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# POEMS

BY

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

SOMETIME FELLOW OF ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD

53698

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WITH A MEMOIR

*IX. 17*



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## MEMOIR

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH, born at Liverpool, Jan. 1, 1819, was educated at Rugby. His career there has been sketched by a distinguished schoolfellow, from whose interesting notice the following lines are extracted. Arthur Stanley thus writes:—

‘Of all the scholars at Rugby School, in the time when Arnold’s influence was at its height, there was none who so completely represented the place in all its phases as Clough. He had come there as a very young boy, and gradually worked his way from form to form till he reached the top of the school. He did not, like some of the more distinguished of his contemporaries, hold aloof from the common world of schoolboy life, but mingled setreely in the games and sports of his schoolfellows. He perceived also into an unusually susceptible and eager mind the whole force of that electric shock which Arnold communicated to all his better pupils. Over the career of none

of his pupils did Arnold watch with a livelier interest or a more sanguine hope. By none, during those last years of school life, or first years of college life, was that interest more actively reciprocated in the tribute of enthusiastic veneration than by Clough.

‘He came up to Oxford, and carried away the Balliol scholarship with a renown beyond that of any of his predecessors. I remember, even to this day, the reverberation of the profound sensation occasioned in the Common-room of that College, already famous, when his youthful English essay was read aloud to the assembled Fellows. From Balliol he was elected (1842) to a Fellowship at Oriel — a distinction still at that time retaining something of its original splendour, and rectifying the sometimes ill-adjusted balance (as had happened in Clough’s case) of the honours of the University.’

Clough’s residence at Oxford was cast at a time when one of the theological tempests, which during the last hundred years have so often arisen there, was raging at its fiercest. It was a controversy from which few could hold aloof — least of all, a mind lively, susceptible and speculative. And for awhile the movement of that day attracted him, by holding out the ideal of a more devoted and unselfish life, and a higher sense of duty, than the common. But he learned early to distrust a theory not resting on honest acceptance of our human nature, and was soon named as one of the foremost who battled for just freedom of opinion and speech, for liberation from what he esteemed archaeological formulas, for more conscientious fulfilment of obligation towards the students — for a wider course of studies, lastly, than those who had grown up under the older system were willing to contemplate. Hence all who longed for that more comprehensive university of which they have since seen the

beginning, looked on Clough as amongst their leaders ; and his influence was always towards whatever should incline others to a liberal view of the questions of the day, of the claims of the feeble, and the feelings of the poor ; — verging gradually to what, in a phrase which now seems itself an echo from the past, were considered ‘ democratic tendencies.’ Plainer living and higher thinking were the texts on which he gave us many a humorous and admirable lesson. In all his dealings, the most casual observer would have felt, here was a man who loved truth and justice, not coldly and afar off, as most, but with passion and intensely ; and against what he judged wrong and meanness in high places, he fought with an unselfish courage and a spirit which did good to all honest hearts.

One instance is too characteristic of the man to be passed over. He always held in horror the selfish deductions which (he thought) were often made from some doctrines of Political Economy : — and when the Irish famine took place, he advocated the relief fund which was set up in Oxford in a very plain-spoken and vigorous pamphlet, urging the immediate suppression of certain academical luxurious habits, and, above all, requiring from us sympathy with the distressed as an imperious duty.

It would, however, be no true picture of Clough in his youth, that presented him mainly as a ‘ practical man ;’ indeed a certain unaptness or want of shrewd rapidity (as shown in his honours’ examination), a sensitive fairness and chivalrous openness of dealing, marked him rather as the poet

who walked the world's way as matter of duty, living a life, meanwhile, hidden with higher and holier things, with the friends and books he loved so fondly, with deep solitary thought, with Nature in her wildness and her majesty. Cast on days of change and developement, his strong moral impulses threw him into the sphere of warfare; yet he was no 'born reformer;' was diffident of his own conclusions; had no clean-cut decisive system, nay, thought experience proved the narrowness of such; and was beyond those fetters of 'logical consistency' which played so great a part in the controversies of the time. Many fragments of his verse show that whilst roused to a spirit of resolute self-reliance by what went on around him, he felt how much the war of conscience and conviction must be carried on within, until some clearer light should break upon the enquirer.

O let me love my love unto myself alone,  
 And know my knowledge to the world unknown;  
 No witness to the vision call,  
 Beholding unbeheld of all;  
 And worship thee, with thee withdrawn apart,  
 Whoe'er, whate'er thou art,  
 Within the closest veil of mine own inmost heart.

Or, again, we find the voice of sound worldly wisdom expressing itself in the Siren strains which are not confined to the invitations of pleasure:

Better it were, thou sayest, to consent;  
 Feast while we may, and live ere life be spent;



Close up clear eyes, and call the unstable sure,  
The unlovely lovely, and the filthy pure.

• Here, too, ‘there is much to be said on both sides;’ but one can foretell the poet’s answer.

To these years belongs, also, the series of poems published in 1849, (and now reprinted with omissions marked by the author), under the title *Ambarvalia*. This contains several pieces of which it has been justly said, ‘that they will hold their place beside those of Tennyson and Browning’ :—to friends looking at the little volume, however, as an exhibition of Clough’s own mind, we trace him characteristically in a certain caprice or overfantasy of taste, in a subtle and far-fetched mode of reasoning which returns to plain conclusions through almost paradoxical premises, in a singular toleration and largeness towards views opposed to his own ; it may be added, in an honesty of mind which confesses itself not only perplexed with the ‘riddle of the universe,’ but indignant at the complacent explanations which those who proclaim it insoluble are too apt, he thought, to enforce upon the diffident.

But whilst this conflict went on within, towards friends what might be called the imaginative side of his nature was dominant. The sunshine and animating smiles which, many will remember, he brought with him into college society, came, not from ordinary and slighter causes, but from a heart to which affection was at once a delight and a necessity, and a mind ‘haunted like a passion’ by the loveliness of poetry or of scenery. During

several summer vacations he had searched out the glens and heights, lakes and moors, of Wales, and Westmoreland, and Scotland, with that minute and reverent care, in absence of which travelling is idle, and with that love for the very soil and configuration of his country which almost always implies high-heartedness. And it was noticed that when speaking of spots of any special beauty or impressiveness—Grasmere, or Pont-y-Wern by Snowdon, or the lochs and valleys of the Western Highlands—his eyes brightened as at the thought of something personally dear, and his voice softened at names and remembrances which carried with them so much of poetry. And to this youthful enthusiasm for nature he united that other enthusiasm for energetic walks and venturesome wanderings, bathing, swimming, and out-of-doors existence in general, which may, perhaps, be claimed as an impulse peculiarly English.

All this, with much else, Clough summed up in his first published poem, brought out in the autumn of 1848, as if his farewell to his university. The *Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich* (as, for euphony's sake, he finally wished the Gaelic name to stand), is a true Long Vacation pastoral, in style and thought intensely Oxonian;—yet with this, which so much amused us at the time, are other and deeper features not less characteristic of the writer. Such are the profound and vital interest in the ancient masterworks of prose and poetry, which an Oxford man at least cannot recognize elsewhere in such reality; the profound sympathy with those who live by the labours we too

slightingly call mechanical, and with minds which owe more to nature than to society or study; the delight in friendship and in solitude; the love of wild wandering, and the intense—not appreciation of, say rather ‘acceptance in,’ the natural landscape, in which Arthur Clough, more than any man known to the writer, seemed to have inherited a double portion of the spirit of William Wordsworth. A sense of fresh, healthy manliness; a scorn of base and selfish motives; a frank admiration for common life; a love of earth, not ‘only for its earthly sake,’ but for the divine and the eternal interfused in it—such, and other such, are the impressions left. These noble qualities are rare in any literature; they have a charm so great that, like Beauty before the Areopagus, they almost disarm the judgement. Viewed critically, Clough’s work is wanting in art; the language and the thought are often unequal and incomplete; the poetical fusion into a harmonious whole, imperfect. Here, and in his other writings, one feels a doubt whether in verse he chose the right vehicle, the truly natural mode of utterance. It is poetry, however, which truly belongs to a very uncommon class. Even where the last touches have been given, the matter almost everywhere much outruns the workmanship: it should be judged by the thoughts awakened, rather than by the mode of expressing them.

Such writing, it might be imagined, from its merits equally with its faults, addresses itself to no numerous audience; yet the *Bothie* was quickly known and valued; and as a true man, from whom much might be hoped, the

author was henceforth spoken of, not only in the sphere of friendship and of Oxford, but in many places where the life around them, from different circumstances, rendered men sensitive to his tone of thought :—in Northern England especially, in America, and in those wide regions over seas to which Englishmen have carried endurance of toil, and energy of intellect.

This poem has been already alluded to as the author's farewell to Oxford. Having held a tutorship in his college now for several years, and joined in all efforts onward, a sense that he had done his work in Oxford, that he was a little too alien in speculative and in practical thought from the tone of the University, to be of further use, or to find a fit abode there; that he might honourably seek a more unshackled career without, led Clough to withdraw, in 1848, from Oriel. There was much in the spirit of that day with which he could not reconcile himself :

To finger idly some old Gordian knot,  
Unskill'd to sunder, and too weak to cleave,  
And with much toil attain to half-believe,

as he once expressed it, could not be his portion. Chivalrously generous in allowing liberty of opinion in others, he might now seek at least a fuller freedom for himself. Other half-external causes, it has been stated, cooperated in this; but more influential with so conscientious and brave a man, was the conviction of antagonism to the form of thought which Oxford exacted, or appeared to exact from her children. That world was not his friend,

he fancied, nor that world's law. Yet this divergence was not such as ever estranged him in heart from that noble corporation which, more than any other of modern times, is apt to retain a life-long hold on the affections and the honour of its members; nor was it, again, such as, after his withdrawal, could be laid at rest within the bonds of some different system. This was no logical tangle, no scepticism in the common sense, no sudden imagined discovery, caprice of vanity, fanciful reverie, far less pride of heart or of intellect. Rather, if frank submission to the inexplicable mysteries of creation, if a reverence which feared expression, a faith in the eternal truth and justice, be the attributes of a religious mind, Clough possessed it with a reality uncommon in the followers of any religion. But the consciousness of the strange things of life, verbally recognized by most of us, and then explained by some phrase, or put by as unpractical, was to him the 'heavy and weary weight' which men like Wordsworth or Pascal felt it. The '*voyant trop pour nier, et trop peu pour s'assurer*' of the greatest of French thinkers, as truly expressed Clough's conviction; and, convinced thus, it was with mingled perplexity and wrath that he listened to the popular solutions which he heard so confidently, often so threateningly vaunted—to the profane pretence of knowledge (as he thought it) disguised under the name of Providential schemes, or displayed in dogmatic formulas. Far other was the pure and lowly confession of man's incapacity to search out God, with which at this time he spoke in a few of his most characteristic and deeply-felt

poems, which will be found in this collection. What pathetic tenderness, what manly courage, is concentrated in the lines referred to — how deep, practical, and modest a faith — how devout a submission! Those who knew Clough know how truly he has here rendered, not only the conviction, but the practice of a life of high and unwearied industry — a life in which the thought of self, except as regarded the fulfilment of duty, had no share; nor will they feel the phrase too serious, if it be added, that he who ‘lived in the spirit of this creed’ was surely already not far from the kingdom of Heaven.

The pages he then wrote contain the record of Clough’s essential life during this second, or transitional, portion of that brief career, and have hence been dwelt on with greater minuteness. He meanwhile was spending the spring and summer of 1849 in Italy: drawn thither in part by the charm of that country to so sympathetic a student of the ancient literature; in part by the attraction which any effort to gain rational liberty exercises over all noble natures. Such efforts, or what seemed such, notably at this period engaged much of Clough’s best thoughts and warmest sympathies. Thus in 1848 he wrote thus, in his half-humorous, half-pathetic strain, from Paris: —

‘I do little else in the way of lionizing than wander about the Tuileries’ chestnuts, and about bridges and streets, “pour savourer la république.” I contemplate with infinite thankfulness the blue blouse garnished with red of the Garde Mobile, and emit a perpetual incense of devout rejoicing for the purified state of the Tuileries.’ But a

few days later comes the reverse of the picture — ‘Ichabod, Ichabod, the glory has departed. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, driven back by shopkeeping bayonet, hides her red cap in dingiest St. Antoine. Well-to-do-ism shakes her Egyptian scourge, to the tune of “ye are idle, ye are idle;”—the tale of bricks will be doubled, and the Moses and Aaron of Socialism can at the best only pray for plagues: which perhaps will come, paving-stones for *vivats*, and *émeutes* in all their quarters.

‘Meantime the glory and the freshness of the dream is departed. The very Garde Mobile has changed its blouse for a bourgeoisie-prætorian uniform with distinctive green hired-soldier epaulets.

‘The voice of Clubs is silent. Inquisitors only and stone walls of Vincennes list the words of Barbes. *Anti-rappel* Courtais no longer hushes the drum, which, as he said, “*fâche le peuple.*” Wherefore, bring forth, ye millionaires, the three-months-hidden carriages; rub clean, ye new nobles, the dusty emblazonries: ride forth again, ye cavalier-escorted amazons, to your Bois de Boulogne. The world begins once more to move on its axis, and draw on its kid gloves. The golden age of the Republic displays itself now, you see, as a very vulgar parcel-gilt era.’

It is needless to add that a similar discouragement awaited Clough in Rome. Unable or unwilling to believe what at least bore the name Republic could really lead the crusade on behalf of despotism, he lingered on till the investment of Rome by a French army rendered departure impossible.

Many details of that memorable siege he recorded in letters sufficiently refuting the calumnies which England at that time was not ashamed to borrow from the natural enemies of freedom. He witnessed the patience and courage of the besieged, the self-restraint under privation and provocation, the firm, proud submission to overwhelming force, and a conquest where all of honour was with the defeated,—the high national qualities, in a word, with which Italy has made Europe familiar. ‘Whether the Roman Republic will stand, I don’t know,’ he wrote during the struggle, ‘but it has, under Mazzini’s inspiration, shown a wonderful energy and a glorious generosity.’ Readers will find many of Clough’s impressions and feelings of that period recorded in the *Amours de Voyage* and other shorter pieces. Then, from the temporary triumph of shame and superstition, he turned to the Power which ‘never did betray the heart that loved her,’ and through the Italian Lakes and Switzerland wandered homewards to resume more active duties.

From a poem now written at Venice, may be taken a traveller’s wish that he might

In one unbroken passage borne  
 To closing night from opening morn,  
 Uplift at whiles slow eyes to mark  
 Some palace front, some passing bark ;  
 Thro’ windows catch the varying shore,  
 And hear the soft turns of the oar.  
 How light we move, how softly ! ah,  
 Were life but as the Gondola !



Though not altogether accomplished, something of this easy tenour of the happy life was in store for the writer during the twelve years of useful and energetic labour, which the 'blind Fury' Fate of the poet had measured out for him. At first indeed he found in the Wardenship of University Hall, London, an employment not altogether congenial to his disposition: yet even here, in the comparative solitude of the new abode, the discovery that withdrawal from Oxford had no ways shaken the affection of those he trusted, cheered the hours which, to a disposition so tenderly sensitive as Clough's, were apt to catch a gloom from the sight of unfamiliar walls and faces. This was, perhaps, the most lonely part of his life: and in the streets of London many strange passages of what he called the *philosophia metropolitana* presented themselves, and have found their way into verses of a peculiar pathos and sarcasm.

But such depressing humours came and went, whilst in the increased respect of those he most valued, whether alien from his tone of thought or not, he received now part of the reward with which truth recompenses self-sacrifice. Soon, too, when resident for a few months in America, whither in 1852 he went to try his fortunes, he found amongst the most distinguished men of Boston and its neighbourhood a renewal of the deep interest which he had aroused in his earlier companions. 'He had nothing of insular narrowness,' one of them writes, 'none of the prejudices which too often interfere with the capacity of English travellers or residents among us, to sympathize with and justly understand habits of life and

thought so different from those to which they have been accustomed.' The friendships then formed, were the main result—a sufficient result, Clough held it—of the trial: England drew him towards her before he could find a footing in the West, with the one irresistible word—homewards. Yet the resolution to return was not taken without some reluctance to quit the new world.

'I like America all the better,' (he wrote in 1853) 'for the comparison with England on my return. Certainly I think you were more right than I was willing to admit, about the position of the poorer classes here. Such is my first reimpression. However it will wear off soon enough, I daresay.'

'There are deeper waters of ancient knowledge and experience about one here, and one is saved from the temptation of flying off into space; but I think you have, beyond all question, the happiest country going.'

An appointment, however, in the education department of the Privy Council-office decided him to return to England.

—The universal instinct of repose,  
The longing for confirm'd tranquillity,  
Inward and outward; humble, yet sublime;  
The life where hope and memory are as one

—what life was ever wholly true to this great ideal? Yet in its most essential features, at peace with himself and with circumstances, happy in his home and the blessing of his children, Clough may be held to have fulfilled it.

A career such as this had been naturally watched by

his friends with a certain anxiety, heightened by the sight of a character at once so sensitive and so self-sacrificing, and by the warmth of affection which it excited. Henceforward, however, until failing health raised them, there was no cause for anxious thoughts. It was evident, indeed, that rest or leisure were not in his prospect; that not less than in his earlier days, Clough would be still, in its most emphatic and highest sense, a working man. His official employment was varied, but hardly diminished, by the Secretaryship to the Commission of Report on Military Education, which, in 1856, carried him again to France, and finally to Vienna. Meantime he gradually completed the long revision of Dryden's 'Translation of Plutarch,' begun in America; comparing that inaccurate though spirited text throughout with the original, and retouching it with a skill and taste in which his careful study of Chaucer and our early literature gave him a special mastery. These tasks were more than enough, as it proved, for a constitution never robust; and when, with his usual energetic sympathy for all that touched the welfare of the poor or the wretched, he further undertook much anxious work to assist his wife's cousin, Florence Nightingale, in her own arduous labours, Clough's health gave way, and travelling was prescribed.

His first journey, to Greece and Constantinople, was of great interest to so good a scholar; and he summed up the chief features on his return in a few lines placed in one of the *Tales*, of which the most complete are printed within this volume.

Aware it might be first and last,  
 I did it eagerly and fast;  
 Counted the towns that lie like slain  
 Upon the wide Boeotian plain;  
 With wonder in the spacious gloom  
 Stood of the Mycenaean tomb:  
 From the Acro-Corinth watched the day  
 Light the Eastern and the Western bay.  
 Constantinople then had seen,  
 Where 'mid her cypresses the queen  
 Of the east sees flow thro' portal wide  
 The steady streaming Scythian tide.  
 To see the things which sick with doubt  
 And comment one had learnt about,  
 Was like clear morning after night,  
 Or raising of the blind to sight.

Finding his health not thoroughly restored, after a short visit to England he returned southwards for the winter. By one of the Italian lakes he was struck by malaria fever, and with difficulty completed the journey to Florence, where it carried him off on November 13, 1861. He lies in the little cypress-crowded cemetery beyond the walls of the Fair City, on the side towards Fiesole.

This truly was a life of much performance, yet of more promise. Clough did the work of a man within his two and forty years; yet we must feel now the bitterness and irony of that fate which seemed to secure him outward prosperity, but never left him a brief interval in which, as one who best knew him said, 'to be himself.'

and to realize for his own advantage, if not for ours, powers rarely given in such curiously subtle combination. Perhaps his speculative activity was beyond his powers of co-ordination, the discursive element of thought too dominant, the fear of partial conclusions over-scrupulous. But from what he might have been it is best to turn to what he was. It appears to the writer an idle demand, though now a demand often made, that a man should publish to the world the results of his thought or study : — to live a lofty life, within the limits of this existence, — to carry out for himself a perfect scheme, so far as human weakness may allow, is a far higher thing, as unhappily a far rarer : and in this aspect, those who knew him will confess it is no phrase of partial affection to say that Clough ranked with the best of his contemporaries. The reader will find many charming stanzas, some excellent, amongst those belonging to the later period of his life. Yet in the larger sense, it might be truly said, that he rather lived than wrote his poem. It must not be imagined that, with the more prosperous circumstances above noticed, he became false to his convictions, or, as some do, put away from himself as unpractical the thought of those deeper problems which had perplexed his earlier years, not less by the sense of their darkness than of their close and unavoidable pressure on our daily life ; that he now recoiled from them in fear, or forgot them in felicity. No one could be more conscience-pure from that self-deceiving concession to ease and cowardice by which honest doubt and insoluble difficulty are so often stifled. But with a modest reserve, the fre-

quent companion of frank simplicity,— with a sense, it may be, of the increased perplexities which darken wider horizons, — he kept mainly to himself the results of his riper speculative experience; satisfied to express them henceforth only by a larger charity towards opponents, and an even more fervent earnestness on his own part to make truth and justice and generosity his sole guides for action. As said above, Clough lived his poem. Few, it has been observed, have looked on nature more entirely in the spirit which his favourite Wordsworth expressed in the immortal lines on Tintern: fewer, perhaps, in this age have more completely worked out his ideal, ‘plain living and high thinking.’ Let it not be said that Clough’s gifts were inadequately realized, when he has left us this example.

It is a second, nay, to Fancy a more final farewell, thus to review the memories of lost affection. We would willingly, in his friend’s pathetic phrase,

Treasuring the look we cannot find,  
The words that are not heard again—

willingly linger yet a little more, over the now visionary remembrance of outward form and manner; — the youthful blitheness and boyishness of heart with which he welcomed the sight of those he cared for, contrasted with the signs of age before its time in his scant and silvery hair: the gait, almost halting at times, which seemed hardly consistent with so much physical resolve and energy; the perplexed yet encouraging smile that met the speaker, if chance talk touched on matters of speculative or moral in-

terest ; the frown and furrows of the massive forehead at any tale of baseness or injustice ; the sunny glance or healthy homely laughter at any word of natural kindness, or brilliancy, or innocent humour.

There were days, indeed,— months, perhaps — of darkness from more quarters than most men are accessible to : yet this was on the whole a happy life, though in a sense remote from the world's happiness. Here was little prosperity in common parlance ; years of struggle and toil, fightings within and without, the *otia dia* of the poet within view only to be snatched away ; no fame or recognition of abilities much beyond what he saw crown others with celebrity. But his mind was free from the 'last infirmity : ' he lived in the inner light of a pure conscience, the healthfulness of duty fulfilled, the glorious liberty of absolute utter unworldliness. And even in the midnight of meditative troubles, the ever-youthful hope of the 'royal heart of innocence' was never wanting. Nor were other elements of human happiness absent within his home and without it,— society and solitude by turns, nature and poetry glorious throughout life as on the first day, friendships equal, open, and enduring,— reverence, even from many who knew him but slightly, for one so signalized and authenticated as a true Man by the broad seal of Nobleness. This must be reckoned the first, as it is the rarest, feature in human character. But in him it was equally balanced by another, which in such degree is hardly less rare, Tenderness. Clough might be said not so much to trust his friends, as to trust himself to

them. Friendship in his eyes, as in the ancient days he felt with so deeply, was a high and sacred thing, a duty and a virtue in itself, and he guarded it with scrupulous sensitiveness. — It was natural that one so gifted should be looked up to with unusual warmth and honour. Many will remember how much Clough's opinion on acts or thoughts, on literature or on nature — remote from ordinary judgements or humorously paradoxical as it might be — was tacitly referred to; how often the difficulties and doubts of the tangled passages of life were laid before him for counsel. A resolution was not always ready, but they never failed to find that which is better than most men's decisive clearness — a judgement noble, tender, courageous, conscientious : — if not always practical advice, no little measure, at least, of that wisdom which is from above.

F. T. PALGRAVE



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POEMS

BY

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.



COME back again, my olden heart!—

Ah, fickle spirit and untrue,

I bade the only guide depart

Whose faithfulness I surely knew :

I said, my heart is all too soft ;

He who would climb and soar aloft,

Must needs keep ever at his side

The tonic of a wholesome pride.

Come back again, my olden heart!—

Alas, I called not then for thee ;

I called for Courage, and apart

From Pride if Courage could not be,

Then welcome, Pride ! and I shall find

In thee a power to lift the mind

This low and grovelling joy above—

'Tis but the proud can truly love.

Come back again, my olden heart!—

With incrustations of the years

Uncased as yet,—as then thou wert,

Full-filled with shame and coward fears :

Wherewith, amidst a jostling throng  
 Of deeds, that each and all were wrong,  
 The doubting soul, from day to day,  
 Uncasy paralytic lay.

Come back again, my olden heart !  
 I said, Perceptions contradict,  
 Convictions come, anon depart,  
 And but themselves as false convict.  
 Assumptions hasty, crude, and vain,  
 Full oft to use will Science deign ;  
 The corks the novice plies to-day  
 The swimmer soon shall cast away.

Come back again, my olden heart !  
 I said, Behold, I perish quite,  
 Unless to give me strength to start,  
 I make myself my rule of right :  
 It must be, if I act at all,  
 To save my shame I have at call  
 The plea of all men understood,  
 Because I willed it, it is good.

Come back again, my olden heart !  
 I know not if in very deed  
 This means alone could aid impart  
 To serve my sickly spirit's need ;  
 But clear alike of wild self-will,  
 And fear that faltered, paltered still,  
 Remorseful thoughts of after days  
 A way espy betwixt the ways.



Come back again, old heart! Ah me!  
 Methinks in those thy coward fears  
 There might, perchance, a courage be,  
 That fails in these the manlier years;  
 Courage to let the courage sink,  
 Itself a coward base to think,  
 Rather than not for heavenly light  
 Wait on to show the truly right.

1840

WHEN soft September brings again  
 To yonder gorse its golden glow,  
 And Snowdon sends its autumn rain  
 To bid thy current livelier flow;  
 Amid that ashen foliage light  
 When scarlet beads are glistening bright,  
 While alder boughs unchanged are seen  
 In summer livery of green;  
 When clouds before the cooler breeze  
 Are flying, white and large; with these  
 Returning, so may I return,  
 And find thee changeless, Pont-y-wern.

1840

SWEET streamlet bason! at thy side  
 Weary and faint within me cried  
 My longing heart,—In such pure deep  
 How sweet it were to sit and sleep;

To feel each passage from without  
 Close up,—above me and about,  
 Those circling waters crystal clear,  
 That calm impervious atmosphere!  
 There on thy pearly pavement pure  
 To lean, and feel myself secure,  
 Or through the dim-lit inter-space,  
 Afar at whiles upgazing trace  
 The dimpling bubbles dance around  
 Upon thy smooth exterior face ;  
 Of idly list the dreamy sound  
 Of ripples lightly flung, above  
 That home, of peace, if not of love.

1840

*IN A LECTURE ROOM*

AWAY, haunt thou not me,  
 Thou vain Philosophy !  
 Little hast thou bestead,  
 Save to perplex the head,  
 And leave the spirit dead.  
 Unto thy broken cisterns wherefore go,  
 While from the secret treasure-depths below,  
 Fed by the skiey shower,  
 And clouds that sink and rest on hill-tops high,  
 Wisdom at once, and Power,  
 Arc welling, bubbling forth, unseen, incessantly ?  
 Why labour at the dull mechanic oar,  
 When the fresh breeze is blowing,  
 And the strong current flowing,  
 Right onward to the Eternal Shore ?

1840

THOUGH to the vilest things beneath the moon  
 For poor Ease' sake I give away my heart,  
 And for the moment's sympathy let part  
 My sight and sense of truth, Thy precious boon,  
 My painful earnings, lost, all lost, as soon,  
 Almost, as gained : and though aside I start,  
 Belie Thee daily, hourly,—still Thou art,  
 Art surely as in heaven the sun at noon :  
 How much so e'er I sin, whate'er I do  
 Of evil, still the sky above is blue,  
 The stars look down in beauty as before :  
 Is it enough to walk as best we may,  
 To walk, and sighing, dream of that blest day  
 When ill we cannot quell shall be no more ?

WELL, well,—Heaven bless you all from day to day !  
 Forgiveness too, or e'er we part, from each,  
 As I do give it, so must I beseech :  
 I owe all much, much more than I can pay ;  
 Therefore it is I go ; how could I stay  
 Where every look commits me to fresh debt,  
 And to pay little I must borrow yet ?  
 Enough of this already, now away !  
 With silent woods and hills untenanted

Let me go commune ; under thy sweet gloom,  
 O kind maternal, Darkness, hide my head :  
 The day may come I yet may re-assume  
 My place, and, these tired limbs recruited, seek  
 The task for which I now-am all too weak.

How often sit I, poring o'er  
 My strange distorted youth,  
 Seeking in vain, in all my store,  
 One feeling based on truth ;  
 Amid the maze of petty life  
 A clue whereby to move,  
 A spot whereon in toil and strife  
 To dare to rest and love.  
 So constant as my heart would be,  
 So fickle as it must,  
 'Twere well for others and for me  
 'Twere dry as summer dust.  
 Excitements come, and act and speech  
 Flow freely forth ; — but no,  
 Nor they, nor aught beside can reach  
 The buried world below.

—LIKE a child

In some strange garden left awhile alone,  
 I pace about the pathways of the world,

Plucking light hopes and joys from every stem,  
 With qualms of vague misgiving in my heart  
 That payment at the last will be required,  
 Payment I cannot make, or guilt incurred,  
 And shame to be endured.

——ROUSED by importunate knocks  
 I rose, I turned the key, and let them in,  
 First one, anon another, and at length  
 In troops they came; for how could I, who once  
 Had let in one, nor looked him in the face,  
 Show scruples e'er again? So in they came,  
 A noisy band of revellers,—vain hopes,  
 Wild fancies, fitful joys; and there they sit  
 In my heart's holy place, and through the night  
 Carouse, to leave it when the cold grey dawn  
 Gleams from the East, to tell me that the time  
 For watching and for thought bestowed is gone.

O KIND protecting Darkness! as a child  
 Flies back to bury in its mother's lap  
 His shame and his confusion, so to thee,  
 O Mother Night, come I! within the folds  
 Of thy dark robe hide thou me close; for I  
 So long, so heedless, with external things

Have played the liar, that whate'er I see,  
 E'en these white glimmering curtains, yon bright stars,  
 Which to the rest rain comfort down, for me  
 Smiling those smiles, which I may not return,  
 Or frowning frowns of fierce triumphant malice,  
 As angry claimants or expectants sure  
 Of that I promised and may not perform  
 Look me in the face! O hide me, Mother Night!

ONCE more the wonted road I tread,  
 Once more dark heavens above me spread,  
 Upon the windy down I stand,  
 My station whence the circling land  
 Lies mapped and pictured wide below;—  
 Such as it was, such e'en again,  
 Long dreary bank, and breadth of plain  
 By hedge or tree unbroken;—lo,  
 A few grey woods can only show  
 How vain their aid, and in the sense  
 Of one unaltering impotence,  
 Relieving not, meseems enhance  
 The sovereign dulness of the expanse.  
 Yet marks where human hand hath been,  
 Bare house, unsheltered village, space  
 Of ploughed and fenceless tilth between  
 (Such aspect as methinks may be  
 In some half-settled colony),  
 From Nature vindicate the scene;  
 A wide, and yet disheartening view,  
 A melancholy world.

'Tis true,  
 Most true; and yet, like those strange smiles  
 By fervent hope or tender thought  
 From distant happy regions brought,  
 Which upon some sick bed are seen  
 To glorify a pale worn face  
 With sudden beauty,—so at whiles  
 Lights have descended, hues have been,  
 To clothe with half-celestial grace  
 The bareness of the desert place.

Since so it is, so be it still!  
 Could only thou, my heart, be taught  
 To treasure, and in act fulfil  
 The lesson which the sight has brought;  
 In thine own dull and dreary state  
 To work and patiently to wait:  
 Little thou think'st in thy despair  
 How soon the o'ershaded sun may shine,  
 And e'en the dulling clouds combine  
 To bless with lights and hues divine  
 That region desolate and bare,  
 Those sad and sinful thoughts of thine!

Still doth the coward heart complain;  
 The hour may come, and come in vain;  
 The branch that withered lies and dead  
 No suns can force to lift its head.  
 True!—yet how little thou canst tell  
 How much in thee is ill or well;  
 Nor for thy neighbour nor for thee,  
 Be sure, was life designed to be  
 A draught of dull complacency.

One Power too is it, who doth give  
 The food without us, and within  
 The strength that makes it nutritive :  
 He bids the dry bones rise and live,  
 And e'en in hearts depraved to sin  
 Some sudden, gracious influence,  
 May give the long-lost good again,  
 And wake within the dormant sense  
 And love of good ;—for mortal men,  
 So but thou strive, thou soon shalt see  
 Defeat itself is victory.

So be it : yet, O Good and Great,  
 In whom in this bedarkened state  
 I fain am struggling to believe,  
 Let me not ever cease to grieve,  
 Nor lose the consciousness of ill  
 Within me ;—and refusing still  
 To recognise in things around  
 What cannot truly there be found,  
 Let me not feel, nor be it true,  
 That while each daily task I do  
 I still am giving day by day  
 My precious things within away,  
 (Those thou didst give to keep as thine)  
 And casting, do whate'er I may,  
 My heavenly pearls to earthly swine.



My wind is turned to bitter north,  
 That was so soft a south before ;  
 My sky, that shone so sunny bright,  
 With foggy gloom is clouded o'er :  
 My gay green leaves are yellow-black,  
 Upon the dank autumnal floor ;  
 For love, departed once, comes back  
 No more again, no more.

A roofless ruin lies my home,  
 For winds to blow and rains to pour ;  
 One frosty night befell, and lo,  
 I find my summer days are o'er :  
 The heart bereaved, of why and how  
 Unknowing, knows that yet before  
 It had what e'en to Memory now  
 Returns no more, no more.

I HAVE seen higher holier things than these,  
 And therefore must to these refuse my heart,  
 Yet am I panting for a little ease ;  
 I'll take, and so depart.

Ah hold! the heart is prone to fall away,  
 Her high and cherished visions to forget,  
 And if thou takest, how wilt thou repay  
 So vast, so dread a debt ?

How will the heart, which now thou trustest, then  
 Corrupt, yet in corruption mindful yet,  
 Turn with sharp stings upon itself! Again,  
 Bethink thee of the debt!

— Hast thou seen higher holier things than these,  
 And therefore must to these thy heart refuse?  
 With the true best, alack, how ill agrees  
 That best that thou wouldst choose!

The Summum Pulchrum rests in heaven above;  
 Do thou, as best thou may'st, thy duty do:  
 Amid the things allowed thee live and love;  
 Some day thou shalt it view.

1841

If, when in cheerless wanderings, dull and cold,  
 A sense of human kindness hath found us,  
     We seem to have around us  
     An atmosphere all gold,  
 'Mid darkest shades a halo rich of shine,  
 An element, that while the bleak wind bloweth,  
     On the rich heart bestoweth  
     Imbreathed draughts of wine;  
 Heaven guide, the cup be not, as chance may be,  
 To some vain mate given up as soon as tasted!  
     No, nor on thee be wasted,  
     Thou trifler, Poesy!

Heaven grant the manlier heart, that timely, ere  
 Youth fly, with life's real tempest would be coping ;  
     The fruit of dreamy hoping  
     Is, waking, blank despair.

1841

DUTY—that's to say complying  
     With whate'er's expected here ;  
 On your unknown cousin's dying,  
     Straight be ready with the tear ;  
 Upon etiquette relying,  
 Unto usage naught denying,  
     Blush not even, never fear ;  
 Claims of kith and kin connection,  
     Claims of manners honour still,  
 Ready money of affection  
     Pay, whoever drew the bill.  
 With the form conforming duly,  
 Senseless what it meaneth truly,  
 Go to church—the world require you,  
     To balls—the world require you too,  
 And marry—papa and mama desire you,  
     And your sisters and schoolfellows do.  
 Duty—'tis to take on trust  
 What things are good, and right, and just ;  
     And whether indeed they be or be not,  
     Try not, test not, feel not, see not :  
     'Tis walk and dance, sit down and rise  
     By leading, opening ne'er your eyes ;  
 Stunt sturdy limbs that Nature gave,  
 And be drawn in a Bath chair along to the grave.

'Tis the stern and prompt suppressing,  
 As an obvious deadly sin,  
 All the questing and the guessing  
 Of the soul's own soul within :  
 'Tis the coward acquiescence  
 In a destiny's behest,  
 To a shade by terror made,  
 Sacrificing, aye, the essence  
 Of all that's truest, noblest, best :  
 'Tis the blind non-recognition  
 Or of goodness, truth, or beauty,  
 Save by precept and submission ;  
 Moral blank, and moral void,  
 Life at very birth destroyed,  
 Atrophy, exinanition !  
 Duty! —  
 Yea, by duty's prime condition  
 Pure nonentity of duty !

## I

ARE there not, then, two musics unto men?—  
 One loud and bold and coarse,  
 And overpowering still perforce  
 All tone and tune beside ;  
 Yet in despite its pride  
 Only of fumes of foolish fancy bred,  
 And sounding solely in the sounding head :  
 The other, soft and low,  
 Stealing whence we not know,  
 Painfully heard, and easily forgot,

With pauses oft and many a silence strange,  
 (And silent oft it seems, when silent it is not)  
 Revivals too of unexpected change :  
 Haply thou think'st 'twill never be begun,  
 Or that 't has come, and been, and passed away ;  
     Yet turn to other none,—  
     Turn not, oh, turn not thou !  
 But listen, listen, listen,—if haply be heard it may ;  
 Listen, listen, listen,—is it not sounding now ?

## II

Yea, and as thought-of some beloved friend  
 By death or distance parted will descend,  
 Severing, in crowded rooms ablaze with light,  
 As by a magic screen, the seër from the sight,  
 (Palsying the nerves that intervene  
 The eye and central sense between ;)  
     So may the ear,  
     Hearing, not hear,  
 Though drums do roll, and pipes and cymbals ring ;  
 So the bare conscience of the better thing  
 Unfelt, unseen, unimaged, all unknown,  
 May fix the entrancèd soul mid multitudes alone.

THOUGHT may well be ever ranging,  
 And opinion ever changing,  
 Task-work be, though ill begun,  
 Dealt with by experience better ;

By the law and by the letter  
 Duty done is duty done :  
 Do it, Time is on the wing !

Hearts, 'tis quite another thing,  
 Must or once for all be given,  
 Or must not at all be given ;  
 Hearts, 'tis quite another thing !

To bestow the soul away  
 In an idle duty-play !—  
 Why, to trust a life-long bliss  
 To caprices of a day,  
 Scarce were more depraved than this !

Men and maidens, see you mind it ;  
 Show of love, where'er you find it,  
 Look if duty lurk behind it !  
 Duty-fancies, urging on  
 Whither love had never gone !

Loving—if the answering breast  
 Seem not to be thus possessed,  
 Still in hoping have a care ;  
 If it do, beware, beware !  
 But if in yourself you find it,  
 Above all things—mind it, mind it !

WHEN panting sighs the bosom fill,  
 And hands by chance united thrill  
 At once with one delicious pain  
 The pulses and the nerves of twain;  
 When eyes that erst could meet with ease,  
 Do seek, yet, seeking, shyly shun  
 Extatic conscious unison,—  
 The sure beginnings, say, be these,  
 Prelusive to the strain of love  
 Which angels sing in heaven above?

Or is it but the vulgar tune,  
 Which all that breathe beneath the moon  
 So accurately learn—so soon?  
 With variations duly blent;  
 Yet that same song to all intent,  
 Set for the finer instrument;  
 It is; and it would sound the same  
 In beasts, were not the bestial frame,  
 Less subtly organised, to blame;  
 And but that soul and spirit add  
 To pleasures, even base and bad,  
 A zest the soulless never had.

It may be—well indeed I deem;  
 But what if sympathy, it seem,  
 And admiration and esteem,  
 Commingling therewithal, do make  
 The passion prized for Reason's sake?  
 Yet, when my heart would fain rejoice,  
 A small expostulating voice

Falls in : Of this thou wilt not take  
 Thy one irrevocable choice ?  
 In accent tremulous and thin  
 I hear high Prudence deep within,  
 Pleading the bitter, bitter sting,  
 Should slow-maturing seasons bring,  
 Too late, the veritable thing.  
 For if (the Poet's tale of bliss)  
 A love, wherewith commensured this  
 Is weak, and beggarly, and none,  
 Exist a treasure to be won,  
 And if the vision, though it stay,  
 Be yet for an appointed day,—  
 This choice, if made, this deed, if done,  
 The memory of this present past,  
 With vague foreboding might o'ercrest  
 The heart, or madden it at last.

Let Reason first her office ply ;  
 Esteem, and admiration high,  
 And mental, moral sympathy,  
 Exist they first, nor be they brought  
 By self-deceiving afterthought,—  
 What if an halo interfuse  
 With these again its opal hues,  
 That all o'erspreading and o'erlying,  
 Transmuting, mingling, glorifying,  
 About the beauteous various whole,  
 With beaming smile do dance and quiver ;  
 Yet, is that halo of the soul ?—  
 Or is it, as may sure be said,  
 Phosphoric exhalation bred



Of vapour, steaming from the bed  
 Of Fancy's brook, or Passion's river?  
 So when, as will be by-and-bye,  
 The stream is waterless and dry, . . .  
 This halo and its hues will die;  
 And though the soul contented rest  
 With those substantial blessings blest,  
 Will not a longing, half confest,  
 Betray that this is not the love,  
 The gift for which all gifts above  
 Him praise we, Who is Love, the Giver?

I cannot say — the things are good :  
 Bread is it, if not angels' food ;  
 But Love? Alas! I cannot say ;  
 A glory on the vision lay ;  
 A light of more than mortal day  
 About it played, upon it rested ;  
 It did not, faltering and weak,  
 Beg Reason on its side to speak :  
 Itself was Reason, or, if not,  
 Such substitute as is, I wot,  
 Of seraph-kind the loftier lot ;—  
 Itself was of itself attested ;—  
 To processes that, hard and dry,  
 Elaborate truth from fallacy,  
 With modes intuitive succeeding,  
 Including those and superseding ;  
 Reason sublimed and Love most high  
 It was, a life that cannot die,  
 A dream of glory most exceeding.

## ὁ θεὸς μετὰ σοῦ\*

FAREWELL, my Highland lassie! when the year returns around,  
Be it Greece, or be it Norway, where my vagrant feet are  
found,

I shall call to mind the place, I shall call to mind the day,  
The day that 's gone for ever, and the glen that 's far away;  
I shall mind me, be it Rhine or Rhone, Italian land or France,  
Of the laughings, and the whispers, of the pipings and the  
dance;

I shall see thy soft brown eyes dilate to wakening woman  
thought,  
And whiter still the white cheek grow to which the blush was  
brought;

And oh, with mine commixing I thy breath of life shall feel,  
And clasp the shyly passive hands in joyous Highland reel;  
I shall hear, and see, and feel, and in sequence sadly true,  
Shall repeat the bitter-sweet of the lingering last adieu;  
I shall seem as now to leave thee, with the kiss upon the brow,  
And the fervent benediction of — ὁ θεὸς μετὰ σοῦ!

Ah me; my Highland lassie! though in winter drear and long;  
Deep-arose the heavy snows, and the stormy winds were strong,  
Though the rain, in summer's brightest, it were raining every  
day,

With worldly comforts few and far, how glad were I to stay

\* Ho Thëos meta sou—God be with you.

I fall to sleep with dreams of life in some black bothie spent,  
 Coarse poortith's ware thou changing there to gold of pure  
 content,

With barefoot lads and lassies round, and thee the cheery wife,  
 In the braes of old Lochaber a laborious homely life;  
 But I wake—to leave thee, smiling, with the kiss upon the  
 brow,

And the peaceful benediction of—ὁ θεὸς μετὰ σοῦ!

\* \* \* \*

LIGHT words they were, and lightly, falsely said;  
 She heard them, and she started,—and she rose,  
 As in the act to speak; the sudden thought  
 And unconsidered impulse led her on.  
 In act to speak she rose, but with the sense  
 Of all the eyes of that mixed company  
 Now suddenly turned upon her, some with age  
 Hardened and dulled, some cold and critical;  
 Some in whom vapours of their own conceit,  
 As moist malarious mists the heavenly stars,  
 Still blotted out their good, the best at best  
 By frivolous laugh and prate conventional  
 All too untuned for all she thought to say—  
 With such a thought the mantling blood to her cheek  
 Flushed-up, and o'er-flushed itself, blank night her soul  
 Made dark, and in her all her purpose swooned.  
 She stood as if for sinking. Yet anon  
 With recollections clear, august, sublime,  
 Of God's great truth, and right immutable,  
 Which, as obedient vassals, to her mind

Came summoned of her will, in self-negation  
 Quelling her troublous earthy consciousness,  
 She queened it o'er her weakness. At the spell  
 Back rolled the ruddy tide, and leaves her cheek  
 Paler than erst, and yet not ebbs so far  
 But that one pulse of one indignant thought  
 Might hurry it hither in flood. So as she stood  
 She spoke. God in her spoke, and made her heard.

1845

*Sic itur*

As, at a railway junction, men  
 Who came together, taking then  
 One the train up, one down, again

Meet never! Ah, much more as they  
 Who take one street's two sides, and say  
 Hard parting words, but walk one way:

Though moving other mates between,  
 While carts and coaches intervene,  
 Each to the other goes unseen,

Yet seldom, surely, shall there lack  
 Knowledge they walk not back to back,  
 But with an unity of track,

Where common dangers each attend,  
 And common hopes their guidance lend  
 To light them to the self-same end.

Whether he then shall cross to thee,  
 Or thou go thither, or it be  
 Some midway point, ye yet shall see

Each other, yet again shall meet.  
 Ah, joy! when with the closing street,  
 Forgiveingly at last ye greet!

1845

*Qua cursum ventus*

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay  
 With canvas drooping, side by side,  
 Two towers of sail at dawn of day  
 Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,  
 And all the darkling hours they plied,  
 Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas  
 By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so—but why the tale reveal  
 Of those, whom year by year unchanged,  
 Brief absence joined anew to feel,  
 Astounded, soul from soul estranged.

At dead of night their sails were filled,  
 And onward each rejoicing steered—  
 Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,  
 Or wist, what first with dawn appeared!

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,  
 Brave barks! In light, in darkness too,  
 Through winds and tides one compass guides—  
 To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas,  
 Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,  
 On your wide plain they join again,  
 Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,  
 One purpose hold where'er they fare,—  
 O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!  
 At last, at last, unite them there!

*Qui laborat, orat*

O, ONLY Source of all our light and life,  
 Whom as our truth, our strength, we see and feel,  
 But whom the hours of mortal moral strife  
 Alone aright reveal!

Mine inmost soul, before Thee inly brought,  
 Thy presence owns ineffable, divine;  
 Chastised each rebel self-centered thought,  
 My will adoreth Thine.

With eye down-dropt, if then this earthly mind  
 Speechless remain, or speechless e'en depart;  
 Nor seek to see—for what of earthly kind  
 Can see Thee as Thou art?—

If well-assured 'tis but profanely bold  
 In thought's abstractest forms to seem to see,  
 It dare not dare the dread communion hold  
 In ways unworthy Thee.

O not unowned, Thou shalt unnamed forgive,  
 In worldly walks the prayerless heart prepare ;  
 And if in work its life it seem to live,  
 Shalt make that work be prayer.

Nor times shall lack, when while the work it plies,  
 Unsummoned powers the blinding film shall part,  
 And scarce by happy tears made dim, the eyes  
 In recognition start.

But, as thou willest, give or e'en forbear  
 The beatific supersensual sight,  
 So, with Thy blessing blest, that humbler prayer  
 Approach Thee morn and night.

### *THE NEW SINAI*

Lo, here is God, and there is God !  
 Believe it not, O man ;  
 In such vain sort to this and that  
 The ancient heathen ran :  
 Though old Religion shake her head,  
 And say in bitter grief,  
 The day behold, at first foretold,  
 Of atheist unbelief :

Take better part, with manly heart,  
 Thine adult spirit can ;  
 Receive it not, believe it not,  
 Believe it not, O Man !

As men at dead of night awaked  
 With cries, "The king is here,"  
 Rush forth and greet whome'er they meet,  
 Whoe'er shall first appear ;  
 And still repeat, to all the street,  
 "'Tis he,—the king is here ;"  
 The long procession moveth on,  
 Each nobler form they see,  
 With changeful suit they still salute,  
 And cry, "'Tis he, 'tis he !"

So, even so, when men were young,  
 And earth and heaven was new,  
 And His immediate presence He  
 From human hearts withdrew,  
 The soul perplexed and daily vexed  
 With sensuous False and True,  
 Amazed, bereaved, no less believed,  
 And fain would see Him too :  
 "He is !" the prophet-tongues proclaimed ;  
 In joy and hasty fear,  
 "He is !" aloud replied the crowd,  
 "Is, here, and here, and here."

"He is! They are!" in distance seen  
 On yon Olympus high,  
 In those Avernian woods abide,  
 And walk this azure sky :



"They are, They are!" to every show  
 Its eyes the baby turned,  
 And blazes sacrificial, tall,  
 On thousand altars burned :  
 "They are, They are!"—On Sinai's top  
 Far seen the lightnings shone,  
 The thunder broke, a trumpet spoke,  
 And God said, "I am One."

God spake it out, "I, God, am One ;"  
 The unheeding ages ran,  
 And baby-thoughts again, again,  
 Have dogged the growing man :  
 And as of old from Sinai's top  
 God said that God is One,  
 By Science strict so speaks He now  
 To tell us, There is None !  
 Earth goes by chemic forces ; Heaven's  
 A Mécanique Céleste !  
 And heart and mind of human kind  
 A watch-work as the rest !

Is this a Voice, as was the Voice,  
 Whose speaking told abroad,  
 When thunder pealed, and mountain reeled,  
 The ancient Truth of God ?  
 Ah, not the Voice ; 'tis but the cloud,  
 The outer darkness dense,  
 Where image none, nor e'er was seen  
 Similitude of sense.  
 'Tis but the cloudy darkness dense  
 That wrapt the Mount around ;

While in amaze the people stays,  
To hear the Coming Sound.

Is there no prophet-soul the while  
To dare, sublimely meek,  
Within the shroud of blackest cloud  
The Deity to seek :  
'Midst atheistic systems dark,  
And darker hearts' despair,  
That soul has heard perchance His word,  
And on the dusky air  
His skirts, as passed He by, to see  
Hath strained on their behalf,  
Who on the plain, with dance ámain,  
Adore the Golden Calf.

'Tis but the cloudy darkness dense ;  
Though blank the tale it tells,  
No God, no Truth ! yet He, in sooth,  
Is there — within it dwells ;  
Within the sceptic darkness deep  
He dwells that none may see,  
Till idol forms and idol thoughts  
Have passed and ceased to be :  
No God, no Truth ! ah though, in sooth,  
So stand the doctrine's half ;  
On Egypt's track return not back,  
Nor own the Golden Calf.

Take better part, with manlier heart,  
Thine adult spirit can ;  
No God, no Truth, receive it ne'er —  
Believe it ne'er — O Man !

But turn not then to seek again  
 What first the ill began ;  
 No God, it saith ; ah, wait in faith  
 God's self-completing plan ;  
 Receive it not, but leave it not,  
 And wait it out, O Man !

“ The Man that went the cloud within  
 Is gone and vanished quite ;  
 He cometh not,” the people cries,  
 “ Nor bringeth God to sight :  
 Lo these thy gods, that safety give,  
 Adore and keep the feast ! ”  
 Deluding and deluded cries  
 The Prophet's brother-Priest :  
 And Israel all bows down to fall  
 Before the gilded beast.

Devout, indeed ! that priestly creed,  
 O Man, reject as sin ;  
 The clouded hill attend thou still,  
 And him that went within.  
 He yet shall bring some worthy thing  
 For waiting souls to see ;  
 Some sacred word that he hath heard  
 Their light and life shall be ;  
 Some lofty part, than which the heart  
 Adopt no nobler can,  
 Thou shalt receive, thou shalt believe,  
 And thou shalt do, O Man !

*THE QUESTIONING SPIRIT*

THE human spirits saw I on a day,  
 Sitting and looking each a different way ;  
 And hardly tasking, subtly questioning,  
 Another spirit went around the ring  
 To each and each : and as he ceased his say,  
 Each after each, I heard them singly sing,  
 Some querulously high, some softly, sadly low,  
 We know not,—what avails to know ?  
 We know not,—wherefore need we know ?  
 This answer gave they still unto his suing,  
 We know not, let us do as we are doing.

Dost thou not know that these things only seem ?—  
 I know not, let me dream my dream :  
 Are dust and ashes fit to make a treasure ?—  
 I know not, let me take my pleasure.  
 What shall avail the knowledge thou hast sought ?  
 I know not, let me think my thought.  
 What is the end of strife ?—  
 I know not, let me live my life.  
 How many days or e'er thou mean'st to move ?—  
 I know not, let me love my love.  
 Were not things old once new ?—  
 I know not, let me do as others do.  
 And when the rest were over past,  
 I know not, I will do my duty, said the last.

Thy duty do? rejoined the voice,  
 Ah do it, do it, and rejoice;  
 But shalt thou then, when all is done,  
 Enjoy a love, embrace a beauty  
 Like these, that may be seen and won  
 In life, whose course will then be run;  
 Or wilt thou be where there is none?  
 I know not, I will do my duty.

And taking up the word around, above, below,  
 Some querulously high, some softly, sadly low,  
 We know not, sang they all, nor ever need we know!  
 We know not, sang they, what avails to know?  
 Whereat the questioning spirit, some short space,  
 Though unabashed, stood quiet in his place.  
 But as the echoing chorus died away  
 And to their dreams the rest returned apace,

By the one spirit I saw him kneeling low,  
 And in a silvery whisper heard him say:  
 Truly, thou knowst not, and thou needst not know;  
 Hope only, hope thou, and believe always;  
 I also know not, and I need not know,  
 Only with questionings pass I to and fro,  
 Perplexing these that sleep, and in their folly  
 Imbreeding doubt and sceptic melancholy;  
 Till that their dreams deserting, they with me,  
 Come all to this true ignorance and thee.

*BETHESDA*

## A SEQUEL

I SAW again the spirits on a day,  
 Where on the earth in mournful case they lay ;  
 Five porches were there, and a pool, and round,  
 Huddling in blankets, strewn upon the ground,  
 Tied-up and bandaged, weary, sore and spent,  
 The maimed and halt, diseased and impotent.

For a great angel came, 't was said, and stirred  
 The pool at certain seasons, and the word  
 Was, with this people of the sick, that they  
 Who in the waters here their limbs should lay  
 Before the motion on the surface ceased  
 Should of their torment straightway be released.

So with shrunk bodies and with heads down-dropt,  
 Stretched on the steps, and at the pillars propt,  
 Watching by day and listening through the night,  
 They filled the place, a miserable sight.

And I beheld that on the stony floor  
 He too, that spoke of duty once before,  
 No otherwise than others here to-day,  
 Foredone and sick and sadly muttering lay.  
 'I know not, I will do— what is it I would say ?

What was that word which once sufficed alone for all,  
 Which now I seek in vain, and never can recall?  
 And then, as weary of in vain renewing  
 His question, thus his mournful thought pursuing,  
 'I know not, I must do as other men are doing.'

But what the waters of that pool might be,  
 Of Lethe were they, or Philosophy;  
 And whether he, long waiting, did attain  
 Deliverance from the burden of his pain  
 There with the rest; or whether, yet before,  
 Some more diviner stranger passed the door  
 With his small company into that sad place,  
 And, breathing hope into the sick man's face,  
 Bade him take up his bed, and rise and go,  
 What the end were, and whether it were so,  
 Further than this I saw not, neither know.

1849

ACROSS the sea, along the shore,  
 In numbers more and ever more,  
 From lonely hut and busy town,  
 The valley through, the mountain down,  
 What was it ye went out to see,  
 Ye silly folk of Galilee?  
 The weed that in the wind doth shake?  
 The weed that washes in the lake?

The reeds that waver, the weeds that float?—  
A young man preaching in a boat.

What was it ye went out to hear,  
By sea and land, from far and near?  
A teacher? Rather seek the feet  
Of those who sit in Moses' seat.  
Go humbly seek, and bow to them,  
Far off in great Jerusalem.  
From them that in her courts ye saw,  
Her perfect doctors of the law,  
What is it came ye here to note?—  
A young man preaching in a boat.

A prophet! Boys and women weak!  
Declare, or cease to rave;  
Whence is it he hath learned to speak?  
Say, who his doctrine gave?  
A prophet? Prophet wherefore he  
Of all in Israel tribes?—  
*He teacheth with authority,  
And not as do the Scribes.*

### THE SONG OF LAMECH

HEARKEN to me, ye mothers of my tent:  
Ye wives of Lamech, hearken to my speech:  
Adah, let Jubal hither lead his goats:  
And Tubal Cain, O Zillah, hush the forge;  
Naamah her wheel shall ply beside, and thou



My Jubal, touch, before I speak, the string.  
 Yea, Jubal, touch, before I speak, the string.  
 Hear ye my voice, beloved of my tent,  
 Dear ones of Lamech, listen to my speech.

For Eve made answer, Cain, my son, my own,  
 O, if I cursed thee, O my child, I sinned,  
 And He that heard me, heard, and said me nay :  
 My' first, my only one, thou shalt not go ;—  
 And Adam answered also, Cain, my son,  
 He that is gone forgiveth, we forgive :  
 Rob not thy mother of two sons at once ;  
 My child, abide with us and comfort us.

Hear ye my voice ; Adah and Zillah, hear ;  
 Ye wives of Lamech listen to my speech.

For Cain replied not. But, an hour more, sat  
 Where the night through he sat ; his knit brows seen,  
 Scarce seen, amid the foldings of his limbs.  
 But when the sun was bright upon the field,  
 To Adam still, and Eve still waiting by,  
 And weeping, lift he up his voice and spake.  
 Cain said, The sun is risen upon the earth ;  
 The day demands my going, and I go.—  
 As you from Paradise, so I from you :  
 As you to exile, into exile I :  
 My father and my mother, I depart.  
 As betwixt you and Paradise of old  
 So betwixt me, my parents, now, and you,  
 Cherubim I discern, and in their hand  
 A flaming sword that turneth every way,  
 To keep the way of my one tree of life,

The way my spirit yearns to, of my love.  
 Yet not, O Adam and O Eve, fear not.  
 For He that asked me, Where is Abel? He  
 Who called me cursed from the earth, and said,  
 A fugitive and vagabond thou art,  
 He also said, when fear had slain my soul,  
 There shall not touch thee man nor beast. Fear not.  
 Lo I have spoke with God and he hath said,  
 Fear not; — and let me go as he hath said.  
 Cain also said, (O Jubal, touch thy string,)—  
 Moreover, in the darkness of my mind,  
 When the night's night of misery was most black,  
 A little star came twinkling up within,  
 And in myself I had a guide that led,  
 And in myself had knowledge of a soul.  
 Fear not, O Adam and O Eve: I go.

Children of Lamech, listen to my speech.

For when the years were multiplied, and Cain  
 Eastward of Eden, in this land of Nqd,  
 Had sons, and sons of sons, and sons of them,  
 Enoch and Irad and Mehujael,  
 (My father, and my children's grandsire he,)  
 It came to pass, that Cain, who dwelt alone,  
 Met Adam, at the nightfall, in the field:  
 Who fell upon his neck, and wept, and said,  
 My son, has God not spoken to thee, Cain?  
 And Cain replied, when weeping loosed his voice,  
 My dreams are double, O my father, good  
 And evil. Terror to my soul by night,  
 And agony by day, when Abel stands

A' dead, black shade, and speaks not, neither looks,  
 Nor makes me any answer when I cry —  
 Curse me, but let me know thou art alive.  
 But comfort also, like a whisper, comes,  
 In visions of a deeper sleep, when he,  
 Abel, as him we knew, yours once and mine,  
 Comes with a free forgiveness in his face,  
 Seeming to speak, solicitous for words,  
 And wearing ere he go the old, first look  
 Of unsuspecting, unforeboding love.  
 Three nights are gone I saw him thus, my Sire.

Dear ones of Lamech, listen to my speech.

For Adam said, Three nights ago to me  
 Came Abel, in my sleep, as thou hast said,  
 And spake, and bade, — Arise, my father, go  
 Where in the land of exile dwells thy son ;  
 Say to my brother, Abel bids thee come,  
 Abel would have thee ; and lay thou thy hand,  
 My father, on his head, that he may come ;  
 Am I not weary, father, for this hour ?

Hear ye my voice, Adah and Zillah, hear,  
 Children of Lamech, listen to my speech :  
 And, son of Zillah, sound thy solemn string.

For Adam laid upon the head of Cain  
 His hand, and Cain bowed down, and slept, and died.  
 And a deep sleep on Adam also fell,  
 And, in his slumber's deepest, he beheld,  
 Standing before the gate of Paradise,  
 With Abel, hand in hand, our father Cain.

Hear ye my voice, Adah and Zillah, hear ;  
Ye wives of Lamech, listen to my speech.

Though to his wounding he did slay a man,  
Yea, and a young man to his hurt he slew,  
Fear not, ye wives, nor sons of Lamech fear :  
If unto Cain was safety given and rest,  
Shall Lamech surely and his people die ?

### JACOB

My sons, and ye the children of my sons,  
Jacob your father goes upon his way,  
His pilgrimage is being accomplished.  
Come near and hear him ere his words are o'er.  
Not as my father's or his father's days,  
As Isaac's days or Abraham's, have been mine ;  
Not as the days of those that in the field,  
Walked at the eventide to meditate,  
And haply, to the tent returning, found  
Angels at nightfall waiting at their door.  
They communed, Israel wrestled with the Lord.  
No, not as Abraham's or as Isaac's days,  
My sons, have been Jacob your father's days,  
Evil and few, attaining not to theirs  
In number, and in worth inferior much.  
As a man with his friend, walked they with God,  
In his abiding presence they abode,  
And all their acts were open to his face.  
But I have had to force mine eyes away,  
To lose, almost to shun, the thoughts I loved,

' To bend down to the work, to bare the breast,  
 And struggle, feet and hands, with enemies ;  
 To buffet and to battle with hard men,  
 With men of selfishness and violence ;  
 To watch by day, and calculate by night,  
 To plot and think of plots, and through a land  
 Ambushed with guile, and with strong foes beset,  
 To win with art, safe wisdom's peaceful way.  
 Alas ! I know, and from the onset knew,  
 The first-born faith, the singleness of soul,  
 The antique pure simplicity with which  
 God and good angels communed undispleas'd,  
 Is not ; it shall not any more be said,  
 That of a blameless and a holy kind,  
 The chosen race, the seed of promise, comes.  
 The royal, high prerogatives, the dower  
 Of innocence and perfectness of life,  
 Pass not unto my children from their sire,  
 As unto me they came of mine ; they fit  
 Neither to Jacob nor to Jacob's race.  
 Think ye, my sons, in this extreme old age  
 And in this failing breath, that I forget  
 How on the day when from my father's door,  
 In bitterness and ruefulness of heart,  
 I from my parents set my face, and felt  
 I never more again should look on theirs,  
 How on that day I seem'd unto myself  
 Another Adam from his home cast out,  
 And driven abroad unto a barren land  
 Cursed for his sake, and mocking still with thorns  
 And briers that labour and that sweat of brow  
 He still must spend to live ? Sick of my days,

I wished not life, but cried out, Let me die ;  
 But at Luz God came to me ; in my heart  
 He put a better mind, and showed me how,  
 While we discern it not, and least believe,  
 On stairs invisible betwixt his heaven  
 And our unholy, sinful, toilsome earth  
 Celestial messengers of loftiest good  
 Upward and downward pass continually.  
 Many, since I upon the field of Luz  
 Set up the stone I slept on, unto God,  
 Many have been the troubles of my life ;  
 Sins in the field and sorrows in the tent,  
 In mine own household anguish and despair,  
 And gall and wormwood mingled with my love.  
 The time would fail me should I seek to tell  
 Of a child wronged and cruelly revenged ;  
 (Accursed was that anger, it was fierce,  
 That wrath, for it was cruel ;) or of strife  
 And jealousy and cowardice, with lies  
 Mocking a father's misery ; deeds of blood,  
 Pollutions, sicknesses, and sudden deaths.  
 These many things against me many times,  
 The ploughers have ploughed deep upon my back,  
 And made deep furrows ; blessed be His name  
 Who hath delivered Jacob out of all,  
 And left within his spirit hope of good.

Come near to me, my sons : your father goes,  
 The hour of his departure draweth nigh.  
 Ah me ! this eager rivalry of life,  
 This cruel conflict for pre-eminence,  
 This keen supplanting of the dearest kin,

'Quick seizure and fast unrelaxing hold  
 Of vantage-place ; the stony hard resolve,  
 The chase, the competition, and the craft  
 Which seems to be the poison of our life,  
 And yet is the condition of our life !  
 'To have done things on which the eye with shame  
 Looks back, the closed hand clutching still the prize !—  
 Alas ! what of all these things shall I say ?  
 Take me away unto thy sleep, O God !  
 I thank thee it is over, yet I think  
 It was a work appointed me of thee.  
 How is it ? I have striven all my days  
 To do my duty to my house and hearth,  
 And to the purpose of my father's race,  
 Yet is my heart therewith not satisfied.

### *AT VENICE*

#### ON THE LIDO

ON her still lake the city sits  
 While bark and boat beside her flits,  
 Nor hears, her soft siesta taking,  
 The Adriatic billows breaking.

#### IN THE PIAZZA AT NIGHT

O beautiful beneath the magic moon  
 To walk the watery way of palaces ;  
 O beautiful, o'er-vaulted with gemmed blue  
 This spacious court ; with colour and with gold,  
 With cupolas, and pinnacles, and points,

And crosses multiplex, and tips, and balls,  
 (Wherewith the bright stars unreprouing mix,  
 Nor scorn by hasty eyes to be confused ;) )  
 Fantastically perfect this lone pile  
 Of oriental glory ; these long ranges  
 Of classic chiselling ; this gay flickering crowd,  
 And the calm Campanile. — Beautiful !  
 O beautiful !

---

My mind is in her rest ; my heart at home  
 In all around ; my soul secure in place,  
 And the vext needle perfect to her poles.  
 Aimless and hopeless in my life, I seemed  
 To thread the winding byeways of the town,  
 Bewildered, baffled, hurried hence and thence,  
 All at cross purpose ever with myself,  
 Unknowing whence, or whither. Then, at once,  
 At a step, I crown the Campanile's top,  
 And view all mapped below. Islands, lagoon,  
 An hundred steeples, and a million roofs,  
 The fruitful champaign, and the cloud-capt Alps,  
 And the broad Adriatic.

---

Come, leave your Gothic worn-out story,  
 San Giorgio and the Redentore,  
 I from no building gay or solemn  
 Can spare the shapely Grecian column.



'Tis not, these centuries four, for nought,  
 Our European world of thought  
 Hath made familiar to its home  
 The classic mind of Greece and Rome ;  
 In all new work that would look forth  
 To more than antiquarian worth,  
 Palladio's pediments and bases,  
 Or something such, will find their places ;  
 Maturer optics don't delight  
 In childish dim religious light ;  
 In evanescent vague effects  
 That shirk, not face one's intellects ;  
 They love not fancies just betrayed,  
 And artful tricks of light and shade,  
 But pure form nakedly displayed  
 And all things absolutely made.

1849

*SPECTATOR AB EXTRA*

I.

As I sat at the Café I said to myself,  
 They may talk as they please about what they call pelf,  
 They may sneer as they like about eating and drinking,  
 But help it I cannot, I cannot help thinking  
     How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho !  
     How pleasant it is to have money.

I sit at my table *en grand seigneur*,  
 And when I have done, throw a crust to the poor ;  
 Not only the pleasure itself of good living,  
 But also the pleasure of now and then giving :  
     So pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho !  
     So pleasant it is to have money.

They may talk as they please about what they call self,  
 And how one ought never to think of one's self,  
 How pleasures of thought surpass eating and drinking,—  
 My pleasure of thought is the pleasure of thinking  
     How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho !  
     How pleasant it is to have money.

## II.

## LE DINER

Come along, 'tis the time, ten or more minutes past,  
 And he who came first had to wait for the last ;  
 The oysters ere this had been in and been out ;  
 Whilst I have been sitting and thinking about  
     How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho !  
     How pleasant it is to have money.

A clear soup with eggs ; *voilà tout* ; of the fish  
 The *filets de sole* are a moderate dish  
*A là Orly*, but you're for red mullet, you say :  
 By the gods of good fare, who can question to-day  
     How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho !  
     How pleasant it is to have money.

After oysters, sauterné; then sherry; champagne,  
 Ere one bottle goes, comes another again;  
 Fly up, thou bold cork, to the ceiling above,  
 And tell to our ears in the sound that they love  
     How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho!  
     How pleasant it is to have money.

I've the simplest of palates; absurd it may be,  
 But I almost could dine on a *poulet-au-riz*,  
 Fish and soup and omelette and that—but the deuce—  
 There were to be woodcocks, and not *Charlotte Russe*!  
     So pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho!  
     So pleasant it is to have money.

Your chablis is acid, away with the hock,  
 Give me the pure juice of the purple *médoc* :  
 St. Peray is exquisite; but, if you please,  
 Some burgundy just before tasting the cheese.  
     So pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho!  
     So pleasant it is to have money.

As for that, pass the bottle, and d—n the expense,  
 I've seen it observed by a writer of sense,  
 That the labouring classes could scarce live a day,  
 If people like us didn't eat, drink, and pay.  
     So useful it is to have money, heigh-ho!  
     So useful it is to have money.

One ought to be grateful, I quite apprehend,  
 Having dinner and supper and plenty to spend,

And so suppose now, while the things go away,  
 By way of a grace we all stand up and say  
     How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho!  
     How pleasant it is to have money.

## III.

## PARVENANT.

I cannot but ask, in the park and the streets  
 When I look at the number of persons one meets,  
 What e'er in the world the poor devils can do  
 Whose fathers and mothers can't give them a *sous*.  
     So needful it is to have money, heigh-ho!  
     So needful it is to have money.

I ride, and I drive, and I care not a d—n,  
 The people look up and they ask who I am;  
 And if I should chance to run over a cad,  
 I can pay for the damage, if ever so bad.  
     So useful it is to have money, heigh-ho!  
     So useful it is to have money.

It was but this winter I came up to town,  
 And already I'm gaining a sort of renown;  
 Find my way to good houses without much ado,  
 Am beginning to see the nobility too.  
     So useful it is to have money, heigh-ho!  
     So useful it is to have money.

O dear what a pity they ever should lose it,  
 Since they are the people that know how to use it ;  
 So easy, so stately, such manners, such dinners,  
 And yet, after all, it is we are the winners.

So needful it is to have money, heigh-ho !

So needful it is to have money.

It's all very well to be handsome and tall,  
 Which certainly makes you look well at a ball ;  
 It's all very well to be clever and witty,  
 But if you are poor, why it's only a pity.

So needful it is to have money, heigh-ho !

So needful it is to have money.

There's something undoubtedly in a fine air,  
 To know how to smile and be able to stare,  
 High breeding is something, but well-bred or not,  
 In the end the one question is, what have you got.

So needful it is to have money, heigh-ho !

So needful it is to have money.

And the angels in pink and the angels in blue,  
 In muslins and moirés so lovely and new,  
 What is it they want, and so wish you to guess,  
 But if you have money, the answer is Yes.

So needful, they tell you, is money, heigh-ho !

So needful it is to have money.

*THE LATEST DECALOGUE*

'THOU shalt have one God only ; who  
 Would be at the expense of two ?  
 No graven images may be  
 Worshipped, except the currency ;  
 Swear not at all ; for, for thy curse  
 Thine enemy is none the worse :  
 At church on Sunday to attend  
 Will serve to keep the world thy friend :  
 Honour thy parents ; that is, all  
 From whom advancement may befall ;  
 Thou shalt not kill ; but need'st not strive  
 Officially to keep alive :  
 Do not adultery commit ;  
 Advantage rarely comes of it :  
 Thou shalt not steal ; an empty feat,  
 When it's so lucrative to cheat :  
 Bear not false witness ; let the lie  
 Have time on its own wings to fly .  
 Thou shalt not covet, but tradition  
 Approves all forms of competition.

' THERE is no God,' the wicked saith,  
 ' And truly it's a blessing,  
 For what he might have done with us  
 It's better only guessing.'

‘There is no God,’ a youngster thinks,  
 ‘Or really if there may be,  
 He surely did’nt mean a man  
 Always to be a baby.’

‘Whether there be,’ the rich man thinks,  
 ‘It matters very little,  
 For I and mine, thank somebody,  
 Are not in want of victual.’

Some others also to themselves  
 Who scarce so much as doubt it,  
 Think there is none, when they are well,  
 And do not think about it.

But country folks who live beneath  
 The shadow of the steeple ;  
 The parson and the parson’s wife,  
 And mostly married people :

Youths green and happy in first love,  
 So thankful for illusion ;  
 And men caught out in what the world  
 Calls guilt, and first confusion ;

And almost every one when age.  
 Disease, or sorrows strike him ;  
 Inclines to think there is a God,  
 Or something very like him.

SUBMIT, submit!

'T is common sense, and human wit  
 Can claim no higher name than it.  
 Devotion, and ideas, and love,  
 And beauty claim their place above;  
 But saint and sage and poet's dreams  
 Divide the light in coloured streams,  
 Which this alone gives all combined,  
 The 'siccum lumen' of the mind,  
 Called common sense; and no high wit  
 Gives better counsel than does it.  
 Submit, submit!

To see things simply as they are  
 Here at our elbows, transcends far  
 Trying to spy out at mid-day  
 Some bright particular star, which may,  
 Or not, be visible at night,  
 But clearly is not in daylight.  
 No inspiration vague outweighs  
 The plain good common sense that says  
 Submit, submit!

'T is common sense, and human wit  
 Can claim no higher name than it.  
 Submit, submit!

For, tell me then, in earth's great laws,  
 Have you found any saving clause?



Exemption special granted you  
 From doing what the rest must do?  
 Of common sense who made you quit,  
 And told you you'd no need of it?  
 Nor to submit?

This stern necessity of things  
 On every side our being rings;  
 Our eager aims, still questing round,  
 Find exit none from that great bound.  
 Where once her law dictates the way,  
 The wise thinks only to obey,  
 Take life as she has ordered it,  
 And come what may of it, submit.  
 Submit, submit!

Who take implicitly her will;  
 For these, her vassal chances still  
 Bring store of joys, successes, pleasures;  
 But whoso ponders, weighs, and measures,  
 She calls her torturers up to goad  
 With spur and scourges on the road.  
 O, lest you yield not timely, ere  
 Her lips that mandate pass, beware!  
 Beware! beware!

'Tis common sense! and human wit  
 Can claim no higher name than it.  
 Submit, submit.  
 Necessity! And who shall dare  
 Bring to her feet excuse or prayer?  
 Beware, beware!

We must, we must :  
 Howe'er we turn, and pause, and tremble,  
 Howe'er we shrink, deceive, dissemble,  
 Whate'er our doubting, grief, disgust,  
 The hand is on us, and we must ;  
 We must, we must.  
 'T is common sense, and human wit  
 Can find no better name than it.  
 Submit, submit !

1849

WHEN the enemy is near thee,  
     Call on us !  
 In our hands we will upbear thee,  
 He shall neither scathe nor scare thee,  
 He shall fly thee and shall fear thee.  
     Call on us !

Call when all good friends have left thee,  
 Of all good sights and sounds bereft thee,  
 Call when hope and heart are sinking,  
 When the brain is sick with thinking,  
     Help, O, help !  
 Call, and following close behind thee,  
 There shall haste and there shall find thee,  
     Help, sure help.

When the panic comes upon thee,  
 When necessity seems on thee,  
 Hope and choice have all foregone thee,

Fate and force are closing o'er thee,  
 And but one way stands before thee.  
 Call on us!

O, and if thou dost not call,  
 Be but faithful, that is all;  
 Go right on, and close behind thee,  
 There shall follow still and find thee,  
 Help, sure help.

1849

HOPE evermore and believe, O man, for e'en as thy thought  
 So are the things that thou see'st; e'en as thy hope and belief.  
 Cowardly art thou and timid? they rise to provoke thee against  
 them,

Hast thou courage? enough, see them exulting to yield.  
 Yea, the rough rock, the dull earth, the wild sea's furiating waters,  
 (Violent say'st thou and hard, mighty thou thinkest to destroy),  
 All with ineffable longing are waiting their Invader,  
 All, with one varying voice, call to him, Come and subdue;  
 Still for their Conqueror call, and but for the joy of being con-  
 quered.

'(Rapture they will not forego) dare to resist and rebel;  
 Still, when resisting and raging, in soft undervoice say unto him,  
 Fear not, retire not, O man; hope evermore and believe.  
 Go from the east to the west, as the sun and the stars direct thee,  
 Go with the girdle of man, go and encompass the earth.  
 Not for the gain of the gold; for the getting, the hoarding, the  
 having,

But for the joy of the deed ; but for the Duty to do.  
 Go with the spiritual life, the higher volition and action,  
 With the great girdle of God, go and encompass the earth.

Go ; say not in thy heart, And what then were it accomplished,  
 Were the wild impulse allayed, what were the use or the  
 good !

Go, when the instinct is stilled, and when the deed is accom-  
 plished,  
 What thou hast done and shalt do, shall be declared to thee  
 then.

Go with the sun and the stars, and yet evermore in thy spirit  
 Say to thyself : It is good : yet is there better than it.  
 This that I see is not all, and this that I do is but little ;  
 Nevertheless it is good, though there is better than it.

WHAT we, when face to face we see  
 The Father of our souls, shall be,  
 John tells us, doth not yet appear ;  
 Ah, did he tell what we are here !

A mind for thoughts to pass into,  
 A heart for loves to travel through,  
 Five senses to detect things near,  
 Is this the whole that we are here ?

Rules baffle instincts—instincts rules,  
 Wise men are bad—and good are fools,  
 Facts evil—wishes vain appear,  
 We cannot go, why are we here ?

O may we for assurance sake,  
 Some arbitrary judgement take,  
 And wilfully pronounce it clear,  
 For this or that 't is we are here ?

Or is it right, and will it do,  
 To pace the sad confusion through,  
 And say : — It doth not yet appear,  
 What we shall be, what we are here.

Ah yet, when all is thought and said,  
 The heart still overrules the head ;  
 Still what we hope we must believe,  
 And what is given us receive ;

Must still believe, for still we hope  
 That in a world of larger scope,  
 What here is faithfully begun  
 Will be completed, not undone.

My child, we still must think, when we  
 That ampler life together see,  
 Some true result will yet appear  
 Of what we are, together, here.

### *PESCHIERA*

WHAT voice did on my spirit fall,  
 Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost?  
 'Tis better to have fought and lost,  
 Than never to have fought at all.' ●

The tricolor—a trampled rag  
Lies, dirt and dust; the lines I track  
By sentry boxes yellow-black,  
Lead up to no Italian flag.

I see the Croat soldier stand  
Upon the grass of your redoubts;  
The eagle with his black wing flouts  
The breadth and beauty of your land.

Yet not in vain, although in vain,  
O men of Brescia, on the day  
Of loss past hope, I heard you say  
Your welcome to the noble pain.

You said, 'Since so it is,—good bye  
Sweet life, high hope; but whatsoe'er  
May be, or must, no tongue shall dare  
To tell, "The Lombard feared to die!"'

You said, (there shall be answer fit,)  
'And if our children must obey,  
They must; but thinking on this day  
'T will less debase them to submit.'

You said, (Oh not in vain you said,)  
'Haste, brothers, haste, while yet we may;  
The hours ebb fast of this one day  
When blood may yet be nobly shed.'

Ah! not for idle hatred, not  
For honour, fame, nor self-applause,  
But for the glory of the cause,  
You did, what will not be forgot.

And though the stranger stand, 'tis true,  
 By force and fortune's right he stands ;  
 By fortune, which is in God's hands,  
 And strength, which yet shall spring in you.

This voice did on my spirit fall,  
 Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost,  
 'Tis better to have fought and lost,  
 Than never to have fought at all.'

*Alteram Partem*

OR shall I say, Vain word, false thought,  
 Since Prudence hath her martyrs too,  
 And Wisdom dictates not to do,  
 Till doing shall be not for nought.

Not ours to give or lose is life ;  
 Will Nature, when her brave ones fall,  
 Remake her work ? or songs recall  
 Death's victim slain in useless strife ?

That rivers flow into the sea  
 Is loss and waste, the foolish say,  
 Nor know that back they find their way,  
 Unseen, to where they went to be.

Showers fall upon the hills, springs flow,  
 The river runneth still at hand,  
 Brave men are born into the land,  
 And whence the foolish do not know.

No! no vain voice did on me fall,  
 Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost,  
 ‘*Tis better to have fought and lost,*  
 Than never to have fought at all.’

SAY not, the struggle nought availeth,  
 The labour and the wounds are vain,  
 The enemy faints not, nor faileth,  
 And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;  
 It may be, in yon smoke concealed,  
 Your comrades chase e’en now the fliers,  
 And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,  
 Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
 Far back, through creeks and inlets making,  
 Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,  
 When daylight comes, comes in the light,  
 In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,  
 But westward, look, the land is bright.



*Ite domum saturæ, venit Hesperus*

THE skies have sunk, and hid the upper snow,  
 (Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie)  
 The rainy clouds are filing fast below,  
 And wet will be the path, and wet shall we.  
 Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

Ah dear, and where is he, a year ago,  
 Who stepped beside and cheered us on and on?  
 My sweetheart wanders far away from me,  
 In foreign land or on a foreign sea.  
 Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

The lightning zigzags shoot across the sky,  
 (Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie,)  
 And through the vale the rains go sweeping by;  
 Ah me, and when in shelter shall we be?  
 Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

Cold, dreary cold, the stormy winds feel they  
 O'er foreign lands and foreign seas that stray.  
 (Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.)  
 And doth he e'er, I wonder, bring to mind  
 The pleasant huts and herds he left behind?  
 And doth he sometimes in his slumbering see  
 The feeding kine, and doth he think of me,  
 My sweetheart wandering wheresoe'er it be?  
 Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

The thunder bellows far from snow to snow,  
 (Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.)  
 And loud and louder roars the flood below.  
 Heigh-ho ! but soon in shelter shall we be :  
 Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

Or shall he find before his term be sped  
 Some comelier maid that he shall wish to wed ?  
 (Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.)  
 For weary is work, and weary day by day  
 To have your comfort miles on miles away.  
 Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

Or may it be that I shall find my mate,  
 And he returning see himself too late ?  
 For work we must, and what we see, we see,  
 And God he knows, and what must be, must be,  
 When sweethearts wander far away from me.  
 Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

The sky behind is brightening up anew,  
 (Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.)  
 The rain is ending, and our journey too ;  
 Heigh-ho ! aha ! for here at home are we :—  
 In, Rose, and in, Provence and La Palie.

‘ OLD things need not be therefore true,  
 O brother men, nor yet the new ;  
 Ah ! still awhile the old thought retain,  
 And yet consider it again !

The souls of now two thousand years,  
 Have laid up here their toils and fears,  
 And all the earnings of their pain,—  
 Ah, yet consider it again !

We ! what do we see ? each a space  
 Of some few yards before his face ;  
 Does that the whole wide plan explain ?  
 Ah, yet consider it again !

Alas ! the great world goes its way,  
 And takes its truth from each new day ;  
 They do not quit, nor can retain,  
 Far less consider it again.

O THOU whose image in the shrine  
 Of human spirits dwells divine.  
 Which from that precinct once conveyed,  
 To be to outer day displayed,  
 Doth vanish, part, and leave behind  
 Mere blank and void of empty mind,  
 Which wilful fancy seeks in vain  
 With casual shapes to fill again !

O Thou, that in our bosom's shrine  
 Dost dwell, unknown because divine!  
 I thought to speak, I thought to say,  
 'The light is here,' 'behold the way,'  
 'The voice was thus' and 'thus the word,  
 And 'thus I saw,' and 'that I heard,'—  
 But from the lips that half essayed  
 The imperfect utterance fell unmade.

O Thou, in that mysterious shrine  
 Enthroned, as I must say, divine!  
 I will not frame one thought of what  
 Thou mayest either be or not.  
 I will not prate of 'thus' and 'so,'  
 And be profane with 'yes' and 'no,'  
 Enough that in our soul and heart  
 Thou, whatsoever Thou may'st be, art.

Unseen, secure in that high shrine  
 Acknowledged present and divine,  
 I will not ask some upper air,  
 Some future day, to place Thee there;  
 Nor say, nor yet deny, such men  
 And women saw Thee thus and then:  
 Thy name was such, and there or here  
 To him or her Thou didst appear.

Do only Thou in that dim shrine,  
 Unknown or known, remain, divine;  
 There, or if not, at least in eyes  
 That scan the fact that round them lies,

The hand to sway, the judgement guide,  
 In sight and sense Thyself divide :  
 Be Thou but there,—in soul and heart,  
 I will not ask to feel Thou art.

It fortifies my soul to know  
 That, though I perish, Truth is so :  
 That, howsoe'er I stray and range,  
 Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.  
 I steadier step when I recall  
 That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

WHERE are the great, whom thou wouldst wish to praise thee ?  
 Where are the pure, whom thou wouldst choose to love thee ?  
 Where are the brave, to stand supreme above thee,  
 Whose high commands would cheer, whose chiding raise thee ?  
 Seek, seeker, in thyself ; submit to find  
 In the stones, bread, and life in the blank mind.

COME home, come home, and where is home for me,  
 Whose ship is driving o'er the trackless sea?  
 To the frail bark here plunging on its way,  
 To the wild waters, shall I turn and say  
 To the plunging bark, or to the salt sea foam,  
     You are my home.

Fields once I walked in, faces once I knew,  
 Familiar things so old my heart believed them true,  
 These far, far back, behind me lie, before  
 The dark clouds mutter, and the deep seas roar,  
 And speak to them that 'neath and o'er them roam  
     No words of home.

Beyond the clouds, beyond the waves that roar,  
 There may indeed, or may not be, a shore,  
 Where fields as green, and hands and hearts as true,  
 The old forgotten semblance may renew,  
 And offer exiles driven far o'er the salt sea foam  
     Another home.

But toil and pain must wear out many a day,  
 And days bear weeks, and weeks bear months away,  
 Ere, if at all, the weary traveller hear,  
 With accents whispered in his wayworn ear,  
 A voice he dares to listen to, say, Come  
     To thy true home.

Come home, come home! And where a home hath he  
 Whose ship is driving o'er the driving sea?

Through clouds that mutter, and o'er waves that roar,  
 Say, shall we find, or shall we not, a shore  
 That is, as is not ship or ocean foam,  
       Indeed our home?

1852

" GREEN fields of England! wheresoe'er  
 Across this watery waste we fare,  
 Your image at our hearts we bear,  
 Green fields of England, everywhere.

Sweet eyes in England, I must flee  
 Past where the wave's last confines be,  
 Ere your loved smile I cease to see,  
 Sweet eyes in England, dear to me.

Dear home in England, safe and fast  
 If but in thee my lot lie cast,  
 The past shall seem a nothing past  
 To thee dear home, if won at last;  
 Dear home in England, won at last.

1852

Come back, come back, behold with straining mast  
 And swelling sail, behold her steaming fast;  
 With one new sun to see her voyage o'er,  
 With morning light to touch her native shore.  
       Come back, come back.

Come back, come back, while westward labouring by,  
 With sail-less yards, a bare black hulk we fly.  
 See how the gale we fight with, sweeps her back,  
 To our lost home, on our forsaken track.

    Come back, come back.

Come back, come back, across the flying foam,  
 We hear faint far-off voices call us home,  
 Come back, ye seem to say; ye seek in vain;  
 We went, we sought, and homeward turned again.

    Come back, come back.

Come back, come back; and whither back or why?  
 To fan quenched hopes, forsaken schemes to try;  
 Walk the old fields; pace the familiar street;  
 Dream with the idlers; with the bards compete.

    Come back, come back.

Come back; come back, and whither and for what?  
 To finger idly some old Gordian knot,  
 Unskilled to sunder, and too weak to cleave,  
 And with much toil attain to half-believe.

    Come back, come back.

Come back, come back; yea back, indeed, do go  
 Sighs panting thick, and tears that want to flow;  
 Fond fluttering hopes upraise their useless wings,  
 And wishes idly struggle in the strings;

    Come back, come back.

Come back, come back, more eager than the breeze,  
 The flying fancies sweep across the seas,



' And lighter far than ocean's flying foam,  
 The heart's fond message hurries to its home.'  
 Come back, come back!

Come back, come back!  
 Back flies the foam; the hoisted flag streams back;  
 The long smoke wavers on the homeward track,  
 Back fly with winds things which the winds obey,  
 'The strong ship follows its appointed way.

1852

SOME future day when what is now is not,  
 When all old faults and follies are forgot,  
 And thoughts of difference passed like dreams away,  
 We'll meet again, upon some future day.

When all that hindered, all that vexed our love  
 As tall rank weeds will climb the blade-above,  
 When all but it has yielded to decay,  
 We'll meet again upon some future day.

When we have proved, each on his course alone,  
 The wider world, and learnt what's now unknown,  
 Have made life clear, and worked out each a way,  
 We'll meet again, — we shall have much to say.

With happier mood, and feelings born anew,  
 Our boyhood's bygone fancies we'll review,  
 Talk o'er old talks, play as we used to play,  
 And meet again, on many a future day.

Some day, which oft our hearts shall yearn to see,  
 In some far year, though distant yet to be,  
 Shall we indeed,—ye winds and waters, say!—  
 Meet yet again, upon some future day?

WHERE lies the land to which the ship would go?  
 Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.  
 And where the land she travels from? Away,  
 Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,  
 Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace;  
 Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below  
 The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights when wild north-westerns rave,  
 How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!  
 The dripping sailor on the reeling mast  
 Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?  
 Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.  
 And where the land she travels from? Away,  
 Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

THE mighty ocean rolls and raves,  
 To part us with its angry waves ;  
 But arch on arch from shore to shore,  
 In a vast fabric reaching o'er,

With careful labours daily wrought,  
 By steady hope and tender thought,  
 The wide and weltering waste above—  
 Our hearts have bridged it with their love.

There fond anticipations fly  
 To rear the growing structure high,  
 Dear memories upon either side,  
 Combine to make it large and wide.

There, happy fancies day by day,  
 New courses sedulously lay ;  
 There soft solitudes, sweet fears,  
 And doubts accumulate, and tears.

While the pure purpose of the soul,  
 To form of many parts a whole,  
 To make them strong and hold them true,  
 From end to end, is carried through.

Then when the waters war between,  
 Upon the masonry unseen,  
 Secure and swift, from shore to shore,  
 With silent footfall travelling o'er,

Our sundered spirits come and go,  
 Hither and thither, to and fro,  
 Pass and repass, now linger near,  
 Now part, anew to reappear.

With motions of a glad surprise,  
 We meet each other's wondering eyes,  
 At work, at play, when people talk,  
 And when we sleep, and when we walk.

Each dawning day my eyelids see  
 You come, methinks, across to me,  
 And I, at every hour anew  
 Could dream I travelled o'er to you.

1853

THAT out of sight is out of mind  
 Is true of most we leave behind ;  
 It is not sure, nor can be true,  
 My own and only love, of you.

They were my friends, 't was sad to part ;  
 Almost a tear began to start ;  
 But yet as things run on they find  
 That out of sight is out of mind.

For men, that will not idlers be,  
 Must lend their hearts to things they see ;  
 And friends who leave them far behind,  
 When out of sight are out of mind.

I blame it not ; I think that when  
 The cold and silent meet again,  
 Kind hearts will yet as erst be kind,  
 'T was 'out of sight,' was 'out of mind.'

I knew it when we parted, well,  
 I knew it, but was loth to tell ;  
 I felt before, what now I find,  
 That 'out of sight' is 'out of mind.'

That friends, however friends they were,  
 Still deal with things as things occur,  
 And that, excepting for the blind,  
 What's out of sight is out of mind.

But love, the poets say, *is* blind ;  
 So out of sight and out of mind  
 Need not, nor will, I think, be true,  
 My own and only love, of you.

1853

WERE you with me, or I with you,  
 There's nought, methinks, I might not do ;  
 Could venture here, and venture there,  
 And never fear, nor ever care.

To things before, and things behind,  
 Could turn my thoughts, and turn my mind,  
 On this and that, day after day,  
 Could dare to throw myself away.

Secure, when all was o'er; to find  
 My proper thought, my perfect mind,  
 And unimpaired receive anew  
 My own and better self in you.

1853

How in heaven's name did Columbus get over,  
 Is a pure wonder to me, I protest,  
 Cabot and Raleigh too, that well-read rover,  
 Frobisher, Dampier, Drake and the rest;  
 Bad enough all the same,  
 For them that after came;  
 But in great heaven's name,  
 How he should ever think  
 That on the other brink  
 Of this wild waste, terra firma should be,  
 Is a pure wonder, I must say, to me,

How a man should ever hope to get thither,  
 E'en if he knew there was another side,  
 But to suppose he should come any whither,  
 Sailing straight on into chaos untried.  
 In spite of the motion,  
 Across the whole ocean,  
 To stick to the notion  
 That in some nook or bend  
 Of a sea without end,  
 He should find North and South America,  
 Was a pure madness, indeed, I must say.

What if wise men had, as far back as Ptolemy,  
     Judged that the earth like an orange was round,  
 None of them ever said, Come along, follow me,  
     Sail to the West, and the East will be found.  
 Many a day before  
     Ever they'd come ashore  
     Sadder and wiser men,  
     They'd have turned back again;  
 And that *he* did not, but did cross the sea,  
 Is a pure wonder, I must say, to me.

*TO A SLEEPING CHILD*

Lips, lips, open!  
 Up comes a little bird that lives inside,  
 Up comes a little bird, and peeps and out he flies.

All the day he sits inside, and sometimes he sings,  
 Up he comes and out he goes at night to spread his wings.

Little bird, little bird, whither will you go?  
 Round about the world while nobody can know.

Little bird, little bird, whither do you flee?  
 Far away round the world while nobody can see.

Little bird, little bird, how long will you roam?  
 All round the world and around again home.

Round the round world, and back through the air,  
 When the morning comes, the little bird is there.

Back comes the little bird, and looks, and in he flies.  
Up wakes the little boy, and opens both his eyes.

Sleep, sleep, little boy, little bird's away,  
Little bird will come again, by the peep of day ;

Sleep, sleep little boy, little bird must go  
Round about the world, while nobody can know.

Sleep, sleep sound, little bird goes round  
Round and round he goes — sleep, sleep sound.

O STREAM descending to the sea,  
Thy mossy banks between,  
The flow'rets blow, the grasses grow,  
The leafy trees are green.

In garden plots the children play,  
The fields the labourers till,  
And houses stand on either hand,  
And thou descendest still.

O life descending into death,  
Our waking eyes behold,  
Parent and friend thy lapse attend,  
Companions young and old.

Strong purposes our mind possess,  
Our hearts affections fill,  
We toil and earn, we seek and learn,  
And thou descendest still.



O end to which our currents tend,  
 Inevitable sea,  
 To which we flow, what do we know,  
 What shall we guess of thee?

A roar we hear upon thy shore,  
 As we our course fulfil;  
 Scarce we divine a sun will shine  
 And be above us still.

Put forth thy leaf, thou lofty plane,  
 East wind and frost are safely gone;  
 With zephyr mild and balmy rain  
 The summer comes serenely on;  
 Earth, air, and sun and skies combine  
 To promise all that's kind and fair:—  
 But thou, O human heart of mine,  
 Be still, contain thyself, and bear.

December days were brief and chill,  
 The winds of March were wild and drear,  
 And, nearing and receding still,  
 Spring never would, we thought, be here.  
 The leaves that burst, the suns that shine,  
 Had, not the less, their certain date:—  
 And thou, O human heart of mine,  
 Be still, refrain thyself, and wait.

TRUNKS the forest yielded, with gums ambrosial oozing,  
 Boughs with apples laden, beautiful, Hesperian —  
 Golden, odoriferous, perfume exhaling about them,  
 Orbs in a dark umbrage luminous and radiant ;  
 To the palate grateful, more luscious were not in Eden,  
 Or in that fabled garden of Alcinoüs ;  
 Out of a dark umbrage, sounds also musical issued,  
 Birds their sweet transports uttering in melody.  
 Thrushes clear-piping, wood-pigeons cooing, arousing  
 Loudly, the nightingale, loudly, the silvan echoes ;  
 Waters transpicuous flowed under, flowed to the listening  
 Ear with a soft murmur, softly soporiferous :  
 Nor, with ebon locks too, there wanted, circling, attentive  
 Unto the sweet fluting, girls, of a swarthy shepherd,  
 Over a sunny level their flocks are lazily feeding  
 They, of Amor musing, rest in a leafy cavern.

1861

COME, Poet, come !

A thousand labourers ply their task,  
 And what it tends to scarcely ask,  
 And trembling thinkers on the brink  
 Shiver, and know not how to think.

To tell the purport of their pain,  
 And what our silly joys contain ;  
 In lasting lineaments pourtray  
 The substance of the shadowy day ;  
 Our real and inner deeds rehearse,  
 And make our meaning clear in verse :  
 Come, Poet, come ! for but in vain  
 We do the work or feel the pain,  
 And gather up the seeming gain,  
 Unless before the end thou come  
 To take, ere they are lost, their sum.

Come, Poet, come !  
 To give an utterance to the dumb,  
 And make vain babblers silent, come ;  
 A thousand dupes point here and there,  
 Bewildered by the show and glare ;  
 And wise men half have learnt to doubt  
 Whether we are not best without.  
 Come, Poet ; both but wait to see  
 Their error proved to them in thee.

Come, Poet, come !  
 In vain I seem to call. And yet  
 Think not the living times forget.  
 Ages of heroes fought and fell  
 That Homer in the end might tell ;  
 O'er grovelling generations past  
 Upstood the Doric fane at last ;  
 And countless hearts on countless years  
 Had wasted thoughts, and hopes, and fears,  
 Rude laughter and unmeaning tears ;

Ere England Shakespeare saw, or Rome  
The pure perfection of her dome.  
Others, I doubt not, if not we,  
The issue of our toils shall see ;  
And (they forgotten and unknown)  
Young children gather as their own  
The harvest that the dead had sown.

THE  
BOTHIE OF TOBER-NA-VUOLICH

A LONG-VACATION PASTORAL

*Nunc formosissimus annus*

*Ite meæ felix quondam pecus, ite camenæ*





THE  
BOTHIE OF TOBER-NA-VUOLICH

I

*Socii cratera coronant*

It was the afternoon ; and the sports were now at the ending.  
Long had the stone been put, tree cast, and thrown the hammer ;  
Up the perpendicular hill, Sir Hector so called it,  
Eight stout gillies had run, with speed and agility wondrous ;  
Run too the course on the level had been ; the leaping was over :  
Last in the show of dress, a novelty recently added,  
Noble ladies their prizes adjudged for costume that was perfect,  
Turning the clansmen about, as they stood with upraised elbows ;  
Bowing their eye-glassed brows, and fingering kilt and sporran.  
It was four of the clock, and the sports were come to the ending,  
Therefore the Oxford party went off to adorn for the dinner.

Be it recorded in song who was first, who last, in dressing.  
Hope was first, black-tied, white-waistcoated, simple, His  
Honour ;

For the postman made out he was heir to the Earldom of Ilay,  
(Being the younger son of the younger brother, the Colonel,)  
Treated him therefore with special respect ; doffed bonnet, and  
ever

Called him his Honour: his Honour he therefore was at the cottage.

Always his Honour at least, sometimes the Viscount of Ilay.

Hope was first, his Honour, and next to his Honour the Tutor.

Still more plain the Tutor, the grave man, nicknamed Adam, White-tied, clerical, silent, with antique square-cut waistcoat Formal, unchanged, of black cloth, but with sense and feeling beneath it;

Skilful in Ethics and Logic, in Pindar and Poets unrivalled; *Shady* in Latin, said Lindsay, but *topping* in Plays and Aldrich.

Somewhat more splendid in dress, in a waistcoat work of a lady,

Lindsay succeeded; the lively, the cheery, cigar-loving Lindsay, Lindsay the ready of speech, the Piper, the Dialectician, This was his title from Adam because of the words he invented, Who in three weeks had created a dialect new for the party; This was his title from Adam, but mostly they called him the Piper. Lindsay succeeded, the lively, the cheery, cigar-loving Lindsay.

Hewson and Hobbes were down at the *matutine* bathing; of course too

Arthur, the bather of bathers, *par excellence*, Audley by surname, Arthur they called him for love and for euphony; they had been bathing,

Where in the morning was custom, where over a ledge of granite Into a granite bason the amber torrent descended,

Only a step from the cottage, the road and larches between them. Hewson and Hobbes followed quick upon Adam; on them followed Arthur.

Airlie descended the last, effulgent as god of Olympus; Blue, perceptibly blue, was the coat that had white silk facings, Waistcoat blue, coral-buttoned, the white-tie finely adjusted,



Coral moreover the studs on a shirt as of crochet of wömen :  
When the fourwheel for ten minutes already had stood at the  
gateway,

He, like a god, came leaving his ample Olympian chamber.

And in the fourwheel they drove to the place of the clansmen's  
meeting.

So in the fourwheel they came ; and Donald the innkeeper showed  
them

Up to the barn where the dinner should be. Four tables were in it ;  
Two at the top and the bottom, a little upraised from the level,  
These for Chairman and Croupier, and gentry fit to be with  
them ;

Two lengthways in the midst for keeper and gillie and peasant.  
Here were clansmen many in kilt and bonnet assembled,  
Keepers a dozen at least ; the Marquis's targeted gillies ;  
Pipers five or six, among them the young one, the drunkard ;  
Many with silver brooches, and some with those brilliant cry-  
stals

Found amid granite-dust on the frosty scalp of the Cairn-Gorm ;  
But with snuff-boxes all, and all of them using the boxes.  
Here too were Catholic Priest, and Established Minister stand-  
ing ;

Catholic Priest ; for many still clung to the Ancient Worship,  
And Sir Hector's father himself had built them a chapel ;  
So stood Priest and Minister, near to each other, but silent,  
One to say grace before, the other after the dinner.

Hither anon too came the shrewd, ever-ciphering Factor,  
Hither anon the Attaché, the Guardsman mute and stately,  
Hither from lodge and bothie in all the adjoining shootings  
Members of Parliament many, forgetful of votes and blue-books,  
Here, amid heathery hills, upon beast and bird of the forest  
Venting the murderous spleen of the endless Railway Committee.

Hither the Marquis of Ayr, and Dalgarnish Earl and Croupier,  
And at their side, amid murmurs of welcome, long-looked for,  
himself too

Eager, the grey, but boy-hearted Sir Hector, the Chief and the  
Chairman.

Then was the dinner served, and the Minister prayed for a  
blessing,

And to the viands before them with knife and with fork they  
beset them;

Venison, the red and the roe, with mutton; and grouse succeed-  
ing;

Such was the feast, with whisky of course, and at top and bot-  
tom

Small decanters of Sherry, not overchoice, for the gentry.

So to the viands before them with laughter and chat they beset  
them.

And, when on flesh and on fowl had appetite duly been sated,

Up rose the Catholic Priest and returned God thanks for the  
dinner.

Then on all tables were set black bottles of well-mixed toddy,

And, with the bottles and glasses before them, they sat, digesting,

Talking, enjoying, but chiefly awaiting the toasts and speeches.

Spare me, O great Recollection! for words to the task were  
unequal,

Spare me, O mistress of Song! nor bid me remember minutely

All that was said and done o'er the well-mixed tempting toddy;

How were healths proposed and drunk "with all the honours,"

Glasses and bonnets waving, and three-times-three thrice over,

Queen, and Prince, and Army, and Landlords all, and Keepers;

Bid me not, grammar defying, repeat from grammar-defiers

Long constructions strange and plusquam-Thucydidean,

Tell how, as sudden torrent in time of speat\* in the mountain  
Hurries six ways at once, and takes at last to the roughest,  
Or as the practised rider at Astley's or Franconi's  
Skilfully, boldly bestrides many steeds at once in the gallop,  
Crossing from this to that, with one leg here, one yonder,  
So, less skilful, but equally bold, and wild as the torrent,  
All through sentences six at a time, unsuspecting of syntax,  
Hurried the lively good-will and garrulous tale of Sir Hector.  
Left to oblivion be it, the memory, faithful as ever,  
How the Marquis of Ayr, with wonderful gesticulation,  
Floundering on through game and mess-room recollections,  
Gossip of neighbouring forest, praise of targeted gillies,  
Anticipation of royal visit, skits at pedestrians,  
Swore he would never abandon his country, nor give up deer-  
stalking;

How, too, more brief, and plainer in spite of their Gaelic accent,  
Highland peasants gave courteous answer to flattering nobles.

Two orations alone the memorial song will render;

For at the banquet's close spake thus the lively Sir Héctor,

Somewhat husky with praises exuberant, often repeated,

Pleasant to him and to them, of the gallant Highland soldiers

Whom he erst led in the fight;—something husky, but ready,  
though weary,

Up to them rose and spoke the grey but gladsome chieftain:—

Fill up your glasses, my friends once more,—With all the  
honours!

There was a toast I forgot, which our gallant Highland homes  
have

Always welcomed the stranger, delighted, I may say, to see such  
Fine young men at my table—My friends! are you ready? the  
Strangers.

\* Flood.

Gentlemen, here are your healths, — and I wish you — With all  
the honours!

So he said, and the cheers ensued, and all the honours,  
All our Collegians were bowed to, the Attaché detecting his  
Honour,

Guardsman moving to Arthur, and Marquis sidling to Airlie,  
And the small Piper below getting up and nodding to Lindsay.

But, while the healths were being drunk, was much tribulation  
and trouble,

Nodding and beckoning across, observed of Attaché and Guards-  
man:

Adam would n't speak, — indeed it was certain he could n't;  
Hewson could, and would if they wished; Philip Hewson a  
poet,

Hewson a radical hot, hating lords and scorning ladies,  
Silent mostly, but often reviling in fire and fury  
Feudal tenures, mercantile lords, competition and bishops,  
Liveries, armorial bearings, amongst other matters the Game-  
laws:

He could speak, and was asked-to by Adam, but Lindsay aloud  
cried,

(Whisky was hot in his brain), Confound it, no, not Hewson,  
A'n't he cock-sure to bring in his eternal political humbug?

However, so it must be, and after due pause of silence,  
Waving his hand to Lindsay, and smiling oddly to Adam,  
Up to them rose and spoke the poet and radical Hewson.

I am, I think, perhaps the most perfect stranger present.

I have not, as have some of my friends, in my veins some tinc-  
ture,

Some few ounces of Scottish blood; no, nothing like it.

I am therefore perhaps the fittest to answer and thank you

So I thank you, sir, for myself and for my companions,

Heartily thank you all for this unexpected greeting,  
All the more welcome, as showing you do not account us intruders,

Are not unwilling to see the north and the south forgather.  
And, surely, seldom have Scotch and English more thoroughly mingled ;

Scarcely with warmer hearts, and clearer feeling of manhood,  
Even in tourney, and foray, and fray, and regular battle,  
Where the life and the strength came out in the tug and tussle,  
Scarcely, where man met man, and soul encountered with soul, as  
Close as do the bodies and twining limbs of the wrestlers,  
When for a final bout are a day's two champions mated, —  
In the grand old times of bows, and bills, and claymores,  
At the old Flodden-field — or Bannockburn — or Culloden.  
— (And he paused a moment, for breath, and because of some cheering,)

We are the better friends, I fancy, for that old fighting,  
Better friends, inasmuch as we know each other the better,  
We can now shake hands without pretending or shuffling.  
On this passage followed a great tornado of cheering,  
Tables were rapped, feet stamped, a glass or two got broken :  
Here the cheers died wholly away, and while still there was stamping,

Added, in altered voice, with a smile, his doubtful conclusion.

I have, however, less claim than others perhaps to this honour,  
For, let me say, I am neither game-keeper, nor game-preservee.

So he said, and sat down, but his satire had not been taken.

Only the *men*, who were all on their legs as concerned in the  
thanking,

Were a trifle confused, but mostly sat down without laughing ;  
Lindsay alone, close-facing the chair, shook his fist at the speaker.  
Only a Liberal member, away at the end of the table,

Started, remembering sadly the cry of a coming election,  
Only the Attaché glanced at the Guardsman, who twirled his  
moustachio,

Only the Marquis faced round, but, not quite clear of the mean-  
ing,

Joined with the joyous Sir Hector, who lustily beat on the table.

And soon after the chairman arose, and the feast was over :

Now should the barn be cleared and forthwith adorned for the  
dancing,

And, to make way for this purpose, the tutor and pupils retiring  
Were by the chieftain addressed and invited to come to the castle.

But ere the door-way they quitted, a thin man clad as the Saxon,

Trouser and cap and jacket of homespun blue, hand-woven,

Singled out, and said with determined accent, to Hewson,

Touching his arm : Young man, if ye pass through the Braes o'  
Lochaber,

See by the loch-side ye come to the Bothie of Tober-na-vuolich.

II

*Et certamen erat, Corydon cum Thyrside, magnum*

MORN, in yellow and white, came broadening out from the  
mountains,

Long ere music and 'reel were hushed in the barn of the  
dancers.

Duly in *matutine* bathed before eight some two of the party,  
Where in the morning was custom, where over a ledge of granite  
Into a granite bason the amber torrent descended.

There two plunges each took Philip and Arthur together,  
Duly in *matutine* bathed, and read, and waited for breakfast;  
Breakfast commencing at nine, lingered lazily on to noon-day.

Tea and coffee were there; a jug of water for Hewson;  
Tea and coffee; and four cold grouse upon the sideboard;  
Gayly they talked, as they sat, some late and lazy at breakfast,  
Some professing a book, some smoking outside at the window.  
By an aurora soft-pouring a still sheeny tide to the zenith,  
Hewson and Arthur, with Adam, had walked and got home by  
eleven;

Hope and the others had staid till the round sun lighted them bed-  
ward.

They of the lovely aurora, but these of the lovelier women  
Spoke—of noble ladies and rustic girls, their partners.

Turned to them Hewson, the chartist, the poet, the eloquent  
speaker.

Sick of the very names of your Lady Augustas and Floras  
Am I, as ever I was of the dreary botanical titles

Of the exotic plants, their antitypes, in the hot-house :  
 Roses, violets, lilies for me! the out-of-door beauties ;  
 Meadow and woodland sweets, forget-me-nots, and heartsease !

Pausing awhile, he proceeded anon, for none made answer.  
 Oh, if our high-born girls knew only the grace, the attraction,  
 Labour, and labour alone, can add to the beauty of women,  
 Truly the milliner's trade would quickly, I think, be at discount,  
 All the waste and loss in silk and satin be saved us,  
 Saved for purposes truly and widely productive —

That's right,

Take off your coat to it, Philip, cried Lindsay, outside in the  
 garden,

Take off your coat to it, Philip.

Well, then, said Hewson, resuming ;

Laugh if you please at my novel economy ; listen to this, though ;  
 As for myself, and apart from economy wholly, believe me,  
 Never I properly felt the relation between men and women,  
 Though to the dancing-master I went, perforce, for a quarter,  
 Where, in dismal quadrille, were good-looking girls in abundance,  
 Though, too, school-girl cousins were mine, — a bevy of beauties, —

Never, (of course you will laugh, but of course all the same I  
 shall say it,)

Never, believe me, I knew of the feelings between men and women,

Till in some village fields in holidays now getting stupid,  
 One day sauntering "long and listless," as Tennyson has it,  
 Long and listless strolling, ungainly in hobbadiboyhood,  
 Chanced it my eye fell aside on a capless, bonnetless maiden,  
 Bending with three-pronged fork in a garden uprooting potatoes.  
 Was it the air? who can say? or herself, or the charm of the  
 labour?



But a new thing was in me; and longing delicious possessed me,  
Longing to take her and lift her, and put her away from her slav-  
ing.

Was it embracing or aiding was most in my mind? hard ques-  
tion!

But a new thing was in me, I, too, was a youth among maidens :  
Was it the air? who can say? but in part 't was the charm of the  
labour.

Still, though a new thing was in me, the poets revealed themselves  
to me,

And in my dreams by Miranda, her Ferdinand, often I wandered,  
Though all the fuss about girls, the giggling, and toying, and coy-  
ing,

Were not so strange as before, so incomprehensible purely;  
Still, as before (and as now), balls, dances, and evening parties;  
Shooting with bows, going shopping together, and hearing them  
singing,

Dangling beside them, and turning the leaves on the dreary  
piano,

Offering unneeded arms, performing dull farces of escort,  
Seemed like a sort of unnatural up-in-the-air balloon-work,  
(Or what to me is as hateful, a riding about in a carriage,)  
Utter removal from work, mother earth, and the objects of  
living.

Hungry and fainting for food, you ask me to join you in snap-  
ping—

What but a pink-paper comfit, with motto romantic inside it?  
Wishing to stock me a garden, I'm sent to a table of nosegays;  
Better a crust of black bread than a mountain of paper confec-  
tions,

Better a daisy in earth than a dahlia cut and gathered,  
Better a cowslip with root than a prize carnation without it.

That I allow, said Adam.

But he, with the bit in his teeth, scarce  
Breathed a brief moment, and hurried exultingly on with his  
rider,  
Far over hillock, and runnel, and bramble, away in the cham-  
paign,  
Snorting defiance and force, the white foam flecking his flanks,  
the  
Rein hanging loose to his neck, and head projected before him.

Oh, if they knew and considered, unhappy ones! oh, could  
they see, could  
But for a moment discern, how the blood of true gallantry  
kindles,  
How the old knightly religion, the chivalry semi-quixotic  
Stirs in the veins of a man at seeing some delicate woman  
Serving him, toiling—for him, and the world; some tenderest  
girl, now  
Over-weighted, expectant, of him, is it? who shall, if only  
Duly her burden be lightened, not wholly removed from her, mind  
you,  
Lightened if but by the love, the devotion man only can offer,  
Grand on her pedestal rise as urn-bearing statue of Hellas;—  
Oh, could they feel at such moments how man's heart, as into  
Eden  
Carried anew, seems to see, like the gardener of earth uncor-  
rupted,  
Eve from the hand of her Maker advancing, an helpmeet for  
him,  
Eve from his own flesh taken, a spirit restored to his spirit,  
Spirit but not spirit only, himself whatever himself is,  
Unto the mystery's end sole helpmate meet to be with him ;—

Oh if they saw it and knew it ; we soon should see them abandon

Boudoir, toilette, carriage, drawing-room, and ball-room, . .  
Satin for worsted exchange, gros-de-naples for plain linsey-woolsey,

Sandals of silk for clogs, for health lackadaisical fancies !

So, feel women, not dolls ; so feel the sap of existence

Circulate up through their roots from the far-away centre of all things,

Circulate up from the depths to the bud on the twig that is top-most !

Yes, we should see them delighted, delighted ourselves in the seeing,

Bending with blue cotton gown skirted-up over striped linsey-woolsey,

Milking the kine in the field, like Rachel, watering cattle,

Rachel, when at the well the predestined beheld and kissed her,

Or, with pail upon head, like Dora beloved of Alexis,

Comely, with well-poised pail over neck arching soft to the shoulders,

Comely in gracefulest act, one arm uplifted to stay it,

Home from the river or pump moving stately and calm to the laundry ;

Ay, doing household work, as many sweet girls I have looked at,

Needful household work, which some one, after all, must do,

Needful, graceful therefore, as washing, cooking, and scouring,

Or, if you please, with the fork in the garden uprooting potatoes. —

Or — high-kilted perhaps, cried Lindsay, at last successful,  
Lindsay this long time swelling with scorn and pent-up fury,  
Or high-kilted perhaps, as once at Dundee I saw them,  
Petticoats up to the knees, or even, it might be, above them,

Matching their lily-white legs with the clothes that they trod in  
the wash-tub!

Laughter ensued at this; and seeing the Tutor embarrassed,  
It was from them, I suppose, said Arthur, smiling sedately,  
Lindsay learnt the tune we all have learnt from Lindsay,  
*For oh; he was a roguery, the Piper o' Dundee.*

Laughter ensued again; and the Tutor, recovering slowly,  
Said, Are not these perhaps as doubtful as other attractions?

There is a truth in your view, but I think extremely dis-  
torted;

Still there is truth, I own, I understand you entirely.

While the Tutor was gathering his purposes, Arthur con-  
tinued,

Is not all this the same that one hears at common-room break-  
fasts,

Or perhaps Trinity wines, about Gothic buildings and Beauty?

And with a start from the sofa came Hobbes; with a cry  
from the sofa,

Where he was laid, the great Hobbes, contemplative, corpulent,  
witty,

Author forgotten and silent of currentest phrases and fancies,  
Mute and exuberant by turns, a fountain at intervals playing,  
Mute and abstracted, or strong and abundant as rain in the  
tropics;

Studious; careless of dress; inobservant; by smooth persuasions  
Lately decoyed into kilt on example of Hope and the Piper,  
Hope an Antinous mere, Hyperion of calves the Piper.

Beautiful! cried he upleaping, analogy perfect to madness!

O inexhaustible source of thought, shall I call it, or fancy!  
Wonderful spring, at whose touch doors fly, what a vista disclos-  
ing!

Exquisite germ! Ah no, crude fingers shall not soil thee;

Rest, lovely pearl, in my brain, and slowly mature in the oyster.

While at the exquisite pearl they were laughing, and corpulent oyster,

Ah, could they only be taught, he resumed, by a Pugin of women,

How even churning and washing, the dairy, the scullery duties,  
Wait but a touch to redeem and convert them to charms and attractions,

Scrubbing requires for true grace but frank and artistical handling,  
And the removal of slops to be ornamentally treated.

Philip who speaks like a book (retiring and pausing he added),  
Philip, here, who speaks—like a folio say'st thou, Piper?

Philip shall write us a book, a Treatise upon *The Laws of Architectural Beauty in Application to Women*;

Illustrations, of course, and a Parker's Glossary pendent,

Where shall in specimen seen be the sculliony stumpy-columnar,  
(Which to a reverent taste is perhaps the most moving of any,)

Rising to grace of true woman in English the Early and Later,

Charming us still in fulfilling the Richer and Loftier stages,

Lost, ere we end, in the Lady-Debased and the Lady-Flamboyant:

Whence, why in satire and spite too merciless onward pursue her

Hither to hideous close, Modern-Florid, modern-fine-lady?

No, I will leave it to you, my Philip, my Pugin of women.

Leave it to Arthur, said Adam, to think of, and not to play with.

You are young, you know, he said, resuming, to Philip,

You are young, he proceeded, with something of fervour to Hewson,

You are a boy; when you grow to a man you'll find things alter.

You will then seek only the good, will scorn the attractive,

Scorn all mere cosmetics, as now of rank and fashion,

Delicate hands, and wealth, so then of poverty also,

Poverty truly attractive, more truly; I bear you witness.  
 Good, wherever it's found, you will choose, be it humble or  
 stately.

Happy if only you find, and finding do not lose it.  
 Yes, we must seek what is good, it always and it only;  
 Not indeed absolute good, good for us, as is said in the Ethics,  
 That which is good for ourselves, our proper selves, our 'best  
 selves.

Ah, you have much to learn, we can't know all things at twenty.  
 Partly you rest on truth, old truth, the duty of Duty,  
 Partly on error, you long for equality.

Ay, cried the Piper,  
 That's what it is, that confounded *égalité*, French manufacture,  
 He is the same as the Chartist who spoke at a meeting in Ire-  
 land,

*What, and is not one man, fellow-men, as good as another?*  
*Faith*, replied Pat, *and a deal better too!*

So rattled the Piper :  
 But undisturbed in his tenor, the Tutor.

• Partly in error  
 Seeking equality, *is not one woman as good as another?*  
 I with the Irishman answer, *Yes, better too*; the poorer  
 Better full oft than richer, than loftier better the lower,  
 Irrespective of wealth and of poverty, pain and enjoyment,  
 Women all have their duties, the one as well as the other;  
 Are all duties alike? Do all alike fulfil them?  
 However noble the dream of equality, mark you, Philip,  
 Nowhere equality reigns in all the world of creation,  
 Star is not equal to star, nor blossom the same as blossom;  
 Herb is not equal to herb, any more than planet to planet.  
 There is a glory of daisies, a glory again of carnations;  
 Were the carnation wise, in gay parterre by greenhouse,

Should it decline to accept the nurture the gardener gives it,  
Should it refuse to expand to sun and genial summer,  
Simply because the field-daisy, that grows in the grass-plat beside  
it,

Cannot, for some cause or other, develope and be a carnation?  
Would not the daisy itself petition its scrupulous neighbour?

Up, grow, bloom, and forget me; be beautiful even to proud-  
ness,

E'en for the sake of myself and other poor daisies like me.  
Education and manners, accomplishments and refinements,  
Waltz, peradventure, and polka, the knowledge of music and  
drawing,

All these things are Nature's, to Nature dear and precious.  
We have all something to do, man, woman alike, I own it;  
We have all something to do, and in my judgement should do it  
In our station; not thinking about it, but not disregarding;  
Holding it, not for enjoyment, but simply because we are in it.

Ah! replied Philip, Alas! the noted phrase of the prayer-  
book,

*Doing our duty in that state of life to which God has called us,*  
Seems to me always to mean, when the little rich boys say it,  
Standing in velvet frock by mamma's brocaded flounces,  
Eying her gold-fastened book and the chain and watch at her  
bosom,

Seems to me always to mean, Eat, drink, and never mind others.

Nay, replied Adam, smiling, so far your economy leads me,  
Velvet and gold and brocade are nowise to my fancy.

Nay, he added, believe me, I like luxurious living

Even as little as you, and grieve in my soul not seldom,

More for the rich indeed than the poor, who are not so guilty.

So the discussion closed; and, said Arthur, Now it is my  
turn,

How will my argument please you? To-morrow we start on our travel.

And took up Hope the chorus.

To-morrow we start on our travel.

Lo, the weather is golden, the weather-glass, say they, rising;  
Four weeks here have we read; four weeks will we read here-  
after;

Three weeks hence will return and think of classes and classics.  
Fare ye well, meantime, forgotten, unnamed, undreamt of,  
History, Science, and Poets! lo, deep in dustiest cupboard,  
Thookydid, Oloros' son, Halimoosian, here lieth buried!  
Slumber in Liddell-and-Scott, O musical chaff of old Athens,  
Dishes, and fishes, bird, beast, and sesquipedalian blackguard!  
Sleep, weary ghosts, be at peace, and abide in your lexicon-  
limbo!

Sleep, as in lava for ages your Herculeanean kindred,  
Sleep, and for aught that I care, "the sleep that knows no  
waking,"

Æschylus, Sophocles, Homer, Herodotus, Pindar, and Plato.

Three weeks hence be it time to exhume our dreary classics.

And in the chorus joined Lindsay, the Piper, the Dialectician.  
Three weeks hence we return to the *shop* and the *wash-hand-  
stand-basin*,

(These are the Piper's names for the bathing-place and the cot-  
tage,)

Three weeks hence unbury *Thicksides* and *bairy* Aldrich.

But the Tutor enquired, the grave man, nick-named Adam,  
Who are they that go, and when do they promise returning?

And a silence ensued, and the Tutor himself continued,  
Airlie remains, I presume, he continued, and Hobbes, and Hew-  
son.

Answer was made him by Philip, the poet, the eloquent  
speaker :



Airlie remains, I presume, was the answer, and Hobbes, peradventure ;

Tarry let Airlie May-fairly, and Hobbes, brief-kilted hero,  
Tarry let Hobbes in kilt, and Airlie "abide in his breeches ;"  
Tarry let these, and read, four Pindars apiece an it like thém !  
Weary of reading am I, and weary of walks prescribed us ;  
Weary of Ethic and Logic, of Rhetoric yet more weary,  
Eager to range over heather unfettered of gillie and marquis,  
I will away with the rest, and bury my dismal classicis.

And to the Tutor rejoining, Be mindful ; you go up at Easter,  
This was the answer returned by Philip, the Pugin of Women.  
Good are the Ethics, I wis ; good absolute, not for me, though ;  
Good, too, Logic, of course ; in itself, but not in fine weather.  
Three weeks hence, with the rain, to Prudence, Temperance,  
Justice,

Virtues Moral and Mental, with Latin prose included,  
Three weeks hence we return, to cares of classes and classicis.  
I will away with the rest, and bury my dismal classicis.

But the Tutor enquired, the grave man, nick-named Adam,  
Where do you mean to go, and whom do you mean to visit ?

And he was answered by Hope, the Viscount, His Honour, of  
Ilay.

Kitcat, a Trinity *coach*, has a party at Drumnadrochet,  
Up on the side of Loch Ness, in the beautiful valley of Ur-  
quhart ;

Mainwaring says they will lodge us, and feed us, and give us a lift  
too :

Only they talk ere long to remove to Glenmorison. Then at  
Castleton, high in Braemar, strange home, with his earliest party,  
Harrison, fresh from the schools, has James and Jones and Lau-  
der.

Thirdly, a Cambridge man I know, Smith, a senior wrangler,

With a mathematical score hangs-out at Inverary.

Finally, too, from the kilt and the sofa said Hobbes in conclusion,

Finally, Philip must hunt for that home of the probable poacher,  
Hid in the braes of Lochaber, the Bothie of *What-did-be-call-it*.  
Hopeless of you and of us, of gillies and marquises hopeless,  
Weary of Éthic and Logic, of Rhetoric yet more weary,  
There shall he, smait by the charm of a lovely potato-uprooter,  
Study the question of sex in the Bothie of *What-did-be-call-it*.

III

*Namque canebat uti* ———

So in the golden morning they parted and went to the westward.  
And in the cottage with Airlie and Hobbes remained the  
Tutor ;

Reading nine hours a day with the Tutor, Hobbes and Airlie ;  
One between bathing and breakfast, and six before it was dinner,  
(Breakfast at eight, at four, after bathing again, the dinner,)

Finally, two after walking and tea, from nine to eleven.

Airlie and Adam at evening their quiet stroll together

Took on the terrace-road, with the western hills before them ;

Hobbes, only rarely a third, now and then in the cottage remain-  
ing,

E'en after dinner, eupeptic, would rush yet again to his réading ;  
Other times, stung by the œstrum of some swift-working concep-  
tion,

Ranged, tearing-on in his fury, an Io-cow, through the moun-  
tains,

• Heedless of scenery, heedless of bogs, and of perspiration,

On the high peaks, unwitting, the hares and ptarmigan starting.

And the three weeks past, the three weeks, three days over,

Neither letter had come, nor casual tidings any,

And the pupils grumbled, the Tutor became uneasy,

And in the golden weather they wondered, and watched to the  
westward.

There is a stream, I name not its name, lest inquisitive tourist

Hunt it, and make it a lion, and get it at last into guide-books,  
Springing far off from a loch unexplored in the folds of great  
mountains,

Falling two miles through rowan and stunted alder, enveloped  
Then for four more in a forest of pine, where broad and ample  
Spreads, to convey it, the glen with heathery slopes on both  
sides:

Broad and fair the stream, with occasional falls and narrows;  
But, where the glen of its course approaches the vale of the river,  
Met and blocked by a huge interposing mass of granite,  
Scarce by a channel deep-cut, raging up, and raging onward,  
Forces its flood through a passage so narrow a lady would step it.  
There, across the great rocky wharves, a wooden bridge goes,  
Carrying a path to the forest; below, three hundred yards, say,  
Lower in level some twenty-five feet, through flats of shingle,  
Stepping-stones and a cart-track cross in the open valley.

But in the interval here the boiling, pent-up water  
Frees itself by a final descent, attaining a bason,  
Ten feet wide and eighteen long, with whiteness and fury  
Occupied partly, but mostly pellucid, pure, a mirror;  
Beautiful there for the colour derived from green rocks under;  
Beautiful, most of all, where beads of foam uprising  
Mingle their clouds of white with the delicate hue of the still-  
ness.

Cliff over cliff for its sides, with rowan and pendent birch  
boughs,

Here it lies, unthought of above at the bridge and pathway,  
Still more enclosed from below by wood and rocky projection.  
You are shut in, left alone with yourself and perfection of water,  
Hid on all sides, left alone with yourself and the goddess of bath-  
ing. "

Here, the pride of the plunger, you stride the fall and clear it;

Here, the delight of the bather, you roll in beaded sparklings,  
Here into pure green depth drop down from lofty ledges.

Hither, a month ago, they had come, and discovered it;  
hither

(Long a design, but long unaccountably left unaccomplished),  
Leaving the well-known bridge and pathway above to the forest,  
Turning below from the track of the carts over stone and  
shingle,

Piercing a wood, and skirting a narrow and natural causeway  
Under the rocky wall that hedges the bed of the streamlet,  
Rounded a craggy point, and saw on a sudden before them  
Slabs of rock, and a tiny beach, and perfection of water,  
Picture-like beauty, seclusion sublime, and the goddess of bath-  
ing.

There they bathed, of course, and Arthur, the Glory of headers,  
Leapt from the ledges with Hope, he twenty feet, he thirty;  
There, overbold, great Hobbes from a ten-foot height descended,  
Prone, as a quadruped, prone with hands and feet protending;  
There in the sparkling champagne, ecstatic, they shrieked and  
shouted.

“Hobbes’s gutter” the Piper entitles the spot, profanely,  
Hope “the Glory” would have, after Arthur, the glory of  
headers:

But, for before they departed, in shy and fugitive reflex  
Here in the eddies and there did the splendour of Jupiter glim-  
mer;

Adam adjudged it the name of Hesperus, star of the evening.

Hither, to Hesperus, now, the star of evening above them,  
Come in their lonelier walk the pupils twain and Tutor;  
Turned from the track of the carts, and passing the stone and  
shingle,

Piercing the wood, and skirting the stream by the natural cause-  
way,

Rounded the craggy point, and now at their ease looked up; and  
Lo, on the rocky ledge, regardant, the Glory of headers,  
Lo, on the beach, expecting the plunge, not cigarless, the Piper.—

And they looked, and wondered, incredulous, looking yet once  
more.

Yes, it was he, on the ledge, bare-limbed, an Apollo, down-  
gazing,

Eying one moment the beauty, the life, ere he flung himself in it,  
Eying through eddying green waters the green-tinting floor un-  
derneath them,

Eying the bead on the surface, the bead, like a cloud, rising to it,  
Drinking-in, deep in his soul, the beautiful hue and the clearness,  
Arthur, the shapely, the brave, the unboasting, the Glory of  
headers;

Yes, and with fragrant weed, by his knapsack, spectator and  
critic,

Seated on slab by the margin, the Piper, the Cloud-compeller.

Yes, they were come; were restored to the party, its grace and  
its gladness,

Yes, were here, as of old; the light-giving orb of the household,  
Arthur, the shapely, the tranquil, the strength-and-contentment-  
diffusing,

In the pure presence of whom none could quarrel long, nor be  
pettish,

And, the gay fountain of mirth, their dearly beloved of Pipers,  
Yes, they were come, were here: but Hewson and Hope—  
where they then?

Are they behind, travel-sore, or ahead, going straight, by the  
'pathway?

And from his seat and cigar spoke the Piper, the Cloud-com-  
peller.

Hope with the uncle abideth for shooting. Ah me, were I with  
him!

Ah, good boy that I am, to have stuck to my word and my reading!

Good, good boy to be here, far away, who might be at Balloch!  
Only one day to have stayed who might have been welcome for seven,

Seven whole days in castle and forest—gay in the mazy  
Moving, imbibing the rosy, and pointing a gun at the horny!

And the Tutor impatient, expectant, interrupted,  
Hope with the uncle, and Hewson—with him? or where have you left him?

And from his seat and cigar spoke the Piper, the Cloud-com-  
peller.

Hope with the uncle, and Hewson—Why, Hewson we left in  
Rannoch,

By the lochside and the pines, in a farmer's house,—reflecting—  
Helping to shear,\* and dry clothes, and bring in peat from the  
peat-stack.

And the Tutor's countenance fell, perplexed, dumb-founded  
Stood he—slow and with pain disengaging jest from earnest.

He is not far from home, said Arthur from the water,  
He will be with us to-morrow, at latest, or the next day.

And he was even more reassured by the Piper's rejoinder.  
Can he have come by the mail, and have got to the cottage before  
us?

So to the cottage they went, and Philip was not at the cottage;  
But by the mail was a letter from Hope, who himself was to  
follow.

Two whole days and nights succeeding brought not Philip,  
Two whole days and nights exhausted not question and story.

For it was told, the Piper narrating, corrected of Arthur,  
Often by word corrected, more often by smile and motion,

\* Reap.

How they had been to Iona, to Staffa, to Skye; to Culloden,  
 Seen Loch Awe, Loch Tay, Loch Fyne, Loch Ness, Loch  
 Arkaig,

Been up Ben-nevis, Ben-more, Ben-cruachan, Ben-muick-dhui ;  
 How they had walked, and eaten, and drunken, and slept in  
 kitchens,

Slept upon floors of kitchens, and tasted the real Glen-livat,  
 Walked up perpendicular hills, and also down them,  
 Hither and thither had been, and this and that had witnessed,  
 Left not a thing to be done, and had not a copper remaining.

For it was told withal, he telling, and he correcting,  
 How in the race they had run, and beaten the gillies of Rannoch,  
 How in forbidden glens, in Mar and midmost Athol,  
 Philip insisting hotly, and Arthur and Hope compliant,  
 They had defied the keepers ; the Piper alone protesting,  
 Liking the fun, it was plain, in his heart, but tender of game-  
 law ;

Yea, too, in Meäly glen, the heart of Lochiel's fair forest,  
 Where Scotch firs are darkest and amplest, and intermingle  
 Grandly with rowan and ash — in Mar you have no ashes,  
 There the pine is alone, or relieved by the birch and the alder —  
 How in Meäly glen, while stags were starting before, they  
 Made the watcher believe they were guests from Achnacarry.

And there was told moreover, he telling, the other correcting,  
 Often by word, more often by mute significant motion,  
 Much of the Cambridge *coach* and his pupils at Inverary,  
 Huge barbarian pupils, Expanded in Infinite Series,  
 Firing-off signal guns (great scandal) from window to window,  
 (For they were lodging perforce in distant and numerous houses,)  
 Signals, when, one retiring, another should go to the Tutor : —  
 Much too of Kitcat, of course, and the party at Drumadrochet,  
 Mainwaring, Foley, and Fraser, their idleness horrid and dog-  
 cart ;



Drumnadrochet was *seedy*, Glenmorison *adequate*, but at  
Castleton, high in Braemar, were the *clippingest* places for bath-  
ing,

One by the bridge in the village, indecent, *the Town-Hall*  
christened,

Where had Lauder howbeit been bathing, and Harrison also,  
Harrison even, the Tutor; another like Hesperus here, and  
Up to the water of Eye half-a-dozen at least, all *stunners*.

And it was told, the Piper narrating and Arthur correcting,  
Colouring he, dilating, magniloquent, glorying in picture,  
He to a matter-of-fact still softening, paring, abating,  
He to the great might-have-been upsoaring, sublime and ideal,  
He to the merest it-was restricting, diminishing, dwarfing,  
River to streamlet reducing, and fall to slope subduing,  
So was it told, the Piper narrating, corrected of Arthur,  
How under Linn of Dee, where over rocks, between rocks,  
Freed from prison the river comes, pouring, rolling, rushing,  
Then at a sudden descent goes sliding, gliding, unbroken,  
Falling, sliding, gliding, in narrow space collected,  
Save for a ripple at last, a sheeted descent unbroken,—  
How to the element offering their bodies, downshooting, the fall,  
they  
Mingled themselves with the flood and the force of imperious  
water.

And it was told too, Arthur narrating, the Piper correcting,  
How, as one comes to the level, the weight of the downward  
impulse

Carries the head under water, delightful, unspeakable; how the  
Piper, here ducked and blinded, got stray, and borne-off by the  
current

Wounded his lily-white thighs, below, at the craggy corner.

And it was told, the Piper resuming, corrected of Arthur,

More by word than motion, change ominous, noted of Adam,  
 How at the floating-bridge of Laggan, one morning at sunrise,  
 Came in default of the ferryman out of her bed a brave lassie ;  
 And, as Philip and she together were turning the handles,  
 Winding the chain by which the boat works over the water,  
 Hands intermingled with hands, and at last, as they stept from  
 the boatie,

Turning about, they saw lips also mingle with lips ; but  
 That was flatly denied and loudly exclaimed at by Arthur :  
 How at the General's hut, the Inn by the Foyers Fall, where  
 Over the loch looks at you the summit of Méalfourvónie,  
 How here too he was hunted at morning, and found in the  
 kitchen

Watching the porridge being made, pronouncing them smoked  
 for certain,

Watching the porridge being made, and asking the lassie that  
 made them,

What was the Gaelic for *girl*, and what was the Gaelic for  
*pretty* ;

How in confusion he shouldered his knapsack, yet blushing  
 stammered,

Waving a hand to the lassie, that blushing bent o'er the por-  
 ridge,

Something outlandish — *Slan*-something, *Slan leat*, he believed,  
*Caleg Looach*,

That was the Gaelic it seemed for “ I bid you good-bye, bonnie  
 lassie ; ”

Arthur admitted it true, not of Philip, but of the Piper.

And it was told by the Piper, while Arthur looked out at the  
 window,

How in thunder and in rain—it is wetter far to the westward,  
 Thunder and rain and wind, losing heart and road, they were  
 welcomed,

Welcomed, and three days detained at a farm by the lochside of  
Rannoch ;

How in the three days' detention was Philip observed to be smitten,  
Smitten by golden-haired Katie, the youngest and comeliest  
daughter ;

Was he not seen, even Arthur observed it, from breakfast to  
bedtime,

Following her motions with eyes ever brightening, softening  
ever ?

Did he not fume, fret, and fidget to find her stand waiting at  
table ?

Was he not one mere St. Vitus' dance, when he saw her at  
nightfall

Go through the rain to fetch peat, through beating rain to the  
peat stack ?

How too a dance, as it happened, was given by Grant of  
Glenurchie,

And with the farmer they went as the farmer's guests to attend  
it,

Philip stayed dancing till daylight,—and evermore with Katie ;

How the whole next afternoon he was with her away in the  
shearing,\*

And the next morning ensuing was found in the ingle beside  
her

Kneeling, picking the peats from her apron,—blowing to-  
gether,

Both, between laughing, with lips distended, to kindle the  
embers ;

Lips were so near to lips, one living cheek to another,—

Though, it was true, he was shy, very shy,—yet it was n't in  
nature,

\* Reaping.

Was n't in nature, the Piper averred, there should n't be kissing ;

So when at noon they had packed up the things, and proposed to be starting,

Philip professed he was lame, would leave in the morning and follow ;

Follow he did not ; do burns when you go up a glen, follow after ?

Follow, he had not, nor left ; do needles leave the loadstone ?

Nay, they had turned after starting, and looked through the trees at the corner,

Lo, on the rocks by the lake there he was, the lassie beside him,

Lo, there he was, stooping by her, and helping with stones from the water

Safe in the wind to keep down the clothes she would spread for the drying.

There had they left him, and there, if Katie was there, was Philip,

There drying clothes, making fires, making love, getting on too by this time,

Though he was shy, so exceedingly shy.

You may say so, said Arthur,

For the first time they had known with a peevish intonation,—

Did not the Piper himself flirt more in a single evening,

Namely, with Janet the elder, than Philip in all our sojourn ?

Philip had stayed, it was true ; the Piper was loath to depart too,

Harder his parting from Janet than e'en from the keeper at Balloch ;

And it was certain that Philip was lame.

Yes, in his excuses,

Answered the Piper, indeed!—

But tell me, said Hobbes interposing,  
Did you not say she was seen every day in her beauty and bed-  
gown

Doing plain household work, as washing, cooking, scouring?  
How could he help but love her? nor lacked there perhaps the  
attraction

That in a blue cotton print tucked up over striped linsey-wool-  
sey,

Barefoot, barelegged, he beheld her, with arms bare up to the  
elbows,

Bending with fork in her hand in a garden uprooting potatoes?

Is not Katie as Rachel, and is not Philip a Jacob?

Truly Jacob, supplanting an hairy Highland Esau?

Shall he not, love-entertained, feed sheep for the Laban of Ran-  
noch?

Patriarch happier he, the long servitude ended of wooing,  
If when he wake in the morning he find not a Leah beside him!

But the Tutor enquired, who had bit his lip to bleeding,  
How far off is the place? who will guide me thither to-morrow?

But by the mail, ere the morrow, came Hope, and brought new  
tidings;

Round by Rannoch had come, and Philip was not at Rannoch;  
He had left that noon, an hour ago.

With the lassie?

With her? the Piper exclaimed, Undoubtedly! By great Jingo!  
And upon that he arose, slapping both his thighs, like a hero,  
Partly, for emphasis only, to mark his conviction, but also  
Part, in delight at the fun, and the joy of eventful living.

Hope could n't tell him, of course, but thought it improbable  
wholly;

Janet, the Piper's friend, he had seen, and she did n't say so,

Though she asked a good deal about Philip, and where he was gone to :

One odd thing by the bye, he continued, befell me while with her ;

Standing beside her, I saw a girl pass ; I thought I had seen her, Somewhat remarkable-looking, elsewhere ; and asked what her name was ;

Elspie Mackaye, was the answer, the daughter of David ! she's stopping

Just above here, with her uncle. And David Mackaye, where lives he ?

It's away west, she said, they call it Tober-na-vuolich.

IV

*Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abstulit error*

So in the golden weather they waited. But Philip returned not.

Sunday six days thence a letter arrived in his writing. —

But, O Muse, that encompasseth Earth like the ambient ether,  
Swifter than steamer or railway or magical missive electric,  
Belting like Ariel the sphere with the star-like trail of thy travel,  
Thou with thy Poet, to mortals mere post-office second-hand  
knowledge

Leaving, wilt seek in the moorland of Rannoch the wandering  
hero.

There is it, there, or in the lofty Lochaber, where, silent up-  
heaving,

Heaving from ocean to sky, and under snow-winds of Septem-  
ber,

Visibly whitening at morn to darken by noon in the shining,  
Rise on their mighty foundations the brethren huge of Ben-nevis?  
There, or westward away, where roads are unknown to Loch  
Nevish,

And the great peaks look abroad over Skye to the westernmost is-  
lands?

There is it? there? or there? we shall find our wandering hero?

Here, in Badenoch, here, in Lochaber anon, in Lochiel, in  
Knoydart, Moydart, Morrer, Ardgower, and Ardnamurchan,  
Here I see him and here: I see him; anon I lose him!

Even as cloud passing subtly unseen from mountain to mountain,

Leaving the crest of Ben-more to be palpable next on Ben-vohr-lich,

Or like to hawk of the hill which ranges and soars in its hunting,  
Seen and unseen by turns, now here, now in ether eludent.

Wherefore as cloud of Ben-more or hawk over-ranging the mountains,

Wherefore in Badenoch drear, in lofty Lochaber, Lochiel, and Knoydart, Moydart, Morrer, Ardgower, and Ardnamurchan, Wandereth he, who should either with Adam be studying logic, Or by the lochside of Rannoch on Katie his rhetoric using ; He who, his three weeks past, past now long ago, to the cottage Punctual promised return to cares of classes and classics, He, who smit to the heart by that youngest comeliest daughter, Bent, unregardful of spies, at her feet, spreading clothes from her wash-tub ?

Can it be with him through Badenoch, Morrer, and Ardnamurchan,

Can it be with him he beareth the golden-haired lassie of Rannoch ?

This fierce, furious walking — o'er mountain-top and moorland,

Sleeping in shieling and bothie, with drover on hill-side sleeping,

Folded in plaid, where sheep are strewn thicker than rocks by Loch Awen,

This fierce, furious travel unwearying — cannot in truth be Merely the wedding tour succeeding the week of wooing !

No, wherever be Katie, with Philip she is not ; I see him, Lo, and he sitteth alone, and these are his words in the mountain.

Spirits escaped from the body can enter and be with the living,



Entering unseen, and retiring unquestioned, they bring, — do  
they feel too?—

Joy, pure joy, as they mingle and mix inner essence with  
essence ;

Would I were dead, I keep saying, that so I could go and uphold  
her!

Is it impossible, say you, these passionate, fervent impulses,  
These projections of spirit to spirit, these inward embraces,  
Should in strange ways, in her dreams should visit her, strengthen  
her, shield her ?

Is it possible, rather, that these great floods of feeling  
Setting-in daily from me towards her should, impotent wholly,  
Bring neither sound nor motion to that sweet shore they heave  
to ?

Efflux here, and there no stir nor pulse of influx !

Would I were dead, I keep saying, that so I could go and uphold  
her.

No, wherever be Katie, with Philip she is not : behold, for  
Here he is sitting alone, and these are his words in the moun-  
tain.

And, at the farm on the lochside of Rannoch in parlour and  
kitchen

Hark ! there is music — the flowing of music, of milk, and of  
whiskey ;

Lo, I see piping and dancing ! and whom in the midst of the  
battle

Cantering loudly along there, or, look you, with arms uplifted  
Whistling, and snapping his fingers, and seizing his gay-smiling  
Janet,

Whom ?—whom else but the Piper ? the wary precognizant  
Piper,

Who, for the love of gay Janet, and mindful of old invitation,

Putting it quite as a duty and urging grave claims to attention,  
True to his night had crossed over : there goeth he, brimfull of  
music,

Like to cork tossed by the eddies that foam under furious lasher,  
Like to skiff lifted, uplifted, in lock, by the swift-swelling sluices,  
So with the music possessing him, swaying him, goeth he, look  
you,

Swinging and flinging, and stamping and tramping, and grasping  
and clasping

Whom but gay Janet? — Him, rivalling Hobbes, briefest-kilted  
of heroes,

Enters, O stoutest, O rashest of creatures, mere fool of a Saxon,  
Skill-less of philabeg, skill-less of reel too, — the whirl and the  
twirl o't :

Him see I frisking, and whisking, and ever at swifter gyration  
Under brief curtain revealing broad acres — not of broad cloth.  
Him see I there and the Piper — the Piper what vision beholds  
not ?

Him and His Honour and Arthur, with Janet our Piper, and is  
it,

Is it, O marvel of marvels! he too in the maze of the mazy,  
Skipping, and tripping, though stately, though languid, with head  
on one shoulder,

Airlie, with sight of the waistcoat the golden-haired Katie con-  
soling ?

Katie, who simple and comely, and smiling and blushing as  
ever,

What though she wear on that neck a blue kerchief remembered  
as Philip's,

Seems in her maidenly freedom to need small consolement of  
waistcoats! —

Wherefore in Badenoch then, far-away, in Lochaber, Lochiel,  
in

Knoydart, Moydart, Morrer, Ardgowder, or Ardnamurchan,  
Wanders o'er mountain and moorland, in shieling' or bothie is  
    sleeping,  
He, who, — and why should he not then? capricious? or is it  
    rejected?  
Might to the piping of Rannoch be pressing the thrilling fair  
    fingers,  
Might, as he clasped her, transmit to her bosom the throb of his  
    own, — yea, —  
Might in the joy of the reel be wooing and winning his Katie?  
    What is it Adam reads far off by himself in the Cottage?  
Reads yet again with emotion, again is preparing to answer?  
What is it Adam is reading? What was it, Philip had written?  
    There was it writ, how Philip possessed undoubtedly had  
    been,  
Deeply, entirely possessed by the charm of the maiden of Ran-  
    noch;  
Deeply as never before! how sweet and bewitching he felt her  
Seen still before him at work, in the garden, the byre, the  
    kitchen;  
How it was beautiful to him to stoop at her side in the shearing,  
Binding uncouthly the ears, that fell from her dexterous sickle,  
Building uncouthly the stooks\*, which she laid-by her sickle to  
    straighten;  
How at the dance he had broken through shyness; for four days  
    after  
Lived on her eyes, unspeaking what lacked not articulate speaking;  
Felt too that she too was feeling what he did. — Howbeit they  
    parted!  
How by a kiss from her lips he had seemed made nobler and  
    stronger,

\* Shoeks.

Yea, for the first time in life a man complete and perfect,  
So forth! much that before has been heard of. — Howbeit they  
parted.

What had ended it all, he said, was singular, very. —

I was walking along some two miles off from the cottage  
Full of my dreamings—a girl went by in a party with others;  
She had a cloak on, was stepping on quickly, for rain was beginning;  
But as she passed, from her hood I saw her eyes look at me.  
So quick a glance, so regardless I, that although I had felt it,  
You could n't properly say our eyes met. She cast it, and left  
it:

It was three minutes perhaps ere I knew what it was. I had  
seen her

Somewhere before I am sure, but that was n't it; not its import:  
No, it had seemed to regard me with simple superior insight,  
Quietly saying to itself — Yes, there he is still in his fancy,  
Letting drop from him at random as things not worth his con-  
sidering

All the benefits gathered and put in his hands by fortune,  
Loosing a hold which others, contented and unambitious,  
Trying down here to keep-up, know the value of better than he  
does.

Was it this? was it perhaps?—Yes, there he is still in his fancy,  
Does n't yet see we have here just the things he is used-to else-  
where;

People here too are people, and not as fairy-land creatures;  
He is in a trance, and possessed; I wonder how long to con-  
tinue;

It is a shame and a pity—and no good likely to follow.—  
Something like this, but indeed I cannot attempt to define it.  
Only, three hours thence I was off and away in the moorland,  
Hiding myself from myself if I could; the arrow within me.

Katie was not in the house, thank God : I saw her in passing,  
Saw her, unseen myself, with the pang of a cruel desertion ;  
What she thinks about it, God knows ; poor child ; may she  
only

Think me a fool and a madman, and no more worth her remembering.

Meantime all through the mountains I hurry and know not  
whither,

Tramp along here, and think, and know not what I should think.

Tell me then, why, as I sleep amid hill-tops high in the moor-  
land,

Still in my dreams I am pacing the streets of the dissolute city,  
Where dressy girls 'slithering-by upon pavements give sign for  
accosting,

Paint on their beautiful cheeks, and hunger and shame in their  
bosoms ;

Hunger by drink, and by that which they shudder yet burn for,  
appeasing,—

Hiding their shame—ah God !—in the glare of the public gas-  
lights ?

Why, while I feel my ears catching through slumber the run of  
the streamlet,

Still am I pacing the pavement, and seeing the sign for accosting,

Still am I passing those figures, nor daring to look in their faces ?

Why, when the chill, ere the light, of the daybreak uneasily  
wakes me,

Find I a cry in my heart crying up to the heaven of heavens,

No, Great Unjust Judge ! she is purity ; I am the lost one.

You will not think that I soberly look for such things for sweet  
Katie ;

No, but the vision is on me ; I now first see how it happens,

Feel how tender and soft is the heart of a girl ; how passive

Fain would it be, how helpless; and helplessness leads to destruction.

Maiden reserve torn from off it, grows never again to reclothe it,  
Modesty broken-through once to immodesty flies for protection.

Oh, who saws through the trunk, though he leave the tree up in the forest,

When the next wind casts it down,—is *his* not the hand that smote it?

This is the answer, the second, which, pondering long with emotion,

There by himself in the cottage the Tutor addressed to Philip.

I have perhaps been severe, dear Philip, and hasty; forgive me;

For I was fain to reply ere I wholly had read through your letter;

And it was written in scraps with crossings and counter-crossings  
Hard to connect with each other correctly, and hard to decipher;  
Paper was scarce, I suppose: forgive me; I write to console you.

Grace is given of God, but knowledge is bought in the market;  
Knowledge needful for all, yet cannot be had for the asking.

There are exceptional beings, one finds them distant and rarely,  
Who, endowed with the vision alike and the interpretation,  
See, by their neighbours' eyes and their own still motions enlightened,

In the beginning the end, in the acorn the oak of the forest,

In the child of to-day its children to long generations,

In a thought or a wish a life, a drama, an epos.

There are inheritors, is it? by mystical generation

Heiring the wisdom and ripeness of spirits gone-by; without labour

Owning what others by doing and suffering earn; what old  
" men

After long years of mistake and erasure are proud to have come  
to,

Sick with mistake and erasure possess when possession is idle.

Rare is this ; wisdom mostly is bought for a price in the market ;—

Rare is this ; and happy, who buy so much for so little,

As I conceive have you, and as I will hope has Katie.

Knowledge is needful for man,— needful no less for woman,

Even in Highland glens, were they vacant of shooter and tourist.

Women are weak, as you say, and love of all things to be  
passive,

Passive, patient, receptive, yea, even of wrong and misdoing,

Even to force and misdoing with joy and victorious feeling

Passive, patient, receptive ; for that is the strength of their  
being,

Like to the earth taking all things and all to good converting.

Oh 't is a snare indeed !— Moreover, remember it, Philip,

To the prestige of the richer the lowly are prone to be yielding,

Think that in dealing with them they are raised to a different  
region,

Where old laws and morals are modified, lost, exist not ;

Ignorant they as they are, they have but to conform and be  
yielding.

But I have spoken of this already, and need not repeat it.

You will not now run after what merely attracts and entices,

Every-day things highly coloured, and common-place carved and  
gilded.

You will henceforth seek only the good : and seek it, Philip,

Where it is — not more abundant perhaps, but — more easily  
met with ;

Where you are surer to find it, less likely to run into error,

In your station, not thinking about it, but not disregarding.

So was the letter completed : a postscript afterward added ,

Telling the tale that was told by the dancers returning from  
Rannoch.

So was the letter completed : but query, whither to send it ?  
Not for the will of the wisp, the cloud, and the hawk of the  
moorland,

Ranging afar thro' Lochaber, Lochiel, and Knoydart, and Moy-  
dart,

Have even latest extensions adjusted a postal arrangement.

Query resolved very shortly, when Hope, from his chamber de-  
scending,

Came with a note in his hand from the Lady, his aunt, at the  
Castle ;

Came and revealed the contents of a missive that brought strange  
tidings ;

Came and announced to the friends in a voice that was husky  
with wonder,

Philip was staying at Balloch, was there in the room with the  
Countess,

Philip to Balloch had come and was dancing with Lady Maria.

Philip at Balloch, he said, after all that stately refusal,  
He there at last — O strange ! O marvel, marvel of marvels !  
Airlie, the Waistcoat, with Katie, we left him this morning at  
Rannoch ;

Airlie with Katie, he said, and Philip with Lady Maria.

And amid laughter Adam paced up and down, repeating  
Over and over, unconscious, the phrase which Hope had lent  
him,

Dancing at Balloch, you say, in the Castle, with Lady Maria.



V

— Putavi

*Stultus ego huic nostræ similem*

So in the cottage with Adam the pupils five together  
Duly remained, and read, and looked no more for Philip,  
Philip at Balloch shooting and dancing with Lady Maria.  
Breakfast at eight, and now, for brief September daylight,  
Luncheon at two, and dinner at seven, or even later,  
Five full hours between for the loch and the glen and the moun-  
tain,—

So in the joy of their life and glory of shooting-jackets,  
So they read and roamed, the pupils five with Adam.

What if autumnal shower came frequent and chill from the  
westward,

What if on browner sward with yellow leaves besprinkled  
Gemming the crispy blade, the delicate gossamer gemming,  
Frequent and thick lay at morning the chilly beads of hoar-  
frost,

Duly in *matutine* still, and daily, whatever the weather,  
Bathed in the rain and the frost and the mist with the Glory of  
headers

Hope. Thither also at times, of cold and of possible gutters  
Careless, unmindful, unconscious, would Hobbes, or e'er they  
departed,

Come, in heavy pea-coat his trouserless trunk enfolding,  
Come, under coat over-brief those lusty legs displaying,  
All from the shirt to the slipper the natural man revealing.

Duly there they bathed and daily, the twain or the trio,

Where in the morning was custom, where over a ledge of  
granite

Into a granite bason the amber torrent descended ;  
Beautiful, very, to gaze-in ere plunging ; beautiful also,  
Perfect as picture, as vision entrancing that comes to the  
sightless,

Through the great granite jambs the stream, the glen, and the  
mountain,

Beautiful, seen by snatches in intervals of dressing,  
Morn after morn, unsought for, recurring ; themselves too  
seeming

Not as spectators, accepted into it, immingled, as truly  
Part of it as are the kine in the field lying there by the birches.

So they bathed, they read, they roamed in glen and forest ;  
Far amid blackest pines to the waterfalls they shadow,  
Far up the long, long glen to the loch, and the loch beyond it,  
Deep under huge red cliffs, a secret : and oft by the starlight,  
Or the aurora perchance, racing home for the eight o'clock  
mutton.

So they bathed, and read, and roamed in heathery Highland ;  
There in the joy of their life and glory of shooting jackets  
Bathed and read and roamed, and looked no more for Philip.

List to a letter that came from Philip at Balloch to Adam.

I am here, O my friend !—idle, but learning wisdom.  
Doing penance, you think ; content, if so, in my penance.

Often I find myself saying, while watching in dance or on  
horseback

One that is here, in her freedom, and grace, and imperial  
sweetness,

Often I find myself saying, old faith and doctrine abjuring,  
Into the crucible casting philosophies, facts, convictions,—

Were it not well that the stem should be naked of leaf and of  
tendril,

Poverty-stricken, the barest, the dimmallest stick of the garden ;  
Flowerless, leafless, unlovely, for ninety-and-nine long summers,  
So in the hundredth, at last, were bloom for one day at the  
summit,

So but that fleeting flower were lovely as Lady Maria.

Often I find myself saying, and know not myself as I  
say it,

What of the poor and the weary ? their labour and pain is  
needed.

Perish the poor and the weary ! what can they better than  
perish,

Perish in labour for her, who is worth the destruction of  
empires ?

What ! for a mite, or a mote, an impalpable odour of honour,  
Armies shall bleed ; cities burn ; and the soldier red from the  
storming

Carry hot rancour and lust into chambers of mothers and  
daughters :

What ! would ourselves for the cause of an hour encounter the  
battle,

Slay and be slain ; lie rotting in hospital, hulk, and prison ;

Die as a dog dies ; die mistaken perhaps, and dishonoured.

Yea, — and shall hodmen in beer-shops complain of a glory denied  
them,

Which could not ever be theirs more than now it is theirs as  
spectators ?

Which could not be, in all earth, if it were not for labour of  
hodmen ?

And I find myself saying, and what I am saying, discern not,  
Dig in thy deep dark prison, O miner ! and finding be thankful ;

Though unpolished by thee, unto thee unseen in perfection,  
While thou art eating black bread in the poisonous air of thy  
cavern,

Far away glitters the gem on the peerless neck of a Princess;  
Dig, and starve, and be thankful; it is so, and thou hast been  
aiding.

Often I find myself saying, in irony is it, or earnest?  
Yea, what is more, be rich, O ye rich! be sublime in great houses,  
Purple and delicate linen endure; be of Burgundy patient;  
Suffer that service be done you, permit of the page and the valet,  
Vex not your souls with annoyance of charity schools or of  
districts,

Cast not to swine of the sty the pearls that should gleam in your  
foreheads.

Live, be lovely, forget them, be beautiful even to proudness,  
Even for their poor sakes whose happiness is to behold you;  
Live, be uncaring, be joyous, be sumptuous; only be lovely,—  
Sumptuous not for display, and joyous, not for enjoyment;  
Not for enjoyment truly; for Beauty and God's great glory!

Yes, and I say, and it seems inspiration—of Good or of Evil!  
Is it not He that hath done it and who shall dare gainsay it?  
Is it not even of Him, who hath made us?—*Yea, for the lions,  
Roaring after their prey, do seek their meat from God!*—  
Is it not even of Him, who one kind over another  
All the works of His hand hath disposed in a wonderful order?  
Who hath made man, as the beasts, to live the one on the other,  
Who hath made man as Himself to know the law—and accept  
it!

You will wonder 'at this, no doubt! I also wonder!  
But we must live and learn; we can't know all things at twenty.

List to a letter of Hobbes to Philip his friend at Balloch.

All Cathedrals are Christian, all Christians are Cathedrals,  
Such is the Catholic doctrine; 't is ours with a slight variation;  
Every woman is, or ought to be, a Cathedral,  
Built on the ancient plan, a Cathedral pure and perfect,  
Built by that only law, that Use be suggéster of Beauty,  
Nothing concealed that is done, but all things done to adornment,  
Meanest utilities seized as occasions to grace and embellish.—

So had I duly commenced in the spirit and style of my Philip,  
So had I formally opened the Treatise upon *the Laws of*  
*Architectural Beauty in Application to Women,*  
So had I writ.—But my fancies are palsied by tidings they tell me.  
Tidings—ah me, can it be then? that I, the blasphemèr ac-  
counted,

Here am with reverent heed at the wondrous Analogy working,  
Pondering thy words and thy gestures, whilst thou, a prophet  
apostate,

(How are the mighty fallen!) whilst thou, a shepherd travestic,  
(How are the mighty fallen!) with gun,—with pipe no longer,  
Teachest the woods to re-echo thy game-killing recantations,  
Teachest thy verse to exalt Amaryllis, a Countess's daughter?

What, thou forgettest, bewildered my Master, that rightly con-  
sidered

Beauty must ever be useful, what truly is useful is graceful?  
She that is handy is handsome, good dairy-maids must be good-  
looking,

If but the butter be nice, the tournure of the elbow is shapely,  
If the cream-cheeses be white, far whiter the hands that made  
them,

If—but alas, is it true? while the pupil aloné in the cottage  
Slowly elaborates here thy System of Feminine Graces,  
Thou in the palace, its author, art dining, small-talking and  
dancing,

Dancing and pressing the fingers kid-gloved of a Lady Maria.

These are the final words, that came to the Tutor from Balloch.

I am conquered, it seems! you will meet me, I hope, in Oxford,  
Altered in manners and mind. I yield to the laws and arrangements,

Yield to the ancient existent decrees: who am I to resist them?  
Yes, you will find me altered in mind, I think, as in manners,  
Anxious too to atone for six weeks' loss of your Logic.

So in the cottage with Adam, the Pupils five together,  
Read, and bathed, and roamed, and thought not now of Philip,  
All in the joy of their life, and glory of shooting-jackets.

VI

*Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnin*

BRIGHT October was come, the misty-bright October,  
Bright October was come to burn and glen and cottage;  
But the cottage was empty, the *matutine* deserted.  
Who are these that walk by the shore of the salt sea water?

Here in the dusky eve, on the road by the salt sea water?

Who are these? and where? it is no sweet seclusion;  
Blank hill-sides slope down to a salt sea loch at their bases,  
Scored by runnels, that fringe ere they end with rowan and  
alder;

Cottages here and there outstanding bare on the mountain,  
Peat-roofed, windowless, white; the road underneath by the  
water.

There on the blank hill-side, looking down through the loch to  
the ocean,

There with a runnel beside, and pine-trees twain before it,  
There with the road underneath, and in sight of coaches and  
steamers,

Dwelling of David Mackaye and his daughters Elspie and Bella,  
Sends up a column of smoke the Bothie of Tober-na-vuolich.

And of the older twain, the elder was telling the younger,  
How on his pittance of soil he lived, and raised potatoes,  
Barley, and oats, in the bothie where lived his father before him;  
Yet was smith by trade, and had travelled making horse shoes  
Far; in the army had seen some service with brave Sir Hector,  
Wounded soon, and discharged, disabled as smith and soldier;

He had been many things since that,—drover, schoolmaster,  
Whitesmith,—but when his brother died childless came up  
hither ;

And although he could get fine work that would pay, in the city,  
Still was fain to abide where his father abode before him.

And the lassies are bonnie,—I'm father and mother to them,—  
Bonnie and young ; they're healthier here, I judge, and safer :  
I myself find time for their reading, writing, and learning.

So on the road they walk by the shore of the salt sea water,  
Silent a youth and maid, and elders twain conversing.

This was the letter that came when Adam was leaving the  
cottage.

If you can manage to see me before going off to Dartmoor,  
Come by Tuesday's coach through Glencoe (you have not seen  
it),

Stop at the ferry below, and ask your way (you will wonder,  
There however I am) to the Bothie of Tober-na-vuolich.

And on another scrap, of next day's date, was written :

It was by accident purely I lit on the place ; I was returning,  
Quietly, travelling homeward by one of these wretched coaches ;

One of the horses cast a shoe ; and a farmer passing

Said, Old David's your man ; a clever fellow at shoeing

Once ; just here by the firs ; they call it Tober-na-vuolich.

So I saw and spoke with David Mackaye, our acquaintance.

When we came to the journey's end, some five miles farther,

In my unoccupied evening I walked back again to the bothie.

But on a final crossing, still later in date, was added :

Come as soon as you can ; be sure and do not refuse me.

Who would have guessed I should find my haven and end of  
my travel,

Here ; by accident too, in the bothie we laughed about so ?



Who would have guessed that here would be she whose glance at  
Rannoch

Turnd me in that mysterious way ; yes, angels conspiring,  
Slowly drew me, conducted me, home, to herself ; the needle  
Which in the shaken compass flew hither and thither, at last, long  
Quivering, poises to north. I think so. But I am cautious ;  
More, at least, than I was in the old silly days when I left you.

Not at the bothie now ; at the changehouse in the clachan ;\*  
Why I delay my letter is more than I can tell you.

There was another scrap, without or date or comment,  
Dotted over with various observations, as follows :  
Only think, I had danced with her twice, and did not remember.  
I was as one that sleeps on the railway ; one, who dreaming  
Hears thro' his dream the name of his home shouted out ; hears  
and hears not, —  
Faint, and louder again, and less loud, dying in distance ;  
Dimly conscious, with something of inward debate and choice, —  
and  
Sense of claim and reality present, anon relapses  
Nevertheless, and continues the dream and fancy, while for-  
ward

Swiftly, remorseless, the car presses on, he knows not whither.

Handsome who handsome is, who handsome does is more so ;  
Pretty is all very pretty, it's prettier far to be useful.  
No, fair Lady Maria, I say not that ; but I *will* say,  
Stately is service accepted, but lovelier service rendered,  
Interchange of service the law and condition of Beauty :  
Any way beautiful only to be the thing one is meant for.  
I, I am sure, for the sphere of mere ornament am not intended :  
No, nor she, I think, thy sister at Tober-na-vuolich.

\* Public-house in the hamlet.

This was the letter of Philip, and this had brought the Tutor :  
This is why tutor and pupil are walking with David and  
Elspie.—

When for the night they part, and these, once more together,  
Went by the lochside along to the changhouse near in the  
clachan,

Thus to his pupil anon commenced the grave man Adam.

Yes, she is beautiful, Philip, beautiful even as morning :  
Yes, it is that which I said, the Good and not the Attractive !  
Happy is he that finds, and finding does not leave it !

Ten more days did Adam with Philip abide at the change-  
house,

Ten more nights they met, they walked with father and daughter.

Ten more nights, and night by night more distant away were  
Philip and she ; every night less heedful, by habit, the father.

Happy ten days, most happy ; and, otherwise than intended,  
Fortunate visit of Adam, companion and friend to David.

Happy ten days, be ye fruitful of happiness ! Pass o'er them  
slowly,

Slowly ; like cruise of the prophet be multiplied, even to ages !

Pass slowly o'er them ye days of October ; ye soft misty morn-  
ings,

Long dusky eves ; pass slowly ; and thou great Term-Time of  
Oxford,

Awful with lectures and books, and Little-goes and Great-goes,  
Till but the sweet bud be perfect, récede and retire for the  
lovers,

Yea, for the sweet love of lovers, postpone thyself even to dooms-  
day !

Pass o'er them slowly, ye hours ! Be with them ye Loves and  
Graces !

Indirect and evasive no longer, a cowardly bather,  
'Clinging to bough and to rock, and sidling along by the edges,  
In your faith, ye Muses and Graces, who love the plain present,  
Scorning historic abridgement and artifice anti-poetic,  
In your faith, ye Muses and Loves, ye Loves and Graces,  
I will confront the great peril, and speak with the mouth of the  
lovers,  
As they spoke by the alders, at evening, the runnel below them,  
Elspie a diligent knitter, and Philip her fingers watching.

## VII

*Vesper adest, juvenes, consurgite ; Vesper Olympo  
Expectata diu vix tandem lumina tollit*

For she confessed, as they sat in the dusk, and he saw not her  
blushes,

Èlspie confessed at the sports long ago with her father she saw  
him,

When at the door the old man had told him the name of the  
bothie ;

There after that at the dance ; yet again at a dance in Rannoch—  
And she was silent, confusd. Confused much rather Philip  
Buried his face in his hands, his face that with blood was burst-  
ing.

Silent, confusd, yet by pity she conquered her fear, and con-  
tinued.

Katie is good and not silly ; be comforted, Sir, about her ;

Katie is good and not silly ; tender, but not like many

Carrying off, and at once for fear of being seen, in the bosom

Locking-up as in a cupboard the pleasure that any man gives  
them,

Keeping it out of sight as a prize they need be ashamed of ;

That is the way I think, Sir, in England, more than in Scotland ;

No, she lives and takes pleasure in all, as in beautiful weather,

Sorry to lose it, but just as we would be to lose fine weather.

And she is strong to return to herself and feel undeserted,

Oh, she is strong, and not silly ; she thinks no further about  
you ;

She 'has had kerchiefs before from gentle, I know, as from simple.

Yes, she is good and not silly ; yet were you wrong, Mr. Philip,  
Wrong, for yourself perhaps more than for her.

But Philip replied not,  
Raised not his eyes from the hands on his knees.

And Elspie continued.

That was what gave me much pain, when I met you that dance  
at Rannoch,

Dancing myself too with you, while Katie danced with Donald ;  
That was what gave me such pain ; I thought it all a mistaking,  
All a mere chance, you know, and accident,—not proper choos-  
ing,—

There were at least five or six—not there, no, that I don't say,  
But in the country about,—you might just as well have been  
courting.

That was what gave me much pain, and (you won't remember that,  
though,)

Three days after, I met you, beside my uncle's, walking,  
And I was wondering much, and hoped you would n't notice,  
So as I passed I could n't help looking. You did n't know me.  
But I was glad, when I heard next day you were gone to the  
teacher.

And uplifting his face at last, with eyes dilated,  
Large as great stars in mist, and dim, with dabbled lashes,  
Philip with new tears starting,

You think I do not remember,  
Said,—suppose that I did not observe! Ah me, shall I tell you?  
Elspie, it was your look that sent me away from Rannoch.  
It was your glance, that, descending, an instant revelation,  
Showed me where I was, and whitherward going ; recalled me,  
Sent me, not to my books, but to wrestlings of thought in the  
mountains.

Yes, I have carried your glance within me undimmed, unaltered,

As a lost boat the compass some passing ship has lent her,  
Many a weary mile on road, and hill and moorland :                    "

And you suppose, that I do not remember, I had not observed it!  
O, did the sailor bewildered observe when they told him his  
bearings ?

O, did he cast overboard, when they parted, the compass they gave  
him ?

And, he continued more firmly, although with stronger emo-  
tion :

Elspie, why should I speak it ? you cannot believe it, and  
should not :

Why should I say that I love, which I all but said to another!  
Yet should I dare, should I say, O Elspie, you only I love ; you,  
First and sole in my life that has been and surely that shall be ;  
Could—O, could you believe it, O Elspie, believe it and spurn  
not !

Is it—possible,—possible, Elspie ?

Well,—she answered,

And she was silent some time, and blushed all over, and answered  
Quietly, after her fashion, still knitting, Maybe, I think of it,  
Though I do n't know that I did : and she paused again ; but it  
may be,

Yes,—I don't know, Mr. Philip,—but only it feels to me  
strangely

Like to the high new bridge, they used to build at, below there,  
Over the burn and glen on the road. You won't understand me.  
But I keep saying in my mind—this long time slowly with  
trouble

I have been building myself, up, up, and toilfully raising,  
Just like as if the bridge were to do it itself without masons,  
Painfully getting myself upraised one stone on another,

"All one side I mean ; and now I see on the other

Just such another fabric uprising, better and stronger,  
Close to me, coming to join me : and then I sometimes fancy,—  
Sometimes I find myself dreaming at nights' about arches and  
bridges,—

Sometimes I dream of a great invisible hand coming down, and  
Dropping the great key-stone in the middle : there in my dream-  
ing,

There I feel the great key-stone coming in, and through it  
Feel the other part—all the other stones of the archway,  
Joined into mine with a strange happy sense of completeness.

But, dear me,

This is confusion and nonsense. I mix all the things I can think  
of.

And you won't understand, Mr. Philip.

But while she was speaking,

So it happened, a moment she paused from her work, and, ponder-  
ing,

Laid her hand on her lap : Philip took it : she did not resist :  
So he retained her fingers, the knitting being stopped. But  
emotion

Came all over her more and yet more from his hand, from her  
heart, and

Most from the sweet idea and image her brain was renewing.

So he retained her hand, and, his tears down-dropping on it,

Trembling a long time, kissed it at last. And she ended.

And as she ended, uprose he ; saying, What have I heard ! Oh,  
What have I done, that such words should be said to me ! Oh, I  
see it,

See the great key-stone coming down from the heaven of heavens,  
And he fell at her feet, and buried his face in her apron.

But as under the moon and stars they went to the cottage,  
Elsie sighed and said, Be patient, dear Mr. Philip,

Do not do anything hasty. It is all so soon, so sudden.  
Do not say anything yet to any one.

Elspie, he answered,  
Does not my friend go on Friday? I then shall see nothing of you:  
Do not I go myself on Monday?

But oh, he said, Elspie;  
Do as I bid you, my child; do not go on calling me Mr.;  
Might I not just as well be calling you Miss Elspie?  
Call me, this heavenly night, for once, for the first time, Philip.

Philip, she said and laughed, and said she could not say it;  
Philip, she said; he turned, and kissed the sweet lips as they  
said it.

But on the morrow Elspie kept out of the way of Philip:  
And at the evening seat, when he took her hand by the alders,  
Drew it back, saying, almost peevishly,

No, Mr. Philip,  
I was quite right, last night; it is too soon, too sudden.  
What I told you before was foolish perhaps, was hasty.  
When I think it over, I am shocked and terrified at it.  
Not that at all I unsay it; that is, I know I said it,  
And when I said it, felt it. But oh, we must wait, Mr. Philip!  
We must n't pull ourselves at the great key-stone of the centre:  
Some one else up above must hold it, fit it, and fix it;  
If we try ourselves we shall only damage the archway,  
Damage all our own work that we wrought, our painful up-  
building.

When, you remember, you took my hand last evening, talking,  
I was all over a tremble: and as you pressed the fingers  
After, and afterwards kissed it, I could not speak. And then,  
too,

As we went home, you kissed me for saying your name. It was  
dreadful.



I have been kissed before, she added, blushing slightly,  
I have been kissed more than once by Donald my cousin, and  
others;

It is the way of the lads, and I make up my mind not to mind it;  
But Mr. Philip, last night, and from you, it was different quite,  
Sir.

When I think of all that, I am shocked and terrified at it.  
Yes, it is dreadful to me.

She paused, but quickly continued,  
Smiling almost fiercely, continued, looking upward.

You are too strong, you see, Mr. Philip! just like the sea there,  
Which *will* come, through the straits and all between the moun-  
tains,

Forcing its great strong tide into every nook and inlet,  
Getting far in, up the quiet stream of sweet inland water,  
Sucking it up, and stopping it, turning it, driving it backward,  
Quite preventing its own quiet running: And then, soon after,  
Back it goes off, leaving weeds on the shore, and wrack and un-  
cleanness:

And the poor burn in the glen tries again its peaceful running,  
But it is brackish and tainted, and all its banks in disorder.

That was what I dreamt all last night. I was the burnie,  
Trying to get along through the tyrannous brine, and could not;  
I was confined and squeezed in the coils of the great salt tide,  
that

Would mix-in itself with me, and change me; I felt myself  
changing;

And I struggled, and screamed, I believe, in my dream. It was  
dreadful.

You are too strong, Mr. Philip! I am but a poor slender burnie,  
Used to the glens and the rocks, the rowan and birch of the  
woodes,

Quite unused to the great salt sea ; quite afraid and unwilling.

Ere she had spoken two words, had Philip released her fingers :

As she went on, he recoiled, fell back, and shook, and shivered ;  
There he stood, looking pale and ghastly ; when she had ended,  
Answering in hollow voice,

It is true ; oh quite true, Elspie ;

Oh, you are always right ; oh, what, what have I been doing !  
I will depart to-morrow. But oh, forget me not wholly,  
Wholly, Elspie, nor hate me, no, do not hate me, my Elspie.

But a revulsion passed through the brain and bosom of Elspie ;  
And she got up from her seat on the rock, putting by her knitting ;

Went to him, where he stood, and answered :

No, Mr. Philip,

No, you are good, Mr. Philip, and gentle ; and I am the foolish :

No, Mr. Philip, forgive me.

She stepped right to him, and boldly

Took up his hand, and placed it in hers ; he daring no movement ;

Took up the cold hanging hand, up-forcing the heavy elbow.

I am afraid, she said, but I will ! and kissed the fingers.

And he fell on his knees and kissed her own past counting.

But a revulsion wrought in the brain and bosom of Elspie ;  
And the passion she just had compared to the vehement ocean,  
Urging in high spring-tide its masterful way through the mountains,

Forcing and flooding the silvery stream, as it runs from the inland ;

That great power withdrawn, receding here and thence,

Felt she in myriad springs, her sources far in the mountains,  
Stirring, collecting, rising, upheaving, forth-outflowing,  
Taking and joining, right welcome, that delicate rill in the  
valley,

Filling it, making it strong, and still descending, seeking,  
With a blind forefeeling descending ever, and seeking,  
With a delicious forefeeling, the great still sea before it ;  
There deep into it, far, to carry, and lose in its bosom,  
Waters that still from their sources exhaustless are fain to be  
added.

As he was kissing her fingers, and knelt on the ground before  
her,

Yielding backward she sank to her seat, and of what she was  
doing

Ignorant, bewildered, in sweet multitudinous vague emotion,  
Stooping, knowing not what, put her lips to the hair on his fore-  
head :

And Philip, raising himself, gently, for the first time, round her  
Passing his arms, close, close, enfolded her, close to his bosom.

As they went home by the moon, Forgive me, Philip, she  
whispered ;

I have so many things to think of, all of a sudden ;

I who had never once thought a thing,—in my ignorant High-  
lands.

## VIII

*Jam veniet virgo, jam dicetur bymenæus*

BUT a revulsion again came over the spirit of Elspie,  
 When she thought of his wealth, his birth and education :  
 Wealth indeed but small, though to her a difference truly ;  
 Father nor mother had Philip, a thousand pounds his portion,  
 Somewhat impaired in a world where nothing is had for nothing ;  
 Fortune indeed but small, and prospects plain and simple.

But the many things that he knew, and the ease of a practised  
 Intellect's motion, and all those indefinable graces  
 (Were they not hers, too, Philip?) to speech and manner, and  
 movement,

Lent by the knowledge of self, and wisely-instructed feeling,—  
 When she thought of these, and these contemplated daily,  
 Daily appreciating more, and more exactly appraising,—  
 With these thoughts, and the terror withal of a thing she could  
 not

Estimate, and of a step (such a step!) in the dark to be taken,  
 Terror nameless and ill-understood of deserting her station,—  
 Daily heavier, heavier upon her pressed the sorrow,  
 Daily distincter, distincter within her arose the conviction,  
 He was too high, too perfect, and she so unfit, so unworthy,  
 (Ah me! Philip, that ever a word such as that should be written!)  
 It would do neither for him nor for her; she also was some-  
 thing,

Not much indeed, it was true, yet not to be lightly extinguished.  
 Should *he—be*, she said, have a wife beneath him? herself be  
 An inferior there where only equality can be? ●

It would do neither for him nor for her.

Alas for Philip!

Many were tears and great was perplexity. Nor had availed  
then

All his prayer and all his device. But much was spoken  
Now, between Adam and Elspie; companions were they hourly:  
Much by Elspie to Adam, enquiring, anxiously seeking,  
From his experience seeking impartial accurate statement  
What it was to do this or do that, go hither or thither,  
How in the after life would seem what now seeming certain  
Might so soon be reversed; in her quest and obscure exploring  
Still from that quiet orb soliciting light to her footsteps;  
Much by Elspie to Adam, enquiring, eagerly seeking:  
Much by Adam to Elspie, informing, reassuring,  
Much that was sweet to Elspie, by Adam heedfully speaking,  
Quietly, indirectly, in general terms, of Philip,  
Gravely, but indirectly, not as incognisant wholly,  
But as suspending until she should seek it, direct intimation;  
Much that was sweet in her heart of what he was and would be,  
Much that was strength to her mind, confirming beliefs and  
insights

Pure and unfaltering, but young and mute and timid for action;  
Much of relations of rich and poor, and of true education.

It was on Saturday eve, in the gorgeous bright October,  
Then when brackens are changed, and heather blooms are  
faded,

And amid russet of heather and fern green trees are bonnie;  
Alders are green, and oaks; the rowan scarlet and yellow;  
One great glory of broad gold pieces appears the aspen,  
And the jewels of gold that were hung in the hair of the birch-  
tree,

Pendulous, here and there, her coronet, necklace, and ear-rings,

Cover her now, o'er and o'er; she is weary and scatters them  
from her.

There, upon Saturday eve, in the gorgeous bright October,  
Under the aldèrs knitting, gave Elspie her troth to Philip.  
For as they talked, anon she said,

It is well, Mr. Philip.

Yes, it is well: I have spoken, and learnt a deal with the  
teacher.

At the last I told him all, I could not help it;  
And it came easier with him than could have been with my  
father;

And he calmly approved, as one that had fully considered.

Yes, it is well, I have hoped, though quite too great and sudden;  
I am so fearful, I think it ought not to be for years yet.

I am afraid; but believe in you; and I trust to the teacher:  
You have done all things gravely and temperate, not as in passion;  
And the teacher is prudent, and surely can tell what is likely.

What my father will say, I know not: we will obey him:  
But for myself, I could dare to believe all well, and venture.

O Mr. Philip, may it never hereafter seem to be different!

And she hid her face—

Oh, where, but in Philip's bosom!

After some silence, some tears too perchance, Philip laughed, and  
said to her,

So, my own Elspie, at last you are clear that I'm bad enough  
for you.

Ah, but your father won't make one half the question about it  
You have — he'll think me, I know, nor better nor worse than  
Donald,

„Neither better nor worse for my gentlemanship and book-work,  
Worse, I fear, as he knows me an idle and vagabond fellow,

Though he allows, but he'll think it was all for your sake, Elspie,  
Though he allows I did some good at the end of the shearing.  
But I had thought in Scotland you did n't care for this folly.  
How I wish, he said, you had lived all your days in the High-  
lands!

This is what comes of the year you spent in our foolish Eng-  
land.

You do not all of you feel these fancies.

No, she answered.

And in her spirit the freedom and ancient joy was reviving.

No, she said, and uplifted herself, and looked for her knitting,

No, nor do I, dear Philip, I don't myself feel always

As I have felt, more sorrow for me, these four days lately,

Like the Peruvian Indians I read about last winter,

Out in America there, in somebody's life of Pizarro ;

Who were as good perhaps as the Spaniards ; only weaker ;

And that the one big tree might spread its root and branches,

All the lesser about it must even be felled and perish.

No, I feel much more as if I, as well as you, were,

Somewhere, a leaf on the one great tree, that, up from old time

Growing, contains in itself the whole of the virtue and life of

Bygone days, drawing now to itself all kindreds and nations,

And must have for itself the whole world for its root and  
branches.

No, I belong to the tree, I shall not decay in the shadow ;

Yes, and I feel the life-juices of all the world and the ages

Coming to me as to you, more slowly no doubt and poorer ;

You are more near, but then you will help to convey them to  
me.

No, don't smile, Philip, now, so scornfully!—While you look so

Scornful and strong, I feel as if I were standing and trembling,

Fancying the burn in the dark a wide and rushing river ;

And I feel coming unto me from you, or it may be from elsewhere,

Strong contemptuous resolve; I forget, and I bound as across it.  
But after all, you know, it may be a dangerous river.

Oh, if it were so, Elspie, he said, I can carry you over.

Nay, she replied, you would tire of having me for a burthen.

O sweet burthen, he said, and are you not light as a feather?  
But it is deep, very likely, she said, over head and ears too.

O let us try, he answered, the waters themselves will support us,

Yea, very ripples and waves will form to a boat underneath us;  
There is a boat, he said, and a name is written upon it,  
Love, he said, and kissed her.—

But I will read your books, though,  
Said she, you'll leave me some, Philip.

Not I, replied he, a volume.  
This is the way with you all, I perceive, high and low together.  
Women must read,—as if they did n't know all beforchand:  
Weary of plying the pump, we turn to the running water,  
And the running spring will needs have a pump built upon it.  
Weary and sick of our books, we come to repose in your eye-  
light,

As to the woodland and water, the freshness and beauty of  
Nature,

Lo, you will talk, forsooth, of the things we are sick to the death  
of:

What, she said, and if I have let you become my sweetheart,  
I am to read no books! but you may go your ways then,  
And I will read, she said, with my father at home as I used to.

If you must have it, he said, I myself will read them to you.

Well, she said, but no, I will read to myself, when I choose  
it;



What, you suppose we never read anything here in our High-lands,

Bella and I with the father, in all our winter evenings!

But we must go, Mr. Philip —

I shall not go at all, said  
He, if you call me Mr. Thank heaven! that's over for ever.

No, but it's not, she said, it is not over, nor will be.

Was it not then, she asked, the name I called you first by?

No, Mr. Philip, no—you have kissed me enough for two nights;

No—come, Philip, come, or I'll go myself without you.

You never call me Philip, he answered, until I kiss you.

As they went home by the moon that waning now rose later,

Stepping through mossy stones by the runnel under the alders,

Loitering unconsciously, Philip, she said, I will not be a lady,

We will do work together, you do not wish me a lady,

It is a weakness perhaps and a foolishness; still it is so;

I have been used all my life to help myself and others;

I could not bear to sit and be waited upon by footmen,

No, not even by women—

And, God forbid, he answered,  
God forbid you should ever be aught but yourself, my Elspie!

As for service, I love it not, I; your weakness is mine too,

I am sure Adam told you as much as that about me.

I am sure, she said, he called you wild and flighty.

That was true, he said, till my wings were clipped. But, my  
Elspie,

You will at least just go and see my uncle and cousins,

Sister, and brother, and brother's wife. You should go, if you  
liked it,

Just as you are; just what you are, at any rate, my Elspie.

Yes, we will go, and give the old solemn gentility stage-play

One little look, to leave it with all the more satisfaction.

That may be, my Philip, she said, you are good to think of it.  
 But we are letting our fancies run-on indeed ; after all, it  
 May all come, you know, Mr. Philip, to nothing whatever,  
 There is so much that needs to be done, so much that may  
 happen.

All that needs to be done, said he, shall be done, and quickly.

And on the morrow he took good heart, and spoke-with  
 David ;

Not unwarned the father, nor had been unperceiving ;  
 Fearful much, but in all from the first reassured by the Tutor.  
 And he remembered how he had fancied the lad from the first ;  
 and

Then, too, the old man's eye was much more for inner than  
 outer,

And the natural tune of his heart without misgiving  
 Went to the noble words of that grand song of the Lowlands,  
*Rank is the guinea stamp, but the man's a man for a' that.*

Still he was doubtful, would hear nothing of it now, but  
 insisted

Philip should go to his books : if he chose, he might write ; if  
 after

Chose to return, might come ; he truly believed him honest.

But a year must elapse, and many things might happen.

Yet at the end he burst into tears, called Elspie and blessed them ;  
 Elspie, my bairn, he said, I thought not, when at the doorway  
 Standing with you, and telling the young man where he would  
 find us,

I did not think he would one day be asking me herē to surrender  
 What is to me more than wealth in my Bothie of Tober-na-  
 vuolich.

IX

*Arva, beata Petamus arva!*

So on the morrow's morrow, with Term-time dread returning,  
Philip returned to his books, and read, and remained at Oxford,  
All the Christmas and Easter remained and read at Oxford.

Great was wonder in College when postman showed to butler  
Letters addressed to David Mackaye, at Tober-na-vuolich,  
Letter on letter, at least one a week, one every Sunday :

Great at that Highland post was wonder too and conjecture,  
When the postman showed letters to wife, and wife to the lassies,  
And the lassies declared they could n't be really to David ;  
Yes, they could see inside a paper with E. upon it.

Great was surmise in College at breakfast, wine, and supper,  
Keen the conjecture and joke ; but Adam kept the secret,  
Adam the secret kept, and Philip read like fury.

This is a letter written by Philip at Christmas to Adam.

There may be beings, perhaps, whose vocation it is to be idle,  
Idle, sumptuous even, luxurious, if it must be :

Only let each man seek to be that for which nature meant him.  
If you were meant to plough, Lord Marquis, out with you, and  
do it ;

If you were meant to be idle, O beggar, behold, I will feed you.  
If you were born for a groom, and you seem, by your dress, to  
believe so,

Do it like a man, Sir George, for pay, in a livery stable ;  
Yes, you may so release that slip of a boy at the corner,

Fingering books at the window, misdoubting the eighth commandment.

Ah, fair Lady Maria, God meant you to live, and be lovely ;  
 Be so then, and I bless you. But ye, ye spurious ware, who  
 Might be plain women, and can be by no possibility better !  
 — Ye unhappy statuettes, and miserable trinkets,  
 Poor alabaster chimney-piece ornaments under glass cases,  
 Come, in God's name, come down ! the very French clock by  
 you

Puts you to shame with ticking ; the fire-irons deride you.  
 You, young girl, who have had such advantages, learnt so quickly,  
 Can you not teach ? O yes, and she likes Sunday school extremely,  
 Only it's soon in the morning. Away ! if to teach be your  
 calling,

It is no play, but a business : off ! go teach and be paid for it.  
 Lady Sophia's so good to the sick, so firm and so gentle.  
 Is there a nobler sphere than of hospital nurse and matron ?  
 Hast thou for cooking a turn, little Lady Clarissa ? in with them,  
 In with your fingers ! their beauty it spoils, but your own it  
 enhances ;

For it is beautiful only to do the thing we are meant for.

This was the answer that came from the Tutor, the grave man,  
 Adam.

When the armies are set in array, and the battle beginning,  
 Is it well that the soldier whose post is far to the leftward  
 Say, I will go to the right, it is there I shall do best service ?  
 There is a great Field-Marshal, my friend, who arrays our batta-  
 lions ;

Let us to Providence trust, and abide and work in our stations.

This was the final retort from the eager, impetuous Philip.  
 I am sorry to say your Providence puzzles me sadly ;  
 Children of Circumstance are we to be ? you answer, On no wise !

Where does Circumstance end, and Providence, where begins it ?  
What are we to resist, and what are we to be friends with ?  
If there is battle, 't is battle by night, I stand in the darkness,  
Here in the mêlée of men, Ionian and Dorian on both sides,  
Signal and password known ; which is friend and which is foe-  
man ?

Is it a friend ? I doubt, though he speak with the voice of a  
brother.

Still you are right, I suppose ; you always are, and will be ;  
Though I mistrust the Field-Marshal, I bow to the duty of order.  
Yet is my feeling rather to ask, where *is* the battle ?

Yes, I could find in my heart to cry, notwithstanding my Elspie,  
O that the armies indeed were arrayed ! O joy of the onset !

Sound thou Trumpet of God, come forth, Great Cause, to array  
us,

King and leader appear, thy soldiers sorrowing seek thee.

Would that the armies indeed were arrayed, O where is the  
battle !

Neither battle I see, nor arraying, nor King in Israel,

Only infinite jumble and mess and dislocation,

Backed by a solemn appeal, " For God's sake do not stir, there ! "

Yet you are right, I suppose ; if you don't attack my conclusion,

Let us get on as we can, and do the thing we are fit for ;

Every one for himself, and the common success for us all, and

Thankful, if not for our own, why then for the triumph of others,

Get along, each as we can, and do the thing we are meant for.

That is n't likely to be by sitting still, eating and drinking.

These are fragments again without date addressed to Adam.

As at return of tide the total weight of ocean,

Drawn by moon and sun from Labrador and Greenland,

Sets-in amain, in the open space betwixt Mull and Scarba,

Heaving, swelling, spreading, the might of the mighty Atlantic ;

There into cranny and slit of the rocky, cavernous bottom  
 Settles down, and with dimples huge the smooth sea-surface  
 Eddies, coils, and whirls; by dangerous Corryvreckan :  
 So in my soul of souls through its cells and secret recesses,  
 Comes back, swelling and spreading, the old democratic fervour.

But as the light of day enters some populous city,  
 Shaming away, ere it come, by the chilly day-streak signal,  
 High and low, the misusers of night, shaming out the gas  
 lamps—

All the great empty streets are flooded with broadening clearness,  
 Which, withal, by inscrutable simultaneous access

Permeates far and pierces to the very cellars lying in  
 Narrow high back-lane, and court, and alley of alleys :—  
 He that goes forth to his walks, while speeding to the suburb,  
 Sees sights only peaceful and pure; as labourers settling  
 Slowly to work, in their limbs the lingering sweetness of slum-  
 ber;

Humble market-carts, coming-in, bringing-in, not only  
 Flower, fruit, farm-store, but sounds and sights of the country  
 Dwelling yet on the sense of the dreamy drivers; soon after  
 Half-awake servant-maids unfastening drowsy shutters  
 Up at the windows, or down, letting-in the air by the doorway;  
 School-boys, school-girls soon, with slate, portfolio, satchel,  
 Hampered as they haste, those running; these others maidenly  
 tripping;

Early clerk anon turning out to stroll, or it may be  
 Meet his sweetheart—waiting behind the garden gate there;  
 Merchant on his grass-plat haply, bare-headed; and now by this  
 time

Little child bringing breakfast to “father” that sits on the tim-  
 ber

There by the scaffolding; see, she waits for the can beside him;

Meantime above purer air untarnished of new-lit fires :  
So that the whole great wicked artificial civilised fabric—  
All its unfinished houses, lots for sale, and railway outworks—  
Seems reaccepted, resumed to Primal Nature and Beauty :—  
—Such—in me, and to me, and on me the love of Elspie!—

Philip returned to his books, but returned to his Highlands after;  
Got a first, 't is said ; a winsome bride, 't is certain.

There while courtship was ending, nor yet the wedding appointed,  
Under her father he studied the handling of hoe and of hatchet :  
Thither that summer succeeding came Adam and Arthur to see  
him

Down by the lochs from the distant Glenmorison : Adam the  
tutor, •

Arthur, and Hope ; and the Piper anon who was there for a  
visit ;

He had been into the schools ; plucked almost ; all but a *gone-  
coon* ;

So he declared ; never once had brushed up his *bairy* Aldrich ;  
Into the great might-have-been upsoaring sublime and ideal  
Gave to historical questions a free poetical treatment ;  
Leaving vocabular ghosts undisturbed in their lexicon-limbo,  
Took Aristophanes up at a shot ; and the whole three last weeks,  
Went, in his life and the sunshine rejoicing, to Nuneham and  
Godstowe :

What were the claims of Degree to those of life and the sunshine ?  
There did the four find Philip, the poet, the speaker, the chartist,  
Delving at Highland soil, and railing at Highland landlords,  
Railing, but more, as it seemed, for the fun of the Piper's fury.  
There saw they David and Elspie Mackaye, and the Piper was  
almost,

Almost deeply in love with Bella the sister of Elspie ;  
But the good Adam was heedful ; they did not go too often.

There in the bright October, the gorgeous bright October,  
 When the brackens are changed, and heather blooms are faded,  
 And amid russet of heather and fern green trees are bonnie,  
 Alders are green, and oaks, the rowan scarlet and yellow,  
 Heavy the aspen, and heavy with jewels of gold the birch-tree,  
 There, when shearing had ended, and barley-stooks were garnered,  
 David gave Philip to wife his daughter, his darling Elspie;  
 Elspie the quiet, the brave, was wedded to Philip the poet.

So won Philip his bride. They are married and gone—But  
 oh, Thou

Mighty one, Muse of great Epos, and Idyll the playful and  
 tender,

Be it recounted in song, ere we part, and thou fly to thy Pindus,  
 (Pindus is it, O Muse, or Ætna, or even Ben-nevis?)

Be it recounted in song, O Muse of the Epos and Idyll,  
 Who gave what at the wedding, the gifts and fair gratulations.

Adam, the grave careful Adam, a medicine chest and tool-box,  
 Hope a saddle, and Arthur a plough, and the Piper a rifle,  
 Airlie a necklace for Elspie, and Hobbes a Family Bible,  
 Airlie a necklace, and Hobbes a bible and iron bedstead.

What was the letter, O Muse, sent withal by the corpulent  
 hero?

This is the letter of Hobbes the kilted and corpulent hero.

So the last speech and confession is made, O my eloquent  
 speaker!

So *the good time* is coming, or come is it? O my chartist!  
 So the Cathedral is finished at last, O my Pugin of Women;  
 Finished, and now, is it true? to be taken out whole to New  
 Zealand!

Well, go forth to thy field, to thy barley, with Ruth, O Boaz,  
 Ruth, who for thee hath deserted her people, her gods, her  
 mountains.



Go, as in Ephrath of old, in the gate of Bethlehem said they,  
Go, be the wife in thy house both Rachel and Leah unto thee;  
Be thy wedding of silver, albeit of iron thy bedstead!  
Yea, to the full golden fifty renewed be! and fair memoranda  
Happily fill the fly-leaves duly left in the Family Bible.  
Live, and when Hobbes is forgotten, may'st thou, an unroasted  
Grandsire,

See thy children's children, and Democracy upon New Zealand!

This was the letter of Hobbes, and this the postscript after.

Wit in the letter will prate, but wisdom speaks in a postscript;  
Listen to wisdom—*Which things*—you perhaps did n't know,  
my dear fellow,

I have reflected; *Which things are an allegory*, Philip.

For this Rachel-and-Leah is marriage; which, I have seen it,  
Lo, and have known it, is always, and must be, bigamy only,  
Even in noblest kind a duality, compound, and complex,  
One part heavenly-ideal, the other vulgar and earthy:

For this Rachel-and-Leah is marriage, and Laban their father,  
Circumstance, chance, the world, our uncle and hard taskmaster.  
Rachel we found as we fled from the daughters of Heth by the  
desert;

Rachel we met at the well; we came, we saw, we kissed her;  
Rachel we serve-for, long years,—that seem as a few days only,  
E'en for the love we have to her,—and win her at last of Laban.  
Is it not Rachel we take in our joy from the hand of her father?  
Is it not Rachel we lead in the mystical veil from the altar?  
Rachel we dream-of at night: in the morning, behold, it is Leah.  
"Nay, it is custom," saith Laban, the Leah indeed is the elder.  
Happy and wise who consents to redouble his service to Laban,  
So, fulfilling her week, he may add to the elder the younger,  
Not repudiates Leah, but wins the Rachel unto her!  
Neither hate thou thy Leah, my Jacob, she also is worthy;

So, many days shall thy Rachel have joy, and survive her sister;  
 Yea and her children — *Which things are an allegory*, Philip,  
 Aye, and by Origen's head with a vengeance truly, a long one!

This was a note from the Tutor, the grave man, nicknamed  
 Adam.

I shall see you of course, my Philip, before your departure;  
 Joy be with you, my boy, with you and your beautiful Elspie.  
 Happy is he that found, and finding was not heedless;  
 Happy is he that found, and happy the friend that was with him.

So won Philip his bride:—

They are married and gone to New Zealand.  
 Five hundred pounds in pocket, with books, and two or three  
 pictures,  
 Tool-box, plough, and the rest, they rounded the sphere to New  
 Zealand.

There he hewed, and dug; subdued the earth and his spirit;  
 There he built him a home; there Elspie bare him his children,  
 David and Bella; perhaps ere this too an Elspie or Adam;  
 There hath he farmstead and land, and fields of corn and flax  
 fields;

And the Antipodes too have a Bothie of Tober-na-vuolich.

## AMOURS DE VOYAGE.

*Oh, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio,  
And taste with a distempered appetite!*

SHAKSPEARE.

*Il doutait de tout, même de l'amour.*

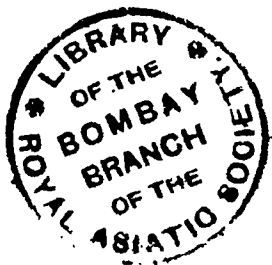
FRENCH NOVEL.

*Solvitur ambulando.*

SOLUTIO SOPHISMATUM.

*Flevit amores  
Non elaboratum ad pedem.*

HORACE.





## AMOURS DE VOYAGE

### CANTO I

OVER the great windy waters, and over the clear-crested  
summits,

Unto the sun and the sky, and unto the perfecter earth,  
Come, let us go,—to a land wherein gods of the old time  
wandered,

Where every breath even now changes to ether divine.  
Come, let us go; though withal a voice whisper, “The world that  
we live in,

Whithersoever we turn, still is the same narrow crib;  
'Tis but to prove limitation, and measure a cord, that we travel;  
Let who would 'scape and be free go to his chamber and think;  
'Tis but to change idle fancies for memories wilfully falser;  
• 'Tis but to go and have been.” — Come, little bark! let  
party.

at his mustachios?

#### I. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

DEAR EUSTATIO, I write that you may write me an answer,  
Or at the least to put us again *en rapport* with each other.  
Rome disappoints me much,—St. Peter's, perhaps, in especial;  
Only the Arch of Titus and view from the Lateran please me:  
This, however, perhaps, is the weather, which truly is horrid.  
Greece must be better, surely; and yet I am feeling so spiteful,

That I could travel to Athens, to Delphi, and Troy, and Mount Sinai,

Though but to see with my eyes that these are vanity also.

Rome disappoints me much; I hardly as yet understand, but *Rubbisby* seems the word that most exactly would suit it.

All the foolish destructions, and all the sillier sayings,

All the incongruous things of past, incompatible ages,

Seem to be treasured up here to make fools of present and future.

Would to Heaven the old Goths had made a cleaner sweep of it!

Would to Heaven some new ones would come and destroy these churches!

However, one can live in Rome as also in London.

Rome is better than London, because it is other than London.

It is a blessing, no doubt, to be rid, at least for a time, of

All one's friends and relations,—yourself (forgive me!) included,—

All the *assujettissement* of having been what one has been,

What one thinks one is, or thinks that others suppose one;

Yet, in despite of all, we turn like fools to the English:    u

Vernon has been my fate; who is here the same that you knew

him,—

Making the tour, it seems, with friends of the name of Trevellyn.

## II. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

...n'ts me still; but I shrink and adapt myself to it.

... a tyrannous sense of a superincumbent oppression

...it, wherever I go, accompanies ever, and makes me

Feel like a tree (shall I say?) buried under a ruin of brick-work.

Rome, believe me, my friend, is like its own Monte Testaccio,

Merely a marvellous mass of broken and castaway wine-pots.

Ye gods! what do I want with this rubbish of ages departed,

Things that nature abhors, the experiments that she has failed in?

What do I find in the Forum? An archway and two or three pillars.  
Well, but St. Peter's? Alas, Bernini has filled it with sculpture!  
No one can cavil, I grant, at the size of the great Coliseum.  
Doubtless the notion of grand and capacious and massive amusement,

This the old Romans had; but tell me, is this an idea?

Yet of solidity much, but of splendour little is extant:

"Brickwork I found thee, and marble I left thee!" their  
Emperor vaunted;

"Marble I thought thee, and brickwork I find thee!" the Tourist  
may answer.

### III. GEORGINA TREVELLYN TO LOUISE —

At last, dearest Louise, I take up my pen to address you.  
Here we are you see, with the seven-and-seventy boxes,  
Courier, Papa and Mamma, the children, and Mary and Susan:  
Here we all are at Rome, and delighted of course with St. Peter's,  
And very pleasantly lodged in the famous Piazza di Spagna.  
Rome is a wonderful place, but Mary shall tell you about it;  
Not very gay, however; the English are mostly at Naples;  
There are the A.s, we hear, and most of the W. party.

George, however, is come; did I tell you about his mustachios?  
Dear, I must really stop, for the carriage, they tell me, is waiting  
Mary will finish; and Susan is writing, they say, to Sophia.  
Adieu, dearest Louise,—evermore your faithful Georgina.  
Who can a Mr. Claude be whom George has taken to be with?  
Very stupid, I think, but George says so *very* clever.

## IV. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

No, the Christian faith, as at any rate I understood it,  
 With its humiliations and exaltations combining,  
 Exaltations sublime, and yet diviner abasements,  
 Aspirations from something most shameful here upon earth and  
 In our poor selves to something most perfect above in the  
 heavens,—

No, the Christian faith, as I, at least, understood it,  
 Is not here, O Rome, in any of these thy churches ;  
 Is not here, but in Freiburg, or Rheims, or Westminster Abbey,  
 What in thy Dome I find, in all thy recenter efforts,  
 Is a something, I think, more *rational* far, more earthly,  
 Actual, less ideal, devout not in scorn and refusal,  
 But in a positive, calm, Stoic-Epicurean acceptance.  
 This I begin to detect in St. Peter's and some of the churches,  
 Mostly in all that I see of the sixteenth-century masters ;  
 Overlaid of course with infinite gauds and gew-gaws,  
 Innocent, playful follies, the toys and trinkets of childhood,  
 Forced on maturer years, as the serious one thing needful,  
 By the barbarian will of the rigid and ignorant Spaniard.

Curious work, meantime, re-entering society: how we  
 Walk a livelong day, great Heaven, and watch our shadows !  
 What our shadows seem, forsooth, we will ourselves be.  
 Do I look like that? you think me that: then I *am* that.

## V. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

LUTHER, they say, was unwise ; like a half-taught German, he  
 could not  
 See that old follies were passing most tranquilly out of remem-  
 brance ;



Leo the Tenth was employing all efforts to clear out abuses ;  
Jupiter, Juno, and Venus, Fine Arts, and Fine Letters, the Poets,  
Scholars, and Sculptors, and Painters, were quietly clearing away  
the

Martyrs, and Virgins, and Saints, or at any rate Thomas Aquinas :  
He must forsooth make a fuss and distend his huge Wittenberg  
lungs, and

Bring back Theology once yet again in a flood upon Europe :  
Lo you, for forty days from the windows of heaven it fell ; the  
Waters prevail on the earth yet more for a hundred and fifty ;  
Are they abating at last ? the doves that are sent to explore are  
Wearily fain to return, at the best with a leaflet of promise,—  
Fain to return, as they went, to the wandering wave-tost vessel,—  
Fain to re-enter the roof which covers the clean and the unclean,—  
Luther, they say, was unwise ; he did n't see how things were  
going ;

Luther was foolish,—but, O great God ! what call you Ignatius ?  
O my tolerant soul, be still ! but you talk of barbarians,  
Alaric, Attila, Genseric ; —why, they came, they killed, they  
Ravaged, and went on their way ; but these vile, tyrannous  
Spaniards,

These are here still,—how long, O ye heavens, in the country of  
Dante ?

These, that fanaticized Europe, which now can forget them,  
release not

This, their choicest of prey, this Italy ; here you see them,—  
Here, with emasculate pupils and gimcrack churches of Gesu,  
Pseudo-learning and lies, confessional-boxes and postures,—  
Here, with metallic beliefs and regimental devotions,—  
Here, overcrusting with slime, perverting, defacing, debasing,  
Michael Angelo's dome, that had hung the Pantheon in heaven,  
Raphaël's Joys and Graces, and thy clear stars, Galileo !

## VI. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

WHICH of three Misses Trevellyn it is that Vernon shall marry .  
Is not a thing to be known ; for our friend is one of those  
natures

Which have their perfect delight in the general tender-domestic,  
So that he trifles with Mary's shawl, ties Susan's bonnet,  
Dances with all, but at home is most, they say, with Georgina,  
Who is, however, *too* silly in my apprehension for Vernon.

I, as before when I wrote, continue to see them a little ;  
Not that I like them much or care a *bajocco* for Vernon,  
But I am slow at Italian, have not many English acquaintance,  
And I am asked, in short, and am not good at excuses.  
Middle-class people these, bankers very likely, not wholly  
Pure of the taint of the shop ; will at table d'hôte and restaurant  
Have their shilling's worth, their penny's , pennyworth even :  
Neither man's aristocracy this, nor God's, God knoweth !  
Yet they are fairly descended, they give you to know, well  
connected ;

Doubtless somewhere in some neighbourhood have, and are careful  
to keep, some

Threadbare-genteel relations, who in their turn are enchanted  
Grandly among county people to introduce at assemblies  
To the unpennied cadets our cousins with excellent fortunes.  
Neither man's aristocracy this, nor God's, God knoweth !

## VII. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

AH, what a shame, indeed, to abuse these most worthy people !  
Ah, what a sin to have sneered at their innocent rustic pretensions !  
Is it not laudable really, this reverent worship of station ?

Is it not fitting that wealth should tender this homage to culture?  
Is it not touching to witness these efforts, if little availing,  
Painfully made, to perform the old ritual service of manners?  
Shall not devotion atone for the absence of knowledge? and  
fervor

Palliate, cover, the fault of a superstitious observance?  
Dear, dear, what do I say? but, alas! just now, like Iago,  
I can be nothing at all, if it is not critical wholly;  
So in fantastic height, in coxcomb exultation,  
Here in the garden I walk, can freely concede to the Maker  
That the works of his hand are all very good: his creatures,  
Beast of the field and fowl, he brings them before me; I name  
them;  
That which I name them, they are,—the bird, the beast, and the  
cattle.

But for Adam,—alas, poor critical coxcomb Adam!  
But for Adam there is not found an help-meet for him.

#### VIII. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

No, great Dome of Agrippa, thou art not Christian! canst not,  
Strip and replaster and daub and do what they will with thee, be  
so!

Here underneath the great porch of colossal Corinthian columns,  
Here as I walk, do I dream of the Christian belfries above them;  
Or on a bench as I sit and abide for long hours, till thy whole  
vast

Round grows dim as in dreams to my eyes, I repeople thy niches,  
Not with the Martyrs, and Saints, and Confessors, and Virgins,  
and children,  
But with the mightier forms of an older, austerer worship;

And I recite to myself, how

Eager for battle here  
 Stood Vulcan, here maternal Juno,  
 And with the bow to his shoulder faithful  
 He who with pure dew laveth of Castaly  
 His flowing locks, who holdeth of Lycia  
 The oak forest and the wood that bore him,  
 Delos' and Patara's own Apollo.\*

• IX. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

YET it is pleasant, I own it, to be in their company ; pleasant,  
 Whatever else it may be, to abide in the feminine presence.  
 Pleasant, but wrong, will you say ? But this happy, serene  
 coexistence  
 Is to some poor soft souls, I fear, a necessity simple,  
 Meat and drink and life, and music, filling with sweetness,  
 Thrilling with melody sweet, with harmonies strange overwhelm-  
 ing,  
 All the long-silent strings of an awkward, meaningless fabric.  
 Yet as for that, I could live, I believe, with children ; to have  
 those  
 Pure and delicate forms encompassing, moving about you,  
 This were enough, I could think ; and truly with glad resignation.

Hic avidus stetit  
 Vulcanus, hic matrona Juno, et  
 Nunquam humeris positurus arcum,  
 Qui rore puro Castaliæ lavit  
 Crines solutos, qui Lyciæ tenet •  
 Dumeta natalemque silvam,  
 Delius et Patareus Apollo.

Could from the dream of Romance, from the fever of flushed  
adolescence,

Look to escape and subside into peaceful avuncular functions.

Nephews and nieces ! alas, for as yet I have none ! and, moreover,  
Mothers are jealous, I fear me, too often, too rightfully ; fathers  
Think they have title exclusive to spoiling their own little darlings ;  
And by the law of the land, in despite of Malthusian doctrine,  
No sort of proper provision is made for that most patriotic,  
Most meritorious subject, the childless and bachelor uncle.

#### X. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

YE, too, marvellous Twain, that erect on the Monte Cavallo  
Stand by your rearing steeds in the grace of your motionless move-  
ment,

Stand with your upstretched arms and tranquil regardant faces,  
Stand as instinct with life in the might of immutable manhood,—  
O ye mighty and strange, ye ancient divine ones of Hellas,  
Are ye Christian too ? to convert and redeem you,  
Will the brief form have sufficed, that a Pope has set up on the  
apex

Of the Egyptian stone that o'ertops you, the Christian symbol ?

And ye, silent, supreme in serene and victorious marble,  
Ye that encircle the walls of the stately Vatican chambers,  
Juno and Ceres, Minerva, Apollo, the Muses and Bacchus,  
Ye unto whom far and near come posting the Christian pilgrims,  
Ye that are ranged in the halls of the mystic Christian Pontiff,  
Are ye also baptized ? are ye, of the kingdom of Heaven ?  
Utter, O some one, the word that shall reconcile Ancient and  
Modern !

Am I to turn me for this unto thee, great Chapel of Sixtus ?

## XI. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

THESE are the facts. The uncle, the elder brother, the squire, (a Little embarrassed, I fancy,) resides in the family place in Cornwall, of course; 'Papa is in business,' Mary informs me; He's a good sensible man, whatever his trade is. The mother Is—shall I call it fine?—herself she would tell you refined, and Greatly, I fear me, looks down on my bookish and maladroit manners;

Somewhat affecteth the blue; would talk to me often of poets; Quotes, which I hate, Childe Harold; but also appreciates Wordsworth;

Sometimes adventures on Schiller; and then to religion diverges; Questions me much about Oxford; and, yet in her loftiest flights still

Grates the fastidious ear with the slightly mercantile accent.

Is it contemptible, Eustace—I'm perfectly ready to think so,—Is it,—the horrible pleasure of pleasing inferior people?

I am ashamed my own self; and yet true it is, if disgraceful, That for the first time in life I am living and moving with freedom.

I, who never could talk to the people I meet with my uncle,—

I, who have always failed,—I, trust me, can suit the Trevellyns;

I, believe me,—great conquest, am liked by the country bankers.

And I am glad to be liked, and like in return very kindly.

So it proceeds; *Laissez faire, laissez aller*,—such is the watch-word.

Well, I know there are thousands as pretty and hundreds as pleasant,

Girls by the dozen as good, and girls in abundance with polish  
 Higher and manners more perfect than Susan or Mary Trevellyn.  
 Well, I know, after all, it is only juxtaposition, —  
 Juxtaposition, in short ; and what is juxtaposition ?

## XII. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

BUT I am in for it now,—*laissez faire*, of a truth, *laissez aller*.  
 Yes, I am going, — I feel it, I feel and cannot recall it, —  
 Fusing with this thing and that, entering into all sorts of relations,  
 Tying I know not what ties, which, whatever they are, I know  
 one thing,  
 Will, and must, woe is me, be one day painfully broken, —  
 Broken with painful remorse, with shrinkings of soul, and  
 relentings,  
 Foolish delays, more foolish evasions, most foolish renewals.  
 But I have made the step, have quitted the ship of Ulysses ;  
 Quitted the sea and the shore, passed into the magical island ;  
 Yet on my lips is the *moly*, medicinal, offered of Hermes.  
 I have come into the precinct, the labyrinth closes around me,  
 Path into path rounding slyly ; I pace slowly on, and the fancy,  
 Struggling awhile to sustain the long sequences weary, bewildered,  
 Fain must collapse in despair ; I yield, I am lost and know  
 nothing ;  
 Yet in my bosom unbroken remaineth the clue ; I shall use it.  
 Lo, with the rope on my loins I descend through the fissure ; I  
 sink, yet  
 Inly secure in the strength of invisible arms up above me ;  
 Still, wheresoever I swing, wherever to shore, or to shelf, or  
 Floor of cavern untrodden, shell-sprinkled, enchanting, I know I  
 Yet shall one time feel the strong cord tighten about me, —

Feel it, relentless, upbear me from spots I would rest in; and  
 though the  
 Rope sway wildly, I faint, crags wound me, from crag unto  
 crag re-  
 Bounding, or, wide in the void, I die ten deaths, ere the end. I  
 Yet shall plant firm foot on the broad lofty spaces I quit, shall  
 Feel underneath me again the great massy strengths of abstraction,  
 Look yet abroad from the height o'er the sea whose salt wave I  
 have tasted.

XIII. GEORGINA TREVELLYN TO LOUISA ———.

DEAREST LOUISA,—Inquire, if you please, about Mr. Claude——.  
 He has been once at R., and remembers meeting the H.s.  
 Harriet L., perhaps, may be able to tell you about him.  
 It is an awkward youth, but still with very good manners;  
 Not without prospects, we hear; and, George says, highly con-  
 nected.  
 Georgy declares it absurd, but Mamma is alarmed, and insists he  
 has  
 Taken up strange opinions and may be turning a Papist.  
 Certainly once he spoke of a daily service he went to.  
 “Where?” we asked, and he laughed and answered, “At the  
 Pantheon.”  
 This was a temple, you know, and now is a Catholic church;  
 and  
 Though it is said that Mazzini has sold it for Protestant service,  
 Yet I suppose this change can hardly as yet be effected.  
 Adieu again,—evermore, my dearest, your loving Georgina.



P. S. BY MARY TREVELLYN.

I AM to tell you, you say, what I think of our last new acquaintance.

Well, then, I think that George has a very fair right to be jealous. I do not like him much, though I do not dislike being with him. He is what people call, I suppose, a superior man, and Certainly seems so to me; but I think he is terribly selfish:

---

*ALBA, thou findest me still, and, Alba, thou findest me ever,  
Now from the Capitol steps, now over Titus's Arch,  
Here from the large grassy spaces that spread from the Lateran  
portal,  
Towering o'er aqueduct lines lost in perspective between,  
Or from a Vatican window, or bridge, or the high Coliseum,  
Clear by the garlanded line cut of the Flavian ring.  
Beautiful can I not call thee, and yet thou hast power to o'er-  
master,  
Power of mere beauty; in dreams, Alba, thou hauntest me still.  
Is it religion? I ask me; or is it a vain superstition?  
Slavery abject and gross? service, too feeble, of truth?  
Is it an idol I bow to, or is it a god that I worship?  
Do I sink back on the old, or do I soar from the mean?  
So through the city I wander and question, unsatisfied ever,  
Reverent so I accept, doubtful because I revere.*

## CANTO II •

*Is it illusion? or does there a spirit from perfecter ages,  
 Here, even yet, amid loss, change, and corruption, abide?  
 Does there a spirit we know not, though seek, though we find, com-  
 prehend not,  
 Here to entice and confuse, tempt and evade us, abide?  
 Lives in the exquisite grace of the column disjointed and single,  
 Haunts the rude masses of brick garlanded gayly with vine,  
 E'en in the turret fantastic surviving that springs from the ruin,  
 E'en in the people itself? is it illusion or not?  
 Is it illusion or not that attracteth the pilgrim transalpine,  
 Brings him a dullard and dunce hither to pry and to stare?  
 Is it illusion or not that allures the barbarian stranger,  
 Brings him with gold to the shrine, brings him in arms to the gate?*

## I. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

WHAT do the people say, and what does the government do?  
 —you  
 Ask, and I know not at all. Yet fortune will favour your hopes;  
 and  
 I, who avoided it all, am fated, it seems, to describe it.  
 I, who nor meddle nor make in politics,—I who sincerely  
 Put not my trust in leagues nor any suffrage by ballot,  
 Never predicted Parisian millenniums, never beheld a

New Jerusalem coming down dressed like a bride out of heaven  
 Right on the Place de la Concorde,—I, nevertheless, let me say  
 it,

Could in my soul of souls, this day, with the Gaul at the gates,  
 shed

One true tear for thee, \*thou poor little Roman republic ;  
 What, with the German restored, with Sicily safe to the Bourbon,  
 Not leave one poor corner for native Italian exertion ?

France, it is foully done ! and you, poor foolish England,—  
 You, who a twelvemonth ago said nations must choose for them-  
 selves, you

Could not, of course, interfere,—you, now, when a nation has  
 chosen ——

Pardon this folly ! *The Times* will, of course, have announced the  
 occasion,

Told you the news of to-day ; and although it was slightly in  
 error

When it proclaimed as a fact the Apollo was sold to a Yankee,  
 You may believe when it tells you the French are at Civita  
 Vecchia.

## II. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

*DULCE* it is, and *decorum*, no doubt, for the country to fall,—to  
 Offer one's blood an oblation to Freedom, and die for the Cause ;  
 yet

Still, individual culture is also something, and no man  
 Finds quite distinct the assurance that he of all others is called on,  
 Or would be justified, even, in taking away from the world that  
 Precious creature, himself. Nature sent him here to abide here ;  
 Else why send him at all ? Nature wants him still, it is likely.

On the whole, we are meant to look after ourselves; it is certain  
 Each has to eat for himself, digest for himself, and in general  
 Care for his own dear life, and see to his own preservation;  
 Nature's intentions, in most things uncertain, in this are decisive:  
 Which, on the whole, I conjecture the Romans will follow, and  
 I shall.

So we cling to our rocks like limpets; Ocean may bluster,  
 Over and under and round us; we open our shells to imbibe our  
 Nourishment, close them again, and are safe, fulfilling the purpose  
 Nature intended,—a wise one, of course, and a noble, we doubt  
 not.

Sweet it may be and decorous, perhaps, for the country to die;  
 but,

On the whole, we conclude the Romans won't do it, and I sha'n't.

### III. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

WILL they fight? They say so? And will the French? I can  
 hardly,

Hardly think so; and yet — He is come, they say, to Palo,  
 He is passed from Monterone, at Santa Severa

He hath laid up his guns. But the Virgin, the Daughter of  
 Roma,

She hath despised thee and laughed thee to scorn,—the Daughter  
 of Tiber

She hath shaken her head and built barricades against thee!

Will they fight? I believe it. Alas! 't is ephemeral folly,  
 Vain and ephemeral folly, of course, compared with pictures,  
 Statues, and antique gems!—Indeed: and yet indeed too,

Yet methought, in broad day did I dream, — tell it not in St  
 „ James's,

Whisper it not in thy courts, O Christ Church! — yet did I,  
waking,  
Dream of a cadence that sings, *Si tombent nos jeunes héros, la*  
*Terre en produit de nouveaux contre vous tous prêts à se battre;*  
Dreamt of great indignations and angers transcendental,  
Dreamt of a sword at my side and a battle-horse underneath me.

## IV. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

Now supposing the French or the Neapolitan soldier  
Should by some evil chance come exploring the Maison Serny,  
(Where the family English are all to assemble for safety,)  
Am I prepared to lay down my life for the British female?  
Really, who knows? One has bowed and talked, till, little by  
little,  
All the natural heat has escaped of the chivalrous spirit.  
Oh, one conformed, of course; but one does n't die for good  
manners,  
Stab or shoot, or be shot, by way of graceful attention.  
No, if it should be at all, it should be on the barricades there;  
Should I incarnadine ever this inky pacifical finger,  
Sooner far should it be for this vapour of Italy's freedom,  
Sooner far by the side of the d — d and dirty plebeians.  
Ah, for a child in the street I could strike; for the full-blown  
lady —  
Somehow, Eustace, alas! I have not felt the vocation.  
Yet these people of course will expect, as of course, my pro-  
tection,  
Vernon in radiant arms stand forth for the lovely Georgina,  
And to appear, I suppose, were but common civility. Yes, and  
Truly I do not desire they should either be killed or offended.

Oh, and of course you will say, "When the time comes, you will be ready."

Ah, but before it comes, am I to presume it will be so?

What I cannot feel now, am I to suppose that I shall feel?

Am I not free to attend for the ripe and indubious instinct?

Am I forbidden to wait for the clear and lawful perception?

Is it the calling of man to surrender his knowledge and insight,  
For the mere venture of what may, perhaps, be the virtuous  
action?

Must we, walking our earth, discerning a little, and hoping  
Some plain visible task shall yet for our hands be assigned us,—

Must we abandon the future for fear of omitting the present,

Quit our own fireside hopes at the alien call of a neighbour,

To the mere possible shadow of Deity offer the victim?

And is all this, my friend, but a weak and ignoble refining,

Wholly unworthy the head or the heart of Your Own Corre-  
spondent?

#### V. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

Yes, we are fighting at last, it appears. This morning, as usual,  
*Murray*, as usual, in hand, I enter the *Caffè Nuovo* ;  
Seating myself with a sense as it were of a change in the weather,  
Not understanding, however, but thinking mostly of *Murray*,  
And, for to-day is their day, of the *Campidoglio Marbles*,  
*Caffè-latte!* I call to the waiter,— and *Non c'è latte*,  
This is the answer he makes me, and this the sign of a battle.  
So I sit ; and truly they seem to think any one else more  
Worthy than me of attention. I wait for my milkless *nero*,  
Free to observe undistracted all sorts and sizes of persons,  
Blending civilian and soldier in strangest costume, coming in, and

Gulping in hottest haste, still standing, their coffee, — withdrawing

Eagerly, jangling a sword on the steps, or joggling a musket  
Slung to the shoulder behind. They are fewer, moreover, than  
usual,

Much and silenter far ; and so I begin to imagine  
Something is really afloat. Ere I leave, the Caffè is empty,  
Empty too the streets, in all its length the Corso  
Empty, and empty I see to my right and left the Condotti.

Twelve o'clock, on the Pincian Hill, with lots of English,  
Germans, Americans, French, — the Frenchmen, too, are protected, —

So we stand in the sun, but afraid of a probable shower ;  
So we stand and stare, and see, to the left of St. Peter's,  
Smoke, from the cannon, white, — but that is at intervals only, —  
Black, from a burning house, we suppose, by the Cavalleggiari ;  
And we believe we discern some lines of men descending  
Down through the vineyard-slopes, and catch a bayonet gleaming.  
Every ten minutes, however, — in this there is no misconception, —  
Comes a great white puff from behind Michel Angelo's dome, and  
After a space the report of a real big gun, — not the Frenchman's? —  
That must be doing some work. And so we watch and conjecture.

Shortly, an Englishman comes, who says he has been to St.  
Peter's,

Seen the Piazza and troops, but that is all he can tell us ;  
So we watch and sit, and, indeed, it begins to be tiresome. —  
All this smoke is outside ; when it has come to the inside,  
It will be time, perhaps, to descend and retreat to our houses.

Half-past one, or two. The report of small arms frequent,  
Sharp and savage indeed ; that cannot all be for nothing :  
So we watch and wonder ; but guessing is tiresome, very.  
Weary of wondering, watching, and guessing, and gossiping idly,

Down I go, and pass through the quiet streets with the knots of National Guards patrolling, and flags hanging out 'at the windows,

English, American, Danish,— and, after offering to help an Irish family moving *en masse* to the Maison Serny, After endeavouring idly to minister balm to the trembling Quinquagenarian fears of two lone British spinsters, Go to make sure of my dinner before the enemy enter.

But by this there are signs of stragglers returning ; and voices Talk, though you don't believe it, of guns and prisoners taken ; And on the walls you read the first bulletin of the morning. — This is all that I saw, and all I know of the battle.

#### VI. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

VICTORY ! VICTORY ! — Yes ! ah, yes, thou republican Zion, Truly the kings of the earth are gathered and gone by together ;

Doubtless they marvelled to witness such things, were astonished, and so forth.

Victory ! Victory ! Victory ! — Ah, but it is, believe me, Easier, easier far, to intone the chant of the martyr Than to indite any pæan of any victory. Death may Sometimes be noble ; but life, at the best, will appear an illusion.

While the great pain is upon us, it is great ; when it is over, Why, it is over. The smoke of the sacrifice rises to heaven, Of a sweet savor, no doubt, to Somebody ; But on the altar, Lo, there is nothing remaining but ashes and dirt and ill odour..

So it stands, you perceive ; the labial muscles that swelled with



Vehement evolution of yesterday Marseillaises,  
Articulations sublime of defiance and scorning, to-day col-  
Lapse and languidly mumble, while men and women and  
papers  
Scream and re-scream to each other the chorus of Victory.  
Well, but  
I am thankful they fought, and glad that the Frenchmen were  
beaten.

## VII. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

So I have seen a man killed! An experience that, among  
others!

Yes, I suppose I have; although I can hardly be certain,  
And in a court of justice could never declare I had seen it.  
But a man was killed, I am told, in a place where I saw  
Something; a man was killed, I am told, and I saw something.

I was returning home from St. Peter's; Murray, as usual,  
Under my arm, I remember; had crossed the St. Angelo bridge;  
and

Moving towards the Condotti, had got to the first barricade,  
when

Gradually, thinking still of St. Peter's, I became conscious  
Of a sensation of movement opposing me, — tendency this way  
(Such as one fancies may be in a stream when the wave of the  
tide is

Coming and not yet come,— a sort of poise and retention);  
So I turned, and, before I turned, caught sight of stragglers  
Heading a crowd, it is plain, that is coming behind that corner.  
Looking up, I see windows filled with heads; the Piazza,  
Into which you remember the Ponte St. Angelo enters,

Since I passed, has thickened with curious groups ; and now the Crowd is coming, has turned, has crossed that last barricade, is Here at my side. In the middle they drag at something. What is it ?

Ha ! bare swords in the air, held up ! There seem to be voices

Pleading and hands putting back ; official, perhaps ; but the swords are

Many, and bare in the air. In the air ? They descend ; they are smiting,

Hewing, chopping — At what ? In the air once more up-stretched ? And

Is it blood that's on them ? Yes, certainly blood ? Of whom, then ?

Over whom is the cry of this furor of exultation ?

While they are skipping and screaming, and dancing their caps on the points of

Swords and bayonets, I to the outskirts back, and ask a Mercantile-seeming bystander, "What is it ?" and he, looking always

That way, makes me answer, "A Priest, who was trying to fly to

The Neapolitan army," — and thus explains the proceeding.

You did n't see the dead man ? No ; — I began to be doubtful ;

I was in black myself, and did n't know what might n't happen ; —

But a National Guard close by me, outside of the hubbub, Broke his sword with slashing a broad hat covered with dust, — and

Passing away from the place with Murray under my arm, and stooping, I saw through the legs of the people the legs of a body.

You are the first, do you know, to whom I have mentioned the matter.

Whom should I tell it to, else? — these girls? — the Heavens forbid it! —

Quidnuncs at Monaldini's? — idlers upon the Pincian?

If I rightly remember, it happened on that afternoon when Word of the nearer approach of a new Neapolitan army First was spread. I began to bethink me of Paris Septembers, Though I could fancy the look of the old 'Ninety-two. On that evening

Three or four, or, it may be, five, of these people were slaughtered.

Some declare they had, one of them, fired on a sentinel; others Say they were only escaping; a Priest, it is currently stated, Stabbed a National Guard on the very Piazza Colonna: History, Rumour of Rumours, I leave it to thee to determine!

But I am thankful to say the government seems to have strength to

Put it down; it has vanished, at least; the place is most peaceful.

Through the Trastevere walking last night, at nine of the clock, I

Found no sort of disorder; I crossed by the Island-bridges,

So by the narrow streets to the Ponte Rotto, and onwards Thence, by the Temple of Vesta, away to the great Coliseum, Which at the full of the moon is an object worthy a visit.

VIII. GEORGINA TREVELLYN TO LOUISA —

ONLY think, dearest Louisa, what fearful scenes we have witnessed! —

\* \* \* \* \*

George has just seen Garibaldi, dressed up in a long white cloak,  
on

Horseback, riding by, with his mounted negro behind him :

This is a man, you know, who came from America with him,  
Out of the woods, I suppose, and uses a *lasso* in fighting,

• Which is, I don't quite know, but a sort of noose, I imagine ;  
This he throws on the heads of the enemy's men in a battle,  
Pulls them into his reach, and then most cruelly kills them :  
Mary does not believe, but we heard it from an Italian.

Mary allows she was wrong about Mr. Claude *being selfish* ;

He was *most* useful and kind on the terrible thirtieth of April.

Do not write here any more ; we are starting directly for Florence:

We should be off to-morrow, if only Papa could get horses ;

All have been seized everywhere for the use of this dreadful  
Mazzini.

P.S.

Mary has seen thus far.—I am really so angry, Louisa,—  
Quite out of patience, my dearest! What can the man be  
intending ?

I am quite tired ; and Mary, who might bring him to in a  
moment,

Lets him go on as he likes, and neither will help nor dismiss him.

#### IX. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

IT is most curious to see what a power a few calm words (in  
Merely a brief proclamation) appear to possess on the people.  
Order is perfect, and peace ; the city is utterly tranquil ;  
And one cannot conceive that this easy and *nouchalant* crowd,  
that

..

Flows like a quiet stream through street and market-place,  
entering

Shady recesses and bays of church, *osteria*, and *caffè*,  
Could in a moment be changed to a flood as of molten lava,  
Boil into deadly wrath and wild homicidal delusion.

Ah, 't is an excellent race,— and even in old degradation,  
Under a rule that enforces to flattery, lying, and cheating,  
E'en under Pope and Priest, a nice and natural people.  
Oh, could they but be allowed this chance of redemption! — but  
clearly

That is not likely to be. Meantime, notwithstanding all journals,  
Honour for once to the tongue and the pen of the eloquent writer!  
Honour to speech! and all honour to thee, thou noble Mazzini!

#### X. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

I AM in love, meantime, you think; no doubt you would think so.  
I am in love, you say, with those letters, of course, you would  
say so.

I am in love, you declare. I think not so; yet I grant you  
It is a pleasure indeed to converse with this girl. Oh, rare gift,  
Rare felicity, this! she can talk in a rational way, can  
Speak upon subjects that really are matters of mind and of thinking,  
Yet in perfection retain her simplicity; never, one moment,

Never, however you urge it, however you tempt her, consents to  
Step from ideas and fancies and loving sensations to those vain  
Conscious understandings that vex the minds of mankind.

No, though she talk, it is music; her fingers desert not the keys;  
't is

Song, though you hear in the song the articulate vocables  
sounded,

Syllabled singly and sweetly the words of melodious meaning.

I am in love, you say; I do not think so, exactly.

## XI. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

THERE are two different kinds, I believe, of human attraction :  
 One which simply disturbs, unsettles, and makes you uneasy,  
 And another that poises, retains, and fixes and holds you.  
 I have no doubt, for myself, in giving my voice for the latter.  
 I do not wish to be moved, but growing where I was growing,  
 There more truly to grow, to live where as yet I had languished.  
 I do not like being moved : for the will is excited ; and action  
 Is a most dangerous thing ; I tremble for something factitious,  
 Some malpractice of heart and illegitimate process ;  
 We are so prone to these things, with our terrible notions of  
 duty.

## XII. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

AH, let me look, let me watch, let me wait, unhurried, un-  
 prompted !  
 Bid me not venture on aught that could alter or end what is pre-  
 sent !  
 Say not, Time flies, and Occasion, that never returns, is depart-  
 ing !  
 Drive me not out, ye ill angels with fiery swords, from my  
 Eden ;  
 Waiting, and watching, and looking ! Let love be its own in-  
 spiration !  
 Shall not a voice, if a voice there must be, from the airs that  
 environ,  
 Yea, from the conscious heavens, without our knowledge or  
 effort,  
 Break into audible words ? And love be its own inspiration ?  
 "

## XIII. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

WHEREFORE and how I am certain, I hardly can tell ; but it *is* so.  
She does n't like me, Eustace ; I think she never will like me.  
Is it my fault, as it is my misfortune, my ways are not her ways ?  
Is it my fault, that my habits and modes are dissimilar wholly ?  
'T is not her fault, 't is her nature, her virtue, to misapprehend  
them :  
'T is not her fault, 't is her beautiful nature, not ever to know  
me.  
Hopeless it seems, — yet I cannot, though hopeless, determine to  
leave it :  
She goes, — therefore I go ; she moves, — I move, not to lose  
her.

## XIV. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

OH, 't is n't manly, of course, 't is n't manly, this method of woo-  
ing ;  
'T is n't the way very likely to win. For the woman, they tell  
you,  
Ever prefers the audacious, the wilful, the vehement hero ;  
She has no heart for the timid, the sensitive soul ; and for know-  
ledge, —  
Knowledge, O ye Gods! — when did they appreciate know-  
ledge ?  
Wherefore should they, either ? I am sure I do not desire it.  
Ah, and I feel too, Eustace, she cares not a tittle about me!  
(Care about me, indeed ! and do I really expect it ?)  
But my manner offends ; my ways are wholly repugnant ;  
Every word that I utter estranges, hurts, and repels her ;

Every moment of bliss that I gain, in her exquisite presence,  
Slowly, surely, withdraws her, removes her, and severs her from  
me.

Not that I care very much! — any way, I escape from the boy's  
own

Folly, to which I am prone, of loving where it is easy.

Not that I mind very much! Why should I? I am not in love, and  
Am prepared, I think, if not by previous habit,

Yet in the spirit beforehand for this and all that is like it;

It is an easier matter for us contemplative creatures,

Us upon whom the pressure of action is laid so lightly;

We, discontented indeed with things in particular, idle,

Sickly, complaining, by faith, in the vision of things in general,

Manage to hold on our way without, like others around us,

Seizing the nearest arm to comfort, help, and support us.

Yet, after all, my Eustace, I know but little about it.

All I can say for myself, for present alike and for past, is,

Mary Trevellyn, Eustace, is certainly worth your acquaintance.

You could n't come, I suppose, as far as Florence to see her?

#### XV. GEORGINA TREVELLYN TO LOUISA —.

. . . . . To-morrow we're starting for Florence,  
Truly rejoic'd, you may guess, to escap'd from republican ter-  
rors;

Mr. C. and Papa to escort us; we by *vettura*

Through Siena, and Georgy to follow and join us by Leghorn.

Then — Ah, what shall I say, my dearest? I tremble in think-  
ing!

You will imagine my feelings, — the blending of hope and of  
sorrow!



How can I bear to abandon Papa and Mamma and my Sisters !  
Dearest Louise, indeed it is very alarming ; but trust me  
Ever, whatever may change, to remain your loving Georgina.

P. S. BY MARY TREVELLYN.

“ Do I like Mr. Claude any better ? ”  
I am to tell you, — and, “ Pray, is it Susan or I that attract  
him ? ”

This he never has told, but Georgina could certainly ask him.  
All I can say for myself is, alas ! that he rather repels me.  
There ! I think him agreeable, but also a little repulsive.  
So be content, dear Louisa ; for one satisfactory marriage  
Surely will do in one year for the family you would establish ;  
Neither Susan nor I shall afford you the joy of a second.

P. S. BY GEORGINA TREVELLYN.

MR. CLAUDE, you must know, is behaving a little bit better ;  
He and Papa are great friends ; but he really is too *sbilly*  
*sbilly*, —  
So unlike George ! Yet I hope that the matter is going on  
fairly.  
I shall, however, get George, before he goes, to say something.  
Dearest Louise, how delightful to bring young people together !

---

*Is it to Florence we follow, or are we to tarry yet longer,  
E' en amid clamour of arms, here in the city of old,  
Seeking from clamour of arms in the Past and the Arts to be hid-  
den,*

*Vainly 'mid Arts and the Past seeking one life to forget?  
Ah, fair shadow, scarce seen, go forth! for anon he shall follow, —*

*He that beheld thee, anon, whither thou leadest, must go!  
Go, and the wise, loving Muse, she also will follow and find thee!  
She, should she linger in Rome, were not dissevered from thee!*

## CANTO III

*Yet to the wondrous St. Peter's, and yet to the solemn Rotonda,  
Mingling with heroes and gods, yet to the Vatican Walls,  
Yet may we go, and recline, while a whole mighty world seems  
above us*

*Gathered and fixed to all time into one roofing supreme ;  
Yet may we, thinking on these things, exclude what is meaner  
around us ;*

*Yet, at the worst of the worst, books and a chamber remain ;  
Yet may we think, and forget, and possess our souls in resistance.—*

*Ab, but away from the stir, shouting, and gossip of war,  
Where, upon Apennine slope, with the chesnut, the oak-trees immin-  
gle,*

*Where amid odorous copse bridle-paths wander and wind,  
Where under mulberry-branches, the diligent rivulet sparkles,*

*Or amid cotton and maize peasants their water-works ply,  
Where, over fig-tree and orange in tier upon tier still repeated,*

*Garden on garden upreared, balconies step to the sky,—  
Ah, that I were far away from the crowd and the streets of the  
city,*

*Under the vine-trellis laid, O my beloved, with thee !*

I. MARY TREVVELYN TO MISS ROPER, — *on the way to  
Florence.*

WHY does n't Mr. Claude come with us? you ask. — We don't  
know.

You should know better than we. He talked of the Vatican  
marbles ;

But I can't wholly believe that this was the actual reason, —  
He was so ready before, when we asked him to come and escort  
us.

Certainly he is odd, my dear Miss Roper. To change so  
Suddenly, just for a whim, was not quite fair to the party, —  
Not quite right. I declare, I really almost am offended :  
I, his great friend, as you say, have doubtless a title to be so.  
Not that I greatly regret it, for dear Georgina distinctly  
Wishes for nothing so much as to show her adroitness. But, oh,  
my  
Pen will not write any more ; — let us say nothing further about  
it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yes, my dear Miss Roper, I certainly called him repulsive ;  
So I think him, but cannot be sure I have used the expression  
Quite as your pupil should ; yet he does most truly repel me.  
Was it to you I made use of the word ? or who was it told you ?  
Yes, repulsive ; observe, it is but when he talks of ideas,  
That he is quite unaffected, and free, and expansive, and easy ;  
I could pronounce him simply a cold intellectual being. —  
When does he make advances ? — He thinks that women should  
woo him ;  
Yet, if a girl should do so, would be but alarmed and disgusted. .  
She that should love him must look for small love in return, —  
like the ivy  
On the stone wall, must expect but a rigid and niggard support,  
and  
E'en to get that must go searching all round with her humble  
embraces.

II. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE,—*from Rome.*

TELL me, my friend, do you think that the grain would sprout in  
the furrow,

Did it not truly accept as its *summum* and *ultimum bonum*  
That mere common and may-be indifferent soil it is set in?  
Would it have force to develop and open its young cotyledons,  
Could it compare, and reflect, and examine one thing with  
another?

Would it endure to accomplish the round of its natural functions,  
Were it endowed with a sense of the general scheme of existence?

While from Marseilles in the steamer we voyaged to Civita  
Vecchia,

Vexed in the squally seas as we lay by Capraja and Elba,  
Standing, uplifted, alone on the heaving poop of the vessel,  
Looking around on the waste of the rushing incurious billows,  
'This is Nature,' I said: 'we are born as it were from her  
waters,

Over her billows that buffet and beat us, her offspring uncared-  
for,

Casting one single regard of a painful victorious knowledge,  
Into her billows that buffet and beat us we sink and are  
swallowed.'

This was the sense in my soul, as I swayed with the poop of the  
steamer;

And as unthinking I sat in the hall of the famed Ariadne,  
Lo, it looked at me there from the face of a Triton in marble.  
It is the simpler thought, and I can believe it the truer.

Let us not talk of growth; we are still in our Aquéous Ages.

## III. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

FAREWELL, Politics, utterly! What can I do? I cannot  
Fight, you know; and to talk I am wholly ashamed. And  
although I

Gnash my teeth when I look in your French or your English  
papers,

What is the good of that? Will swearing, I wonder, mend  
matters?

Cursing and scolding repel the assailants? No, it is idle;

No, whatever befalls, I will hide, will ignore or forget it:

Let the tail shift for itself; I will bury my head. And what's  
the

Roman Republic to me, or I to the Roman Republic?

Why not fight?—In the first place, I have n't so much as a  
musket.

In the next, if I had, I should n't know how I should use it.

In the third, just at present I'm studying ancient marbles.

In the fourth, I consider I owe my life to my country.

In the fifth,—I forget, but four good reasons are ample.

Meantime, pray, let 'em fight, and be killed. I delight in devo-  
tion.

So that I 'list not, hurrah for the glorious army of martyrs!

*Sanguis martyrurum semen Ecclesiæ*; though it would seem this

Church is indeed of the purely Invisible, Kingdom-come kind:

Militant here on earth! Triumphant, of course, then, elsewhere!

Ah, good Heaven, but I would I were out far away from the  
pother!

## IV. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

Not, as we read in the words of the olden-time inspiration,  
Arc there two several trees in the place we are set to abide in ;  
But on the apex most high of the Tree of Life in the Garden,  
Budding, unfolding, and falling, decaying and flowering ever,  
Flowering is set and decaying the transient blossom of Know-  
ledge, —

Flowering alone, and decaying, the needless, unfruitful blossom.

Or as the cypress-spirés by the fair-flowing stream Hellespon-  
tine,

Which from the mythical tomb of the godlike Protesilaüs

Rose sympathetic in grief to his lovelorn Laodamia,

Evermore growing, and, when in their growth to the prospect  
attaining,

Over the low sea-banks, of the fatal Ilian city,

Withering still at the sight which still they upgrow to encounter.

Ah, but ye that extrude from the ocean your helpless faces,

Ye over stormy seas leading long and dreary processions,

Ye, too, brood of the wind, whose coming is whence we discern  
not,

Making your nest on the wave, and your bed on the crested  
billow,

Skimming rough waters, and crowding wet sands that the tide  
shall return to,

Cormorants, ducks, and gulls, fill ye my imagination!

Let us not talk of growth ; we are still in our Aqueous Ages.

V. MARY TREVELLYN TO MISS ROPER,—*from Florence.*

DEAREST MISS ROPER,—Alas! we are all at Florence quite safe,  
and

You, we hear, are shut up! indeed, it is sadly distressing!  
We were most lucky, they say, to get off when we did from the  
troubles.

Now you are really besieged! They tell us it soon will be over;  
Only I hope and trust without any fight in the city.

Do you see Mr. Claude?—I thought he might do something for  
you.

I am quite sure on occasion he really would wish to be useful.

What is he doing? I wonder;—still studying Vatican marbles?  
Letters, I hope, pass through. We trust your brother is better.

## VI. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

JUXTAPOSITION, in fine; and what is juxtaposition?

Look you, we travel along in the railway-carriage, or steamer,

And, *pour passer le temps*, till the tedious journey be ended,

Lay aside paper or book, to talk with the girl that is next one;

And, *pour passer le temps*, with the terminus all but in prospect,

Talk of eternal ties and marriages made in heaven.

Ah, did we really accept with a perfect heart the illusion!

Ah, did we really believe that the Present indeed is the Only!

Or through all transmutation, all shock and convulsion of passion,

Feel we could carry undimmed, unextinguished, the light of our  
knowledge!

But for his funeral train which the bridegroom sees in the dis-  
tance,



Would he so joyfully, think you, fall in with the marriage-procession ?

But for that final discharge, would he dare to enlist in that service ?

But for that certain release, ever sign to that perilous contract ?

But for that exit secure, ever bend to that treacherous doorway?—

Ah, but the bride, meantime,—do you think she sees it as he does ?

But for the steady fore-sense of a freer and larger existence, Think you that man could consent to be circumscribed here into action ?

But for assurance within of a limitless Ocean divine, o'er Whose great tranquil depths unconscious the wind-tost surface Breaks into ripples of trouble that come and change and endure not,—

But that in this, of a truth, we have our being, and know it, Think you we men could submit to live and move as we do here ?

Ah, but the women, —God bless them! —they don't think at all about it.

Yet we must eat and drink, as you say. And as limited beings

Scarcely can hope to attain upon earth to an Actual Abstract, Leaving to God contemplation, to His hands knowledge confiding, Sure that in us if it perish, in Him it abideth and dies not, Let us in His sight accomplish our petty particular doings, — Yes, and contented sit down to the victual that He has provided. Allah is great, no doubt, and Juxtaposition his prophet.

Ah, but the women, alas ! they do n't look at it in that way.

Juxtaposition is great ;—but, my friend, I fear me, the maiden Hardly would thank or acknowledge the lover that sought to obtain her,

Not as the thing he would wish, but the thing he must even put up with,—

Hardly would tender her hand to the wooer that candidly told her

That she is but for a space, an *ad-interim* solace and pleasure,—

That in the end she shall yield to a perfect and absolute something,

Which I then for myself shall behold, and not another,—

Which, amid fondest endearments, meantime I forget not, forsake not.

Ah, ye feminine souls, so loving and so exacting,

Since we cannot escape, must we even submit to deceive you?

Since, so cruel is truth, sincerity shocks and revolts you, \*

Will you have us your slaves to lie to you, flatter and — leave you?

## VII. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

JUXTAPOSITION is great, — but, you tell me, affinity greater.

Ah, my friend, there are many affinities, greater and lesser,

Stronger and weaker; and each, by the favour of juxtaposition,

Potent, efficient, in force, — for a time; but none, let me tell you,

Save by the law of the land and the ruinous force of the will, ah,

None, I fear me, at last quite sure to be final and perfect.

Lo, as I pace in the street, from the peasant-girl to the princess,

*Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto,* —

*Vir sum, nihil feminei,* — and e'en to the uttermost circle,

All that is Nature's is I, and I all things that are Nature's.

Yes, as I walk, I behold, in a luminous, large intuition,

That I can be and become anything that I meet with or look at:

I am the ox in the dray, the ass with the garden-stuff panniers;

I am the dog in the doorway, the kitten that plays in the window,  
On sunny slab of the ruin the furtive and fugitive lizard,  
Swallow above me that twitters, and fly that is buzzing about me;  
Yea, and detect, as I go, by a faint, but a faithful assurance,  
E'en from the stones of the street, as from rocks or trees of the forest,  
Something of kindred, a common, though latent vitality, greet me;  
And, to escape from our strivings, mistakings, misgrowths, and perversions,  
Fain could demand to return to that perfect and primitive silence,  
Fain be enfolded and fixed, as of old, in their rigid embraces.

## VIII. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

AND as I walk on my way, I behold them consorting and coupling;  
Faithful it seemeth, and fond, very fond, very probably faithful;  
All as I go on my way, with a pleasure sincere and unmingled.  
Life is beautiful, Eustace, entrancing, enchanting to look at;  
As are the streets of a city we pace while the carriage is changing,  
As a chamber filled-in with harmonious, exquisite pictures,  
Even so beautiful Earth; and could we eliminate only  
This vile hungering impulse, this demon within us of craving,  
Life were beatitude, living a perfect divine satisfaction.

## IX. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

*MILD monastic faces in quiet collegiate cloisters :*  
So let me offer a single and celibatarian phrase, a

Tribute to those whom perhaps you do not believe I can honour.  
But, from the tumult escaping, 't is pleasant, of drumming and shouting,

Hither, oblivious awhile, to withdraw, of the fact or the falsehood,  
And amid placid regards and mildly courteous greetings  
Yield to the calm and composure and gentle abstraction that  
reign o'er

*Mild monastic faces in quite collegiate cloisters.*

Terrible word, Obligation! You should not, Eustace, you should not,

No, you should not have used it. But, Oh, great Heavens, I repel it!

Oh, I cancel, reject, disavow, and repudiate wholly  
Every debt in this kind, disclaim every claim, and dishonour,  
Yea, my own heart's own writing, my soul's own signature!  
Ah, no!

I will be free in this; you shall not, none shall, bind me.  
No, my friend, if you wish to be told, it was this above all things,  
This that charmed me, ah, yes, even this, that she held me to  
nothing.

No, I could talk as I pleased; come close; fasten ties, as I fancied;  
Bind and engage myself deep;—and lo, on the following morning  
It was all e'en as before, like losings in games played for nothing.  
Yes, when I came, with mean fears in my soul, with a semi-  
performance.

At the first step breaking down in its pitiful rôle of evasion,  
When to shuffle I came, to compromise, not meet, engagements,  
Lo, with her calm eyes there she met me and knew nothing of  
it,—

Stood unexpected, unconscious. *She* spoke not of obligations,  
Knew not of debt,—ah, no, I believe you, for excellent reasons.

## X. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

HANG this thinking, at last! what good is it? oh, and what evil!  
Oh, what mischief and pain! like a clock in a sick man's chamber,  
Ticking and ticking, and still through each covert of slumber  
pursuing.

What shall I do to thee, O thou Preserver of Men? Have  
compassion;  
Be favourable, and hear! Take from me this regal knowledge;  
Let me, contented and mute, with the beasts of the field, my  
brothers,  
Tranquilly, happily lie,—and eat grass, like Nebuchadnezzar!

## XI. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

TIBUR is beautiful, too, and the orchard slopes, and the Anio  
Falling, falling yet, to the ancient lyrical cadence;  
Tibur and Anio's tide; and cool from Lucretilis ever,  
With the Digentian stream, and with the Bandusian fountain,  
Folded in Sabine recesses, the valley and villa of Horace:—  
So not seeing I sung; so seeing and listening say I,  
Here as I sit by the stream, as I gaze at the cell of the Sibyl,  
Here with Albunea's home and the grove of Tiburnus beside  
me;\*

Tivoli beautiful is, and musical, O Teverone,  
Dashing from mountain to plain, thy parted impetuous waters!  
Tivoli's waters and rocks; and fair under Monte Gennaro,

\* — domus Albunæ resonantis,  
Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lucus, et uda  
Mobilibus pomaria rivis.

(Haunt even yet, I must think, as I wander and gaze, of the shadows,

Faded and pale, yet immortal, of Faunus, the Nymphs, and the Graces,)

Fair in itself, and yet fairer with human completing creations,

Folded in Sabine recesses the valley and villa of Horace:—

So not seeing I sung; so now—Nor seeing, nor hearing,

Neither by waterfall lulled, nor folded in sylvan embraces,

Neither by cell of the Sibyl, nor stepping the Monte Gennaro, <sup>i</sup>

Seated on Anio's bank, nor sipping Bandusian waters,

But on Montorio's height, looking down on the tile-clad streets, the

Cupolas, crosses, and domes, the bushes and kitchen-gardens,

Which, by the grace of the Tiber, proclaim themselves Rome of the Romans,—

But on Montorio's height, looking forth to the vapoury mountains,

Cheating the prisoner Hope with illusions of vision and fancy,—

But on Montorio's height, with these weary soldiers by me,

Waiting till Oudinot enter, to reinstate Pope and Tourist.

## XII. MARY TREVELLYN TO MISS ROPER.

DEAR MISS ROPER,—It seems, George Vernon, before we left Rome, said

Something to Mr. Claude about what they call his attentions.

Susan, two nights ago, for the first time, heard this from Georgina.

It is *so* disagreeable and *so* annoying to think of!

If it could only be known, though we never may meet him\* again, that

It was all George's doing and we were entirely unconscious,

It would extremely relieve—Your ever affectionate Mary.

P.S. (1.)

Here is your letter arrived this moment, just as I wanted.  
So you have seen him,—indeed,—and guessed,—how dreadfully  
clever!

What did he really say? and what was your answer exactly?  
Charming!—but wait for a moment, I have n't read through the  
letter.

P.S. (2.)

Ah, my dearest Miss Roper, do just as you fancy about it.  
If you think it sincerer to tell him I know of it, do so.  
Though I should most extremely dislike it, I know I could  
manage.

It is the simplest thing, but surely wholly uncalled for.  
Do as you please; you know I trust implicitly to you.  
Say whatever is right and needful for ending the matter.  
Only do n't tell Mr. Claude, what I will tell you as a secret,  
That I should like very well to show him myself I forget it.

P.S. (3.)

I am to say that the wedding is finally settled for Tuesday.  
Ah, my dear Miss Roper, you surely, surely can manage  
Not to let it appear that I know of that odious matter.  
It would be pleasanter far for myself to treat it exactly  
As if it had not occurred; and I do not think he would like it.  
I must remember to add, that as soon as the wedding is over  
We shall be off, I believe, in a hurry, and travel to Milan,  
There to meet friends of Papa's, I am told, at the Croce di  
Malta;  
Then I cannot say whither, but not at present to England.

## XIII. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE,

Yes, on Montorio's height for a last farewell of the city,—  
 So it appears ; though then I was quite uncertain about it.  
 So, however, it was. And now to explain the proceeding."

I was to go, as I told you, I think, with the people to Florence.  
 Only the day before, the foolish family Vernon  
 Made some uncasy remarks, as we walked to our lodging together,  
 As to intentions, forsooth, and so forth. I was astounded,  
 Horrified quite ; and obtaining just then, as it happened, an  
 \* offer

(No common favour) of seeing the great Ludovisi collection,  
 Why, I made this a pretence, and wrote that they must excuse  
 me.

How could I go? Great Heavens! to conduct a permitted  
 flirtation

Under those vulgar eyes, the observed of such observers!  
 Well, but I now, by a series of fine diplomatic inquiries,  
 Find from a sort of relation, a good and sensible woman,  
 Who is remaining at Rome with a brother too ill for removal,  
 That it was wholly unsanctioned, unknown,—not, I think, by  
 Georgina :

She, however, ere this,—and that is the best of the story,—  
 She and the Vernon, thank Heaven, are wedded and gone—  
 honey-mooning.

So—on Montorio's height for a last farewell of the city,  
 Tibur I have not seen, nor the lakes that of old I had dreamt of;  
 Tibur I shall not see, nor Anio's waters, nor deep en-  
 Folded in Sabine recesses the valley and villa of Horace ;  
 Tibur I shall not see ;— but something better I shall see.



Twice I have tried before, and failed in getting the horses ;  
Twice I have tried and failed : this time it shall not be a failure.

---

*THEREFORE* farewell, ye hills, and ye, ye envineyarded ruins.  
Therefore farewell, ye walls, palaces, pillars, and domes !  
Therefore farewell, far seen, ye peaks of the mythic Albano,  
Seen from Montorio's height, Tibur and Æsula's bills !  
Ah, could we once, ere we go, could we stand, while, to ocean  
descending,  
Sinks o'er the yellow dark plain slowly the yellow broad sun ;  
Stand, from the forest emerging at sunset, at once in the champaign,  
Open, but studded with trees, chesnuts umbrageous and old,  
E'en in those fair open fields that incurve to thy beautiful hollow,  
Nemi, imbedded in wood, Nemi, inurned in the hill ! —  
Therefore farewell, ye plains, and ye hills, and the City Eternal !  
Therefore farewell ! We depart, but to behold you again !

## CANTO IV

*EASTWARD, or Northward, or West? I wander and ask as I  
wander,*

*Weary, yet eager and sure, Where shall I come to my love?  
Whitherward hasten to seek her? Ye daughters of Italy, tell me,  
Graceful and tender and dark, is she consorting with you?  
Thou that out-climbest the torrent, that tendest thy goats to the  
summit,*

*Call to me, child of the Alp, has she been seen on the heights?  
Italy, farewell I bid thee! for whither she leads me, I follow.*

*Farewell the vineyard! for I, where I but guess her, must go.  
Weariness welcome, and labour, wherever it be, if at last it  
Bring me in mountain or plain into the sight of my love.*

## I. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE,—from Florence.

GONE from Florence; indeed; and that is truly provoking;—  
Gone to Milan, it seems; then I go also to Milan.  
Five days now departed; but they can travel but slowly;—  
I quicker far; and I know, as it happens, the house they will go  
to.—

Why, what else should I do? Stay here and look at the pictures,  
Statues, and churches? Alack, I am sick of the statues and  
pictures!—

No, to Bologna, Parma, Piacenza, Lodi, and Milan,  
Off go we to-night,—and the Venus go to the Devil!

II. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE,—*from Bellaggio.*

GONE to Como, they said ; and I have posted to Como.  
There was a letter left ; but the *cameriere* had lost it.  
Could it have been for me ? They came, however, to Como,  
And from Como went by the boat,—perhaps to the Splügen,—  
Or to the Stelvio, say, and the Tyrol ; also it might be  
By Porlezza across to Lugano, and so to the Simplon  
Possibly, or the St. Gothard,—or possibly, too, to Baveno,  
Orta, Turin, and elsewhere. Indeed, I am greatly bewildered.

III. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE,—*from Bellaggio.*

I HAVE been up the Splügen, and on the Stelvio also :  
Neither of these can I find they have followed ; in no one inn,  
and  
This would be odd, have they written their names. I have  
been to Porlezza ;  
There they have not been seen, and therefore not at Lugano.  
What shall I do ? Go on through the Tyrol, Switzerland,  
Deutschland,  
Seeking, an inverse Saul, a kingdom, to find only asses ?  
There is a tide, at least in the *love* affairs of mortals,  
Which, when taken at flood, leads on to the happiest fortune,—  
Leads to the marriage-morn and the orange-flowers and the  
altar,  
And the long lawful line of crowned joys to crowned joys suc-  
ceeding.—  
Ah, it has ebbed with me ! Ye gods, and when it was flowing,  
Pitiful fool that I was, to stand fiddle-faddling in that way !

IV. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE,—*from Bellaggio.*

I HAVE returned and found their names in the book at Como.  
 Certain it is I was right, and yet I am also in error.  
 Added in feminine hand, I read, *By the boat to Bellaggio.*—  
 So to Bellaggio again, with the words of her writing, to aid me.  
 Yet at Bellaggio I find no trace, no sort of remembrance.  
 So I am here, and wait, and know every hour will remove them.

V. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE,—*from Bellaggio.*

I HAVE but one chance left,—and that is, going to Florence.  
 But it is cruel to turn. The mountains seem to demand me,—  
 Peak and valley from far to beckon and motion me onward.  
 Somewhere amid their folds she passes whom fain I would follow;  
 Somewhere among those heights she haply calls me to seek her.  
 Ah, could I hear her call! could I catch the glimpse of her raiment!  
 Turn, however, I must, though it seem I turn to desert her;  
 For the sense of the thing is simply to hurry to Florence,  
 Where the certainty yet may be learnt, I suppose, from the Ropers.

VI. MARY TREVELLYN, *from Lucerne,* TO MISS ROPER, *at Florence.*

DEAR MISS ROPER,—By this you are safely away, we are hoping,  
 Many a league from Rome; ere long we trust we shall see you.

How have you travelled? I wonder; — was Mr. Claude your companion?

As for ourselves, we went from Como straight to Lugano; —  
So by the Mount St. Gothard; — we meant to go by Porlezza,  
Taking the steamer, and stopping, as you had advised, at Bellagio,

Two or three days or more; but this was suddenly altered,  
After we left the hotel, on the very way to the steamer.  
So we have seen, I fear, not one of the lakes in perfection.

Well, he is not come; and now, I suppose, he will not come.  
What will you think, meantime? — and yet I must really confess  
it; —

What will you say? I wrote him a note. We left in a hurry,  
Went from Milan to Como, three days before we expected.  
But I thought, if he came all the way to Milan, he really  
Ought not to be disappointed; and so I wrote three lines to  
Say I had heard he was coming, desirous of joining our party; —  
If so, then I said, we had started for Como, and meant to  
Cross the St. Gothard, and stay, we believed, at Lucerne, for the  
summer.

Was it wrong? and why, if it was, has it failed to bring him?  
Did he not think it worth while to come to Milan? He knew,  
(you

Told him,) the house we should go to. Or may it, perhaps, have  
miscarried?

Any way, now, I repent, and am heartily vexed that I wrote it.

---

*There is a home on the shore of the Alpine sea, that upswelling  
High up the mountain-sides spreads in the hollow between;*

*Wilderness, mountain, and snow from the land of the olive conceal  
it ;*

*Under Pilatus's hill low by its river it lies :*

*Italy, utter the word, and the olive and vine will allure not, —*

*Wilderness, forest, and snow will not the passage impede ;*

*Italy, unto thy cities receding, the clue to recover,*

*Hither, recovered the clue, shall not the traveller haste ?*

CANTO V

*THERE is a city, upbuilt on the quays of the turbulent Arno,  
Under Fiesole's heights,— thither are we to return ?  
There is a city that fringes the curve of the inflowing waters,  
Under the perilous hill fringes the beautiful bay, —  
Parthenope do they call thee ? — the Siren, Neapolis, seated  
Under Vesevus's hill, — are we receding to thee ? —  
Sicily, Greece, will invite, and the Orient ; — or are we to turn  
to  
England, which may after all be for its children the best ?*

I. MARY TREVELLYN, at Lucerne, TO MISS ROPER, at Florence.

So you are really free, and living in quiet at Florence ;  
That is delightful news ; — you travelled slowly and safely ;  
Mr. Claude got you out ; took rooms at Florence before you ;  
Wrote from Milan to say so ; had left directly for Milan,  
Hoping to find us soon ; — *if he could, he would, you are cer-  
tain.* —

Dear Miss Roper, your letter has made me exceedingly happy.

You are quite sure, you say, he asked you about our intentions ;  
You had not heard as yet of Lucerne, but told him of Como.—  
Well, perhaps he will come ;— however, I will not expect it.  
Though you say you are sure,— *if he can, he will, you are cer-  
tain.*

O my dear, many thanks from your ever affectionate Mary.

## II. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

Florence.

*ACTION will furnish belief*,— but will that belief be the true one? This is the point, you know. However, it does n't much matter.

What one wants, I suppose, is to predetermine the action, So as to make it entail, not a chance-belief, but the true one.

*Out of the question*, you say; *if a thing is n't wrong, we may do it.*

Ah! but this *wrong*, you see — but I do not know that it matters.

Eustace, the Ropers are gone, and no one can tell me about them.

Pisa.

Pisa, they say they think; and so I follow to Pisa, Hither and thither enquiring. I weary of making enquiries; I am ashamed, I declare, of asking people about it. —

Who are your friends? You said you had friends who would certainly know them.

Florence.

But it is idle, moping, and thinking, and trying to fix her Image more and more in, to write the old perfect inscription Over and over again upon every page of remembrance.

I have settled to stay at Florence to wait for your answer. Who are your friends? Write quickly and tell me. I wait for your answer.



III. MARY TREVELLYN TO MISS ROPER, at *Lucca Baths*.

You are at Lucca Baths, you tell me, to stay for the summer ;  
Florence was quite too hot ; you can't move further at present.  
Will you not come, do you think, before the summer is over ?

Mr. C. got you out with very considerable trouble ;  
And he was useful and kind, and seemed so happy to serve you ;  
Did n't stay with you long, but talked very openly to you ;  
Made you almost his confessor, without appearing to know it, —  
What about ? — and you say you did n't need his confessions.  
O my dear Miss Roper, I dare not trust what you tell me !

Will he come, do you think ? I am really so sorry for him !  
They did n't give him my letter at Milan, I feel pretty certain.  
You had told him Bellaggio. We did n't go to Bellaggio ;  
So he would miss our track, and perhaps never come to Lugano,  
Where we were written in full, *To Lucerne, across the St.  
Gotbard.*

But he could write to you ;— you would tell him where you were  
going.

IV. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

LET me, then, bear to forget her. I will not cling to her  
falsely ;

Nothing factitious or forced shall impair the old happy relation.

I will let myself go, forget, not try to remember ;

I will walk on my way, accept the chances that meet me,

Freely encounter the world, imbibe these alien airs, and

Never ask if new feelings and thoughts are of her or of others.

Is she not changing, herself ? — the old image would only delude  
me.

I will be bold, too, and change, — if it must be. Yet if in all things,

Yet if I do but aspire evermore to the Absolute only,  
I shall 'be doing, I think, somehow, what she will be doing; —  
I shall be thine, O my child, some way, though I know not in what way.

Let me submit to forget her; I must; I already forget her.

#### V. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

UTTERLY vain is, alas! this attempt at the Absolute, — wholly!  
I, who believed not in her, because I would fain believe nothing,  
Have to believe as I may, with a wilful, unmeaning acceptance.  
I, who refused to enfasten the roots of my floating existence  
In the rich earth, cling now to the hard, naked rock that is left  
me. —

Ah! she was worthy, Eustace, — and that, indeed, is my comfort, —

Worthy a nobler heart than a fool such as I could have given.

YES, it relieves me to write, though I do not send, and the chance that

Takes may destroy my fragments. But as men pray, without asking

Whether One really exist to hear or do anything for them, —  
Simply impelled by the need of the moment to turn to a Being  
In a conception of whom there is freedom from all limitation, —  
So in your image I turn to an *ens rationis* of friendship.

Even so write in your name I know not to whom nor in what wise.

THERE was a time, methought it was but lately departed,  
When, if a thing was denied me, I felt I was bound to attempt  
it; ..

Choice alone should take, and choice alone should surrender.  
There was a time, indeed, when I had not retired thus early,  
Languidly thus, from pursuit of a purpose I once had adopted.  
But it is over, all that! I have slunk from the perilous field  
in

Whose wild struggle of forces the prizes of life are contested.  
It is over, all that! I am a coward, and know it.  
Courage in me could be only factitious, unnatural, useless.

---

COMFORT has come to me here in the dreary streets of the city,  
Comfort—how do you think?—with a barrel-organ to bring it.  
Moping along the streets, and cursing my day as I wandered,  
All of a sudden my ear met the sound of an English psalm-tune.  
Comfort me it did, till indeed I was very near crying.  
Ah, there is some great truth, partial very likely, but needful,  
Lodged, I am strangely sure, in the tones of the English psalm-  
tune :

Comfort it was at least; and I must take without question  
Comfort, however it come, in the dreary streets of the city.

---

WHAT with trusting myself, and seeking support from within me,  
Almost I could believe I had gained a religious assurance,  
Formed in my own poor soul a great moral basis to rest on.  
Ah, but indeed I see, I feel it factitious entirely;  
I refuse, reject, and push it utterly from me;  
I will look straight out, see things, not try to evade them;

Fact shall be fact for me, and the Truth the Truth as ever,  
 Flexible, changeable, vague, and multiform, and doubtful.—  
 Off, and depart to the void, thou subtle, fanatical tempter!

---

I SHALL behold thee again (is it so?) at a new visitation,  
 O ill genius thou! I shall, at my life's dissolution,  
 (When the pulses are weak, and the feeble light of the reason  
 Flickers, an unfed flame retiring slow from the socket,)  
 Low on a sick-bed laid, hear one, as it were, at the doorway,  
 And, looking up, see thee standing by, looking empty at me;  
 I shall entreat thee then, though now I dare to refuse thee,—  
 Pale and pitiful now, but terrible then to the dying.—  
 Well, I will see thee again, and while I can, will repel thee.

• VI. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

ROME is fallen, I hear, the gallant Medici taken,  
 Noble Manara slain, and Garibaldi has lost *il Moro*;—  
 Rome is fallen; and fallen, or falling, heroical Venice.  
 I, meanwhile, for the loss of a single small chit of a girl, sit  
 Moping and mourning here,—for her, and myself much smaller.  
 Whither depart the souls of the brave that die in the battle,  
 Die in the lost, lost fight, for the cause that perishes with them?  
 Are they upborne from the field on the slumberous pinions of  
 angels  
 Unto a far-off home, where the weary rest from their labour,  
 And the deep wounds are healed, and the bitter and burning  
 moisture  
 Wiped from the generous eyes? or do they linger, unhappy,  
 Pining, and haunting the grave of their by-gone hope and endea-  
 vour?

All declamation, alas! though I talk, I care not for Rome, nor Italy; feebly and faintly, and but with the lips, can lament the Wreck of the Lombard youth, and the victory of the oppressor. Whither depart the brave?—God knows; I certainly do not.

## VII. MARY TREVELLYN TO MISS ROPER.

HE has not come as yet; and now I must not expect it. You have written, you say, to friends at Florence, to see him, if he perhaps should return;—but that is surely unlikely. Has he not written to you?—he did not know your direction. Oh, how strange never once to have told him where you were going!

Yet if he only wrote to Florence, that would have reached you. If what you say he said was true, why has he not done so? Is he gone back to Rome, do you think, to his Vatican marbles?—O my dear Miss Roper, forgive me! do not be angry!—You have written to Florence;—your friends would certainly find him.

Might you not write to him?—but yet it is so little likely! I shall expect nothing more.—Ever yours, your affectionate Mary.

## VIII. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

I CANNOT stay at Florence, not even to wait for a letter. Galleries only oppress me. Remembrance of hope I had cherished (Almost more than as hope, when I passed through Florence the first time)

Lies like a sword in my soul. I am more a coward than ever, Chicken-hearted, past thought. The *caffès* and waiters distress me.

All is unkind, and, alas! I am ready for any one's kindness.  
 Oh, I knew it of old, and knew it, I thought, to perfection,  
 If there is any one thing in the world to preclude all kindness,  
 It is the need of it,—it is this sad, self-defeating dependence.  
 Why is this, Eustace? Myself, were I stronger, I think I  
 could tell you.

But it is odd when it comes. So plumb I the deeps of depression,  
 Daily in deeper, and find no support, no will, no purpose.  
 All my old strengths are gone. And yet I shall have to do  
 something.

Ah, the key of our life, that passes all wards, opens all locks,  
 Is not *I will*, but *I must*. I must,—I must,—and I do it.

---

AFTER all, do I know that I really cared so about her?  
 Do whatever I will, I cannot call up her image;  
 For when I close my eyes, I see, very likely, St. Peter's,  
 Or the Pantheon façade, or Michel Angelo's figures,  
 Or, at a wish, when I please, the Alban hills and the Forum,—  
 But that face, those eyes,—ah no, never anything like them;  
 Only, try as I will, a sort of featureless outline,  
 And a pale blank orb, which no recollection will add to.  
 After all, perhaps there was something factitious about it;  
 I have had pain, it is true: I have wept, and so have the actors.

---

AT the last moment I have your letter, for which I was waiting;  
 I have taken my place, and see no good in enquiries.  
 Do nothing more, good Eustace, I pray you. It only will vex  
 me.  
 Take no measures. Indeed, should we meet, I could not be  
 certain;

All might be changed, you know. Or perhaps there was  
nothing to be changed.

It is a curious history, this; and yet I foresaw it;  
I could have told it before. The Fates, 'it is clear,' are against us;  
For it is certain enough I met with the people you mention;  
They were at Florence the day I returned there, and spoke to me  
even;

Stayed a week, saw me often; departed, and whither I know  
not.

Great is Fate, and is best. I believe in Providence partly.

What is ordained is right, and all that happens is ordered.

Ah, no, that is n't it. But yet I retain my conclusion.

I will go where I am led, and will not dictate to the chances.

Do nothing more, I beg. If you love me, forbear interfering.

IX. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

SHALL we come out of it all, some day, as one does from a tunnel?  
Will it be all at once, without our doing or asking,  
We shall behold clear day, the trees and meadows about us,  
And the faces of friends, and the eyes we loved looking at us?  
Who knows? Who can say? It will not do to suppose it.

X. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE, — *from Rome.*

ROME will not suit me, Eustace; the priests and soldiers possess  
it;

Priests and soldiers:—and, ah! which is worst, the priest or the  
soldier?

Politics farewell, however! For what could I do? with  
enquiring,

Talking, collating the journals, go fever my brain about things o'er  
Which I can have no control. No, happen whatever may  
happen,

Time, I suppose, will subsist; the earth will revolve on its axis;  
People will travel; the stranger will wander as now in the city;  
Rome will be here, and the Pope the *custode* of Vatican marbles.

I have no heart, however, for any marble or fresco;  
I have essayed it in vain; 't is vain as yet to essay it:  
But I may haply resume some day my studies in this kind;  
Not as the Scripture says, is, I think, the fact. Ere our death-  
day,

Faith, I think, does pass, and Love; but Knowledge abideth.  
Let us seek Knowledge; — the rest may come and go as it  
happens.

Knowledge is hard to seek, and harder yet to adhere to.  
Knowledge is painful often; and yet when we know, we are  
happy.

Seek it, and leave mere Faith and Love to come with the  
chances.

As for Hope,—to-morrow I hope to be starting for Naples.  
Rome will not do, I see, for many very good reasons.

Eastward, then, I suppose, with the coming of winter, to  
Egypt.

#### XI. MARY TREVELLYN TO MISS ROPER.

You have heard nothing; of course, I know you can have heard  
nothing.

Ah, well, more than once I have broken my purpose, and  
sometimes,

Only too often, have looked for the little lake-steamer to bring  
him.



But it is only fancy,—I do not really expect it.

Oh, and you see I know so exactly how he would take it :

Finding the chances prevail against meeting again, he would  
banish

Forthwith every thought of the poor little possible hope, which

I myself could not help, perhaps, thinking only too much of ;

He would resign himself, and go. I see it exactly.

So I also submit, although in a different manner.

Can you not really come? We go very shortly to England.

---

*So go forth to the world, to the good report and the evil ?*

*Go, little book ! thy tale, is it not evil and good ?*

*Go, and if strangers revile, pass quietly by without answer.*

*Go, and if curious friends ask of thy rearing and age,*

*Say, " I am flitting about many years from brain unto brain of*

*Feeble and restless youths born to inglorious days :*

*But," so finish the word, " I was writ in a Roman chamber,*

*When from Janiculan heights thundered the cannon of France."*



MARI MAGNO

OR

TALES ON BOARD



MARI MAGNO  
OR  
TALES ON BOARD\*

A YOUTH was I. An elder friend with me,  
'Twas in September o'er the autumnal sea  
We went; the wide Atlantic ocean o'er  
Two amongst many the strong steamer bore.  
Delight it was to feel that wondrous force  
That held us steady to our purposed course,  
The burning-resolute victorious will  
'Gainst winds and waves that strive unwavering still.  
Delight it was with each returning day  
To learn the ship had won upon her way  
Her sum of miles,—delight were mornings grey  
And gorgeous eves,—nor was it less delight,  
On each more temperate and favouring night,  
Friend with familiar or with new-found friend,  
To pace the deck, and o'er the bulwarks bend,  
And the night watches in long converse spend;

\* These Tales were written only a few months before the writer's death, and had never been revised by him. This may perhaps excuse the somewhat unfinished state in which they necessarily appear.

While still new subjects and new thoughts arise  
Amidst the silence of the seas and skies,

Amongst the mingled multitude a few,  
Some three or four, towards us early drew ;  
We proved each other with a day or two ;  
Night after night some three or four we walked,  
And talked, and talked, and infinitely talked.

Of the New England ancient blood was one ;  
His youthful spurs in letters he had won,  
Unspoilt by that, to Europe late had come,—  
Hope long deferred,—and went unspoilt by Europe  
home.

What racy tales of Yankeeland he had !  
Up-country girl, up-country farmer lad ;  
The regnant clergy of the time of old  
In wig and gown ; — tales not to be retold  
By me. I could but spoil were I to tell ;  
Himself must do it who can do it well.

An English clergyman came spick and span  
In black and white — a large well-favoured man,  
Fifty years old, as near as one could guess.  
He looked the dignitary more or less.  
A rural dean, I said, he was, at least,  
Canon perhaps ; at many a good man's feast  
A guest had been, amongst the choicest there.  
Manly his voice and manly was his air :  
At the first sight you felt he had not known  
The things pertaining to his cloth alone.  
Chairman of Quarter Sessions had he been ?  
Serious and calm, 't was plain he much had seen,  
Had miscellaneous large experience had  
Of human acts, good, half and half, and bad.

Serious and calm, yet lurked, I know not why,  
At times, a softness in his voice and eye.  
Some shade of ill a prosperous life had crossed ;  
Married no doubt ; a wife or child had lost ?  
He never told us why he passed the sea.

My guardian friend was now, at thirty-three,  
A rising lawyer — ever, at the best,  
Slow rises worth in lawyer's gown compressed ;  
Succeeding now, yet just, and only just,  
His new success he never seemed to trust.  
By nature he to gentlest thoughts inclined,  
To most severe had disciplined his mind :  
He held it duty to be half unkind.  
Bitter, they said, who but the exterior knew ;  
In friendship never was a friend so true :  
The unwelcome fact he did not shrink to tell,  
The good, if fact, he recognised as well.  
Stout to maintain, if not the first to see ;  
In conversation who so great as he ?  
Leading but seldom, always sure to guide,  
To false or silly if 't was borne aside,  
His quick correction silent he expressed,  
And stopped you short, and forced you to your best.  
Often, I think, he suffered from some pain  
Of mind, that on the body worked again ;  
One felt it in his sort of half-disdain,  
Impatient not, but acrid in his speech ;  
The world with him her lesson failed to teach  
To take things easily and let them go.

He, for what special fitness I scarce know,  
For which good quality, or if for all,  
With less of reservation and recall

And speedier favour than I e'er had seen,  
 Took, as we called him, to the rural dean.  
 As grew the gourd, as grew the stalk of bean,  
 So swift it seemed, betwixt these differing two,  
 A stately trunk of confidence up-grew.

Of marriage long one night they held discourse;  
 Regarding it in different ways of course.  
 Marriage is discipline, the wise had said,  
 A needful human discipline to wed;  
 Novels of course depict it final bliss,—  
 Say, had it ever really once been this?

Our Yankee friend (whom, ere the night was done,  
 We called New England or the Pilgrim Son),  
 A little tired, made bold to interfere;  
 "Appeal," he said, "to me; my sentence hear.  
 You'll reason on till night and reason fail;  
 My judgement is you each shall tell a tale;  
 And as on marriage you can not agree,  
 Of love and marriage let the stories be."  
 Sentence delivered, as the younger man,  
 My lawyer friend was called on and began.



*THE LAWYER'S TALE**Love is fellow-service*

A youth and maid upon a summer night  
Upon the lawn, while yet the skies were light,  
Edmund and Emma, let their names be these,  
Among the shrubs within the circling trees,  
Joined in a game with boys and girls at play :  
For games perhaps too old a little they ;  
In April she her eighteenth year begun,  
And twenty he, and near to twenty-one.  
A game it was of running and of noise ;  
He as a boy, with other girls and boys  
(Her sisters and her brothers), took the fun ;  
And when her turn, she marked not, came to run,  
"Emma," he called, — then knew that he was wrong,  
Knew that her name to him did not belong.  
Her look and manner proved his feeling true, —  
A child no more, her womanhood she knew ;  
Half was the colour mounted on her face,  
Her tardy movement had an adult grace.  
Vexed with himself, and shamed, he felt the more  
A kind of joy he ne'er had felt before.  
Something there was that from this date began ;  
'T was beautiful with her to be a man.

Two years elapsed, and he who went and came,  
Changing in much, in this appeared the same ;  
The feeling, if it did not greatly grow,  
Endured and was not wholly hid below.

He now, o'ertasked at school, a serious boy,  
 A sort of after-boyhood to enjoy  
 Appeared—in vigour and in spirit high  
 And manly grown, but kept the boy's soft eye;  
 And full of blood, and strong and lithe of limb,  
 To him 't was pleasure now to ride, to swim;  
 The peaks, the glens, the torrents tempted him.  
 Restless he seemed,—long distances would walk,  
 And lively was, and vehement in talk.  
 A wandering life his life had lately been,  
 Books he had read, the world had little seen.  
 One former frailty haunted him, a touch  
 Of something introspective óvermuch.  
 With all his eager motions still there went  
 A self-correcting and ascetic bent,  
 That from the obvious good still led astray  
 And set him travelling on the longest way;  
 Seen in these scattered notes their date that claim  
 When first his feeling conscious sought a name.  
 “ Beside the wishing-gate which so they name,  
 'Mid northern hills to me this fancy came,  
 A wish I formed, my wish I thus expressed :  
*Would I could wish my wishes all to rest,*  
*And know to wish the wish that were the best!*  
 O for some winnowing wind, to the empty air  
 This chaff of easy sympathies to bear  
 Far off, and leave me of myself aware !  
 While thus this over health deludes me still,  
 So willing that I know not what I will ;  
 O for some friend, or more than friend, austere,  
 To make me know myself, and make me fear !  
 O for some touch, too noble to be kind,  
 To awake to life the mind within the mind ! ”

“ O charms, seductions and divine delights !  
All through the radiant yellow summer nights,  
Dreams, hardly dreams, that yield or e'er they 're done,  
To the bright fact, my day, my risen sun !  
O promise and fulfilment, both in one !  
O bliss, already bliss, which nought has shared,  
Whose glory no fruition has impaired,  
And, emblem of my state, thou coming day,  
With all thy hours unspent to pass away !  
Why do I wait ? What more propose to know ?  
Where the sweet mandate bids me, let me go ;  
My conscience in my impulse let me find,  
Justification in the moving mind,  
Law in the strong desire ; or yet behind,  
Say, is there aught the spell that has not heard,  
A something that refuses to be stirred ? ”

“ In other regions has my being heard  
Of a strange language the diviner word ?  
Has some forgotten life the exemplar shown ?  
Elsewhere such high communion have I known,  
As dooms me here, in this, to live alone ?  
Then love, that shouldest blind me, let me, love.  
Nothing behold beyond thee or above ;  
Ye impulses, that should be strong and wild,  
Beguile me, if I am to be beguiled ! ”

“ Or are there modes of love, and different kinds,  
Proportioned to the sizes of our minds ?  
There are who say thus, I held there was one,  
One love, one deity, one central sun ;  
As he resistless brings the expanding day,  
So love should come on his victorious way.  
If light at all, can light indeed be there,  
Yet only permeate half the ambient air ?

Can the high noon be regnant in the sky,  
 Yet half the land in light and half in darkness lie?  
 Can love, if love, be occupant in part,  
 Hold, as it were, some chambers in the heart;  
 Tenant at will of so much of the soul,  
 Not lord and mighty master of the whole?  
 There are who say, and say that it is well;  
 Opinion all, of knowledge none can tell."

"Montaigne, I know, in a realm high above  
 Places the seat of friendship over love;  
 'T is not in love that we should think to find  
 The lofty fellowship of mind with mind;  
 Love's not a joy where soul and soul unite,  
 Rather a wondrous animal delight;  
 And as in spring, for one consummate hour,  
 The world of vegetation turns to flower,  
 The birds with liveliest plumage trim their wing,  
 And all the woodland listens as they sing;  
 When spring is o'er and summer days are sped,  
 The songs are silent, and the blossoms dead:  
 E'en so of man and woman is the bliss.  
 O, but I will not tamely yield to this!  
 I think it only shows us in the end,  
 Montaigne was happy in a noble friend,  
 Had not the fortune of a noble wife;  
 He lived, I think, a poor ignoble life,  
 And wrote of petty pleasures, petty pain;  
 I do not greatly think about Montaigne."

"How charming to be with her! yet indeed,  
 After a while I find a blank succeed;  
 After a while she little has to say,  
 I'm silent too, although I wish to stay;  
 What would it be all day, day after day?"

Ah! but I ask, I do not doubt, too much ;  
I think of love as if it should be such  
As to fulfil and occupy in whole  
The nought-else-seeking, nought-essaying soul.  
Therefore it is my mind with doubts I utge ;  
Hence are these fears and shiverings on the verge ;  
By books, not nature, thus have we been schooled,  
By poetry and novels been befooled ;  
Wiser tradition says, the affections' claim  
Will be supplied, the rest will be the same.  
I think too much of love, 'tis true : I know  
It is not all, was ne'er intended so ;  
Yet such a change, so entire, I feel, 't would be,  
So potent, so omnipotent with me ;  
My former self I never should recall,—  
Indeed I think it must be all in all."

"I thought that love was winged; without a  
sound,

His purple pinions bore him o'er the ground,  
Wafted without an effort here or there,  
He came!—and we too trod as if in air :—  
But panting, toiling, clambering up the hill,  
Am I to assist him? I, put forth my will  
To upbear his lagging footsteps, lame and slow,  
And help him on and tell him where to go,  
And ease him of his quiver and his bow?"

"Eroton! I saw it in a book ;  
Why did I notice it, why did I look ?  
Yea, is it so, ye powers that see above ?  
I do not love, I want, I try to love!  
This is not love, but lack of love instead!  
Merciless thought! I would I had been dead,  
Or e'er the phrase had come into my head."

She also wrote : and here may find a place,  
Of her and of her thoughts some slender trace.

“ He is not vain ; if proud, he quells his pride,  
And somehow really likes to be defied ;  
Rejoices if you humble him : indeed  
Gives way at once, and leaves you to succeed.”

“ Easy it were with such a mind to play,  
And foolish not to do so, some would say ;  
One almost smiles to look and see the way :  
But come what will, I will not play a part,  
Indeed I dare not condescend to art.”

“ Easy ’t were not, perhaps, with him to live ;  
He looks for more than any one can give :  
So dulled at times and disappointed ; still  
Expecting what depends not of my will :  
My inspiration comes not at my call,  
Seek me as I am, if seek you do at all.”

“ Like him I do and think of him I must ;  
But more — I dare not and I cannot trust.  
This more he brings — say, is it more or less  
Than that which fruitage never came to bless, —  
The old wild flower of love-in-idleness.”

“ Me when he leaves and others when he sees,  
What is my fate who am not there to please ?  
Me he has left ; already may have seen  
One, who for me forgotten here has been ;  
And he, the while, is balancing between,  
If the heart spoke, the heart I knew were bound ;  
What if it utter an uncertain sound ?”

“ So quick to vary, so rejoiced to change,  
From this to that his feelings surely range ;  
His fancies wander, and his thoughts as well ;  
And if the heart be constant, who can tell ?

Far off to fly, to abandon me, and go,  
He seems, returning then before I know ;  
With every accident he seems to move,  
Is now below me and is now above,  
Now far aside,— O, does he really love ?”

“ Absence were hard ; yet let the trial be ;  
His nature’s aim and purpose he would free,  
And in the world his course of action see.  
O should he lose, not learn ; pervert his scope ;  
O should I lose ! and yet to win I hope.  
I win not now ; his way if now I went,  
Brief joy I gave, for years of discontent.”

“ Gone, is it true ? but oft he went before,  
And came again before a month was o’er.  
Gone—though I could not venture upon art,  
It was perhaps a foolish pride in part ;  
He had such ready fancies in his head,  
And really was so easy to be led ;  
One might have failed ; and yet I feel ’t was pride,  
And can ’t but half repent I never tried.  
Gone, is it true ? but he again will come,  
Wandering he loves, and loves returning home.”

Gone, it was true ; nor came so soon again ;  
Came, after travelling, pleasure half, half pain,  
Came, but a half of Europe first o’erran ;  
Arrived, his father found a ruined man.  
Rich they had been, and rich was Emma too,  
Heiress of wealth she knew not, Edmund knew.

Farewell to her !—In a new home obscure,  
Food for his helpless parents to secure,  
From early morning to advancing dark,  
He toiled and laboured as a merchant’s clerk.

Three years his heavy load he bore, nor quailed,  
 Then all his health, though scarce his spirit, failed;  
 Friends interposed, insisted it must be,  
 Enforced their help, and sent him to the sea.

Wandering about with little here to do,  
 His old thoughts mingling dimly with his new,  
 Wandering one morn, he met upon the shore  
 Her, whom he quitted five long years before.

Alas! why quitted? Say that charms are nought,  
 Nor grace, nor beauty worth one serious thought;  
 Was there no mystic virtue in the sense,  
 That joined your boyish girlish innocence?  
 Is constancy a thing to throw away,  
 And loving faithfulness a chance of every day?  
 Alas! why quitted? is she changed? but now  
 The weight of intellect is in her brow;  
 Changed, or but truer seen, one sees in her  
 Something to wake the soul, the interior sense to stir.

Alone they met, from alien eyes away,  
 The high shore hid them in a tiny bay.  
 Alone was he, was she; in sweet surprise  
 They met, before they knew it, in their eyes.  
 In his a wondering admiration glowed,  
 In hers, a world of tenderness o'erflowed;  
 In a brief moment all was known and seen,  
 That of slow years the wearying work had been:  
 Morn's early odorous breath perchance in sooth,  
 Awoke the old natural feeling of their youth:  
 The sea, perchance, and solitude had charms,  
 They met — I know not — in each other's arms.

Why linger now — why waste the sands of life?  
 A few sweet weeks, and they were man and wife.



To his old frailty do not be severe,  
His latest theory with patience hear :

“I sought not, truly would to seek disdain,  
A kind, soft pillow for a wearying pain,  
Fatigues and cares to lighten, to relieve ;  
But love is fellow-service, I believe.”

“No, truly no, it was not to obtain,  
Though that alone were happiness, were gain,  
A tender breast to fall upon and weep,  
A heart, the secrets of my heart to keep ;  
To share my hopes, and in my griefs to grieve ;  
Yet love is fellow-service, I believe.”

“Yet in the eye of life’s all-seeing sun  
We shall behold a something we have done,  
Shall of the work together we have wrought,  
Beyond our aspiration and our thought,  
Some not unworthy issue yet receive ;  
For love is fellow-service, I believe.”

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The tale, we said, instructive was, but short ;  
Could he not give another of the sort ?  
He feared his second might his first repeat,  
“And Aristotle teaches, change is sweet ;  
But come, our younger friend in this dim night  
Under his bushel must not hide his light.”  
I said I’d had but little time to live,  
Experience none or confidence could give.  
“But I can tell to-morrow, if you please,  
My last year’s journey towards the Pyrenees.”  
To-morrow came, and evening, when it closed,  
The penalty of speech on me imposed.

## MY TALE

*A la Banquette, or a Modern Pilgrimage*

I STAYD at La Quenille, ten miles or more  
 From the old-Roman sources of Mont Dore ;  
 Travellers to Tulle this way are forced to go,  
 —An old high-road from Lyons to Bordeaux,—  
 From Tulle to Brives the swift Corrèze descends,  
 At Brives you've railway, and your trouble ends ;  
 A little *bourg* La Quenille ; from the height  
 The mountains of Auvergne are all in sight ;  
 Green pastoral heights that once in lava flowed,  
 Of primal fire the product and abode ;  
 And all the plateaux and the lines that trace  
 Where in deep dells the waters find their place ;  
 Far to the south above the lofty plain,  
 The Plomb du Cantal lifts his towering train.

A little after one, with little fail,  
 Down drove the diligence that bears the mail ;  
 The *courier* therefore called, in whose *banquette*  
 A place I got, and thankful was to get ;  
 The new postilion climbed his seat, *allez*,  
 Off broke the four cart-horses on their way.  
 Westward we roll, o'er heathy backs of hills,  
 Crossing the future rivers in the rills ;  
 Bare table lands are these, and sparsely sown,  
 Turning their waters south to the Dordogne.

Close-packed we were, and little at our ease,  
 The *conducteur* impatient with the squeeze ;

Not tall he seemed, but bulky round about,  
 His cap and jacket made him look more stout;  
 In *grande tenue* he rode of *conducteur*;  
 Black eyes he had, black his moustaches were,  
 Shaven his chin, his hair and whiskers cropt;  
 A ready man; at Ussel when we stopt,  
 For me and for himself, bread, meat, and wine,  
 He got, the *courier* did not wait to dine;  
 To appease our hunger, and allay our drouth,  
 We ate and took the bottle at the mouth;  
 One draught I had, the rest entire had he,  
 For wine his body had capacity.

A peasant in his country *blouse* was there,  
 He told me of the *conseil* and the *maire*.  
 Their *maire*, he said, could neither write nor read,  
 And yet could keep the registers, indeed;  
 The *conseil* had resigned—I know not what,—  
 Good actions here are easily forgot:  
 He in the *quarante-buit* had something done,  
 Were things but fair, some notice should have won.

Another youth there was, a soldier he,  
 A soldier ceasing with to-day to be;  
 Three years had served, for three had bought release:  
 From war returning to the arts of peace,  
 To Tulle he went, as his department's town;  
 To-morrow morn to pay his money down.

In Italy, his second year begun,  
 This youth had served, when Italy was won.  
 He told of Montebello, and the fight,  
 That ended fiercely with the close of night.  
 There was he wounded, fell and thought to die,  
 Two Austrian cones had passed into his thigh;

One traversed it, the other, left behind,  
In hospital the doctor had to find :  
At eight of night he fell, and sadly lay,  
Till three of morning of the following day,  
When peasants came and put him on a wain,  
And drove him to Voghera in his pain ;  
To Alessandria thence the railway bore,  
In Alessandria then two months and more  
He lay in hospital ; to lop the limb  
The Italian doctor who attended him  
Was much disposed, but high above the knee ;  
For life an utter cripple he would be.  
Then came the typhoid fever, and the lack  
Of food. And sick and hungering, on his back,  
With French, Italians, Austrians as he lay,  
Arrived the tidings of Magenta's day,  
And Milan entered in the burning June,  
And Solferino's issue following soon.  
Alas, the glorious wars ! and shortly he  
To Genoa for the advantage of the sea,  
And to Savona, suffering still, was sent  
And joined his now returning regiment.  
Good were the Austrian soldiers, but the feel  
They did not well encounter of cold steel,  
Nor in the bayonet fence of man with man  
Maintained their ground, but yielded, turned, and ran.  
*Les armes blanches* and the rifled gun,  
Had fought the battles, and the victories won.  
The glorious wars ! but he, the doubtful chance  
Of soldiers' glory quitting and advance,—  
His wounded limb less injured than he feared,—  
Was dealing now in timber, it appeared ;

Oak-timber finding for some mines of lead,  
 Worked by an English company, he said.  
 This youth perhaps was twenty-three years old ;  
 Simply and well his history he told.

They wished to hear about myself as well ;  
 I told them, but it was not much to tell ;  
 At the Mont Dore, of which the guide-book talks,  
 I'd taken, not the waters, but the walks.  
 Friends I had met, who on their southward way  
 Had gone before, I followed them to-day.

They wondered greatly at this wondrous thing,—  
*Les Anglais* are for ever on the wing,—  
 The *conducteur* said everybody knew  
 We were descended of the Wandering Jew.  
 And on with the declining sun we rolled,  
 And woods and vales and fuller streams behold.

About the hour when peasant people sup,  
 We dropped the peasant, took a *curé* up,  
 In hat and bands and *soutane* all to fit.  
 He next the *conducteur* was put to sit ;  
 I in the corner gained the senior place.  
 Brown was his hair, but closely shaved his face ;  
 To lift his eyelids did he think it sin ?  
 I saw a pair of soft brown eyes within.  
 Older he was, but looked like twenty-two,  
 Fresh from the cases, to the country new.

I, the *conducteur* watching from my side,  
 A roguish twinkle in his eye espied ;  
 He begged to hear about the pretty pair  
 Whom he supposed he had been marrying there ;  
 The deed, he hoped, was comfortably done,—  
*Monsieur l'Evêque* he called him in his fun.

Then lifted soon his voice for all to hear ;  
 A barytone he had both strong and clear :  
 In fragments first of music made essay  
 And tried his pipes and modest felt his way.  
*Le verre en main la mort nous trouvera,*  
 It was, or *Ab, vous dirai-je, maman !*  
 And then, *A toi, ma belle, à toi toujours,*  
 Till of his organ's quality secure,  
 Trifling no more, but boldly, like a man,  
 He filled his chest and gallantly began.

“ THOUGH I have seemed, against my wiser will,  
 Your victim, O ye tender foibles, still,  
 Once now for all, though half my heart be yours,  
 Adieu, sweet faults, adieu, ye gay amours !  
 Sad if it be, yet true it is to say,  
 I've fifty years, and 't is too late a day,  
 My limbs are shrinking and my hair turns grey :  
 Adieu, gay loves, it is too late a day !

“ Once in your school (what good, alas, is once?)  
 I took my lessons, and was not the dunce.  
 Oh, what a pretty girl was then Juliette !  
 Do n't you suppose that I remember yet,  
 Though thirty years divide me from the day,  
 When she and I first looked each other's way ?  
 But now ! midwinter to be matched with May !  
 Adieu, gay loves, it is too late a day !

“ You lovely Marguérite ! I shut my eyes,  
 And do my very utmost to be wise ;  
 Yet see you still ; and hear, though closed my ears,  
 And think I'm young in spite of all my years ;

“ Shall I forget you if I go away ?  
To leave is painful, but absurd to stay ;  
I ’ve fifty dreadful reasons to obey.  
Adieu, gay loves, it is too late a day ! ”

This priest beside the lusty *conducteur*  
Under his beaver sat and looked demure ;  
Faintly he smiled the company to please,  
And folded held his hands above his knees.  
Then, apropos of nothing, had we heard,  
He asked, about a thing that had occurred  
At the Mont Dore a little time ago,  
A wondrous cure ? and when we answered, No ;  
About a little girl he told a tale,  
Who, when her medicines were of no avail,  
Was by the doctor ordered to Mont Dore,  
But nothing gained and only suffered more.  
This little child had in her simple way  
Unto the Blessed Virgin learnt to pray,  
And, as it happened, to an image there  
By the roadside one day she made her prayer,  
And of our Lady, who can hear on high,  
Begged for her parents’ sake she might not die.  
Our Lady of Grace, whose attribute is love,  
Beheld this child and listened from above.  
Her parents noticed from that very day,  
The malady began to pass away,  
And but a fortnight after, as they tell,  
They took her home rejoicing, sound and well.  
Things come, he said, to show us every hour  
We are surrounded by superior power.

Little we notice, but if once we see,  
 The seed of faith will grow into a tree.  
 The *conducteur*, he wisely shook his head :  
 Strange things do happen in our time, he said ;  
 If the *bon Dieu* but please, no doubt indeed,  
 When things are desperate, yet they will succeed.  
 Ask the postilion here, and he can tell  
 Who cured his horse, and what of it befell.

Then the postilion, in his smock of blue,  
 His pipe into his mouth's far corner drew,  
 And told about a farrier and a horse ;  
 But his *Auvergnat* grew from bad to worse ;  
 His rank Arvernian *patois* was so strong,  
 With what he said I could not go along ;  
 And what befell and how it came to pass,  
 And if it were a horse or if an ass,  
 The sequence of his phrase I could not keep,  
 And in the middle fairly sank to sleep.  
 When I awoke, I heard a stream below  
 And on each bank saw houses in a row,  
 Corrèze the stream, the houses Tulle, they said ;  
 Alighted here and thankful went to bed.

“ But how,” said one, “ about the Pyrenees ?  
 In Hamlet give us Hamlet, if you please ;  
 Your friend declares you said you met with there  
 A peasant beauty, beauteous past compare,  
 Who fed her cows the mountain peaks between,  
 And asked if at Velletri you had been.  
 And was Velletri larger than was Rome ?  
 Her soldier-brother went away from home,  
 Two years ago,— to Rome it was he went,  
 And to Velletri was this summer sent ;



He twenty-three, and she was sweet seventeen,  
And fed her cows the mountain peaks between.  
Lightly along a rocky path she led,  
And from a grange she brought you milk and bread.  
In summer here she lived, and with the snow  
Went in October to the field below ;  
And where you lived, she asked, and oh, they say,  
That with the English we shall fight some day ;  
Loveliest of peasant girls that e'er was seen,  
Feeding her cows the mountain peaks between."  
" 'T is true," I said, " though to betray was mean.  
My Pyrenean verses will you hear,  
Though not about that peasant girl, I fear."  
" Begin," they said, " the sweet bucolic song,  
Though it to other maids and other cows belong."

*Corrente calamo*

Quick, painter, quick, the moment seize  
Amid the snowy Pyrenees ;  
More evanescent than the snow,  
The pictures come, are seen, and go :  
Quick, quick, *corrente calamo*.

I do not ask the tints that fill  
The gate of day 'twixt hill and hill ;  
I ask not for the hues that fleet  
Above the distant peaks ; my feet  
Are on a poplar-bordered road,  
Where with a saddle and a load

A donkey, old and ashen-grey,  
 Reluctant works his dusty way.  
 Before him, still with might and main  
 Pulling his rope, the rustic rein,  
 A girl : before both him and me,  
 Frequent she turns and lets me see,  
 Unconscious, lets me scan and trace  
 The sunny darkness of her face  
 And outlines full of southern grace.

Following I notice, yet and yet,  
 Her olive skin, dark eyes deep set,  
 And black, and blacker e'en than jet,  
 The escaping hair that scantily showed,  
 Since o'er it in the country mode,  
 For winter warmth and summer shade,  
 The lap of scarlet cloth is laid.  
 And then, back-falling from the head,  
 A crimson kerchief overspread  
 Her jacket blue ; thence passing down,  
 A skirt of darkest yellow-brown,  
 Coarse stuff, allowing to the view  
 The smooth limb to the woollen shoe.

But who — here's some one following too, —  
 A priest, and reading at his book !  
 Read on, O priest, and do not look ;  
 Consider, — she is but a child, —  
 Yet might your fancy be beguiled.  
 Read on, O priest, and pass and go !  
 But see, succeeding in a row,  
 Two, three, and four, a motley train,  
 Musicians wandering back to Spain ;  
 With fiddle and with tambourine,  
 A man with women following seen.

What dresses, ribbon-ends, and flowers!  
And,—sight to wonder at for hours,—  
The man,—to Phillip has he sat?—  
With butterfly-like velvet hat;  
One dame his big bassoon conveys,  
On one his gentle arm he lays;  
They stop, and look, and something say,  
And to “España” ask the way.

But while I speak, and point them on;  
Alas, my dearer friends are gone,  
The dark-eyed maiden and the ass  
Have had the time the bridge to pass.  
Vainly, beyond it far descried,  
Adieu, and peace with you abide,  
Grey donkey, and your beauteous guide,  
The pictures come, the pictures go,  
Quick, quick, *currente calamo*.

They praised the rhymes, but still would persevere  
The eclogue of the mountain peaks to hear,  
Eclogue that never was; and then awhile,  
Of France, and Frenchmen, and our native isle,  
They talked; pre-insular above the rest,  
My friend his ardent politics expressed;  
France was behind us all, he saw in France  
Worst retrogression, and the least advance.  
Her revolutions had but thrown her back,  
Powerful just now, but wholly off the track;

They in religion were, as I had seen,  
About where we in Chaucer's time had been ;  
In Chaucer's time, and yet their Wickliffe where ?  
Something they'd kept—the worst part—of Voltaire.

Strong for Old England, was New England too ;  
The clergyman was neutral in his view,  
And I, for France with more than I could do,  
Though sound, my thesis did not long maintain.  
The contemplation of the nightly main,  
The vaulted heavens above, and under these,  
The black ship working through the dusky seas,  
Deserting, to our narrow berths we crept ;  
Sound slumbered there, the watch while others kept.

One after night we took ourselves to task  
For our neglect, who had forborne to ask  
The clergyman, who always talked so well,  
The tale, to which he had confessed, to tell ;  
He put us off, but yet, ere night was done,  
Told us another and a sadder one.

*THE CLERGYMAN'S TALE*

EDWARD and Jane a married couple were,  
And fonder she of him or he of her  
Was hard to say; their wedlock had begun  
When in one year they both were twenty-one;  
And friends, who would not sanction, left them free.  
He gentle-born, nor his inferior she,  
And neither rich; to the newly-wedded boy  
A great Insurance Office found employ.  
Strong in their loves and hopes, with joy they took  
This narrow lot and the world's altered look;  
Beyond their home they nothing sought or craved,  
And even from the narrow income saved;  
Their busy days for no ennui had place,  
Neither grew weary of the other's face.  
Nine happy years had crowned their married state  
With children, one a little girl of eight;  
With nine industrious years his income grew,  
With his employers rose his favour too;  
Nine years complete had passed when something ailed,  
Friends and the doctors said his health had failed,  
He must recruit, or worse would come to pass;  
And though to rest was hard for him, alas,  
Three months of leave he found he could obtain,  
And go, they said, get well and work again.  
Just at this juncture of their married life,  
Her mother, sickening, begged to have his wife.  
Her house among the hills in Surrey stood,  
And to be there, said Jane, would do the children good.

They let their house, and with the children she  
 Went to her mother, he beyond the sea ;  
 Far to the south his orders were to go.  
 A watering-place whose name we need not know  
 For climate and for change of scene was best :  
 There he was bid, laborious task, to rest.

A dismal thing in foreign lands to roam  
 To one accustomed to an English home,  
 Dismal yet more, in health if feeble grown,  
 To live a boarder, helpless and alone  
 In foreign town, and worse yet worse is made,  
 If 't is a town of pleasure and parade.  
 Dispiriting the public walks and scats,  
 The alien faces that the alien meets ;  
 Drearly every day this old routine repeats.

Yet here this alien prospered, change of air  
 Or change of scene did more than tenderest care :  
 Three weeks were scarce completed, to his home,  
 He wrote to say, he thought he now could come,  
 His usual work was sure he could resume,  
 And something said about the place's gloom,  
 And how he loathed idling his time away.  
 O, but they wrote, his wife and all, to say  
 He must not think of it, 'twas quite too quick ;  
 Let was their house, her mother still was sick,  
 Three months were given, and three he ought to take ;  
 For his and hers and for his children's sake.

He wrote again, 't was weariness to wait,  
 This doing nothing was a thing to hate ;  
 He 'd cast his nine laborious years away,  
 And was as fresh as on his wedding-day ;  
 At last he yielded, feared he must obey.

And now, his health repaired, his spirits grown  
Less feeble, less he cared to live alone.

'T was easier now to face the crowded shore,  
And *table d'hôte* less tedious than before ;  
His ancient silence sometimes he would break,  
And the mute Englishman was heard to speak.  
His youthful colour soon, his youthful air  
Came back ; amongst the crowd of idlers there,  
With whom good looks entitle to good name,  
For his good looks he gained a sort of fame ;  
People would watch him as he went and came.

Explain the tragic mystery who can,  
Something there is, we know not what, in man,  
With all established happiness at strife,  
And bent on revolution in his life.  
Explain the plan of Providence who dare,  
And tell us wherefore in this world there are  
Beings who seem for this alone to live,  
Temptation to another soul to give.

A beauteous woman at the *table d'hôte*,  
To try this English heart, at least to note  
This English countenance, conceived the whim.  
She sat exactly opposite to him.  
Ere long he noticed with a vague surprise  
How every day on him she bent her eyes ;  
Soft and enquiring now they looked, and then  
Wholly withdrawn, unnoticed came again ;  
His shrunk aside : and yet there came a day,  
Alas ! they did not wholly turn away.  
So beautiful her beauty was, so strange,  
And to his northern feeling such a change ;

Her throat and neck Junonian in their grace ;  
 The blood just mantled in her southern face :  
 Dark hair, dark eyes ; and all the arts she had  
 With which some dreadful power adorns the bad,—  
 Bad women in their youth,—and young was she,  
 Twenty perhaps, at the utmost twenty three,—  
 And timid seemed, and innocent of ill ;—  
 Her feelings went and came without her will.

You will not wish minutely to know all  
 His efforts in the prospect of the fall.  
 He oscillated to and fro, he took  
 High courage oft, temptation from him shook,  
 Compelled himself to virtuous thoughts and just,  
 And as it were in ashes and in dust  
 Abhorred his thought. But living thus alone,  
 Of solitary tedium weary grown ;  
 From sweet society so long debarred,  
 And fearing in his judgement to be hard  
 On her—that he was sometimes off his guard  
 What wonder ? She relentless still pursued  
 Unmarked, and tracked him in his solitude.  
 And not in vain, alas !

The days went by and found him in the snare.  
 But soon a letter full of tenderest care  
 Came from his wife, the little daughter too  
 In a large hand—the exercise was new —  
 To her papa her love and kisses sent.  
 Into his very heart and soul it went.  
 Forth on the high and dusty road he sought  
 Some issue for the vortex of his thought,  
 Returned, packed up his things, and ere the day  
 Descended, was a hundred miles away.



There are, I know of course, who lightly treat  
Such slips; we stumble, we regain our feet;  
What can we do, they say, but hasten on  
And disregard it as a thing that's gone,  
Many there are who in a case like this  
Would calm re-seek their sweet domestic bliss,  
Accept unshamed the wifely tender kiss,  
And lift their little children on their knees,  
And take their kisses too; with hearts at ease  
Will read the household prayers,—to church will go,  
And sacrament,—nor care if people know.  
Such men—so minded—do exist, God knows,  
And, God be thanked, this was not one of those.

Late in the night, at a provincial town  
In France, a passing traveller was put down;  
Haggard he looked, his hair was turning grey,  
His hair, his clothes, were much in disarray:  
In a bedchamber here one day he staid,  
Wrote letters, posted them, his reckoning paid  
And went. 'Twas Edward rushing from his fall;  
Here to his wife he wrote and told her all.  
Forgiveness—yes, perhaps she might forgive,  
For her, and for the children, he must live  
At any rate; but their old home to share  
As yet was something that he could not bear.  
She with her mother still her home should make,  
A lodging near the office he should take;  
And once a quarter he would bring his pay,  
And he would see her on the quarter day,  
But her alone; e'en this would dreadful be,  
The children 't was not possible to see.

Back to the office at this early day  
To see him come, old-looking thus and grey,  
His comrades wondered, wondered too to see,  
How dire a passion for his work had he,  
How in a garret too he lived alone ;  
So cold a husband, cold a father grown.

In a green lane beside her mother's home,  
Where in old days they had been used to roam,  
His wife had met him on the appointed day,  
Fell on his neck, said all that love could say,  
And wept ; he put the loving arms away.  
At dusk they met, for so was his desire ;  
She felt his cheeks and forehead all on fire ;  
The kisses which she gave he could not brook ;  
Once in her face he gave a sidelong look,  
Said, but for them he wished that he were dead,  
And put the money in her hand and fled.

Sometimes in easy and familiar tone,  
Of sins resembling more or less his own  
He heard his comrades in the office speak,  
And felt the colour tingling in his cheek ;  
Lightly they spoke as of a thing of nought ;  
He of their judgement ne'er so much as thought.

I know not, in his solitary pains,  
Whether he seemed to feel as in his veins  
The moral mischief circulating still,  
Racked with the torture of the double will ;  
And like some frontier-land where armies wage  
The mighty wars, engage and yet engage  
All through the summer in the fierce campaign ;  
March, counter-march, gain, lose, and yet regain ;  
With battle reeks the desolated plain ;

So felt his nature yielded to the strife  
Of the contending good and ill of life.

But a whole year this penance he endured,  
Nor even then would think that he was cured.  
Once in the quarter, in the country lane,  
He met his wife and paid his quarter's gain;  
To bring the children she besought in vain.

He has a life small happiness that gives,  
Who friendless in a London lodging lives,  
Dines in a dingy chop-house and returns  
To a lone room while all within him yearns  
For sympathy, and his whole nature burns  
With a fierce thirst for some one,—is there none?—  
To expend his human tenderness upon.  
So blank, and hard, and stony is the way  
To walk, I wonder not men go astray.

Edward, whom still a sense that never slept  
On the strict path undeviating kept,  
One winter-evening found himself pursued  
Amidst the dusky thronging multitude.  
Quickly he walked, but strangely swift was she,  
And pertinacious, and would make him see.  
He saw at last, and recognising slow,  
Discovered in this hapless thing of woe  
The occasion of his shame twelve wretched months ago.  
She gaily laughed, she cried, and sought his hand,  
And spoke sweet phrases of her native land;  
Exiled, she said, her lovely home had left,  
Not to forsake a friend of all but her bereft;  
Exiled, she cried, for liberty, for love,  
She was; still limpid eyes she turned above.

So beauteous once, and now such misery in,  
 Pity had all but softened him to sin ;  
 But while she talked, and wildly laughed, and cried,  
 And plucked the hand which sadly he denied,  
 A stranger came and swept her from his side.

He watched them in the gaslit darkness go,  
 And a voice said within him, Even so,  
 So midst the gloomy mansions where they dwell  
 The lost souls walk the flaming streets of hell !  
 The lamps appeared to fling a baleful glare,  
 A brazen heat was heavy in the air ;  
 And it was hell, and he some unblest wanderer there.

For a long hour he staid the streets to roam,  
 Late gathering sense, he gained his garret home ;  
 There found a telegraph that bade him come  
 Straight to the country, where his daughter, still  
 His darling child, lay dangerously ill.  
 The doctor would he bring? Away he went  
 And found the doctor ; to the office sent  
 A letter, asking leave, and went again,  
 And with a wild confusion in his brain,  
 Joining the doctor caught the latest train.  
 The train swift whirled them from the city light  
 Into the shadows of the natural night.

'T was silent starry midnight on the down,  
 Silent and chill, when they, straight come from town,  
 Leaving the station, walked a mile to gain  
 The lonely house amid the hills where Jane,  
 Her mother, and her children should be found.  
 Waked by their entrance, but of sleep unsound,  
 The child not yet her altered father knew ;  
 Yet talked of her papa in her delirium too.

Danger there was, yet hope there was ; and he  
To attend the crisis, and the changes see,  
And take the steps, at hand should surely be.

Said Jane the following day, " Edward, you know,  
Over and over I have told you so,  
As in a better world I seek to live,  
As I desire forgiveness, I forgive.  
Forgiveness does not feel the word to say,—  
As I believe in One who takes away  
Our sin and gives us righteousness instead,—  
You to this sin, I do believe, are dead.  
'T was I, you know, who let you leave your home  
And bade you stay when you so wished to come.  
My fault was that : I've told you so before,  
And vainly told ; but now 't is something more.  
Say, is it right, without a single friend,  
Without advice, to leave me to attend  
Children and mother both ? Indeed, I've thought  
Through want of you the child her fever caught,  
Chances of mischief come with every hour.  
It is not in a single woman's power  
Alone, and ever haunted more or less  
With anxious thoughts of you and your distress,—  
'T is not indeed, I'm sure of it, in me,—  
All things with perfect judgment to foresee.  
This weight has grown too heavy to endure ;  
And you, I tell you now, and I am sure,  
Neglect your duty both to God and man  
Persisting thus in your unnatural plan.  
This feeling you must conquer, for you can.  
And after all, you know we are but dust,  
What are we, in ourselves that we should trust ? "

He scarcely answered her ; but he obtained  
 A longer leave, and quietly remained.  
 Slowly the child recovered, long was ill,  
 Long delicate, and he must watch her still ;  
 To give up seeing her he could not bear,  
 To leave her less attended, did not dare.  
 The child recovered slowly, slowly too  
 Recovered he, and more familiar drew  
 Home's happy breath ;—and apprehension o'er,  
 Their former life he yielded to restore,  
 And to his mournful garret went no more.

---

Midnight was dim and hazy overhead  
 When the tale ended and we turned to bed.  
 Midnight was in the cabin still and dead.  
 Our fellow-passengers were all in bed.  
 We followed them, and nothing further spoke.  
 Out of the sweetest of my sleep I woke  
 At two, and felt we stopped ; amid a dream  
 Of England, knew the letting off of steam,  
 And rose. 'T was fog, and were we off Cape Race ?  
 The Captain would be certain of his place ;  
 Wild in white vapour flew away the force,  
 And self-arrested was the eager course  
 That had not ceased before. But shortly now  
 Cape Race was made to starboard on the bow.  
 The paddles plied. I slept. The following night,  
 In the mid seas we saw a quay and light,  
 And peered through mist into an unseen town,  
 And on scarce seeming land set one companion down,  
 And went. With morning and a shining sun,

Under the high New Brunswick coast we run,  
And visible discern to every eye  
Rocks, pines, and little ports, and passing by,  
The boats and coasting craft. When sunk the night,  
Early now sunk, the northern streamers bright  
Floated and flashed the cliffs and clouds behind;  
With phosphorus the billows all were lined.

To bed with busy thoughts; the following day  
Bore us expectant into Boston Bay.

With dome and steeple on the yellow skies,  
Upon the left we watched with curious eyes  
The Puritan great mother city rise.  
Among the islets, winding in and round,  
The great ship moved to her appointed ground.  
We bade adieu, shook hands and went ashore.  
I and my friend have seen our friends no more.

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