perished
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 punished,
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 unsheltered!
Make our food bitter with despised tears!
Let viperous scorn hiss at us as we pass!
Yea, 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 hovers o'er us
Work out its dread fulfilment, and the spirit
Of wronged Kiuprili be appeased. But only,
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 seeing him, without recognising him.]

In such a shape a father's curse should come.

_Eme._ (advancing.) Fear not!
_Sar._ Who art thou? Robber! Traitor!
_Eme._ Friend!

Who in good hour hath startled these dark fancies,
Rapacious traitors, that would fain depose
Jo. O, love so deep beauty, from their natural thrones,
Those lips, those angel eyes, that regal forehead.

Sar. Strengthen me, heaven! I must not seem afraid! [aside.
The king to-night then deigns to play the masker.
What seeks your majesty?

Eme. Sarolta's love;
And Emerick's power lies prostrate at her feet.

Sar. Heaven guard the sovereign's power from such debasement!

Far rather, sire, let it descend in vengeance
On the base villain, on the faithless slave
Who dared unbar the doors of these retirements!
For whom? Has Casimir deserved this insult?
O my misgiving heart! If—if—from heaven,
Yet not from you, Lord Emerick!

Eme. Chiefly from me.
Has he not like an ingrate robbed my court
Of Beauty's star, and kept my heart in darkness?
First then on him I will administer justice—
If not in mercy, yet in love and rapture.

[seizes her.

Sar. Help! Treason! Help!

Eme. Call louder! scream again!

Here's none can hear you!

Sar. Hear me, hear me, heaven!

Eme. Nay, 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
Who proffers you a throne? Nay, mine you shall be
Hence with this fond resistance! Yield; then live
This month a widow, and the next a queen!

Sar. Yet, yet for one brief moment [struggling.
Unhand me, I conjure you.

[She throws him off, and rushes towards a wall.
Emerick follows, and as she takes a dagger,
he grasps it in her hand.

Eme. Ha! ha! a dagger;
A seemly ornament for a lady's casket!
'Tis 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.)

Bet. Ruffian, forbear! turn, turn and front my sword!

Eme. Pish! who is this?

Sar. O sleepless eye of heaven!
A blest, a blessed spirit! Whence camest thou?
May I still call thee Bethlen?

Bet. Ever, lady,
Your faithful soldier!

Eme. Insolent slave! Depart!

Know'st thou not me?

Bet. I know thou art a villain
And coward! That thy devilish purpose marks thee!
What else, this lady must instruct my sword!

Sar. Monster, retire! O touch him not, thou
blest one!
This is the hour, that fiends and damned spirits
Do walk the earth, and take what form they list!
Yon devil hath assumed a king's!

Bet. Usurp'd it!

Eme. The king will play the devil with thee
indeed!

But that I mean to hear thee howl on the rack,
I would debase this sword, and lay thee prostrate,
At this thy paramour's feet; then drag her forth
Stained with adulterous blood, and

—mark you, traitress!

Strumpeted first, then turned adrift to beggary!
Thou prayed'st for't too.

Sar. Thou art so fiendish wicked,
That in thy blasphemies I scarce hear thy threats!

Bet. Lady, be calm! fear not this king of the
buskin!

A king? Oh laughter! A king Bajazet!

That from some vagrant actor's tiring room,
Hath stolen at once his speech and crown!

Eme. Ah! treason!

Thou hast been lessoned and tricked 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 taken the mask of rebel!

[Bethlen seizes Emerick's hand and eagerly
observes the signet.

Bet. It must be so! 'Tis e'en the counterpart!
But with a foul usurping cypher on it!
The light hath flashed from heaven, and I must
follow it!
O curst usurper! O thou brother-murderer!
That mad'st 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 Kiuprili's sword that now hangs o'er thee!
Kiuprili's blasting curse, that from its point
Shoots lightnings at thee. Hark! in Andreas' name,
Heir of his vengeance, hell-hound! I defy thee.

[They fight, and just as Emerick is disarmed,
in rush Casimir, Old Bathory, and attendants. Casimir runs in between the combatants, and parts them; in the struggle Bethlen's sword is thrown down.

Cas. The king disarmed too by a stranger!
Speak!
What may this mean?

Eme. Deceived, dishonour'd lord!
Ask thou yon fair adulteress! She will tell thee
A tale, which would'st thou be both dupe and traitor,
Thou wilt believe against thy friend and sovereign!
Thou art present now, and a friend's duty ceases:
To thine own justice leave I thine own wrongs.
Of half thy vengeance, I perforce must rob thee,
For that the sovereign claims. To thy allegiance
I now commit this traitor and assassin.

[then to the attendants.
Hence with him to the dungeon! and to-morrow,
Ere the sun rises,—Hark! your heads or his!

Bet. Can hell work miracles to mock heaven's justice?
Eme. Who speaks to him dies! The traitor that has menaced
His king, must not pollute the breathing air,
Even with a word!

Cas. (to Bathory.) Hence with him to the dungeon!

[Exit Bethlen, hurried off by Bathory and attendants.]

Eme. We hunt to-morrow in your upland forest:
Thou (to Casimir,) wilt attend us: and wilt then explain
This sudden and most fortunate arrival.

[Exit Emerick; Manent Casimir and Sarolta.]

Sar. My lord! my husband! look whose sword lies yonder!
It is Kiuprili's, Casimer; 'tis thy father's!
And wielded by a stripling's arm, it baffled,
Yea, fell like heaven's own lightnings on that Tarquin.

Cas. Hush! hush!
I had detected ere I left the city
The tyrant's curst intent. Lewd, damned ingrate!
For him did I bring down a father's curse!
Swift, swift must be our means! To-morrow's sun
Sets on his fate or mine! O blest Sarolta!
No other prayer, late penitent, dare I offer,
But that thy spotless virtues may prevail
O'er Casimir's crimes, and dread Kiuprili's curse!

[Exeunt.]
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A glade in a wood.

Enter Casimir looking anxiously around.

Cas. This needs must be the spot! O, here he comes!

Enter Lord Rudolph.

Well met, Lord Rudolph!—
Your whisper was not lost upon my ear,
And I dare trust—

L. Rud. Enough! the time is precious!

You left Temeswar late on yester-eve,
And sojourned there some hours?

Cas. I did so!

L. Rud. Heard you aught of a hunt preparing?

Cas. Yes; and met The assembled huntsmen!

L. Rud. Was there no word given?

Cas. The word for me was this:—The royal leopard

Chases thy milk-white dedicated hind.

L. Rud. Your answer?

Cas. As the word proves false or true

Will Casimir cross the hunt, or join the huntsmen?

L. Rud. The event redeemed their pledge?

Cas. 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.

L. Rud. But Emerick! how when you reported
to him
Sarolta's disappearance, and the flight
Of Bethlen with his guards?
Cas. O, he received it
As evidence of their mutual guilt. In fine,
With cozening warmth consoled with, and dismissed
me.

L. Rud. I entered as the door was closing on you:
His eye was fixed, yet seemed 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!

Cas. This nook is at the furthest
From any beaten track.

L. Rud. There! mark them!
[Points to where Laska and Pestalutz cross the stage.
Cas. Laska!

L. Rud. One of the two I recognised 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.
Cas. (aside.) I deserve it.
The comrade of that ruffian is my servant:

vol. ii. 21
The one I trusted most and most preferred.
But we must part. What makes the king so late?
It was his wont to be an early stirrer.

_L. Rud._ And his main polc
To enthral the sluggard nature in ourselves
Is, in good truth, the better half of the secret
To enthral 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!

_Cus._ Mark yonder mass! I make it wear ti
shape
Of a huge ram that butts with head depressed.

_L. Rud. (smiling.)_ Belike, some stray sheep of ti
oozy flock,
Which, if' bards lie not, the sea-shepherds tend,
Glaucus or Proteus. But my fancy shapes it
A monster couchant on a rocky shelf.

_Cus._ Mark too the edges of the lurid mass—
Restless, as if some idly-vexing sprite,
On swift wing coasting by, with tetchy hand
Pluck'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 some distant.

_L. Rud._ That single blast
Announces that the tyrant's pawing courser
Neighs at the gate.

[Trumpets

Hark! now the king comes forth!
For ever 'midst this crash 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.

Cas. 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 Emerick's death, or Casimir's, will appease
The manes of Zapolya and Kiuprili!

[Exit Rudolph.

The traitor, Laska!——
And yet Sarolta, simple, inexperienced,
Could see him as he was, and often warned me.
Whence learned she this?—O she was innocent!
And to be innocent is nature's wisdom!
The fledge-dove knows the prowlers of the air,
Feared soon as seen, and flutters back to shelter.
And the young steed recoils 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. Dar'st 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,
Unstained with selfish fears, be his atonement!
O strengthen him to nobler compensation
In the deliverance of his bleeding country!

[Exit Casimir.

Scene changes to the mouth of a cavern, as in Act II.

Zapolya and Glycine discovered.

Zap. Our friend is gone to seek some safer cave:
Do not then leave me long alone, Glycine!
Having enjoyed thy commune, loneliness,
That but oppressed me hitherto, now scares.

Gly. I shall know Bethlen at the furthest distance,
And the same moment I descry him, lady,
I will return to you.

[Exit Glycine.

Enter Old Bathory, speaking as he enters.

O. Bat. Who hears? A friend!
A messenger from him who bears the signet!

Zap. He hath the watch-word!—Art thou not
Bathory?

O. Bat. O noble lady! greetings from your son!

[Bathory kneels.

Zap. Rise! rise! Or shall I rather kneel beside thee,
And call down blessings from the wealth of heaven
Upon thy honoured head? When thou last saw'st me
I would full fain have knelt to thee, and could not,
Thou dear old man! How oft since then in dreams
Have I done worship to thee, as an angel
Bearing my helpless babe upon thy wings!
O. Bat. O he was born to honour! Gallant deeds
And perilous hath he wrought since yester-eve.
Now from Temeswar (for to him was trusted
A life, save thine, the dearest) he hastes hither—
Zap. Lady Sarolta mean'st thou?
O. Bat. She is safe.
The royal brute hath overleapt his prey,
And when he turned, a sworded virtue faced him.
My own brave boy—O pardon, noble lady!
Your son—
Zap. Hark! Is it he?
O. Bat. I hear a voice
Too hoarse for Bethlen's! 'Twas his scheme and hope,
Long ere the hunters could approach the forest
To have led you hence.—Retire.
Zap. O life of terrors!
O. Bat. In the cave's mouth we have such 'van-
tage ground
That even this old arm—

[Exeunt Zapolya and Bathory into the cave.
Enter Laska and Pestalutz.
Las. Not a step further!
Pes. Dastard! was this your promise to the king?
Las. I have fulfilled his orders. Have walked
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.
Pes. Be on your guard, man!
Las. Ha! what now?
Pes. Behind you!
'Twas one of satan's imps, that grinned and threatened you,
For your most impudent hope to cheat his master!
Las. Pshaw! What, you think 'tis fear that makes me leave you?
Pes. Is't not enough to play the knave to others,
But thou must lie to thine own heart?
Las. Friend! Lasca will be found at his own post,
Watching elsewhere for the king's interest.
There's a rank plot that Lasca must hunt down,
'Twixt Bethlen and Glycine!
Pes. What! the girl
Whom Lasca saw the war-wolf tear in pieces?
Las. Well! Take my arms! Hark! should your javelin fail you,
These points are tipt with venom.

[seeing Glycine without.
By heaven! Glycine!
Now as you love the king, help me to seize her!
[They run out after Glycine.

Enter Bathory from the cavern.

O. Bat. Rest, lady, rest! I feel in every sinew
A young man's strength returning! Which way went they?
The shriek came thence.

Enter Glycine.

Gly. Ha! weapons here? Then Bethlen, thy Glycine
Will die with thee or save thee!

[She seizes them and rushes out. Bathory following.
Music, and peasants with hunting spears cross the stage, singing chorally.

CHORAL SONG.

Up, up! ye dames, yelasses 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 grannam 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.

[Exeunt Huntsmen.

Re-enter Bathory, Bethlen, and Glycine.

Gly. And now once more a woman——
Bet. Was it then

That timid eye, was it those maiden hands
That sped the shaft, which saved me and avenged me?

O. Bat. 'Twas as a vision blazoned 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 reached him.
The coward turned, and at the self-same instant
The braver villain fell beneath your sword.

Enter Zapolya.

Zap. Bethlen! my child! and safe too!
Bet. 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 launch the thunderbolt!

Zap. O Raab Kiuprili! friend! protector! guide!
In vain we trenchd the altar round with waters,
A flash from heaven hath touched the hidden incense—

Bet. And that majestic form that stood beside thee
Was Raab Kiuprili!

Zap. It was Raab Kiuprili;
As sure as thou art Andreas, and the king.

O. Bat. Hail Andreas! hail my king!

And. Stop, thou revered one,
Lest we offend the jealous destinies
By shouts ere victory. Deem it then thy duty
To pay this homage, when 'tis mine to claim it.

Gly. Accept thine handmaid's service!

[Zap. kneeling.

Zap. 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!

And. Dear maid! more dear thou canst not be!
the rest
Shall make my love religion. Haste we hence:
For as I reached the skirts of this high forest,
I heard the noise and uproar of the chase,
Doubling its echoes from the mountain foot.

Gly. Hark! sure the hunt approaches.

[horn without, and afterwards distant thunder.

Zap. O Kiuprili!

O. Bat. 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 scattered them!

[horns at a distance.

Zap. O heavens! where stays Kiuprili?

O. Bat. The wood will be surrounded! leave me
here.

And. My mother! let me see thee once in safety,
I too will hasten back, with lightning's speed,
To seek the hero!

O. Bat. Haste! my life upon it
I'll guide him safe.

And. (thunder.) Ha! what a crash was there!

Heaven seems to claim a mightier criminal
Than yon vile subaltern.

Zap. Your behest, high powers,
Lo, I obey! to the appointed spirit,
That hath so long kept watch round this drear cavern,
In fervent faith, Kiuprili, I entrust thee!

[Execut Zapolya, Andreas, and Glycin.

O. Bat. Yon bleeding corse may work us mis-
chief still:
Once seen, 'twill rouse alarm and crowd the hunt
From all parts towards this spot. Stript of its armour,
I'll drag it hither.

[Exit Bothory.

[Several hunters cross the stage.

Enter Kiuprili.

R. Kiu. (throwing off his disguise.) Since heaven
alone can save me, heaven alone
Shall be my trust.

Haste! haste! Zapolya, flee!
Gone! seized perhaps? Oh no, let me not perish
Despairing of heaven's justice! Faint, disarmed,
Each sinew powerless; senseless rock, sustain me!
Thou art parcel of my native land.

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 arm—
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.

O. Bat. Poor tool and victim of another's guilt!
Thou followest heavily: a reluctant weight!
Good truth, it is an undeserved honour
That in Zapolya and Kiuprili's cave
A wretch like thee should find a burial place.
'Tis he!—In Andreas' and Zapolya's name
Follow me, reverend form! Thou need'st not speak,
For thou canst be no other than Kiuprili!

Kiu. And are they safe? 

[noise without.

O. Bat. Conceal yourself, my lord!
I will mislead them!

Kiu. Is Zapolya safe?

O. Bat. I doubt it not! but haste, haste, I conjure you!

Enter Casimir.

Cas. Monster!
Thou shalt not now escape me!

O. Bat. Stop, Lord Casimir!

It is no monster.

Cas. Art thou too a traitor?
Is this the place where Emerick's murderers lurk?
Say where is he that, tricked in this disguise,
First lured me on, then scared my dastard followers?
Thou must have seen him. Say where is the assassin?

O. Bat. There lies the assassin! slain by that same sword
That was descending on his curst employer,
When entering thou beheld'st Sarolta rescued!
Cas. Strange providence! what then was he who fled me!
Thy looks speak fearful things! Whither, old man,
Would thy hand point me?
O. Bat. Casimir, to thy father.
Cas. The curse! the curse! Open and swallow me,
Unsteady earth! fall, dizzy rocks! and hide me!
O. Bat. Speak, speak, my lord!
Kiu. Bid him fulfill his word.
Cas. Thou art heaven's immediate minister, dear spirit!
O for sweet mercy, take some other form,
And save me from perdition and despair!
O. Bat. He lives!
Cas. Lives! A father's curse can never
Kiu. O Casimir! Casimir!
O. Bat. Look! he doth forgive you.
Hark! 'tis the tyrant's voice.

[Emerick's voice with] I kneel, I kneel.

Cas. Retract thy curse! O, by my mother's ashes,
Have pity on thy self-abhorring 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!

Kiu. Son, I forgive thee! Take thy father's sword!

When thou shalt lift it in thy country's cause,
In that same instant doth thy father bless thee!
Enter Emerick.

Eme. 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!—

Ha! 'tis done then!

Our necessary villain hath proved faithful,
And there lies Casimir, and our last fears!
Well!—Aye, well!—

And is it not well? For though grafted on us,
And filled too with our sap, the deadly power
Of the parent poison-tree lurked in its fibres:
There was too much of Raab Kiuprili in him:
The old enemy looked at me in his face,
E'en when his words did flatter me with duty.

Enter Casimir and Bathory.

O. Bat. (aside.) This way they come!
Cas. (aside.) Hold them in check awhile—
The path is narrow! Rudolph will assist thee.

Eme. (aside.) 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!

Hell! 'tis Pestalutz!

Cas. (coming forward.) Yes, thou ingrate Emerick!
'Tis Pestalutz! 'tis thy trusty murderer!
To quell thee more, see Raab Kiuprili's sword!

Eme. Curses on it, and thee! Think'st thou that petty omen


Dare whisper fear to Emerick's destiny?
Ho! treason! treason!

Cas. Then have at thee, tyrant!

[They fight. Emerick falls.

Eme. Betrayed and baffled
By mine own tool!—Oh!

Cas. Hear, hear, my father!
Thou shouldst have witnessed thine own deed. O father,
Wake from that envious swoon! The tyrant's fallen;
Thy sword hath conquered! 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.

Rud. and Bat. Friends! friends to Casimir.

Cas. Rejoice, Illyrians! the usurper's fallen.

Rud. So perish tyrants! so end usurpation!

Cas. 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!

[Casimir enters the cavern.

Scene, Chamber in Casimir's Castle. Confederates discovered.

1st. Con. It cannot but succeed, friends. From this palace
E'en to the wood, our messengers are posted
With such short interspace, that fast as sound
Can travel to us, we shall learn the event!

Enter another Confederate.

What tidings from Temeswar?

2nd. Con. With one voice
The assembled chieftains have deposed the tyrant;
He is proclaimed the public enemy,
And the protection of the law withdrawn.

1st. Con. Just doom for him who governs without law!
Is it known on whom the sovereignty will fall?

2nd. Con. Nothing is yet decided; but report
Points to Lord Casimir. The grateful memory
Of his renowned father——

Enter Sarolta.

Hail to Sarolta!

Sar. Confederate friends! I bring to you a joy
Worthy your noble cause! Kiuprili lives,
And from his obscure exile hath returned
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. Enter Kiuprili,
Casimir, Rudolph, Bathory, and attendants.

R. Ku. Spare yet your joy, my friends! A higher waits you:
Behold, your queen!
Enter Zapolya and Andreas royally attired with Glycine.

Con. Comes she from heaven to bless us?

Other Con. It is! it is!

Zap. Heaven's work of grace is full!

Kiuprili, thou art safe!

R. Kiu. 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 has preserved our sove-
reign,

Has likewise reared him worthier of the throne
By virtue than by birth. The undoubted 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!

And. 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?

Kiuprili! 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 overswelling.
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 forth from a bed of roses,—
Thou falcon-hearted dove?

Zap. Hear that from me, son!

For ere she lived, her father saved thy life,
Thine, and thy fugitive mother's!

Cas. Chef Ragozzi!

O shame upon my head! I would have given her
To a base slave!

Zap. Heaven overruled thy purpose,
And sent an angel to thy house to guard her!
Thou precious bark! freighted with all our treasures,
The sports of tempests, and yet ne'er the victim,
How many may claim salvage in thee!

Take her, son!

A queen that brings with her a richer dowry
Than orient kings can give!

Sur. 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 distaff 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 FALL OF ROBESPIERRE;

AN HISTORICAL DRAMA.
DEDICATION.

O H. MARTIN, ESQ.

OF JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

DEAR SIR,

except, as a small testimony of my grateful attachment, the following Dramatic Poem, in which I have availed myself to detail, in an interesting form, the fall of an, whose great bad actions have cast a disastrous re on his name. In the execution of the work, as icacy of plot could not have been attempted without gross violation of recent facts, it has been my sole to imitate the impassioned and highly figurative guage of the French Orators, and to develop the racters of the chief actors on a vast stage of horrors.

Yours fraternally,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

JESUS COLLEGE, September 22, 1794.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Robespierre.
Barrere.
Tallien.
Legendre.
Robespierre Junior.
Couthon.
St-Just.
Billaud Varennes.
Bourdon L'Oise.
Collot D'Herbois.
Dubois Charté.
Ferlon.
Lecointre.
Merlin of Douoy.
Deputies.
Messengers.
Citizens.
Adelaide.
THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE.

ACT I.

SCENE—The Tuileries.

Bar. 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 splendour 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 Talien and Legendre.

Tal. It was Barrere, Legendre! didst thou mark
him?
Abrupt he turned, yet linger'd as he went,
And towards us cast a look of doubtful meaning.

Legen. 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.

Tul. '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.

Legen. Perfidious traitor!—still afraid to back
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!

Tul. 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.

Legen. 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! murdered 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!

_Tal._ Yet his keen eye that flashes mighty mean-
ings—

_Legen._ 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.

[Exeunt.

Enter Robespierre, Couthon, St-Just, and
Robespierre Junior.

_Robesp._ 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 unbribed 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 harlots' downy pillow
Resigns his head impure to feverish slumbers!

_St-Just._ I cannot fear him—yet we must not scorn
him.
Was it not Antony that conquer'd Brutus,  
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!

_Couth_. O we did wrong to spare them—fatal error!  
Why lived Legendre, when that Danton died?  
And Collot d'Herbois dangerous in crimes?  
_I've_ feared him, since his iron heart endured  
To make of Lyons one vast human shambles,  
Compared with which the sun-scorched 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 dread  
The fierce and restless turbulence of guilt.

_Robesp_. 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.

_Robesp. Jun._ Nay—I am sick of blood; my aching heart
THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE

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!

Robesp. Most unworthy wish!
He, whose heart sickens at the blood of traitors,
Would be himself a traitor, were he not
A coward! 'Tis 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!

Robesp. Jun. Beware! already do the sections
murmur—
"O the great glorious patriot, Robespierre—
The tyrant guardian of the country's freedom!"
Couth. 'Twere folly sure to work great deeds by
halves!

Much I suspect the darksome fickle heart
Of cold Barrere!

Robesp. I see the villain in him!
Robesp. Jun. If he—if all forsake thee—what re-

mains?

Robesp. 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.

[Execut cæteri. Manet Couthon.

Couth. (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 despotize in all the patriot's pomp;
While conscience, 'mid the mob's applauding clamours,
Sleeps in thine ear, nor whispers—blood-stain'd tyrant!
Yet what is conscience? Superstition'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.

Robesp. 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.

Bar. 'Twill be a pause of terror.—

Robesp. 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.

Bar. Yet much they talk—and plausible their speech.
Couthon's decree has given such powers, that—

Robesp. That what?

Bar. The freedom of debate—

Robesp. 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 wretches, cold of heart, nor awed by fears
Of him, whose power directs th' eternal justice?
Terror? or secret-sapping gold? The first
Heavy, but transient as the ills 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.

Bar. Are the sections friendly?

Robesp. There are who wish my ruin—but I'll make them

Blush for the crime in blood!

Bar. Nay, but I tell thee,
Thou art too fond of slaughter—and the right
(If right it be) workest by most foul means!
Robesp. Self-centering Fear! how well thou canst
    ape Mercy!
Too foud of slaughter!—matchless hypocrite!
Thought Barrere so, when Brissot, Danton died?
Thought Barrere so, when through the streaming
streets
Of Paris red-eyed Massacre o'er-wearied
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 bloodhound, 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!

Bar. O prodigality of eloquent anger!
Why now I see thou'rt weak—thy case is desperate!
The cool ferocious Robespierre turn'd scolder!

Robesp. 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.

Bar. 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.

Adel. Didst thou present the letter that I gave thee? Did Tallien answer, he would soon return?

Serv. He is in the Tuilleries—with him Legendre—

in deep discourse they seem'd; as I approach'd,

He waved his hand as bidding me retire:

[Returns the letter.]

Adel. 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 blandishment 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.

Tal. 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?
Halcyon 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'ning to the sabbath bells!
Still around her steps are seen
Spotless Honour's meeker mien,
Love, the fire of pleasing fears,
Sorrow smiling through her tears;
And, conscious of the past employ,
Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

Tal. I thank thee, Adelaide! 'twas 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.

Adel. 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?

Tal. Tell me, by whom thy brother's blood was spilt?
Asks he not vengeance on these patriot murderers?
THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE.

It has been borne too tamely. Fears and curses
Groan on our midnight beds, and e'en our dreams
Threaten the assassin-hand of Robespierre.
He dies!—nor has the plot escaped his fears.

Adel. 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—

Tul. Hate him as they fear him,
Impatient of the chain, resolved and ready.

Adel. Th' enthusiast mob, Confusion's lawless
sons—

Tul. They are aweary of his stern morality,
The fair-mask'd offspring of ferocious pride.
The sections too support the delegates:
All—all is ours! e'en now the vital air
Of Liberty, condensed awhile, is bursting
(Force irresistible!) from its compressure—
To shatter the arch-chemist in the explosion!

Enter Billaud Varennes and Bourdon l'Oise.

[Adelaide retires.

B. 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?

VOL. II. 23
Enter Barrere abruptly.

Bar. 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!

Bil. Var. 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!"

Tel. Hear ye that outcry?—If the trembling
members
Even for a moment hold his fate suspended,
I swear, by the holy poniard that stabb'd Cesar,
This dagger probes his heart!

[Exeunt omnes.

ACT II.

Scene.—The Convention.

Robesp. (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,
THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE.

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. Mouldering in the grave
Sleeps Capet's caitiff corse; 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, detested 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 declamation, 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 honour'd friend!
Spirit of Marat, upon thee I call—
Thou know'st me faithful, know'st with what warm
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 Rousin, and the villain friends
Of Danton, foul apostate! those, who long
Mask'd Treason's form in Liberty's fair garb,
Long deluged France with blood, and durst defy
Omnipotence! but I, it seems, am false!
I am a traitor too! I—Robespierre!
I—at whose name the dastard despot brood
Look pale with fear, and call on saints to help them!
Who dares accuse me? who shall dare belie
My spotless 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?

Bil. Var. O patriot tongue,
Belying the foul heart! Who was it urged,
Friendly to tyrants, that accurs't decree
Whose influence, brooding o'er this hallow'd hall,
Has chill'd 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?

Couth. That law was mine. I urged it—I pro-
posed—
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. [too!

Bar. Oh, wondrous wise, and most convenient
I have long mark'd thee, Robespierre—and now
Proclaim thee traitor—tyrant!

[Loud applause.

Robesp. It is well.
I am a traitor! oh, that I had fallen
When Regnault lifted high the murderous knife;
Regnault, the instrument belike of those
Who now themselves would fain assassinate,
And legalize their murders. I stand here
An isolated patriot—hemm’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!"]

Robesp. Nay, but I will be heard. There was a
time,
When Robespierre began, the loud applauses
Of honest patriots drown’d the honest sound.
But times are changed, and villany prevails.

C. d’Herbois. No—villany shall fall. France
could not brook
A monarch’s sway—sounds the dictator’s name
More soothing to her ear?

B. l’Oise. Rattle her chains
More musically now than when the hand
Of Brissot forged her fetters, or the crew
Of Hebert thundered out their blasphemies,
And Danton talk’d of virtue?

Robesp. Oh, that Brissot
Were here again to thunder in this hall,
That Hebert 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 perished 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.

Tal. 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?

Robesp. I did—for I thought them honest;
And heaven forfend that vengeance ere should strike,
Ere justice doom'd the blow.

Bar. Traitor, thou didst.
Yes, the accomplice of their dark designs,
Awhile 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 plann'd for patriots
Falls on thy head. Look how thy brother's deeds
Dishonour thine! He the firm patriot,
Thou the foul parricide of Liberty!

Robesp. Jun. Barrere—attempt not meanly to divide
Me from my brother. I partake his guilt,
For I partake his virtue.
Robesp. 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.

Bar. 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 slaughtered,
Each patriot representative of France? [reign

B. l'Oise. Was not the younger Cæsar too to
O'er all our valiant armies in the south,
And still continue there his merchant wiles?

Robesp. Jun. 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
Strode o'er the reeking streets with giant stride,
And shook his ebon plumes, and sternly smiled
Amid the bloody banquet? when appall'd,
The hireling sons of England spread the sail
Of safety, fought I like a merchant then?
Oh, patience! patience!

B. l'Oise. How this younger tyrant
Mouths 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.

C. 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.

Du. Crancé. No wonder, friend,
That we are traitors—that our heads must fall
Beneath the axe of death! When Cæsar-like
Reigns Robespierre, 'tis wisely done to doom
The fall of Brutus. Tell me, bloody man,
Hast thou not parcell'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.

Robesp. 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 impious wiles,
And sharp'd for Danton's recreant neck the axe,
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 forged the shameless falsehood?

C. d'Herbois. Ask you proofs?
Robespierre, what proofs were ask'd when Brissot died?

Legen. What proofs adduced you when the Dan-
When at the imminent peril of my life
I rose, and fearless of thy frowning brow,
Proclaim'd him guiltless?

Robesp. 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.

Tal. Hear ye this,
Insulted delegates of France? St-Just [speak
From your committee comes—comes charged to
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.

[Loud applause.
St-Just. Hear me! [Violent murmurs.
Robesp. He shall be heard!
B. l'Oise. Must we contaminate this sacred hall
With the foul breath of treason?
C. d'Herbots. Drag him away!
Hence with him to the bar.
Couth. 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!
Legen. Heed we well
That justice guide our actions. No light import
Attends this day. I move St-Just be heard.
Freron. Inviolate be the sacred right of man,
The freedom of debate?

[Violent applause]
St-Just. I may be heard, then! much the time
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 accuse him. Tallien,
Bourdon of Oise—the very men denounc’d,
For their dark intrigues disturb’d the plan
Of government. Legendre, the sworn friend
Of Danton, fall’n apostate. Dubois Crancé,
THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE.

He who at Lyons spared the royalists—
Collot d’Herbois—

_B. l’Oise._ What—shall the traitor rear
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.

_Tal._ 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.

_Bil. Var._ Shudder, ye representatives of France
Shudder with horror. Henriot commands
The marshall’d force of Paris—Henriot,
Foul parricide—the sworn ally of Hebert,
Denounced by all—upheld by Robespierre.
Who spared La Vallette? who promoted him,
Stain’d with the deep dye of nobility?
Who to an ex-peer gave the high command?
Who screen’d from justice the rapacious thief?
Who cast in chains the friends of Liberty?
Robespierre, the self-styled patriot Robespierre—
Robespierre, allied with villain Daubigné—
Robespierre, the foul arch-tyrant Robespierre.

_B. 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 RobespierreVillains alone ally. Thou art a tyrant!
I style thee tyrant, Robespierre!

_[Loud applause._

_Robesp._ Take back the name, ye citizens of France—

_[Violent clamour. Cries of—"down with the tyrant!"

_Tal._ Oppression falls. The traitor stands appall'd—Guilt's iron fangs enwrap his shrinking soul—He hears assembled France denounce his crimes!He sees the mask torn from his secret sins—He trembles on the precipice of fate.
Fallen guilty tyrant! murder'd by thy rage,How many an innocent victim's blood has stain'dFair Freedom's altar! Sylla-like, thy handMarked down the virtues, that, thy foes removed,Perpetual dictator thou might'st reign,And tyrannize o'er France and call it Freedom!
Long time in timid guilt the traitor plann'dHis fearful wiles—success embolden'd sin—And his stretch'd arm had grasp'd the diademEre now, but that the coward's heart recoil'd,Lest France awak'd, should rouse her from her dream,And call aloud for vengeance. He, like Cæsar,With rapid step urged on his bold career,Even to the summit of ambitious power,
And deemed the name of king alone was wanting.  
Was it for this we hurl'd proud Capet down?  
Is it for this we wage eternal war  
Against the tyrant horde of murderers,  
The crowned cockatrices whose foul venom  
Infests all Europe? was it then for this  
We swore to guard our liberty with life,  
That Robespierre should reign? the spirit of freedom  
Is not yet sunk so low. The glowing flame  
That animates each honest Frenchman's heart  
Not yet extinguished. I invoke thy shade,  
Immortal Brutus! I too wear a dagger;  
And if the representatives of France,  
Through fear or favour, should delay the sword  
Of justice, Tallien emulates thy virtues;  
Tallien, like Brutus, lifts the avenging arm;  
Tallien shall save his country.

[Violent applause.

Bil. Var. I demand
The arrest of the traitors. Memorable
Will be this day for France.

Robesp. 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.

_C. d'Herbois._ Caesar 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 listened to the hypocrite's harangues,
Has heard his doom.

_Bil. Var._ 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._

_Dub. Crancé._ Robespierre is rescued. Henriot at the head
Of the arm'd force has rescued the fierce tyrant.
_C. d'Herbois._ Ring the tocsin—call all the citizens
To save their country—never yet has Paris
Forsook the representatives of France.

_Tal._ It is the hour of danger. I propose
This sitting be made permanent.

_[Loud applause._
C. d'Herbois. The national convention shall remain Firm at its post.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Robespierre has reached 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. [Tocsin rings.

Tal. These tyrants are in arms against the law:
Outlaw the rebels.

Enter Merlin of Douay.

Mer. Health to the representatives of France!
I passed 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.

C. d'Herbois. The tyrants threaten us, as when they turn'd
The cannon's mouth on Brissot.

Enter another Messenger.

2nd Mess. Vivier harangues the jacobins—the club
Espouse the cause of Robespierre.

Enter another Messenger.

3rd Mess. 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.

Tal. Why, we will die like men then;
The representatives of France dare death,  
When duty steels their bosoms.

[Loud applause]

_Tul. (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]

_Cit. (from above._) We too swear
To die, or save the country. Follow me.

[All the men quit the gallery]
Enter another Messenger.

4th Mess. Henriot is taken!—

[Loud applause]

Henriot is taken. Three of your brave soldiers
Swore they would seize the rebel slave of tyrants,
Or perish in the attempt. As he patrolled
The streets of Paris, stirring up the mob,
They seized him. [Applause]

_Bil. Var._ Let the names of these brave men
Live to the future day.

_Enter Bourdon l'Oise, sword in hand_

_B. l'Oise._ I have cleared 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 spake
THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE.

Of the dictator's crimes—of patriots chained
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!"

[Applauses.

[Shouts from without—"down with the tyrant!"

Tul. I hear, I hear the soul-inspiring sounds,
France shall be saved! her generous sons, attached
To principles, not persons, spurn the idol
They worshiped 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-capt mountain from its base,
Than force the bonds of slavery upon men
Determined to be free!

[Applauses.

Enter Legendre, a pistol in one hand, keys in the other.

Legen. (stinging down the keys.) So let the mutinous jacobins meet now

In the open air.

[Loud applauses.

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 controlled the club,
And bade them bow the knee to Robespierre.
Vivier has 'scaped me. Curse his coward heart—
This fate-fraught tube of justice in my hand,
I rushed into the hall. He marked mine eye
That beamed its patriot anger, and flashed full
With death-denouncing meaning. 'Mid the throng
He mingled. I pursued—but staid my hand,
Lest haply I might shed innocent blood.

[Applause.

Fréron. They took from me my ticket of admission;
Expelled me from their sittings.—Now, forsooth,
Humbled and trembling re-insert my name;
But Fréron enters not the club again
Till it be purged of guilt—till, purified
Of tyrants and of traitors, honest men
May breathe the air in safety.

[Shouts from without.

Bar. What means this uproar? if the tyrant band
Should gain the people once again to rise—
We are as dead!

Tal. And wherefore fear we death?
Did Brutus fear it? or the Grecian friends
Who buried in Hiparchus' 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!"

Tal. Hark! again
The sounds of honest freedom!

Enter Deputies from the sections.

Cit. Citizens! representatives of France!
THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE.

Hold on your steady course. The men of Paris
Espouse your cause. The men of Paris swear
They will defend the delegates of freedom.

_Tul._ Hear ye this, colleagues? hear ye this, my
brethren?

And does no thrill of joy pervade your breasts?
My bosom bounds to rapture. I have seen
The sons of France shake off the tyrant yoke;
I have, as much as lies in mine own arm,
Hurled down the usurper—Come death when it will,
I have lived long enough. [Shouts without.

_Bar._ 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 Lecoin._

_Lecoin._ So may eternal justice blast the foes
Of France! so perish all the tyrant brood,
As Robespierre has perish'd! Citizens,
Caesar is taken. [Loud and repeated applause.
I marvel not, that with such fearless front,
He braved our vengeance, and with angry eye
Scowled round the hall defiance. He relied
On Henriot's aid—the commune's villain friendship,
And Henriot's boughten succours. Ye have heard
How Henriot rescued him—how with open arms
The commune welcomed in the rebel tyrant—
How Fleuriot aided, and seditious Vivier
Stirred up the Jacobins. All had been lost—
The representatives of France had perish'd—
Freedom had sunk beneath the tyrant arm
Of this foul parricide, 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 frowned'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 hack'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 tremulous 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 axe. I saw the torches
Flash on their visages a dreadful light—
I saw them whilst the black blood rolled adown
Each stern face, even then with dauntless eye
Scowl round contemptuous, dying as they lived,
Fearless of fate! [Loud and repeated applause.
Bar. (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 Faction rear’d
Her hated head amongst us. Roland preach’d
Of mercy—the uxurious 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. On the same scaffold
Where the last Louis pour’d his guilty blood,
Fell Brissot’s head, the womb of darksome 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-fixed roots, and dropt the dewa 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 leagued 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!

END OF VOL. II.